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## The Conditional Mood.

"NAUDE NEWMAN," '97.

If you should come and kiss me ere I knew,  
If you should clasp me in your arms again,  
Should I resist as I've resolved to do  
If you should come and kiss me ere I knew?

If you should steal behind me and caress  
With throbbing fingers my too-brimful eyes,  
Should I tear off your touch with sullenness  
If you should steal behind me and caress?

If you should clasp my hand in yours once more,  
If you should sadly smile and say "Forgive,"  
Should I resist the longing to give o'er  
If you should clasp my hand in yours once more?

I fear my heart would answer ere I knew  
If you should show me that you love me still;  
If you should look at me and I at you  
I fear my heart would answer ere I knew.

—*Chicago Chronicle.*

## The Man; the Christian; the Worker.\*

BY THE MOST REVEREND ARCHBISHOP KEANE.

IN the thirteenth chapter of the first Epistle of St. Paul to the Corinthians we read these words: "When I was a child I spoke as a child, I understood as a child, I thought as a child. But when I became a man I put away the things of a child."

Dear Rev. Fathers and my beloved young friends:—There is nothing more thrillingly interesting and more inspiringly instructive for the young than the study of the growth of a great and good man, the study of his gradual development from childhood to the fulness of his manly character and his manly

powers. Every true boy has the ambition to become a man; every right-minded boy has the ambition to become a good man; every noble-hearted boy has the ambition to become as good a man as he is capable of becoming. The boy who is not that in his heart is a mean boy. To be a mean boy is to become a mean man: and there is no boy here who is willing to be a mean boy—not one. My dear boys, when you want to shoot well you must aim right. In order that a boy may, indeed, try to become a man, to become a good man, to become the best man that he can, he must know what he is aiming at. Unless you know what you are aiming at you can not expect to hit the mark. So it is necessary for the boy to have the right idea of what makes a man; the right idea of what makes the good and the great man.

It is necessary to have an ideal. Now the best ideal is the concrete ideal: that is to say, the best ideal is the example of a great and good man, who really grew up from boyhood to manhood, and who really became a good man and a great man. Such an example, my dear boys, we have pre-eminently in St. Paul; and that is why I ask you this morning to begin your year's work by studying the example given in St. Paul of how a boy may grow to be a man, a good man, a great man.

We see plainly in the writings of St. Paul that he never forgot the days of his boyhood. Even when he was a great man, and one of the greatest in the world, he never forgot the time when he was a child. Again and again he goes back to that period of life when, as he says, the boy is not only subject to parental authority, but also to tutors, teachers and masters, until the time of his manhood comes. He never forgot the time, when, as he expresses it in the words of our text, he spoke as a child, understood as a child and thought as a child. He could come and compare notes with any boy here to-day, and could say: "My boy, I once thought like you, I once felt like you, I

\* A sermon delivered at the formal opening of the University, Sept. 18, 1898.

once craved and aspired just like you"; for human nature is very much alike in us all. Human nature is much the same in all men, and it is much the same in all boys. There are, of course, differences of temperament, differences of natural inclinations, and yet the poet was perfectly right when he said: *Cor meum, cor humanum*—"My heart is a human heart." And again: *Nil humanum a me alienum puto*—"I consider nothing human as foreign to me." Then, boys, let us study how St. Paul from a boy became the great man that he was.

St. Paul was a very manly man,—and therefore we may be certain that he was a very manly boy. He had in him the ambition to become a man, and to become just as much of a man as he was capable of becoming. He knew, of course, as the poet expresses it, that "it is not the body but the mind that makes the man"; and yet he did not despise the body, the strength of the body, the agility of the body. All through his writings, when he wishes to strengthen his teaching by illustrations, he refers to the games of his boyhood. At one time he represents the path to holiness as a race-course, and the faithful as runners who are striving to get first in the race. While exhorting the faithful to a life of Christian austerity, he encourages them by the example of the athletes who during their training practise strictest self-denial, that they may win the mastery in the contest. Again he draws his lesson from his remembrance of those striving in the wrestling match. Still again, his ideal is the soldier, the ideal in every manly boy's heart; and he pours heroism into our hearts by picturing the Christian as a warrior, clad in the panoply of war, armed with weapons of attack and defense against our spiritual enemies, the valiant soldier of Christ. Thus St. Paul shows us how manly a boy he was, and how great an interest he took in all that develops manly strength, that develops the power to do and to suffer.

But with all this, St. Paul knew perfectly well that after all it is the mind that makes the man. He knew that a boy intent only upon developing his physical power, bodily strength, agility and ability in games, would not become much of a man. He was determined to become not merely an athlete but a man; and therefore he tells us, that he went to the best schools in Asia Minor to store his mind with all the learning they could impart. There he drank in Latin literature, Greek literature, and all the knowledge that was available in

the schools of the day; for, once more, he wanted to be a man; and it is the mind and not the body that makes the man.

Next, St. Paul tells us that he appreciated how, in order to be a true man, the body should be subject to the mind; that is, should be subject to the soul. Now he felt what every boy feels,—that the bodily instincts try to control the soul, that the body strives to be the master of the boy. But St. Paul knew that if a man gives himself up to lust and the bodily appetites he is going to become not a man, but an animal. His ambition was, not to become an animal, but to become a man; and therefore, he says, that he subjected his body to his soul. He says: "I chastise my body, and bring it into subjection: lest, perhaps, when I have preached to others, I myself should become a reprobate." Thus he developed not into a splendid animal, but into a splendid man.

Finally, when the body and the soul are thus harmoniously regulated, man instinctively looks up, aspires upward, and this it is that ultimately completes the man. The animal looks beneath and around him: man looks up. The animal thinks of and longs for the things that are around him; but man thinks of what is above him, reaches out to what is above him. Man thinks of the true, the beautiful and the good; he thinks of the right, the everlasting, the eternal and divine. He loves them; he aspires after them. This is the essential characteristic of the true man. And so St. Paul completed his development as a man, by looking up, by living up, by becoming a religious man, by making God the first thought in his mind, the first longing in his heart, the master of his will. That is how he grew up to be a man.

Now we understand why it was that when St. Paul years afterward went to Greece and stood in the Areopagus, where were gathered the great and wise men of Greece, he was as wise and as great a man as any of them. They were classical scholars, so was he. They were philosophers, and so was he,—and more than they. They claimed to have some little theology; he claimed to give them the fulness of it. He not only held his own among the sages of Greece; they recognized that he was their master. And some of the noblest of them, among them Dionysius the Areopagite, became his disciples. Oh, what a man he was! Oh, how noble it is to be such a man! Let us look deeper and study his development further.

St Paul was a man of great intellect; he was naturally a man of strong convictions. Convictions with St. Paul were not merely notions; convictions with him were life principles. Whatever convictions he had in his mind he had in his heart, in his will and in his energies. He was a man who loved what was true, and hated falsehood. He was a man who loved what was right and hated what was wrong. Truth charmed his mind, and whatever resisted and contradicted it he not only repelled but detested. And such he was pre-eminently in regard to the divine truth and law. The divine charmed his heart and attracted his will; and whatever was contrary to it he abhorred. Therefore, he loved with all his heart the divine revelation which teaches us God's truth, which shows us God's will, and which manifests to us all the blessings that God offers us. He loved it because he was intelligent, because he was a man. He loved that grand old religion which pointed upward to the great God, our Creator, our first beginning and our last end, and pointed onward to the Messiah who was to redeem the world. He loved the religion of Israel; he loved the temple and its worship, and all that was connected with it. He longed not only to perpetuate its power in Israel, but he longed to carry its blessings to all mankind, because the light of God should be the light of the world.

But now, all of a sudden, there appears in Israel Christianity, which claims to take the place of the religion of Israel, and to supplant the Law and the Prophets. He did not know our Blessed Saviour nor His Apostles. He did not know that our Lord came not to destroy but to fulfil the Law and the Prophets. He looked upon Christianity as an enemy to the Law. He regarded it as the would-be destroyer of the Jewish religion, and therefore he rose up against it with all the energies of a strong character. He was the ring-leader when St. Stephen was stoned. Then he mounted his horse, and rode to Damascus with authority in his pocket to arrest all Christians and put them to death. He was all wrong; but he was wrong honestly. He thought he was right; he was acting conscientiously, and Almighty God looks with loving compassion upon a noble soul that is wrong honestly. Therefore God enlightened him and showed him where was the truth. But in order to enlighten him God had to humble him; for he was a proud man. Therefore God struck him from his horse as he was riding to Damascus. He struck him

blind. There he lay upon the ground, blind and powerless; and he knew that it was the hand of God that had struck him down. He was not like the coward who merely cringes; he was not like the mean man who only says: "God forgive me and I won't do it any more." He was a noble man, and therefore he cried out from the depths of his soul: "Lord, what wilt Thou have me to do?" And the Lord told him: "Go to Damascus, and there Ananias will tell thee what to do." And the Lord said to Ananias: "Go to my servant, Saul" (for that was his name before he became St. Paul), "go to Saul, for I have chosen him to become an apostle. Go and make of him a Christian." Saul waited for Ananias for three days, and these three days he remained blind, humbled before his God, praying for light, praying to know what he ought to be and what he ought to do. And then Ananias came and baptized him, and made of him a Christian. And with the Christian faith, oh! what a flood of light filled the mind of St. Paul. Oh, what a noble ideal was presented to his heart and to his will! Then, indeed, he understood what God is—the Father of mercy and of love. Then he understood what man is—so noble and great in the sight of God, that God stoops in the mystery of the Incarnation to lift man up to his bosom. In Jesus, the God-Man, he saw the fulness of truth concerning God and man and religion; the fulfilment of all the past, the source of all blessedness to all the future. Oh! what a revelation to such a mind and to such a heart. And oh! what a revolution was effected in his whole being, in his whole life, by having such an ideal held up before him. Like an honest man, St. Paul at once proclaims his convictions, goes to the Jews in Damascus and says to them: "I was all wrong, you are all wrong; Jesus truly is the Messiah." Fearlessly, honestly, openly, he proclaimed the truth as God had made it known to him.

But he was also a wise man, and he saw that he was not ready yet to become a preacher of Christ; that he had first to become a true disciple of Christ. Therefore he went to Arabia and spent three years in studying Christ, in growing into the virtues of Christ, assimilating himself more and more to Jesus, the Way, the Truth and the Life, till he was able to say at last: "I live now, not I, but Christ liveth in me." This is how St. Paul became a Christian. And this was a logical step in his upward growth: in becoming a Christian his manhood was developed to its supremest point.

Ah! but St. Paul could not stop there. In proportion as the manhood within him was developed by the knowledge, the love, and the imitation of Jesus Christ, all his energies were likewise developed; and this development of his energies became a burning zeal to carry the knowledge and love of Jesus Christ to the ends of the earth. He felt that Christianity was not a treasure that God had given him for himself alone. He felt that God had given it to him in order that he might make it known to others, that God had poured all these blessings into his soul in order that he might share them with others. God has made no man to lead a selfish life; He means that every life should be a life of usefulness to others; and they on whom God bestows the noblest gifts, they whom God leads to the highest development, they whom God fills with the noblest divine blessings, are meant by the Almighty to be the chosen instruments of His loving Providence for bestowing the same upon their fellowmen. It is impossible for a noble man and a noble Christian to stop short of becoming a noble worker. And so St. Paul naturally became the noblest of workers. He left Arabia, came back to Jerusalem, presented himself to St. Peter and to St. James, the Bishop of Jerusalem, received from them instruction and priestly ordination, and finally, with the glorious grace of the Apostolic episcopate, went forth to carry the blessings of Christianity to all nations.

All the world seemed too narrow for his burning earnestness. What dauntless courage! They cast him into prison; they scourge him; they stone him; they load him with all kinds of persecution. It is all in vain; they never can break his indomitable spirit. He glories to make Christ known to the world, even at such a cost. He is dragged at last to death, and he glories to lay his head on the block for love of Christ. In the olden times St. Paul felt that he was to do God's work by killing all that differed from him; but now he has learned a different way from Christ Himself: that he is to bless the world, not by shedding the blood of others, but by laying down his own life. Oh! what a man; what a Christian; what a worker!

My boys, here is the ideal that I would hold before you for your imitation. Here is a noble ideal that I would wish every right-minded boy to hold before himself and to shape his life and character by. Let us bring the lesson home to ourselves.

In the first place, therefore, like St. Paul, be boys while you can, be young while you can. Thank God for all the freshness and sweetness of youth. But remember,—never forget that you are growing up to be men. Never lose sight of this, my boys. And therefore in your daily life, and here especially in your college life, develop in you all that goes to make the man. In the first place, see to your bodily strength; develop in you all manly agility and power, for this counts for a great deal in the making of a man. Energy, courage, fearlessness, push,—these are splendid qualities in a man. Cultivate them with ardor.

But next, and still more earnestly, cultivate character. Remember it is character that makes the man. Cultivate character. Therefore cultivate truthfulness, because the boy that is not truthful is mean and sneaking and has no character. Be candid and straightforward, and despise lying. Cultivate honor. Be honorable, be honest in all things. Never cheat: never cheat in games, never cheat in recitations, never cheat in examinations—never cheat in anything, because the cheat can never become an honorable man. Despise dishonesty and sham. It must be beneath you. Cultivate frankness, sincerity, reliability; cultivate the character of a man.

Next, boys, remember that it is the mind that makes the man. Store your minds with knowledge while you can. Don't waste these precious years in which you are to lay up in your minds those treasures of knowledge on which you will live for your lifetime. If now you yield to indolence, bitterly will you suffer for it, and bitterly will you regret it later on. Lose no time during your study hours, just as you would lose no time during play hours. Everything in its own time, and everything with all your might. Play with all your might during play-time; study with all your might during study-time. Whatever is worth doing is worth doing well.

Next, boys, remember, subject your body to your soul. When your bodily habits and bodily appetites begin to develop subject them to the soul. The body is meant to be the servant of the mind. What sort of a man would he be who would be ruled by his horse instead of himself ruling his horse? Control your body, hold the reins upon it tight. The boy who gives himself up to lust or intemperance is only developing the animal in him, and not the man. The poet

is correct when he says: "Purge out the beast; let the ape and the tiger die." Do not develop the beast in you, but develop the man. Subject the body to the soul.

Then, like St. Paul, be men indeed, who look up. A young physician once said to me: "I think I can truly say that I never lose sight of my relation to my Creator." That was the utterance of a true man. The one who loses sight of his relation to his Creator falls below the level of a man. Always remember your relation to your Creator, and thus you shall be men indeed, the kind of men that the world needs.

Secondly, my boys, like St. Paul, aim at becoming good Christians. The Christian religion places before us the noblest ideal of God and man in our Lord Jesus Christ. Your Christian education teaches you to know and to love that ideal; yes, and to live up to that ideal. It keeps before you always the thought of our Father in Heaven, and the thought of our Lord Jesus Christ, the Way, the Truth and the Life, the Saviour of the world, the Master of perfection. Not only must you think of Him, but you must love Him; for He is the love of God brought down to us that we may in return love Him with loyal devotedness. It is the love and the imitation of Jesus Christ that makes the true Christians. It is the love and the imitation of Jesus Christ that makes true Catholics.

Some one has said that Catholics are all intent upon the Sacraments, and non-Catholics all intent upon the virtues. But this is an utterly untrue and unfair statement of the case. Whoever is intent upon the Sacraments of the Church and not upon the virtues of Jesus Christ, is a sham, is a hypocrite. It is not by the mere practice of the externals of the Catholic religion that one is a true Catholic, but by living in the inner spirit of the Catholic religion. Be not sham Catholics, my boys, be true Catholics—Catholics of faith, hope, and charity; Catholics of piety and prayer and striving for virtue. Thus, like St. Paul, you will develop the moral and spiritual side of your lives, will become normally developed men, not only men, but Christians,—the right kind of men and the right kind of Christians.

Then will come the last and crowning proof of your manly development. You will become workers for God and for humanity. God means that your lives should be a blessing to

your age and generation. He means that the world should be somewhat better for the life of each one of you. He means that we should be workers for the world's good, and He develops in you all manly powers and energies that you may so use them as to contribute to the welfare of your fellowmen. Have, then, the ambition to live useful lives. There may be boys, as there unfortunately are men, who have the ambition to be workers for their own gain only. Be not such. Selfish men the world despises; for selfish men God has no blessing. That your fellowmen may honor you and that God may love and bless you, be unselfish workers, filled with the noble ambition to make the world a little better for your having lived in it; to make the world a little wiser, a little happier by your influence, so that when you are gone the world may be glad that you have lived.

You may not be called to the holy priesthood as St. Paul was. Happy and blessed are those among you whom God will call to the holy priesthood, for their vocation and their influence for the world's good are indeed the highest and the best. Father Hecker was walking down Broadway one day, and met John Kelly, the New York political leader. They shook hands as old acquaintances, and then Father Hecker, looking Mr. Kelly full in the face said: "Mr. Kelly, is it not a glorious thing to live for the best?" "Ah! Father," he replied, "that is for you clergymen." "Not for us only," said Father Hecker, "God has, indeed, privileged us to live for the highest best; but the best is within every good man's reach and he ought to live up to it." Ah! boys, aim at the best.

And now let me tell you how to do it. In the first place, cultivate unselfishness. There is nothing noble in the selfish boy. Be considerate of others. Think more of others than of yourself. Think not how you can gain the most for yourself, but think how you can be most generous to the boys around you. We rejoice to think of our sailor boys and our soldier boys, who, on the ocean wave, or on the battlefields of Cuba, Porto Rico and Luzon, rushed nobly forward, ready to lay down their lives for their country. This is, indeed, a noble degree of unselfishness. But remember, boys, that unselfishness just as noble may be shown elsewhere than on the battlefield or the ship of war. The knights of old were not only magnificent in courage and heroic on the field of carnage, they were found to be courteous,

unselfish, considerate, gentle. This is what you must be. Cultivate unselfishness, generosity, considerateness, gentleness, helpfulness, and thus you will grow up toward the fulness of your ideal, will fit yourselves to become not only the right kind of men and the right kind of Christians, but also the right kind of workers.

Live, my boys, with this ideal before you day by day during this school year. And do not merely think of it, but try to live up to it. If you do, ah! it will be a happy year. You will be happy in your school; you will be happy in your studies; you will be happy in your self-discipline,—happy in growing up to your ideal. Not only will you be happy during this year, and during all your school life, but when you are men in the world, you will stand among the truest and the best—they will love and honor you for your worth and your influence. And when your work is over, grateful hearts will say of you: "That man lived an unselfish life, a noble life, a generous life, a Christ-like life." And this is the noblest tribute that can be paid to man.

May, then, the blessing of God descend upon you and fill you with this holy and noble ambition. May the blessing of God rest upon this school-year; and for you and for Notre Dame may it be a memorable and a blessed one! May you all rejoice together, and our blessed Lord rejoice with you, as you march on and on, and upward and upward, toward the full realization of the Christian ideal.

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#### Study of Shelley.\*

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FRANK EARLE HERING, LITT. B., '98.

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#### (CONCLUSION.)

The dawn of a poet's understanding should concern itself most intimately with nature; first as the interpreter of her sensible phenomena; then as the expounder of her hidden meanings. The knowledge of life and action comes only with years. Before producing, the poet must absorb. If his intellect is not stored with the gleanings of observation, his imagination, owing to scantiness of material, will use the shadowy suggestions that hover between fancy and knowledge. These please us as "The Tempest" pleases, not as "Hamlet" does. The mind must be a reflector before it is a generator. Shelley's success is in proportion to the closeness with which he followed this natural law.

\* The English medal essay.

Each mood in nature has but a single interpretation; and he that can subordinate his imagination to a chaste reverence acquires something of the sublime simplicity of his theme. This reverence is born of meditation and experience. Shelley was naturally incapable of profound abstraction, and experience taught him slowly. He was lacking in the attitude of reverence that Bryant possessed to a degree surpassed only by Wordsworth among the poets of this century.

Somewhere in the borderlands of the mind there is the vague notion that we have the power of doing nobler things. In most men this is a suggestion that the realism of life dissipates; but to Shelley it was more vivid than many sense impressions. In a well-balanced mind it leads to a continuous, even growth toward the good. But Shelley, unstable in his belief and uncertain in his faith, could not brook a gradual unfolding of the supersensible, with rare flashes of its beauty, but lamented the present insufficiency. There are suggestions of emotions which are not tangible as feelings. We are conscious of their presence, but when we turn the mind's eye inward we see vacancy. They are

Like poppies spread;  
You seize the flower, its bloom is shed.  
Or like the snowfall in the river  
A moment white—then melts forever.

This desire for the supersensible was not pursued by the poet with the steady dignity that appears to matured minds; it was rather the violent csetasy of youth. Moderation in action or in thought was totally alien to his nature. He once wrote, after looking at some etchings of Faust, "I never perfectly understood the Harz Mountain scene until I saw the etchings; and then Margaret in the summer-house with Faust. The artist makes one envy his happiness that he can sketch such things with calmness, which I only dared look upon once, and which made my brain swim round only to touch the leaf on the opposite side of which I knew that it was figured." This is characteristic of the man. His thoughts did not flow limpidly as Tennyson's, or subduedly as Wordsworth's; they seethed and bubbled into the moulds of rhythmic passion. Shelley never saw nature at the quiet twilight when the crickets wake and the cows stand knee-deep in the brook; when the rooks wheel around the gabled roof, and the coming night breathes peace. He could not feel the quiet of being; he always felt the pulse of things, and mistook the throbbing of his own fevered heart for that of nature.



The spiritual growth of a poet may be traced in the quality of his desires. By desire I do not mean unreasoning discontent, but the unsatisfied acceptance of the present, because of the assurance of a higher reality, and hopes for its ultimate realization. This desire is essential to lyric poetry, and is keen and transcendent in proportion to the inspiration of the poet. Our two greatest lyric poets, Shelley and Burns, illustrate most aptly this proposition. With Burns desire is often the voicing of discontent due to his humble social position; and yet his poverty furnishes a theme as universal as mankind. When writing in this mood the Scotch poet is haunted by a mild pessimism, and takes a melancholy pleasure in identifying his own lowly condition with that of the Mouse and Daisy. This conviction of mutual dependence of man and nature on the same omniscient power adds a fitting pathos to his poems.

The future touches Burns only as it succeeds the present, and the past furnishes thoughts for poetic moralizings. In this he differed from Shelley, whose desires, for the most part, look toward the future. Burns' views of life are narrow, and concern him only in their relation to his own existence. He sings not of mankind, but of himself; not of the future as it affects our race, but as it concerns him personally. He is indeed the most personal of poets. His poems are a diary of his feelings and actions; and it is the naïve manner of taking the world into his confidence that makes one feel Burns was not merely writing poetry, but was expressing actual experience.

The desire of Shelley was intellectual rather than emotional. He feels, but he also knows the subjection of the forces of nature to a power omnipotent and independent of finite things. He strives after beauties, veiled, for the most part, which rarely flash the splendor of their being before the mind. To glimpse and to express these naked soul-truths determine the genius of the poet. Such a revelation Shelley has recorded in "The Skylark."

"We hardly see, we feel, that it is there"; but the feeling is an attribute of the intellect—a faith.

The heavy charge urged against Shelley by the critics is that "his poems are at war.... with all that man reveres." The ties of family, the sacredness of marriage, and the respect for customs, denounced by Godwin, were vigorously attacked by his disciple.

"Gray Power was seated  
Safely on her ancestral throne;  
And Faith, the Python undefeated,

Even to its blood-stained steps dragged on  
Her foul and wounded train, and men  
Were trampled on and deceived again."

The knowledge that Shelley had of Christianity was not obtained through a profound study of the Bible, or the tenets of the Church Christ founded.

From the glimpses of Shelley's father that Hogg has given us we may infer that the conception of God that the poet formed at home was not very elevating; and his subsequent experiences at Eton and Oxford embittered him against religion. His imagination created an omnipotent tyrant whom he confounded with Jehovah. In a note to "Queen Mab," he says: "If the Christian religion is true, it comes from God. If God has spoken, why is the universe not convinced?" Such a question testifies to the ignorance of the poet concerning the first principles of Christianity. A school-boy could have enlightened him on the doctrine of Free Will.

"Is there a God,—ay, an almighty God,  
And vengeful as almighty! Once His voice  
Was heard on earth; earth shuddered at the sound,  
The fiery-visaged firmament expressed  
Abhorrence, and the grave of nature yawned  
To swallow all the dauntless and the good  
That dared to hurl defiance at His throne  
Girt as it was with power."

Such is Shelley's conception—of what—God? No; of tyranny, of oppression. Change the name and all men will join in his abhorrence. It is absurd to claim that he was a Christian; but he was not an atheist. There is no passage in his poems in which he states directly his conception of what God is; for he was destructive rather than creative on this subject. But there is one soliloquy where Beatrice voices a thought so sad and fearful, and yet so natural, that if there are three lines in all the poems of Shelley that demand experience for their utterance these are the ones,

"Sweet Heaven, forgive weak thought! If there should be  
No God, no heaven, no earth in the void world—  
The wide, lampless, deep, unpeopled, world."

The man who wrote these lines had looked into eternity, and his soul had cried aloud for God. Moreover, no man could sing as he did and be an atheist. Everyone who comes to his lyrics with unprejudiced mind must feel this. The power for good, the Prometheus of his invention, was his conception of God; and the monster that he called God was the personification of tyranny. I suspect strongly that his idea of a Supreme Power was akin to that of Herbert Spencer—that God is the force pervading nature from which all things come. In his poem to "Intellectual Beauty" he seems to support this supposition:

"Thy light alone, like mist o'er mountains driven,  
Or music by the night wind sent,  
Through strings of some still instrument,  
Or moonlight on a midnight stream,  
Gives grace and truth to life's unquiet dream."

During the spring of 1815 a noted specialist assured Shelley that he was dying of consumption. The poet spent the summer brooding over his anticipated death and the hereafter. The outdoor life of a voyage along the Devonshire coast, and an exploration of the meanderings of the Thames, did him much good, and he recovered ultimately from the pulmonary troubles. It was during this period of depression, and the time immediately subsequent to it, that he wrote "Alastor; or the Spirit of Solitude."

"Alastor" is Shelley's first great poem. Its theme is a poet, versed in the lore of the ages, who, Faust-like, not content with a mastery over the finite, must image the possibilities of the infinite. The imagination of Alastor creates a being that embodies his ideal of virtue, wisdom and knowledge. He seeks the realization of this creation throughout the world, and worn out by hardships and disappointment dies. Much of the morbidness of a man living in the shadow of death haunts this poem. When it was written Shelley was twenty-three years old, and had seen something of the prose of life. He had felt, moreover, the humility that comes to a proud spirit misunderstood and ignored; but he did not bear his misfortunes according to the Stoic principles of Godwinism, and grief preyed on his soul like a worm in a bud. There is, indeed, less of Godwin's philosophy in this poem than in any other Shelley created outside of his avowed lyrics. This in itself is an evidence of the shallowness of the system; for ethics that can not comfort when the soul is nearing the hereafter have little claim to sober consideration.

"The Cenci" has been called by some enthusiastic admirers, "the greatest tragedy since King Lear." Whatever may be the rank of the play, it marks the entrance of Shelley into dramatic poetry. A superficial reading might lead one to conclude that for once the wizard imagination is fettered, and the restless mind had welded many parts into a harmonious whole. But a closer study will modify this opinion; for the imagination is not subdued but turned into a new channel; and the unity is not due to a symmetrical balance of varied motives, but rather to the fact that the tragedy concerns itself with a single vital force,—lust.

The creation of a character that is depraved

utterly, and yet retains its humanity, is seldom attempted and rarely successful. The difficulty of such creation lies in the complexity of evil. All good is fundamentally simple. Evil, on the contrary, being a deordination, is formed in time, and subtly and slowly insinuates its way into the soul. Its manifestations are limited only by the race. To create a character dominated by evil presupposes keen powers of analysis and observation, and an experience that comes only from the closest intimacy with men. Now Shelley had a feminine instinct rather than a masculine power of analysis, and his observations were confined entirely to nature and himself. He had not the mental resources necessary to create real beings, even when they were intended as simple forces for good. Count Cenci is the incarnation of evil. He is not influenced by a natural passion perverted from its proper function. His depravity is instinctive.

All art concerns itself with the beautiful; but the manner and quality of its expression wait on the genius of the poet. His latitude of treatment is varied as the manifold forms under which beauty hides; and there is but one limitation to his freedom—the breath of his creation, the essence of its being, must be the beautiful.

The character of Beatrice is the most human of any created by Shelley, but it loses much of its lustre through its unnatural setting. Beatrice is the personification of virtue resisting vice in the person of her father. The poet delighted in allegorical representation, which he assimilated from the Greeks. The gloom of the tragedy is lighted at the very end by a speech so pathetic and natural, so sweet and womanly, and is different from anything that Shelley ever wrote. While preparing for her execution, Beatrice says:

"Here, mother, tie  
My girdle for me, and bind up this hair  
In any simple knot; ay, that does well.  
And yours, I see, is coming down. How often  
Have we done this for one another! Now  
We shall not do it any more. My Lord,  
We are quite ready. Well, 'tis very well."

"Prometheus Unbound" is a lyrical drama, outlined after the great tragedy of Æschylus. The characters are classic shades that flit in and out without contiguity, singing the sublimest lyrics in our language and preaching Godwinism. The poem has been chosen by the poet's opponents to receive their sharpest shafts of satire, and by his friends for the most extravagant praise. Rossetti writes: "There is, I suppose, no poem comparable, in the fair sense of that word, to 'Prometheus Unbound.' The fact that it embodies in forms of truly ecstatic beauty and dominant passion of the dominant intellects of the age, and especially of one of the extremest and highest among them, the author



himself places 'Prometheus' clearly, instead of disputably, at the summit of all later poetry."

Shelley had a passion for reforming the world, and he preached his crusade against existing religion and society through the medium in allegorical personages. The characters of "Queen Mab," "The Revolt of Islam," and "Prometheus Unbound," are the embodiment of the poet's abstract theories. Whenever the preacher mastered the singer, tedious sophistry resulted. The reason given by Shelley for the selection of Prometheus is that, "in addition to courage and majesty, and firm and patient opposition to omnipotent force, he is susceptible of being described as exempt from the taints of ambition, envy, revenge, and a desire for personal aggrandizement." The thread of the story that runs through the drama concerns itself with his oppression by Jove, who is Superstition and Custom. Prometheus, or Eternal Love, is entirely a passive force that, by patience and endurance, withstands the power of Jove, until the latter is dethroned by Demogorgon, a phantom representing Eternity. In his suffering, Prometheus is encouraged and cheered by Asia, the spirit of Nature, whom he marries.

In this drama the poet interweaves the philosophy of Godwin with the most beautiful lyrics. The unfolding of the plan by which Godwinism is to succeed the existing social and religious conditions constitutes the plot; but the sequence of action is vague. Indeed, "Prometheus" is called a drama only through courtesy. In reality it is a succession of lyrics and magnificent descriptions of nature loosely joined by tedious harangues against society. When the poet affects philosophy he becomes tiresome; but when he frees the music in his soul, when clouds and streams and night betray their elemental beauties under his prismatic imagination, then he is the exalted seer, the lyre of nature. Nowhere else is the lyrical genius of Shelley so masterful, so sustained; and in no other poem is his dangerous social creed so definitely formulated.

It is easier to demolish than to create, and it is less difficult to point out flaws than to correct them. We praise Shelley and we censure him, and he would be the last one to deny the right to us. But what critic can appreciate justly and mete due praise to imagery like this?

"As the dissolving warmth of dawn may fold  
A half unfrozen dew-globe, green and gold  
And crystalline, till it becomes a winged mist  
And wanders up the vault of the blue day,  
Outlives the noon, and on the sun's last ray  
Hangs o'er the sea, a fleece of fire and amethyst."

The hurry of the world leaves little, much too little, time for poetry and music. The ever-active mind is busy with its plans for material gain; and shy imagination and sweet memory must wait patiently until the scent of some forgotten woodland flower, or the clear piping of a lonely lark, or the soothing monotony of the cricket's song unloose the dream-life of yester-

day. The castles that we built from filmy clouds, the beauty of the red-tinged grass when twilight comes, the "glow-worm golden in a dell of dew," lead us irresistibly. We go from the world of real things into the vale of the imagination, where shadows flit and "airy nothings" have a being. The king of this shadow-land is the wonderful musician Shelley, who knows all chords of nature, who sees into the veiled beauty of the cloud, and the stream, and the lark. He reigns alone, supreme, unapproachable, the monarch of the imagination.

He is not a dramatist, for he could not grasp and blend many parts into unity; he could not create characters; he could not fetter his imagination, and he did not realize that action is the breath of the drama. He lacked the grandeur of conception, the sonorous dignity of expression, the reverence for the supernatural, and the knowledge of men essential to epic poetry. But he had an exuberance of imagery, the sustained impulse of emotion, the power of personification, and a divine harmony which makes him, incontestably, the greatest lyrist since Pindar. The very qualities that brought him suffering as a man, created his greatness as a poet. His inability to forget his personal hopes and fears and desires, the projection of his most intimate thoughts and feelings into verse, the unrestrained expression of his egoism, these give the exquisite beauty to "The Skylark."

Shelley's nature was essentially simple. Its characteristic qualities were an impulsiveness untempered by prudence, an imagination keener and more subtle than that of any other English poet, and a spirit of desire that manifested itself in a constant growth toward his ideal. This was the complete regeneration of society, civil and social, with love as its only cohesive force. The ideal was natural and moral in itself, but was lowered through the poet's inability to discriminate between the good and the bad. Because he found some flaws in the existing government, he would discard rashly the entire institution. These radical opinions were due to his social ostracism at Sion House and Eton, his confounding all forms of authority with coercion, and the readings of Godwin, Hume, Pliny and Lucretius during this critical formative period. Experience was necessary to modify his views and to soften the spirit of intolerance which he condemned so mercilessly in others. His ideal was a Prometheus, who personified Patience and triumphed through suffering; and the application of this attribute to himself was all that Shelley needed.

To the present generation the death of Shelley is an event of far greater importance than it was to the Englishmen of 1822. His influence, not so much on thought as its manner of expression, and his treatment of nature, can not be ignored. No true poet can fail to draw inspiration from Shelley.

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—According to custom the regulations of the University were read in the different departments last Sunday evening. The students, no doubt, will see the wisdom and the necessity of the system of discipline in vogue, and conform their habits in accordance therewith.

—The many societies of the University are now organizing. Besides being of great benefit and pleasure to the students, our societies have always been important in developing college spirit and enthusiasm. We hope to see a large attendance this year and a great deal of interest shown in the work. New students possessed of any ability or talent in the oratorical, dramatic, elocutional, literary or musical lines are especially requested to present themselves for admission. Candidates for the band should report next Sunday morning at the band room.

## Archbishop Keane's Lecture

It was eminently fitting that the Lecture and Concert course for '98 and '99 should be begun by so noted a speaker as the Archbishop of Damascus. When it was announced that he would lecture in Washington Hall

last Tuesday evening the boys looked forward to an intellectual treat. In this they were not disappointed in the least; we feel safe in saying that the lecture was one of the most instructive, interesting and enjoyable talks ever listened to by a Notre Dame audience. This is more remarkable on account of the depth of the subject handled.

The "Philosophy of Human Society" is not a topic that would seem attractive or easy for the majority of young people to deal with; yet the speaker handled his subject so skilfully, used such simple language and tangible arguments, that these, together with his masterful delivery, engrossed the attention of every young man present.

By way of introduction the archbishop told of a recent conversation he had with a man while going from Washington to Chicago. In this they spoke chiefly of the war with Spain and of the best method of settling the great international difficulty. This led to a discussion of the rights of one nation toward another in comparison with the rights that individuals have toward each other. This brought the talk right to the subject of the lecture—the "Philosophy of Human Society."

In the first place, the archbishop made a comparison between the life of animals and that of man, showing that society is absolutely necessary for the growth and development of the great human family. He proved conclusively that man's aspirations can not be confined to mere craving for the necessities of life. There is in man a tendency to seek for things higher and nobler, a tendency to better himself day by day, a craving that can not be satisfied until he reaches the summit of all good,—his Creator.

The origin of the principles on which society rests, the object and ultimate end of its existence were all discussed in turn; and the speaker's arguments were so forcible and plain as to appeal to every listener. It was clearly shown that neither the law of Supply and Demand, the law of Force nor the doctrine of *Laissez Faire* rules society. Order and government are absolutely necessary. Honesty and justice are the mainsprings that must ever predominate in the world, if man wishes to prosper.

It is difficult to give a just appreciation of the lecture. In order that the patrons of the SCHOLASTIC may have an opportunity of finding the many merits that it contains, we hope to present it in our columns in the near future.

## The Visit of the Archbishops.

We have been specially favored during the past week by many of our distinguished friends. On Sunday last, together with Archbishop Keane, there were present at dinner with the Reverend President the following gentlemen: Hon. Schuyler Colfax, Mayor of South Bend; Judge T. E. Howard, Hon. Lucius Hubbard, Hon. Lucius Tong, Dr. Berteling, Hon. Clem Studebaker and Mr. E. F. DuBrul. Monday afternoon Archbishop Ireland reached the University; Tuesday noon the two archbishops, Dr. Johnson of South Bend, and Mr. Tong dined with Father Morrissey. During the meal the University orchestra rendered some lively and pleasing airs in the farther end of the dining hall. When dinner was finished, Mr. Paul J. Ragan arose from his chair, and delivered the following address:

"Last Sunday we had the privilege of listening to the eminent Churchman, (Archbishop Keane,) from the East, and we hope to be favored by the same eloquent gentleman this evening. Now we take pleasure in addressing his distinguished colleague, the Archbishop of St. Paul. It is not intended to say anything by way of greeting; the Archbishop is too well acquainted with Notre Dame and her sons to be welcomed by us. We think, however, that a few words by way of appreciation of the honor conferred on us may not be out of order.

"In the first place, His Grace has evinced so warm a friendship toward us and taken so deep an interest in the welfare of Notre Dame, that his visits can bring naught but encouragement and best wishes to the students. At this time your visit is of double importance. We are just starting another scholastic year, and at the outset a few words from one of your experience, may be of great benefit in helping us to work at our daily tasks properly. Book-lore, of itself, we know to be nothing; it is only the application of what we read that is useful, and it is only from men that know the ways of life that we learn to apply the few principles we have acquired. The lazy man may be a sage; but his wisdom is of no more benefit to the world than gold in the pocket of a miser. We would not be like this; when our college days are over we wish to be among the *active* men of the world, and to this end we are eager to listen to the advice of those that can start us on the right way.

"At the present time our country is steering into a position where men of marked ability will be required to guide her in her career. The cessation of hostilities has brought rest to the soldier but not to the statesman. In the next decade of years international ques-

tions of the most complicated nature will be laid at our doors to be considered by us in the light of justice and equality. Now is the time for us that will be the men of the future to prepare for the great labors ahead of us. For this, we know of no better method than to listen to those that helped build the country in the past. We are familiar with one man that marched in the front ranks of the Federal Army, and has been conspicuous ever since for his patriotism and devotion. We know that he can give us advice that will lead us on a manly path—and that man is the Archbishop of St. Paul (applause). We know, too, that his words come not from one that would see us seekers after self-gain or emolument, but would have us honorable, high-minded and charitable men.

"To this end then, that we be useful to our country and our fellow-beings as well as ourselves, we are anxious, always anxious, to take counsel from those wiser and abler than we. And first of all we would hear from the distinguished prelate, the scholarly statesman and patriotic American, Archbishop Ireland."

**To which Archbishop Ireland responded in these words:**

GENTLEMEN: It is certainly a delight for me to stand at this table and see before me the Catholic youth of America. It is a pleasure for me always to be amid youth; for in my life no period has left such pleasant memories as the days of my college life; and I love to go back in thought and in imagination to those days—to feel young again, to have the soul filled with the ideals of youth and the heart throbbing with courage in response to those ideals. I am sure you repeat to yourselves from time to time the words of the old Roman poet, which I had repeated to myself long ago—*Hæc olim meminisse juvabit*. When I was young the meaning of these words had not come home to my soul; but as I have wandered far from the scenes of youth; as I find myself entering upon old age, I realize how pleasant it is to remember the things of former days—*Hæc olim meminisse juvat*. It is an inspiration for me, I assure you, to be even for a few moments, among you. It is an inspiration for me to look towards you, and to see the forces, intellectual, moral, religious, concentrated within these walls for the doing of great and noble things in the future. It were well, indeed, if youth could understand thoroughly what is before them. If I were to criticise the days of my own college life I would say that perhaps I could have been made to realize more than I did what was before me. I could have been made to con-

template more than I did the ideal which I should have ever present before me. School-boys are too likely to think only of the task of the day, too likely to notice only the drudgery of the school work; while the spirit that should animate all that work should come from the vision of the future, from the vision of responsibilities and possibilities. How great the possibilities, gentlemen, before you! Why they talk of doing great things for the country and for Church; I would need, to do these things, only the number of young men before me. If three or four hundred or more young men, gathered within the walls of Notre Dame, would study to do, with the full realization of their responsibilities and possibilities, and would go forth through the American Continent, fashioned as Notre Dame wishes to have them fashioned, full of the inspirations of Notre Dame, great and good men, devoted Christians, noble patriots, that number is quite sufficient to look after the welfare of America, to make America what she ought to be, the first and greatest nation of the world. (*Applause*). So gentlemen, keep always before your minds your future career. Remember always what God, country and humanity expect you to be, and never be lacking in the noble ambition to be always among the first and best of American citizens.

Be ambitious. Too often we leave within us ideals unused. Too many before the judgment seat shall have to give an account of why they did not multiply the gifts received from their Creator. Let each one of you resolve to put forth in the service of truth and virtue all the forces of mind and heart. Be ambitious, be courageous, be patient in well-doing, and all will be well for you. You are beginning a new scholastic year. How much depends on the manner in which you will pass this year? Every hour will have its effect on the future; every lesson listened to attentively will tell in favor of the future; so make the best of your precious time. You study, not because parents wish you, because teachers tell you; you study because duty commands you. And study from yourselves. You must be men even now, at least so far as to have personal, individual action, personal, individual responsibility. And study so as to know well what you are studying. The great purpose of a college is not to reap lessons to be repeated parrot-like by study: the great purpose of a college is to form the mind to think; it is to develop the mind; and that is all done by the

individual action of the student. The best teachers the country can afford will never make great men out of pupils unless the pupils correspond by their own individual action to the teachings of the professor.

Go forth from Notre Dame ready to do your share. What a noble career is open to every man in this world? No matter how limited apparently his sphere, he has influences which lead far beyond that sphere, and far beyond the time allotted to himself. And while this is true in every age and in every country, seldom are there opportunities coming to young men as those coming today in America. As Catholics you have to go forth over this country with the words of truth on your tongues, to speak them out so that all may hear them. You have to go forth in the arms of citizens to show to America that the best citizens are those whose souls are fashioned by the teachings of religion and Americanism. Yet as Americans you have great careers before you. America needs to have true and good men. She needed soldiers, you were ready. I am told that two hundred and forty of you sent, by electric wire, messages to the governor of your state, and to the President of the United States, that if soldiers were needed, the students of Notre Dame were ready to buckle on their swords. This was noble. I am told, and I am glad to hear, that when the hills surrounding Santiago were taken former students of Notre Dame were there to show their power as Christians and as American citizens. (*Applause*.) Before your hairs grow gray there may again be need of soldiers; you will be ready. There will be need of good citizens. There will be need of statesmen; of men who know how to think for country; of men who know how to lift themselves above the occupations of the immediate hour for sake of country; of men who know how to sacrifice self, to forget selfish purposes in the name of country and in the name of God. America needs statesmen, high-minded, generous patriots. The great question which confronts America is: Will there be those statesmen?

I have myself absolute faith in democracy; and yet it is sometimes said democracy is a great leveler and will not produce great men. It will not produce statesmen; will not produce generous souls. The best way for us to answer that objection is, in the midst of our glorious democracy, to give the country such statesmen and such citizens. And where, if not from Notre Dame, can we expect such citizens?

and statesmen? Here where you have such excellent opportunities; here where teachers give you the example of absolute devotion to duty; here where the highest ideals are held up before you every day. If in a few years the students of Notre Dame are not among the best citizens and in the highest offices of our country then I am willing to say that democracy is a failure. But I have confidence in the youth of America, confidence in Christian youth, confidence in the pupils of this Christian college; because one condition needed to give us those statesmen and high-minded patriots you have right at Notre Dame, and the others have not. And that is higher education. It may be all very well for common citizens to merely read and write. Some men may succeed without higher education. But the rule is: as the young tree is formed so will the old tree be. The rule is that higher education is needed for higher duties in life, for statesmanship, great and generous citizenship; because higher intellectual culture not only gives that power of mind needed to solve great questions, but it polishes the whole soul and makes it capable of generous self-sacrifice.

All that could be put before youth in view of these responsibilities and possibilities are put before you. And let each one say "I will make use of my opportunities;" and if you do not, on the last day the God of nations Himself will demand an account of you what you have done with all the opportunities and possibilities which in your youthful days were put before you.

I shall watch all the days with deepest interest the students of Notre Dame. I say it from deep conviction, not that I wish to flatter—I never flatter, I say words of truth—but I say that of all the institutions of higher Catholic education in America there is none from which I expect such fruits as from Notre Dame. I look upon Notre Dame as, today *par excellence*, the great American Catholic college (Prolonged applause). And if it were necessary I would exhort you to this; but it is not. See that this be the great purpose of Notre Dame, of the education given at this place, principles which will sink deep into the souls of all pupils, let it be Catholic, let it be American. Hence as a Catholic and American, I am proud of Notre Dame, and I wish it all the success that diversion of education merits, and I predict that in the near future many of Notre Dame's pupils will hold the first places, always in the advance. (Applause.)

#### Exchanges.

From one point of view an apology is due the public, both of our own and of the world beyond the gates, for inflicting them still with the time-honored exchange column. A college paper is of interest chiefly to those that in some way are interested in the college. It is of greatest interest to the students because it belongs to them; it is of interest to the alumni because it once was theirs and still belongs to *Alma Mater* which is always theirs. And a third class of persons that may find interest in it are those that have friends at the college, and thus on account of them take interest in their college paper. Consequently it is not probable that many of our readers are sufficiently interested in the journals of other colleges to warrant us in devoting a column to their notice.

But there is another point of view, and looking at the question from it we find the explanation of the institution and continued existence of the exchange column. In no profession is there such a genuine comradeship as in journalism, and its followers are always ready to extend the hand of good fellowship and to keep in close touch with one another. College journalists are no exceptions, and being separated as they are, their only means of keeping in touch, so that the one may know what the others are doing, is by means of their exchanges. But an exchange column is necessary to the system of exchanges; for it is the knowledge that the exchanges will be noticed and reviewed that assures regularity in their sending. And apart from this, the exchange column is more sure to be noticed than are the exchanges themselves, and thus the students of one college gain a familiarity with the names and worth of the papers of other colleges that they would not have were these papers not reviewed. Then, too, the exchange column furnishes a board of criticism for the college journal writers, and critics are essential to all writers. I have seen men search through a pile of exchanges a foot high to see what reviews there are of their college paper, and whether articles they may have written have been noticed. Indeed when the question is examined it will be seen that we really have some very good reasons for our existence; but without expatiating further upon them, we beg that our friends will accept this our *Apologia*, and will treat us with indulgence.



## Our Friends.

—Mr. Peter Fanning of Chicago spent some days visiting friends at the University.

—Mr. Francis P. Dreher (LL. B., '98) is now engaged in the office of a prominent lawyer of Detroit.

—Mrs. J. C. Dooling and Miss Hattie Hoffman, both graduates of St. Mary's Academy, visited friends at the University last week.

—Mr. Quinlan of Cleveland, Ohio, who was here from '68 to '71, visited the College some time ago. He was surprised at the many improvements at the University.

—Mr. Timothy Kinney, accompanied by his daughters, Misses Dorothy and Mary Kinney of Rock Springs, Wyoming, were among our most welcome callers during the past week. Mr. Kinney is one of the largest stock dealers in the West.

—Mr. Joseph A. Marmon (student '92-'97), a member of the Board of Editors, is now one of the United States Regulars. In writing to a friend here he describes the work of riding in a saddle for five or six hours a day as a very tiresome, but withal an enjoyable task.

—Edmund Burke Falvey (B. S., '98) is assistant demonstrator in microscopy and comparative mammalian osteology in the Ensworth Medical College of St. Joseph, Mo. His friends at the University hope that he will keep up the good record made here.

—Cards have been received announcing the marriage of Mr. George H. Wilson, one of last year's students, to Miss Veronica M. Connor at St. Mary's Church, Mendota, Illinois, on Tuesday last. The groom has many friends at the University who wish him all possible success.

—Mrs. M. J. Cooney of Toledo, Ohio, an old friend of the University, accompanied by Mrs. Catherine Baackes, was a caller at the University during the early part of the week. Mrs. Baackes has registered her son, Godfrey, in Carroll Hall. We hope the two ladies will visit us soon again.

—Mr. Michael O'Ryan, who has been visiting his sons, Rev. Wm. O'Ryan of Denver, and Rev. Philip O'Ryan of San Francisco, stopped over on his return to Ireland. He is charmed with the country and its people. He promises to return before many years. He left on Sunday for Ireland. *Bon voyage.*

—Mr. M. F. Hennebry (LL.B., '96), is rapidly making his way to the front. He is taking an active part in politics, and has been chosen by the Democrats of his district as candidate for representative. Mr. Hennebry is well remembered for his industry and many qualities while at the University, and should he be elected this fall the people of his district will have a conscientious and upright representative.

## Local Items.

—Baldy is back! He says he is glad the fly season is nearly over.

—Wynne has dropped photography and now devotes his spare time to football.

—Among Van Hee's vacation souvenirs is a gold brick. He values it at three tulip bulbs.

—The football team has been strengthened this week by the arrival of Crumley and Dwyer.

—When the new Gym is completed the students will be able to play tennis the year round.

—A young man from Cincinnati asked if the waste-basket in Carroll Hall was a clothes hamper.

—When all of Atherton's tobacco is used up some one will suggest the organization of an anti-smoking club.

—"Who is that boy," said the new student, "that apparently thinks he can not smoke enough?" "That's an ex-Junior."

—Myers and Livingstone's baseball team met defeat on Carroll campus by a picked nine on the 20th inst. The score was 27 to 9.

—October 19 is not far away. Let every student be preparing now to make LaFayette day one of the most memorable of the year '98-'99.

—When Willie learned he could not stay,  
His work was not so slow.  
He packed his trunk and stole away,  
And no one saw him go.

—"On such a night as this, methinks, Duke Hancock mounted old Fort Naye wall, and sighed his soul to the lonely stile where he had a date that night."—*Shaykespeer.*

—Johnson returned from Rome, Georgia, Thursday. He reports everything flourishing down there, but says that one of his neighbors lost a beautiful Jersey cow last summer.

—The football season opened in Carroll Hall on the 22d. Land's team defeated McDoodle's by a score of 16 to 0. The ex-Minims shut out the Minims by the same score.

—PASSENGER (excitedly)—"Are we sinking?"

CAPTAIN—"We will unless we soon reach Escanaba. It's our last resort."

PASSENGER—"Let's sink."

—"I've forgotten more than you ever knew," said one student to another.

"Well, try to remember that five I loaned you some time ago," replied the other.

—Lexy—My uncle furnishes the grapes which we have on the table.

Davily—You needn't think that your uncle is a brass band because he has a drum in his ear.

—There will be a meeting of the Staff immediately after supper this evening in Room 4, main building. Every member is requested



to be present as there will be important matters to discuss.

—We wish to rectify a mistake that appeared in our columns last week. The Chicago cyclist that is with us is Mr. John J. Mahony, not John J. Maloney. Mr. Mahony rides an Orient bicycle fitted with Palmer tires.

—Rain could not stop football in Carroll Hall last "rec" day. The Minims defeated the ex-Minims. McDoodle's team turned the tables by defeating Land's men. Captain Hickey's team also won from Steele's men. All three games ended with the score of 5 to 0.

—NOTICE.—Students of Sorin, Brownson, St. Joseph and Holy Cross Halls will please remember that the time to secure stationery and orders at the Students' Office is from 9:30 to 10 a. m. every morning except Thursdays.—Carroll Hall—Tuesdays from 4 to 4:30 p. m. and Thursday morning from 8:30 to 10.

—This year Carroll Hall is represented among the candidates for the football team. Fortien, who played guard last year for the Hyde Park Team of Chicago, is the lucky man. His quick and vigorous playing will certainly gain for him a place on the "Varsity." It is something unusual for Carrolls to have such a man.

—Hartung and Willie Fehr were carrying the former's trunk up the steps on the hand-truck the other day when Hartung happened to see a friend coming across the lawn. Very thoughtlessly he let go his hold of the truck to wave his hand at the friend. And now Willie says Hartung will have to carry his own trunks up stairs after this.

—McDoodle has started a football team. "Baby Bliss" and "Willie Bliss" are the ends. Big Wille contributes the beef for a quarter. Poodle and Deckackack are only half way backs. Lexy is full and Hawwey and L'Irelandais Mulligan guards. The other positions have not yet been filled. Those who would like to play should see Captain McDonald at once.

—The usual conversation when two students meet after the vacation is over:

"Hello old man! Glad to see you! When did you get back?"

"Yesterday."

"Have a pleasant vacation?"

"You bet."

"That's good.—Well, I'll see you again. Good-bye."

—Big John pinched a professor's silk hat the other day, and he now wears it whenever he is studying his Law. Whether John thinks he can learn more Law under the Colonel's *chapeau* than he did up on the Fourth Phlat, we do not pretend to say; but we will say that if Haley keeps on singing his neighbor will

blow up his roosting-place one of these September nights.

—Bro. Albert has a fine oil painting that will be sent to St. John's Church, Stonehall Parish, County Limerick, Ireland. The picture is one of our Lord as he appeared in a vision to a nun in France. The nun made a painting of the vision, and from this Bro. Albert took the original of his work. It is not a reproduction, however, as he introduced several new ideas of his own. The picture resembles an Ecce Homo very much, yet it is not intended as one of that class. A missionary recently pronounced it one of the finest pictures of our Lord he had seen. Bro. Albert painted five copies, all of which have been disposed of.

—The Philopatrians held their first meeting for the term of '98 Wednesday evening. The following officers were elected: Rev. Father Morrissey, Director; Brother Cyprian, President; Father Cavanaugh, Critic; Prof. N. A. Preston, Musical Director; Brother Alexander, Promoter; William Bellinger, 1st Vice-President; Ralph Ellwanger, 2d Vice-President; Daniel O'Connell, Treasurer; William Higgins, Corresponding Secretary; Henry Funk, Recording Secretary; Dominic Groogan, Sergeant-at-Arms; Joseph Clyne, 1st Censor; George Moxley, 2d Censor; James Morgan, Historian. An interesting program has been announced for the next meeting.

—Professor Carmody organized his debating society last night. An outline of the work to be done by the society was given by the Professor. The members of the society are arranged in teams consisting of two debaters each. It is proposed to hold debates regularly twice a week, on Monday and Friday evenings. There will be about ten teams in the society, and thus each team will have ample opportunity of meeting every other team. Twenty subjects were selected last evening, and the first discussion will take place a week from Monday. Messrs. Duperier and Weadock will match argument against Mr. Gilbert and Mr. McCollum. This society will last only for this season. None but current topics will be discussed. Great enthusiasm was shown by the young men present last evening, and the society gives promise of being successful and enjoyable in every respect. On Thursday mornings the members of this organization, together with the Columbians, will meet in the Law room for drills in Parliamentary law.

—"I tell you what," said Eyanson, as he finished eating one of his last year's rubbers: "There is nothing like it; no sir, nothing like it." I have used the smokeless looking glass four years, and it gives satisfaction. When I look straight at it I can see my picture in it just as plain as day. When I look the other way my friends say that an exact picture of my back

appears in the same place. Yesterday four of us struck a pose before it at the same time, and, by gum, we saw one of the prettiest sights you would care to look at. I tell you, the thing is a wonder. If it could only tell time I wouldn't part with it.

—Tom Medley is having troubles of his own. The other day he went to town to a drug store to procure a little salol. When he returned to the University he discovered that the little box containing the capsules was peculiarly labled. At any rate, it read anything but "Salol," and Tom, thinking he had been given somebody else's prescription, hastened with all speed back to the drug store. "Well, that is too bad," said the druggist, as Tom, breathless from the long, fast walk, explained the matter to him. Then, turning to his clerk he added: "George, kindly label this, 'salol' and give it to the gentleman here." Tom returned to the University thinking that he had had a pretty long walk simply to get the labels changed.

—Dillon caused a great deal of excitement on the football field the other day. This is how it happened. Eggeman, centre Rush, Fleming, quarter-back and Corcoran, full-back, are all knights of the weed, and had contributed ten cents toward buying a plug of "Battle Ax." Eggeman, being considered the most honorable of the three, was allowed to carry it under his left shoulder pad. When Fleming gave the proper signal, John was to take a chew, place the plug on the ball, and snap both back together. Fleming would catch the ball in his arms, and also catch the right corner of the plug in the left corner of his mouth, then turn into the interference, and run backwards so that Corcoran could get a bite at the other corner of the plug with his right wisdom tooth, while both men were on the dead run. When the ball was "downed," the plug was to go back to Eggeman. Dillon saw this play work twice. He was playing on the other side, and when the signal to try it the third time was given, Tom made ready for a victorious rush. No sooner was the pass made then he jumped in, tackled the plug real hard just below the tag before Fleming or Corcoran got near it, and started for the dressing room. Farley was at first accused of the theft, but at court martial his innocence was clearly proven, because he was found to possess a half day's rations of Piper Heidsek. The real thief was soon discovered and sentenced to chew straw during the rest of the season.

—The reporter spent all Thursday trying to gather some items for the local colums. He reports news very quiet, positively nothing of interest happening among the students. When Lan Johnders failed to show up this year, the reporter in a moment of despair seized his revolver, and was just putting the cold, ugly muzzle to his temple when he chanced to see

from his window a tall man, with hat in hand, chasing grasshoppers. Had this man been indulging in a game of marbles, duck-on-the-rock, or any other elevating pastime, the reporter would doubtless have carried out his terrible purpose heedless of what might be considered good "local material." But the sight of a large and spacious man chasing grasshoppers saved the reporter's life, and he dropped his revolver and dashed down stairs, twenty-seven steps at a time, to interview the sportsman who proved to be "Silly Willie." But now, good readers, S. Willie (as we will call him for short) has left us, and the reporter is without local material. Of course, B. Dwyer is here, and Dukette still springs Mendon jokes; but what is the use of giving these men undeserving popularity and losing subscribers. All the most promising candidates, including Klondike William, seems to have failed to impress the local men, and now they are looking for some bright, witty, fat or lean, narrow or wide man to come up and say: "Sir, I am your watermelon." He need not be a Butler, punster or a delicate merry-maker like "Captain Bob," nor must he have a voice like that of Big John's troublesome neighbor, Haley.

—Admiral Dewy O'Riley tells the following funny little incident about his vacation: "One day after I had been hoeing potatoes for about two hours I sat down in the shade of a cucumber vine to rest. While I was debating with myself about the intellectuality of the potato-bug, I was suddenly aroused by hearing footsteps behind me. On looking around I saw two pretty little maidens about twenty-nine years old carrying a large basket hanging on a fence-rail, one end of which was on one girl's shoulder and the other end rested on the shoulder-blade of the other lady. Of course, my chivalrous spirit got the upper hand of me, and I gallantly offered my services to carry the basket. They gave me the basket in one hand and the rail in the other. I carried them four miles to the nearest drug store, and then one of my companions proposed that we have some soda water. I had a whole twenty-five cents in my pocket, so I offered to pay for it. The clerk gave me back ten cents, and I bought a package of cigarettes. I took one and then handed the pack to one of the girls. She bowed sweetly and put it into her pocket. Then we walked on half a block, and they went into a store and told me to wait for them. I sat there four hours, but they didn't come, so I put the rail down on the sidewalk and looked into the basket. There were five bricks in it, and there was a cat tied to each one of them. I thought the girls might want them, so I gave them to a policeman, and told him to give them to them when they came out. I have not heard from the girls since. Shouldn't be surprised if they would write to me soon. I'd like to have the rest of those cigarettes anyhow."