

THE NOTRE-DAME SCHOLASTIC

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The Growth of our Great Foe.

PAUL J. RAGAN.

LONG years ago, when things and men were new,
There crawled into this growing world of ours
A hundred-headed beast; like twilight hours
He crept unseen. With every wind that blew,
His strength increased until the whole world through
Awoke to find that mighty force that towers
And crushes, with fierce, overwhelming powers,
The tender shrubs where first-born knowledge grew.

This was the beast,—grim, hungry Ignorance,
A rodent gnawing at weak-minded thought,
And laying all the fruits of learning low.
All Wisdom's plans and hopes were turned askance,
Wrong triumphed over Right, and thus was brought
All woes that come, because men do not know.

American Patriotism.*

LOUIS C. M. REED, 1900.

SOMEWHERE in the depths of every human breast there slumbers that noble passion—patriotism. Calm and tranquil is its sleep when the divine sentinel, Peace, guards its chamber; but when the troubled voice of country calls, it awakes, and, rising in its might, it casts aside the alluring influence of sordid and selfish regard; spurns the love of ease, pleasure, power and wealth, and ascends triumphantly to that hallowed sphere of honor! Yea, even the partialities of friendship, gratitude and private affection are unhesitatingly sacrificed to that noble duty; that lofty inspiration that awakens it. No human feeling can weaken it; no human hand can stay it. It is

* Prize medal oration, delivered at the annual Oratorical Contest, May 31, 1898.

the noblest passion that can warm and animate the human breast, and it is the characteristic of a man of honor and a gentleman. I believe that there is no man so gross, so wanting in honor and loyalty, that he has not somewhere in the depths of his soul this ardent zeal, this moral attachment for the land where he first drew breath, or for the country that has given him home and citizenship. If there be such a man he is an open enemy to his country—"an inglorious neuter to mankind;" and though titles and wealth may gild him, he lives ingloriously and dies unhonored.

In every land, in every country beneath the vault of heaven, fair patriotism lives. It was born with the world, and it will die only with the world. Its life was the life of Rome, Athens and Lacedæmon; its success was their glory. Nurtured in the sturdy hearts of long ago, it has grown and expanded, until today it spreads itself over the entire world. It was planted on the sandy shores of America with the cross of Columbus, and—God be praised!—in America it has continued to live. Never since the sun first set on those humble homes that lined the shores of the American continent, has patriotism wavered. Never in the time of need has any American failed to feel the warmth of its presence. Never in that grandest record that has ever been set down upon the pages of history has American patriotism been found wanting. Surely, I say, the fire of American patriotism is ever burning!

Back, back in the days when the heavy hand of oppression weighed down the infant colonies of America; back in the days when liberty was yet unborn, the fire of American patriotism was first kindled. It was fanned by the illustrious Patrick Henry in the famous Virginia Assembly—yea, fanned into the very hearts of the noble heroes that composed it;—and God bless them, for they were the first to

make public opposition to British misrule. It animated the little army that gathered on the village green at Lexington, and spurred on the "Green Mountain Boys" to victory at Ticonderoga; and when the June sun cast its dying rays on the bloody battlefield of Bunker Hill, it found the American soldiers, though retreating, filled with the fire of true American patriotism. It had not died out with defeat. No; defeat and hardship seemed only to increase it. It flickered out only with the flickering out of life; it was dead only in those cold, silent breasts that lined the battlefield.

The fire of American patriotism burned brighter than ever on that memorable afternoon when from the steeple of the old Philadelphia State House our liberty was proclaimed to the world. It inflamed the breasts of men as no other human passion could inflame them. It spread with a rapidity and effectiveness that the power of no forest fire ever had. It drove out from the heart the remnants of human weakness as could no voice but the voice of God Almighty Himself. It kept warm the hearts of Washington's ragged army on that Christmas night when, frozen and starving, they staggered through the driving sleet to the brilliant victory that awaited them at Trenton. It kept alive the hopes of the patriot army at the defeat of Brandywine, and gave them courage when the noble forts on the Delaware bowed to British bombardment. And in that appalling winter at Valley Forge, when the icy boughs above them creaked and cracked in the bleak, piercing winds; when the bloody tracks on the frozen ground spoke as dumb witnesses of the awful hardship and privation that were endured, the fire of American patriotism was burning brightly, yea, as brightly as if a summer sun had warmed the earth about them. Stronger hearts and stronger limbs would have succumbed to that terrible suffering at Valley Forge, but warmed within by the undying fire of patriotism, and inspired by the sublime confidence, born of patriotism, that animated the immortal Washington, they lived; lived to see the warm spring sun pour its welcome rays through the cracks of the cold, comfortless huts, that, as ill-made caskets, had held their precious bodies; lived to see the haughty English march with slow step and drooping colors through the victorious American lines at Yorktown; lived to see America breathe in the first breath of true liberty—that liberty that characterizes her from the nations

of the earth, and that has ever been her simple offering to her sons!

And when the garland of peace that twined around the Stars and Stripes was shattered by the cruel hand of war in '61, that same fire that had forced the ugly hand of oppression from the throat of young America, and had hurled the monster, tyranny, headlong down the rugged rocks to destruction; that fire that had cleared the American coasts of British vultures, and had lifted America out of the smothering coils of bondage into the balmy air of freedom; that fire, I say, is what preserved the Union in the bloody war of the Rebellion, and united again a country that God had never meant should be separated!

But the painful wounds that time has healed shall not again be ripped open to bleed afresh their costly blood. I will not dwell on the victories or defeats, the triumphs or struggles of the Civil War; for God knows it was an unfortunate circumstance, and the battles that were fought will never be fought again; and the ill-feeling that perforce was cherished in the hearts of North and South has been wiped out by the hand of time,—but I will say that the same fire that lived in those days is living today. It is as bright and as brilliant as the day when old Liberty Bell tolled out our independence. But there is no North or South now to hinder the blaze of American patriotism. No; it burns in unison with that love we bear each other, and ascends to the throne of God in its everlasting life of justice.

Years ago, when those grim old muskets that sealed the Union were laid away to rest, it was with the hope that the Stars and Stripes would never again be unfurled in the bloody cause of war; it was with the hope that the soothing balm of time would heal the country's wounds, and that in peace she might watch, with the anxious eyes of a loving mother, the prosperity and greatness of her sons. With this hope the fire of American patriotism passed into a gentle slumber, and for thirty-three years has slept undisturbed beneath the sunny banner of peace. But once more the glowing coals have been stirred. The voice of humanity has called, and American patriotism has responded—yes, responded with all the vigor of its life! Its flame has again spread from the Atlantic to the Pacific with the unchecked fury of a prairie fire. It has swept the North and swept the South. It has seized the blue and gray, and clasped them close in its onward whirl. It has cleared away the

stumbling-blocks of sectional and political enmity, and has driven fear and doubt beyond the shores of America. It has again filled and animated the breast of every American, young and old, and now stands ready to stay the hand of cruelty, to appease the voice of humanity, and to further the cause of liberty.

Yes, the fire of American patriotism is burning, and it ever will burn as long as there is a beating heart to foster it and a living arm to prove it. It is destined to live as long as the Stars and Stripes float over our land of freedom; and they will ever float in triumph, for with such a patriotism we need not fear the strength of any power, or alliance of powers, on the face of God's earth! The same fire is living today that lived in the days gone by. It is the same fire that animated the breasts of Washington, Hamilton, Franklin and Jefferson, and led them on through the gloomy paths of hardship to the sunny goal of victory. It is the same fire that inflamed the invincible Barry and Jones to sweep the British Seas as a destructive tornado, and that unflinchingly repulsed the British at Fort Moultrie. It is the same fire that was alive at Long Island, Trenton, Saratoga, Brandywine, Germantown, Monmouth, and in every battle, lost or won, that was ever fought under the Stars and Stripes. That fire is what won the victories at Vicksburg and Gettysburg and led the troops of Sheridan on to victory at Shenandoah! That fire is what animated the famous Irish Brigade, whose holy chaplain now sleeps under the shade of the golden dome,—yes, spurred them on in their frantic assaults against the almost impregnable wall at Fredericksburg! That fire is what won the battle of Shiloh and swept the Union army in their ardor over the crest of Lookout Mountain until they disappeared fighting above the clouds that, as a halo, circled about them! That fire is what thrilled the heart of the great Admiral Farragut, as he watched the iron monsters heaving in their death struggle! It is that fire that broke the line of entrenchments at Petersburg and Richmond, and swept on the hardy veterans in Sherman's triumphant march to the sea! It is that fire that led Old Glory safely through the struggle of 1812, and it is that fire that is going to carry us forth from the present struggle on the billowy clouds of victory; that will yet make the Stars and Stripes forever feared and respected by the nations of the earth, and that will ever live to appease the voice of down-trodden humanity, and to respond to the sacred call of liberty!

At the End of His Tether.

LOUIS T. WEADOCK, '99.

Robert Sheldon had gone to the end of his tether, and he knew it. His situation had been carefully impressed upon him by his father, who, with a serene satisfaction in his eyes, sat regarding his son from the other side of the table. Who is not contented when the cigars are brought in at the close of a perfect dinner; and when his care lagged behind when a cobwebby bottle of '49 bade it go? Yet these creature comforts failed to soothe the troubled spirit of the man first mentioned in this narrative. He leaned his head dejectedly upon his hand, and found a melancholy pleasure in gazing moodily at his wine glass. The little goblet, he said to himself, was his life, and the hand now laid on it was his father's, and it had crushed his life as now his own strong fingers ground the delicate bit to fragments. Which, while it represented the state of the younger man's mind, was but a poetical figure and scarcely true. For the man his fancy had painted as a ruthless destroyer of youth looked anything but that bloodless monster—a man without a heart. Indeed, good nature shone in his clear, honest eyes; and the freedom with which he talked to his son put an end to any notion that his opinions were those of the heartless parent of the novelist.

"Go to the lady, Robert," he said, speaking tenderly, as if he knew he were in delicate territory, "tell her the full circumstances, wish her all success in her profession, say good-bye, and close the incident. Understand, I use no coercion, no threats, no force. I want to help you, and I simply put the case to you as clearly as I can, trusting to your own good sense to extricate yourself from what may be—mind, I do not say is—an unfortunate condition of affairs for both of you."

The son did not raise his eyes, and the speaker continued:

"I understand your feeling of resentment toward me, but in time you will see that my way is the better. My position is simply this: On short acquaintance you fall in love with a lady whom I have never seen and of whom I have only heard as an actress—an excellent actress, I may say—and you wish to marry her. She refuses you and correctly. You are twenty-three; you have enjoyed everything money could buy and more; you still enjoy

these things. Of yourself, you have no capital except your future. Begin that now. Your pictures have been pronounced clever by those that know; and already the papers speak of you and Burne-Jones in the same sentence. With the connoisseurs and the public praising your work as they do, you have no right to neglect your talents. You told me this evening that the lady in question had told you exactly what I have told you."

"She did," sighed his auditor.

"Then she too is right. Be guided by your friends. By her, the friend of a few months; and by me, Bob, the friend of your lifetime. Forget her. She bids you. She understands."

"Does she? If I were only sure," thought the son.

Half an hour later the two were rolling over the crowded, flashing asphalt to the theatre, for tonight was to be the last. Neither spoke during the journey. Each man was intent on his own thoughts. His interview with his son had sent the father's mind back years and years, to the time when he had wooed and won his wife, the sainted Louise, whose soul had left him when Robert was a child. And the ordinarily keen-sighted man of business wiped away a little moisture from his kindly eyes, and laying his hand gently on his son's shoulder whispered: "Poor Bob."

Think you not, you poets, that romance belongs only to the young, and that when the hair is gray, the heart is cold; for the old love is the real love, and many a world-worn eye is filled tonight with a light holier and purer than the light in yours or mine.

But the son? Ah! the son was busy with memories of his own—dear, dear memories—and he didn't feel the pressure of his father's hand. He looked mechanically toward the gayly lighted shops and the flickering street lamps, but he saw them not. Instead the outlines of Paris, Venice, Rome rose before him, and he imagined that again *she* was by his side. She, whose every thought was as clear-cut and undefiled as the most beautiful marble in the Vatican; she whose voice was more musical than the sweetest symphony; she whose regal beauty the great ladies of France might have envied. But more to him now than her exquisite physical beauty was the matchless beauty of her soul. Then there came back to him the dearest, saddest memory of them all.

They were sitting on the deck of the steamer homeward bound, and with the wonderful sea

spread before them she told him her story—a simple tale, true enough, but none the less pathetic—of her poverty-palsied childhood, her girlish ambitions and ideals, her determination to carry them into effect; of the bitter, up-hill fight for recognition on the stage, the privations she had undergone, the persecutions she had suffered; of the death of her mother and the utter loneliness of her life until he had come into it—he, so strong so brave, so true;—told him all frankly, fearlessly, concealing nothing. And as he looked into the white pages of her life, he knew that when the book was closed, there would be no spot or stain in it. Then the glorious moon rolled above the clouds and made the dancing ocean a mass of burnished silver, and he stooped over her and asked her to become his wife. For a moment her beautiful eyes rested on the waters, and in them was an inexpressible sadness. And she told him brokenly, incoherently, that his path was not hers; that she would be a drag on him; that he must give himself to his work, and forget her. Then with eyes brimming with tears, but with no word of good-night, she left him.

The unquestionable success she achieved in New York afterward, and how every night from his seat he had watched her, was fresh in his memory. How he had toiled at his easel was a thing of but yesterday. But he found that without her he could do nothing—the inspiration was gone. How a chance meeting had given him back the old fire, and how, after that morning, made bright by her presence, he had worked as if his life depended on it—painting, painting, painting, was all before him now. How quickly the bare whiteness of the canvas took form and shape; how the coloring followed as if by magic, and how at last he had stood before the completed picture into which he had put his life-story, and prayed that she might read aright.

The cab was now at the door of the exhibition room in which his masterpiece was displayed, and the two men pressed in with the crowd, hearing from all sides that welcome murmur of honest praise in which was no jarring note.

His picture was the creation of a genius, a masterly one, while the execution was admirably fitted to the conception. The unutterable longing on the face of the Man in the Picture and the final, voiceless, heart-bursting appeal to the Woman were startling in their vividness. The effect of his imploration was not

indicated—the decision rested solely with the Woman. No one could tell what form her answer would take; but all that saw the painting were sure that it was to be either an invitation to endless human happiness, or a command to despair and abandon all hope; for the canvas represented the vital moment, the climax of a devotion with which the Woman had to deal.

The Man out of the Picture had spoken to the Woman in a tongue she understood full well—the unerring voice of genius. He had framed his entreaty in wordless sentences she could not mistake, and in their language he had called out to her for aid. Others might admire the picture, wonder at it, write about it, if they pleased, but it was meant for *her*; and Robert Sheldon's heart bounded like a boy's when across the visitors' book he read the golden name of Isabelle Clare, and knew that she had seen it.

The pretty little play-house was crowded, and when the artist and his father reached their box, the play had begun. The entrance of the star was greeted with much applause, for the sweet-faced woman was a magnificent actress and popular. That night she surpassed herself, and her audience and she were one in perfect sympathy. Did I say "perfect?" No; there was a break in the circuit. Sheldon sat moodily in an upper box, surprised that she should smile so gladly at a mere curtain-call when his heart was breaking. His hands never met in applause; his voice never shouted "Bravo!" with the rest. During the second act she glanced toward him several times, and in her eyes was a hurt, wondering expression.

"After all, she does not care," he thought, and vainly endeavored to convince himself that he was nothing to her. He glanced at his program and saw that she was to sing the famous "Parting" song, and the omen was not a good one. Yet he smiled, as he thought, carelessly.

Ah, if he could have seen that smile as she saw it from the stage—his white, drawn face, straining to cover the sinking of his heart,—a smile full of care and anxiety! She read through the ill-fitting mask he wore, and saw deep down into his soul. Long before she had tried to tell him of his, of her, duty to their professions, of his obligation to his work; but he had refused to listen. Even from herself she had fought back the consciousness that she loved him; had tried to make him

accept the sacrifice—and loved him all the more because he refused. She had seen his picture; her woman's intuition had read to her its real meaning, and she knew the depth and purity of their love.

She resolved that her song to him now should not be the saddened, chilling words of farewell. An imperious gesture stopped the leader in his arrangement of the elaborate score, and her voice rose joyously in the fullness and sweetness of its wonderful power, singing the old ballad all knew so well, "I Love Thee, I Adore Thee." Her enthusiasm ran into the orchestra, and they burst into the melody with a fervor they never exhibited before or since. The audience was entranced; but the singer had forgotten that an audience existed. She was singing to him in the upper box who, with the forced smile fled from his face, sat leaning toward her drinking in every word. If his entreaty had been unmistakable, her reply was no less so, and he knew.

At the close the cheering was loud and long; and going out into the night, a young girl hung closer to her companion, but said nothing. And when they were in their carriage, an old man's lips lightly brushed the wrinkled cheek of his wife.

When Isabelle Clare reached her dressing-room she found Sheldon waiting for her, and when the father reached them, he saw his son and the actress in each other's arms. Then he heard the query in Bob's glad tones:

"Do you understand now, father?"

"Perfectly, my boy," came the instant reply, "and may God bless you both!"


And going up to the girl he kissed her reverently on the forehead.

TRY to get strength of heart enough to look yourself fairly in the face, in mind as well as in body. I do not doubt but that the mind is a less pleasant thing to look at than the face, and for that very reason it needs more looking at; so always have two mirrors on your toilet table, and see that with proper care you dress body and mind before them daily. After the dressing is once over for the day, think no more about it; as your hair will blow about your ears, so your temper and thoughts will get ruffled with the day's work, and may need, sometimes, twice dressing; but I don't want you to carry about a mental pocket-comb; only to be smooth braided always in the morning.—*John Ruskin.*

Varsity Verse.

BALLADE-RIMES.

I.


 H me! how cold my eighty years
 Have made my heart! My hair is gray,
 I know, and down my cheeks the tears
 Of memory pour fast. Today
 I see again that morn in May,
 When life was bright and scarce begun,
 And all the world seemed fair and gay,—
 When my life's years were twenty-one.

II.

No longer by the moss-grown weirs
 With rod in hand I patient stay,—
 No more my cat-boat, tacks and veers
 Across the white capped, sunlit bay;
 My one joy now a pipe of clay.
 My rod is gone, arust my gun,
 Dropped from my eager hands for aye,
 When my life's years were twenty-one.

III.

No more our boyish shouts and cheers,
 Ring where once we used to play;
 No comrade now my weak voice hears,
 Nor wanders down the treach'rous way,
 Where sorrowful, alone, I stray
 Through the shadows of life's setting sun;
 Ah! how my heart beat in the fray,
 When my life's years were twenty-one.

L'ENVOI.

King Death, stoop low and softly say
 That when the threads of life are spun,
 You'll tell me how I used to pray,
 When my life's years were twenty-one.

J. F. F.

OUT OF DATE.

"Tis not our style to walk that way,"
 Said X to Z the other day.
 "It used to be! said Z. A smile,
 And then said X, "'Tis not *our* Stile.

A. S. K.

OCTOBER.

Quickly the gay months fly!
 Gone are the summer days;
 Gathers the autumn haze,
 And soon the year will die.

The time will come to pass,
 When the year shall need a pall,
 Softly the dead leaves fall
 Upon the withered grass.

The tree-tops sadly moan
 A dirge for the dying year,
 Out going cold and drear,
 Forgotten and unknown.

A. M. C.

MAN'S WAYS.

A clasp of the hand at parting,
 A look deep into his eyes
 Where the sudden tears are starting
 And friendship's promise lies,
 Then careless, cold "Good-byes."

J. F. F.

The Mexican War.

JAMES H. MCGINNIS, 1900.

We Americans are so accustomed to regard our flag as the symbol of liberty, equality and peace, that we are wont to look upon everything as false that tends to disturb that opinion. It is true, however, that the Stars and Stripes lost some of their former right to those epithets by the unjust, avaricious and tyrannically oppressive war waged by our country against Mexico.

The motive of that war was solely to acquire territory suitable for slave-labor, that could be divided into states, and thus strengthen the power of the Southern slave-holders. The Mexicans, and all the world, knew this. Manuel C. Pejon, the Mexican Minister, in a message to the officials at Washington, said:

"If one party labors to obtain more ground to blot it with the enslavement of a hapless branch of the human family, the other is trying to diminish, by preserving its own, the incentive that the former seeks for so detestable a traffic. Let the world now decide which of the two has justice and reason on her side."

Bancroft, than whom no better authority can be found on this question, since he was a member of Polk's cabinet, says:

"It was a premeditated and predetermined affair, the war of the United States on Mexico; it was the result of a deliberately calculated scheme of robbery on the part of a superior power . . . there were at Washington enough of this class—slave-holders, smugglers, Indian-killers and foul-mouthed, tobacco-spitting swearers upon sacred Fourth-of-July principles, to carry spread-eagle supremacy from the Atlantic to the Pacific—who were willing to lay aside all notions of right or wrong in the matter, and unblushingly to take whatever could be secured solely upon the principle of might. Mexico, poor, weak, struggling to secure herself a place among nations, is now to be humiliated, kicked, cuffed and beaten by the bully on her northern border, whose greatest principle at this time finds exercise in hunting about for plausible pretexts to steal from a weaker neighbor a fine slice of territory suitable for slave-labor."

At first Texas was the coveted territory. In order to secure it, Mexico must be made the aggressor. For this purpose a long list of claims, consisting first of sixteen, afterward

increased to fifty-seven, was sent to the United States envoy, Powhattan Ellis, who was instructed to demand reparation for "these accumulated wrongs" in three weeks. These claims accused the Mexicans of firing on our flag, of maltreating our consuls, of scourging our private citizens like malefactors, and of confiscating their property. These claims were not corroborated, and were, as Monesteno, the Mexican Minister, said, general, not specific. There was no act of the supreme government of Mexico complained of, therefore there could be no cause of war alleged. General Jackson, who was not averse to war, said in a conversation with Governor Tanner of Tennessee:

"Mexico has given the United States no cause for war"; and again: "Should Mexico insult our flag, invade our territory, interrupt our citizens in the lawful pursuits guaranteed them in our treaty, then the government will promptly repel the insult and take speedy reparation for the injury; but it does not seem that offences of this kind were committed by Mexico."

After many preliminary messages and threats from one government to the other, the claims were referred to arbitration for settlement. A committee was appointed for this purpose, with Frederick William III. of Russia as umpire. This committee met in Washington on August 17, 1840. After deliberating for eighteen months they gave their just decision, which declared that three-fourths of the claims were spurious, fraudulent and of a speculative nature. This decision was a disappointment to the Southern statesmen who were anxious for war. The United States was justly convicted of resorting to fraudulent means to extort money from a weaker nation; would she not do it again?"

President Tyler proposed a treaty of annexation to the Texan officials on October 17, 1843. This insult was quickly repelled by the Mexican government. Another insult was aimed at Mexico about this time that proved to the Mexicans that our government desired possession not only of Texas, but also of New Mexico and California.

Commodore Thomas Ap. C. Jones was stationed in the harbor of Upper California. One morning he was surprised by the arrival of a British fleet in the bay. At the same time he received a Boston newspaper, which reported that Mexico had ceded California to Great Britain for seven million dollars. The Commodore from the tenor of this report and

the arrival of the British fleet, decided that Mexico had declared war against the United States. Without orders of any kind he sailed to Monterey, took possession of the city, and replaced the Mexican flag by the American. The next day he discovered his blunder, and restored the Mexican flag with an apology. In this instance an American fleet took possession of another nation's territory, insulted her flag, and dishonored her citizens, but no retribution was offered, not even the punishment of the offending officer. Mexico bore this insult with equanimity.

Mexico's government received shocks from within her own territories at this time in the form of a revolution. This was an opportunity for the President of the United States to carry out his schemes for the annexation of Texas. Immediate action was taken by Tyler and his cabinet. By much scheming and despicable means an annexation bill passed the house on February 19, 1845. This was, as Mexico declared, "the misappropriation of her territory, and as such a *casus belli*." The Mexican Minister at Washington immediately asked for his passports, and the Mexican President sent a message to our American legation, declaring that all intercourse with our government was broken off, on account of the spoliation of his country's territory.

President Polk, who had recently been inaugurated, ordered General Taylor to the Texan frontier. Taylor accordingly encamped at Corpus Christi; arms, ammunition and supplies were sent to him there, and a large fleet was stationed in the Gulf of Mexico. This seemed very much like war, although many would have us believe that Mexico began hostilities. These preparations were begun with the intention of seizing the territory of New Mexico and California by force of arms, as was proven later. "John Quincy Adams said it was not only Texas the United States wanted, but the whole course of the Rio Grande del Norte, and five degrees of latitude across the continent to the Pacific" (Bancroft).

While these preparations were being made to hold Texas forcibly, our President sent word to the Mexican officials stating that he would like to send a minister to Mexico to settle the dispute amicably and reasonably. He also desired "to offer reparation for the wrong done." (Mark the significance of "to offer reparation.") Could anyone with sound reasoning put confidence in a government that would send such a message to a weak neigh-

bor, while at the same time it "pointed its big black cannon" toward her capital?

Mexico would not recognize our Minister, John Slidell, who, Bancroft says, "was sent by President Polk with bribes in his hands and explanations on his lips." Schouler says that this envoy was sent without the knowledge of Congress, and had secret, unconstitutional authority to offer a large amount of gold for the territory of California. He adds, moreover, that Secretary Buchanan sent secret messages to Slidell, repeatedly reminding him that "indemnifying Mexico for the wrongs done as to Texas was not the only thing he was sent to Mexico for." When this final effort to acquire California peaceably failed, Polk determined to carry out his plan at the cost of war, and that war he determined to force on Mexico.

The boundary between Texas and Mexico had been disputed for a long time before Texas was annexed to the United States. This quarrel, therefore, was taken up by the United States when Texas was made a new state of our Union. Polk knew this, and saw in it a chance to provoke Mexico to strike the first blow of war. He ordered General Taylor to advance across the disputed territory, and to take a fortified position on the east bank of the Rio Grande. Taylor obeyed, like the good soldier that he was, and he encamped opposite Matamoras. Here he stationed his guns with their mouths turned toward the Mexican city; and began blockading the river. He was repeatedly commanded to leave Mexican soil, but he took no heed of these commands. The Mexican general was obliged to send troops to the river to force the foreigners from Mexican territory, and so defend his nation's honor. A short time afterward a party of American soldiers were fired upon and wounded by the Mexicans. Then Polk sent his message to Congress stating: "War exists between Mexico and the United States by the act of Mexico herself."

Was there ever a government or a people so deceitfully dealt with as was the United States by her slave-holding executive? Was there ever a nation so abused, so unjustly despoiled of her territory, so oppressed by a superior power as was Mexico by the United States? That this war was caused by the President of the United States and his cabinet without the knowledge of Congress is evident from the fact that Taylor, after defeating the Mexicans at Palo Alto and Resaca de la Palma, crossed

the river, and took possession of Matamoras before Congress had ordered him to take the offensive side of the war. That Congress and the people of the United States were deceived by President Polk can be seen from the message, filled with false statements, that he sent to Congress. In that message he says: "Mexicans have passed our boundaries, have invaded our territories, and shed American blood upon American soil. War exists; and notwithstanding all our efforts to avoid it, exists by the act of Mexico." At the time Congress was reading this message, our soldiers were hoisting the Stars and Stripes on the defeated city of Matamoras.

It might also be asked, what right our soldiers had on the banks of the Rio Grande, even though Mexico had lost claim to Texas? The only right that could be accorded them was the decision of the President of the United States, who took upon himself the authority to decide a question of dispute between his own and another nation in favor of his country.

Look at the subject in any source, and the same injustice stares us in the face. It is a lamentable fact that our flag has been so disgraced by a few slave-holding politicians, whose intrigues caused the Mexican war, justly termed the precursor of the deplorable Rebellion.

Astronomy in Surveying.

EUGENE A. DELANEY.

In the old days of land-surveying one of the common problems that perplexed the surveyor was the establishment of a universal and accurate reference line. The ancient and venerable compass was in those days the sole dictator in all questions of direction. But the compass is known to be an easy victim to many influences. It seems to follow odd whims and fancies. What is shown to be north today may be another direction tomorrow.

The mariner finds the compass indispensable, as indeed the earlier surveyor did; but the mariner's tracks are in the waters, and if his ways be erratic, they are lost forever in the waves he leaves behind; but the surveyor's paths are marked by stout old oaks or by lasting stones. They live after him as evidence of his more or less crooked ways.

Re-surveys of old tracts of land recall the plights of the old surveyors; and now to the solution of new problems is added the arduous

task of tracing the error in an old one, and with the record of the older solution growing more obscure as the years go by. The earlier surveyor sometimes left only fragmentary evidence of his methods. Today—a day of new methods and accurate instruments—surveying is assisted by astronomy. Astronomy gives the surveyor a correct datum to which he may refer all directions:

If Polaris (α , Ursæ Minoris), the north star, were situated precisely at the pole of the heavens, it is evident that a line of sight from any given place on the earth to the star would trace a true north line. The star is not so conveniently situated, but revolves, apparently, round the pole in a small circle whose radius is a degree and a quarter. Thus, one revolution of the heavens, made in twenty-four hours, carries the star across the meridian, or north line, twice: once when the star is below the pole, or at lower culmination, and again when the star is above the pole, or at upper culmination. Now, to establish our north line, we need only to know at what time Polaris will be directly above or below the pole. We may then direct our line of sight toward the star, and our reference-line, a true north line, is established.

Let us suppose that our geographical location—that is, latitude and longitude—has been accurately determined by astronomical observations. We now consult the Nautical Almanac to find when there will be a culmination of Polaris for a given station on the earth. By our latitude and longitude we know our position with respect to this station referred to in the almanac, and we can readily interpolate to find at what time we must have a culmination of the star for our station. With a carefully adjusted engineer's transit instrument, we follow the star in its slow course round the pole and clamp fast the telescope at the prescribed time for culmination. The telescope is now directed truly north, and we have but to set stakes to mark this line on the earth.

Let us again consider the star in its short course round the pole. We see that when the star is half way between upper and lower culmination, it will be apparently at its farthest distance from the pole. These positions of the star, one on each side of the pole, are called the stars extreme elongation, eastern and western. If we consult the almanac, we shall find at what time the star will be in the position of elongation, and we may make our observation and mark the new line just as we did when the

star was at its culmination. This last line will evidently be east or west of the true north line, according as the star was sighted to at eastern or western elongation. Again we find a table that shows how far we must deflect from this last line that our line of sight may be directed in the meridian.

The importance of an accurately established reference-line may be emphasized, be the surveys small or extended. Suppose a tract of land to have had its boundaries defined in an old deed, and let the northern bounding line be described as a due east and west line; suppose, too, that the tract was surveyed and the lines marked according to the stipulations in the deed; the property has not been improved; and years later, when the old landmarks can not be found, a re-survey is undertaken. If the first surveyor left no explanatory notes of his survey—and it is probable that he left none—to show the assumed value of the magnetic declination, or the variation of the compass needle from a true north line, a bewildering problem confronts the second surveyor. Had the original survey been started from a true north line, the second surveyor would find little trouble in retracing the old lines.

The sun, also, is a guide to the surveyor. The solar attachment of modern field-transits enables the operator speedily to direct his telescope in the meridian. While star observations satisfactorily establish a permanent line, they could not be resorted to when the meridian must be found repeatedly and in the daytime. Let us suppose a parallel of latitude—which is an east and west line—is to be marked out. If the surveying instrument is set in position, with the telescope directed in a line perpendicular to a north line, the line of sight will not be in the direction of a parallel of latitude. The line would lie in a plane passing through the earth's centre, which plane must trace a great circle on the earth's surface. An east and west line is one that is everywhere perpendicular to the meridians it intersects.

Thus, in the ordinary branches of surveying, astronomy assists in directing the surveyor aright. The stars and the sun furnish unerring information. Even in a far off-day, the Egyptians set their pyramids by a star which has long since left its position near the pole; but these pyramids once set northward, look northward forever. The time must come when our own Polaris will be no more the guardian of the pole, when it will have moved away to give place to another star.

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—A portrait of Bishop Burke of St. Joseph, Mo., has been added to the splendid collection of paintings in the Bishop's Memorial Hall. It is the gift of the Bishop to his *Alma Mater*. The painting was made in Rome by Gagliardi, the famous Italian artist. The figure is full life-size, and represents the Bishop dressed in the purple robes of his office, seated in an arm-chair. As a work of art it is almost perfect, and will add beauty to the already beautiful hall.

—Good work, men of the gridiron, good work; and our best wishes to you. Never in the history of our football career has there been such manly, ambitious, and honorable training. Never have we had so many men trying for the Varsity,—or rather trying to make the Varsity a success. Only a few are assured positions on the team, yet every afternoon about thirty candidates are out working. This is the proper thing. If we have a large number of candidates we will have a winning team; and if we desire to be winners, we must have enough men to have a practise game every day. Such is the case now; keep it up, fellows; even if you do not make a place on the team, go out and practise anyhow, and thus help to strengthen those that have places. Show your college spirit by putting your best efforts forth to develop a team that can work together. Team work and not individual play-

ing is what will win. Remember how Grady rode the five miles at Indianapolis last spring, the race that brought the championship to Notre Dame. If we have the same kind of work by our football men, we will have a Varsity of which we may be proud. We are highly pleased with your work thus far. Keep it up, and remember that we are watching you one and all, and win or lose the old SCHOLASTIC is with you to the last.

—Well! well! well! Have you forgotten that the old SCHOLASTIC belongs to you? Have you forgotten that sixteen pages must be filled every week? We are already starting the second month of the scholastic year, and as yet no contributions have reached the editor's desk. We can not go this way much longer. We need some co-operation to make the paper a success. Don't think, gentlemen, that the SCHOLASTIC belongs to the board of editors, and that they must look after all its needs. This is a mistake; it belongs to the student body, and they should support it. You are writing essays for your literary classes, why not work them up and hand them to us for publication? We may perhaps find something in them of more importance than you think; moreover, we may have a column or two to fill, where they would be very handy.

Now, you men of the Sophomore class,—you are the ones we wish to hear from. You know that the SCHOLASTIC has a large circle of friends to entertain during the coming year, and that our receptions are held every Saturday afternoon. The most cordial invitations are extended to you to brush your dress suits and be with us. There are many vacant chairs, and we assure you that our guests will be ready to hear your stories and jokes. Give us some verse, that is what we are sorely in need of; we can not drop the Varsity Verse column, nor can we ask one or two men to fill it every week. Let us hear from every student that has ability and ambition. If it is an honor to have a college paper, it is an honor to be represented in its columns. Work for this; it will be an honor to your friends at home as well as to yourself; it will help to build up the paper and so spread the fame of our old Notre Dame. Give us some stories, sketches personals, editorials, locals or verse. As the football players say, "ginger up, fellows; get into the game, and we'll rush the SCHOLASTIC to the winning line."

The Varsity at Hudson Lake.

New conditions bring new methods; and where there is a strong spirit of rivalry the energetic take advantage of all legitimate means to win the laurels of victory. At least this is to be the future policy of Notre Dame athletics; for the President of the University having admitted physical development to a place in the curriculum of the school has given every evidence that he intends to establish it on a firm and well-ordered basis.

Owing to the shortness of the football season, and the length of time ordinarily required for

reviewed carefully at the beginning of a year's work.

Hudson Lake was the place chosen for the team to assemble at; during the first week in September there are few guests at the Hudson Lake House, where the team stopped, and the cuisine was known to be good. The advance guard of the little army of athletes arrived at the hotel September 4, and during the following week every day brought newcomers to increase the number working under the direction of Mr. Hering, Angus MacDonald and Captain Mullen. By the end of the week there were seventeen aspirants for Varsity honors at Hudson Lake House, and these had made fair



THE VARSITY AT HUDSON LAKE.

the evolution of plays and the development of teams, and influenced by the fact that Notre Dame is compelled to create her own athletics, it was considered wise to collect the members of the team of '97 who would return this year—and as many of the newcomers as gave indications of becoming future Varsity players—at a quiet place where they could get acquainted with one another, and incidentally learn some of the elementary principles of the game; for every lover of football knows that no matter what may be the efficiency of a football player at the end of the season there are some of the elemental points that must be

progress in mastering the rudiments of football.

But there is another element than that of agility and physical prowess that is fully as important as either of these in the development and success of a team, and that is good feeling among the members of the team; a generous rivalry among the candidates; evidences that the future actions of the individuals composing the embryonic eleven will be manly and deserving of confidence. The assurance that the '98 Varsity would be pervaded by this spirit of manhood was one of the most pleasing results of this week of early training.

The work done, as was intended, was comparatively light. It consisted in punting, explaining the duties of the different members of a football eleven to new players, the formation of crude interference in several simple plays, and during the last day or two some defensive work. The work tended to take the stiffness out of the men, and to harden their muscles for the strain of the next two months.

Of the members and substitutes of '97 who were at Hudson Lake, Captain Mullen, Eggeman, Lins and Bouvens were among the early arrivals; Fennessey and Fleming came later. Among the new men were Corcoran, Cornell, Burke, Malloy and Bennett.

The spirit of manhood and the realization by the members of the squad that, to an extent, the honor of the University was left in their keeping guided the men in everything. There was little restraint, and the confidence of those in charge was well repaid. Immediately in front of the Lake House is the lake, containing about five square miles; the proprietor of the Lake House, Mr. Smith, has built a bath house and toboggan chutes; and in addition, has row boats, fishing tackle, and a sail boat, all of which he placed at the disposal of the team. During the evenings there was music, and when Cornell grew tired of playing the piano he turned to the inoffensive organ and played several antediluvian airs, while Eggeman and Lins sang(?). By way of variety Angus MacDonald, a past master in the art of cake-walking, took all the Germans among the candidates under his instruction, and when a competition walk was given at the end of the week for a pie, Lins won, and Eggeman got second—which does not mean that John had the smaller piece of pie by any means.

Some amusing events occurred, which would bear chronicling. Captain Mullen, Eggeman and Lins took their first lessons in sailing; and like most beginners their experience was dearly bought. One day it took the three four hours to effect a landing; Lins said they took "twenty-nine tacks." The proprietor and his family did all they could to make the stay a pleasant one, and the boys attested their appreciation in hearty applause on leaving.

All told, it was a week of pleasure and work; the boys became well acquainted, and they established a code of honor among themselves that speaks well for the future of the athletic teams of our institution.

The World Beyond the Gates.

On July 4, 1900, there will be raised over the grave of La Fayette in Paris a monument worthy of the great patriot's memory. It will be the gift of the American people—a fitting tribute of honor and love that will show to all the world that the American heart lacks not true sentiment, and that we are ever ready to pay reverential homage to our heroic dead.

The United States during its existence has refuted many of the standing objections to the democratic form of government, and none more completely than the objection that a democracy necessarily lacks stability. Our nation is thoroughly stable. This was shown two years ago when, after the fiercely-contested presidential election, the people immediately settled down as though nothing had happened. It has been shown again during our recent war; for despite much bitterness involved, the clash of arms disturbed the country little more than would have an old-time prize-fight for the "championship of the world."

The scientific world these days is kept alert by continual announcements of the discovery of new chemical elements. The very latest, I believe, was made by the inventor of the Crook tube, and his element is to bear the name of "monium."

In the reports of the proceedings of the Academy of Science in Paris and in those of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, held recently in Boston, are contained the announcements of the discovery of two other elements. The French discovery is a mineral which is judged to be related to bismuth, and to which the name "polonium" has been given. The American discovery is a gas which is to be called "etherion." It is a constituent of the atmosphere found absorbed in many substances, and it is remarkable in that its heat conductivity is enormous, being hundreds of times greater than that of hydrogen. The more conservative chemists, I understand, are receiving this latter announcement with a grain of salt.

The Peace Manifesto issued by the Czar was a surprise from which the world was slow to recover. For the most part, it has been

received with skepticism, both as to its sincerity and the possibility of its realization. At one time it is spoken of as "Nicholas' Dream," and again it is expressively termed "A Royal Grand-stand Play." That the intentions of the Czar are sincere there can be but little doubt; whether his plan can be carried out is the open question. Of course there is much brotherly-love sentimentality in this dream of universal peace, but there is also a practical side to the question. It is plain that the abolishment of standing armies and of the immense expense incident to militarism would be of benefit in many ways to the European countries; and if universal peace is ever realized it will be on account of these purely selfish considerations. The young ruler of the Russias is to be commended for his suggestion. As one writer on the subject says "to purpose a thing is to begin it;" and should this beginning accomplish its end, the Manifesto of Nicholas II. will mark a revolutionizing epoch in the history of the world.

Charles Leonard Von Noppen of the Holland Society of New York has published a metrical translation of the Dutch masterpiece, Vondel's "Lucifer." This great drama appeared in 1654, but it met with strong religious opposition, was interdicted, and consequently presented but once upon the stage. However, it entered into the Dutch literature, and took its place as one of the grandest poems in the language. The story of the drama treats of the fall of the angels; but man is brought into action. The creation and dignity of Adam is represented as the subject of contention and cause of the angels' conspiracy. There is a resemblance between this heroic drama and Milton's Paradise Lost. The Dutch epic was written before the English, and the influence of the former is thought by some to be noticeable on the latter. The author throughout keeps the scene in Heaven, and deals directly with the contentions of the angels, though he speaks of Him

Before whose face
The universe with its eternity
Is but a mote; a moment poised in space;

and again views

Hell's punishments and honors dire
Its gulfs of woe and lakes of rayless fire.

Mr. Von Noppen's translation makes Vondel's great work accessible to us, and it doubtless will be widely read.

Our Friends.

—Francis Vurpillat (Litt. B. '91, LL. B. '92) of Winamac, Indiana, called last week to renew acquaintance with his old friends. Mr. Vurpillat has prospered in the profession of law. He is now Prosecuting Attorney of the Forty-Fourth Judicial Circuit, and has made an enviable record in the discharge of his official duty.

—Frank Fehr, B. S., '89, of Louisville, Ky., spent a couple of days as guest of his brother A. F. Fehr, of Sorin Hall. When a student here there were few who equalled Frank Fehr as an athlete. He was a member of the football, track and baseball teams; he and Hal Jewett were chums, and students to this day swear by them when athletic prowess or skill is in question.

—Charles Gillon, C. E. '92, is dead. The painful news was received here Tuesday. His death, which occurred Saturday, September 23, at his home in Milford, Mass., was due to consumption. When here he was a strong, healthy man and an athlete. He was captain of the baseball team the year of his graduation. Many old students will express deep regret when they learn of his death.

—It is not often that we are surprised at the sudden good fortune of any old student of Notre Dame; but the announcement of the marriage of William R. Miller, of last year, will be a surprise to many. The bride was Miss Isabelle Taylor. The wedding took place last Wednesday in St. Luke's Episcopal Church, Belton, Texas. Among the students of last year none enjoyed more unbounded popularity than did Will, and his new home would be brightened if he could hear the bounteous wishes for a happy life that have been expressed among his old companions.

—There are few visitors that come to the University, who meet with a more cordial welcome from the faculty and students than Thomas T. Cavanagh, A. B. '97, of Chicago. "Tommy," as he is familiarly known, was a friend of every man in the school during the years he spent here. He was president of his class, and one of the stalwart men of the football team. In the technical terms of the game, no man ever went through his position. He was chosen one of the Alumni Committee on the formation of that committee last year, and has been a zealous worker for the college interests. He is now in his junior year at the Harvard Law School, and his visit here was a stop over *en route* to Cambridge to resume his studies. Mr. Frank Kovach of Chicago accompanied him. The generous well wishes of his friends here go with him, and also the hope that his shadow may never grow smaller or his genial smile lose its radiance.

Local Items.

—The new student should learn the College yells.

—Footballs are seen flying over the Carroll Gym.

—Physics defined: That body of rules relating to the Infirmary.

—Graham when finishing his dinner said "It was out of sight."

—TEACHER.—What is an Iconoclast?

STUDENT.—A football player.

—FOUND.—A bunch of keys. Inquire at Room 6, Sorin Hall, and receive the same.

—The football men are preparing for a *Champaign* supper October 8. "Eat 'em up, fellows!"

—A picked nine from Carroll Hall defeated a nine from South Bend on the 20th inst. by a score of 7 to 2.

—Manager Schillo and Captain Mullen were in Chicago last Saturday and Sunday looking after our football interests.

—A number of our debaters have been soaking their systems in hard words as a preparation for the coming contests.

—Some person asked what would you call a cyclone filtered through a fog-horn. And the answer came—Yoche, the Escanaba blast.

—We heard some nice singing on the campus this week. Song is consistent with college spirit. Let's have a good glee club this year.

—LOUIS:—Just wait until 1900. Then I will be in with the dukes and marquises and barons and all the high moguls. I tell you, I will shine then.

ROBERT.—What? shoes?

—A short time ago one of the brilliant biological students asked the worthy instructor if all ants were females. We hope he has been properly informed, for certainly it would be heart-rending to see a diligent seeker after the truth in such suspense.

—If Monahan and Hayes keep up the pace they are setting now, it will not be many moons till they will have a goodly number of touchdowns scored to their credit. Both are hard-working, fearless players, and if they do not make the team it will be because they are not heavy enough.

—Adams has a new diving suit. It is "composed" of rubber and bronze. The cranium is made of bronze and has a projectile like a spear. This spear separates the water and rocks, and prepares the way for the performer. Adams said he got the idea from the sword-fish. (This will be O. K. with Adams.)

—The *New York World* announces that "Capt. Bob" will be queen of the Street Carnival down at his place. We think the Captain is becoming altogether too prominent socially.

Last year he was May Queen and water carrier down here, and we suppose it will not be long before he will make his *début* in London society.

—TEACHER.—What part of speech is woman?

STUDENT.—The whole part.

TEACHER (angered).—No, no! Which of the nine parts of speech?

STUDENT.—Oh! It's an adjective.

TEACHER.—Why?

STUDENT.—Because it modifies man.

—Classes for drill in parliamentary law have been organized by Professor Carmody. For all wishing to know the rules of order and procedure on the debating floor and in the assembly hall, this branch of study is most beneficial. We hope to see many of our orators, and those aspiring for honors in debate, attending this class.

—B. Vital took the Carrollites on a bicycle ride last Thursday. They went to Niles, Mich. Mr. McDoodle acted as pacer. Higgins furnished all the ice that was wanted. Walsh gave Lawrence the job of fixing his wheel, which will keep him busy for a month. Paddler got sick from drinking too much soda-water, and the excursionists had to wait until he got over it. When the riders returned they were all tired, but none the worse for the long ride.

—One or two of us donned our checkered bicycle suits Thursday and took a little spin out on the quiet country roads as we did in the "palmy days." We coasted down the same old hills that silent Pete and Willie Benedict used to coast down so often, and we came across the very spot where the tandem suddenly quit work that sunny morning in May. On our return we stopped at Hotel d'Hanee and had a couple of the old favorite sinkers and a pitcher of milk. Ah! we enjoyed that ride, fellows—yes we did!

—Say, "Shag," what do you think the authorities thought by thinking as they thought when they formulated our rules. "Adipose Shag" answered in his usually commonplace manner. In confiding the theoretical impression engendered in your cerebral cavity, and in expounding your accumulations of mental acquisitions, state your assertions with lucidity and perspicuity. Your phraseology is so verbose and so Johnsonensical, your vocabulary so euphuistical that it is incomprehensible to the sense perceptions of the commonality.

—If I am not mistaken, I have a slight recollection of hearing some kind friend say Sorin Hall had a hand-ball alley. Now while I am not a Hanson myself, still I would be willing to part with the sum of two "bits" to any person discovering this talked-of alley. But certainly no one would have the audacity to claim the two "bits" and direct me to the north side of the smoking-box. A person who would be guilty of calling this diminutive,

dusky, rectangle a hand-ball alley should be sat upon by "Corporation" John, and given a dry shave by "Runt."

—Just now there is some discussion among the members of the SCHOLASTIC staff as to the unlucky individual upon whom every contributor may rant to the fulness of his desire. Many candidates have been mentioned, but as yet no particular one has been designated. It may be considered a philanthropic act to inform all residents of Sorin Hall to stand firmly on both feet, have their trousers cut in conformity to taste, wear modest neckties, and, in short, take every precaution for the next few weeks that they may not become conspicuous. For, once fate directs the pen against any individual, it seems as though a team of planets driven by the man in the moon would be necessary to draw him from this delightful sport.

—If that *Waukesha* man over in Sorin Hall does not sober up pretty soon, there is going to be trouble. Every morning just as we are sitting with one foot out of bed saying good-bye to all the people we visited in our dreams, he breaks loose with his maudlin Texas steer voice and bawls out: "Waukesha! All change smiles." Then Big John gets to thinking of bathing and rowing. Gibson jumps into his wash bowl for a swim. Reed looks at the picture on his desk and wonders if *she* is there yet. Kraus mistakes his wash-stand for a bar and takes a drink of water. Fehr fans himself with a pillow and says nice things to an imaginary somebody; altogether it creates a big sensation. And when the fellows fully wake up and find themselves all alone in their rooms, it is a sore disappointment to them. Our friend had better take warning or he will take something else in the shape of a drop through his window.

—A great deal of excitement was caused one day last week by a football getting fast in the top of one of those large poplar trees on the Brownson Hall campus. At first a Junior tried to climb the tree but was unsuccessful. Fitzwilliams and Pim both throw their hats up and they stayed there, too. Van Hee wanted to take off his shoes and throw them, but it was deemed advisable by the Board of Health not to permit the other students to be subjected to so much danger just for that one football. About this time "Admiral Cervera" came into sight and started up the tree backwards. His ascent was so fast that he went out through the top of the tree without even seeing the ball. Donahoe was just coming from the store with a dollar's worth of cigars, and in the excitement he let them fly into the air. Kuppler quit studying chemistry and used his book as a missile. O'Riley threw away his last "chew." Things were coming towards a precarious situation when Burke happened along, threw his soft smile at the ball and all was over. The ball and hats came down, so did

"Admiral Cervera." Donahoe says his cigars didn't, and he thinks there will be a large crop on the tree next year.

—There was a lively meeting of the Athletic Association last Thursday. Meeting was called to order for the purpose of adopting a new constitution and electing officers for the coming year. Colonel Hoynes opened the meeting with a brief speech directing all members to do their best in the interests of the association, especially towards promoting purity in the various departments. Mr. Wm. P. Monahan being elected secretary, was instructed by the chair to read the new constitution. The articles were all adopted as read. In the election of officers following, Col. Hoynes was unanimously chosen President with Mr. Thos. J. Dillon Vice-President. Mr. Monahan holds his office of Secretary and Messrs. Wurzer and Follen of Sorin Hall, together with Messrs. McDonald and John Farley of Brownson Hall were selected to serve as committee-men. Then arose the discussion. Motion was made to reconsider the action of the association in regard to the constitution. A lively debate ensued. The majority of members finally voted towards reconsideration. A committee was appointed to read the constitution and report at the next meeting of the Association, which will be held next Thursday, any amendments that may be deemed advisable. This committee is composed of Messrs. Ragan, Egge-man, F. O'Shaughnessy, H. Crumley, Weadock, Dwyer and Grady. This year the Association will be under direction of a Faculty board of control.

—It has frequently been noticed that when some young ladies are in love, they are so far carried away by the charms of their admirer as to consider him the *only* man in the world. 'Tis well for them to think so; but in order that they may not expect others to think the same way, we print the following little fable:

In the town of Ballycollooney, in Ireland, there was a beautiful garden. On a bush in one corner of this garden bloomed a blushing blonde, maiden Rose. She was very much enamored of a tall, stately Lilly that grew in another portion of the garden. It was mutual, though none but the moon heard and saw. In the course of events it became necessary for the Lilly to sever his connection with Ballycollooney and take up an abode in Skibbereen. As he looked for the last time around his native garden his heart thumped heavily against his shirt-stud at thoughts of leaving. Looking toward the corner where stood the bush of roses, he exclaimed: "Ah! Deelish machree, Rose, you know—you know. Tomorrow I leave. Yet have I one request to make. Even as your image stands in my mind and heart, so would I see it on pasteboard before my eyes. Send me, mavourneen, your photograph, to cheer me on my lonely way."

Miss Rose, with brimming eyes, watched him disappear, and as he went his form seemed to enlarge until she considered him the only man in Munster province, and she gradually came to believe that he was the whole town of Skibbereen. When she sent her photograph, she omitted to put on his name, but just addressed it, "Skibbereen, Ireland." Now when it reached its destination the postmaster turned it over to the Lord Mayor of the city. That worthy dignitary received it with much surprise. Many days were spent in searching for the person for whom it was intended. When found, he was so elated about the high opinion she had of him, that he dropped dead of joy. Then the Lord Mayor with much exasperation gave out this

Moral.

He may be all the world to you; but beyond the cynosure of your optical concentration, there are others. When corresponding, therefore, it is well to put his name on the address, or some body may get what does not belong to him.

SOCIETY NOTES.

—THE UNIVERSITY COURTS.—Early in the week the University courts were organized for the current scholastic year. It is intended, following custom, to devote Wednesday afternoon to the trial of cases. Process is issued and served, pleadings are filed and issue is joined, evidence is introduced and arguments are made in much the same manner as in the ordinary courts. Indeed, the proceedings are often more interesting than in the regular courts, being less dilatory and tedious. The benefit of court work at Notre Dame in qualifying students to perform acceptably the manifold duties of the profession can not be overestimated, and all indications point to increased interest in it during the year. Earnest attention will also be directed to office work, in order that students may learn the law practically, as well as theoretically, and be prepared to "put out their shingles" as soon as may seem expedient after graduation and admission to the bar. Following are the courts organized and the names of those chosen to officiate in them:

MOOT-COURT.

Hon. William Hoynes, Judge; S. B. Pickett, Clerk; M. J. McCormack, Deputy Clerk; Paul J. Ragan, Prosecuting Attorney; Raymond G. O'Malley, Assistant Prosecuting Attorney; Thomas M. Hoban, Sheriff; William A. Guilfoyle, Deputy Sheriff; J. W. Kraus, Coroner; R. F. DuComb, Deputy Coroner; John R. Meyer and James F. Murphy, Jury Commissioners; Edward J. Walsh, Reporter; Sherman Steele, Referee; Stephen J. Brucker, Notary Public; Paul E. Hartung, Recorder.

COURT OF CHANCERY.

Hon. William Hoynes, Chancellor; Edward

J. Yockey, Clerk; William A. Monahan, Deputy Clerk; Joseph M. Haley, Master in Chancery; Leo Holland, Deputy Sheriff; John W. Egge-man, Reporter.

JUSTICE'S COURT.

Louis T. Weadock, Justice of the Peace; William D. Dalton, Clerk; Emmet Corley, Constable.

UNITED STATES DISTRICT COURT.

Hon. Lucius Hubbard, Judge; P. J. Corcoran, Clerk; Peter J. Wynne, Deputy Clerk; Frank Maloy, United States District Attorney; A. Duperier, Assistant United States Attorney; Thomas J. Medley, United States Marshal.

THE COLUMBIAN DEBATING SOCIETY was inaugurated by Professor Carmody Thursday evening, Sept. 22, for the work of '98 and '99. A number of new members were present, and it is expected the attendance will be as large this year as it was last. The officers elected for the coming term are as follows: Harry P. Barry, First Vice-President; Charles J. Baab, Second Vice-President; H. V. Crumley, Recording Secretary; William E. Baldwin, Corresponding Secretary; John H. Mahony, Treasurer, and J. K. O'Brien, Censor. Owing to the hearty enthusiasm and good-will with which the new and the old members volunteer to participate in the programs, there is promise that the society will make grand achievements during the coming year.

ST. CECILIANS.—The St. Cecilians of Carroll Hall held their second regular meeting Wednesday evening with the following officers in the chair: Professor Carmody, Presiding Chairman; T. Murray, First Vice-President; A. Krug, Second Vice-President; T. Noonan, Recording Secretary; S. Slevin, Corresponding Secretary; J. Mulcare, Treasurer; O. Carney, Historian; Leo Kelly, First Censor; W. Land, Second Censor; C. Hinze, Sergeant-at-Arms. A most interesting programme was rendered. Mr. Murray's "Address of Welcome" was excellent, while the debate, "Should Cuba be Annexed?" was well contested, Mr. Krug's arguments for the affirmative being especially praiseworthy. The judges decided in favor of the affirmative. The following programme was then arranged for the next meeting:

Mandolin Selection.....	Mr. Freedman
Accomp. with Clarinet.....	Mr. Petritz
A Reading.....	Mr. Quinlan
Impromptu Speech.....	Mr. Carney

A Debate: "Resolved, that we should build and maintain a navy."

THE PHILOPATRANS held their second meeting of the year '98 last Wednesday evening, Sept. 22. Messrs. Fahey, McAdams, Rehing, O'Connell, Weber, Rush, Dailey and Norton were admitted as members. Messrs. Higgins, Bellinger, Putnam, Ellwanger and Best entertained the society with recitations. Mr. Davis also gave a choice selection on the mandolin.