

— THE —

# NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC

·DISCE·QVASI SEMPER·VICTURVS· ·VIVE·QVASI·CRAS·MORITURVS·

VOL. XXXIII.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, FEBRUARY 3, 1900.

No 18.

### In Twilight Hour.

FRANCIS C. SCHWAB, 1900.

IN twilight hour the western sky  
Spreads sombre splendors far on high:  
A regal life is near its end;  
And these the heavy news portend  
To all the realm both far and nigh.

Old earth then breathes a mournful sigh;  
The birds to darksome shelters fly,  
As widow weeds the shades descend  
In twilight hour.

And sorrowful yet glad am I—  
I scarce can tell the reason why,  
For solitude will always blend  
Our joy and woe; but she can lend  
No charm so deep as when lights die  
In twilight hour.

### John Keats and His Critics.

WILLIAM D. FURRY, 1900.

ONE of the most auspicious signs in our literature is that the great writers that have created and enriched that literature are now recognized, not by a constituency of cultivated readers but by the public in general. This recognition upon the part of the public may not, of course, be founded upon an intelligent appreciation of what literature really is, but it is certainly true that a more comprehensive view of literature prevails now than when John Keats began to write poetry.

The story of critical opinion as related to Keats throws much light, not only upon the change of opinion toward him but upon the development of a larger and more catholic literary taste. Perhaps no poet, and certainly

none in this century, was ever so much abused by the critics as was John Keats; and there is certainly some grounds for the opinion that prevailed at the time of his death—"that John Keats was killed by the critics."

But we can not conceive of a poet being received in like manner to-day, not because narrow and destructive criticism is now dead—for it is not—but because the organs of critical opinion that now exist are catholic in taste, tolerant in temper, and are anxious to find a new note in literature, let it come from what source it may.

Prof. Moulton says that it is necessary to recognize two different kinds of literary criticism, as distinct as any two things that may be called by the same name. The one kind is known as the *Judicial*, the other as the *Inductive*. The one is the work of a judge, the other the work of an investigator. The one is an inquiry into what ought to be, the other into what really is. The one compares a new production with those already existing to determine whether it is inferior or superior to the old; the other makes a similar comparison that he may identify the new product, register its type and thus increase the species of literature.

Inductive criticism is yet in its infancy. The conditions that made it possible did not exist until within a comparatively recent period. It may be said to have begun with Herder, Goethe, Lessing and Winkelmann, who were the first to see and announce the vital relations between art and life, and that art and history were authoritative revelations of the life of men. These men put aside all ideas of the artificial production of literature, and saw that literature was a natural growth; that its roots are in man's life, and that it responds quickly to the changed conditions of that life. To them a work of art is an expression of

a man's whole nature and life—something that grows out of him, and not something put together by him in a mechanical way.

In some such way as this a new and deeper view of literature was presented, and though yet in its youth, it has not only held the field against all mechanical and individualistic theories, but has already proven itself to be the largest and most fruitful result of criticism.

Both of these methods of literary criticism have been employed in estimating the works of Keats, and the results reached were as unlike each other as the methods used. It is interesting therefore to look back upon the criticisms that have been written during the past seventy-five years upon the work of a poet, who, though he accomplished his work in four years, and that too in his youth, has been more extravagantly abused and praised than any other writer of this century.

Keats' first book was published in 1817. Of this book Mr. Swinburne said, "that it contained no hint whatever that the author was a poet capable of winning for himself any high rank in literature." In this first volume was published, "On First Looking into Chapman's Homer," in which all critics now recognize genius manifesting itself in an appropriate form of verse.

This book, though worthless and unpromising to Mr. Swinburne, was not so to Leigh Hunt, who reviewed it at large in the *Examiner*. He looked upon Keats as the one that should "regenerate English poetry from the sing-song formality into which it had fallen, and to invest it with some of the beauty and grandeur of Shakspeare, Spenser and Milton." This criticism of Leigh Hunt provoked the severest attacks possible upon Keats both as a man and a poet.

In 1818 "Endymion" was published. A few months after its appearance a review of the book appeared in *Blackwood's* magazine. Shortly after the appearance of this review Keats went to Scotland, where consumption developed from which he died three years afterward.

The review in *Blackwood's* was not so bitter and abusive as the one that appeared a month afterward in the *Quarterly*. The writer of this latter review shows very plainly that it was his animosity toward Leigh Hunt rather than the faultiness of Keats' poetry that called forth his bitter and abusive criticism. He calls the poet "Johnny Keats," several times, as though he could in this way con-

demn his poetry as bad. Mr. George Keats the brother of John, says "that the 'Johnny Keats' of the review was no more like John Keats, than John Keats himself was like the Holy Ghost."

The writer of this latter review concludes thus: "We venture to make one small prophecy—that his bookseller will not a second time venture fifty pounds upon anything he may write. It is a better and a wiser thing to be a starved apothecary than a starved poet. So back to the shop, Mr. John; back to plasters, pills and ointment boxes. But for heaven's sake! young Sangrado, be a little more sparing of extenuatives and soporifics in your practice than you have been in your poetry."

A month after the appearance of this review another appeared in the *Quarterly*, of which Shelley said, "that it was hateful as far as things hateful can be." This review was written by Gifford, and is the only thing of his that has been preserved, and this too, not because of its worth as a piece of criticism, but because of its interest in the history of the growth of literary criticism.

Mr. Gifford first takes occasion to criticize and condemn the new school of poetry of which Leigh Hunt was considered the head. He makes Keats a mere copyist of Leigh Hunt. He then follows with an examination of "Endymion," which, however, he confesses not to have read as a whole, and points out some of the manifest imperfections of that most imperfect composition. The reviewer can not find one beauty of the many beauties to be found in that poem. Instead, he finds only fault after fault. He concludes his review thus: "But enough of Leigh Hunt and his *simple neophyte*. If any one should be so bold as to purchase this "Poetic Romance," and so much more patient than ourself to get beyond the first book, and so much more to find a meaning, we entreat him to make us acquainted with his success; we shall then turn to the task which we now abandon in despair, and endeavor to make all due amends to Mr. Keats and our readers.

The general public have given to these two reviews the credit, or, perhaps better, the discredit of having killed Keats. They were bitter and abusive enough certainly to give pain to any author, and especially to one whose nature was so sensitive as Keats. Afterward Keats wrote "Lamia," "Hyperion," "Eve of St. Agnes," the famous odes "To

the Nightingale," "To the Grecian Urn," and other verses, which have placed him in the first ranks of the English Poets.

Francis Jeffrey, in the *Edinburgh Review*, after the publication of the *Lamia* volume, was the first man to treat Keats and his poetry fairly and judicially. Thereafter Keats began to be recognized as a real poet and of a very high order. Later poets and critics are not sparing in their praise of him as a poet. Walter Savage Landor, after excepting Shakspeare, Milton and Chaucer, makes Keats to have the most poetical character, and says that there is an influence of power and light pervading all his works and a freshness such as we feel in the glorious dawn of Chaucer.

James Russell Lowell says of him, "that the poems of Keats mark an epoch in English poetry; and that they were a reaction against the barrel-organ style that had been reigning by a kind of sleepy divine right for half a century." John Ruskin says: "I have come to that pass of admiration for him now, that I dare not read him, so discontented he makes me with my own work."

Matthew Arnold, with but scant admiration for him, because he had formed his judgment by reading the love-letters of Keats which were written during his illness, and should never have been published, says: "No one else in English poetry save Shakspeare has in expression, quite the fascinating felicity of Keats, his perfection of loveliness."

Swinburne says of the odes of Keats: "Greater lyrical poetry the world may have seen than is in any of these; lovelier it has never seen, nor can it ever possibly see."

We have thus pointed out how the criticism toward Keats has changed. The literary world has found in him, above all else, that love of the beautiful and that instinct and capacity for its reproduction which are the chief gifts of the artist. Unlike most poets, he cared nothing for politics, philosophy or religion; and, in consequence, he did not write poetry as a vehicle for the expression of his ideas concerning either of these. His poetry is sensuous and impassioned—the poetry of gladness and youth.

It is therefore a source of genuine satisfaction that at the end of his own century, Keats and his work stand out with such increasing clearness, and that at last justice is done to one that has suffered so long and so much from a fundamental misconception of his career and his character.

### Wolsey the Statesman.

JOSEPH L. TOOHEY, '02.

Richelieu, Ximenes and Wolsey formed the great triumvirate of clerical statesmen during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. Richelieu was noted for his diplomatic skill. He conceived and put into effect many new laws for the benefit of his country. He dealt the final blow to feudalism in France. Ximenes, an able politician and a man of great genius, rendered valuable services to Church and State in Spain during the reign of Ferdinand and Isabella. Wolsey had many of the characteristics of these two men.

In the year 1509 there came to the throne of England a brilliant young prince, who gave promise to be a good ruler. Like Nero he began his reign by acts of kindness and liberality toward his subjects. He was a favorite with the people at first. So was Nero. But Henry soon fell from his high standard of morality and virtue, and in time became nearly as immoral and cruel as the idiotic Roman. This man was the cause of the rise and fall of the subject of this essay.

Contemporary with Henry VIII. there arose a prince that, when we read his actions, we must admire and love. This potentate was Thomas Wolsey, known in history as Cardinal Wolsey. Thomas Wolsey was born in Ipswich in the year 1471. He was educated at Oxford, where he won high honors in the classics. He studied for the Church and was ordained priest. In the reign of Henry VII., Wolsey was raised to the dignity of royal chaplain. He was afterward made Dean of Lincoln, one of the richest deaneries in England. When Henry VIII. came to the throne, he soon discovered the talents of this ecclesiastical dignitary. He immediately appointed Wolsey to the office of almoner.

The clergyman in his new position was thrown into close contact with the king. Henry was completely won over by the genial disposition and graceful manners of this man. And it is said that the king preferred the companionship of Wolsey to many of his lords. The princes soon saw that their easiest access to the king was through Wolsey. Wolsey soon had many friends among the courtiers. Even foreign ministers strove to win his favor and patronage. Wolsey was probably the best educated man in England at that time;

and on this account new honors were lavishly showered upon him. He received the offices of Bishop of Lincoln, Dean of York, Archbishop of York, and, finally, in the year 1512, he was made Cardinal. Two more honors remained for him. He was afterwards made Chancellor of England and papal legate. He had an ambition to become pope; but after two unsuccessful attempts he gave up all hope of ever occupying the Chair of Peter.

In these various offices of state Wolsey accumulated immense wealth. He was eager to acquire both fame and riches. Yet, unlike the miser, he sought money to spend and not to hoard. The greatest monument of his wealth, the palace of Hampton, was tastefully furnished by himself, and then presented to the king. Many schools, colleges and churches still exist as monuments of the bounteous charity of this man. He placed the colleges of England on an equal footing with those on the continent.

As a jurist he deserves much praise. He decided all cases according to the dictates of his own conscience. And his decrees have been praised for their equity and justice. The most noted of his theological works is his "Defense of the Seven Sacraments." This work refutes some of the arguments advanced by Martin Luther. Henry claimed that this document was his own composition, but popular consent gave Wolsey credit for the work.

In the year 1525 Henry wished to obtain a divorce from his wife, Catharine. The king claimed that their marriage was null. The tender conscience of this monarch had been suddenly affected by the bewitching beauty of Anne Boleyn, a maid of honor to the queen. He laid the affair before Wolsey. When Henry told Wolsey that he intended to marry Anne Boleyn, the Cardinal admonished him to abandon such a course because it would be a disgrace. Wolsey for a long time remained obstinate; but he finally yielded to the caprice of the angered king. He promised to help Henry if he could. When he examined the case he saw that he must either pass judgment against his monarch or violate the conviction of his own conscience. He then told the king that he would follow the dictates of his conscience, come what would; that he was under greater obligations to his God than he was to his king.

Wolsey soon lost favor at court. The relatives of Anne Boleyn did everything in their power to incense Henry against his

minister. Henry seldom consulted Wolsey after this. Anne Boleyn made Henry promise that he would never speak to the Cardinal again. But the friends of Anne Boleyn were never able to make Henry despise his old friend. Even in secret the king would send Wolsey tokens of affection and letters of condolence. He assisted the Cardinal in all his trials and misfortunes. Once when he heard that the Cardinal was dangerously ill, he sent three of his best physicians to wait upon him. This is only one of many instances in which the king showed his firm attachment to the fallen prelate. That he deprived him of his political power was not because of any dislike he had for Wolsey but simply because of his own weak character.

These indications of friendship on the part of the king aroused in Wolsey the hope of again gaining the royal favor. But Wolsey's political power was then gone. Henry was content that he should retain both the temporal and spiritual administration over the See of York. But his enemies were not satisfied till they had him arrested on a charge of high treason. Wolsey denied this charge, and wished no greater happiness than to be able to meet his accusers face to face.

His health failed fast. He made an attempt to reach the court and vindicate himself. When he got as far as Sheffield Park, the seat of the Earl of Shrewsbury, he was seized with a dysentery, which confined him to his bed for several days. When he was able to travel he started again; but seeing his weakness he stopped at a monastery and thus addressed the Abbot: "Father, I am come to lay my bones with you." A few days after this occurrence, Kingston, the lieutenant of the Tower, came to see the Cardinal. And to this man the sick Cardinal spoke these well-known words: "I pray you have me commended to His Majesty; had I but served my God as diligently as I have served him, He would not have given me over in my gray hairs." Duly strengthened with the last Sacraments, he died the next morning in his sixtieth year.

From the history of this man's life we see that he was always a true friend to the ungrateful Henry, but no sycophant. The true worth of his character may be seen from the acts of Henry before and after the Cardinal's death. While Wolsey was chancellor Henry remained in the path of virtue; but when Wolsey died, the passions of this royal brute were unrestrained.

## Varsity Verse.

TO HELEN.

Your looks may be real debonair;  
For hazel eyes and nut-brown hair  
With roguish smile, expression sweet,  
A graceful pose and figure neat,  
All found at once are very rare.

What is it seems beyond compare  
And makes you out so wondrous fair  
To me, when'er by chance we meet?  
Your looks,—may be?

Yet, Mistress Helen, you do not share  
The ardent love I humbly bear  
And pleading offer at your feet.  
My happiness is incomplete;  
Your heart beats not for me whate'er  
Your looks may be.

F. F. D.

SINCE MAC AND DUNNE HAVE COME TO TOWN.

Some awful things have come of late  
And brought surprises in their train;  
We can't keep "tab" at such a rate,  
We can not stand this awful strain.  
See how our books go up and down  
Since Mac and Dunne have come to town.

Our magazines will soon explode  
And bury *thousands* in the smash  
If they endeavor to unload  
All this most foul satanic trash  
That has been writ by king and clown  
Since Mac and Dunne have come to town.

Poor "Ruddy Kip" has passed away,  
We scarcely ever hear his name,  
But he, like others, had his day;  
Made his large pile and now he's game;  
He lost his glory and renown  
Since Mac and Dunne have come to town.

And "Willy Shakspeare" too, is dead,  
Sure what he wrote was never new.  
But who will guess what shall be said  
And "did," since now that Dewey's due?  
Oh! we'll throw down our cap and gown,  
With Mac and Dunne we'll skip the town.

P. J. D.

A QUESTION FOR SENTIMENTALISTS.

When love and courtship pass away,  
And man has grown too wise to woo,  
What will blithe Mistress Venus say  
And what will poor Dan Cupid do?

H. P.

A REVISED EDITION.

Little drops of water,  
Little grains of sand,  
Make a mighty difference  
In the price of land.

M. J. C.

## Major André.

JAMES H. MCGINNIS, 1900.

Much has been written, even by Americans, to prove the innocence of John André, whom the Americans hung as a spy during our war for independence. I purpose in this paper to show that, though André's execution was justifiable, he was unwillingly and unpremeditatedly a spy.

The employment of a spy is more dishonorable than that of a sneak-thief—falsehood and treachery are indispensable to it. André's character would seem to prove that he could not have entered into such employment deliberately. Lord Mahon declares that "André was a man of refined tastes, possessing considerable talent as a painter and a writer." Our own General Hamilton, in writing of André to his niece, asserts: "There was something peculiarly interesting in the character of André. To an excellent mind, enriched by travel and education, he united a peculiar excellence of intellect and manners and the advantages of a pleasing person. His sentiments were elevated and inspired esteem; they had a softness that conciliated affection."

Is it probable that a man who was considered a gentleman of refined habits and education, should deliberately stoop to the contemptible work of a spy when there were so many other soldiers of inferior rank that could be hired to do the work? Is it at all possible that General Hamilton would allow himself to be recorded as a man who deemed a voluntary, cold-blooded spy a person of "elevated sentiments and worthy of inspiring esteem?"

The question might be asked, if André was too honorable voluntarily to become a spy, why did he enter into negotiations with a traitor? In answer to this I say that André did not start these negotiations, nor did he carry them on. An account of these negotiations will bear me out in this assertion.

Bancroft and all historians assert that Arnold had secretly communicated to Clinton his desire of turning traitor under certain conditions; and that he had asked Clinton to send an authorized agent to him that these conditions might be properly understood. The business was of great importance to Clinton as the success of his arms depended upon it; it was also of necessity a secret affair,

since any rumor of it would soon reach the Americans. Clinton looked about him for a man in whom he might place confidence, and his eye fell upon André, whose honesty, faithfulness to duty and daring had won him the office of Adjutant-General to Clinton. André reluctantly consented to meet Arnold under a flag of truce to obtain for Clinton whatever information Arnold might wish to send. So far André had consented to nothing criminal or dishonorable since it was his duty to convey messages for his commander.

André went aboard the British ship, *Vulture*, and sailed up the Hudson to Haverstraw Bay; here the ship was anchored. During the night a man rowed from the shore carrying a flag of truce, and came alongside for André to convey him to where Arnold awaited him. André immediately entered the boat and was led within the American lines. This was contrary to the previous plan by which it was agreed to meet aboard the *Vulture*. André was in full uniform, undisguised, and was protected by a flag of truce, therefore, he had no doubt as to his safety. After reaching the shore he was conducted to the pass in the mountain, where Arnold had a horse and a large cloak in readiness. Here was the spot where André made his mistake. He should have refused to put on the surtout, as he was under the protection of an American general, even though he wore his full regimentals. Many times I have stood on this same spot, and looked down on the green waters of the Hudson as they splashed against the scraggy ledges beneath, and listened to their melancholy sounds echoing through the caverns and cedar groves of the mountain, seemingly repeating the story of Arnold's treachery and of André's misfortune.

André was then a spy; and according to the customs of war he was guilty of death by hanging. He had never premeditated any such deed, or he would have disguised his uniform before leaving the *Vulture*. Arnold's depraved mind planned and executed both his own treason and André's dishonor. It is easy for an unprejudiced person to conceive a young man "in the height of his career, flushed with new hopes for the execution of a project the most beneficial to his party that could be devised," thoughtlessly accepting a cloak from an officer superior to him in rank, and thereby incriminating himself. Probably not till André had been arrested did he understand the dishonor and guilt that he had incurred by

consenting to follow the advice of a traitor. Then it clearly appeared to him that he had committed a deed which would "precipitate him from the summit of prosperity, blast his expectations and hopes, and ruin himself."

While André was in prison, and at his very trial, he was admired and esteemed by officers of the highest rank in the American army. If André were premeditatedly a spy it seems that this would have been otherwise. Washington himself in pronouncing his sentence declared that André was "more unfortunate than criminal." A monument was raised by Americans over his grave at Tappan; his remains were afterward transferred to Westminster where another memorial marks his grave. It seems improbable that the English would place the remains of a spy among those of their illustrious dead. It is clear that André was not intentionally a spy. He disliked to be called one,—therefore let us call him by another name.

---

#### Queen Catharine in History and in Shakspeare.

FRANCIS B. CORNELL, 1900.

##### I.

The first scene of the play Henry VIII. has past, and on entering the second we have before us the great trial of the Duke of Buckingham. A few words are spoken by the king, and presently the trial is stopped by the entrance of the queen. She comes as a suitor, and on bended knees tells the king the grievances of his subjects. When she has obtained the redress of the wrongs of his subjects she takes her accustomed place by the king and listens to the charges made against Buckingham. Her first words are an expression of sorrow that the Duke of Buckingham has fallen under the displeasure of the king. The trial goes on and is soon ended. Catharine, weighing the evidence with a mind free from prejudice and schooled, concludes rightly that the charges brought against the duke are prompted by a spirit of jealousy and revenge. She can no longer remain silent, so she exhorts Wolsey to "deliver all with charity."

Speak on;

How grounded he his title to the crown  
Upon our fail?

says the king, ignoring the plea of Catharine. She then lays bare the character of the surveyor, and tells the man,

take good heed  
You charge not in your spleen a noble person  
And spoil your noble soul.

Henry, wishing the death of Buckingham,  
cries out:

Let him on—

Buckingham is found guilty and dies; and while the eye is still wet for noble Buckingham another trial is at hand—the trial of Queen Catharine of England.

Catharine in her trial is by far nobler in character than either King Henry or Wolsey. She knows her position well. She knows that she is unable to change the mind of a self-willed, capricious, tyrannical husband. No one will dare to befriend her, for they fear the wrath of Henry. She must fight alone. She is defenceless, and injustice surrounds her; nevertheless, she seeks pity from the king. The king is silent. Wolsey and Campegio begin the trial. Catharine is about to weep, but her high Castilian pride checks the tears, and "that simple woman" becomes bold, resolute and lofty of bearing. She denounces Wolsey as her enemy and refuses to have him as her judge,

For it is you  
Have blown this coal betwixt my lord and me.

She refuses to be tried in that court, and publicly declares that she will lay the whole case before His Holiness and be judged by him. She leaves the court and refuses to return.

Many scenes have passed. The next picture we have of her is a sad one. She is now a poor, weak woman, fallen from favor. Nothing but death can comfort her.

Take thy lute, wench, my soul grows sad with trouble;  
Sing and disperse them, if thou canst,  
she says.

Her bodily power weakens day by day, and soon she finds herself a dying woman; and as she lies in the arms of Patience, she hears of the death of Wolsey.

Her great enemy is dead; nevertheless, she speaks of him with charity, and to the messenger sent from the king she says:

Remember me  
In all humility unto His Highness;  
Say to him his long trouble now is passing  
Out of this world; tell him, in death I blessed him,  
For so I will.

And from this life she departs, and though unqueened, nevertheless in every act, in every word, in every movement, she is still a queen.

Queen Catharine, though inferior to Wolsey in cunningness, greatness of mind and statesmanship, surpasses him in those virtues that

make a person truly great—justice, honesty and charity. She is gentle, unassuming, and humble, ever ready to forgive an injury, a faithful friend to the friendless, and a staunch champion of justice and honesty.

In that great trial scene, when her lofty spirit had been bruised, her affections regarded as nothing, her honor insulted, her dignity trodden upon, she, by the grandeur of her earnest and impassioned pleading, forces Henry to say:

Go thy ways, Kate;  
That man i' the world who shall report he has  
A better wife, let him in naught be trusted  
For speaking false in that; thou art alone—  
If thy rare qualities, sweet gentleness,  
Thy meekness saint-like, wife-like government  
Obeying in commanding, and thy parts  
Sovereign and pious else, could speak thee out  
The queen of earthly queens:

## II.

Catharine was born at the town of Alcala de Henares, Dec. 15, 1485. Her infancy was not spent in the luxury and grandeur of a palace, but on the battlefield amid the noise of besieged cities and the cries of victorious armies. War was then waging between the Spaniards and the Moors. After the Moors had been conquered, Queen Isabella, accompanied by Catharine and her three sisters, made a grand entrance into Granada, where they settled down.

In Granada Catharine's early education began. Tutored by her mother, one of the most learned princesses in Europe, Catharine was able in her childhood to read and write Latin. As time went on she advanced both in beauty and knowledge. In November, 1509, she was wedded to prince Arthur, the eldest son of Henry VII. Their marriage was of no long duration, for in April of the next year Arthur died. She continued to reside in England, and soon another marriage was arranged for her. She was unhappy in England and disliked to be married again, nevertheless, she was betrothed to Henry and was married in 1510.

The early years of her wedded life were happy, and Henry after his accession told the Spanish ambassador that "he loved her beyond all other women." Catharine's character was naturally quiet and unassuming, for she was trained by an admirable mother, and in consequence she took no part in her husband's boisterous life.

Three years after they were wedded war broke out between England and France. Before Henry invaded France in person he

entrusted Catharine with the highest powers. He not only placed the reins of government in her hands, but he made her captain of all his forces and appointed five of his nobles to assist her. She was likewise empowered to raise loans for the defence of the kingdom, and we are told that she performed these duties with great courage and ability. Over her life of happiness and success there was a cloud. She had lost three sons and her only surviving child was a sickly daughter.

Up to the year 1527 there was perfect happiness and concord between Henry and Catharine, and from that date her great sufferings began. The "conscience" of Henry began to trouble him about the validity of his marriage with Catharine; but the poet was right when he said "his conscience had crept too near another lady."

Catharine was brought before the court convoked by Henry, and kneeling before him made a solemn plea for justice. The king gave no answer. She rose up in tears, and instead of returning to her seat, made a low obeisance, and departed. She refused to return, and told the court that she would lay her case before the Pope and abide by his decision. Her health, which had begun to fail before the divorce was agitated, completely gave way.

After going from place to place she finally made her home for her remaining years in Kimbolton castle. Her strength of body was weakened by mental suffering, and seeing that the hand of death was about to take her to her just reward, she sent a sad but loving letter to the king asking a favor that had always been refused. It was that before her death she might see her daughter. Henry in his hardness of heart refused her dying request.

In her last letter to him she conjured him to think of his salvation. She forgave him all the wrong he had done her, and she finally placed her daughter Mary, for whose sake she had suffered so much, under his paternal care. As Henry read the letter his hard heart was touched, and he wept. Immediately he sent a messenger to bear to her a kind and consoling message, but before he arrived she died.

The portraits that we have of Queen Catharine are very poor. They give us no notion of the great virtues of the queen. Hall mentions her as a handsome woman; Speed calls her *beauteous*; and Sir John Russell puts her among the most beautiful women of the time, and says her appearance, when in her prime, was not to be easily paralleled. Another

writer says: "Few women could compete with Queen Catharine in knowledge and beauty when she was young."

In all her actions she was self-denying: she rose in the night at conventual hours to pray, and in the afternoon she had the Bible read to her, while the rest of the court were amusing themselves at cards and dice. She was not, as some would have us believe, always in an ecstasy of prayer, but she was a pious woman and a model wife and queen. She delighted in conversations of a lively cast, and often she would invite Sir Thomas More to her private suppers, and talk with him for many hours. She took the utmost pleasure in his society. She was very practical and possessed a good head for business.

Although she was not born in England, nevertheless, as Queen of England she identified herself with the interests of England in all things, as if she had been a native-born queen. In everything she was submissive to Henry; but no promise, no threat, could induce her to forego the title of queen. She suffered all things in the justification of her cause. She suffered all for the sake of her child, from whose head she had kept the brand of illegitimacy.

At the funeral of Catharine two things occurred. The court was ordered to be present in deep mourning; but Anne Boleyn dressed herself in a yellow gown, and said to her ladies of honor: "Now I am indeed a queen," and she uttered this in accents of joy. At the Mass there was no funeral oration, no one to say a word of charity about Catharine; but Shakspeare composed her funeral oration, and she is to-day praised by all men.

---

#### Knocking out a Rival's Eye.

ANTHONY BROGAN, '01.

Two persons on the verge of civilization can become better acquainted within a day than they could in the course of a month in conventional circles. Harry Sherman found this out. He had been in Waco only five hours and in the Alamo Hotel but three when he was carrying on a very intimate chat with the prettiest girl of the house. He intended to stay in Waco until his uncle came. Miss Ainsworth, his new acquaintance, would also remain a short time, but she did not tell him why.



April evenings are pleasant in Texas, but Harry thought their pleasantness increased when one was seated in the corner of a veranda with an amiable girl. He, entirely oblivious of the other guests present, became earnest in his conversation, and, as all earnest persons do, grew loud in his speech.

A stranger sitting close by heard him make some general remarks on love, and without any preliminary "ahem," or "excuse me, sir," broke in on their conversation.

"Youngster," he began, "never fall in love or get drunk unless you intend to remain so."

Harry thought this advice very abrupt for even a rough and ready land. He looked around expecting to see an uncouth Texan, and was disappointed to behold instead a well-dressed, rather good-looking young man. Much to his chagrin, too, his companion laughed at the attempted witticism. Besides, Sherman was twenty, and to be called "youngster" by one eight years his senior did not please him; so he answered testily:

"Sir, what I said does not concern you."

"Oh! well, not directly; but since I am one who has touched fire I warn you against it."

Again Miss Ainsworth laughed. Harry tried to join in the merriment, but forced smiles could not hide his discomfiture. Here was his fair and legitimate capture voluntarily going over to the stranger's side. In what way he could hardly tell, the intruder in a short time had her entire attention, and Harry felt he was a nonentity in the conversation. So he left them together and went to his room. There he noticed two beds, and consequently reasoned he would have a room-mate. Young Sherman sincerely hoped that mate would not be his rival.

He smoked until the oil in his lamp burned out; then, after casting his cigar stump into a stream that ran close beneath his window, turned into bed. He hardly thought himself asleep when the voice of the odious stranger awoke him.

"Look here, youngster," he said, "you snore so loud that you shake the windows out of their frames."

Harry took a mental oath to be avenged on this man who troubled even his rest. He made no answer, however, but fell asleep again.

He was up before daybreak, for he had to go to the railway station to meet his uncle. He groped about in the darkness as well as he could, but was at a loss to find a place where he could empty the water in which he

had washed. He shook his room-mate, and asked him what he should do. The stranger told him to throw it out the window, let him sleep, and be careful of his eye. Sherman objected on the ground of politeness to dispose of the water in such a way, but the stranger repeated:

"Throw her out the window. You're in Texas, man. But look out for my eye!"

When the water splashed into the stream beneath it gave Harry an idea. He could even matters somewhat with the wit by throwing out what clean water remained. So he emptied the pitcher and left the room.

The stranger did not come down to breakfast. Miss Ainsworth appeared nervous. Harry avoided all mention of him. He did not come down long after breakfast. Miss Ainsworth asked young Sherman if he knew what ailed the gentleman he had met last night.

"Oh!" he answered carelessly, "I suppose he's thinking up some jokes."

Just then a servant told him the gentleman in number thirty-seven wished to see him in his room. When Harry went upstairs he did not find the stranger anything like the elegant man of the previous evening. Half his face was covered with a towel and the exposed half had a most wrathful expression.

"See here, youngster," he began, as soon as Harry stood in the doorway, "your carelessness has placed me in an awful fix."

"My carelessness?"

"Yes, yours. After telling you not to, you deliberately threw out my glass eye which I had placed in the water-pitcher over night."

Then the light broke in on Harry. He should have laughed outright at the wit's predicament, but that worthy's look indicated that he might "draw" at any moment. So Harry apologized.

"Well, all right, youngster; I'll call it square if you'll fish my eye out of the creek and explain matters to Miss Ainsworth."

Sherman assented. He went first to explain to Miss Ainsworth, though he did not understand how the loss of the stranger's eye concerned her.

She listened to him, but instead of laughing as he had expected she broke out:

"You horrid fellow, to do that and think it a joke! And the clergyman is to be here at eleven to marry us! What'll we ever do?"

Harry did not care. He was certain to meet his uncle at half-past ten, and then continue his journey. And so he did.

# NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.

Notre Dame, February 3, 1900.

Published every Saturday during Term Time at N. D. University.

Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office, Notre Dame, Ind

Terms, \$1.50 per Annum. Postpaid.

Address: THE EDITOR NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC,  
Notre Dame, Ind.

## The Board of Editors

PAUL JEROME RAGAN, '97;  
 THOMAS A. MEDLEY, '98; JAMES F. MURPHY, '99;  
 F. O'SHAUGHNESSY, '00; JOHN M. BYRNE, '00;  
 JAMES H. MCGINNIS, '00; PATRICK J. DWAN, '00;  
 VINCENT D. DWYER, '00; WILLIAM D. FURRY, '00;  
 HUGH S. GALLAGHER, '00; JOSEPH P. SHIELS, '00;  
 ANDREW J. SAMMON, '00; JOSEPH J. SULLIVAN, '00;  
 ANTHONY J. BROGAN, '01; HARRY P. BARRY, '01;  
 WILLIAM H. TIERNEY, '01; FRANCIS F. DUKETTE, '02;  
 EUGENE T. AHERN, '03.

ROBERT S. FUNK  
 JOSEPH P. O'REILLY  
 JOHN L. CORLEY  
 LEO J. KELLY  
 THOMAS J. MURRAY

} Reporters.

—It will no doubt be a pleasure for our readers to know that the Rt. Rev. Thomas O'Gorman, D. D., Bishop of Sioux Falls, is to be here during the coming week, and will, perhaps, deliver an address to the students. On the occasion of his last visit to the University he lectured on the "Foundations of American Citizenship."

—The question to be debated by the Universities of Indianapolis and Notre Dame is at last announced as follows: "Resolved, That the formation of trusts should be opposed by legislation." This is a pretty evenly balanced question and leaves a plenty of margin for shrewd arguments on both sides. We earnestly suggest that every man at Notre Dame that has ability enough to stand before the public and say a few words, and also has time at his disposal wherein to prepare a speech, will register his name as a candidate for our team. Professor Carmody has extended the time of entry to the beginning of the first preliminaries. We should have twice the number of men trying for the team that we now have. The subject for discussion is one of vital

importance, and even if a contestant does fail to have the honor of appearing in the final debate, he will gain enough benefit from the preliminaries to reward him for any efforts he may have put upon them.

—Fortunately none of the great men whose birthday anniversaries we commemorate during the present month were born on February 29. Even though we drop the extra day that should fall to us in the regular order of every fourth year, we still make out to keep Washington, Lincoln and Emmett within the reign of the present moon, and celebrations will follow in regular order, notwithstanding the fact that many now grown weary of the chase for a partner will mourn the loss of a leap year.

—If the interest that is being aroused in the glee club can be kept up, a long-cherished dream will soon be realized. New men are making their appearance at each rehearsal, and among these newcomers some exceptionally good voices are discovered. With a little good, earnest work from now on, we will be able to have a permanent and competent club, and the Director will introduce a repertoire of the best music that can be obtained. Let the interest be kept up so that the first appearance of our merry-makers will be the occasion of a pleasurable surprise to those that have waited long in hopes that must soon be realized or else have reached their limit.

—Just and competent criticism may be very valuable at times to literary men and art workers, but little grunts and grumbles such as commonly come from disgruntled critics are not calculated to help any one or any thing. This is especially true in small communities such as we live in here at Notre Dame. The persons that do not belong to any college organization or to any athletic team are usually the ones that can most readily discern any mistakes or mismanagements. They know how things "should be run" and "what I would do if I, etc." Well, it may be a good thing to have such wise men around, but far better is it to have men of action. The men that join the different societies: the glee club, the debating club, the athletic clubs, and other organizations, are the ones that further the interests of Notre Dame; the men that make our traditions.

## Last Tuesday's Lecture.

Mr. Cleveland Moffett, the well-known writer and a man that has travelled very much, appeared in Washington Hall last Tuesday evening to deliver his lecture on Tissot, the celebrated French artist. For fully one hour and three quarters the lecturer spoke of the great painter and his works, discussing them very thoroughly and explaining the historical incidents or oriental superstitions connected with them. His lecture was given with the aid of stereopticon views which made it much easier for the speaker to have his audience understand him clearly and appreciate fully the force of what was being said.

Those familiar with Tissot's works will remember that his paintings are chiefly made from scenes in Palestine, and deal principally with incidents in the life of Christ. The collection of paintings numbers more than four hundred, and are valuable mostly because they are truer than any other pictures we have of our Saviour, are thoroughly oriental, in keeping with the customs and habits of Palestine, and represent personages and objects, not as painters in different countries imagine them to have been, but as they really were in our Lord's time. Monsieur Tissot spent ten years in Palestine familiarizing himself with the Orient, its people and its customs, while he was engaged in making his paintings so that he might have them absolutely correct. It is not so difficult, as the lecturer said, for one to form a correct idea of what Palestine was at the time of our Lord's life there, for the Holy Land has changed very little with the intervening centuries, and its people are now the same in many respects as they were then.

Mr. Moffett is well fitted to speak on this subject as he is himself personally acquainted with Monsieur Tissot and has travelled all through the Holy Land wherein the scenes of the artist's work are located. It was a pleasing addition to the lecture that Mr. Moffett should introduce a special set of views illustrating different places in the Holy Land, since these views were arranged from photographs he took while on his visit at that place.

In opening his lecture Mr. Moffett spoke principally of Monsieur Tissot himself, his life and his character. He emphasized strongly the fact that it was not until after Monsieur Tissot was fifty-two years of age that he

devoted himself to painting. In the first ten years of his work he gave to the world's store of art treasures his wonderful collection of four hundred paintings. The speaker then proceeded to consider the paintings, producing them on the screen before the audience and commenting on each one. He closed his lecture by an earnest appeal in favor of having all christendom unite in taking the Holy Sepulchre from the possession of the Moslems and placing it in the hands of those to whom it should properly belong—those that profess the faith of the One that was buried there.

## The Value of Practice.

In looking back and tracing the general improvement and steady growth of society, we find a very interesting study. It will surprise us to note the rapid strides of progress made by one nation or class as compared with those of another. Two communities, each given the same rights, the same advantages and the same powers, are, in a brief period of time, far from the same standard of civilization. One has made use of its faculties and gained a reward, while the other has buried its talents and still lingers sluggishly over the grave.

If we remain idle and have no interest in our welfare, we soon find that we have made no advance. Our mental and physical faculties become weak; we lag behind, and all our powers take a downward course. If we but take a directly opposite course the result will be changed in accordance therewith, and from this we draw the conclusion that the development or maintainance of our mental and physical powers requires an effort; we must use them, we must exercise them—in brief, we must practise.

Different men have different ideas. Some say that we are born with certain powers; others say we are not. God has given us the same rights and the same faculties of soul. Our Constitution says: "We are all born free and equal, and are endowed with certain inalienable rights, among which are life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness." So we see that the period which determines our future does not lie at the beginning, but concerns a period or periods later on. We learn to perform little acts of kindness and charity every day, and by so doing improve our moral standing. We

learn to speak the truth, which, in the eyes of God and man, is the most necessary of all things abstract.

The greatest wit that ever lived had to learn how to express himself in a manner that received the approval of his hearers. Mr. Sol Smith Russell, the renowned actor, who has gained the admiration of all, had to practise. Clay, Calhoun, Webster, and all the famous orators, did the same. We are all familiar with the story of Henry Clay, who, in the practice of his profession, entered the stable and would deliver his oration to the cattle; also with that of Demosthenes, who declaimed before the waves, and to overcome stuttering placed pebbles in his mouth. Paderewski, the famous musician, when asked how he acquired his skill, replied, by eight hours' practice every day for twenty years.

A very good illustration of the value of physical practice is shown upon the campus, where the different teams are called out in their respective seasons for drill, which proves so beneficial in all contests. Each and every manœuvre is drilled thoroughly until the succession of acts of each player is so well known that when one act is called into play the rest follow in close succession without any intervention of the will.

It is by practise alone that we can hope to obtain success. The greatest personage that ever lived had to practise. He had to practise to learn, and practise to maintain the distinction he had already gained, for as soon as he ceased to practise then did his honor turn from him and vanish with longer strides and less sacrifice than it necessitated in being acquired.

In order to become perfect we must practise, and practise well. When man shall learn that his standard of civilization, the welfare of society and the success of the State depend upon the practise of those principles laid down by the wisdom of ages, then will statesman and scholar alike profit by the truthful maxim, "Practice makes perfect."

JOHN MCGOWAN

---

Magazine Notes.

—Longmans, Green & Co. have brought out for Mr. Daniel A. Murray, instructor in mathematics in Cornell University, "Plane Trigonometry" for colleges and secondary schools which is replete with all the essentials

of a proper text-book of this study. The arrangement is designed to make progress rapid and easy. The entire subject of triangles is completed in the earlier chapters, thus insuring the familiarity with trigonometric ratios necessary for the purely analytical work which follows. An innovation is introduced in the many historical notes appended which can not fail to interest the student and impress more vividly upon his mind the theorems with which they are connected. The groups of problems for review work have been selected largely from English and American examination papers, and show the wide application of the theory developed.

—The February number of the *Ladies' Home Journal* is very attractive and contains many instructive articles. The *Journal* has involved itself in the publishing of serials and has a staff of writers that are so well known that one needs only to see their names at the head of an article to assure him that it is worth reading. Peter Finley Dunne is continuing his humorous story of "Molly Donahue, who Lives Across the Street from Mr. Dooley." It has the same original humor and witty sayings that have made the "Dooley" articles so popular during the past year. Ian Maclaren is another author of great repute that contributes regularly to the *Journal's* columns, his articles usually treating on different phases of the relation of a congregation to its minister.

—A large and instructive pamphlet, "The Empire of the South; its Resources, Industries and Resorts," has been published under direction of the Southern Railway Company. It is filled with half-tone illustrations of many of the large cities, their principal places of business, their resorts and the country surrounding them. It will be of much interest to those who desire to acquaint themselves with the Sunny South, the land of so much romance and chivalry.

—The verses in *Harper's* for this month are about the best things to be found in that magazine. However, the stories are as good as one usually finds; two of them, "The Taming of Jezrul" and "Under the Old Code," being about the best. If we take Mr. Theodore Dreiser's article on the educational policy that the railroads in the West are pursuing as a criterion by which to judge, we must admit that the directors of these great transportation lines have played an important part in the development of industry and education.

## Exchanges.

During the past weeks the dailies from the large institutions have been filled with notes in reference to the Junior Promenade, the Germans and many other social events that occur during Junior week. Interesting items regarding the progress of various athletic teams are also in abundance. Among our most regularly appearing dailies are the *Pennsylvanian*, the *Cornell Daily Sun*, the *U. of M. Daily*, and the *Daily Cardinal*. The *Student* has not made its appearance since the holidays, and we fear that our Indiana brethren are forgetting us. A recent number of the *Cardinal* has a very humorous account of a trial conducted in one of the university moot-courts, wherein that paper was sued for libel. Its athletic notes are usually well written.

\* \* \*

A new friend of ours, but one entirely welcome, comes from the land of song and story, bringing news of the young men that sit up o' nights to read their books in the Emerald Isle. *The Mungret Annual*, filled with good verses, with sketches and interesting stories, is the alien among us. There are many illustrations in the magazine showing scenes around the college buildings, pictures of persons connected with the institution, and members of their athletic teams. The *Annual* handles our language well, and we shall be ready at all times to spend an hour in reviewing its pages.

\* \* \*

Another foreigner to pay us a visit is the *Mangalore Magazine* from far away India. The *Magazine* contains some very solid essay matter dealing with matters of historical interest and value to students of economics. The articles on "Land Tenures of Western India" and the "Gras Tenure of Gujerat" are among the principal contributions.

\* \* \*

The *St. Joseph's Collegian* is a very good college magazine, and its editors are to be congratulated on the excellent work they are doing. The January number reached us with many fine verses in it and three well-written essays, one on "A Northern Poet," one entitled "Justice Triumphs at Last," and the other written on Tennyson's "Enoch Arden." The editorial writer makes several broad strokes with his pen, and gives his views on current topics in clever and smoothly running language.

## Personals.

—Rev. Father O'Callaghan, C. P., and Rev. Father Conway, C. P., were guests of Rev. President Morrissey last Thursday evening.

—Edward E. Brennan, Litt. B. '97, has gone to Seattle, Washington, to practise law. "Doc" was a great hustler, and during the football season of '94 played at quarter-back and end on the Varsity team.

—Earl F. Wade (student '96-'98) is now filling a responsible position in his father's office at Toledo, O. Mr. Wade operates and controls the B. F. Wade Printing and Publishing Company, one of the largest in northern Ohio. Indications are that Earl is soon to be general manager of the firm.

—Mr. Emmett Corley (student '97-'99) is now attending the Law School of the Missouri State University. In a recent letter to his brother John, a member of our reporter's staff, he sends the pleasing information that he has secured a position on the debating team that is to represent his college in a discussion with the Kansas Law School.

—Mr. Louis P. Chute (LL. B., '92) was a welcome visitor among his old friends for some days during the early part of the week. Mr. Chute is now engaged in the Real Estate Business, and practices law at Minneapolis, Minn. Old students will remember Lou as a first-class fellow and will be happy to learn that his business is very prosperous.

—Frank Kaley (student '86-'89) is now enjoying a good law practice at Le Moyne, O. After leaving the University, Mr. Kaley studied law two years at the Eastville Law School and then entered the office of Dodge and Bidwell, at Fairfield, Virginia. Later on he moved into the Buckeye state, succeeded in passing the bar examination, and opened an office at Le Moyne. Frank was noted as a great talker in the various debating clubs at Notre Dame and was also a great leader in all matters connected with the athletic association. Granting that he has lost none of his old-time brilliancy, he should make an able advocate.

—"Nick" Wagner (student '92-'94) has written us a very interesting letter from the Old World. He has been in Europe for the past two years studying medicine in one of the large universities of Germany. He spends his summer vacation making extensive travels on the continent and reports that he is as familiar with many of the European cities as the post-graduates at Notre Dame are with South Bend. He has made a study of French so that he is now able to speak that language fluently and says that he not unfrequently joins in discussions on the Transvaal war. He expects to see all that is in Paris next summer, and will return to America in 1902.

## Local Items.

—The Catholic students received Holy Communion yesterday morning.

—Owing to careful attention to the director's instruction some very promising gymnasts are being developed in Carroll Hall.

—A great puzzle for our readers:—What's the difference between a woman and 35 degrees above zero? Each person has one guess.

—The members of the band should be prompt about attending rehearsals now as they will be expected to do some serenading on February 22.

—Everybody should attend the game of basket-ball between Carroll Hall and Culver Military Academy in the University gymnasium this evening.

—FOUND.—An equilibrium. Looks as though it might belong to Percy Wynne. Owner can recover same by calling after dark. The finder will accept any reward.

—Ye men of the buckskin boots are working hard on "Julius Cæsar" and are rehearsing every day in preparation for the entertainment on Washington's Birthday.

—Hon. Lucius Hubbard, LL. D., Judge of the Circuit Court in South Bend, delivered a series of lectures before the students of the Law class during the early part of the week.

—The final examinations in the Elementary Chemistry class were held last Thursday. Those students that failed, if any were so unfortunate, will be required to take the class again next year.

—The big triangular indoor track and field games will be held in the gym. the afternoon of March 10. Chicago and Notre Dame have lost a few of their stars, while Illinois will be considerably stronger.

—Corresponding secretaries of the various societies are kindly requested to make out reports of the meetings held by their respective organizations, and hand them to the SCHOLASTIC for publication.

—“Shag” attended the *Soiree* at St. Mary's Academy last Thursday. As that was the worthy gentleman's birthday much discussion has arisen as to whether “Shag” went over to honor the occasion or whether the occasion was to honor him.

—In the series of preliminaries to decide the preparatory debating team that is to argue against the South Bend High School, the St. Joseph Hall team will debate the Holy Cross team, and the Brownsonites will clash with the Corbyites to-night.

—The parties in charge of the large meeting held in South Bend last Tuesday evening made no mistake in selecting Col. William Hoynes as the leading speaker on that occasion. The

Colonel is a brilliant talker at all times whether he be chatting over a cigar or speaking from the rostrum.

—STRANGER (in front of Science Hall): “What are those sounds from across the park? Have you another cow-bell brigade for the purpose of rooting and raising a rough house such as we had in my days here?”

STUDENT:—“No; that is Charlie Baab over in Sorin Hall tuning his banjo.”

—FIRST STUDENT:—“Did you hear about the Prof. coming in loaded the other night?”

SECOND STUDENT:—“No, what about it?”

FIRST STUDENT:—“He walked from town with a trunk tied on his back, a telescope full of sixteen-pound shot in one hand and a dress suit case full of dumb-bells in the other.”

—These are great days for athletic conferences, meetings of managers, graduate committees and persons directly or indirectly connected with the ruling of college athletics. Let us hope that the result will be to maintain harmony among the various institutions, to abolish professionalism and promote friendly strife.

—Art Hayes sat down on the bank of the lake yesterday from six o'clock in the morning until after dark watching for a woodchuck to come out of a post-hole near the boat-house. He came up to supper with his nose, ears, hands and toes frozen, and told some of his friends he thought that story about the woodchuck looking for his shadow was all a fake.

—In a trial debate before the literary society of Holy Cross Hall, Messrs. Burke, Devereaux and Egan were chosen to represent the society in the debate with St. Joseph's Hall. The judges of the debate were Fathers Crumley, Quinlan and Maguire. A new staff of officers were elected at a later meeting as follows: President, Andrew Sammon; Vice-President, George Marr; Secretary, Matthew Walsh. The former officials Messrs. Dwan, Farley and Tierney retired.

—We have received a low frequency and a high frequency transformer, each the most improved specimen of its type, from the General Electric Company of Schenectady, N. Y. These are additions to the growing equipment of the department of Electrical Engineering, and they will be put through a series of practical tests by members of the class before the close of the year. The Director of the department is very well pleased with these transformers, and wishes to return thanks to Mr. P. D. Wagoner for the promptness and attention with which his order was filled.

—Two members of our editorial board celebrated the anniversary of their birthday last Thursday. Strange to say neither of them became intoxicated, although they are considered as highly intelligent men. A recurrence of such gross neglect on their part might lead

to their expulsion from our staff. Both are still very, yes, very young, yet the hard way of the editor's life has made its marks upon them. The elder one of the two is turning gray and has a careworn look. The younger man is nearly bald, has deep furrows in his brow and a large knob on the top of his head where he has pounded in vain for inspiration.

—In the law room last Tuesday evening eighteen men registered as candidates for the debating team. As many more are expected to join before the first series of preliminaries begin. More men have added their names already. Chance is open for any person of collegiate standing to enter between this and February 20. Lots were drawn to give the men their places on the various teams and to decide which side of the question they shall defend. At present there are eight teams. The first preliminary will occur on Tuesday evening, February 27.

—The very interesting case of Jackson *vs.* the Grand Trunk Railway Company is now on trial in the University Moot-Court. There are more lawyers connected with the case than there are witnesses, jurors and officials of the court put together. An undertaker has been cautioned to be prepared for a call at most any moment after the attorney's arguments commence as it is expected that several of the jurors will die from somnolence, and the rest will either commit suicide or fall victims of nervous prostration. A special corps of physicians have been secured to feel of the court's pulse every fifteen minutes and have on hand a large supply of remedies for "Tired Feeling," "Paralysis," "Exhaustion," "Desire to throw Brick-bats, etc."

—**QUERY.**—In order to have a successful baseball season this year, would it not be a good plan to form a sort of league between the six halls? Let the players of each hall appoint a delegate to confer with those of the other halls and to arrange for games with each of them. This will cause more enthusiasm to be thrown into the games. The teams will have a championship to work for, and the percentage of each hall being faithfully kept, the standings of all the teams can be recorded. Such a league would bring out the latent strength of the halls, for every student would feel bound to work for the honor of his hall. I will not say that the winning team will be the next Varsity, but it is safe to predict that members of it will be on the next Varsity nine.

—The Columbian Society held their regular meeting Thursday evening, January 25, electing the following officers for the ensuing term: 1st Vice-President, Patrick McDonough; 2d Vice-President, L. M. Fetherstone; Secretary, C. J. McFadden; Treasurer, George Kelly; Reporter, J. F. Hennebr y. After the election of officers a very interesting programme was rendered: Impromptu, C. J. McFadden; notes, Patrick

McDonough; five short stories well told, L. M. Lamprey; Debate: Resolved, That all telegraph lines in the United States should be owned and operated by the Federal Government. The affirmative was upheld by Cooney and Kelley; the negative by Mahoney and McGrath. After much discussion the house decided in favor of the negative. The following new members were enrolled: C. J. Mulcrone, Eugene O'Connor and O'Hara.

—Murphy, who hails from Minnesota, was seen chasing about the corridors of the hall during the recent cold spell, wrapped in a big overcoat, fur cap and a pair of big fur mittens. He was dodging in and out of doors looking for a warm place, but his search was fruitless. His last resort was his bed. He ran a fast 440 to his room, and without stopping to remove his clothes jumped into bed. About twelve o'clock he was awakened by the noise of the midnight assaulter hurrying down stairs; feeling rather uncomfortable he groped about himself and came in contact with his overcoat. Realizing that he had gone to bed with his clothes on he got up to undress. Just then a cold draught caught him square in the face. His teeth chattered and the whole room shook in sympathy. "Ah! I have it," he murmured, "I'll undress with my overcoat and mittens on." As Runt was making his usual rounds he found Murphy still trying to untie his shoe with mittens on his hands.

—Kentucky Bill and Nash had been arguing on things pertaining to labor and Bryan. Nash was grieved to learn that the Democratic Club of New York had objected to the presence of the "Silver Idol of Nebraska" as a guest at one of the regular club dinners. He asserted that it showed ignorance on the part of the New York opponents; that the narrow-mindedness shown by this open declination to hear both sides of a question was characteristic of all Republicans. Here Bill arose, and with all the coolness and dignity of a Kentucky politician demanded an immediate apology for these rash assertions. Nash went on to say that no Republican had ever been successful in the respective duties of the chief magistrate, and the present incumbent was not out of the ordinary. No educated, no learned man would ever live in the belief that Republican politics were pure. Never in the history of civilized nations has there been an equal to Bryan in any respect. He is the highest ideal politicians can have. Bill by this time had become thoroughly indignant. With all the oratorical effects he could sum up, he reprimanded Louis and defended the Republicans. About that time Tom came rushing up the stairs with the Goebel report. When Bill heard that Goebel had been shot he stopped in the midst of a strong peroration. It took the combined efforts of all present to keep Bill from starting for Kentucky to avenge the assault on Goebel.

LADYSMITH, Jan. 24, 1900.

(Wireless letter to NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC by Sahara Desert and Cartier Athletic Field).

MY DEAR GENTS:—It is surprising, yes, surprising in the extreme to me as well as to you, to think that I am down here sunning myself in the shade of a thirteen-inch gun and watching the little Boer kids play marbles on the kopjes. To tell the truth, I never expected to be here, and I must explain for you how it happened. As you will remember, I was pretty well worn out with hard study when I left the University. My physician, thinking that the social functions and rough-houses I would be obliged to attend at home might be too great a strain on me, recommended extensive travel. One sunny evening when it was pretty cool, I started out with my satchel and many good intentions, leaving the young ladies all in tears and the policemen all smiling, and some months later I woke up dreadfully seasick and found myself in Egypt. Egypt is a pretty dull place. I wouldn't like to be found dead over there, so I started to get out of the town as fast as I could walk. On the way south I saw a funny-looking critter, queerest, I guess, I ever saw, and I was at Ringling Bros' circus three times. His neck was stretched away out so that he could have worn one of Bill Dalton's collars, and his head was very slim like that of a snake. He had a big hump on his back, too. Looked to me as though he might have been a handsome animal at one time, but maybe was eating grass through the cracks of a board fence, got his head fast, and then pulled back so hard that he stretched his neck way out, and when he finally got his head through, it came with such a jerk that he bumped back against a tree so hard that it warped his spine and left him in his present pitiable condition. Folks here call him Camel. On the hump on his back he had a little dufunny that looked like a canopy, and there were two girls sitting under it, so I followed him. I was watching the girls most of the time and did not notice where the blamed old cuss was going until he had me way out on the Sahara Desert. That's an awful place out there. The walking is poor and there are no sidewalks. It's bad policy for a man to sweat out there too, for you know that invariably makes a man thirsty, and the folks in the Desert are prohibitionists. I guess the "Woman's Suffrage" ticket always carries the election there. Well, anyway, I started to sweat, like a fool, and pretty soon I was so

dry I would have drunk water if I could get it. Had to eat the leaves off the pine trees to keep from choking until I reached Woamboambo in Ujiji. It was an awful trip; worst experience I have had since the day Golden broke his wheel and we had to walk from Niles to Notre Dame. When I left Woamboambo I was afraid I might run into another Sahara Desert so I tanked up well. Didn't see any more of them, though; didn't see any more of the camel either, but there are lots of funny mules down here. On the way I noticed that there were no blondes, but pretty near everybody is a brunette. Lots of the boys look like Gibby. I arrived at Ladysmith on Christmas Eve. First man I met was Paul Kruger hanging up his sock. Told me he expected a present from a rich uncle over in England. Paul is not a very handsome fellow, but he's a clever sport, and is a popular guy down here. He belongs to the Anglican Victoria Club. I was invited to stay with him for dinner, but as the Hon. Chief Boilemdown had extended a previous invitation for me to attend a cannibal banquet, I was forced to refuse. I went to the banquet but did not enjoy it very much. About all they had to eat was skull soup and ankles on the half-shell. The other day I met Buller fishing on the Tugela River. He says he is having a hot time. A Boer policeman tried to arrest him for stealing a barber's pole. He looks well now, and assured me that he could do the long run in very fast time. Some of you may remember Buller. He was an officer in the Carroll Hall Military Company and played full-back on the Anti-Specials the first year that "Runt" was Captain. His military training has been of great service to him. He does not want it generally known, but he says that he and Captain Bob Franey were the ones that started that rough house over at Spion Kop. They were very nearly copped at it. Some Englishmen got into trouble over here and he is trying to help them out. Things look pretty bad just now; but Col. Murphy is expected with some advice in a few days, and perhaps things will be settled. Buller says he left a monogram sweater in the training-room and he would like to have Cornell send it to him. I guess that's about all. I will not be back until the *Oregon* makes another trip down this way as I would not wish to cross the Sahara again. Send me some Squirt Band Music so that I can keep in practice. Good-bye.

Yours in Boerland, JERRY GEEGAN.