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To the Picture of Saint Cecilia.

FRANCIS C. SCHWAB, '02.

FAIR Saint, thy soul to ecstasy was wrought
 By thine own art. Music made it rise
 Above the earth and view with wondrous eyes
 God's majesty. The trembling bass note taught
 Thy tender frame deep penitence, all fraught
 With love; and when the treble sent replies
 To all thy whispered words, with glad surprise
 Thou lett'st thy soul in melodies be caught.

Thy earthly form was fair; thy fingers played
 The yielding keys till harmonies out rolled
 In volumes drowning not the melody
 That, like a mine of gold, was only swayed,
 But broken, not by the flood. Cherubs did fold
 The chordlets back and drop sweet buds to thee.

— — —
 The Gaelic Fragment "Finn."*

PATRICK J. DWAN, A. B., 1900.

This conception of sorrow, as represented in Finn, runs parallel with that of Cuchullain; both retire to a cave and mourn their loss for three days. This seems to be a kind of religious exercise of devotion paid to the memory of the dead. Throughout the fragmentary poems of the Gaels we find that they were most particular in regard to the manner in which they buried the bodies of their heroes. The bards had to sing over the newly made tomb, while a member of the family remained three days in some lonely spot "in tears and groans." If these kind offices were not rendered, the spirit of the dead could not rest in its home, but should return, night after night, to a neighboring stream and sing its own

* Prize Essay for the English Medal.

requiems. Finn presents a noble picture in this scene. He is the proto-warrior, the great Achilles of the Northern Gaels; he is the son of the great Fenian, King Fionne. A warrior from his earliest days, he survives all his relatives, and is now abandoned in his declining years with nothing but the memory of the men he loved to solace him. There he sits in his empty cave with the dusky wilderness about him, listening to the winds that sigh through the grey cairns, and the streams that roar down the mountains. His grief will not permit him to see the morning spread on the hilltops, nor the mists as they veil the valley below him. In these mists he believes the spirits of his father and lost comrades dwell, and often they visit him in his dreams.

In the midst of this sorrowing the old bard, Carril, comes and reports that the chief, Cuchullain, is dead. After the capture of Caribh, the left wing of the Scandinavian army made a counter-march, while feigning a retreat, and would have made complete havoc among the Gaels, had not Cuchullain come to the rescue. "The chieftain took his stand in the field of battle; his heroes gather round him like clouds in the desert. A thousand swords rose at once, a thousand arrows flew, but he stood like a rock in the midst of a roaring sea. His enemies fall around him on all sides, but a fatal arrow seeks his heart. The army of Caribh is completely routed. Pale does the hero return over the field of his fame; his sword is unsheathed in his hand; his spear is bent at every step—the days of Cuchullain are gone forever."

Such is the brief recital of this famous battle; such is the account of Cuchullain's death. Finn forgets the loss of his own son, and now returns to his troops and vows to avenge the death of Cuchullain and Cormac. The Scandinavians disheartened at the capture of their chief retire from the field and allow

the followers of Caibar to carry on the war. During all this time Caribh is a prisoner in Finn's camp, but he does not undergo the terrible tortures which the barbarian races of every nation were wont to impose upon their prisoners of war. On the contrary we see him among the Gaelic chiefs feasting in "right good manner." When the banquet is over, Finn commands Carril, the bard, to give "the song of peace." The singer recounts the deeds of Finn's ancestors in the country of Lochlin. Caribh shows that he is the son of Starno and vaguely traces the family trees of Finn and himself to one common root, but more than that he mentions the name of his sister Agandecca. This awakens Finn's old-time love for this princess, and the hostilities are forgotten. That night the spirit of Agandecca stands on the air beside Finn's camp-fire, bright and soft as a beam from the moon. He sees the tear-drops in her eyes and the red stains upon her breast. She reminds him that she saved his life at the cost of her own, and in return she begs that her brother be sent safe to his kingdom "on the shores of woody Lochlin. Caribh promises never to return to Erin in a hostile manner; so when the morning broke in the East, his fleet was far on the water.

Finn now meets the army of Caibar. The usurper enters in single combat with Oscar, the only remaining son of Finn; after a mad battle in which the earth quaked and the rocks shook, both heroes fell dead on the plain, both pierced through the heart by the other's lance. Finn now takes command in person, and during the progress of the next ten days, three large battles are described each rising in importance above the other. Owing to the skill and bravery of Finn and the loyalty of his heroes, the war is brought to a close and the rightful heir is again placed on the throne of Erin.

Simplicity and conciseness are the true characteristics of this poem, as they should be of all pure art. The main principle in being sublime is to say great things in few and plain words. This is what we have before us. The mind rises and swells when a lofty description or sentiment is presented to it in its natural form. But no sooner does the poet begin to spread out this sentiment or description, and to deck it round with ornaments, than the mind begins to fall from its high elevation; the transport is over, the beautiful may remain, but the sublime has passed. It is the idea of

sprinkling perfume on a full-blown moss rose. The concise and simple style of the Gaelic ballads gives great advantage in the expression of sublime conceptions, and assists them in seizing the imagination with full power.

No ancient poetry contains a higher tone of virtuous and noble sentiments than these ballads. In Finn is a character grand and noble, proper to swell the mind with the highest ideas of human perfections. Wherever he appears we behold the hero. The end for which he strives is truly great: to bend the proud; to protect the weak; to defend his friends; and to overcome his enemies more by generosity than by force. All the other heroes move in a similar atmosphere. Valor actuates all their actions, but it is a generous valor, void of cruelty, animated by honor not by hatred. We see no debasing passions among the heroes of this poem; no spirit of avarice or insult, but a perfect contention for fame; a desire of being remembered for gallant actions; a love of justice, of friends and of country. We too have an Achilles who meets a hero as brave as any son of Priam; he defeats an army more formidable than the Trojans, still no mangled corpse is dragged around the walls of our Gaelic Troy.

This poem has less fire perhaps than the Greek epics, but it has bound up within it more variety, more tenderness, more magnificence. The principal ideal so often presented to us—"Finn in the last of his fields"—is venerable and affecting. Nor could any nobler conclusion be thought of than that the aged hero, after so many successful achievements should resign his spear into the hands of his successor. The narrative is most complete, the actions and character of the heroes are fully displayed. We know the movements of both armies, their adventures by day and by night. The still, pathetic and romantic scenery of some of those night adventures are superior to anything of their kind in modern poetry. Throughout the whole poem, the horrors of war are softened by the recital of scenes of love and friendship. In the middle of the last battle night comes on, but before the shades of evening fall the poet introduces a beautiful little idyl. Sulmalla, sister of King Cormac, as beautiful as the rising moon on the hilltops, disguised as a warrior, followed her lover Cathmor to the battlefield. The distress of the princess in a hostile land, unknown and in danger, among strangers, coupled with her tender solicitude for her lover, captivates

the heart of the reader. Weary from long travelling she falls asleep beside a stream and dreams of her lover. She awakes to find him bending over her. Cathmor's emotion when he first discovers her, his struggle to conceal and suppress his passion lest it should unman him for the battle he was about to fight on the morrow, are all wrought up with the utmost delicacy and sensibility.

The characters are noble; their bravery and virtue in the greatest trials give them an air of the Greek demigods, while the spirit of self-sacrifice that permeates every one of them make us recognize in them men we have seen and known and whom we shall always love to remember.

The character of Foldath tends much to exalt that of Cathmor, the chief commander of Caibar's forces. The usurper is vain, haughty and inhuman. Foldath abhors all fraud and cruelty, is famous for his hospitality to strangers, open to every generous sentiment, and to every soft and compassionate feeling. He is so amiable as to divide, at times, the reader's attachment between him and the heroes of the poem. With reasonable dexterity the poet makes Cathmor recognize the superiority of Finn. He is shown to be his superior in the Hall of Shells, in the tournament and on the field of battle. It is still more to be wondered that though the poet has introduced three great heroes into his poem, he has clearly distinguished each of their characters. Cuchullain is ever honorable, not a stain upon his fair name; Cathmor is amiable not only to his friends but to his enemies; Finn is wise and great; he can not exceed the others in their own virtues, but he preserves an ascendant peculiar to himself in whatever light he is seen.

One of the favorite minor characters of the poem is Fillian. His character is one for which the poet seems to have a special fondness; he is an eager, fervent young warrior, fired with all the impatient enthusiasm for military glory peculiar to that time of life. He is the youngest son of Fingal, rash and fiery. We first find him in conversation with Conor. The battle has already opened, the sound of the shields is heard in the distance mingled with the music of the bards on the hillsides and the wild shouts of the warriors in the plain. He complains to his companions that the king, his father, would not consent to allow him enter the battle. "Few are the marks on my sword," he says, "but my soul is

on fire. I shall go forth with the crowd and I shall return with my fame." Soon after when the king, as was the custom, was about to appoint his commander-in-chief, each chief steps forward and puts in his claim; Fillian however, is presented in the following picturesque and natural attitude. "On his spear stood the son of Fingal, in the wandering of his locks. Thrice he raised his eyes to the king; his voice thrice failed him as he spoke. Fillian could not boast of battles; thrice he strode away. Bent over a distant stream he stood, the tear-drop in his eye. He struck at times the thistle's head with his inverted spear." No less beautiful is the poet's description of Fingal's paternal emotion on this occasion. "Nor is he unseen of Fingal. Side-long he beheld his son. He beheld him with bursting joy. He hid the big tear-drops in his locks and turned amidst his crowded soul." The command was given to Goul. Fillian rushes to the thickest of the battle, saves his chieftain's life, but receives a deadly wound. The king views with pleasure the bravery of his son; sedate and wise as he has ever been, the grey-haired old chieftain can not entirely overlook the rashness mixed with this youthful heroism. "Thou art brave, my son, but headlong in thy flight. I saw thy deeds and my soul was glad. Fingal never thus advanced though he never feared a foe." The death of the young hero is decidedly dramatic, while the sorrow of the old king is affecting in the highest degree. the poet can not express the sorrow of the father; he presents to our view the dying hero. We see him animated to the last with the same martial spirit; his last breath is a bitter regret for being so early cut off from the field of glory. "Bury me in that hollow rock. Raise no stone above me lest one should ask about my fame. I am fallen in the first of my fields, fallen without renown. Why should the bard know where dwells the early fallen Fillian?"

Homer has clearly shown us the extreme necessity of natural representation of character in epic poetry, and in this respect there can be no doubt of the father of all epic poetry excelling the heroic poets who have ever written. No dead uniformity prevails in the characterization of Finn and his heroes, on the contrary, the principal men are not only clearly distinguished from one another but contrasted, thus bringing out each other in bold relief. The Gaelic heroes, like those of Homer, are all brave, but their bravery is

of different kinds. The prudent and sedate Conor is aptly opposed to the presumptuous, rash and overbearing Calmar. Calmer hurries Cuchullain rashly into battle, but when he sees the miserable effects he can not bear to survive the shame. Conor, generous, noble and affectionate, conducts Cuchullian to his cave, and there comforts the fallen hero in his misfortune. The fierce and proud Caribh, who holds nothing sacred, nothing holy in peace or war, is well contrasted with the calm, moderate and affectionate character of Finn. Oscar, too, like Fillian is a favorite through the whole poem. He is young, and shares with all youth an eagerness and impetuosity, even a passion, for the sound of strife; his submission to his father, his love for the memory of his mother, are but a few of the masterly strokes that impress his character on our minds forever. Connal, the hero, the bard, and the old man, the closest friend and chief adviser of the king, shall always remain a type of the prudent guardian and the wise counsellor of whom kings and empires may be proud. Cuchullain is a hero of the highest class—daring, magnanimous and sensible to the keenest sense of honor. We follow him with interest through all his battles, and few can witness his distress and sorrow and finally his defeat without being deeply moved. Though another hero surpassing him in all his virtues is introduced, still unity is preserved intact. Finn is the real hero of the poem, and rises as far above Cuchullian as Cuchullain rises above the rest.

Homer's Hector possesses several great and amiable qualities, but Hector is only a secondary personage, and not the hero of the poem. We see him occasionally, but we have not the full knowledge of him as we have of Finn. Though Hector fully discharges his duties to his country, his friends and his family, he is nevertheless tinged with the same savage ferocity that pervade all the Homeric heroes. We find him exulting over the fallen Patroclus with the most cruel taunts and telling him, as he grieves in the agonies of death, that Achilles can not help him now. The tender parting of Hector and Andromache has filled many hearts with love and tenderness for the hero, but his savage brutality to the bleeding corpse of Patroclus has changed this to an endless disgust. The character of Finn, on the contrary, while it is not deified, is represented with all the qualities that can ennoble human

nature, that can make us admire the hero or love the man. He is unconquerable in war, and makes his people happy by his wisdom in the time of peace. He is truly the father of his people. His name occurs two hundred times in the poem, but he is always mentioned as "Finn of the mildest countenance." He is always distinguished for his humanity and generosity. He is merciful to his foes, kind to his children, full of concern about his friends, and never mentions Agandecca, his first love, without the utmost tenderness. His fame is represented as spread through all the northern countries, and even to-day among a vast majority of the Gaelic people you will find that the greatest encomium that can be bestowed upon anyone is to say that his soul was the soul of Finn Mac Cuil.

(To be Continued.)

The Three Wishes.

T. CROWLEY.

(Abridged from the French.)

One winter's evening a poor man and his wife conversed by the fireside about the wealth their neighbors enjoyed.

"If I were the mistress of all that I wish," said the woman, "I should be far more happy than they.

"And I also," said her husband, "I wish it were the time of the fairies and that I could find one good enough to grant me whatever I ask."

No sooner had he said this than a beautiful young lady came into the room and said to them:

"I am a fairy and I promise to bring you any three things you desire. Remember, however, that I can grant you only three."

So saying the fairy immediately vanished and left them greatly troubled. For some time they looked at each other in amazement till finally the woman spoke: "As for me," she said, "if I have got anything to say about this I know already what I most need. I think that there is nothing as serviceable nowadays as riches, beauty and titles."

"Yes," said her husband, "but with these things we might get bad health, or become sorrowful and perhaps die young. Would it not be wiser to ask for good health, abundance of pleasure and a long life?"

"But what do you want with a long life," said the woman, "if you are unknown and poor? Indeed I wish the fairy would allow us more than three requests as I am in need of dozens of things."

"And indeed so do I," said her husband, "but what's the use? She said she'd bring us the first three things we desired, so let us now consider till morning the three things we most need."

"I will remain here during the night," said the woman, "and do you too stay up awhile and think the matter over. Push up to the fire and warm yourself, the night is cold." While she spoke she arranged the fire with the tongs, and as she looked on the blazing coals she said:

"There is a fire for you! I wish I had a half-yard of a sausage now to lay across the blaze—'twouldn't take long to roast."

No sooner had she spoken than a sausage exactly one half-yard in length fell through the chimney on the burning coals.

"That you mightn't get good of the sausage!" said her husband hastily. "What a fine wish you had! Now we have but two chances on account of you and your sausage; I would be well pleased if it stuck to your nose to remind you of your foolishness."

His wish was granted. Scarcely had he finished rebuking his wife than the sausage jumped from the coals and stuck so firmly to his wife's nose that it was impossible to take it off. The woman went frantic around the room, the sausage hanging like an elephant's trunk from her nose. Her husband tried in vain to pacify her; he promised to ask in third and last wish for a golden sword to cut away the sausage. She would not listen to him, but ran to the window and threatened to kill herself if he would not allow her to ask the fairy for the last gift. Before he could answer she said:

"I wish that this sausage might fall from my nose. No sooner said than done. The sausage fell to the ground and the woman soon recovered from the shock. They roasted the sausage—the only gift the fairy brought—and ate a hearty supper, and never after were they heard to envy the happiness of their neighbors.

It is only by labor that thought can be made healthy, and only by thought that labor can be made happy.—*Ruskin.*

Varsity Verse.

"AVE MARIA."

HAIL full of grace," the angel said,
As into Mary's room he came,
While o'er the Virgin's bended head
Celestial choirs chant her name.

"The Lord is with thee" words divine
Sent from the Paraclete above,
Who mantles her with garment fine
Reflecting His eternal love.

Blessed among all women thou,
In whom the Master chose to dwell,
When with His grace He crowned thy brow
Thou favored flower of Israel.

Supreme in every heart shall reign
Thy chaste womb's fruit Immaculate
Who left His heavenly domain,
To bide within thee incarnate.

Mother of God,—O listen! how
I name the title you hold dear,
Pray for thy erring children now
And when the hour of death draws near.

W. H. T.

SOLILOQUY.

A Freshman student late returned
To Corby Hall, the other day,
Whose heart for study little yearned,
In solitude was heard to pray:

"If this were but the twelfth of June!—
Oh, ever glad, though distant time!—
I'd hie on ere to-morrow's moon,
To where I'd hear sweet cow-bells chime.

Oh, give me but one summer's day
On that old back-wood's farm once more
When wickedness was far away;
Yet then, I wished that youth was o'er!"

A. S.

COMING HOME.

Our bark adown the river swiftly glides
And 'neath our keel the waters brackish grow;
Ahead the sea-gulls circle to and fro.
A briny odor on the head-wind rides
The helmsman true, our safest course decides
By signs that mariners alone can know.
And through the rocks and currents swift we go
Until our boat is caught by the moon-led tides.

What deep delight our hearts can feel at last—
So many trials, so many dangers past;
The racking fears that worried us are o'er.
As we sweep swiftly to the ocean wide,
'Tis thus life's currents tend to guide
And bear us straight to the eternal shore.

T. W. H.

IN MEMORIAM.

When summer sun begins to shine
And heat us with its torrid rays,
Then for the shady dells I pine
Where oft we walked in former days,
In close commune,—your hand in mine,
To grassy nooks, by shady ways,
When summer sun begins to shine
And heat us with his torrid rays.

H. E. B.

A Neglected Hero.

JOHN JOSEPH HENNESSY.

Nearly all nations have set aside one day on which to commemorate the feast of some saint that they have adopted as their patron. In Germany, June 5, the feast of St. Boniface is a holyday of obligation. England honors St. George as her patron on April 23; Scotland, on November 30, keeps holy the feast of St. Andrew; France has St. Genevieve, and Ireland has St. Patrick. America has a St. Rose of Lima, but America does not honor St. Rose as her patron saint. Now the question naturally arises: Who is the patron saint of America? or, who ought to be the patron saint of America? Is there no saint in that long calendar who may justly be called the "Patron Saint of America?" Indeed this land has been made holy by the footprints of saints long before Columbus was born.

There were many pre-Columbian navigators and discoverers. However, they, unlike Columbus, lived at a time when their discoveries seemed useless; when those at home had enough to do to civilize themselves and could not afford to begin to civilize outside. Columbus, the child of fortune, came at a time when all Europe was in a condition to benefit by his great work. And not because pre-Columbian discoveries received little or no attention must they be undervalued or set at naught.

Over five centuries before Christopher Columbus was born, the Scandinavians claim to have discovered America. Recent discoveries and investigations show that this claim is based on no small authority. In the Icelandic chronicles or "Shilhot Saga," printed 1117, many important bays and shores of the northern continent are very well described, which proves conclusively that the writers must have been acquainted with the place. In these chronicles is also an account of the death of an Icelandic woman named Syasy. The place of the burial was so well described that Sir Thomas Murray said that the spot must be in the immediate vicinity of the Great Falls on the Potomac River above Washington. The minute account in the chronicles of Syasy's burial led, in 1870, Thomas C. Raffinon, an English antiquarian of great eminence, M. Louis Lequereux, a distinguished geologist, with a few Americans,

to make careful investigations to find out the exact spot of Syasy's burial. After long and untiring search they came upon a rock near the place pointed out by Sir Thomas Murray, called the "Arsow Head," with an inscription cut deeply in it in the Runic language. Here is the writing as given by D. P. Conyngham, LL. D., in his "Life of the Irish Saints and Martyrs."

Here lies Syasy,
The fair-haired,
A person from the East of Iceland,
The widow of Kjoider,
And sister of Thorgor,
Children of the same father,
Twenty-five years of age.
May God make glad her soul.
1051.

The investigators also found near the stone some human bones and bronze trinkets.

Besides these undeniable proofs of the discovery of America by the Scandinavians, Rafn, the Danish Historian, also gives many valuable proofs. He has translated and published the "Norse Sagas," which claim the discovery of the Northern part of the continent by the Scandinavians. These "Norse Sagas" do not, however, claim all the merit themselves, they give the honor of the first discovery to Irishmen at a very early period. They called the country "Ireland it Milka" or "Greater Ireland." In Rafn's translation of the "Norse Sagas" we read: "Some of the Norsemen going down to a region—probably the Carolinas and Georgia—they found there a white people different from the Esquimaux of the North, with long robes or cloaks and frequently bearing crosses in a sort of religious procession, and their speech was Irish." Where did these Irish come from? The earliest Irishman of which we know anything with certainty is Saint Brendan.

Saint Brendan was born in County Kerry, Ireland, in the year 483. His father's name was Fingola of the distinguished family of "Hua Alta." Brendan was destined by God to do a great work. Saint Patrick when once passing through Kerry prophesied the birth and greatness of Brendan. During the first six years of his life he was nursed by Saint Ita. At Tuam, under Saint Jarlath, he completed his higher studies, and there his active, vigorous mind worked on the notion of the earth's rotundity. Saint Barentus, a near relation of his, and a man used to sea-life, impressed more deeply on him the existence of another land beyond the waters. With as much

information as he could find from the seamen along the coast of Ireland, and with an ardent desire to spread the faith of Patrick, Brendan made preparations for a long voyage in quest of a Western world, which is now a nation among nations.

How repugnant then was the notion of rotundity, we may get a faint idea when two centuries later Saint Virgilius was called a heretic for putting forth his theory of the sphericity of the earth. The good St. Boniface wrote to Pope Zachary charging Virgilius with heresy for saying that the earth was round, and that other men lived on the other side of the earth. Pope Zachary, who was made to believe that Virgilius held that a different species of men inhabited the other part of the world, was about to commission Duke Otilo to cite Virgilius before him to condemn him according to the canons if found guilty; but the Saint went in person to the Pope and satisfied him with his arguments. Nowadays every schoolboy knows that the earth is round like a ball, but Virgilius must have been a very learned man and far advanced beyond the philosophy of his times, as is evident from his holding "that the earth was spherical, and consequently that a very great portion of it was undiscovered, and that every nation had their antipodes or people living diametrically opposite them." With such a notion as this in his head Brendan got ready for work.

From a bay in the south of Ireland, now known as Brendan's Bay, which is overhung by a peak known as Brendan's Hill,—all in honor of the great navigator—Brendan set forth. He took with him a very large supply of provisions, enough to last himself and his companions for many months. Guided by the planets and stars he took a northwesterly direction—*Contra solstitium æstivale*—alluding to the setting of the sun in summer. After a long voyage, the records tell us that he came to a summer sea where his little bark was carried along without the aid of sails or oars for many a long day. By this is evidently meant the Gulf Stream. Following this route he must have landed near the Virginian capes or "where the American coast tends eastward and forms the New England States." However, he had no Elizabeth in whose name he might claim the new land, nor had he an army of men who were willing to make conquest by the sword.

For over fifteen days he marched into the

interior of the country until, as the chronicles state, he came to a large river—the Ohio. Here he halted with his little band and not being able to overcome the obstacles which impeded his further progress, he retreated to his landing-place to visit again the ocean on which he lived for seven years, during which time he may have crossed and recrossed the Atlantic. Thus was American soil made holy by the footprints of a saint in the sixth century.

There are at Paris, in the *Bibliothèque Imperiale*, eleven Latin manuscripts, bearing dates from the eleventh to the fourteenth centuries, and several others in French, German, Italian and Portuguese are in different places, all in proof of the discovery of America by Brendan. If this Saint Brendan has, as all evidence goes to show, been the first European discoverer of our country, has he not a right to be called "Our Patron Saint," and being "Our Patron Saint" it might not be out of the way to know how he spent the last days of his life.

After seven years spent at sea he returned to enjoy the genial climate of his native home. Not long afterwards he founded the celebrated Abbey of Clonfert which at one time sheltered over three thousand monks. He founded a monastery in Inisquin, an island in Lough Corrib, County Galway. He also founded the Monastery of Ardfert, County Kerry and one at Inisglory. He is the author of "The Life and Miracles of Saint Bridget." He died in the year 577 and his feast is celebrated July 27, a day that should be dear to every American as it is dear to Irishmen.

To the student of history it seems strange that he should find Irishmen connected with nearly every important epoch of our civilization. Even Columbus was not without an Irishman in his voyage to America. This fact is recorded in the work of John Baptista Tornitori, an Italian priest, published in the seventeenth century. The author says: "When Columbus neared land, the water not being deep enough to admit the ship farther, the small boats were lowered to carry the admiral on shore. Among the crew was one Patricius Maguirus—Paddy Maguire—who jumped out of the boat before they had reached land and waded to the shore, being the first man of the party who landed on American soil."

THERE'S life alone in duty done,
And rest alone in striving.—Whittier.

The Monroe Doctrine.

JOHN P. O'HARA, '02

It had been generally held among European nations that a nation could extend its territory as long as such extension was compatible with the maintenance of the balance of power. The American continent had been regarded in a special manner as legitimate ground for European colonization and conquest. It was far easier of access than India and other eastern countries. Since practically all the American continent south of the United States was occupied by the nations that arose from the destruction of Spanish and Portuguese rule, any attempt tending toward colonization in those countries must naturally have been looked upon as an attempted subversion of republican institutions. This fact, combined with a fear for our own safety, prompted the enunciation of the Monroe Doctrine.

It is doubtful whether the doctrine that bears his name originated with President Monroe. When at the close of the Napoleonic wars, Russia suggested that the United States should join the Holy Alliance, John Quincy Adams based this country's refusal to do so on grounds practically the same as those on which Monroe afterwards based his doctrine. Washington, in outline at least, had recommended the same policy in his farewell address. Even previous to this, when the Constitution was in process of formation, the advances of the French revolutionists, who tried to commit the new republic to a policy inimical to England, had been repelled on the ground that we would not mix in European politics. The policy declared in the Doctrine may then be said to be co-existent with our government.

In a conference at Verona in 1822, the Holy Alliance determined upon the re-conquest of the Spanish American republics. It was agreed that a part only of these countries should be returned to Spain; the allies were to receive the remainder. England, who had been until now a silent party to the schemes of the Alliance, strongly opposed this action as it would tend to destroy her trade with the republics. Public opinion in this country was much wrought up over this threat of the Alliance. Some even saw in the declaration a peril to our own national existence.

President Monroe to allay popular apprehension and to serve timely warning on Europe, declared in his message to Congress, Dec., 1823, that no portion of the American continent was thenceforth to be deemed open to European conquest or colonization. Any attempt at such conquest or colonization, would impose on the United States an obligation of preventing it.

We failed very miserably in our first attempt to apply the rule of action laid down in President Monroe's message. In 1850, England, fearing for her trade in Central America, during a revolution there, seized some land belonging to Nicaragua. Instead of driving England out of the country, as by the Monroe Doctrine we had promised ourselves to do, we consented to her remaining, and abrogated certain privileges we had acquired in reference to a proposed canal across the Isthmus. An agreement, known as the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty, was signed, by the terms of which we were permitted to build the canal, but not to fortify it. The Doctrine was, however, reasserted during the attempted overthrow of the Mexican Republic by the French in 1861-'67. France withdrew her troops at our request. Maximilian was then unable to hold out, and submitted to the Republican forces.

Again, in the Venezuelan boundary controversy President Cleveland declared that Monroe's doctrine contained a statement of this country's fixed policy; even going so far as to threaten war in support of his position. He had great provocation for this threat. Lord Granville had pledged England to arbitration in 1885. Lord Salisbury, with presumption characteristically English, not only refused to arbitrate on the ground that the Doctrine was inapplicable to the case, but began an irritating discussion concerning its very existence. He seemed to have forgotten that Canning, who was Prime-Minister when the Doctrine was promulgated, took considerable credit upon himself for suggesting the policy it contained to the authorities at Washington, and that the English people approved the policy most heartily—because it was aimed at the Continental Powers. Even though Lord Salisbury finally agreed to arbitration, President Cleveland's interference proved of little real benefit to Venezuela. England in the end has got nearly all she asked. Mr. Cleveland simply succeeded in establishing our right to interfere.

It is now questioned whether, having expanded into a great territorial power, we can consistently maintain the Monroe Doctrine in force. If we become embroiled in foreign troubles other nations will certainly not hesitate to use force on this continent if they see fit. As a matter of fact, we do not seem to care whether or not we are in accord with the "traditions of the fathers." We no longer pose as the sole depository of freedom and national beneficence. We now look with complacency on a struggle in South Africa that a few years ago would have made our "altruistic gorge" rise. Possibly our national sense of humor keeps our hands off England while the Philippine war is on.

In Old Mexico.

LOUIS. E. BEST.

The burning noonday sun shone fiercely on the old adobe cottages. Here and there to the left and right of the street persons were reclining in hammock's. The only sign of life was a lone chicken scratching in front of one of the houses.

The sultry afternoon wore slowly on. At last, however, the sun began to sink in the west and it gradually became cooler. There was a sound of feet, and all were beginning to awaken from their afternoon sleep.

In front of one of the little cottages played a boy; his name was Juan Sanchez. He was a bright-looking lad, but very dirty. In the doorway of the house stood a young girl of about eighteen. She was very pretty and in features resembled the boy.

Of slight stature and build, with an olive complexion and dark hair, she was as pretty a girl as could be found anywhere. She was the boy's sister and her name was Jaunita. As she stood gazing along the road from the doorway a rider suddenly appeared. He was a handsome horseman. Indeed it looked as if horse and rider had been molded together. His hair was light and his complexion would have seemed almost pale if it were not for a little red glow on either cheek. He rode up to the house where he dismounted.

"Ah! señorita," he said, "may I have a drink from those pretty hands? I am very thirsty."

"Certainly, señor," she replied, dropping

her eyelashes and looking confusedly down at her small bare feet.

She went into the house and got him a cup of cool, clear water, which she had carried from the market-place that morning:

The stranger stayed awhile, and then said good-bye, kissing her hand at the same time.

"I will come again, may I?" he asked.

"If you wish," she said simply.

He came again and again, and it was noticed that she became more careful in her dress. She had learned to love him with a love that would never die. Her nature was as warm as her Southern dells where flowers ever in the sunshine grow. But his was as cold as the polar snows. Did he love her? Well, no doubt she was very amusing, but she was only a poor Mexican girl and he was ambitious. Juanita never understood. In her simple life she had not met a person who could say what he did not mean, and how might she think that Arthur of the fair hair and open blue eyes would lie? Even the dark Juan would not lie if it displeased her. And so she came to think that Arthur's heart was even as hers.

At last one night at dusk as they sat on the little porch he told her he would have to go back to the United States. She said nothing; she was waiting for him to speak. But he went away without speaking what would have made her so happy.

She began to pine and grow thin, and the roses left her cheeks. Four weeks later a new grave was dug in the little village churchyard and another body was laid to rest.

And now the little boy plays alone in front of the house and no one stands in the doorway. And on a rude little headboard in the churchyard are the words:

"Juanita Sanchez
8 años de edad."

In Our Time.

W. H. T.

Goldsmith praised the gray-haired soldier
Who, long after his campaign,
Shouldering his ancient crutch, fought
All his battles o'er again.

Nowadays the "felt-hat hero"
Draws a map of where he's been,
Then he writes his recollections
For some monthly magazine.

NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC

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—Notre Dame is making a reputation of being one of the best schools of journalism in the West. There is not a daily in Chicago but has members of our alumni on its staff; not only reporters, but men who fill the leading pages and editorial columns. These positions they have won through their inherent worth and the training they received in the queen's English while here. A tree is known by its fruit

—A PLEA FOR PEACE—This is the last time our country will have to be saved during this century. In a few months more his majesty, the American citizen, will play the rôle of Warwick, and make a four year's monarch. In the meantime, however, we pray those of us who have divers views of how the "saving" should be done not to interfere with the eternal harmony of things. A too strenuous life is not one that chimes in with the quiring stars.

—Thomas à Kempis says: "The place avails little if the spirit of fervor be wanting." This holds in the intellectual world as well as in the spiritual; at school and among hastening throngs. The student who has access to the opportunities given at college and strives not, is more of a prodigal than he who of old ate the husks fed to swine. It is true that without

an effort one may absorb a certain amount of learning where students and teachers meet. Such knowledge is at best but a veneering that lacks the solidity of the substantial oak; a gloss that wears off from contact with the rough world.

So every student here should resolve early to make use of the advantages given him, and attain those things which he was sent here for—knowledge and culture. If each goes at the task set him by those whose long experience has taught them what is best, the example of no drone among us will cool the ardor of the diligent. Don't fritter away your hours of study and growl out your recreation days, and then lay the blame of a possible failure in after-life to your college.

—A fair field and no favor should above all prevail in college athletics. And so it would if athletes loved sport for its own sake; for the good of clear eyes, steady nerves; for the rich blood rushing through their veins and for the thrill begotten by a successful feat. Too often, however, enlargement of the *ego* takes place, and then the athlete is turned into a poser who values neither his college nor his fellows. About the only thing he does value is the power his achievements have of placing him where the calcium light shines strongest. If he wins fairly he should be honored as well as his fellow-student who overcomes in debate or who succeeds in other scholastic contest. And usually he gets his just meed of praise. An athlete should remember that his college wishes him to win, but by fair means, and that it can never countenance a deed which might reflect discredit on it or on his fellows. Universities do not endure because of sports, but on account of the moral and intellectual men they send forth. The athlete on track or field has on him the eyes of hundreds who are infected with his spirit. They breathe when he breathes; their hearts beat with his, and they are affected even as he. And therefore a true sportsman will suppress his selfish and personal feelings for the good his example may have on others. In so doing he develops a higher personality, which is infinitely more valuable than a coat front lined with dangling medals. It is glorious to have, even in a minor degree, the spirit that prompted Sir Philip Sidney to risk his life to give an enemy fair play "for the sake of the little island."

To Those Who Can Write.

The SCHOLASTIC has a few vacancies in its editorial staff and would like to fill them with the best men possible. Those who have any material fit for its columns, whether essays, fiction or verse, should hand in their papers, for by that means can they most clearly prove their ability as writers. It is hoped no capable student will be too modest to withhold his work, since the SCHOLASTIC needs new men to fill the gaps left by the departure of some of last year's clever writers. Its pages represent in a certain measure the intellectual capability of our under-graduates; not of one or half a dozen of them, but of all. It can be neither bright nor dull, but as we make it. So we hope for the honor of old Notre Dame everyone who can write will strive to do work as creditable as that done by our men of past years. Let no one, then, hide his light, but bring forward his contributions, for here is a team worth striving for.

The SCHOLASTIC will thank those who wish to make personal mention of their friends in its pages to see Mr. Wm. J. O'Connor of Sorin Hall, who has kindly taken it upon himself to attend to matters of that kind.

A CALL FOR REPORTERS.—Besides those who are to fill the literary pages of our college paper we need a reporter in each hall who will take note of the local happenings. It takes bright young men to do the work: ones who can draw on their imaginations when the actions of their fellows have been unusually monotonous. They need an eye for the humorous and ridiculous, yet they must not grow hurtfully personal.

The practice given in writing locals is exceedingly beneficial, for it develops in one the very requisite faculty of keeping his eyes open. We hope a goodly number in each hall will try for the position of reporter; not *all* can win it, but the *best* man will.

Hand in your local items by next Thursday as it is well we should get the regular reporters soon. The last pages of the paper will be open always to a student who has a pithy and humorous write-up that is unjust to no one.

All verse contributions should be given to Mr. John Corley who has charge of the "Varsity Verse" column.

Our Football Outlook.

Another year has passed and we come again to the old question of how are we to form an eleven. Last year at this time the pigskin was flying through space, driven by the toes of some of the best players who ever donned the moleskins. This year the outlook is far less promising. Of the men who fought so bravely and so well last season but few will return to the University. Captain John Farley, Lins, Kuppler and O'Malley are the only ones to come back so far, and O'Malley, it is said, will not play. There is a large number of candidates out, and no doubt some of them may develop into good men. The most promising of the present squad are Farragher and O'Connor. Farragher has come with no mean reputation, while O'Connor would convince anyone, after a scrutiny of his physique, that he can fill the big hole left in our line by the absence of McNulty very satisfactorily. Coach O'Dea is not very sanguine about the prospects for an eleven, but he is hopeful of getting together one that will compare favorably with our team of '99 if not with that of 1900.

In the beginning of the season of '99 the prospects were as bad for a first-class team as they are now, but before many weeks had passed the nucleus we started with had increased to such an extent that we defeated the crack Illinois eleven in a remarkably well-played game. This year with the excellent coaches that have been secured, old Notre Dame should be represented on the gridiron by a fairly good eleven. If we can only defeat Purdue and Indiana we shall have little cause for complaint. Michigan and Wisconsin, with whom we shall do battle this year, will as usual take our measure, but we hope to give even them some little trouble.

In forming the eleven, the coaches, Mr. O'Dea and Mr. McWeeney, are going to give every man in college a chance to show what he can do, and if there is anyone standing back for this or for any other reason let him come out, for we assure him that he will be treated courteously.

The news came over the wires that Fat Winters had started from Pittsburg, and not many minutes later he arrived himself. If two or three more of the old men like "Fatty" and Lins would turn up there would be "glee and merry making in the old camp."



FRESHMAN CREW

Exchanges.

We are filled with material of the vacation and we would like to read all of it—but fate and space decree that we must read some of our exchanges in our private sanctum without the pleasure of passing on them.

The commencement number of the *Holy Cross Purple* is a unique production and well may it reflect credit on the board of editors. It may contain no short stories, literary essays or bits of verse, but it is a *resumé* of the entire year's work, and as such is well put together. Its group pictures are clever, and its form enables it to be preserved as a reminder of the pleasant memories with which it is associated.

We are always in sympathy with the struggle that has been going on to give woman her proper place in life—to make her the intellectual companion and co-mate of man, not his carrier of water or his half-civilized slave. When we look at the productions of women in the field of college journalism; when we see the delicacy of their imagination and the brilliancy and power of

their word painting, we can not but admire them, and in our admiration praise them.

The June number of *Wellesley Magazine* is before us—a clever production; not containing one or two long historical essays lacking in buoyancy and ease, as amateurs naturally make them, but full of short, moving, vivacious pictures. Miss Morris, in her "Ballade of Dancing Feet," strikes the key-note of the magazine. Her ballade has a strong, running rhythm.

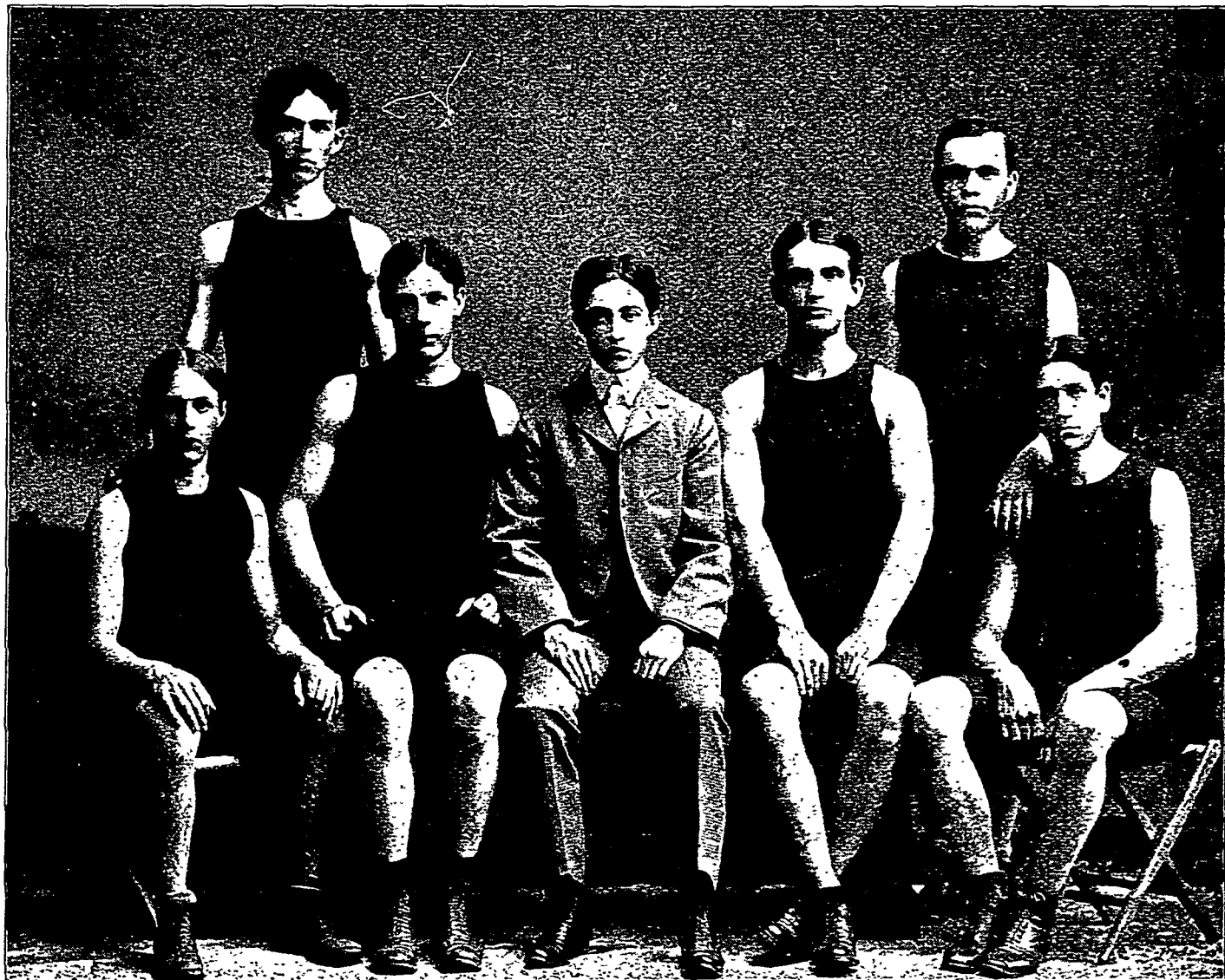
"Yet shall despair hold utter sway
By reason of the moment's pain?"

Lo! o'er thy radiant arch again
Cometh the sound of dancing feet."

It is so seldom that a midsummer number of a college magazine is not a crying hawker of its own goods that we hail with delight any college magazine which has forgotten so obvious a duty.

The July *Xavier* is not filled with its own greatness, but contains some good essays and pieces of verse. "The Japanese Fan" is somewhat obscure, but the lines to the "Black-bird" and the ballade on "Time" strike a true chord.

J. J. S.



SOPHOMORE CREW

Personals.

—Mr. McLaughlin is here from Philadelphia to enter his son in college.

—Rev. Father Burns, an old student from Iowa, stopped off here for a few days.

—Dr. Dinnen of Fort Wayne came to the University last week with his two sons.

—Mr. Charles Clifford of Chicago spent Monday at the college. Mr. Clifford is a student of forty years ago.

—Mrs. George J. Taylor of New York came down with her son James, and will spend a few days at the University.

—Rev. Father Fitte received a visit from two old friends from Ohio, Rev. Victor Arnold and Father Braun. Both of these priests are natives of Alsace-Lorraine, Father Fitte's old home.

—Norwood Gibson, our pitcher of last season, has been doing some excellent work with Kansas City. "Gibbie" is a fine fellow, and he has the good wishes of everyone at Notre Dame.

—Among the visitors to Notre Dame during the hot months was Mr. John Brisben Walker of New York. Mr. Walker is an old student

of Notre Dame and remembers the college, now grown to such large proportions, when it could boast of no such structures as adorn our campus to-day. Since leaving his *Alma Mater* Mr. Walker has attained great literary prominence and is at present the editor of the *Cosmopolitan Magazine*.

—A distinguished visitor to Notre Dame during the last week of vacation was Mr. William Jennings Bryan. Mr. Bryan came out to the University after making a speech in South Bend and spent an hour or more looking over the grounds. He took a great deal of interest in the system of teaching in vogue here, and in a short talk on education that he gave to the students who were present he expressed himself as favorable to just such a system. In the course of Mr. Bryan's remarks he said that if we did not educate our self-esteem more than our minds we must be benefited greatly by the training we receive. A truer saying the great man could not have said, and it contains the tenor of his and many other thinking men's notions of a college education. Mr. Bryan left at night for Chicago where he was to speak Labor Day.

To Brownson Hall Students.

Another college year has begun, and Brownson Hall is resonant with many footsteps. It is no flight of fancy to assume that by the end of next week every desk will have an owner. Many of last year's boys are absent, but a goodly number have returned—some to other halls and the remainder to their former places. To these last mentioned and to the new students of Brownson Hall, the following facts are respectfully submitted.

Last year, the students of Brownson Hall made an enviable record. They competed successfully in the various inter-hall meets, and they were well represented in every department of the college athletics. Brownson Hall students were to be found in the University track team, baseball nine, and football eleven, and in every contest that claimed their services they acquitted themselves nobly and well. A splendid record surely; but this was not all. They were athletes in mind as well as in body. One of them secured a place on the University debating team, and a glance at the catalogue will show that in furnishing successful aspirants for medals and first-class honors, Brownson Hall was by no means last. Not the least noticeable characteristic of last year's students—and one I am sure those who had charge of them will cheerfully testify to—was their respect for authority. They were firm believers in the truism that those who would govern must first learn to obey, and as a consequence discipline and solidarity obtained among them. They realized what it meant to have their efforts wisely directed and this appreciation met with its due reward.

And now, what is the purpose of recurring to all this? It is to place before us the achievements of our predecessors, so that we may profit thereby. To many of them gone out into the great university of the world it matters little that they are remembered here, but to us their record ought to be a continual inspiration. Shall we try as assiduously as they to develop mind and muscle and heart,—to practise the little everyday amenities that help to make life worth living? In short, shall we advance or retrograde; shall we outstrip them, or shall we lag behind? The year is just beginning, and our efforts and conduct during each succeeding day will determine the answer to this question.

P. J. McD.

In Memoriam.

It will grieve many old students to know that Mr. George P. McCarrick (student, '98) passed away at the home of his parents at Norfolk, Virginia, on July 31. Death resulted from typhoid fever after an illness of only ten days. George is remembered at Notre Dame as a boy of very unusual character and attractiveness, winning esteem and affection from both students and professors. The death of so good a son is a heavy cross, and the family of Captain McCarrick has the prayerful sympathy of all at Notre Dame. Old students will best prove their friendship for George by procuring prayers and Masses for the repose of his soul. May he rest in peace!

Locals Items.

—Jack Mullen will have his "at home" Saturday night.

—"Jim" Blaes hasn't arrived yet, but we have several other gems—rare specimens.

—Harry Barry is the possessor of "Shag's" Indian. It will be on exhibition in Room — from now henceforth.

—"It's a favoring wind," said "Cork" last Tuesday when class was dismissed because of the rattling windows.

—Lotty Collins is hard at work on a novel entitled "the Man who Made the Gas." It will blow out in a few days.

—WANTED: By John Beethoven Mullen, Treasurer of the Class '01, an expert accountant, to balance last year's books, salary or commission.

—McGlue has plans for the establishment of a gold brick repository for the accommodation of his rural friends. He expects a roaring trade.

—Tommy's back. Worcester is in tears. He has had his whistle tuned and will entertain his friends with all the latest "rags" and "clogs."

—Anyone knowing the whereabouts of Judge John J. Cooney, late of Woodstock, will please correspond with the Librarian, Law Department.

—There is a decided increase in the hot wave since Miller made his appearance, Weatherman Sneider explains the phenomenon as being the result of hot air.

—One of our young attorneys says no word generic or descriptive of the article. its qualities or ingredients can be used as a trade-mark, yet he contends that the use of the words "Hanhauser Bush" as applied to

the knightly growth on George's upper lip is perfectly legal.

—The Philopatrians intend to organize again under their former manager, Brother Cyprian, and they hope to make their society still more successful than it was the preceding year. This is a society both for mirth and learning; and being the only literary society, it should receive every encouragement.

—The composer of "Rough Riders" is again with us. "Teddy" says the duration in popularity of a piece does not in all cases depend upon its intrinsic merit as a musical composition, but the question of opportuneness has much to do with the matter, and just now war themes are favorably considered.

—The Hon. Joseph J. Sullivan, a coming *actor causarum*, collected all of his political ilk that he could find around the University, and then held a mass meeting in his room. His rival for the governership of Timber Mount, H. P. Barry, while peering through the keyhole, reckoned by actual and accurate count six men, two of them voters.

—Meyer is studying philosophy. We warn our friends not to cross his path lest he let loose the thunderbolts of his marvellous erudition. The all and all of it is that Fred has learned a number of new terms which he intends to spring on somebody as soon as he gets a chance. In our next issue will be contained an account of the resulting catastrophe.

—There are more new students in Carroll Hall this year than ever before. When all the old Carrollites have returned, the hall will be swelled to its utmost capacity. For this reason, athletics in this hall should be very successful; since there is so much material there, the different managers should have no trouble in picking men for their respective teams.

—The Preps, that most successful athletic association of last year, intend to organize again under the management of Mr. Clark. Although several of the old men will not be in the organization this year, their positions can easily be filled with new material. The football team had their first practice last Sunday, when they succeeded in defeating a scrub team, picked for the purpose by Carroll Hall's most promising young athlete, Gauldy. The team has the promise of several games from neighboring towns, and if they continue to practise with renewed energy, they will surely make a better showing than last year's team.

—Candidates for the St. Joseph Varsity are rapidly rounding into form, and from the present material, St. Joseph expects a better team than the one of last year. Head Coach Corley has been watching the men closely, and feels satisfied with his material. "Phil" Draper is following closely the example of

former full-back Kachur of boosting the pig-skin far over the tree-tops. Kachur's absence up to this year has been sorely felt by the football following, but Draper gives promise of being Kachur's worthy successor. Graduate-Manager Carlton has been very busy arranging the schedule which will be the largest of the last few years. His work has been very satisfactory to the under-graduates. The manager will assist Mr. Corley in coaching.

—"That's a queer trade, Joe," said Corc, as they sat on the campus on a recent warm night. "I mean that trade of political speech making. Is there any money in it I wonder?"

"Well, Corc," replied Joe, there is and there isn't. They find a great deal of their subject-matter in books with the backs torn off in second-hand book-stores. They speak as the cat-bird sings; they can't help themselves. Politicians, the real article, get no pay. They must get rid of the great ideas in their heads or they'd burst like a steam boiler. I'm sorry to say there are no real great political orators alive to-day."

"Yes, Joe," said Corc, "but they are like Murphy, when he dropped the hod of brick half-way up the ladder,—they have left half their work behind them.

—The reorganization of the Literary and Debating Society of St. Joseph's Hall took place Wednesday evening in the debating room. In accordance with society procedure, the election of officers, after Nicholas Furlong had been chosen temporary chairman, was held, and the successful candidates for office were: Wm. J. Cameron, President; Thomas R. Toner, Vice-President; Robert Lynch, Secretary; George W. O'Connor, Moderator; James J. O'Neill, Treasurer; Thomas O'Reilly Burke, Sergeant-at-Arms. A few clever speeches on the functions of the society and in laudation of the efforts put forth by last year's officers were made. The members in appreciation of the cleverness of the speakers frequently rent the air with prolonged rounds of applause. The meeting, after Mr. Cameron's closing remarks, adjourned till the regular meeting night, Wednesday. The installation of officers will take place at the next regular meeting.

—Weather Report: Again the weather man mounts the steps to his "lookout" shop and sees the following "streak" of weather coming on for the next few days:

SUNDAY: Real old-fashioned sunshine with a few bargains in rain that were left over from the spring "sacrifices."

MONDAY: Nature will clean house, and put new sheets of water on the bed of the St. Joseph River.

TUESDAY: Almost hot enough to take a warm interest in it.

WEDNESDAY: Wheat corners, oil corners,

almost any corner you want but a cool corner.

THURSDAY: An excellent opportunity to go West and blow away with the country.

FRIDAY: Cool breezes will be wafted around with penurious frugality.

SATURDAY: While Si builds on the harvest moon, his daughter plans her honey-moon.

All of these prognostications may be relied on except those which are untrue.

—If Notre Dame is unsuccessful on the gridiron this fall, it will not be due to a lack of mascots, and if there is anything in variety of mascots Notre Dame will be successful.

When Dad Moulton arrived a few days ago his train was a menagerie, made up of two trick dogs and a canary bird—one of the dogs, a hairless Mexican, Dad intends to use as a hoodoo for opposing teams in conjunction with a black and white billy goat Manager Eggeman received from Fort Wayne. The goat is of the Stockyard's variety with a record of having eaten two shirts and a pair of shoes in one morning. He has already shown a bellicose disposition—but under the care of Moulton, who intends to train him, he may be taught to save his combativeness for the opposing team. Not to be outdone by the trainer or the Manager, Pat O'Dea intends to send to Colorado to a friend of his who has pet kangaroos. With this aggregation of animals, the kangaroo hurdling hedge fences, the goat bucking the line and the dogs doing tricks on the side-lines, Notre Dame should present a terrifying appearance to any antagonist. A Chicago reporter interviewed McWeeney to find out what he would add to the collection. "Mac" shook his head and remarked in his unique way: "I will thank my stars if I escape with my scalp."

—One might not think it necessary to have his hair cut microscopically short to receive three or four political friends, but Sullivan was convinced that he ought to do something rash in preparation for an event of such moment. When Joe's visitors arrived, they were unable to recognize him in disguise and only made sure of his identity when he seized a broom-handle and vaulted over his wardrobe. They were accustomed to seeing his classic brow covered with a wealth of flowing locks that Buffalo Bill might well be proud of. Who can tell their amazement when they beheld his once fertile pate now almost as barren of an epidemic outgrowth as 'Doc' Moulton's pet dog. One of Joe's guests asked whether the hair cut was intentional or accidental, and if intentional whether the barber was sober or not. Joe could not help looking guilty, though his mind was deeply absorbed in thoughts concerning the scandalous wrongs under which his country was suffering, and said: "Boys, I might as well tell you the truth now because the cat will out of the bag sooner

or later. When I left my happy home I informed my numberless friends of my intention to stump Sorin Hall for Teddy this fall, and so many of them begged a lock for memory on my departure that I resolved to sever my connection with them and my glorious bangs forever."

A LETTER FROM CHINA.

(Special cable from our Chinese correspondant).

DEAR EDITOR:—Whin th' litherary exponent iv me fond *Alma Mater* called on me f'r th' latest an' most ixplicit news frum th' sate iv war, I felt it waz me bounden jooty to ansser th' summons.

To be frank, I must say that th' war iz all over (all over Chinay I mane) an' onliss ye sind Cousin George over wid more throops an' liss policy th' ind iv th' war'll keep gittin' nearer away or farther together, I mane.

But az f'r th' condishun iv affairs, not wan iv the powers but iz holdin' a continuous Vaudeyville with civilizashun f'r advertizin' thim an' thimselves in th' box-offis. The Roosian Bear iz huggin' himsilf with joy over his good fortshun, an' whin he gits through he may be wantin' to buy all iv Manchooria. An' this iz only rite, f'r if we defind Chinay we deserve th' whole place f'r th' throuble.

The Frinch an' Garmans held a scalp-dance in th' "forbidden city" last wake, an' wound up th' ceremony with fir-re-crackers, fir-re-wather an' much pomp.

The Austrians have dun mighty little in th' campane excipt to till phwat they cud do, an' wud do whin th' schrambled-egg-partishun iz maid iv th' Caylestial Impir-re.

By th' way, who'd I meet just befure but Pat McGrath an' him a-croonin' "O'Donnell Aboo" cumin' back frum th' twinty-forth attack on Flinn Flam's ram-parts which manes th' 4ofications iv th' place. "Arrah, Billy," sez he, "if we had wan rigimint iv shillelahs we'd go through thim 'Boxers' an' take th' plaguey town an' thin 'take tay' in thayr 'joss-house.'" Poor Pat, he alwayz had a sthrong mind.

The Japan byes luks foine in thayr new sutes, an' we intind to do all we can f'r thim joorin' thayr sthay in our middle. They is a roomer currant that th' "Boxers" 'll shune be put down be mane force an' sint to Coney Iland.

Ye'er afther axin' phwat th' "Boxers" luks loike. Shure they luks loike "Boxers," an' ar-re only remarkable f'r thayr lavender complexshun, an' th' pig-tale arrangemint iv th' hare, an' th' pecooliur adjustmint iv th' i's.

Now me presents iz desoired be th' liftinant iv th' Lootin' Roifles a, la-ad that I wuz koind to whin he run f'r alderman wanst, butt I shall rite more hereafter, an' till yez about Ingrand an' th' Unoitied Sthates.

Ye'ers with much 4thought,
Faraway Brophy.