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JOSEPH J. SULLIVAN, 1901.

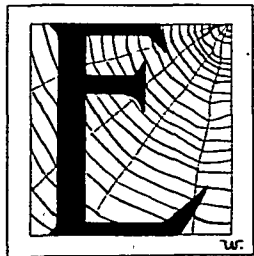
YOU came from out the gloom of night,
To weave your sad life here below,
To toil and ever tire;
But yet your eyes with love would light,
Your soul with friendship's blaze would glow,
You were a thing of fire.

Alas! when sick and weary, sore,
You struggled on from day to day,
When hope afar had flown;
No friendly hand knocked at your door,
No roses strewed your darkened way,
You fell, alone, forlorn.

And like that bird from out the West,
You sang, and soon were lost in mist—
We stop and wonder why;
Your soul had filled its aimless quest,
And left to seek another tryst,—
A bit of dust you lie.

The Character of Robert Emmet.*

HARRY P. BARRY, 1901.



VERY man by the light given him can apprehend such absolute virtues as love, honor, bravery, generosity, patriotism, and is led to reason that they come from a source which possesses these qualities in an infinite degree. To ordinary men these virtues are vague and move them not. And yet, that common folk may be moved, these abstractions seem at times to be embodied in the concrete forms. For it so appears that God sends on the earth lofty characters, who by

their example instruct and impel men of less noble mould to seek at all hazard for that which the eye can not see, but which the soul knows exists.

These I call men of faith; who, seeing not, yet feel and believe in an ultimate Truth and Justice. They know God is and that man hopes, and they know that thing which hopes and struggles with all things material is not matter. There is in such men that which is like unto the God they trust in. For is it not Godlike in a mortal to aid his fellows? He who puts behind him the easy and pleasing things of earth: the palatable feast, the cool shade, the enticing dance, the seductive sleep, the pleasant book and pleasurable company, to toil in the heat and glare of the day, to work in the night when others rest, often to live unnoticed, often to be scorned as a dreamer,—he who does these things to improve the state of his fellow-mortals has in him more of the God than the man. Does not such a being see in the amplitude of his imagination that the clods will have long fallen on his coffin and the worms have eaten his mighty heart before men of common aspirations will understand a life like his.

There is little more sorrowful than to read the lives of men who would have done something for their fellows. We therefore rightfully honor some noble souls for that which they have accomplished, and some we cherish reverently for that which they have suffered. Among these lofty characters is the name of one who will be held ever in the hearts of men with compassion and elevated feeling. For the story of Robert Emmet is the saddest in the sad history of his country.

At the age of twenty we behold him fit intellectually to take his place among the highest. Two years before this time his fervid oratory in the debates at Trinity College, where he was a student, so attracted the attention of the Fellows that they had a jurist

* Written for the Oratorical Contest.

of high repute attend the meetings to neutralize Emmet's impressions. But despite this, Emmet so moved his companions to the injustice done their country, that over seventy of them were expelled as probable participants and leaders in the Irish insurrection of 1798.

Think of it! At eighteen, when most young men are beginning their collegiate courses, the mind of Emmet was so well developed that an eminent orator was unable to cope with him in debate! He was then a scholar, learned in the history, philosophy and sciences of the day; a clever linguist, skilled in politics,—a man. Above all, he possessed a warm and sympathetic nature, and to this may be ascribed his short and tragic career. He could not rest; he had no peace night nor day, in his country or out of it, because of the misery of his fellow countrymen and the degradation of his land.

The rebellion of 1798, which aimed to gain religious equality and equal opportunity for all Irishmen was a failure. The years immediately following it were the darkest Ireland ever saw. The pages on which such a history is written must drip with blood. The loyal yeoman made the suppression of rebellion a cloak for the foulest crimes. Those were days when religious bigotry ran high; when men of one creed tortured their neighbors of another, and made loyalty a pretext to revenge private and individual wrongs. The fields were ensanguined with blood; the moss on the hillsides soaked with it; the leaves of the trees could have dripped blood, so much of it did the roots drink in; even the dust of the roads was laid with blood. For any cart travelling the highway might be summarily turned into a gallows and the peasant owner hanged between the shafts. His constant wife might be dishonored before his very eyes, or his chaste daughter defiled, or his son, too young to be guilty of any treason, impaled on the bayonets of his loyal countrymen.

Men starved when their crops were burned and when their brave boys found patriots' graves; homeless and shivering women afar off watched their flaming cottages blaze out into the murky night. These were bitter days, and soon little was left to kill or burn. Ruin stalked his haggard round, sweeping from the land all but tyrants and slaves.

When Emmet beheld these horrors his tender soul revolted. And yet, remember, he was of the privileged class. His mother and

his sister were safe from contamination by these ghouls. But so clearly do men of his spiritual sight behold Truth and Justice that an injury to anyone is a wrong to them. His innate and acquired talents, his social surroundings and associations, put him out of sight of the proud rebel hanging on the gibbet. But in the still night when men slept, Emmet heard and saw and could not rest. They were his fellow mortals, these rough men who, day after day, showed the spirits of heroes and of martyrs. He could stem the rising tide of love no longer. He was now to give all—education, talents, social opportunities, fortune, aye, even life itself—to win for those his brothers and countrymen liberty of conscience!

In his cooler moments he saw but little hope of success; but, after all, was it not better that men should fall, that they should die outright, than live as utter slaves? Was it not better he should see his land a desert, so bare that in all of it no spring appears among the sand nor green tree grows for shade, rather than behold brave men cowed into serfdom? He will look nor think no longer; he must act. Thou God! that hast ever moved the hearts of men toward freedom, prosper his plans!

War has broken out afresh between France and England. Emmet goes to Paris. He learns that Napoleon intends to invade England. He intercedes, contracts, gives reasons why an invasion at the same time would be of advantage to France. He is approached at Paris by a countryman of his who tells him that Ireland is about to rebel. Emmet interviews Napoleon who promises to invade England and at the same time give aid to the Irish allies. The patriot is jubilant; his blood runs lightning. The nightmare of torture, robbery, and rapine, is at an end.

At Havre he gazes over the sea, and beholds a mirage of a new Ireland, peaceful, united and free; all creeds side by side, heart to heart, working for the national prosperity and national independence. At night Emmet secretly lands on the coast of Leinster. He bends under the soft moon and dumb stars, and kisses the soil of his native land. Alas, brave Emmet, you have stepped upon your grave! He looks up at the dark Wexford hills, and his eyes fill when he thinks of the gallant men that fought and died there in vain. But not in vain, he thinks, for they are with their God who loves freemen.

Soon Emmet is in Dublin, organizing the rank and file, superintending the making of

weapons, expending his money to purchase armories,—daily risking arrest. At night he sleeps on a straw pad, cast upon a smithy floor, soothed to rest by the music of the hammer that forges pikes which by and by will strike for freedom. Now we find him in the Wicklow hills where half slaves, heated by the blaze that rages in their bosom, pant to draw in free air or lie under the heather of their mountain homes. Emmet walks all day spreading the fever that consumes him; he eats but little, for there is but little to eat; at night his resting-place is an old abbey, or a ruined home, or perchance a dry ditch. Freedom, it has been well said that you were cradled in the heights, when he who has ever felt but the soft touch of luxury can bear so much for you! Truly in the heights where the eagle soars!

Emmet is now but twenty-three, yet the campaign planned by him is not the work of a youthful mind. Able men, and his enemies, who afterward examined his papers, affirm that could the young martyr have bided his time he could not know defeat. But that was not to be. At one of the armories where great quantities of powder were stored, an explosion took place, and this in the heart of Dublin. This accident happened in March, 1803, and the French invasion was to take place some weeks later. But Emmet, fearful lest the government authorities should make a search because of the explosion, precipitated the attack on Dublin castle. The result was fatal,—but to Emmet alone.

He found too late he was betrayed. His noble nature was above attributing ulterior motives to any man. Yet when he saw all was lost and the chasm of eternity yawning before him, what did he do? Drag in the unsuspecting and brave with him? No! And here is the reason artlessly put, but how unselfish and noble! "I wished to give the rising the respectability of insurrection, yet I did not wish to shed blood uselessly." He preferred to go down to the lampless land under the contumely of "Emmet the noble leader," than "shed blood uselessly" and be called, "Emmet the rebel general."

After this all was dark for him. He might have escaped, but is captured while taking leave of his love, a noble girl whose heart broke because of his sad end. "With her were the dreams of his earliest love;" for her was every pulse-beat of his not given for his country. If his thoughts had ever been of himself, he could have lived. But from all the

actions of Emmet we know it appears as if his spirit was not encased in flesh at all.

The trial of Robert Emmet will be forever memorable with those who love liberty, irrespective of creed or clime. It is no blasphemy to liken him to Paul before the Romans. Both stood before the tribunal because they said men should be free. One was let live to show men how to be free, the other was put to death, and thereby showed men how to be free; for the brave man is ever with his God who loves the free. Since Israel first petitioned for a king, no fouler deed was ever committed to uphold kingly right than the judicial murder of Robert Emmet.

Let us behold the youthful martyr before his accusers and his judges. He looks on a sea of faces upturned to him in pity and in sympathy, but their owners dare not show the love they bear him. Then comes his burst of eloquence that is ever ringing down the halls of time. His slight form expands and his face glows, when he tells why he is a rebel. "Because," he says slowly and intensely, "I should feel conscious that life, even more than death, would be unprofitable when a foreign nation holds my country in subjection." He tells them that the man dies, but his memory lives, and his will ever live to inspire the children of freedom to untiring and unselfish action, to give their blood and their best days to making smooth the ways for those that are to follow.

He asks his accusers, aye, asks them even while the judge tries to silence him: "Had it been the soul of my action, could I not by my education and fortune, by the rank and consideration of my family, have placed myself among the proudest of my country's oppressors?" And then he pays a beautiful tribute to the memory of his father, whose early care it was to instil into his youthful mind the principles of right and liberty. He thinks of all,—his country, his suffering countrymen, the memories of his father, the hope that his land will yet be a nation. He remembers everything but himself. Next day the executioner held up the bleeding head of Robert Emmet and exclaimed: "Behold the head of a traitor!"

Was it for this that Emmet grew mature before his time; that he placed behind him all the pleasures of a wealthy life; that he abstained from the feast and absented himself from the dance to delve into the history of the Philosophy of Man? Was it for this that

he, when the world slept, wrestled with problems of science and physics as Jacob wrestled with his God, seeking means whereby he might give to others that liberty that he himself enjoyed,—knowledge of the art of war, the only means left!

Whether we judge Emmet by his inherent qualities, or the effect of his virtues on others, we find him great. The truth he saw in his eighteenth year he never lost sight of. From that period to the close of his tragic career he suffered for it; either humbling himself in France to mere temporizers, craving their aid; or in Ireland laboring for the success of his object; sleeping on the floor of the smithy or lying cold and hungry in the Wicklow ditches. He suffered much because he loved much.

It is sad reading the lives of those martyrs whose days have been as a prayer and struggle for their fellows. And to us it all seems so useless. Yet if we remember we share in that freedom which should be the lot of all because noble souls like Emmet were tortured for us and great hearts like his broke. But they were successful while he failed. Yet did he fail?

"The man dies but his memory lives." He who said that has been long in the unknown grave, and the grasses and trees have drawn in his material substance into themselves, but his spirit wanders far from the shores of that beautiful land he so highly prized; and, when it communes with you and me, lifts us out of our common nature into realms where only the angels and bodiless may dwell.

For this is the power of truth: that he who perishes for it can not die. For truth and liberty are eternal; and he who puts in motion these mighty forces will live in the heart of mankind. In the folk-lore of a people will his praises ring; in the camp and in the cot will his memory be green. Norbury, who sentenced him to death, told the youthful patriot he was bringing disgrace on a noble family. To-day Norbury is execrated and Emmet is honored. So he whose blood a hundred years ago sprinkled the streets of Dublin, is to-day inspiring his countrymen with great and sweeping thoughts which will at last conduct his land to freedom. For this reason alone the memory of Emmet will be treasured up and exist to a life beyond life. The cowed slave will feel his blood grow warm and his heart bound faster by the magic of the memory of him whose request was,—

To breathe not his name, let it rest in the shade,
When cold and unhonored his ashes are laid.

Varsity Verse.

LIFE.

I SEE against yon garden's eastern wall,
An azure morning-glory tinged with red,
Which with the night's refreshing dew was fed;
And now the heat its gaudiness doth pall,
Then quickly shrink its dainty leaves withal;
But when the parching sun to rest hath sped
The saddened cup doth raise its drooping head
And smile again till nature's debt doth call.

O life! a glory on the wall of time,
How bright and fresh thou art in early morn,
And yet, how mutable thou always art;
For as the narrow path we slowly climb,
Both joys and griefs alternately are born
Till God decrees that we must needs depart.

B. B.

IN SHADY DELLS.

Once more the locust fills the air
With blooms and perfumes sweet,
And whither I may wander, there
A world of joy I meet.
The fields, the wood, the gentle brook,
The azure skies that downward look,
All seem to whisper o'er and o'er
The joy of Spring is here once more!

Once more I seek the shady-bowers,
Where May-day fairies dwell,
And through the bright forgetful hours
I feel their magic spell.
All care is lost while here I stroll,
While woodland music fills my soul;
For nature's singing o'er and o'er,
The joy of Spring is here once more!

J. L. C.

TO A CHILD.

Among the shrubs and flowers she stood,
Devoid of cap, of hat or hood,
A smile upon her face;
The sun its rays would swiftly fling,
Upon her head its shadowing
Across her brow would trace.

And there she stood all free from guile.
We love to think of her sweet smile,
For it was free from strife;
And like a sweet mid-summer dream,
Or like the sun's first dazzling beam,
She came into our life.

Where the Susquehanna onward flows,
She grew a lonely, lovely rose
From childhood on through youth,—
More beautiful from day to day,
For though like us of mortal clay,
A being full of truth.

When the spirit of the night is come,
Where'er you are, we swiftly run
Beside that flowing stream;
Upon a rustic bench we rest,
No more is ours an aimless quest,
We sit and sweetly dream.

J. . S.

Shelley as a Romancer.

EDWARD T. LONG, 1900.

(CONCLUSION.)

The action of the romance opens with Verezzi on his way to Naples to visit Julia. He stops on his journey at an inn in Munich where Zastrozzi gives him a drugged drink that immediately throws him into a deep sleep. Two of Zastrozzi's creatures seize the unfortunate man, and hurry away by swift horses and deposit their victim in a hideous cavern in a gloomy forest. In the "Revolt of Islam" Laon is separated from Cyntha as Verezzi is from Julia at the moment when conjugal bliss was about to be a reality. Verezzi awakens from his stupor to find himself face to face with his foe who orders him to follow at once. They come to the iron gate of a dungeon in the rock where the miserable man is bound to the wall. So in the "Revolt of Islam,"

With chains which ate into the flesh, alas!

With brazen links, my naked limbs they bound.

Verezzi's only support is his reflections, and they are most troublesome consolers. He implores death from his tormentor, but silence is the only answer. "Days and nights seemingly countless pass in the same monotonous uniformity of horror and despair. Days and nights were undistinguishable from each other, and were lengthened by his perturbed imagination into so many years." Shelley uses the same scene and almost the same words in the cavern scenes of the "Revolt of Islam" and "Prometheus Unbound." Verezzi deceives his keepers and flees across the heath madly pursued by Zastrozzi. After having been miraculously saved from his persecutor by a gigantic pine tree, Verezzi reaches Passau, where he falls asleep on the steps of the church. He is awakened in the morning by an old flower woman who, having buried her only son a few days before, takes pity on the forlorn youth and adopts him. Here ends the first part of the story, the bright and innocent part.

After describing Zastrozzi in mad pursuit of his victim and the fugitives, Shelley presents him worn out with hunger and thirst and fatigue, but still parched with an insatiable desire for vengeance. Then follows a description of a forest with a taint of that charm which is so characteristic of his mature work: "The sun began to decline; at last it sank

beneath the western mountain, and the forest tops were tinged by its departing ray of red. The shades of night rapidly thickened; the sky was serene; the tops of the lofty forest trees swayed mournfully in the evening wind, and the moonbeams penetrating at intervals, threw dubious shadows upon the dark under-wood beneath."

In pursuing Verezzi, Zastrozzi suddenly finds himself before a beautiful gothic palace apparently deserted. He enters, climbs the staircase and reaches a long corridor where a woman in white leans on a lamp-lighted balustrade. He recognizes her as Matilda, Contessa di Laurentini. Thus Shelley joins these two types of relentless passion and revenge to bring about the destruction of Verezzi. Both are joined in their intentions: she wishes to rid herself of Julia; he desires to do away with Verezzi. They converse freely about literature, philosophy, religion and the immortality of the soul.

Many passages could be given to show the power of Shelley's characterization. Take the bit of character painting where Matilda yields to Zastrozzi's reasoning and in which her animal love predominates. He wishes her to overcome Verezzi by her love, and she wants him to do away with her rival at any cost; and she is willing to do anything to accomplish her end. She is willing to damn herself to get Verezzi: "I shudder," exclaimed Matilda, "at the sea of wickedness on which I am about to embark! But for Verezzi—oh! for him I would even give up my chances of eternal happiness. In the sweet idea of calling him forever mine no scrupulous delicacy, no mistaken fear shall prevent me from deserving him. No, I am resolved," continued Matilda, as, recollecting his graceful form, her soul was assailed by tenfold love. This is but a shadow of that love which Shelley himself would practise with the woman he loved and deceived.

How now shall Shelley get the forces to act? The question is easily mastered. Matilda is represented as the accomplice of Zastrozzi in the fulfilment of his murderous plan. Zastrozzi could have found nothing better; the unnatural love of the woman will accomplish his vengeance too well. He departs from Italy, while Matilda seeks for Verezzi. She is rescued by Verezzi just as she was about to throw herself from the bridge into the Danube. After a brief swoon she recognizes Verezzi, and they depart to the mysterious Gothic palace. Verezzi's coldness and indifference and

his unchanging fidelity to Julia only intensify the Contessa's passion. Zastrozzi appears again and reports the death of Julia. This throws Verezzi into a delirium that endangers his life. In the meantime Zastrozzi and Matilda converse freely for the purpose of eradicating all religious feeling from her mind. She unreservedly accepts his theories. She doubts but one—the materiality of the soul.

The passage that follows caused critics, divines and all right-minded men to be horrified. It set the literary world, the religious and moral world, on edge. All were startled at its hidden atheism and its immorality. In it are the germs of the Oxford Atheism, the theories of "Queen Mab," and the doctrines of "Hellas;"—and Shelley was only seventeen! "Answer me, do you believe that the soul decays with the body, or if you do not, when this perishable form mingles with its parent, where goes the soul that now actuates its movements? Perhaps it wastes its fervent energies in tasteless apathy or lingering torments. Matilda, think not so," returned Zastrozzi; "rather think that by its own innate and energetic exertions this soul must endure forever, that no fortuitous occurrence, no incidental events, can affect its happiness; but by doing boldly, by striving to verge from the beaten path, whilst yet trammelled in the chains of mortality, it will gain superior advantage in a future state."

"But religion! I—oh, Zastrozzi!"

"I thought thy soul was daring; I thought thy mind was towering; and did I then err? Oh! yield not, Matilda, to false and foolish prejudices."

Verezzi remains a prey to despair and is near to death. A change of climate is necessary. Matilda takes Zastrozzi's victim to Venetia, where one of her castles is situated among beautiful and romantic scenery which the poet loves to describe. Verezzi remains a victim to his malady and is still cold and indifferent to her. She must satisfy her passion; she must banish her rival's image forever from his mind if she wishes to enchant him. The hero of the romance comes to her aid. They make a feigned attack on Verezzi in the forest. The Contessa falls before him and receives a ghastly wound from Zastrozzi's dagger on her arm. Seeing her suffer so much Verezzi can not withhold his love, and while yet in the forest promises eternal fidelity. "Love like this wants not the vain ties of human laws"—a doctrine that Shelley taught

and practised too well. It is the first appearance of the doctrine of free love and immoral and illegal restraint that occurs so frequently in his writings and in his short life.

The crisis of the romance happens at Venice. In an evening fête on the canal Verezzi recognizes in a gondola his long-forgotten Julia. He immediately becomes sad and despondent. On their return to the solitary house in which he and Matilda are dwelling for the present celebrations, she succeeds in dispelling his despair and sadness at the sight of Julia, whom he thought dead.

"Are you then mine, mine forever," she repeatedly exclaims.

"Oh! I am thine—thine to eternity," returns Verezzi; as he raises to his lips the cup which Matilda has filled for him; but on a sudden the goblet falls from his hand; he seizes his dagger. Julia stands before him. She tries in vain to wrest it from his grasp; he plunges it into his heart and dies. Matilda, who until this moment has been calm, throws herself on Verezzi's breast and draws out the blood-stained poniard. Seizing Julia by the hair, as she lies fainting on the ground near the corpse, she stabs her rival until the dagger will no longer stab. Julia's head reclines on Verezzi and wears in death a smile of love.

At this moment Matilda's religious fears assail her and prevent her from committing suicide. So in the "Cenci" Beatrice is prevented from committing suicide by her fear of the hereafter. Zastrozzi is unflinching in his atheism, and at death, which is imposed on him by the Inquisition, Matilda implores him to repent, but he proudly confesses again his doctrines, and dies with the happiness of having kept his word and oath, and before the judges openly proclaims the negation of a deity:

"I intend," he says, "to meet death, to encounter annihilation with tranquillity. Am I not convinced of the non-existence of a divinity? Am I not convinced that death will render the soul more unfettered? Why then should I shudder at death? Why need I then, or anyone else whose mind has risen above the shackles of prejudice, the errors of a false and injurious superstition?" And with the death of the infidel the romance closes.

"St. Irvyne," or the "Rosicurian," appeared when Shelley was a few months at Oxford. It is as wild as "Zastrozzi," but the hero of this story is the portrait of Shelley himself. Wolfstein, the moving character, is a young poet

of a noble German family, who is under the power of Ginotti, the Rosicurian magician. The plot is built up much like "Zastrozzi," but the characterization is better. There is no idea of unity, and the characters come and go according to the caprice of the author. All the theories expressed in "Zastrozzi" reappear in "St. Irvyne."

Wolfstein, like Verezzi, loves a noble woman whom he has saved from cruel hands. He asks her to become his wife without the approval of civil or religious right—another avowal of the doctrine of free love. "Yes," exclaimed Megalena, "yes, prejudice avaunt! Be mine then, and let affection end but with our existence."

"Never, never shall it end," enthusiastically exclaimed Wolfstein, "never! What can break the bond formed by congeniality of sentiment, cemented by a union of soul that must endure until the intellectual particles become annihilated!"

There is double action as in "Zastrozzi." The Rosicurian, Ginotti, is presented attempting to uproot the religious education and training of a convent-bred girl, Eloise de St. Irvyne. Ginotti's theories of love are the same as those of Wolfstein only better expressed. "Why are we taught to believe that the union of two persons who love each other is wicked, unless authorized by certain rites and ceremonials that certainly can not change the tenor of the sentiment which it is destined that these two people should entertain for each other?"

"God has so willed," replies Eloise. The poor creature is at last subdued by Ginotti's arguments. She accepts him and his theory of free love. He afterwards shamefully abandons her and leaves her in shame and disgrace.

There is nothing remarkable in this romance. It has all the theories of "Zastrozzi" more fully developed. In Zastrozzi we have the poet in embryo; we have hidden the Oxford Atheism, the doctrines of "Queen Mab," "Hellas," and the "Revolt of Islam," the last mentioned poem being a polished and versified Zastrozzi. In "St. Irvyne" we have Shelley himself. Like Wolfstein, he is going to expound his doctrine of free love to a beautiful woman, save her from a father's cruel hands, marry her and then shamefully abandon her. Like Wolfstein he will seek for the ideal woman and proclaim that the restraint religion and law put on carnal and sensual love is unnatural and must be overcome by reason. "From

reading romances I have gone to writing novels," said Shelley in one of his letters, and he should have added, my life is going to be an acting one.

In "St. Irvyne," the poet already appears. Half of the work is in verse, and all the prose is poetical. Many passages could be quoted to show the quality of poetic prose, particularly the one in which Ginotti relates the history of his life to Wolfstein. Shelley must leave the field of romance and prose. His emotions must have a wider, richer and better plain. Shelley must express himself in the language of emotion, and hence he leaves the writing of novels to set sail upon the sea of emotional and lyrical poetry.

When Shelley was doing his best work in poetry, he confessed that he had the greatest liking for romance. Indeed, he often had recourse to his two romances and other early works; and how he believed and trusted in them, how he derived his inspiration from them, is evident from that lyric of his, "Hymn to Intellectual Beauty."

While yet a boy, I sought for ghosts, and sped
Through many a listening chamber, cave, and mine,
And starlight wood, with fearful step pursuing
Hopes of high talk with the departed dead.
I called on poisonous names with which our youth is
fed.

I was not heard, I saw them not;
When musing deeply on the lot
Of life, at that sweet time when winds are wooing
All vital things that wake to bring
News of birds and blossoming,
Sudden thy shadow fell on me.
I shrieked and clasped my hands in ecstasy.
I vowed that I would dedicate my powers
To thee and thine; have I not kept the vow?
With beating heart and streaming eyes, even now
I call the phantoms of a thousand years
Each from his voiceless grave.

Shelley remained a dreamer throughout his life, and all his poems have an echo of the romanticism and weirdness which is so evident in "Zastrozzi" and "St. Irvyne."

Sirenum Cantus.

Odyssey xii, 184-191.

"Huc age, dux Danaum celeberrime, fortis Ulixes,
Siste ratem nostris ut praestes vocibus aures.
Nullus praeteriit navi mortalis in atra
Carmina qui nostro non percepisset ab ore,
Laetus quin et adhuc edoctus multa revertit.
Omnia scimus enim Troiae quae in moenibus altis
Argivi Teucrique tulerunt numine divum,
Novimus et quaevis in terris undique fiunt."

GALLITZIN FARABAUGH.

A Romance of the "Wheel."

WILLIAM H. TIERNEY, 1901.

The day after commencement, the hero of this little story drew up before his father's home in Louisville and hurried up stairs to meet his dear old mother, who stood in the doorway, waiting for her boy Tom. She greeted him with all a mother's affection, and then bid him tell her his experiences of the past year in college. Tom sat down on a low stool and was deep in the story of his varied experiences: of his victories on the gridiron, his record in track meets, his success in his studies and triumphs in oratory when his father came in to welcome back the boy who had brought honor to his name.

This is the usual story of the graduate, but Tom was too active to stop work just because his college days were over, so he decided to take a week's trip through eastern Kentucky and then settle down to the practice of law in the firm of Markham and Ellicott, the lawyers who looked after the business of the Louisville Street Railway Company.

He called on them before leaving, and they said they would have his place ready for him on his return. Tom took his "wheel," for he wanted to ride around leisurely and enjoy the scenery, and was about to start from Louisville when Mr. Ellicott met him and said:

"Did you say you were going to ride down towards Bronton, Tom?"

"Yes, sir, I intended to visit that place," replied Tom.

"Well, if you don't mind beginning to try your hand at diplomacy, I have a plan that I wish to carry out and you might help me if you would."

"Certainly, Mr. Ellicott. What shall I do?"

"The story is this: the company have been trying to get a large meadow near their Bronton station and want to lay out golf-links there, but a crazy old humbug, named Taylor, won't sell it. It would be a fine thing for the company and we'd like to get it. Now when you're down that way look up the matter a little, will you?"

"I'll do all I can, Mr. Ellicott; but why does he refuse to sell?"

"The only reason he gives is that he won't have golf played in the county where he lives."

"Peculiar sort of a chap. Well, I'll hunt him

up and see what I can do for you. Good-bye!"

"Good-bye, Tom, and good luck!"

Two days later Tom lay under the shade of a tree near the roadside resting and smoking. Suddenly he heard the noise of a galloping horse, and knocking the ashes from his pipe he calmly looked down the road to see what was coming. Around a bend in the road he saw a light buggy bouncing along behind a runaway, and in the buggy a young lady who seemed unable to check the horse, though she did her best and did not seem a bit afraid.

"She must be a Kentuckian," said Tom, "but she doesn't seem able to hold that fellow; let me have a shy at it."

He mounted his wheel and started in the direction the horse was going, and as the horse neared him he increased his pace till just as the buggy passed he swung in behind, urged his front wheel under the rear of the buggy, seized the back of the buggy and drew himself in, leaving the wheel in the road. He leaned over the seat, took the reins and by his powerful strength and knowledge of horses quickly brought the frightened animal to a standstill.

"Thank you," was his reward; but the sweet tones of that simple expression of gratitude made Tom feel he would like to chase runaways forever.

"Shall I have the honor to drive you home?" he asked.

"If you please, sir, I am afraid Beauty may not be wholly calmed down yet. I live near Bronton, and if you would turn back we could pick up your bicycle which has done me such service."

They turned and picked up the bicycle, and were driving toward Bronton when Tom, for want of a better remark, mentioned the speed of the horse.

"Oh yes! Beauty is a splendid horse and can trot almost too fast for me, but"—with a blush—"you will excuse me if I remark that he was a little slower than yourself."

This opened the way to a conversation, and Thomas Carlin and Genevieve Taylor were soon chatting in the easy manner that bespeaks the Kentucky lady and gentleman. "Beauty" did not gallop homeward, and whenever he even attempted to trot, Tom slyly pressed the reins and held him back, for to Tom this was a ride whose end he heartily hated. But all things have an end, and they soon drew up before Colonel Taylor's door.

"Won't you come in and take a little

refreshment, Mr. Carlin?" asked Genevieve.

Tom accepted her invitation with a smile, and soon won the good graces of Mrs. Taylor by judiciously praising her lace curtains and her cherry wine. Genevieve was telling the story of the rescue to her mother for the fourth time when a horse galloped up in front of the house, and in a few moments they heard some of the queen's English not usually found in pious dictionaries.

Genevieve laughed at the surprised look on Tom's face, and said:

"It is Papa and he must have seen your bicycle. He hates 'wheels,' and won't let one come near the house, but he won't mind yours when I tell him."

"Martha, what is that —?"

"Now, James, I wish you would not make such a fuss," answered Mrs. Taylor from the open door; "that 'old whirligig,' as you call it, has just saved Genevieve's life."

The fact that his daughter had been in danger was oil on "the troubled waves" of his bicycle aversion, and the old man strode into the room where Tom and Genevieve were sitting, and in a few minutes had heard the story and was shaking hands with Tom.

"You must excuse me, but I hate bicycles, and that made me turn loose on yours at first. I hate a bicycle almost as much as I hate golf."

Golf! the one word told Tom everything; here was the man who had the land he was to try to get, for this was Branton and the old fellow that hated golf; but he decided to be wary and use tact, and there was no use hurrying while there was a young lady like Genevieve Taylor so near.

He got the Colonel talking about various matters, and when he mentioned golf the Colonel launched a string of invectives against that street car company who wanted his meadow for golf links.

"They could have it for nothing if they'd build a race track there, but hang me! if they get it for golf."

Tom had got the "lay of the land" now and rose to go, but the Colonel had taken a liking to him, even though he did bring a bicycle, and insisted on his staying for a few days. He urged Tom with all the warmth of southern hospitality, and Tom, nothing loath, accepted. A few days passed and the Colonel came to invite Tom to a horse-race, saying:

"I'm going to win that race with 'Kaintuck,' my three-year-old colt."

He did win, and was so elated that on the

way home he offered to race Tom and his wheel for a mile and a half.

"If you can beat 'Kaintuck' to Millner's crossing I'll give you your pick of any 'forty' on my plantation."

Off they started, and Tom easily won, much to the Colonel's chagrin, but he kept his word and gave Tom his choice of any forty acres, and of course Tom took the coveted meadow, but did not tell the Colonel why he took that particular piece of land. He telegraphed Mr. Ellicott that he had succeeded, and went back to Colonel Taylor's.

Tom, as the reader suspects, had fallen violently in love with Genevieve and asked her to marry him. She demurred at first, but when her mother said she had no objection to Tom and had known his family quite well some time ago, she agreed to become his wife. They were in this pleasant state of bliss when the Colonel stormed in to say:

"That — company are putting up their golf links on your meadow and I want you to go down and shoot the whole crew." Tom smiled and said he would, but asked him first to shake hands with his prospective son-in-law.

"Well, Jenny, you want to marry Tom, do you? All right, Jenny, I'll give you both a start, but you must stay with me while I live."

They agreed and stayed with him till he died a few years later and then moved to Louisville, where Tom lives now but keeps the country place for summer recreations. Tom owns three-fourths of the Street Railway Company shares, and owes his start to the "forty" he won with his wheel, and owes his happiness to his handsome wife.

Books and Magazines.

ADVANCED CATECHISM. By the Rev. Thomas J. O'Brien. D. H. McBride and Company, 1901.

The Reverend T. J. O'Brien, inspector of parochial schools in the diocese of Brooklyn, has had the happy idea to write explanations of the catechism in form of questions and answers based on the catechism prescribed by the Third Plenary Council of Baltimore. The plan is excellent, and the method is carried out strictly in the catechetical form. The book is sure to find favor with the practical catechist. An appendix contains much useful information about prayers, councils, devotions, feasts, etc.

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The Board of Editors.

ANTHONY J. BROGAN, 1901

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Reporters.

—Mr. William McInerney (Law '01) renews his oratorical honours before they fade. A few months ago he made a remarkable speech before the Knights of Columbus, and on last Thursday he delivered a splendid address at the Decoration Day exercises held in South Bend. It is evident that before he has ended his collegiate training he is well on in a successful career.

—In last week's account of our debaters' victory at Indianapolis no mention was made of the kindly and hospitable treatment our representatives received from the students of Butler. We ask the pardon of both parties for the omission. In behalf of the University we sincerely thank the men of Butler College for the kindnesses shown to our young orators during their stay at Indianapolis.

—There is nothing able to match modern magazine verse except the popular song. The latter, of course, seems to have fallen into a channel that can never be purified; no one takes heed of it any more except for the sake of comparisons. Magazine verse is still

regarded seriously. It is the only means by which a multitude of readers can get any idea of what they call poetry; for, after all that has been said and written of them, the works of the poets are looked on as being out of the world of the ordinary man. Most readers get their notions of rime matter from current literature. The best that can be said of these verses is that they are clever. But they have a sameness that does away with the essential element of variety in art; a lack of all sincerity is noticeable. In fact, the most striking thing about them is that they are printed rather to fill corners or to give typographical variety to the periodicals they appear in. But elegance is not art. A standard of literary judgment based on such verses is scarcely the one Matthew Arnold speaks of.

—During the past month our athletic teams have been on tours through the state and the West in search of glory. They have had varied success. Our track men proved clear titles to the name of champions; the baseball men have had about an equal share of victories and of defeats. The accounts of these athletic contests away from home have always been watched with an eager interest here at Notre Dame. This spirit is commendable; for it shows that very many of us are desirous of seeing our University stand well in the world of sport or physical prowess.

But there is another department in which we should excel and win inter-collegiate honours; that is in the field of oratory. There can be no valid reason why the State Universities should not be willing to meet us in debates or oratorical contests. It behooves no man or body of men to sound their own praises, but the silent in a noisy world may remain unnoticed. The advancement made in public speaking at Notre Dame during the past six years is remarkable. The speakers in the oratorical contest displayed an amount of eloquence unusual in tyros. Our successive victories in outside debates suggest that we ought to seek out more formidable opponents in our wordy battles. As a consequence of hearing good speeches at home, and of winning battles of the tongue abroad, we have what Sandy calls "a guid conceit of oursels" as talkers. We should like to see the State Universities meet us in this intellectual department, so we can either confirm the "conceit" or else be set right by them.

Joseph W. Kenny wins the Breen Medal.

Joseph Kenny of St. Joseph's Hall won first place in one of the best oratorical contests ever witnessed at Notre Dame. His honour is well earned. All the young men who spoke did creditable work; not one of them but might be taken as a representative of his University. A failure to win a place near the first is no humiliation in such a contest. Two aspirants especially covered themselves with glory; namely, Joseph Kenny, the winner, and M. F. Szalewski, who got second place. The addresses of these two are far above what might be expected of students. Their opponents were not to be despised.

The first speaker, Sedgwick Highstone, who chose for his subject Mary Stuart, had a well modulated voice and appropriate gestures. At times he was inclined to be too dramatic, and the climaxes in his oration were rather frequent. He closed strongly, however, and left a good impression.

He was followed by William O'Connor with a panegyric on Nathan Hale. His speech contained a good deal of narration which was very well coloured. The picture of the revolutionary hero was vivid and aroused much sympathy for Hale's sad fate. Mr. O'Connor neglected some of his climaxes, but he held the attention of his audience throughout.

The third young orator was J. J. Sullivan, of athletic fame, whose introduction was the best. He set his hero, Patrick Henry as orator and man, before his hearers in a very short time. Mr. Sullivan's portrayal of Virginia's great orator was strong and one that begot reverence for the character he developed. Lack of modulation spoiled the speaker's splendidly arranged climaxes.

Vitus Jones, the fourth to speak, had the most noble man of all to laud; namely, Father Damien. Mr. Jones was in sympathy with the grand character he held up for admiration and imitation. He succeeded in transmitting some of his enthusiasm and sympathy to the audience. He was more forcible in his delivery than the speakers preceding him. His evident earnestness left a good impression, and he closed amidst a burst of applause. The judges accorded him third place.

The fifth to take the stage was Joseph Kenny, whose subject was Toussaint L'Ouverture. He had not spoken two minutes until everyone felt he was the winner. He was the

most pleasing of all the youthful orators. It is no exaggeration to say that he has the best voice of any student ever heard in Washington Hall. He rapidly gave a setting to a situation and then placed his hero in action. In fifteen minutes he built up a living, human being, of cool brain, strong character and lofty purpose. This Mr. Kenny was able to do, so that one who had heard but little of Toussaint L'Ouverture got a good conception of the noble negro. No wonder that the end of this speech was the signal for wild applause.

Every one had awarded Joseph Kenny the medal until M. F. Szalewski had occupied the stage a few minutes. He spoke of Poland's glory and martyrdom, beginning in a subdued voice and warming to his subject gradually. M. Szalewski did not get first place, but it is safe to say that for his purpose he accomplished more in twenty minutes than an orator of twice his age could have done. He aroused a warm glow of enthusiasm for a heroic race, that is misunderstood and ignorantly despised. His closing appeal was pure oratory. He himself was afire, and he swayed and moved his listeners at will. So much did he move the audience that when he closed some of his hearers started from their seats and cheered. Many had him picked as the winner, but the impression left by Mr. Kenny was hard to overcome. In the latter's oration there was not a dull or superfluous line. Interest never lagged for a moment. His well-sustained force was marvellous, and one thinking of the judges' decision in a cool moment must grant that it was very equitable. There was glory enough for all. The SCHOLASTIC feels proud that Notre Dame can train and develop such young men as Messrs. Kenny and Szalewski.

As usual Professor Roche and his well-trained orchestra were on hand to delight the audience.

ORATORICAL CONTEST.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 29, 1901.

March.....	"Utopian"
"Mary Stuart".....	Sedgwick Highstone
"Nathan Hale".....	Wm. J. O'Connor
"Patrick Henry, Orator and Man"....	Jos. J. Sullivan
Overture.....	"The Silver Bell"
"Father Damien".....	Vitus G. Jones
"Toussaint L'Ouverture".....	Joseph W. Kenny
"Poland's Glory and Martyrdom"....	M. L. Szalewski
Waltz.....	"Gabriella"

JUDGES ON THOUGHT.

The Rev. P. J. Muldoon, Chicago, Illinois.
The Hon. Lucius Hubbard, South Bend, Ind.
Professor C. E. W. Griffith, Chicago, Illinois.

ON DELIVERY.

The Rev. J. F. Callaghan, Chicago, Illinois.
J. Sylvester Hummer, Esq., Chicago, Illinois.
James L. Drake, Esq., Goshen, Indiana.

Notre Dame Wins State Championship.

Our athletes added another championship banner to their list by easily winning the Annual Track and Field Meet of the State Inter-Collegiate Association at Lafayette last Saturday. Despite the fact that they were handicapped by the absence of bicycle riders and a mile runner, our men secured first place in almost all the track events, and did equally as well in the field events. "Dad" Moulton had the team in splendid condition.

The day was far from being an ideal one for track athletics. A cold, drizzling rain which fell all afternoon rendered fast work impossible, while the raw, north wind chilled the athletes through and through. Several good performances, however, were registered during the course of the afternoon. Corcoran's easy win of the one hundred yard dash after Rice and Gwinn of Purdue had obtained a lead of at least ten yards, Gearin's strong finish in the quarter mile, and Endsley's pole vaulting, were the best performances.

The result of the meet was about what had been predicted, Notre Dame leading with 57 points, second place going to Purdue with 42 points, Indiana third, and State Normal fourth. Wabash's representative was unable to gain a point. Considering the fact that we had but twelve entries, whereas the others were credited with from twenty-five to thirty, our showing was remarkable, and reflects great credit on our trainer, "Dad" Moulton.

The first event, the one hundred and twenty yard hurdles, resulted in a hard fight between Endsley and Herbert. "Jim," however, was unfortunate enough to stumble at the finish after breaking even with Endsley over the last hurdle. The state record was lowered one fifth of a second in this event. The final heat of the one hundred yard dash found three of our speedy runners, Captain Corcoran, Staples and Kirby, with two Purdue men and Adams, of Wabash College lined up at the tape. At the signal to get set, Adams started off, followed by Rice and Gwinn, and the starter, becoming confused, shot the gun, leaving our men at the tape. Corcoran noticed the mistake and set off to overcome a lead of ten yards, which he did without much exertion in .10 1-5. Staples and Kirby were left behind. "Corc" and Staples had no trouble in the two hundred and twenty, finishing yards ahead of

the others. Our fast trio of quarter milers brought forth the applause of the spectators by their neat running, Gearin, Kirby and Murphy finishing in the order named. Herbert and Kirby secured first and second in the two hundred yard hurdles. Uffendall ran away from the field in the half mile and finished strong in 2.05 2-5. Gearin finished third about three yards behind Teeter of Indiana.

In the field events the contests were more exciting. Eggeman, although scarcely able to move around on his sore ankle, pluckily entered the shot put, discus throw, and the hammer throw, and made a good showing, securing two seconds and one third. Glynn easily won the discus throw, but was unfortunate in the shot put. His last throw, which was by far the best, was claimed as a foul. Richon did good work in the two jumps, covering 21 feet 2½ inches in the broad jump, his best performance this year. In the pole vault, although handicapped by having to use a dull-pointed pole, his own having broken, Joe Sullivan forced Endsley to break the state record at 11 feet 1 inch. Kearney was vaulting in good form until the pole broke, when he was obliged to drop out.

Our athletes deserve great praise for their feat of winning two banners in as many weeks. And this too in spite of misfortunes to the weight men. To "Dad" Moulton no small share of this praise is due. From raw material he has developed the fastest "bunch" of runners in the West. He has put forth all his energies to have the men in the best of condition for the Western Inter-collegiate at Chicago to-day.

One hundred yard dash—Corcoran, Notre Dame, first; Rice, Purdue, second; Levy, Purdue, third. Time, .10 1-5.

Two hundred and twenty yard dash—Corcoran, Notre Dame, first; Staples, Notre Dame, second; Rice, Purdue, third. Time, .22 1-5.

Four hundred and forty yard dash—Gearin, Notre Dame, first; Kirby, Notre Dame, second; Murphy, Notre Dame, third. Time, .53 1-5.

Half mile run—Uffendall, Notre Dame, first; Teeter, Indiana, 2d; Gearin, N. D., 3d. Time, 2.05 2-5.

Mile run—Neher, Indiana, first; Miller, Purdue, second; Fair, State Normal, third. Time, 4.57 3-5.

One hundred and twenty yard hurdles—Endsley, Purdue, first; Herbert, Notre Dame, second; Weil, State Normal, third. Time, .15 1-5. Broke state record one-fifth second.

Two hundred and twenty yard hurdles—Herbert, Notre Dame, first; Kirby, Notre Dame, second; Gwinn, Purdue, third. Time, .26 3-5.

Mile bicycle—Reibel, Purdue, first; Rutledge, State Normal, second; Crumerine, Purdue, third. Time, 2.40.

One lap bicycle—Reibel, Purdue, first; Crumerine, Purdue, 2d; Rutledge, State Normal, 3d. Time, .49 1-5.

Discus throw—Glynn, Notre Dame, first; Elfers, Indiana, 2d; Eggeman, N. D. 3d., Distance, 106 feet.

Running high jump—Endsley, Purdue, first; Weil, State Normal, second; Richon, Notre Dame, third; Height, 5 feet 7 inches.

Putting sixteen pound shot—Elfers, Indiana, first; Eggeman, Notre Dame, second; Glynn, Notre Dame, third. Distance, 37 feet 6 inches.

Running broad jump—Shockley, Indiana, first; Corns, Purdue, second; Richon, Notre Dame, third. Distance, 21 feet 6½ inches.

Throwing sixteen-pound hammer—Elfers, Indiana, first; Eggeman, Notre Dame, second; Miller, Purdue, third. Distance, 125 feet 6 inches. State record broken 2 feet 6 inches.

Pole vault—Endsley, Purdue, first; Sullivan, Notre Dame, second; Foster, Indiana, third. Height, 11 feet 1 inch. State record broken 7¼ inches.

Total points—Notre Dame, 57; Purdue, 42; Indiana, 27; State Normal, 9; Wabash, 0.

Exchanges.

The Minnesota Magazine contains some of the best fiction that comes to our table. "A Vampire Phantasy" in the May number is a very good story. The plot is rather an impossible one, and the moral not very well drawn, still the language and characterization in a measure hide these defects and the result is very pleasing. "Greek Lyrics" is praiseworthy on account of the excellent translation of Greek poetry which is so difficult to translate. The magazine is run by the Senior class exclusively. This is hardly fair. We should like to see representatives from all the collegiate classes on the board of editors.

The April number of *The Brunonian* contains two very good stories. "Billy Aborn" can not be too highly praised, and "An Old-Fashioned Elephant" is very clever and entertaining. The departments of *The Brunonian* are all ably edited. It is an excellent college paper, and the vein of humor that permeates the entire issue is very pleasing, especially after we have reviewed the dull and worthless articles that some of our exchanges are made up of.

We are glad to notice an improvement in the exchange column of the *Mountaineer*. The ex-man has at last put in practice the advice that so many of the exchange editors have been giving him. This month we find sound criticism that is very justly distributed. This is what an exchange column is for, and is the only way to make it profitable. The present issue contains a very able article on "Sir Walter Scott, as Seen in the Lady of the Lake." So much has been said on this subject that it is impossible to find anything new. So, much the more merit is due the writer for overcoming this obstacle.

Personals.

—Judge Carr of Cassopolis, Mich., paid a brief visit to the University lately.

—Mrs. Rempe of Chicago, Ill., paid a brief visit to her son of St. Edward's Hall.

—Mr. R. Blakeslee of Brownson Hall had the pleasure of a short visit from his aunt on last Friday.

—Mrs. F. Winter of Chicago came to attend the services on last Sunday, during which her son Lawrence received his first Communion.

—Mrs. M. B. Herbert and Mrs. William Sullivan of Chicago, Ill., spent a few days here as the guests of Mr. James Herbert of Corby Hall.

—The Very Rev. F. Doran, LL. D., of Providence, Rhode Island, made a short stay here as the guest of the Faculty. Father Doran is Vicar-General of the archdiocese of Rhode Island.

—News of the serious illness of his mother forced Mr. John Worden to leave for his home in Sing Sing, New York, a short time ago. We sincerely hope that nothing very serious will come from his mother's illness and that he will soon be enabled to return to school.

—Mr. Arthur W. Stace of Grand Rapids, Mich., is spending a few days here among his many friends. "Art" was a student of the University for some years and was graduated in the class of '96. He holds at present the position of city editor on the *Grand Rapids Evening Press*.

—We received, a short time ago, a business card from Mr. Alfred Du Perier, of Beaumont, Texas, a graduate of the law class of 1900. Nothing further was to be learned, but we infer from the references given on the card that "Al" is rapidly forcing his way to the front in the legal profession.

—The Saturday edition of the *Chicago Tribune* contained a short cablegram which stated that General Mascardo, a Philippine general, with three hundred and twenty-one riflemen, had surrendered to Captain Joseph P. O'Neill of the Twenty-fifth Infantry. The news is interesting to us, because "Joe" was for many years a student of the University and was graduated from the course of Science in the class of '82.

—A number of the Columbian Knights from the University left here last week to attend a Council Meeting in Richmond, Ind. They were accompanied by four candidates, Messrs. Hanhouser, Hernandez, Collins and O'Grady, who seemed prepared for any exigency that might arise. Grand Knight John G. Ewing took part in the initiation ceremonies, and we learn from the more experienced members of the Order that he performed his duties in a highly creditable manner.

First Communion Services.

At Solemn High Mass on Pentecost Sunday a class of twenty-nine received First Communion. The young men were met at the vestibule of the Church by the reverend clergy and acolytes and were conducted to their places. Dressed in uniform, each with white gloves and a bow of white ribbon on the arm, they presented a very neat appearance. Mass was sung by the Very Rev. President Morrissey. He was assisted by Rev. James French as deacon and Reverend M. J. Regan as subdeacon. Father French gave a short exhortation to the Communicants, dwelling especially on the impressive character of the Sacrament they were about to receive, and urging them to appreciate the depth of love that gave It to the world.

The choir sang Bordese's Mass in G Minor entire. The result amply repaid for all the time spent in preparation. Among the solos especially to be commended are the "O Salutaris" sung at the Offertory by Mr. Gilbert and the "Benedictus" by Mr. Dukette.

The ceremony of renewing the baptismal vows was performed at Vespers. The Communicants of the morning gathered within the sanctuary and knelt before the baptismal font while one of their number read the beautiful service. These boys, with about twenty others, in all, a class of about fifty, will receive the Sacrament of Confirmation during Commencement week.

South Bend Greens Defeat Notre Dame.

SCORE: S. B., 4; NOTRE DAME, 2.

In a game replete with exceptional plays and thoroughly interesting throughout, the baseball team representing South Bend triumphed over our men last Thursday. Few long hits were made on either side during the game and the misplays were very few. The game ran on from one inning to another with but little cause for enthusiasm except that either team might take on a batting streak at any time and win the game.

Our fellows took advantage of nearly every chance to get the victory, but somehow they could not make the necessary runs. Shafer threw up a ball that looked easy to hit, but the bat would not meet it square. And

when we did pound the horse-hide hard there was some green-legged player in the way of a good hit. Billy Fleet was in excellent trim. His steady pitching had a great deal to do with the result.

Captain Donahoe made a sensational catch in centre field that drew from a biased crowd prolonged applause. Phil O'Neill also gave the Notre Dame contingent an opportunity to yell. Duggan had a beautiful throw from deep left-field, cutting off a runner at the plate. Bergen accepted four difficult chances, and Lynch raised our hopes for victory by falling over Walsh, who came up to get the ball after Fleet had handled it, and throwing to O'Neill just in time to put Ardnt out at home.

The Greens scored once in the first inning on a hit, a sacrifice and an error. Once in the third on an error, an out and a single. They drew one again in the fifth on a base on balls and an error at second. Their last run was made in the seventh on a two-base hit and two singles.

Notre Dame drew one run in the second inning on a hit, a stolen base, an out and a single; another in the fourth on an error, an out and a fielder's choice. The game resulted in four runs for South Bend Greens and two for Notre Dame.

SUMMARY.

S. B. GREENS	R	H	P	A	E
Dwyer, s s	2	1	0	2	0
Grant, 2 b	1	0	3	5	1
Ardnt, 1 b	1	2	16	1	0
Bryan, c f	0	2	0	0	0
Vogt, 3 b	0	1	0	4	1
Daniels, r f	0	0	0	0	0
Koehler, l f	0	1	4	1	0
Stark, c	0	1	3	2	0
Shafer, p	0	1	1	6	0
Totals	4	9	27	21	2
NOTRE DAME	R	H	P	A	E
Lynch, s s	0	0	2	2	1
Morgan, 1 b	1	0	9	0	0
Farley, r f	0	0	0	0	0
Donahoe, c f	1	1	2	0	0
Bergen, 3 b	0	0	2	5	0
Walsh, 2 b	0	0	2	1	2
O'Neill, c	0	1	4	1	0
Duggan, l f	0	0	3	1	0
Fleet, p	0	1	0	5	1
Totals	2	3	24	15	4

Three-base hits—Ardnt. Two-base hit—Ardnt. Stolen bases, Donahoe, 2; Morgan, Grant. Bases on balls—Fleet, 3; Shafer, 1. Struck out—By Fleet, 1; by Shafer, 2. Wild pitch—Fleet. Time of Game—2 hours 5 minutes. Umpire, Coffee.

Northwestern Defeated.

SCORE: NOTRE DAME, 5; NORTHWESTERN, 2.

Although Northwestern secured a larger number of singles by some margin, and escaped with a smaller number of errors, our fellows took advantage of opportunities that offered, and came off with the game to their credit at Evanston last Saturday. We put our hits together and managed to scatter the errors, while the home team did just the opposite. Time and again the bases were filled with Northwesterners and but one man out, when a neat piece of infield work, resulting in a double play or something of the sort, invariably retired Hollister's men without a run. Johnson pitched a masterly game and deserved a victory. In only one inning did we take to his curves, securing three of our four safeties. Fleet also twirled a clever game. O'Neill, Morgan and Lynch did some good work.

Our team now occupies fifth position in the Western championship race. Last week we were in second place and had expected to intrench our position with a few victories. These victories did not materialize, and instead of triumphs we suffered defeats. Now that we have begun to win again, we intend to continue to do so, and to finish the season with a clean record. Let every loyal rooter put away anything that looks like an implement of the mechanical profession and support his team.

THE SCORE

NOTRE DAME	R	H	P	A	E
Lynch, s s	1	0	1	4	0
Morgan, i b	2	1	10	0	0
Farley, r f	0	1	1	1	0
Donahoe, c f	1	1	1	0	0
Bergen, 3 b	0	0	1	0	4
Walsh, 2 b	0	0	3	2	1
O'Neill, c	0	0	7	4	1
Duggan, l f	0	0	3	0	1
Fleet, p	1	1	0	3	0
Totals	5	4	27	14	7
NORTHWESTERN	R	H	P	A	E
Johnson, p	1	1	0	3	0
Cermak, r f	0	1	1	0	0
Smiley, i b	0	0	9	1	1
Jackson, 2 b	0	1	2	1	0
Hard, c f	0	1	0	1	0
Fleager, c	0	2	10	1	1
Cook, l f	1	1	1	0	0
West, 3 b	0	1	1	7	1
Bemis, s s	0	1	0	0	0
Totals	2	9	24	14	2

Stolen bases—Notre Dame, 1; Northwestern, 3. Two-base hits—Morgan, Fleet. Double play—Fleet to O'Neill to Morgan. Struck out—By Fleet, 3; by Johnson, 8. Bases on balls—Off Fleet, 1; off Johnson, 3. Hit by pitcher—By Fleet, Johnson. Passed balls—Fleager, 2. Time, 1:55. Umpire, Van Petten.

Local Items.

—A week from Wednesday: all out!

—All the students have been graded in their respective classes this week.

—Very cold weather for May, but the nights are good for sleep—and so are the mornings.

—Get your "ponies" for your last efforts: the race for the "selling platers" will soon be on.

—To-day our track men are at Chicago fighting for the Western Inter-Collegiate Championship.

—Warder is mad. Yes, sir, he *is* mad, and won't speak to his partner, with whom he has ate and drunk and starved.

—Greencastle will be alive on June 14. Our friend from Kansas has been extended a cordial invitation to address the better part of the student body at DePauw.

—The SCHOLASTIC has helped the children to see their faults. Mr. O'Reilly is a philanthropist in the truest sense of the word. His remarks are always productive of good results.

—We were too late for press last week with news of Chief Kinny's return from Chicago. What kind of company he kept while in the city we do not know, but almost immediately on his arrival home, he took to golf.

—Some of our young athletes are fond of collecting paper clippings for their scrap-books. But poor Richon is always mortified to find his name spelled Eison, Gison, or pusson, or anything else, every time he takes up a paper.

—Alas, poor Yockey! He has to pay that \$22.50. For what? *Mirabile dictu*, because he would not talk. Think of it, our verbose friend, Chauncey, refusing to talk! And he was so taken up with his studies he did not wish to drive to town.

—May devotions were brought to a close last evening. Owing to the rain, the solemn procession to the Grotto of Our Lady of Lourdes could not take place. Father Hudson preached a beautiful sermon on the invocation from the Litany, "House of Gold! Pray for us." The reverend clergy then went in procession through the interior of the church. After the Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, given by the Very Reverend President, all present joined in a solemn Te Deum.

—\$25.00 reward for the peace-maker who can bring about a truce between Judge John Lavelle and Chauncey Wellington before they leave for their respective country homes. We think that now since Chauncey is in trouble Judge John would make up with him for the sake of old times.

When they two ran about the braes

An' pu'd the gowans fine,

An' take a right good willywought

Frae the sake of auld lang syne.

—Everybody out for the Wisconsin game! 'Tis the last the Varsity will play: that is the last college game. We can't win always, so don't desert the team after it has lost a few games. Always remember that there are two teams that can play at the same game.

—What is the matter with those fellows who extended their hands after the baseball team returned from the Indiana and Illinois trip? If the team beats Wisconsin, please keep your hands where you kept them when the team returned from their trip through the Northwest.

—The inter-hall games this year seem to have lost their quondam earnestness and dropped into a state of quietism. Who is going to have the championship? Brownson Hall seems to have relinquished their claim to that honor, and Corby and Holy Cross have left the settlement in abeyance. A decisive game ought to be played before the teams disband.

—Railroadyard Kupling Murphy's services are very much in demand these days. His long experience on the road, his eagle eye, winning ways, and punctuated forehead, have won for him the esteem and chewing tobacco of many. During the past week he has been besieged by hundreds of ambitious 'tie walkers,' anxious to learn who, when, and what to do. And 'Pig Iron' is there with the goods when railroads are the subject.

—The blue letters are coming from Richmond. Harrington—big as life with a smile that could win almost any heart that is not marble—eagerly awaits Tuesday. At the noon hour all the children of Cupid may be seen lining up eagerly awaiting their names to be called: as the pile of letters gently diminishes each one feels that she has forgotten him, but on the next day the amator is seen with another eager look. But then in another week the boys won't be singing "Absence makes the heart grow fonder."

—Our friend Jimmie has the baseball craze. Every spare hour of the day he may be found on the diamond scoopin' 'em up' in royal style. This may be all right as far as Jimmie is concerned, but when he persists in continuing the game at night time, we think some one ought to balk. Some nights Jimmie hits the land of dreams and knocks home runs, makes sensational catches, and altogether has a very pleasant time. It is rather unpleasant, however, for those who are unfortunate enough to be within his reach.

—Rafter took the strength test the other day doing phenomenal work. The result is kept a secret, however, as it is feared that if it were made known Larkins would immediately attempt to smash it. Fat is getting real wicked these days, so there's no telling what he would do. By means of strategy and a lot of other things Fat discovered from Rafter that the meaning of those mysterious signs on Rafter's

cap is '.02 Horse power.' From this Fat has concluded that the strength of the mustache on his friend's upper lip is .02 H. P. So beware of tickling his chin.

—Society people of Cornhusk, Iowa, are very much excited over the report that Lord Wishbone Church and Count Reggy de Gulde intend to honor them during the summer months by sojourning in their midst. Committees have been organized, money solicited, entertainments, balls, socials, lemonade crushes, spelling bees, etc., arranged, and no trouble is being spared to make their sojourn a memorable one. It is needless to add, of course, that the usual quota of expectant mammas will be on hand to urge their daughters' claim. The two royal visitors are descended from some of the oldest and best families of the country. Lord Wishbone is a tall, perpendicular young man with pale blue eyebrows and an enormous chest expansion. The Count, on the other hand, is short and stubby, and weighs less than he formerly did. He has a very commanding face and an oblong shaped forehead. Both have been social lions before, and no doubt they will set many hearts fluttering in Cornhusk. The Count is rather rusty on the rules of society (owing to his long absence in foreign lands) and is now engaged in reading up "Rules of Society," "How to Peel Onions," and several other useful books. His lordship and the Count will leave in a few weeks.

—This week the Very Reverend President received a letter from Mr. John Zaehle of South Bend in which was enclosed a bill paid by the latter's father over 52 years ago. This bill tells of Joseph Zaehle's account with the Notre Dame University in behalf of his son Master Joseph Zaehle. It is quite a curiosity for a student of to-day, and reminds him of a thousand and one accommodations that he has at present and which he never thinks of, but some of which a half a century ago were brought to the "old man's" notice when his bill went home. Among the items in Master Joseph's bill we see charges for bed and bedding, \$1.50; "Mrs. Herbert's conversations" (never heard of now), \$1.50; knife, fork, two spoons and a tumbler, 45½ cents, and so on.

There is a picture of the main building as it appeared in 1849. Needless to say, it does not bear the slightest resemblance to the present imposing structure. The only thing that suggests our time at all is the sight of two young men around the east side of the building engaged in a game of quoits, and a number of boys on the green in front playing at what appears to be an indiscriminate game of golf. They have but one ball, however, and all seem eager to put it at the same time.

We thank Mr. Zaehle for his kindness in sending the bill that the lapse of time has made a curiosity.