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## Mars.

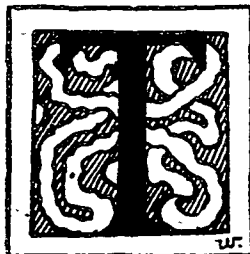
LEEWARD, I gazed from under shrouds and spars,  
The sea was calm, and tremulous the light  
That showed the moon, through one lone cloud of white,  
Fleeing before the glance of ardent stars.  
O'er realms more vast than ruled the mightiest Czars,  
Sparks from the Almighty's anvil met my sight  
And shone like dewdrops in the woof of night,  
All crystal clear except the tinted Mars.

Musing, I said: Of sinless souls that dwell  
On yonder orbs of moon and planet fair,  
To those on Mars, perchance, 'twas given to know  
Of Adam's fall and what his race befell;  
And this faint tinge is incense wafted there  
To God on high for sinners here below.

PATRICK MACDONOUGH, '03.

## The Union and its Progress.

EDWARD J. GILBERT, 1902.



HE destiny of nations is often written at their birth. Like other of the unknowable mysteries of Providence, we have seen how from the efforts of but a handful of men, great monarchies and republics have arisen, and given to the world achievements destined to live for all ages. Such was America's origin. What memories are awakened by the thought of our beginning! It tells us how our nation began its progress in the wilderness, nurtured by the sacred precepts of freedom and religion, and that it rose in its splendor and magnanimity amid foreign aggression and civil discord, until to-day, at the dawn of a new century, it stands alone, glorified in its own greatness, the paragon of nations.

At the close of the Revolution a new epoch

had dawned for our country,—an epoch that was destined to see established a new republic consecrated in the name of Liberty, and dedicated to the doctrine that "all men are created equal." Wisdom and experience had taught Washington and the early guardians of our country the danger of independent sovereignties. They saw that if we indeed were to rise and give to the world the highest examples of patriotism, statecraft, and heroism, such could only be the result of union among the people, with centralized interests, protected by a strong government; not a government limited in power and subject to disintegration, but a government that would give our country a national character, stimulate public faith and progress by justice and security. Yet such a government could only thrive where its people were bound together by a sacred pledge; not an agreement to be broken at will, or disavowed by the whims of separatism, but by a pledge that would encourage national life and sentiment, and "form a more perfect Union." It was to this end that the early protectors of our nation labored, as a first impetus to that life and progress that in after days were to characterize our nation. Yet their efforts were not without opposition; but opposition was no champion for their convictions. They were not laboring for the glories of their day only, but for generations yet to come.

Before the days of Jefferson's administration, the pulse of progress had already been felt in America. The articles of Confederation had proved their inefficiency, and state sovereignty had given away to concession and compromise. By this reconciliation was handed to posterity a masterpiece of human invention; not the product of one man's mind, but of many whose characters were to remain forever imprinted upon their work as a testimony of their greatness. Successfully had our country surmounted its many incum-

branches. A strong financial system had given life to an empty treasury; vexatious and encumbered debts had given place to a new credit, and where public life had before waned, a spirit of confidence had fired languished ambitions with new life and vigor.

But the many political convulsions that had swayed back and forth in our country since the days when freedom's song first echoed over our land, were not at rest forever. That same force that had fought the Constitution and opposed the Union, was yet to rise with new vigor, grow stronger and stronger as it put to test the fruit of those ardent workers; a test that was to strike at the very heart of our nation, yet a test that was only to more emphatically emphasize the greatness of that work, so nobly accomplished, and those who achieved it.

When the reigns of our government passed into the hands of John Quincy Adams, "the era of good feeling had passed," and the great western march was at hand. State rights had gradually been relegated, and the realization of a strong and expanding nation was apparent. Successfully had those who first gave expression to and upheld state rights contradicted their opinions, in action, and adopted their contrary principles. Already the benefit of the Federal Union had been reaped, and the power of centralized government, realized. "By a master stroke of policy, Jefferson had raised our country from a comparatively weak and dependent nation to a continental power of wealth and prestige, defiant in strength and boundless in promise." What Monroe in his foresightedness and keen discernment judged expedient for the further progress of our country, was slowly but surely to be the realization of his successor.

With the dawning days of Adam's administration, a new era of prosperity had been opened up for our country. The Mississippi had been opened to our commerce, our national debt had gradually been diminished, and the protective tariff had reached its pinnacle. Where great turn-pike roads and taverns had been surrounded by vast forests were now large avenues leading through flourishing cities adorned by commodious structures. Numerous inventions had facilitated our communications and transportations, and by improved methods in agriculture, our country had given the first evidences of productivity. What before had been a cause for anxiety and fear now became a source of comfort and

pride. Culture had received a grand impetus by the establishment of colleges, from which the master-minds of Longfellow, Whittier and Emerson, had given the first fruits of American genius in literature. But not alone was our country progressing materially; since the Hartford convention the political progress of our country had been marked. New issues, social and economic crises, swayed by the statescraft of Webster, Calhoun and Clay, had practically caused a revolution in our political sphere. Parties had divided, and the idea of state sovereignty had again cloaked itself in a new robe. Already threats of disunion had been heard; already attempts made to destroy the Federal government, but from each it rallied with greater vigor than before.

But rapidly stealing over this picture of progress was a gloom that seemed to foreshadow a darker day yet to come. The rapid progress that had come over our country, since the days of the Missouri compromise, had only served to screen a contest that was yet to play its part. The great revolution of opinion that had come over the Southern mind had greatly varied the moral and economic aspect of slavery. Animated by Calhoun's defeat of Van Buren, and Jackson's victory over Clay, the South resolved to strike a last desperate blow for state supremacy. The time had come when our nation must either be united or fall. The South had fired on Fort Sumter, the Abolitionists were in arms, the Republicans aroused; the Republic was under fire, and the liberties of men attacked on all sides. Oppression—that blade which cuts both ways—was ruling, and to justify it men were reading into the Declaration of Independence things that were not there. The cabinet, all men of great strength and ambition, had turned their back upon the Republic's future, and were each pulling his own way. Yet behind the guns of Grant, Sherman, and Farragut, there was the calm and deliberate judgment of one who was laboring day and night in that cause which was so dear to him. When other men had been led by the "seducing whispers of ambition" to despair of the Republic's future, Lincoln stood firm and dauntless, and through the densest darkness saw with steadfast gaze the glories of a coming day. Never for a moment did he lose sight of the gravity of the cause he was defending, but stood faithful and true at his post until the last cannon in the Shenandoah was hushed. Grant stood triumphant

before Richmond; our nation was again united.

With this grand reunion culminated the greatest political strife in our history. State sovereignty had struck its last blow under the guise of Secession and was defeated. By its defeat our country was freed from a most infamous stigma—a stigma that promised to be not less impartial to our country than it had been to others that nurtured it. By its obliteration, the last arrow had been hurled against the Federal Union, only to bound back and shrivel in its weakness. Here all hatred and animosity gave way to reconciliation and amnesty. "Old associations grew stronger, and two aged factions floated on like two ships becalmed at nightfall that drift together into port and cast anchor side by side."

But to-day a grander progress has come over our country—a progress that has far surpassed the expectations of those noble men who first gave our country national life and guided it in the paths of liberty. Successfully has our country rallied from its great civil shock; successfully have those problems so vital to our progress been grappled with by master-minds of statecraft. From a practically dependent and disintegrated nation, our country has arisen in wealth and prestige to a position of pre-eminence among world powers.

In the arts and sciences alike, the American genius has blossomed forth and given to the world some of the greatest creations of the age. With years our political institutions have not decayed nor lost any of their old-time vigor, but have gradually molded themselves into a perfection known only to the people they govern. The great developments of our boundless resources and the building up of our industries, have made our commerce the most active of the world. No longer does our country weigh in the balance between two enemies, trusting to the defeat of one and the compassion of the other. No longer does foreign aggression and civil dissension threaten our destruction. There is no North nor South—a grand reconciliation has made them one. To-day our nation fights not to defend but to conquer.

Unlike other nations, in our growth and progress we have not lost sight of the significance and grandeur of our liberty. But with time those sacred precepts laid down by our forefathers have become endeared to the American heart. It has been long reigns of peace that have fashioned our Republic of

to-day. It has been the justice and security afforded by a strong government that has made possible our almost unparalleled progress. It is only when we compare our nation with other nations that we conceive its true grandeur. Then we apprehend and appreciate what noble conceptions and ideals our forefathers entertained for us. They sought no recompense from their country for their labor and services other than the honor of having served it. They exulted in its victories; they sorrowed in its defeat. They rejoiced in its increasing strength; they gladdened with its prospects. Their one grand ambition was to make our nation the fairest in the sight of God and man; and how completely their ambitions have been realized I need not say.

Great was our nation in 1860; greater is it to-day. Expansion has taken us beyond the seas. What does it mean for us? Does it mean that we shall reject those sacred doctrines laid down by our forefathers? Does it mean that we in our greed and avarice shall lose sight of those sacred precepts that have guided us so nobly through the past? Does it mean that we share the same fate as other nations that have grappled for territory and fallen victims of their folly? Or does it mean that we have taken the first step towards bringing much of the world under our sway? Does it foretell the day when there will be but one nation, one flag and one people? Who will say? What statesman or prophet can look into the dim vista of the future and predict the trend of this mighty nation! Our destiny is yet a closed book; only time will reveal. But if our nation is going to retain its supremacy, it must be at all times prepared to defend it. Isolation is no longer a guarantee for our safety. We have stepped beyond its threshold; we must meet our nations as they are, and not as we would have them. For more than twenty years the great world powers have been at peace with one another, and within that time their common interests and relations have become more fully realized; but what guarantee have we that for another twenty years this same peace will continue? Already Japan has defied Russia; England is weakened by the Transvaal war, and economically threatened; and Germany is only waiting to play a part in the impending drama in China. It behooves our nation, therefore, to be prepared against all possible aggression. But graver problems confront our statesmen to-day,

upon the solution of which depends the future progress of our nation. Successfully has our nation thus far realized its great mission; but as we advance greater things will be expected of us, the realization of which will depend upon the wisdom and soundness of our policies. The future greatness of our nation will depend upon the alertness and keen discernment of those to whom it is to be entrusted.

Be mindful, oh ye statesmen, to whom the America of the future is to be entrusted!—be mindful of those great men that have gone before you, what they stood for, what they did! Let their noble deeds and aspirations ever inspire you! Work ever “by and for the people” that they may have confidence in you and maintain that peace and security which they have so long enjoyed. Be ever on your guard against the soft and seducing whispers of a foreign policy; and if ever a dark hour should shadow our Republic, which God forbid it ever shall, remember that that same spirit that made immortal the Revolution and preserved the Union slumbers in the breast of every American for the present welfare of their country and its future glory.

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#### The Wedding of Ballyporeen.

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NICHOLAS R. FURLONG, 1903.

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“I’ll tell you about the wedding of Ballyporeen,” said McCabe, “and then we’re off.” McCabe was the Mulvaney of the regiment, so we sat and listened.

“Many, many years ago,” he said, “after Bruce had defeated the English at Bannockburn, and the whole land of Erin was in the fever of war, there lived in the little village of Ballyporeen in sweet Tipperary, Patrick O’Brien. His parents died when he was very young, and he was left in poverty; but poverty taught O’Brien industry, and with the help of a few months’ school he had made himself the best newspaper correspondent of his county; and along with his industry and ability, he had many other characteristics and eccentricities; but to make a long story short, he was as honest as the priest, and the ugliest man I ever knew,—present company excepted.

“Pat had long been attached to the squire’s daughter, Kittie Connolly; they had played together while children, worked together at school, and in the village gatherings they were close friends; so hand in hand they had,

almost without knowing it, grown from playmates to lovers. But Kittie’s father forbade her to marry O’Brien, for, as he said, O’Brien was as poor as a church mouse.

“Pat was thus forced to discontinue his evening strolls to the squire’s home, and Kittie was ordered not to go with him. O’Brien now found how lonely he really was in the world. He took his usual walk along the little brook where he had so often plucked the cowslip and myrtle for Kittie; but the brook seemed to have lost its charm. He sat himself on the bank, turfed with violets, and thought over the days of his childhood. The native lass, just blooming into womanhood, seemed to stand before him. Memory added to her beauty. Hope still gleamed in her pretty blue eyes, and her simple and honest manner no culture could improve; but thoughts of her future blight his hopes, and he continued his journey.

“England was preparing for war against the Scots, and with the hope of winning a fortune and burying his sorrow in the strife, Pat enlisted and was sent to the barracks at Clonmel. Here he wrote a series of letters which suddenly became very popular; but unfortunately his purse did not keep pace with his fame, and he determined to desert the army and go to France.

“After dark he stole past the sentinels and hid himself in the woods. He remained there that night and the next day. As evening approached Pat felt cold and hungry and his bones ached. He saw a light shining through the trees and he started toward it; but the place was rough and covered with brush. Pat fell over broken down trees and into holes and ditches.

“‘I hope I’ll meet the devil if I come this way again,’ said Pat, as he came to the edge of the timber.

“A little cabin stood before him with a light shining brightly from the window. An old woman opened the door as Pat knocked, and he asked for something to eat. She gave him supper, and told him he might sleep in the ruined castle which was not far from her cottage. She told him the whole history of the castle with its occupants and mysteries, and ended by saying that no one was ever alive in the morning who went there to sleep over night.

“Pat was not superstitious and deemed the castle free from danger. He went up and made himself a bed of moss, and was soon fast

asleep. At twelve he was awakened by a great noise, and everything seemed changed. Lights were burning in every corner of the room and the floor was smooth and clean. A set of nine-pins had been set up in one end of the room, and three fiery balls laid in the other. Without there was a dismal drone in the winds as they whistled around the turrets of the weather-worn walls and moaned among the surrounding trees which creaked with age, while within it seemed as if demons' voices were re-echoing the mocking tones of the wind. The thought that he was in a haunted castle sent a shudder through him as comes to us when clay falls upon a bier. The winds grew louder and louder, and the mocking tones within brought wild presentiments before him. A form clad in armor now came from the stairway. It looked pale and sorrowful, but it took up the three balls briskly and began to bowl. Pat knew it was useless to try to avoid the ghost, so blessing himself he started toward it.

"'I'll bet you I can beat you rolling those balls,' said Pat, but the ghost disappeared and the place became dark.

"In the morning Pat told the old woman what had taken place during the night, and he remained around her little home all day lest he might be caught by officers. He was ready to leave in the evening when the old woman offered him ten pounds to sleep in the castle another night. Pat deemed this a happy windfall and unhesitatingly answered:

"Set it in my hand and I'll go."

"He took the ten pounds and went to the castle. The ghost appeared at twelve o'clock, and Pat offered to bet his ten pounds he could beat it rolling the balls, but the ghost again vanished.

"Pat received fifteen pounds for staying in the castle a third night. The ghost appeared at the usual hour and Pat felt that the third night must hold the charm.

"'You are a very unsociable companion,' said Pat; but the ghost raised its finger and Pat was silenced. The ghost then motioned Pat to follow him, and started upstairs. Pat's hair stood on ends and cold sweat trickled down his face. He was almost paralyzed with fear, when he remembered it was useless to fear a ghost, and immediately he followed the spirit upstairs.

"'Don't fear, Paddy,' said the ghost as they entered a dark room on the fourth floor, 'I'm going to make you a present. You're brave

and deserving of anything. Here is what caused my death,' he continued, as he took Pat by the hand and led him over to a corner of the room. As he unlocked a secret door in the wall he exposed a great amount of gold and jewels.

"He gave Pat some gold to give to the old woman who was his mother, and bade her to pay his creditors and he would haunt the castle no longer. He filled Pat's pockets and boots with gold and gave him a little whistle, and told him when he was in trouble to blow it and wish and he would obtain his wish.

"Pat related what had happened to the old woman next morning and gave her the papers and the gold. He started on his journey that night; but as he came to the holes and ditches, sure enough he met the devil who knocked him into hole after hole. Pat blew the whistle, and said: 'I wish you were on my knapsack,' and the devil sat upon his knapsack, and Pat walked to the main road. Pat again blew the whistle and wished the devil was on the ground. The devil leaped to the ground and called Pat a brave fellow and wanted to know if he could help him.

"Pat told him of deserting the army and the danger he would be in if he were caught; but the devil only advised him to go back to the army, and so they both went back together. Pat was arrested and sentenced to death. When the time came to be shot, Pat blew the magic whistle and four legions of armed soldiers stood beside him, at sight of which the whole English army fled in disorder.

"Pat then climbed upon a cannon drawn by four government mules and blew the whistle. 'I wish you were a coach and four,' he said, and immediately the cannon transformed itself into a chariot, and the mules shook off a part of their long ears and turned into black chargers. Pat drove home, and soon afterward was celebrated the wedding of Ballyporeen."

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MOST people dread far more the social frown which follows the doing of something conventionally wrong than they do the qualms of conscience which follow the doing of something intrinsically wrong.—*Herbert Spencer.*

NONE but a cultured mind can understand that if the whole human race could be turned loose, to eat and drink and play like thoughtless children, life would become meaningless.—*Bishop Spalding.*

## Varsity Verse.

## TO MY PIPE.

THOU hast, when friend nor comrade stayed  
And sorrows o'er my soul did creep,  
Like magic, all my grief's allayed,  
And wooed my brain to slumbers deep.

Or in thy vapors curling high  
And lightly drifting o'er my head,  
Youth's eager eyes would fain descry  
The paths where fame and fortune led.

Old pipe, thou friend of other days,  
I put thee by with keen regret;  
'Tis sad that age thy mission stays,  
But thy last charm I'll ne'er forget.

E. E. W.

## "FANCIES"

In the twilight I sit dreaming,  
With the starlight o'er me streaming:

I hear the sea's  
Sad melodies,  
And moans of pain  
Sound o'er the main;  
Lone mermaids weep  
Upon the deep;  
Their flood of tears,  
Swelling with years,  
Will not be still  
Nor neap until

The starlight ceases streaming,  
And men of earth leave dreaming.

F. G. M.

## TRAGEDY.

Two laughing eyes  
And a satin gown,  
A dressmaker's bill  
And papa's frown.

A lass subdued,  
But a bill unpaid;  
Two tear-stained eyes,  
And a maid unmade.

J. S. J.

## AD VESPEREM.

Like rustle faint of angels' wings,  
The soulful symphonies,  
When "charming Lottie" sweetly sings,  
And "Teddie" sweeps the keys.

F. W. M.

## "AT NIGHT."

I weep above the keys I can not move  
To melody; I can not prove  
The harp's true worth, nor can I wake  
The hidden echoes of the hall with song.  
But when at night the clean stars break  
Through velvet clouds, and lone birds cry  
Their note of music, shrill and long;  
Or when the autumn weeps in blinding rain,  
Sweet melodies I tap upon the window-pane.  
Or when the full-dressed moon unwinds her train  
Of satin light, I sing until the dark is spent  
Songs written only in my heart, and am content.

C. L. O'D.

## The Pagan Bards of the Gael.\*

ANTHONY J. BROGAN, LITT. B., 1901.

## (CONCLUSION.)

By means of a few examples I have tried to give the uninitiated English reader an idea of what exists in the lyrics and tales of the bards of ancient Erinn. I have kept to the compositions of Fionn, Fergus and Oisín to illustrate the style of the bardic song, and to the "Sons of Usna" to exemplify the bardic tale. This is only one of many tales. The greatest of all is the "Tain bo Cuailgne," the prose epic of the Gaelic race. "The Sick-Bed of Cuchullain," "The Feast of Brechrin," "The Voyage of Maelduin," "The Boromha of Leinster," and "The Vision of MacConclinn," are but a few of the most celebrated. There are hundreds of shorter stories, all full of beauty, tenderness and vivid colouring.

We have seen these Gaelic poets stripped of their native dress and in an apparel stiff and ill-suited to the freedom they are used to. The very best translators, as Drs. Sigerson and Todhunter and Sir Samuel Ferguson, confessed their inability to carry over all the beauty of the original. Yet deep gratitude is due these noble workers for what they have accomplished. Their unpraised and unpaid labours have left us some remnants of the culture of those free nations of the North, that Rome called barbarous. A conservative estimate of the poetry we have seen must be high, for in that poetry is to be found the unselfish and exalted feelings of men and women whose passions were not concealed behind conventional forms and artificial manners. Oisín at times may appear abrupt and defiant, but he is sublime, he is tender, above all he is human. At times he uses a restraint in language and feeling that the modern artist might profitably study.

Most of the ancient bards lived in the smiles of princes and on their gifts, and what they uttered was not always sincere. But the poetry of Fionn and Oisín comes glowing from the heart. They paid unearned tributes to no king, for they were princes themselves. Their women are always pure and constant, the consorts and equal companions of man; and friendship with them was a holy thing. The disinterested love of man for man and a high regard for their honour are the prin-

\* Prize essay for the English Medal.



cial characteristics of the warriors depicted by the ancient bards. And this is very natural; for we know there are no ties that bind closer than the noble one of comradeship that knits heart to heart in battle. There is no tie that is put to so severe and frequent tests as those that exist between heroes who, day after day, go out to meet the common foe, and at night share each other's scanty fare. Hence it is that friendship is placed above everything else by the warrior bards. Oisín and his kind did not love richness in the landscape as we do. All lands were fair to him if only the friends of his soul were near.

The emotions of the ancient Gael, judged by his poetry, were pure and elemental. Although he was given much to the beauty of the earth, he had but little joy in it unless some one dear to him could share in his pleasure. For Fionn there was no bliss like that of being with the Fianna, and for Oisín no grief more bitter than to recall the comrades he had outlived.

Here we have the spiritual side of the Gael. Whatever the power was that bound him to his comrade, it certainly was not of the earth. There are no more touching passages in Gaelic literature than those that picture two champions who at one time had been friends facing each other in a death struggle. Time and again we can see they were impelled by a belief in some sort of fate that raised the sword aloft to slay a former comrade while the heart of the warrior sank at the deed. Although the pre-Christian bard had the creative touch and musical utterance, he never gave full expression to the spiritual side of the Gael. This was left for later poets to do.

In trying to give an impression of one period of the pagan literature of ancient Erin, I could not observe any proportion between that period and the poetry of Christian ages that succeeded it. A few words about the later bards may be of interest,—nay, even necessary—lest I should wrong them.

We have seen before that St. Patrick composed his "Guardman's Cry" in Gaelic. This was the beginning of a Christian Gaelic literature. The followers of the Apostle adopted the ancient language and its verse-forms. With the spread of Irish missionaries over Europe there was also a diffusion of Gaelic verse-forms. The poet-monks developed the elaborate and intricate system of rime handed them by the pagan poets to such an excess that in the early part of the sixth century

the metrical moulds had grown too stiff and formal for use. At the end of this century, however, there was a breaking of bonds and a freeing of minds, and the sublime truths of Christianity found adequate expression in a tongue once more pliable and musical. Europe does not yet know what it owes to the Gaelic poetry of this period. Readers of English are slowly coming to find out the far-reaching influence of the bards and the lessons they have for us.

In the spiritual fonts of the monk-poets many of those who are now striving to give expression to the Gaelic spirit in English verses have found the source of their inspiration. Chief among the workers of the new movement is William Butler Yeats. He aims to give to English letters a spiritual tendency; to bring the supernatural back again. How much does this mean for the glorious tongue of Shakspeare? Without the supernatural there can be no inspiration, no rising above the humdrum of common-day life; in short, no poetry. Before the spirit of man can get beyond its bodily prison it must believe there are other realms for it to seek. The adoption of certain philosophical systems advocated in our time would mean the death of all art, since all belief in the spiritual or supernatural would be destroyed. If rationalism becomes dominant, man is bound to the knowable; that is, to the earth. Poetry, after all, consists mainly in giving expression to that side of man's nature that strives to get away from material things. Of late English poets have to do for the most part with the glory of the earth. The spirit that animated Milton and Wordsworth pulsates no more in English song. With the passing of beliefs goes the vivifying thrill that once was able to inspire men to noble and unselfish deeds.

There was a time when poetry was powerful in the work of the world. The bardic songs and tales greatly helped to form the characters of princes, judges and warriors; framing their minds for acts of impartial justice and equity, and fitting their hearts for those inseparable ties of comradeship that show they deemed the reddest blood of their breasts but a small price to pay for a friend. The Irish missionaries on their journeys over the vine-lands of Gaul or the bleak islands of the Hebrides strengthened their hearts with the heroic lays of the monk-poets or the war-songs of the bards. Who knows how they, when far from home and despised by the

stranger, had new vigor instilled into their wavering souls by raising a chant that their fathers, in the ancient isle, had followed to battle?

Poesy then was truly exerting a divine power. Now we are prone to look on her as a thing merely to please. But this should not be so. Placed in her right proportions to human life she has a higher province, and her priests a divine duty. In her is that force that stirs the heart to noble impulse; and she, as the handmaid of religion, must show the manifestations of the spirit in man. To her disciples engaged in the revival of Gaelic literature we must look for the respiritualizing of song. Mr. Yeats, and singers of his kind, have a mission like unto that of their prototypes, the ancient bards. Through their sort the Gael may bring back the ancient simplicity and amplitude of imagination that existed when the head was not cultivated at the expense of the heart. But their task is hard and their merit is unrecognized. It is not for me to speak of them. But how hopeless at times do their efforts seem! They who give the wealth of their minds and hearts to a work they feel is holy and which they know is for the betterment of their race and mankind in general, in all their days here must expect no reward and get but little praise; and when the final audit is made up, the world calls them failures.

But for those who understand poesy aright and would make her the means to manifest and to develop the spiritual side of man, is worldly success the only thing? Has she not something to give that is hers alone? That she has, but it does not lie in material gain nor in the mouth of man, but in an exaltation that takes the soul of her priest into a temple brighter and more golden than the dawn on the waters. At times the clouds lower. How few who sow the seed may see it grow, or even know that it will grow? O'Curry, who worked at Gaelic history and literature with a fervor worthy of a Christian apostle, had scarcely any followers in his day. For fifty years he has lain silent, and how little is his fame noised about! That gentle priest, the Reverend Eugene O'Growney, in his quiet way has set thousands of students studying the Gaelic tongue. But how many of them will understand what the spirit of it means for future ages, or how many, like him, "will labor all alone from early youth till life is o'er, uncheered, unprized, unpaid,

unknown, a lover of that ancient lore?"

Eugene O'Growney is silent forever, and his loss to the Gaelic movement is sorely felt. But still hope runs high. The standard of Gaelic literature never waved over as many well-trained heads and enthusiastic, pulsing hearts as it does in our day. We shall no longer call these men dreamers or mystics. A glance at what they toil at, and at their own work, shows us they are sounding depths of human life never before fathomed. Through them that language that charmed Wordsworth on the lips of his "Highland Reaper," may yet have an influence on the English tongue that will do away with barriers of race and nationality.

N. B. The references used in writing this paper are, O'Curry's "Manners and Customs," Vols. I and II; "MS. Materials;" Dr. Todhunter's "Three Bardic Tales," and Dr. Sigerson's "Bards of the Gael and the Gall."

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### "My Turn Now."

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LEO J. HEISER, 1902.

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Tankerville, a town in Colorado, was in great excitement, for Jim Cocklin, the blood-thirsty highwayman, was again in the neighborhood. The bodies of three dead miners had been found, and on one of these was fastened a bit of bark with the scribbling: "I'm here again, Jim Cocklin." Everyone in Tankerville knew what that simple sentence meant. Two years before a similar piece of bark had been found with the same writing, and out of the fifty men that set out in pursuit of Cocklin, only thirty returned to find half their town burned. So Tankerville was in great excitement; the men were gathered in the town hall discussing the case, when a stranger entered and mounted the platform. He was tall and thin, and dressed as a cowboy. His eyes were sharp and small and his set jaw showed determination. He was armed to the teeth, and when he mounted the platform silence fell on the earnest group.

"Friends," said the stranger, "I'm Bill White." Here he stopped to put a brace of revolvers on the table, as he noticed a look of revenge on the faces of some of the men and a general "feeling for guns." "I sees you know me, cause me an' you had a deal here two years ago, when I was with Cocklin; but me an' him has been enemies ever since; we quarrelled over a bag of dust, and I stabbed him on the arm. Now I'm goin' to do you a good turn, yes, to get even with Jim. I'll



promise to bring Cocklin to you, if you'll give me \$500 when I get him here. Speak up quick, for I'm runnin' big chances, and when it comes to dealin' with Cocklin, it ain't no easy matter."

After a hurried consultation in one corner, the miners agreed to accept White's terms.

"All I want you to do," said White, as he left the platform, "is to stay at home and don't go prowlin' through the mountains stirrin' Jim up."

Night covered the mountains, and Cocklin's men were spreading their blankets around the camp-fire, when one of the pickets brought in a man who asked to see the leader.

"Cap's up the hill a bit," said one of the gang, "sayin' his prayers; I reckon he'll be down soon."

Jim did cut his prayers short and was soon at the fire.

"White!" he exclaimed, feeling for his gun.

"Cocklin!" calmly replied the stranger.

"What are you 'doin' here?"

"I've come on a good errand. I ain't stuck on you, an' you know it, but my time will come some day. I've been around here for the last week, but I only knowed this mornin' that you was here. It's pretty hard tryin' to get on, for everybody knows that I was here two years ago with you, so I've come back to join the band. We can't talk about my errand here; we must be alone; come up the hill. Oh! don't fear, I'll leave my guns behind, an' if I trust you, you ought to do the same with me."

"Well," said Jim, when they were alone "I'm ready for your business."

"I hate like the —," said Bill, "to put you onto the job, seein' how you treated me; but I can't manage it alone, so I'll let you in it. The stage is due in Tankerville in the mornin' carryin' \$15,000. It's an easy thing if we work it all right. Roy Reynold, the driver, is an old friend of mine, an' has agreed to give me the reins when I show up. There are eight guards in the stage, so while they are sleepin' we'll bring the hull business into your camp an' let them wake up surprised. I'll wait at the openin' of Devil's Pass where the horses have to walk on account of the hill, then I can mount without disturbin' the guard. You'll be at the other end of the pass an' show me how to get to the camp. I wish I had a gang of men to follow me to Tankerville an' I'd wipe it out; for the mornin' I was there some dozen men recognized me, an' I had to put for me life."

Cocklin was well pleased at the idea of

getting so much money with so little trouble. He congratulated White on his plan.

"It's ten o'clock now," said Bill, "the stage is due in Tankerville at three, so we'll have to hurry. We'd better take our guns for fear something would happen."

Eleven o'clock found the two men at their places. In a short time the coach came slowly up the hill. The leader shyed and balked when White appeared in the middle of the road.

"White?" said the man on the box.

"All right, Roy!" answered Bill climbing up into the seat. "You get under the weather-coat an' stay there; this is my little game."

The stage rattled on, and soon came to where Cocklin was waiting.

"All right?" asked Jim in a whisper as he climbed onto the box.

"They are asleep. Be careful! We don't want to wake them just yet. Now show me where to turn off."

"Up the road a bit is Fincher's cut, turn in there. There it is now," and he pointed to his left. The next instant he felt the barrel of a revolver pressed against his head.

"Move, an' you are a dead man," said White. "It's my turn now."

Morning broke over Tankerville, and with it came Bill White. He received his \$500.

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#### The Catholic Truth Society.

It was a happy thought and also a practical inspiration that made the International Catholic Truth Society, Arbuckle Building, Brooklyn, New York city, publish a list of "Catholic Fiction." It is a real service the Society has rendered, not only to literature in general but especially to Catholic readers. The little pamphlet is very neat, printed on good paper and most systematically arranged. Another catalogue on books of Catholic Apologetics would be most acceptable.

The three small pamphlets recently issued by the Catholic Truth Society are three gems. No better choice could have been made than that of perhaps the three greatest men of the age, viz.: Cardinal Newman, Father Damien, and Leo XIII. Moreover, their lives and works seem to have met just the writers who should and did appreciate them worthily. We heartily recommend them to all lovers of truth, scholarship and devotion, with the hope and certainty that they can not fail to obtain a large circulation.

# NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.

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## REPORTERS

ROBERT E. LYNCH	J. PATRICK O'REILLY
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—Could our powers to attain perfection keep pace with our desires for it we would be singularly blessed as men. We have the hopes and the aspirations for the enlargement of our intellectual and our spiritual side, but we often lack the vitalizing force to bring about its completion. However, with the beginning of the Papal Jubilee, a chance is open to us to prove that we really seek an enlargement of the power that brought from a Thomas à Kempis his sublime thoughts on God and man.

Our Vice-President, Father French, explained to us, last Sunday, what is necessary to make the Jubilee. And the parade in and around the church, in which students and Faculty took part, proved the interest manifested by all.

—There are some among us whose hearts are not moved by the finer passions of an inspired poet, some to whom a tale of love is but a pleasing reflection on the mirror of life, but even those were touched by the beautifully pathetic and tragic story of "Deirdre," or the "Sorrows of the Sons of Usna," as told by Dr. O'Malley in his last lecture before the Gaelic class. We had

listened with increasing interest to his paper on "Grania Waile," and felt our blood tingle at the story of her exploits; but when he spoke of Deirdre, she whose

"face

Was lovelier in its light than the first glorious day  
That bares the breast of heaven, and in the o'er-  
wintered grass

Finds the brown lark, and up shuddering with sudden  
song

Lifts him, as with warm kiss upon their crimson lids  
It opes the daisies' lids;"

of Naisi the Bold, Ainli the Swift, Ardan of the Sweet Voice, and of King Fergus that laughed away a kingdom, we felt that this great poem has been too long neglected. Dr. O'Malley's delineation of these ancient Irish heroes has found a responding chord in our hearts. An interest has been awakened—nor shall we stop until we know more of that literature that contains a fragmentary epic of the power and beauty of the "Sorrows of the Sons of Usna."

—The heart of a university man is moved by anything that pertains to that place where he has received his better development. The incidents of his college career are but fond memories to be told when the shades of night fall in on him; he shouts on his teams to victory; sings songs to their honor, and is inspired by the battles won. But yet, even with the memories of athletic teams and their prowess; of happenings that tend to enliven the hours and the days,—would university life be complete without a band? The band is what fills us with enthusiasm, as we hear the melodies we know best, and we feel our heart go out in all its fulness to our college.

We have seen how Professor Roche took a number of raw recruits last year, and before ten months passed had turned them into clever players. But we look for better things this year. At present the band numbers twenty-five, in all; many new men, but some finished musicians. Professor Roche wishes to make this year's band the strongest Notre Dame has ever had. Before he can do this he must have at least forty players. And now he looks to you men that have musical talent to aid in the perfecting of the band and the orchestra. Even if you are not skilful enough for a place immediately he is willing to instruct you until you can keep pace with the others. Then at the end of the year you will have recollections of a year spent profitably, both as a student and as a college man.

## A Few Notes on Critics.

Mr. Richard Moulton has "tested the history of criticism" by the attacks made by Johnson, Rimer, Voltaire, Stevens, Theobald, and many other critics on Shakspeare and Milton; he has referred to the vain opposition of Gifford to Keats, and Jeffrey to Wordsworth; he has cited examples of critics raising some men to places of eminence, as Pope's laudation of Walsh and Roscommon,—names now seldom heard; of Dryden's attempt to establish a hierarchy of English poetry with Cowley, Sprat, Tate, Rowe, Eusden, Cibber, Whitehead, Wharton, Pye, and many other unknown names at the head,—and then he lays down the proposition, that the "entire history of criticism is a triumph of author over critic."

Many writers make a mistake similar to Mr. Moulton's—that of judging the entire field of literary criticism; that of judging all critics, past and present, by a few literary hacks, who, standing out in bold opposition to Shakspeare and Milton, prevented for many years their full appreciation. Men have passed by the great creative critics of the last century, and of the eighteenth century, as Herder, Winkleman, Lessing and Goethe in Germany; Sainte-Beuve, Hugo, Scherer, Taine, Renan and Nisard in France; Coleridge, Carlyle, Bagehot, Arnold, Pater in England, and a score of others, and let their eyes rest on the band of men that criticised without knowledge, without appreciation or open judgment, almost up to the time of Coleridge.

They have seen Milton reconstructed by Johnson; an improvement attempted on "Romeo and Juliet" by Otway; they have heard Rimer, whom "Pope pronounced to be one of the best critics of the day," villifying Shakspeare, Voltaire calling him a "drunken savage," though Voltaire in later years appreciated Shakspeare—and even Pope himself, declaring that Shakspeare's audience was necessarily of the lowest kind, and that Shakspeare himself was "forced to keep the worst company," therefore, his tragedies were made for the dregs of society; they have also heard Heywood's, Edwards' and Theobald's weak excuses for many things in Shakspeare; but they do not know that it was the critics, and German critics at that, Lessing and Goethe, who were the first to make Englishmen see the genius of Shakspeare, Milton and the Elizabethans,—though Saintsbury questions this opinion.

Men have perceived that Gifford lives because of his brutal attack of Keats, and that Rimer's name is recalled to be conjured up as a warning for presumptive critics. Jeffrey, though an able critic, is not remembered unless Wordsworth's name is mentioned, and then Lord Jeffrey's ghost is summoned to stand a convincing spectre of the fallacy of human judgment. Tieck is held up as a horrible example, for pronouncing Goethe's conception of Faust by far inferior to Byron's Manfred, and for ridiculing the idea that Byron "had Faust for a model." These men have not been picked out to be condemned as individuals; but critics in general, of which they are poor representatives, have been branded because of the judgment of a few.

Rimer, Gifford, Edwards, Theobald, and Tieck may have influenced some men in their day; they may have prevented the full appreciation of great minds, until time proved the falsity of their criticism, but they at best were mere literary hacks; nor did they possess that breadth of vision, fulness of appreciation, luminosity and elasticity of style that characterize a Lessing, a Sainte-Beuve or an Arnold. Influenced by the models that come down from the Renaissance, they would recognize no tragedy as worthy of the name, unless it followed in form the tragedies of the Greeks. Their great fault, as Mr. Moulton has so well pointed out, consisted in applying the judicial method of criticism to all literary productions,—that is, judging by a set standard or model; and also on account of their inability to see that "literature is a matter of development" or growth, and that with succeeding and changing conditions come changes in forms and the exposition of genius. When we consider the ability of these critics, and the way they shall go down to posterity, we think Mr. Moulton's sentence would better run, "that the entire history of criticism is a triumph of authors over reviewers."

The full appreciation of many of the great critics did not come during their lifetime. Sainte-Beuve was overshadowed by the glory of Hugo, and even in Hugo's circle, where the literary men of France were oftenest found, the greatness of Sainte-Beuve was not fully recognized. It has taken more than a generation to place Carlyle, who wrote "with fire in his belly," on his proper pedestal. Pater's full appreciation is not coming until after his death. The names of Lessing, Sainte-Beuve, Arnold, Pater, Bagehot and Carlyle are

not as often heard as Hugo, Keats, Coleridge, Bryon or Tennyson. And yet these men were great thinkers and writers. Goethe the critic is lost in Goethe the poet.

From the very nature of their work it is impossible for them to be fully appreciated, though their minds are keen, analytic and creative, their sympathy universal, yet they do not appeal to men as the poet. Only the literary man, or the student working along certain lines, will follow the critic in his analysis of a period or of a man. His works are commonly too subtle for the mass of men, for mankind in general prefers something that appeals to their imagination rather than to their reason. Yet Sainte-Beuve, Arnold, Pater, and especially Bagehot are intensely imaginative in their analysis and full of pictures.

Yet notwithstanding this unappreciation, the critic surpasses the creator in power of analysis and co-ordination, and is sometimes, as great in these qualities that give enduring fame, such as knowledge of humanity, freshness and appreciation. Matthew Arnold illustrates strongly the analytic power and the power of co-ordination of the great critic in his treatment of Goethe.

He first proceeds to show, in his clear and luminous style, the many diverse opinions that had grown up around Goethe, stating the reason for one and the other; and then following this line of argument he applies the essays of Scherer to Goethe. Now agreeing with Scherer and now differing from him, Matthew Arnold finally draws the proposition that "Goethe is the greatest poet of modern times." Similar is his treatment of Milton. We find him perhaps at his best, both for his power of analysis, his co-ordination, his grace and vigor of style, and his knowledge of humanity and appreciation, in his famous essay on Wordsworth. Interpreting and understanding Wordsworth as perhaps no critic had done before, he proceeded to show why Wordsworth was unpopular both "at home and abroad" and "after his death." He rearranged Wordsworth's poems, and then proving that "their (the poems) great power was found in a noble and profound understanding and application of the ideas of life," he draws the logical conclusion that, "after Shakspeare and Milton, Wordsworth is the greatest English poet."

Pater furnishes us with another example of a keen analytic mind working on a poet, or the creations of a poet. We see in Pater

breadth of vision, power of analysis, of appreciation and a knowledge of human nature not often found in a critic. Perhaps with Coleridge we find him working at his best, for here is seen the appreciation of the interpreter and the keenness of the critic.

The Germans offer us an intensely analytic and a great creative mind in Lessing. His fame as a critic perhaps surpasses that of a poet, for he is of the first of German critics. In *Laocoon* he reaches the highest eminence as a critic. In it "his aim is to define by analysis the limitations of poetry and the plastic arts." Many of his conclusions have been corrected, but to the perfection of the work as a whole the world bears witness. His knowledge, his keenness, his appreciation will ever bring him to the foremost ranks among all critics.

J. J. S.

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Notre Dame, O; South Bend Athletic Club, O.

The Varsity opened up the season's work last Saturday if not in a brilliant manner, at least in a style that pleased the rooters. The South Bend Athletic Club have a team of tried players that have won their laurel wreath in more than one hotly contested game. The names of O'Dea, Studebaker, McWeeney and Koehler call up visions of games that are famous in the pages of football lore. But to see the way our men carried the ball and threw the visitors back for losses, allowing the necessary gain of five yards but four times during both halves, made our heart leap within us. Three times were we on their five-yard line, when O'Dea's powerful right leg saved his team a touchdown.

We were agreeably surprised by the brilliant defensive work of the Varsity against so heavy a line; and the offensive work was equally as good, although marred by an occasional fumble. But as this is a fault that can easily be remedied no danger is felt from this quarter. Taking last Saturday's game as a criterion, we feel safe in predicting a successful year for our football team.

We have always looked upon Sammon as one of the hardest players in the West; his line bucking against South Bend proved that our opinion was not in error. Time and again, aided by Lins and Hannan, he plunged into the line for the necessary gain,—at one time going through a hole made by Captain Fortin for forty yards. We knew that when the ball was passed to any of these three clever backs

it would be advanced from four to ten yards. At centre, Gillen, Pick and Winter stood as a stone wall to the onslaught of such men as Studebaker, McWeeney and O'Dea. At tackle Farragher and Fortin tore through, breaking up South Bend's interference before it could form. The Athletic Club tried the ends a few times, only to discover that Shaughnessy and Lonergan threw them back for losses. Nor can we pass over the excellent work of Nery at quarter, who showed that he has the making of a clever player.

#### THE GAME.

Sammon kicked off to O'Dea. On first line-up O'Dea punted forty yards to Sammon, who carried it back five. Sammon, Hannan, Lins and Farragher carried it down the field for twenty yards where it was lost on a fumble. South Bend held for downs. Notre Dame carried ball to South Bend's ten-yard line. Here visitors took a brace and forced Sammon to lose twenty yards in order to retain the ball. Referee, however, gave ball to South Bend. O'Dea immediately punted fifty yards. Sammon fumbled punt, and Reed fell on ball on Notre Dame's thirty-five yard line. At this point Hannan cleverly blocked O'Dea's punt, and South Bend secured ball on their own fifty-yard line. Held for downs. Hannan worked tackle for five yards; Lins added three more through guard, and Sammon plunged through tackle and carried ball to the ten-yard line. Lins and Sammon brought it to five-yard line just as whistle blew for end of first half. Score: Notre Dame, 0; South Bend, 0.

The second half was a repetition of the first. The Varsity would carry the ball down to the visitors' ten-yard line only to lose it on a fumble when O'Dea usually punted back to middle of field. The score at the close of the game stood: Notre Dame, 0; South Bend, 0.

#### THE LINE-UP:

NOTRE DAME		SOUTH BEND.
Lonergan	L E	Wagner
Farragher	L T	Marble
Gillen	L G	Zilke
Pick	C	Studebaker
Winter	R G	McWeeney
Fortin, Capt.	R T	Curry
Shaughnessy	R E	Koehler
Nery	Q B	J. Studebaker
Hannan	L H B	N. Koehler
Lins	R H B	Reed
Sammon	F B	Pat O'Dea

Substitutes, South Bend: Taylor, quarter-back; Saunders, right half. Notre Dame: Davitt, quarter; O'Malley, left half; Cullinan, left tackle; McGowan, right end; Brandt, left end. Time of halves, 20 and 15 minutes. Umpire, Farley, Notre Dame. Referee, Elmer Stoll, Purdue. Linesmen, Fahey and Gilke. Timekeepers, Dineen and Alward. J. P. O'R.

#### Exchanges.

A new exchange editor receives the magazines with a joy that bids them all a most cordial welcome. This is also true of the old editor that resumes his pleasant duty after more than three months of separation from his chosen friends, the college magazines. The present editor does not "settle back in the steamer chair," however. He sits at the old table and takes up the same old magazines,—no, not the same magazines, for as the dingy wrappers are torn away he must greet friends, old and new. Some come arrayed in new and brighter garb, but in them he recognizes friends of former days.

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We have before us the Midsummer number of *Echoes from The Pines*, and some of the articles evidence that they were written in that season when flowers are plentiful. This "floridity of style" is a defect common, though not exclusively, to some of woman's literary productions. So numerous are the methods of expression that a worn figure is extremely irritating. Granted that the expression, "Reposing in the arms of Morpheus" might have done well enough at the time of its invention—we make this concession out of pure generosity—still the day of its usefulness has passed. "Art" and "Preparation" express a true and pretty thought. Praise is due to the young ladies for their college love and for the literary merit of the paper.

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The date of publication is an apology for the mediocrity of the July number of *The Holy Cross Purple*. "Mission of the Catholic Press" contains sound judgment and careful treatment. A certain class of the antagonistic, irreligious literature of the day is ably criticised. The benefit of college commencements, as set forth in an editorial, we may say is somewhat exaggerated. Now in reviewing any paper, we wish always to disregard the few blemishes that may slip in,—we think the true duty of the critic is to point out beauties, but to meet slang in serious editorials and literary essays is like finding sand in sugar. This is not maliciously directed at the magazine in question, but the words "faced the music," in the editorial mentioned, are the approximate cause of the thrust. G. W. B.

## Personals.

—Judge Carr spent Thursday with his son, Carlyle, of Carroll Hall.

—Mr. and Mrs. Johnson, accompanied by Miss Strickland, were the guests of Fletcher Gore, Sunday.

—Master Flook, of St. Edward's Hall, had the pleasure of a short visit from his father and mother during the first of the week.

—C. A. F. Hegarty, graduate of 1890, has been appointed one of the leading Professors of mathematics, in the University of New Mexico.

—Prof. E. Walsh has gone to Australia to practise law. We hope Mr. Walsh will be as successful in his profession as he was while teaching here.

—Mr. W. F. Shea and daughter, of Ashland, Wis., made a brief stay last week with Will A. Shea. Miss Shea was on her way to Madison to enter the university.

—D. D. Myers (student '97-'99) was the guest of Professor Edwards last week. "D." recalls with pleasure the days when the "Heiney Band" flourished.

—Frank O'Hara (A. M. 1901) has been engaged as instructor in history in the High School at Butte, Mont. We can not congratulate the school too highly on its selection.

—P. J. Corcoran, our famous sprinter, has been chosen to teach Physiology and Rhetoric in the High School at Butte, Montana. "Corc" is also coaching a winning football and track team.

—Wm. McInerney (Law '01) has opened up a law and real estate office in South Bend. While here, "Mac" was always a true type of a student, and his ability as a public speaker was manifest in the debate of 1900.

—Word comes that E. P. Gallagher, President of last year's law class, passed a very creditable examination for the Pennsylvania bar. This was to be expected, however, as Col. Hoynes' men have always been noted for their thoroughness.

—Frank O'Shaughnessy (Law 1900) has opened up a law office with his brother in the Ashland Block in Chicago. The characteristics that made Mr. O'Shaughnessy so successful while here seem to have followed him into his profession. Frank was the attorney for the *Chicago American* in its successful war on "the tax dogers." He also organized and was elected President of the *Catholic Total Abstinence Athletic League*, which is perhaps the most perfect association of its kind in America. During the summer Frank conducted an athletic meet on Marshal Field at which five thousand people watched his plucky athletes, who are among the best in Cook Co., strive for honours.

## Local Items.

—Everything is OK. now. Milo is back.

—LOST—A drop kick. Please, return it to Joe Cullinan.

—Barry has declared his intention of becoming an American citizen.

—NOTICE:—Sorin Hall is in mourning. "Hot Wather" O'Brien has made his *début*.

—George Gormley has been elected captain of the Brownson Hall track team for the October meet.

—The St. Joe Hall second team lined up against, and defeated, a team from Carroll Hall last Sunday. Score: 6 to 0.

—LOST—A small cameo ring—the band broke—a keepsake. Finder, please return it to room 59, Main Building, and receive reward.

—On the First Friday the Catholic students assisted at Mass in a body and received Holy Communion from the hands of Very Reverend President Morrissey.

—Teddy:—"I understand, Curry, that you have a musical soul—how do you like Tannhauser?"

Curry:—"My favorite is Annhauser."

—George Kelly and Count Myers have taken the contract to decorate Crimotty Timmin's room. The floor will be finished in a dark brown and the ceiling in a smoky black.

—Teddibus Gilberto, composer of "Rough Riders' Two-Step," and Professor Selfconshus Murfoi, composer of "Nazzel-Dazzel Waltzes," are producing a character sketch, known as the "Musical Twins."

—LOST—A pocket-book containing a deed of Masonic Temple, Chicago, and the South Bend Court-House, three pennies, and a picture of home. Finder, please return them to Mr. Stone and receive thanks.

—The band meets for practice on Wednesday and Saturday evenings; the orchestra on Thursdays and Sundays. Those desiring to join either the band or the orchestra should report immediately to Professor Roche.

—*Goshen Daily*:—"LOST, one Shirk. Six feet four inches in height, pleasing face, light brown shoes. NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC, please copy." We would like to announce that Mr. Shirk is one of our most reputable citizens in Sorin Hall. Last week he was seen buying a carpet at a price beyond market value.

—During the vacation we heard that the University was making great improvements, and when we came back many of these were not noticeable. Yet it is a curious fact that the college has spent thousands of dollars in underground work. We can not see this though we get the benefit of it.

—The Billion Dollar Handball Trust has re-organized and will begin operations in a few



days. The officers are as follows: J. Ritchie, Grand Exalted Swiper; Col. Fenzlur, Chief Handball Repairer; Casey Jullinan, Supreme Undertaker; Fewey Leatherstone, Supreme Alley Duster; Mickey Glew, Chief Scout and Attorney at large. The Trust will give a swell crush on the Alley next Saturday evening in honor of Messrs. Gallon and Farragher.

—Lottie:—"Say, Shirk, we have a subway up in Boston that would almost knock your eye out. You go down into a hole in the ground and come up through a hole five miles away—it's a weal resurrection."

Shirk:—"You ought to see the search-lights on our interurban cars, Lottie. It's daytime at night in Goshen when one of these cars pass through; and on a stormy night you can see a rainbow in the sky for at least a half-hour before the car strikes town."

—A mystery surrounds the disappearance of Studie's cat. We have had a number of our home talent working on the case, but the returns are meagre indeed. It seems, so the story runs, that Studie dreamt one night that if he were to place some two-day old cream on his upper lip and a moonlight "tom" were to absorb the cream, a nightly growth would soon be visible. Studie brought his dream for interpretation to the gentle Carey. Shortly afterward the cat disappeared. Now as Studie looks upon Carey's budding moustache he says that it killed the cat. Who can throw a light upon this mystery?

—Allen rapt in reverie was walking round the pump east of Sorin Hall. His hands were dangling by his side; his eyes were on his shoes, and the bright moonlight was playing upon his crimson curls. Step after step he paced unconscious of his surroundings, ever and anon whispering a name that set his face aglow. Suddenly there came a crash, and an instant later he was sitting on the front wheel of "Bill" Cameron's bicycle. "Your pardon," said Bill. This was the only excuse offered for upsetting so wholesome a reverie. "Yes," said Allen, "but where is your bell?"—"She, answered Bill as he wiped the perspiration from his brow, "is far, far away."

—The Philopatrians met this year for the second time on last Wednesday evening Messrs. McRoy, Rothwell and Berkley were admitted to the Society. The programme was well rendered. The "Barnyard Stock Company," by L. Van Sant, was loudly applauded. A. Dwan recited feelingly the "Old Minstrel." J. Campbell read a paper on Saturday's football game. M. Zubolt's violin solo was well received, as was the Winter brothers' selections. The debate was, Resolved: That the negro has more cause for complaint than the Indian. Messrs. Desmond and Brown held for the affirmative, and Messrs. Lantry and Taylor stood for the negative. The judges' decision

was in favor of the affirmative. An excellent programme was arranged for the next meeting.

—Messrs. Kel Lee and Myers announce that their book on English History is not ready for the market. Keen regret is felt among the students, for we believe that the two learned gentlemen could give us valuable experiences. From the proof reader we understand that they tell in their book this tale: "And then there came unto this region (meaning English History) many strangers. Cæsar said unto them, 'young men, you come from afar. I see that you have neither twin screw nor sail. How did you propel your boats?' Whereat they gave answer 'We got out and pushed.' Whereupon Cæsar growing angry smote them." We further understand that they will add special chapters dealing with the sad entrance of "Young Man-too-long-for-his Bed" into the Senior laws and the *début* of "Hot Wather" O'Brien.

—WANTED.—Eleven husky youths with grit and stick-to-it-iveness to compose a football team to represent Brownson this season. The time has come when, in order to possess a team, Brownson has to advertise for material for it. This is novel in the experience of the hall. Not long ago there was strong competition for places on the team. Then a position in the Brownson eleven was a distinction. The team was second only to the Varsity. Every preparatory student athletically inclined aspired "to make" the eleven. How different now! No one cares to restore the glory of the hall; no one has the ambition to attain athletic distinction. Who will volunteer to form the nucleus of a team? Let some loyal Brownsonite step forward and incite his hall-mates to emulation of his pluck. Brownson must not be permitted to fall to the degradation of being the only hall in the University without a representative football team.

—Those somewhat worried over the tardiness of Chief Kinney's return will have their fears allayed by the following, found in a current Chicago paper:

(From *Special Correspondent*.)

"LULEAO, SWEDEN.

"Chief Kinney and I have been travelling over all Europe. We are now at the "Rim of the Polar Circle." The nights last seven months here. Four weeks ago the Chief signified his intention of spending an evening with one of the local beauties. I have not seen him since. It was a thoughtless oversight on the Chief's part. Doubtless he is now in the 'keep' of some stern Norwegian father.

"On the border line of Finland I met Judge Cooney and Bill Baldwin. The Judge wore the silk hat that characterized his entrance into Woodstock society, and Bill, as of old, asked me for a 'chew.' I understand from Judge Cooney that the Chief is held as a hostage until he satisfies the irate father for

the gas bill run up on that long evening. The Norwegians near the polar circle are rough people. It is to be hoped that the Chief is not attending his last fire."

NOTE: The Chief has returned. When shown the message from our special correspondent, he admitted that his evening call was a long one, but he denied the gas bill, claiming that a corporation, known as the Aurora Borealis, furnished electric light.

—The members of Sorin Hall held a meeting in the Law Room Wednesday night, with John O'Hara in the chair. After the meeting was called to order, Mr. Shirk announced that he would like to settle a little "diffugalty" that existed between himself and one Mr. Kelly (Cries of bravo! from rear of hall).

"Mr. Chairman," interrupted S. August Lins, late of the firm of Corcoran & Lins, "we are not here to settle any dispute between the Bores, we are here to put a piano in the cellar; and when a man, like this gentleman, intends to introduce something we don't need, then it's time to put your foot down." (Cries of take your feet off the desks.)

"Hurrah! for Trixey Lins," shouted the crowd, and Mr. Lins stroked his moustache and sat down.

"Mr. Shirk," said the chair, "little boys should be seen and not heard." A word to the wise was sufficient and Mr. Shirk was seated.

The chair then announced that Tommie Dwyer had informed him that he, the said Tommie, was a great lover of music and would like to have the boys "sort-of-chip-in" for a piano. "Mr. Dwyer tells me that the Mutual Admiration Society, composed of Lottie, Pete and himself, have secured the services of the musical twins, Murphy and Gilbert, for the winter months, and if the members would organize and furnish the instruments, Murphy and Gilbert would furnish the racket."

Thereupon ex-Chief Kinney arose and said: "I move the house" (Cries of move it toward St. Mary's) that the first piece played on the piano be the 'Rough Riders,' and would suggest that the chair call on Mr. Gilbert, the author, for a few remarks."

The chair called on Mr. Gilbert as requested, and the latter spoke as follows: "Gentlemen: It is not my purpose to discuss the subject of music this evening (We hope not from rear of room), but I must say I thought you would have more consideration for the piano than to put it on the bum with the first piece" (Loud and continuous applause).

The chair then announced that Mr. Dubbs was out in the hall and would like to see Mr. Herbert in regard to selling the latter a looking-glass. Mr. Herbert left the meeting.

A committee was then appointed by the chair to get subscriptions for a piano. Messrs. Kinney, Dwyer and Krost were named. The meeting then adjourned.

—The Local Editor was seated at his desk the other day with one foot gracefully wrapped around the wastebasket, the other neatly folded in his lap, and a perplexed look on his usually placid countenance. He was reading one of Moike Dalee's newest jokes and vainly endeavoring to discover the point. Suddenly the door of the sanctum was pushed open and in burst an individual whose unkempt hair, bloodshot eyes and drawn face gave him the appearance of a man with delirium triangles.

"What the dick—that—i—is, sir," said the editor after extricating himself from the wastebasket, "may I be permitted to ask wha—at you—I mean, what I ca—an do for you?"

"You can do everything," thundered the stranger, "you can save my life. Publish this," and he threw 365 yards of MSS. at the editor's head, turned on his heel, and disappeared.

"Hah, hah! another embryo poet," chuckled the editor. "I wonder what his hobby is—Love, Tragedy, or—'Oh! Mercy,'" and with a yell that would have done credit to a wild Sioux chief, he threw both legs in the air, gave his arms one convulsive flop and landed on his neck in the spittoon.

The yell, in the meantime, had escaped over the transom and reached the ears of the neighbors who immediately battered down the door and swarmed around the prostrate body. Physicians, to the number of thirty-eight, were summoned. The celebrated Dr. Boots was the first to arrive on the scene, his tools strapped to his waist, and a thirteen-cent smile on his face. Walking up to the victim, he thumped him once or twice in the neck, to see if life was extinct and seemingly satisfied that such was the case, he began to sharpen his weapons. Suddenly the Editor sat up, looked around the room a few times and, in a voice that sent the chills up and down the doctor's spinal chord, he said; "Begone! I am all right now. I was simply overcome." "By what?" asked the doctor. "Read this," said the Editor, "perhaps it will explain," and he handed him the MSS. It was written in blood, with skull and cross-bones on every line and ran as follows:

"WARNING: I, ——— do hereby notify one Mr. James Farragher, a student of the University and resident of the third dormitory, also one M. Eveson, ditto, that I will no longer put up with their obnoxious snoring at night, and unless same is stopped at once I will no longer sleep in said dormitory, but will at once make arrangements to sleep elsewhere."

His  
Signed ——— X ———  
Mark

BULLETIN:—Dr. Boots and the thirty-seven other doctors after a consultation unanimously agreed that the Editor might recover. His diet at present is restricted to fricasseed chicken and fruit. Pulse, 00; Temperature, 79.