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In Memoriam.

To M. M.

NICHOLAS R. FURLONG, 1903.

GOOD night, sweet child, we lay thee down to sleep
Ere the dawning of your fair life waxes old;
We watched you sink as sailors oft behold
The shore, lights die, and then we turned to weep.
The winds speak sadness through the wooded steep,
The sun has set, the heavy air grows cold;
Is this thy death? Has God brought thee to fold
As the watchful shepherd gathers in his sheep?

Art gone? And shall we see you now no more?
Shall we recall life's animating breath,
And thus regard God's will as cold and rude?
We shall not bring you to this troubled shore,
Though nature's lost her sweetness with your death,
For you are with angels—we in solitude.

Poet and Critic.

JOSEPH J. SULLIVAN, 1901.



WE can readily see that the essential difference between the critic and the creator is in matter of reason, analysis and imagination; the one is keenly analytic, the other highly imaginative. But it is well to consider knowledge as necessary for the poet. The influence of temperament and meditation on his writings; the conditions that have produced poetry; the historical school of critics, and the legitimacy and value of criticism.

We have heard Burns curiously tell that as a lad he feared to write a song, for he knew of men that had odd and curious knowledge, including Latin and Greek, and these learned men were not able to put a line to rime. But

when he heard of the son of a neighbouring laird writing a song to his sweetheart, then he thought he might rashly woo the muse. Burns discovered, as many before and after him, that vast stores of great and curious knowledge do not make the poet. The poet knows nature and the workings of the human soul. What more need he know? In fact, we find that as his knowledge, analytical and critical acumen increase, his poetic fervour diminishes. Matthew Arnold illustrates this point in his essay on Goethe. This is but natural, for with the acquisition of hard and dried facts, with the development of the analytic mind, the faculties of the imagination begin to lose their pristine vigour. Erudition, analysis and criticism have a cooling effect, and if the poet depends too much on them, he will be writing learned prose after the form of verse. The erudite man may analyze or tear to pieces a poem or a hundred of them, but this will not aid him a jot in the creation of one. Poetry is not a matter of hard and dry knowledge, but of inspiration. One may analyze, understand and appreciate poetry, but if the necessary power, the inspiration, is lacking, he can not create it. We have heard the hedge schoolmaster rime off verse by the yard, bringing in the entire cycle of mythological beings, but we never find poetic inspiration in any of his productions.

"Let anyone," says Mr. Principal Shairp, "who feels within him the stirring of creative impulse, if he does not wish to have it frozen in its source, retire with his own impulses and thoughts into some solitude." Stevenson points out that Shairp was "too good a Wordsworthian" to do justice to Burns. But yet even admitting that Shairp drew his conclusions from a deep study and appreciation of Wordsworth, is it any the less true for all poets? We can not fancy Wordsworth in a crowded city harkening to the light gossip of the empty-pated court ladies and gentle-

men, or Pope wandering through the rustic villages, telling in heroic couplet, the simple story of Peter Bell or Lucy. The picture is absurd; but Pope even, though the poet of fashion, of *billet doux* and *pompom*, went into the solitude of himself as he produced his poems. With Burns, it seems to be somewhat different. For in the tavern, where the grog bowls were going the rounds, he wrote, and as his wife hummed an old Highland air to him he put forth some of his most beautiful songs. On the highway, in the field, the tavern or the drawing-room, his muse ever responded to his call.

With the long poem, the meditative poem, the poet must necessarily "retire with his own impulses and thoughts into some solitude." This was as true of Milton as it was of Wordsworth. Milton could not see the clouds, the heavens and the stars, but where his eyes could not see his soul saw. He listened to the music of the spheres and pierced the unfathomable walls of gray mist that separates the mortal from the eternal. Rapt in his own meditation, he saw truly, and gave us "Paradise Lost." "Paradise Lost" is a "vital poem," and vital poems, whether short or long, light or serious, are born, "not amid literary talk but in silence and solitude." Byron wrote best when solitary in his ramblings, Wordsworth "far from the eyes and haunts of men," Keats in his garret; Shelley, when under inspiration, forgot himself and his surroundings. What is best in the man can not be brought out amid light babble.

The proper atmosphere must ever be present. For we find that the age, customs and temperament of a people produce work in keeping with that age. The first poems we have of a primitive people are their epics. The Ramayana and the Mahabharata of India, the Shah-Nameh of Persia, the Odyssey and Iliad, Nibelungenlied, and the Sagas of the North testify to this. Then men sought distinction in arms and fight, and the first poets naturally turned to these fights and sang of them, for they were the first and oftenest thought and the oftenest discussed. This old prosaic world was far from prosaic then. With their belief in the intervention of the Deity, the animals that held the sea and land, and with their voyages of wonder and discovery, the ancients called into play their imagination in giving an account of what they had seen and heard. With the development of civilization, and as they turned their minds to one pursuit or another, came the development of the

different kinds of poetry, as the ode, the lyric, the pastoral and the various other forms.

Thus we can see from the epic how natural a certain kind of poetry is to one age, one people and one setting. Virgil, at the request of Augustus, celebrated the foundation of Rome, and Milton gave us "Paradise Lost," but both left us artificial epics, for the age of the epic had passed.

Although we admit the significant fact that men sang before they philosophized or criticised, and that there necessarily must have been great stores of literature before the critic applied the "line and plummet," and that the greatest of critics, Sainte-Beuve, Lessing, Herder, Goethe and Arnold, are on no terms of equality with a Homer, a Dante, a Shakspeare and a Milton, yet it seems to us that the great critic's power as the poet's is found in a "noble and profound understanding and application of the ideas of life;" for he takes not one phase of it, but all phases. He does not look at a man as a single entity and judge him, but treats him with his contemporaries; comparing one school with another and showing the effects of a man's environments upon his writing.

This kind of criticism is known as historical criticism, and is the method used by Sainte-Beuve, the greatest of French critics, and perhaps the greatest of all critics. He looked at the man with his book, and then at the man without his book. He kept in mind the influence of the writer's wife, children and even his neighbours on his life. He studied his temperament; followed him from his cradle to his grave, watching carefully for some event to occur which might change the writer's sentiment, his aim and method of life, or bring about the decay of his faculties. An admirable example of Saint-Beuve's method of criticism is found in his Portraits.

Dowden tells us that some of Sainte-Beuve's fellow-workers declared that this great writer had no system; they termed his criticism a "negative criticism without a code of principles." But, after all, is not the historical method, which examines a man's life with great care, necessary in giving a correct estimate of a poet or an artist? One can not treat Shelley, Keats or Burns, especially Shelley, without knowing his life thoroughly. Sainte-Beuve had too much of the artist in him to reduce his system of criticism to a science of zoölogy and botany. He knew he could not analyze a man, label him and put him on a shelf to stay there eternally.

His was the happy faculty of picking out those vital principles that necessarily are of the social life. He calls our attention to Bacon, a man who stated no fact without strong foundation for it. Bacon was his model. And Dowden points out that Sainte-Beuve's cross of English blood necessarily made the quantity and quality of his criticism differ from that of other Frenchmen.

Dowden very cleverly distinguishes the difference in Sainte-Beuve's and Nisard's method of criticism. The latter compares the work of the writer with others of its kind. He forgets the man in the study of his book. His system is essentially dogmatic. He would have criticism proceed rather by exclusion than by admission,—and has no patience with the facile and accommodating admiration of eclecticism." If the book compares with others of its *genre* it receives its label and its shelf. But the method of Sainte-Beuve, as I have pointed out, is different. Keen and intensely sympathetic, with a great mind to apply to any subject, he understood the character he treated, for he treated him as a human being, as you and I. Literature was no chemical analysis for him, but a production of the heart and the brain, and as such, intensely human. He said that you can not separate the author from his book. Passing from the book to the author, his family, friends, temperament,—in fact, everything connected with him that would influence his creations, Sainte-Beuve has given us an acute, critical and appreciative picture of the author.

This work of appreciation has been carried to an extreme in our own day. Many critics, among whom is Mr. Anatole France, have used the work of the creator as a foundation in building up their own theories and setting forth their own conclusions. Then they place before us a book of literary criticisms, which are in reality more of the critic than the man criticised.

(To be continued.)

A Triolet.

A picture of Maud, and yet
Its face turned toward the wall.
I look; I've no regret,—
A picture of Maud; and yet
Can I indeed forget
One gay midwinter ball?—
A picture of Maud, and yet
With face turned toward the wall.—J. J. S.

Varsity Verse.

MOTHER:

OF TTIMES I see your face in evening's glow,
And hear again your whispered vesper prayer
A child again I gambol round your chair—
And hosts of memories softly come and go.
Yet, why I feel so sad I do not know—
Perhaps I yearn for joys I can not share.
Ah! distance only brings me ever near
To one quiet scene where Dalgan's waters flow.
I chide the hour when first Ambition smiled,
And lured me far from you and friends away
To spend my days 'neath skies of sombre hue.
And though my life to fame be reconciled,
There's one true heart for which I'll always pray:
The first fond friend—the last I ever knew.

J. H.

ALAS!

He bounded down two flights of stairs;
No hat or coat he wore,
But clutched his hair in frenzied haste
And in his anger swore.

His scowling face portended ill,
And with that maddened stare,
He'd put to flight the bravest one,
Poor devil, late for prayer!

E. F. Q.

TRIOLET.

A winsome face and fair
My dreams bring back to me.
'Tis with me everywhere,
A winsome face and fair;
And dreaming still I dare
To love with ecstasy—
A winsome face and fair
That dreams bring back to me.

E. E. W.

TO MY LADY.

The flowers that waken in the spring
Are far less fair than thee,
And all their beauty can not bring
Half so much joy to me.

The gold-heart daisies' gentle nod
Bears no more grace than thine;
There's more art in thy waving hair
Than in the eglantine.

The blue within thy love-dipped eyes
No violets excel;
Thy soft cheeks bear a sweeter tale
Than water-lilies tell.

And now I'm wishing that I were
A wand'ring bee that sips
The nectar from the rosebuds fair—
To steal it from thy lips!

J. L. C.

Winning a Client.

EDWARD F. QUIGLEY, 03.

Victor Whitestone sat alone in his law-office gazing at the gusts of snow which swept fiercely down the deserted street and formed little vortices as they sped onward and then disappeared. His "shingle" creaked on its rusty iron rod and added to the desolation of the scene. The calendar told him it was the eighth of January,—just a year since he had left his native town to open a law-office in the far West.

As he meditated he remembered how desirous he had been in college to be graduated and to get settled down in some thriving Western town, that he might delve into the mass of idle documents which awaited his vigorous handling and careful legal consideration; how independent and confident he had been that day he arrived in Booneville, and with what high hope he had hung out the bright shining letters which announced to the world another power was ready to defend the cause of justice. But it was only a question of a few months until this vaulting ambition was replaced first by misgivings and then by discouragement, and to-day he allowed himself to meditate upon the harsh selfishness of mankind: why could he not get a good case?

He had waited and waited, but all in vain; were the people afraid to trust him? Surely he had acquitted himself with the utmost credit in what little legal dealings he had been engaged during the past year.

If I could only get a good case, though," he muttered to himself. "That helps a fellow along wonderfully; but I never was lucky like some fellows. Now there's my old college chum, Bradford, getting rich right under my nose; he tells me in his last letter that he's struck a snug little fortune not fifty miles from here in a mine, and, moreover, he said he was going to sue a neighbouring claim for \$250,000 and that he's sure of getting \$200,000 at least. Gee! wouldn't a case like that be a booster for a fellow to make a rep in."

He sighed and picked up a newspaper to dispel his gloomy reflections, for he was not prone to melancholy thoughts despite his present scarcity of business.

"I'll stay in this God-forsaken mud-hole out of pure cussedness, if I have to sell my coat to get out," he muttered to himself.

The next moment he was absorbed in his newspaper and did not pay the least attention to the heavy footsteps which came slowly tramping up the hall stairway. He had often listened with fast beating heart to such inspiring sounds, but he had always met with disappointment, for the person climbing the stairs invariably sought some of the other offices in the building. So Victor almost fell from his chair when his door opened and in plodded a well-muffled individual who wore a pair of huge plow shoes and stared at our hero out of blue goggles like an owl. His pale, shallow face was covered with stubby black whiskers, and he wore a big fur cap which concealed the ears and back part of his goblin-like head.

"Good morning, sir," brightly exclaimed Victor, as he warmly grasped one of the stranger's enormous mittens and placed a chair in front of him.

"Ha air ye, youngin?" said the individual in a drawling, raspy, starved voice, "is thur a lawyer in this buildin'?"

"Yes, sir," joyfully replied Victor elated at the prospect of a case,— "but sit down, first, won't you?"

The individual accepted the chair and then drawled:

"When'll he be in, youngin'?"

"Why—er—I am the lawyer," answered Victor.

The other stared in amazement.

"What! ye're a lawyer, youngin', what ye givin' me?"

"Why here is my card, sir," urged Victor.

"Go awn; I don't know how to read, but see here, I want no foolin'. I've got er—what do they call em? I've got a case here thet I'm a goin' tu win; fer ole Squire Blaky tol' me I had 'em dead tu rights, an' I want a good lawyer, an' I ain't no time fur foolin' with you. When'll th' boss be in?"

"Why, Mr.—eh—Mr.—"

"Simpson's my name—cattle raiser down in Big Plain Ranch—ye've probably heerd o' me. But I say when'll the lawyer be here?"

"Why, Mr. Simpson, I beg to assure you that I am Mr. Whitestone of this office, and I can refer you to any merchant in Booneville who will immediately identify me."

"Well, I swan!" Here the incredulous Simpson let out at one blast a cough that went wheezing and creaking down his throat until Victor thought he actually heard it re-echoing from his stomach; and he could scarcely

refrain from laughing outright, for this unearthly hacking cough reminded him of an incident at college: his classmate, Bradford, used to imitate such a cough, and one day he let it out in the midst of a lecture, which greatly amused the students and caused no little amount of consternation to the professor.

When Simpson recovered from his spell of hacking and spitting he muttered:

"Um! I'm a thinkin' it ud be many a day till I'd trust a case tu the likes o' you. Why, where's yer—yer—certificate and all yer books, youngin'?"

"Here is my college diploma, sir," proudly said Victor as he pointed to the hard-earned sheepskin which adorned his wall.

"Um! well, I swan!" ejaculated the timid client. "But see here, youngin', where's yer books? Every lawyer has what they call a library, don't they?"

Now it happened that our young attorney's library consisted of only a few college textbooks which were piled on a table in the next room, or the "private office." Here before Victor was a promising client who had a good case, and he felt that he must hold him by all means because the cattle-raiser undoubtedly had a good cause of action which was the very thing for which he was yearning. In it he might have an opportunity of showing the public his abilities, and thus pave the way to a rising career. He was sure to succeed if once started, because the people in and about Booneville clung to the old lawyers merely because of their standing and conservative methods, and if Victor could but get a chance he felt positive that litigants would put more trust in him, and he would gain success sooner or later. So in his anxiety to hold his visitor, his wit came to his aid and he replied:

"Why, Mr. Simpson, there are thousands of books to which a lawyer can refer—State Reports, Encyclopedias, Digests, etc., for instance; but perhaps your case only requires the enunciation of a simple principle of law."

"Now, see here, sonny, I want no foolin'. I believe ye've got grit in ye, en I'd like tu trust ye, but yer no lawyer unless ye've got all them books ye was talkin' about. Ye see I want a lawyer thet can fight like cats fur me—a feller that can read from books all day long. I want tu teach thet Dod blasted Grigsby that he can't steal my cattle and brand 'em right under my eyes, darn his hide. "Ye see, I'd been a missin' my cattle fur a long time, an' didn't know wherein th' Sam Hill

they'd been a goin'. T'other day one of his hired hands got huffy an' come over an' tol' me all about how Grigsby'd a been brandin' my cattle with his mark an' then claimin' 'em as his own—gol darn him. I'm a goin' tu soo him fur all the cattle I've lost durin' th' last five years. But say, sonny, show up yer books, fur if ye haven't got 'em I want tu git out an see some one else."

Now, here was a predicament indeed: a good case at law lay almost within the reach of Victor, and yet he knew that if he showed Simpson his modest collection of books, that cranky individual would at once walk out of the office into the arms of some other genial lawyer who would display an elaborate library to him, and Victor Whitestone would be still awaiting clients. What surprised the young attorney, though, was this whim on the part of Simpson, that the lawyer he would employ would be the one who had the most books—a crazy notion, that quoting from books at the trial would be sweet revenge. In his anxiety and excitement at this critical stage, a scheme shot into the mind of Victor, and he resolved to let his wit win him a client just as it had plotted many mischievous jokes at college and often got him out of tight places.

"I'll have some fun with him anyhow," he smiled, and then boldly turning to Simpson he said:

"Mr. Simpson, let me show you what law I shall bring out in the trial on the subject of "The Equitable Remedies of the Cattle Raiser."

So saying he went into the private office, or what Simpson thought to be the library; in a few moments the door opened and out walked the young lawyer with an armful of Hornbook volumes which he set on the table and again disappeared into the next room; another arm load was soon deposited before Simpson, which was designated as "Treatises on Waiver of Torts and Suing on the Contract." A few minutes more and Victor walked in with what he termed "a few volumes on the 'Jurisdiction of the Courts and Trial of Causes.'" Arm load after arm load was brought into the room until there must have been sixty volumes on the floor of the office; Simpson stared all this time and at each new influx of legal learning he exclaimed in open-mouthed wonder: "Well, I swan!" However, Victor did not notice him slip over and peep into the hallway one time when he had closed the door of the "private office" to get another burden of the yellow

covered treatises; but he kept on bringing in volume after volume until his arm was weary. At last when he thought he had enough of the library to convince Simpson, he said:

"Now, Mr. Simpson, I'll bring in another load on "Jurisprudence in Trespassing," and then I'll proceed to read some of the law from each of these books I've brought in."

Ha, ha, ha! Vic, you'll do all right," suddenly laughed the disguised client, and walking over to the door of the private office he flung it open, and pulling off his fur cap and goggles he shook hands with Victor who could scarcely believe his eyes.

"Jack Bradford, by the gods! Well, that's one on me. How did you ever think of such a scheme, and how did you know where I was getting the books?"

"Well, it's this way," explained Bradford when he had sufficiently recovered from his spell of laughing to speak: "I happened to be in town on a little business, which I will explain presently, and I thought I should have a little fun at your expense, and I guess I played it pretty well, eh?"

"Yes, and I was stupid enough not to recognize your cough. I thought it was the real thing this time."

"Well, Vic, you certainly deserve a good case and I've a got one for you—that suit I was telling you about in my last letter,—so you're not a loser after all."

"But I say, Jack, how did you catch on to where I was getting the books?"

"Well, I slipped over and peeped out into the hall just as you hurried through the side door of your office into that other attorney's library."

"Yes, I saw it was all up with me unless I could get the books somewhere, and Reeve, being a good friend of mine, told me to help myself—I guess he'll wonder if his library has walked off when he gets back."

"Well, I swan!" again drawled Jack, dropping his voice, pulling his cap over his head and replacing the big blue goggles, "I guess I'll change these togs. I'll be back up in a little while to talk over that mining case with you."

A GOOD style pleases like a sweet voice, an agreeable manner, a fair prospect. It has the charm which feeling gives to song, color to painting, emotion to eloquence, the glow of health to the countenance.—*Spalding*.

The Geraldine Rebellion.

JOHN P. O'HARA, '02.

(CONCLUSION.)

James, Earl of Desmond, a cousin of Kildare's, and "a man of lofty and ambitious views," was, it is commonly believed, trying to induce Charles V., Emperor of Germany, and Francis I., King of France, to invade Ireland. Rumours of this got abroad, and Kildare, as lord deputy, was commissioned to arrest his cousin Desmond. He failed to do so, whether from inability or unwillingness is unknown. He was again summoned to London. In a war of words with Wolsey, he apparently got the better of the Cardinal, and the favour he had found in Henry's eyes brought him out triumphantly. A few years later he was again called to England. This time he was unable to count upon the favour of the king, for Henry had just broken with the Roman Pontiff, and needed men in Ireland as in England who would be subservient to his purposes. Cromwell, who had succeeded Wolsey, had imbibed all his former master's bitterness toward the Geraldines. Kildare was placed in the tower and his enemies were left free to work his ruin.

When he passed over to England, the lord deputy had left his son Thomas, a youth of twenty years, as his representative in Ireland. This Thomas was a boy of great spirit, hot and impetuous. The sequel showed that his enemies knew well the stuff he was made of when they determined to drive him to rebellion. Alan, an Englishman and a partisan of the Butlers, had been made Archbishop of Dublin; and he and the Earl of Ormond were now the moving spirits in the council over which the young Lord Thomas presided.

Henry VIII. was at this time formulating his peculiar notions on religion, and was using the block pretty freely to enforce his convictions. Rumours were continually reaching Ireland concerning the fall of great men from position and power. At such a time a report of the earl's death would be readily received. When, therefore, a carefully prepared statement of Kildare's execution, narrating all the circumstances of his death, was spread abroad in Ireland it was not surprising that his retainers, to a man, rose in arms, and that Lord Thomas could dream of nothing but vengeance for the infamous murder of his

father. In plunging into rebellion he did just what his enemies expected and desired him to do.

This description of the men in the council-chamber where Lord Thomas renounced his allegiance to the English crown is abridged from A. M. Sullivan's "The Story of Ireland." When he entered Mary's Abbey, where the council meetings were held, the assembled lords arose and made way for him to the chair of state.

"Keep your seats, my lords," he said, "I have not come to preside over this council. I come to tell you of a bloody tragedy that has been enacted in London, and to give you to know what steps I have thought fit to take in consequence."

"What tragedy, my lord?" said Alan, the Archbishop of Dublin; "your lordship's looks and words alarm me. What means this multitude of men in the house of God?"

"My Lord Archbishop," replied Thomas, "when you pretend an ignorance of my noble father's murder—"

"Murder!" cried the lord chancellor, Cromer, starting from his seat, and all at the council table uttered exclamations of astonishment and horror, save only Alan and Lord James Butler, the lord high treasurer.

"Yes, my lord," continued Lord Thomas, still addressing the archbishop, "when you pretend ignorance of that foul and cruel murder, which was done by the instigation and traitorous procuring of yourself and others, your accomplices, and yet taunt me with the step which I have taken—rashly, as it may be, but not, I trust, unworthily of my noble father's son,—in consequence, you betray at once your treachery and your hypocrisy."

"My lords," he went on, "I come to tell you that my father has been basely put to death for I know not what alleged treason, and that we have taken up arms to avenge his murder. This sword of state, my lords, is yours, not mine. I have now need of my own weapon, which I can trust; but as for the common sword, it has flattered me not—a painted scabbard, while its edge was yet red in the best blood of my house—aye, and is even now whetted anew for further destruction of the Geraldines. Therefore, my lords, save yourselves from us as from open enemies. I am no longer Henry Tudor's deputy—I am his foe. I have more mind to conquer than to govern, to meet him in the field than to serve him in office."

"*Croom a boo!*" shouted Neal Roe O'Kennedy, Lord Thomas' bard. This was the famous war-cry of the Geraldines which the Parliament had recently suppressed. A thrill of fierce exultation went through the crowd as O'Kennedy exclaimed in Irish:

"Who is the young lion of the plains of Liffey that affrights the men of counsel and the ruler of the Saxon with his noble voice? Who is the quickened ember of Kildare, that would consume the enemies of his people and the false churls of the cruel race of Clan-London? It is the son of Gerald—the top branch of the oak of Offaly! It is Thomas of the silken mantle—*Ard-Rígh Eirinn!*"

"*Rígh Tomás go brag!*" shouted the soldiery.

The Lord Chancellor Cromer, a firm friend of the house of Kildare, begged Thomas most earnestly not to renounce his allegiance. Roused by deep concern for the young man's welfare, he pictured for him the consequences of such an insane act, but it was all in vain.

"My Lord Chancellor," Thomas replied to him, "I came not here to take advice, but to give you to understand what I purpose to do. As loyalty would have me know my prince, so duty compels me to reverence my father. I thank you heartily for your counsel, but it is now too late. As to my fortune, I take it as God will send it, and rather choose to die with valour and liberty than live under King Henry in bondage and villainy. Therefore, my lord, I thank you again for the concern you take in my welfare, and since you will not receive this sword from my hand, I can not but cast it from me, even as I here cast off and renounce all duty and allegiance."

The rebellion was fully launched and there was now no turning back. The Butlers and their accomplices could congratulate themselves on their perfidious success. They could rest on their oars and watch Lord Thomas hopelessly entangle himself in the meshes of Henry's wrath. The rebellion might have been a success if the Irish had gotten together, but it was futile to think of unity among a people whose highest conception of patriotism was loyalty to a clan. Many were willing to see the proud house of Fitzgerald humbled. Others, from motives of interest, held aloof to see which direction the wind of fortune would take. It soon became known that the Earl had not been murdered after all, and that the whole affair was a conspiracy engineered by the Ormond faction.

The successes that attended Lord Thomas

were at first many and brilliant. A terrible crime committed by his followers, brought ruin and retribution with it. Alan, the Archbishop of Dublin, fled from the city at the first sign of danger. His ship was driven ashore near Dublin and he was seized by Lord Thomas and his uncles, John and Oliver. These two men, inflamed by savage passion, brutally murdered the Archbishop as he knelt at their feet and begged for his life. For this crime Thomas and his uncles were excommunicated by the Pope. Their forces gradually melted away, and seeing no hope of success, they submitted to Lord Gray, the English commander-in-chief, on condition that their lives be spared. Henry did not allow this promise to bother his easy conscience. He seized the five uncles of Thomas at a banquet given in their honour. They, together with that unhappy lord himself, were taken to London, and all six were beheaded at Tyburn on the third of January, 1537.

The perfidy of the Butlers and Archbishop Alan will always stand as a disgraceful monument to their memory. Henry's violation of a sacred pledge in this instance appears in scarlet colours even on the lurid background furnished by his long life of murder, rapine and treachery. Still, we must look to Irishmen themselves and their political organization for the real cause of their long series of failures in their endeavours to throw off the authority of England. They had had no national life since the Norse invasions. The clan was the nation. Had the English conquest crushed out the clan system, as the Roman conquest had done in Britain, Ireland would have fared far better. We may deplore the conduct of England toward Ireland, but we are foolish to think it could have been otherwise. It was the spirit of the times to rule dependencies with a view solely to the advantage of the home-country. That was the policy of every country of Europe, and it remained so till the beginning of the nineteenth century.

THE love of truth for its own sake is the love of God. Be not afraid to contemplate with unflinching eye aught that is. Truth is absolute; lies are accidental.

SUCCESS in the practical affairs of life depends upon temperament more than upon talent; for decision, courage, industry, and perseverance are temperamental.—*Spalding*.

The Poet's Christmas Eve.*

PATRICK MACDONOUGH, '03.

In a valley fair I know
Where the Vandals long ago
Ruled the land of Sunny Spain,
Dwell my father and my mother,
My sisters and my brother,—
God's blessing there remain.

One winter's evening many years ago—I was then seven—after I had heard the Angelus and recited three Hail Marys, my father said to me in a serious tone of voice:—

"Peter, to-night you must not go to bed at the same hour as the chickens; you are now big, and you ought to sup with your parents and your older brothers. This is Christmas Eve."

I shall never forget the joy with which I listened to those words.

I to stay up late!

I gave a scornful look at my smaller brothers, and then I began to plan how until the next Christmas Day I should describe in school this my first adventure, the first dissipation of my life.

Already the bells were ringing—it was the "hour of souls,"† as they say in my village.

In my village,—ninety leagues from Madrid, a thousand leagues from the world, near the crest of the Sierra Nevada!

Even now, I seem to see our home again!

A large oak-log crackled on the middle of the hearth, and the black, wide mantelpiece sheltered us. At the corners were my two grandmothers who stayed in our house that night to grace the family ceremony. Near them my parents were seated, and next in order, my brothers, sisters and myself, while between us were the servants.

We all represented the house on that festival, and therefore it was fitting that we should all warm ourselves at the same fire.

As I remember, the men servants were standing, and the girls were in a sort of kneeling posture on the floor. Their respectful humility prevented them from taking a chair.

The cats slept in the middle of the circle with their backs turned to the fire.

Some snowflakes came down the flue of the chimney, the same route the fairies take.

* Translated from the Spanish of P. A. De Alarcón.

† In Spain exists the pathetic and Christian custom of ringing bells at sunset to remind the people of praying for the souls in purgatory.

And far from us the winds whistled outside and told us of absent ones, of the poor and of the travellers.

My father and my older sister played the harp, and I accompanied them—not that they liked it—on a rude drum which I had made that evening out of a large earthenware pitcher.

You know the songs that the waits sing in the villages on the eastern side of Mount Valeta?

Well, such was the music that composed our concert. The servants took up the vocal part of the programme and sang the following couplets:

To-night is Christmas Night
And to-morrow Christmas Day;
A bottle of wine, Maria,
To while the hours away.

All were full of life; all content; the rolls, the buttercakes, the sweet almonds, the candies made by the nuns, the fruit wine, passed from hand to hand. . . . And they were speaking about going to Midnight Mass, to the *Pastores* (a Mass at which the shepherds attend, celebrated at daybreak), and of making ice-cream with the snow that covered the courtyard, and of going to see the Crib which we boys had made in the tower.

Suddenly, and in the midst of that happiness, there reached my ears the following lines sung by my grandmother:

The Christmas Eve comes back
Just as it did of yore;
But we go, and alack!
We never return more.

Despite my extreme youth these words chilled my very heart. And the reason was, because the future suddenly unfolded before my eyes all the monotonous miseries of life.

It was a burst of intuition unsuited to my age; a miraculous presentiment; a message of unspeakable poetic displeasure; it was my first inspiration. Then I saw with wonderful distinctness the very sad lot of those three generations there reunited and of which our household was composed. My grandmothers, my parents and my brothers and sisters seemed to me like an army on the march whose vanguard is going to the grave, while the rear is not yet dressed to leave the cradle.

And these three generations constitute a century! And all the centuries have been alike! And that ours should disappear like the others and like all the centuries which will follow!

The Christmas Eve comes back
Just as it did of yore. . . .

Such is the implacable monotony of time, the pendulum that swings in space, the indifferent repetition of things contrasted with our trifling years of pilgrimage on the earth.

And we go, and alack,
We never return more!

Horrible conception, cruel sentence, whose clear meaning was to me the first warning of death, the first of my forebodings!

Then filed before my eyes a thousand past Christmas Eves, a thousand hearths extinguished, a thousand families that once supped together and who no longer exist; other children, other joys, other songs lost forever; the affection of my grandmothers, their old-fashioned dresses, their remote youth, their recollections at that moment; the infancy of my parents, the first Christmas Eve of our family; all those pleasant fireside talks that had taken place before I was seven years of age. . . . And after further imaginings there came before my eyes a thousand more Christmas Eves which would come regularly to snatch away life and hope; future joys in which we should have no part; all there present,—my brothers and sisters gone to other lands; our parents, who in the course of nature, should die before us; *we* alone in life; the next century substituted for the present one; those sparkling coals, ashes; my vanished youth, my old age, my burial, my memory,—I shall be forgotten; the indifference, the ingratitude of even those of my own blood who will laugh and enjoy themselves when the worms profane the place in which I, poor mortal, conceive these thoughts. . . .

A flood of tears burst from my eyes. I was asked why I wept, and as I did not know the reason, and could not understand very well, I was unable to give any explanation; consequently, they understood that I was sleepy and I was ordered to go to bed.

I wept anew because of this, and as a result there flowed together my first tears of philosophy and my last tears of childhood, making sleep impossible, and so I heard from my bed the mirthful feasting at which I was too much of a child (as I believed then) to be present, or already too much of a man (as I think now). It was the bitterest night of all my life.

I must have fallen asleep at last, for I do not remember whether they continued talking about the Midnight Mass, the *Pastores*, and the prospective ice-cream.

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REPORTERS.

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—Aubrey de Vere is dead. He had lived a space of time longer than that commonly allotted to man; finally, at the age of eighty-eight, at Curragh Chaise, County Limerick, Ireland, the place where he was born, he went to join the spirits of his ancestors.

Father R. O. Kennedy, in a paper on the poet published in the January number of the *Ave Maria*, 1898, gives us an appreciative picture of him. He tells us of his first visit to De Vere's ancestral mansion: "From behind the table a tall figure rises, six feet two or three, and 'straight as a Norwegian pine.' The physique denotes endurance and strength, and a sinewy activity in younger days. A mantling of white hair is on the head; the face is long rather than round, and is clean-shaven—but O such a face! I will tell you what it reminded me of when first I saw it,—of a thing told in one of our delightful fairy tales. The Princess, you know, being ill-treated by her stepmother, had to leave her father's palace. As she was lying disconsolate and alone the good fairies came and poured a *sthoul* of beauty over her, so that everyone thereafter who looked upon her face could not but join her standard and fight her cause." De Vere's father, Sir Aubrey, was a poet

and friend of poets. He wrote "Mary Tudor," "Julian the Apostate," etc. The present proprietor, Aubrey's brother, Sir Stephen, is a translator of Horace. So as it has been aptly said their home was "a nest of nightingales." "Thither gathered Moncton, Milnes (afterward Lord Houghton) Wordsworth and Tennyson." Thus born in an atmosphere of poetry, Aubrey de Vere inherited his gift from his father, and developed it by his associates.

His friends were the famous men of Great Britain for three-fourths of a century. Wordsworth he was especially intimate with. In fact, his entire family had a passionate devotion for this great poet. On Aubrey de Vere's shoulders more so than any other man's, Wordsworth's mantle fell. For he, in his sonnets and his legends, seems to catch the fervor of that great bard. By some he has been associated with the Lake School of poetry both on account of the Wordsworthian spirit his poetry breathes, and his friendship with Wordsworth, Keats, Shelley, Coleridge, etc.

Aubrey de Vere never was a popular poet. His work was too classic for that. Like Wordsworth, his full appreciation may now come since he is dead. By some "The Legends of St. Patrick," "Legends of the Saxon Saints," and "Ancilla Domini," are held his best work. Father Kennedy says: "When reading the 'Legends of St. Patrick,' but especially while reading the struggling in prayer of the Apostles on Mount Cruachan—

That great hill 'of eagles' named—

I am reminded of Homer's 'Iliad' and Milton's 'Paradise Lost.' Each of the three brings in the supernatural; and the supernatural adds a new and mysterious charm (as when carefully handled it always must) to the subject-matter."

Aubrey de Vere has written some dramas which have been well received by the critics. His Thomas à Becket has been compared, to its advantage, with Tennyson's drama of the same name.

Of his ranking as a critic, which was high, we shall not speak; of his religious verse we shall quote but a few lines as he thinks of Holy Mary:

A lily with its isles of buds
Asleep on some unmeasured sea.—
O God, the starry multitudes,
What are they more than this to Thee!

Chief among the poet's passions was his great love for his native land. Before he became a Catholic, in 1851, with the Oxford Movement, in 1847-48, during the famine, all

he underwent for the starving Irish peasant and the poor Irish emigrant can not be told in a few words. With his death he leaves behind him hundreds that "worship the print of those beautiful feet; loving eyes that bless the day that let them see those venerable hairs and that beloved face."

—The college-trained man is fast becoming a necessity in every branch of knowledge or commerce. But few will question his conscious superiority in the arts, sciences, in fact, in any of the learned professions. They will readily admit that Abraham Lincoln might have been a greater lawyer with a college training than without; but yet they object there are certain branches of industry, as the railroad service, and that if a young fellow were to spend four years at college before learning even the rudiments of a great railroad system, he will be an entire lifetime in "catching up."

Mr. Charles Twing, in a recent issue of the *Saturday Evening Post*, seems to solve this difficulty. He gives the results of his question, "Should the railroad man be a college man?" put to a hundred railroad officials. The answers, *pro* and *con*, were about equally divided. Then Mr. Twing says: "The boy that does not go to college may, by reason of his intellectual and ethical powers, reach a far higher place than one who does go. Nature did for the one who finished his education with the high school more than both nature and college did for the other. But, of course, the proper method is not to *compare man with man*, but to *compare man with himself*."

In this last sentence of his, that of "not comparing man with man, but of comparing man with himself," Mr. Twing strikes the keynote of the controversy. We can not take two young fellows of presumably equal ability—both leaving high school the same year, the one entering college, the other a railroad office, and state which one would be the better railroad man ten years after, should both enter this service—this is comparing man with man. But we can compare man with himself and state that as a college graduate, his power, foresight and knowledge in managing a railroad will be greater after a college course than if he had never had this training. His mind has been properly developed, and with this development has come a better grasp of details, a power of invention which only thorough intellectual training can bring.

Wordsworth and Coleridge.

Dr. Spalding lectured before the higher English students, Monday and Wednesday afternoons. His subjects were William Wordsworth and Samuel Taylor Coleridge. Dr. Spalding invariably arranges the subject-matter so that he may compel the closest attention possible to the work in hand. He is a deep student and a talented lecturer, and has the faculty essential to the treatment of biographical and critical essays,—that of interestingly hitting the salient points in the life and writings of a man.

The Radical tendencies of Wordsworth, growing out of the French Revolution; the influence of Coleridge on the man, and their short but unhampered period of idealistic life in common; and, above all, the sweet, restraining influence of the sister, Dorothy, were dwelt upon feelingly. Truly, this sister was a most potent influence in Wordsworth's life.

Wordsworth desired to be a philosophical poet, one that should think out for himself the questions concerning "Man and Nature and Human Life." At that time immediately following his university days, when the poet became somewhat estranged from both man and nature, his sister's influence gradually brought him back to his delight in nature, and, through nature, to his belief in man. Dr. Spalding referred to the nature-worshipping rambles of Wordsworth, Coleridge, and the sister, Dorothy, and said they went upon these excursions "as three persons with but one soul."

Wordsworth is not what may be called a popular poet. He is a poet of lowly nature, and his moral power is supreme. Despite his greatest ambition and his unremitting efforts along that line, he did not become a philosophical poet. He was not a philosopher, but he was a poet of the highest order.

The poetry of Wordsworth brought small return until the most fruitful years of his life were over. He was sixty-five years of age when his recognition came—at least, any remunerative recognition. As he told Matthew Arnold, "My poetry scarcely bought me my shoe strings."

Dr. Spalding made note of the poet's growing Conservatism as his age advanced. His political ideas are clearly shown in many of his poems. However, his two great themes were the poetry of Nature and the poetry of

Man. The exquisite fitness of nature and the soul of man were always the burden of his song; and their utmost harmony was his philosophy.

Apostles of Romanticism and leaders of a new poetry, as they were, Wordsworth and Coleridge's lives were in many respects closely connected. Coleridge was, as a boy, precocious but wayward. His earlier student-days were productive of medals and honours, while his later work at the university was most irregular.

Dr. Spalding touched upon the poet's first meeting with Southey, their Communistic talk, and his acquaintance in London with Charles Lamb. Coleridge's senseless enlistment in the Dragoons and his subsequent marriage and its unfortunate outcome were taken in succession. The bane of this poet's life—his opium habit—was, Dr. Spalding thinks, contracted at an earlier age than the most of his biographers date it. Before this habit entirely ruled the man, the period of his greatest achievement gave to the world his "Ode on France" and "The Ancient Mariner."

Coleridge's life was full of incident. He was possessed of the greatest gifts, yet in whatever he did that carelessness and waywardness of action made the performance of any stated work uncertain and unfinished. He won success in Journalism—not in a managerial way, but in his comprehensive grasp of the editorial column. He refused a paying offer from that source, however, to idle, to dream, and to paint word-pictures for his admirers in the country. His lectures were a success in spite of the uncertainty whether he would appear at the hour and date set, or, in fact, whether he would appear at all.

Coleridge did possess a mind capable of metaphysical inquiry and one of a philosophical trend, yet little good resulted from his gifts in those subjects. There may be an exception in those ardent disciples of his who perhaps were incited to higher thoughts from their patient attention to his interminable talks.

The later years of his life were principally spent in a continued, though unsuccessful, fight against his unfortunate habit. An annuity was given him, and some of the greatest literary men of his time, including Lord Byron, aided Coleridge materially. He died in 1834, leaving his *magnum opus*, which should show the "Identity of the Christian with the Highest Philosophy," merely a fragment of ceaseless talkings, vain imaginings, and a few writings.

Though Coleridge in his own day was known principally by his philosophical speculations, it is his poetical work and his literary criticism that must insure his immortality. He was the pioneer to give an appreciative and correct criticism of Shakspeare. "The Ancient Mariner" is his only complete work. The simplicity and supernaturalness of that must claim admirers for all time. His most important prose work was the "Biographia Literaria."

Samuel Taylor Coleridge, as Dr. Spalding believes, possessed the strongest personality along with a deep strain of sadness and melancholia. He worked patiently and eloquently for truth, and combined that with the best philosophy he knew.

F. F. D.

The Violin Recital.

Wednesday morning Sol Marcossou assisted by Mr. Thomas Taylor Drill, baritone, and Miss Luella Hayward, accompanist, gave a violin recital. The efforts of the three were of a high order of excellence. Certain of the younger members of the audience, as too often happens here, found it a great trouble to give the proper attention.

Mr. Marcossou's playing was noted principally for its expression and execution. A violinist seldom plays with a saner expression. The two extremes are a foolish sentimentality and a cold correctness of execution. Mr. Marcossou mars his recitals with neither of these faults. The true feeling he expressed in "Air on the G String" (*Bach-Wilhelmj*), the lightness and correctness of his interpretation of "Humoresque" (*Tschaikowsky*), and his mastery of the "Gypsy Melodies" (*Saraste*), deserve more than the conventional word of commendation.

Mr. Thomas Taylor Drill has a strong and cultured baritone voice. He sang with good feeling. He was encored twice which goes to show the power of his voice, for the audience were not very enthusiastic—a questionable compliment for themselves. "Only the Sound of a Voice" (*Watson*), if a veteran number for the concert-hall, is always good when it is sung well. Mr. Drill sang it very well. With the exception of the "Serenade" (*Arensky*), in which she played too loud, Miss Hayward's accompanistic work was very creditable. In that one instance, the bad condition of the piano was more at fault than was Miss Hayward.

F. F. D.

Exchanges.

A glance at the verse in the Christmas *Viatorian* shows that the writers mean well. The rhythm is smooth, running along with a gentle fluency, but no more. One young versifier in an epic on life divides it into four parts, namely, Joy, Parting, Sorrow and Consolation. In Joy he takes the hero as a child, "a fair-haired boy." In Parting he turns him into a soldier, enwrapping "His manly form—In a soldier's suit of blue." What limitations were it a Khaki uniform. In Sorrow he kills the "soldier boy" on the battlefield, and then plants the lad in "A cold, dark, lonely grave." These graves are generally cold, dark and lonely. And then to console the mother, says "No man is born a slave." The lines run smoothly, but the thought is weak. The prose in this number shows better development.

**

A great deal of strength is added to the Christmas number of *The William Jewell Student* by the goodly number of verses interspersed throughout. The author of "The South in Literature" has given us a pretty fair treatment of the subject in a few pages. In "The Hunt" "John's" first few words sound so immaterial that one might immediately become prejudiced against the whole story. From them we might conclude that "John" always carried a book, wore spectacles, had an abnormally developed head,—that he even came from Boston, as he says to his associates, "To be sure, You are striking one of the pleasure chords of my nature when you talk of hunting," etc. What a charming scene is here described by the author of "The Hunt":

"The early frost of September had painted his imprint with varied colours on the fallen leaves. The blustering wind had scattered them helter-skelter here and there till all the woodland surface was covered a reddish yellow. Once in a while, one would raise its form in the gentle breeze like a figure bending forward to catch some ghostly sound of impending danger." That sounds like *poetry*, genuine poetry at that! The negro dialect in "The Hunt" could be very much improved. But, after all, these are only certain points about the article; the writer has not chosen the simplest of subjects and we may say that, all in all, he has done well in his treatment of the subject.

G. W. B.

Athletics.

The chances of having a good baseball team, which a couple of weeks ago seemed poor, have brightened considerably during the past week. The candidates are getting down to their work with greater vim, the result of Captain Lynch's "talks," and consequently their playing shows a marked improvement. If they show as much improvement in the next few weeks, Notre Dame need have no fear of her honours on the diamond.

In the pitching department Ruehlbach and Dohan seem to be doing the best work, although Hogan and Higgins are rapidly developing speed and control. The infield candidates are playing fast ball. Hemp, O'Connor, Gage, Groogan, Shaughnessy and Gerrightly seem to be doing the best work in the infield, but of course, it is too early to judge their abilities correctly. As to the outfield, nothing can be said until outdoor practice is taken up. The track candidates are steadily improving. The veteran runners, Kirby, Uffendall, Gearin, Staples, and Herbert, are regaining their old-time form; and under Coach Butler's instructions they are now getting down to serious work. In the field events Richon, Sullivan, Barrett, and Draper are the most promising. Of the weight men, O'Malley shows the greatest improvement.

J. P. O'R.

Personals.

—Mrs. Mooney of Peoria, Ill., visited her son who is in Carroll Hall.

—Father Gleason, of Iowa, visited friends at the University during the week.

—Mr. Kennedy of Scottdale, Pa., entered his son Edward in Carroll Hall last Tuesday.

—Mrs. Munson of St. Louis accompanied her son on his return to St. Edward's Hall.

—Mr. Bailey of Brownson Hall had the pleasure of a visit from his mother during the week.

—Father Guendling, an old friend of the University, who is stationed at Goshen, paid us a short visit last Monday.

—Miss Elizabeth A. Barker of Ashbourne, England, visited Masters A. and G. Lowther of St. Edward's Hall recently.

—Among the familiar faces seen at the University during the week was that of Father Kelly of La Pierre, Michigan. Many of the students will remember the lecture he delivered last year on "The Yankee Volunteer."

A Card of Sympathy.

Since in God's will, the father of our friend and colleague, Professor John M. Cooney, recently passed away after a life of edification as a Christian gentleman and many years of public usefulness in his community;

Be it resolved, that while we know Professor Cooney must be consoled by the record his father's honourable life leaves with us, we still express cordial sympathy in a natural sorrow which is unavoidable: the better the father the deeper that grief.

We condole with Professor Cooney and his bereaved family, and we assure them of our sincere respect and friendship. For the President and Faculty:

AUSTIN O'MALLEY,
CHARLES PETERSEN,
WILLIAM KEGLER,
DANIEL ROCHE.

Local Items.

—Central—"Is the number you want in a meat market?"

John P—"No; a butcher shop."

—A PUZZLE.—The maid is afraid of the mouse

And the mouse of the man is afraid—

The man when aroused will murder the mouse

Yet the man is afraid of the maid.

—Professor Benitz of the Department of Mechanics, was appointed this week City Electrician of South Bend. The position was created last October by the city council. Mr. Benitz is the first incumbent.

—Mat Donahoe, the popular captain of last year's ball team, has returned to the University to continue his law work. Should he and Captain Lynch join in the coaching of the baseball candidates, Notre Dame will certainly be provided with two coaches of ability.

—Those that are not familiar with the "ice man" should call down at St. Joseph's Lake and get a look at the real article as it shoots through the sluice, up the incline, and into the ice-house. The sight is as exhilarating as a shake with the ex-chief after a long absence.

—Moot-court opened up on last Thursday. The case of Miller vs. Cummings was on trial. Mitchell and Quigley pleaded for the plaintiff; Green and Crimmins for the defendant. The latter won. Moot-court should be largely attended. It is the most practical thing in any law course, and the thing that tests a young man's ability.

—At a special meeting of the Faculty Board of Control held Wednesday afternoon, forty-three candidates were passed upon as eligible for the athletic teams. Altogether, the number will probably reach sixty by the next meeting which is to be held Feb. 3. Printed

lists of eligible candidates will be placed in the hands of each instructor, and sealed reports on their class standing will be called for on the last Saturday of each month. The mark "C," which is to indicate "below grade," will bar the athlete from the team until he has regained his standing.

—"The Clan System in Ireland" was the subject of an exhaustive and interesting paper read by Brother Finan before the members of the Irish Historical Society of Notre Dame on Sunday last. While some of his views aroused considerable criticism, his discussion of the subject was, on the whole, well received and gave evidence of much research.

—The Minims are commonly the happiest mortals in the University. They are ever given to hero-worship; but this year their hero is a large toboggan slide that has won them all and all. Here they gather in crowds, and within a few minutes the slide is a mass of toboggans, legs and wriggling bodies. Kelly, Mac, and Ed Rousseau seem to bear the palm as star performers.

—At the regular meeting of the Temperance Society, held last Sunday evening, Orrin A. White was elected treasurer, the office having been recently vacated. Father Marr, Spiritual Director, talked on temperance, presenting the subject in a light altogether new to his hearers. He made the announcement that Father Cox, of Chicago, will address the society February 5, in behalf of the virtuous, but misunderstood, cause of total abstinence. It is intended to have a "smoker" on the date given above, and to supplement it with a bright, clever programme.

—The energy displayed by Mr. F. E. Hering and Mr. D. P. Murphy in erecting an ice-house near St. Joe Lake, and storing it with 5000 tons of ice within a few months is certainly remarkable. The work required foresight, ability and capital. All these difficulties having been overcome, the ice-man is no longer a shadowy figure among us. In the warm spring months, when old King Sol is too much for us, we can seek admission to the ice-house, and there in the shade of a cake, with its coolness fanning our cheek, and its salt tears dripping along our back, write verse that would even appeal to the ice-man.

—The first basket-ball game this season was played Wednesday evening in the Brownson gym. It was between the Y. M. C. A. of South Bend and Brownson Hall. Both teams were well matched, and the game was full of excitement. In the first half Brownson had the advantage, scoring thirty-three points on goals from the field. During this half the Y. M. C. A. made seven points, six on goals from the field and one on a goal from free throw. The second half brought our team only three points, while it yielded to our opponents nine, six of which were made on goals from

the field. Score, 36-16. For the visitors, Barrett, Carpenter, and Wagner did good work. Sammon, Groogan, and Glynn carried off the stellar honours for Brownson.

—Last Saturday evening the St. Joseph Debating Society held its first meeting of this year. The subject for debate was, "Resolved: Napoleon was a greater man than Washington." The affirmative was supported by C. Leppert, J. Gormley and J. I. O'Phelan, and the negative by Dan O'Connor, C. W. Casey, and J. Kenny. The judges decided in favour of the affirmative. After the debate, the society elected the following officers for the coming term: W. Cameron, (re-elected), President; C. E. Leppert, Vice-President; E. J. Piel, Secretary; J. J. O'Neill (re-elected), Treasurer; Dan O'Connor, Moderator; J. M. Jenkins and Louis Zaehne, Sergeants-at-Arms; N. R. Furlong, T. A. Toner and W. A. Bolger, Programme Committee.

—Coach Butler had his first try-out Thursday afternoon. The results thus early in the season prove that great things may be expected of the team before next June. Herbert, on account of illness, did not compete. Shea did fine work in the mile, Staples in the 220-yard dash, Gearin in the quarter-mile run, and Kirby in the shot-put. The summaries:

40 yard dash—Staples, first; Kirby, second; Reichardt, third. Time, 4 4-5 seconds.

220 yard dash—Staples, first; Reichardt, second; Kirby, third. Time, 25 seconds.

440 yard dash—Gearin, first; Kahler, second; Rayneri, third. Time, 57 seconds.

880 yard run—Uffendall, first; Steele, second. Time, 2 minutes 11 seconds.

Mile—Shea, first; Daly, second. Time, 5 minutes 15 seconds.

40 yard high hurdles—Hoover, first. Time, 5½ seconds.

Pole vault—Sullivan, first, 9 feet 6 inches; Halloran, second, 9 feet 5 inches.

Running high jump—Richon, first, 5 feet 3 inches; Draper, second, 5 feet 2 inches.

Shot put—Kirby, first, 36 feet 11 inches; McCullough, second, 36 feet 6 inches; O Malley, third, 36 feet.

—Perhaps there has never been a society at Notre Dame that has been conducted with more gratifying results than the St. Joseph's Literary and Debating Society. From an humble gathering of social smokers it has emerged into a troupe of actors whose equals have never been heard of. (This space reserved for the inaugural address of the president of the society: "Buzz, buzz, buzz!"). Last Saturday evening the society attempted a rendition of Julius Cæsar; the play ran smoothly enough up to the second act, and the house fairly shook with applause for the modest actors; but alas, just as Cassius "was remarking how *he* did quail," and as Brutus was getting his "most unkindest cut of all" ready for business, Marcus Antonius so far forgot his lines that he stepped upon the stage even before the foul deed was accom-

plished. Making the best of his embarrassing position, however, he called for a standing vote on the dethronement of Cæsar. His piercing eye shook the knees of the conspirators, so that in mortal fear they swallowed the bitter pill and closed the most interesting tragedy by a "Long Live Cæsar!" Let us hope that the Knockers are now satisfied and that the throne shall never again be molested.

—A number of Sorinites, chaperoned by Noisy K and Tommy D, enjoyed a very pleasant toboggan party on the Minims' slide last Wednesday night. The only thing to mar this joyous occasion was the absence of toboggans. However, the Mother of Invention came to the rescue. Some of the would-be tobogganists procured boards, direct from the lumber yard, to slide on; others used tin pie plates for toboggans, while the majority slid sometimes on the soles of their shoes, other times on the seats of their trousers, and sometimes on both. A few went so far as to slide on their heads. Shammy, one of the party, stepped over too far at the top of the slide, and if it hadn't been for a pile of brick a hundred yards or so distant he might have been sliding yet. The accidents were comparatively few in number. Ralph, while taking a spin on a pie plate, did not see an elevation on the ice in front. The pie plate went safely over, but Ralph made a very bad impression on the track with his *cerebellum*. Tommy D brought up against a chunk of ice frozen to the surface. He was very dangerously ill for a few seconds, but ultimately recovered his former health. The only other accident of the evening was due to a runaway pie plate. The crowd at the foot the toboggan slide scattered, but two or three were overtaken, knocked down and run over. MORAL: Buy a toboggan and save liniment.

This is a true story, but of course, we can't tell all the truth. For the sake of identity, the hero is a P. G.

—Our friend from Battle Ax has been a great source of annoyance to us during the past few weeks. The office has been literally deluged with messenger boys, carrier pigeons, and wireless messages, some from the crowned heads of Europe requesting that we publish a short history of the famous man.

The phenom, or "Duke de Parygoric," as he is familiarly called by his friends, was born during the latter part of the nineteenth century in the State of Michigan, and despite his surroundings and the advanced price of crackers he thrived. At an early age he showed a great attachment for the scenes of his childhood, and was sent to the village school, where he soon drove his teachers crazy—with joy at his remarkable intellect. Such words as "O seet, naw, aw, gwan," were mere bywords with him, and he could distinguish the difference between a toothbrush and a Canadian quarter at the first

guess. Music, singing, speaking, and the various other athletic sports were learned by him, and he easily outstripped all the other lads in his block. Up to the age of fifteen his fame had been merely local, but soon after this his name was heard on every street corner.

The way it happened was thusly: On the Fourth of July, 1898, the Battle Ax Caterpillar Baseball Team was to cross bats with the Cripple Creek Ditch Drainers' nine. Excitement throughout the country was high, and several women fainted. Upon the result of the contest depended the election of Jonathan Jay Spriggs as County Commissioner, and of course his friends in the Senate were thoroughly aroused. The critical moment for the commencement of that memorable struggle arrived, but the followers of Battle Ax team were horrified to learn that Josiah Beet, their fleet short-stop and the mainstay of the team, had been kidnapped. Our phenom was the only available substitute, but to put him in meant defeat. At last they were obliged to do so. With tears in his eyes and a new glove the Duke entered the contest. For ten long innings the game went on without a score being made. Excitement was intense. Babies screamed, strong men fainted, and even the burly policeman felt his heart beat a tattoo on his ribs. Then came the play that won the game, elected Spriggs, restored peace throughout the country, and made the Duke famous. In the eleventh inning, the Battle Ax nine scored on a terrific drive by the phenom. This aroused the Creek lads and with blood in their eyes and bats in their hands they went in to try their half. The first three men got to base on free passes. The fourth and fifth went out, but the next man swatted the ball a terrific swat on the cover. With a chuckle the Duke leaped in the air and caught the ball in his teeth. The Duke then fell to the ground with an awful cry of pain which brought players and spectators to his side expecting to find him dead. He recovered, however, after careful treatment of seven doctors and twelve stitches in his mouth. That night there was a firework display at the corner store that the citizens have not forgotten yet. (Continued in our next).

—Two letters have been received from the Philippine Islands by Mr. Bohner of Chicago from his son George, Law '01, who went to these islands last July as a government teacher. The other Notre Dame men to go with him are Anthony Brogan, Litt. B. '01, John Hayes, Litt. B. '01, James Barry, A. B. '97. The second letter treating of the manners of the natives, will appear in next week's issue.

ON BOARD "THE ROMULAS,"

Sept. 16, 1901.

We are now at the final stage of our journey, that is there is only about a week more of sailing. I shall be

very glad to get located as it will seem fine to be in a place that I can call home. Manila is in a fine country, but it is too much like an American city to suit me. Street cars do not travel quite as fast and there is a marked difference between the conductors here and those in Chicago. Politeness is almost a bore. If you ask a man where a certain place is he will stop the car when you get there, and if it happens to be around the corner, will get off and guide you to the spot. This is all very nice when you happen to be the one looking for the place, but when it happens to be some one else it begins to get tiresome. The "Carrromallos" or cabs are a great sight to see. They are very small affairs, just large enough for one person to sit comfortably in, two-wheeled with a top. The ponies are a little larger than a good-sized mastiff but not much. There are no horses except those in the army service. The fighting isn't over by a long shot, but the backbone of the revolution is broken. There is fighting going on within three miles of Manila itself, but it doesn't amount to much. I was out on the firing line the other day. Everyone thinks that within the next ten years a great deal of money will be made here and business of all kinds is good even now. The Island of Mindanao, to which I am going, is the largest one next to Luzon and is considered the richest one and in time will be of more importance than Manila and Luzon. The natives are Mohammedans and hate the Spanish, so they did not explore the island much. There is lumber of all kinds, gold, copper, and a great deal of good agricultural land. If you look it up in the atlas you will find it in the Sulu group and in the Sulu Sea. If you could stand the climate and hardships necessary to be put up with in a new country I think you would like to live here as far as commercial prospects are concerned. I like it very much, and if, at the end of three years there is any chance to get a start I mean to do so as I think the law business is going to be a good line to follow.

I had to quit writing the other day as the sea was so rough that it was almost impossible to stay in one place without being tied to it. I am now in Surigao on the Island of Mindanao about a hundred miles from Butuan, the town I am assigned to, and I will probably have to be here quite a while waiting for a boat. There are one or two white men here and a few miners, this being the gold district. Food is the difficult thing to get, that is, food such as a white man requires. I am cooking my own meals and have the provisions that I bought in Manila. I will be a good cook by the time I get back. I may "HIKE" it across the country with a miner who is interested in mines at Butuan. It will be a hard trip though, as it means climbing mountains, going down rivers, etc., and will have native guides. The natives are friendly, however, and they are desperately afraid of an "Americano." I am dressed in Khaki trousers and army blouse, a big sombrero hat, leggings and my revolver, a blanket and poncho. Look like a "Bad man." I am getting experience with a vengeance, but I like it more and more. I will soon be settled in my little town, however, and then will enjoy life like a white man. We teachers are very near being the "supreme high" in our towns. The soldiers are to leave my town, Butuan, soon after I get there, and I being the only white man will have things all my own way. I can speak a little Spanish and also Visayan, that is enough to make myself understood. Just heard of President McKinley's death this morning. What a dreadful thing it was. It must have been a terrible blow to the country and world at large. I presume it will have no effect on the policy over here.

I will have to wish you a merry Christmas and a happy New Year now if I expect it to reach you by that time as this letter will be a month in getting to Manila and about six weeks from there to Chicago. I wish you would send me a lot of 16 gauge loaded club shells as I have a gun and can keep myself in meat very easily as game is plentiful. I expect to make a success of it here and when you write the folks tell them I am well and having a fine time and will write them as soon as I get located.