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## Spring.

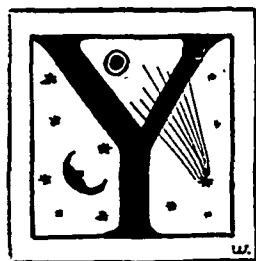
ROBERT E. LYNCH, '03.

LAST night I list while sweetly o'er the leas  
Æolian harps did waft the voice of spring:  
Awake, and lo! with varied blossoming  
The hills and dales came forth. And from the sea's  
Deep roar did music sweeter swell; light flees  
The brooklet on, soft vernal tidings murmuring.  
The birds lent ear; with song the woodlands ring.  
Awake! pour forth thy praises on the breeze.

In after days when life's dim seasons fall,  
And I have gone along my dreary ways,  
Then let me hear, O Lord, Thy favored call:  
"Awake! awake! unto eternal spring;  
Thou shalt forever in my vineyard sing  
With choirs celestial God's eternal praise."

## A Good Cattle Raiser.

ALBERT L. KRUG, 1902.



YES, father, the gold medal and ten thousands francs for a pair of oxen. You were right. There is something in raising cattle. As the exhibition has closed and my animals have been turned over to the purchaser, I am coming home for a vacation in a few weeks. I want to ask your forgiveness for running away."

"My forgiveness!" cried old man Grenicheux, when Father Granville had finished reading the letter to him, "he has earned that ten times over since he has given up his worthless work. Ten thousand francs! Jean would never have earned that with his daubing, do you think so, Father? Wasn't I right in not listening to you when you told me to let

him have his own way? If I had not put my foot down on his silly notions, he'd be starving now, instead of having two prize oxen. Isn't that what the paper says?"

"You are right," answered the priest with a smile. "Here it is in black and white: Gold Medal, Jean Grenicheux, A Pair of Oxen; No. 650."

"Of course, as far as I am concerned," continued the old farmer, "it's only black and white. I'm sorry I can't read. Still I am proud that my name is there."

"It is a pity," said Father Granville, "for your son is praised very highly. Some persons are comparing him to Rosa Bonheur."

"Rosa Bonheur," murmured the old man on his way home, "who is that? I suppose she owns a large stock-farm somewhere."

Since childhood Jean Grenicheux had shown considerable talent for "daubing," as his father called it. The walls of the house, his school-books, all bore traces of his pencil. The teacher and the priest advised Paul Grenicheux to send his son to an art school. The old man, however, looked upon this as nonsense, and, bent on driving such silly notions from the boy's head, sent him to an agricultural school. The lad found no pleasure in this work. The plants and animals about him interested only the artist in him. After the course was completed Jean could not persuade himself to return home. In spite of entreaties and threats he informed his father that he intended to take up painting.

This was a hard blow for Paul Grenicheux. The old man sent no more money, and when friends remonstrated he would answer: "He is an ungrateful child and has fallen into bad ways." No doubt he often repented of his harshness in secret, and many a time it occurred to him that the "little one" might be obliged to go to bed hungry. However, he was obstinate, and said to himself: "It is for his own good."

Now Paul Grenicheux congratulated himself on his course of action. At last Jean had become a sensible man. The prodigal should have a fitting welcome when he arrived. But why should the old man wait for the son to come to him? Why not pay Jean a visit? It would give him an opportunity of seeing the oxen. Ten thousand francs! The journey was well worth the while.

One evening the porter of the house in which Jean lived saw an old farmer in a blue blouse standing in the doorway. The old man seemed to be perplexed.

"Does a young man who raises cattle live here?" asked Grenicheux, for he it was.

"A man who raises cattle?" repeated the astonished porter, "what do you mean?"

"What should I mean, blockhead," grunted the old man; "why, a man who raises oxen, horses, sheep—"

"Where should he put them unless they were two-legged?" retorted the porter.

"That's just what I was asking myself," grumbled Grenicheux, scratching his head. "Look at this card, friend. Isn't that the number of your house?"

"Jean Grenicheux! You want to see him? Why couldn't you say it at once? Top floor, door to the left."

Jean was sitting before his easel, when a knock was heard at the door.

"Come in!"

At sight of his father the young man gave a cry of joy. Springing to his feet, he embraced the old man with more eagerness than he cared to show. After the first greeting, the old man began to look about him. Everywhere were palettes, brushes, studies and sketches.

"Are you still daubing?" he asked.

"Yes, when I have time," answered the son, with a smile. Do you want to see some of my work?"

"I don't care about such nonsense. Your oxen are the thing. Not sick are they?"

"No, oh no! Rest easy on that score," replied Jean, with a laugh.

"Can't I see them?" asked the farmer.

"Certainly! I was just going to propose it."

A short time later Jean and his father entered the Palais de l'Industrie.

"Ah, this smells like a stable," said the old man, taking a deep breath—the horse show had just closed. When they reached the further wing, and he saw nothing but pictures, a look of disgust came over his face.

"What a foolish thing to hang these daubs

here," he muttered. "Where are your oxen?"

Jean led his father to a picture that bore a tag marked, "Gold Medal."

"Forgive me my secrecy, father," he said. "I can only raise oxen like these before you. I think I've done well enough."

At first the old man was speechless with anger; but when he saw the well-known animals so true to life, his farmer's heart softened.

"That's the way they look! That's the way they really look!" he cried, slapping his knees. "And that thing's worth ten thousand francs?"

"Yes, father. I know a man who is willing to pay so much."

In a flash Paul Grenicheux's anger was gone, and with a hearty chuckle he said:

"Well, you're a sharp one. You get more for dead oxen than I do for live ones."

### The Present Is Ours.

(Horace, B. IV. Ode VII.)

The snows are fled, the verdure to the fields has come,  
The leaves on trees now gently blow,—  
The earth its seasons change; the roaring rivers dumb,  
Within their banks now slowly blow.

The Grace with nymphs and sisters twain beneath the  
bower  
Now joyful lead the festive dance;  
Hope not for things eternal, the hurrying year and hour  
Warn thee life's length is nought but chance.

The Winter's cold is softened by breezes mild,  
And Summer follows close the Spring,—  
Itself about to die when fruitful Autumn's stores  
Pour forth themselves with lavish fling.

Anon, the sluggish Winter comes again and though,  
The months repair their loss with zest,—  
For us, our body dead, in soul we go below  
Where Tullus, the rich, and Ancus rest.

And down, far down, where roams Anchise's son, the just,  
Amid the mighty sons of Rome,—  
A shade is all thou art and nought but scattering dust,  
And this must be for aye thy home.

Who knows if the gods intend to-morrow's hours to dole  
To Life's already flowing stream,—  
Believe, all you indulge to thy beloved soul,  
Escapes thy heirs for fortune keen.

When once, Torquatus, thou art dead, and Minos great,  
His sentence just on you has passed,—  
Not piety, nor eloquence, nor rank in state,  
Thy fate can change to thee bound fast.

Nor from the infernal shades can chaste Diana keep  
Good Hippolytus free from sin—  
Nor Theseus can drive away Lethean sleep  
From Pirithous, his dearest friend.

B. V. KANALEY, '04.

A Difference in Names.

HAROLD H. DAVITT, 1903.

Harry Warden had been wandering in Europe for a long time, and now he must cease wandering and go home. As he sat in his room in Venice, and looked out at the moon rising behind the church of St. Mark, his mind turned to a scene of three years before.

It was in a lawyer's office in New York. Only he and the lawyer had been there, when the will was read. How well he remembered the businesslike tones that told him all the wealth of his aunt had been left to him on condition that he marry his cousin, Nina Dayton, when she became twenty-one years of age. He remembered too the outburst of anger with which he had told the lawyer he would not marry his cousin. He had his own money and did not care if he never touched a penny of his aunt's. But when the lawyer had told him that unless he did marry her, the money would go to charitable institutions, and that Warden would thus wrong the girl whom his aunt wanted him to marry, he had hesitated and at length had asked for time to decide.

"Take all the time you want, my boy," the lawyer told him. "You have three years before you need answer."

He had decided. He would go back and marry his cousin. Thank God for one thing, he was heart whole, for in spite of his wanderings he had not met the woman he truly loved.

A smile crossed his face as he remembered the hurried trip to Europe as if to escape the unwelcome thought. He had run away like a truant school boy. But he was older and wiser now, and maybe it might not be so irksome after all.

Warden found himself wondering what his cousin would be like. She was hardly his cousin, as she was many degrees removed. Why, he had seen her only once and that was when they were both children. All he could remember was a little, touselled being, that was insistent on romping all the time.

"I suppose she will lead me a merry chase," he mused.

Casting aside his cigar he arose and looked out on the scene below. The moon lighted up the canal with a soft flood of light, showing him the slow-moving gondolas, while snatches of the different operas and now and then a

care-free laugh came to his ears. He wondered what it would be like after his marriage, and he turned away from the window lest he should forget his duty.

In a week's time he was leaning over the ship's rail looking at the last sight of Genoa. For a long time after the city had gone from his sight Warden remained on deck. The years in Europe had made him almost a stranger to his native land. He was going home. Home? why he had just left his home. As a man awaking from a dream, he walked forward. His swinging stride and tall, athletic form made him the object of many eyes, but he saw none of them.

That night at dinner he found himself looking across the table at the prettiest girl he thought he had ever seen. She was talking to an elderly lady who looked so prim and severe that Warden knew she was a chaperon.

In spite of his efforts not to do so he found himself staring at the girl and wondering who she was. An American he knew because of the self-possession and ease of manner. His eyes took in the tasteful gown and wealth of hair that so well set off the face. Once their eyes met, and when she saw the earnest look in his eyes, she turned away, with just the faintest tinge of colour sweeping across her face.

After dinner he found out their names from the purser. "The younger woman," he said, "was Miss Hay, the other her companion, was Mrs. Willis." And now to meet her, but how? He did not know a soul on board. Many schemes entered his head as he strode back and forth on the deck, but none were of any use to him.

There was a half gale sweeping across the deck the next morning, and as Warden walked along with his head down he saw a curiously wrought scarf-pin lying on the deck and picked it up. He remembered seeing it on the girl that sat across from him at the table the night before.

Searching around he found her in one of the steamer chairs, a light rug thrown around her and a little Cuban cap on her head.

Warden went up to her and gave her the pin. "I found it on the deck," he said, "and knew it was yours, because I saw it on you last night at dinner."

She gave a little cry of joy. "How can I ever thank you! I thought I had dropped it when I leaned over the rail, and I never expected to see it again."

Warden started to go away, but she called to him impulsively:

"Don't go yet, I want you to wait and let Mrs. Willis thank you too."

Warden sat down in one of the chairs near hers. "It is a very odd pin," he ventured. "I don't think I ever saw one like it before."

"It is an heirloom," she answered. "It was given to—But here comes Mrs. Willis."

Warden found Mrs. Willis very different from what he had expected, and she liked him so well that she invited him to join their party for the rest of the trip. He was overjoyed: for once fate was kind to him.

It was the last night on board. He and Nina were sitting near the rail looking out on the water. They were both quiet and both thought of the future. They had been together constantly since that morning, and both were very much in love.

Warden at last told her of his love for her. Told her that he had fought against it with all his will, but to no avail. He told her too, that she would be the only girl he would ever love. Then he told her of the girl he was going to marry at home.

"Tell me about her," she had said and Warden told her all. When he had finished she said:

"You are right, dear, you must marry her and make her happy. You will soon forget me, but it is hard, dear, isn't it?"

Then she left him and went below! He did not see her again. In the confusion of the ship's arrival the next morning, he could not find her, and it was with a heavy heart that he went to his hotel.

That day was the longest he had ever known. It had been a hard struggle to resist the desire not to go to her whom he loved. It was cruel to have gone all those years without caring for any woman, and then, when he had decided to do his duty, to meet the only girl he could love. Then came the thought of his dear old aunt. How much she had done for him. He was her favorite, and she had thought the world of him. He would do as she wanted him to do, no matter what it cost him.

The next day he called up his aunt's lawyer, and was told to come that afternoon. When he arrived at the office he was taken immediately to see Mr. Hastings. As he shook hands with the lawyer, he thought of the last time he was there, nearly three years before. The

same rooms, the books neatly arranged in their cases, the orderly desks. Even the lawyer had not changed. There was the same precise manner, the same dry voice.

"So you have decided to carry out your aunt's wishes," said the lawyer.

"Yes," answered Warden, "I will marry my cousin. I only hope it is for the best."

"I am glad, Harry, you have so decided. By the way, your cousin is in New York, hadn't you better see her?"

A shade of annoyance came into Warden's face.

"I shall see her when she wishes; for my part I do not—"

A knock on the door interrupted them, and an office boy came in and handed the lawyer a card. Asking Warden to excuse him for a moment he left the room.

Warden arose from his chair and went over to the window. He heard the door open, but did not turn till he felt a hand laid on his arm and a voice that made his heart leap say:

"Harry, won't you like your cousin?"

"Nina Hay?"

"Nina Hay Dayton," she said looking up at him demurely. "Hay was my mother's name, and I have always used it because I liked it best."

Then in answer to his questioning look, she told how surprised she had been when she learned his name that morning on the ship, and when he had told her of his aunt's will she had known that he was her cousin.

"But why didn't you tell me?" he asked.

"Because I wanted to make you love me for myself alone."

In another room the lawyer chuckled to himself: "I guess charitable institutions won't handle a penny of that money."

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### Il Penseroso.

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VITUS G. JONES, 1902.

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I do not think Milton ever intended that "Il Penseroso" should be translated as the "sorrowful man;" nor do I think he intended to express a thought the opposite of "L'Allegro." The two poems treat the same subject, happiness; but they treat it in different lights. L'Allegro represents a lively, joyous man that banishes all cares to dwell forever in the dark Cimmerian desert; and invokes the goddess of Mirth to send him

happiness; and that sentiment is felt throughout the entire poem. *Il Penseroso*, however, represents a man that takes a nobler and a more serious view of life, or "The Thoughtful Man," as *Il Penseroso* is sometimes translated, who strives after the highest kind of happiness: that which no one can express, but which he feels in moments of tranquillity. This is the kind of happiness the man in *Il Penseroso* is seeking. He banishes vain, deluding joys to dwell in idle brains, and invokes the goddess

Whose saintly visage is too bright  
To hit the sense of human sight,

to send him wisdom, for through it he can get the happiness he is seeking.

This pleasure is known to the pensive nun, held in holy passion; for calm peace and quiet, who hear the Muses sing around Jove's altar, are joined to her. The thoughtful man finds it in contemplation, in silence, in the music of the melancholy bird that shuns the noise of folly, in beholding the moon as it wanders through heaven's pathless way, and in listening to the sullen peal of the curfew across the expanded water. It is found in studying at midnight, and in learning of the unknown regions where immortal minds are lodged, or in going to see the gorgeous tragedies of Thebes and Pelops, and in hearing the tale of divine Troy. The sound of wondrous Orpheus' voice, or the stories of some hero's exploits produce this peace that the wise man seeks. With all these he spends his nights till gray morn appears, and then he seeks some quiet grove to rest where no rude axe ever disturbs the Muses, and where the honey thighed bee and the murmuring waters sing in concert, and where mysterious dreams surge through his drowsy mind. But above all, these comforts are found in the studious cloister's pale, where, in the chapel, all heaven is brought before his gaze. In old age he wants a peaceful hermitage where he may sit and in a prophetic strain review the future from old experience. When he attains these he will be contented as he says very beautifully in the two closing lines,

These pleasures, Melancholy, give,  
And I with thee will choose to live.

The very simplicity of this poem is one of the characteristics that give it such a charm as it possesses. The only time we find an unfamiliar scene is when "the thoughtful man" calls on the goddess Melancholy, but even this we can not call strange, for its very

naturalness makes us feel as if it was the one correct thing to do. I do not mean to say, however, that the several developing thoughts are true in the sense that we find them in everyday life, but they are true to idealization. A critic has well said that the ode possesses the truth of poetry, but not the truth of fact. Every environment of the poem produces the one effect: the happiness of solitude. The scene of the story is laid at night when all nature is quiet and appears in its majesty. It takes no effort on our part when we are reading to share the pleasures "the thoughtful man" enjoys in watching the wandering moon ride through heaven's pathless way, and in hearing the tale of divine Troy. We feel as if we were watching the moon dart behind the racing clouds on a bright moonlight night. This same naturalness we find in each description. Some of the descriptions, however, can only be enjoyed by the lettered student; but Milton is not to blame for this, nor does it make the poem the less praiseworthy. The closing lines of the poem leave a sense of completion. We do not expect it to continue any further; but when we have once finished it we are sorry that Milton has not left us many similar ones.

#### The First Song Bird of Spring.

Every year the approach of spring is heralded by a few hardy song birds, that make their appearance before the snow has entirely left the corners of the hedgerows. Coming across the campus the other morning, and wondering if the nice weather had really come to stay, I heard the note of a robin in a spruce near by. At first I could not see him, but when he jumped from the tree to the ground in search of worms I caught sight of his red breast. He was a pretty fellow, and his feathers glistened from his rain-bath of the night before. I did not have much time to watch him, for after hopping around a little while he flew off to join his mate in search of a location for a nest. The sound of his cheery note seemed to linger long after he had gone and to declare that spring had come. My heart grew lighter at the sight of this one bird, and I looked around half expecting to see the buds on the trees bursting into bloom; but there was nothing but bare boughs to remind me of the long time to wait until vacation. B. W. THORPE.

## Varsity Verse.

## PHYLLIS.

When Phyllis sweeps the ivory keys  
And then begins to sing,  
Hark! I hear sweet symphonies,  
When Phyllis sweeps the ivory keys.  
Like angel whisp'rings in the breeze—  
List they're hearkening  
When Phyllis sweeps the ivory keys  
And then begins to sing.

J. J. S.

## RONDELET.

To dream and muse  
Is oft to know a joy full deep;  
To dream and muse  
Among the garlands Fancy strews  
About us here; aye, ere comes sleep  
I hope, as shadows slowly creep,  
To dream and muse.

E. E. W.

## A GRAVE.

A grave with marble white  
Upon a lonely lea,  
Secluded from the sight;  
Yet that grave with marble white  
Holds her that was the light  
And all the world to me,—  
The grave with marble white  
Upon the lonely lea.

G. F.

## APRIL.

When it comes around to April  
I git lazy every time;  
Working then ain't my ambition  
Rather jest sit 'round and rime.  
  
Ain't particular 'bout the subject,  
Any thing is good enough;  
Everything you see in April  
Is a poem in the rough.

C. C. M.

## WHEN THE LAZY SEASON COMES.

I ain't no chronic kicker,  
Any weather'll do for me;  
Be it sunshine, fog er thicker,  
Th' Lord en me'll agree.  
But rainin', hailin', snowin',  
I jes' like tu sit en grin,  
When th' grass gits started growin'  
En th' blossoms come agin.

Jes' lay eround en whistle  
En look up in the trees,  
Count th' stickers on th' thistle  
En listen tu the bees.  
Mirandy does th' hoein',  
Fer, I tell ye, work's a sin,  
When th' grass gits started growin'  
En th' blossoms come agin.

E. T. Q.

## THE THRUSH.

Half hidden 'neath the flower,  
His coat is very plain,  
Yet fair he makes the hour  
With his iterated strain.

N. R. F.

## Spring.

The prince from the far country gazed upon  
the melting snow; the briskly blowing south  
wind of the plains fanned his warm cheek  
with its moist breath. A courtier of his train  
looked up, and smiling said: "'Twill soon  
be spring."

But the prince made no reply.

'Twas early dawn. The lark was pouring forth,  
in cheerful strains, melodious ditties. The  
snow had vanished; in its place appeared  
the faint, scarce yet distinguishable green.  
A noble of the retinue bowed low, and said:  
"Your Highness, surely spring is close at  
hand."

But the king's son answered not.

They walked abroad at sunset. On the road  
they met farmers with their beasts returning  
from the labour of the fields. The wild  
goose winged his swift flight to the colder  
north. A soldier, once a boon companion  
of the prince, cried out, "Damn me, but  
'tis a pleasant spring."

But the heir to a throne gave him no heed.  
Next day they stood within the portals of  
the ruler of the land. The wind in gusts  
rushed from the icy north. The rain came  
down in sheets; the earth and sky were one  
dull patch of dismal gray.

The courtier huddled closer to the fire; the  
nobleman drew on his cloak of furs; the  
soldier drank a double draught of rum.

The prince stood at the window, at his side  
the princess he had travelled far to wed.  
He looked upon the blustering of the  
elements and drew his true love closer to  
his side. Then he laughed for joy, and said:  
"It is truly spring."

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John Boyle O'Reilly.

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JOHN HARTE, 1905.

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During the last quarter of a century, there  
have been few names that have stirred the  
sympathy and the admiration of the people  
of two hemispheres like that of John Boyle  
O'Reilly. Surmounting all obstacles, he rose  
by the strength of his own character to a  
position that has "bound to his brow a  
crown of immortal fame, and has left to  
the world a glorious example of manliness,  
integrity, and virtue."



Born in 1844 at Dowth Castle on the south bank of the Boyne, he grew up among scenes the most poetic and delightful in Ireland. Before him was a tract of fertile land teeming with song and story. Tara was before his young eyes with a host of kings and poets; he looked back through fourteen hundred years on that Beltane Eve when Patrick kindled the flame which has spread so gloriously to the ends of the world; his young heart bowed in awe before the shadow of Mellifont; and Rossnaree—the burial-place of Ireland's pagan kings—recalled to him the time when warrior and artist went hand in hand to conquer or to die. Amid such surroundings, and under the influence of pious and gifted parents, he could not help but imbibe the principles of faith and fatherland.

At the age of eleven, O'Reilly quit the National School to enter as an apprentice in the office of the *Argus*, a Drogheda newspaper. There he stayed nearly four years. In September, 1859, while visiting his aunt in England, he was employed by *The Preston Guardian* as a reporter, and during his stay there he became a member of the 11th Lancashire Volunteers. At his father's request he left Preston, in 1863, and returned home imbued with revolutionary ideas. His fondest dream was now to aid his native land.

Ireland, after a period of apparent contentment, was ripe for an insurrection. Thirty-one per centum of the British army were Irishmen, and here O'Reilly saw a field for action. Consequently, at the age of nineteen he enlisted as a trooper in the 10th Huzzars, fully determined to enroll his countrymen in the Fenian ranks. Like Hale and Emmett he risked his life; but life to him in such a sacred cause was of secondary importance. In the short space of three years there were 15,000 British soldiers enrolled in the ranks of the revolutionists; but a dark day was soon to shroud O'Reilly's hopes; for in 1866 he was arrested as a conspirator against the crown. Four months later, when he was just twenty-two years old, he was tried by court-martial, convicted of high treason, and sentenced to be hanged. The same day, however, this sentence was commuted to life imprisonment, and later to twenty years penal servitude. And now begins the truly romantic life of John Boyle O'Reilly, "once an English soldier, now an Irish felon and proud of the exchange."

The first prison to receive him was Mount-

joy. After a short detention here he was shipped in chains to England, and lodged in Pentonville, where he was allowed one hour's exercise a day. From Pentonville he was transferred to Millbank to undergo a term of solitary confinement. Language cannot describe what solitary confinement means to a prisoner. When John Mitchell, the "iron-willed patriot of '48," first realized the meaning of solitary confinement he "flung himself upon his bed and broke into a raging passion of tears—tears bitter and salt," he says, "but not of base lamentation for my own fate." Michael Davitt testifies that during his own ten months in Millbank, all the words he ever spoke during that period could be repeated in twenty minutes; and O'Reilly himself calls Millbank "a hideous hive of order and commonplace severity." After spending one year in Millbank he was next placed in Chatham prison from which he made his first attempt to escape. A month afterwards he went to Portsmouth where he made a second break for liberty. And now there was before him, looming up in all its hideousness and all its cruelty, a prison where a "smile, a movement of the lips, aye, a glance of the eye, was often considered as a crime." Dartmoor, where cruelty reached its height, was O'Reilly's next abode. Here he was obliged to stand in water from morning until night, digging drains two feet wide and ten feet deep. No wonder he made a third attempt to escape. But Providence had not yet decreed that O'Reilly should be free. After hiding in the moors for two days and two nights he was at length captured and subjected to inhuman treatment for twenty-eight days. But fortunately his life was spared by his being removed shortly afterwards to Portsmouth, from which he was transported across the seas.

The convict ship *Hougoumont* sailed from England for Australia in 1867, carrying in its hulks 320 criminal and 63 political prisoners. John Boyle O'Reilly was one of the latter, and this is what he has to say of the ship and his companions:

"As I stood in that hatchway looking at the wretches glaring out, I realized more than ever before, the terrible truth that a convict ship is a floating hell. . . . Only those who have stood within the bars and heard the din of devils and the appalling sounds of despair, blended in a diapason that made every hatchmouth a vent of hell, can imagine the horrors of the hold of a convict ship."

After a three months' voyage, they dropped anchor at Freemantle, and there O'Reilly was made assistant in the library under the Catholic chaplain, Father Lynch. Soon afterward he was sent to Bunbury, thirty miles away, to work in the road gangs with the "poison flower of civilization's corruption," and here let us picture him, — the kindly poet, the ardent patriot, humanity's friend.

But O'Reilly's life in the bush was not all misery. As his poems show us, he loved the open air, the primeval forests, the birds and the beasts, and to all these he poured his poetic soul in all its tenderness and beauty.

During O'Reilly's time in Australia, he never gave up the notion of escaping, and consequently he prepared an elaborate plan which he submitted to his friend, Father McCabe, who, on hearing it, remarked: "It is an excellent way to commit suicide." Then the good priest told the "convict" that he would think out a scheme for him. Weeks and months passed by; and although O'Reilly had, at times, grave fears concerning his escape, he had confidence in the priest, and waited for the result. In the meantime, Father McCabe was forming his plan which was as follows: American whalers would touch at Bunbury in February—it was now December—and he would arrange with them to take his friend on board.

It is not necessary for me to detail the hardships connected with John Boyle O'Reilly's escape. It is enough to say that after being disappointed by the *Vigilant*, he hid for nearly a week in the sand hills of Geographe Bay, and finally, through the arrangement of some friends with Captain Gifford of the *Gazelle*, who picked him up in February, 1869, he sailed away forever from the land of his exile.

But he was not yet out of danger. At Roderique, a small British island in the Indian Ocean, where the *Gazelle* touched, the news of his escape had been telegraphed, and the Governor of the island came on board the whaler to look for the escaped "convict." Happily for O'Reilly, he had a friend, one Henry C. Hathaway, who tried a plan that worked admirably. "It was for O'Reilly to walk aft with a small grindstone which happened to be at hand, lean over the rail, and at the first favorable opportunity, throw the grindstone and his hat overboard, then slipping down the companion-way take refuge in the locker." This worked satisfactorily, and the

governor left the ship satisfied that his man had thrown himself overboard.

O'Reilly, now twenty-five years old, and practically safe, was steering for a country where he was almost unknown. Realizing this he wrote while on sea to the *United Irishman*, asking that paper for an introduction to his countrymen in America. In November, 1869,—just two years after sailing from England—he landed in Philadelphia, but not before viewing at sunset on his way from the Southern Seas, the cloudy coast of Ireland. Recalling this view the following year in one of his speeches delivered in Boston, he said:

"Ireland was there under the sun, but under a dark cloud also. The rays of golden glory fell down from behind the dark cloud; fell down like God's pity on the beautiful, tear-stained face of Ireland; fell down on the dear familiar faces of my old home, on the hill, the wood, the river, lighting them all once more with the same heaven-tint that I loved to watch long ago. Oh! how vividly did that long ago rise up before me then: the happy home, the merry playmates, the faces, the voices of dear ones who are there still, and the hallowed words of dearest ones who are dead—down on all fell the great glory of the setting sun, lighting that holy spot that I may never see, a mother's grave, and lighting the heart with sorrow-shaded devotion. Home, friends, all that I loved in the world, were there almost beside me—there 'under the sun,' and I, for loving them, a hunted, outlawed fugitive, an escaped convict, was sailing away from all I treasured—perhaps forever."

Alas! it was forever; for John Boyle O'Reilly never dared to bend his knee over the ashes of his mother, who died during his term in Australia.

Finding that there was no room for him in Philadelphia, he repaired to Boston where his gifted countrymen, Manning, Joyce, and Collins, took a warm interest in him. Then Mr. Donahue of the *Boston Pilot* saw that he was a fit candidate for a position on that paper. Now had come O'Reilly's opportunity of demonstrating to the world the broad mind, the gentle nature, the noble impulse, the lively faith, that characterized him as well in the drains of Dartmoor, or in the wilds of Australia, as in the full enjoyment of American liberty. And so well did he do this that the people of the United States soon felt proud of their new citizen. Almost his first word, as a journalist, was a blow at



faction and bigotry. He wished to see all men free. On the negro question he stood beside Phillips on the broad platform of O'Connell, and ever hurled denunciation at the perpetrators of wrong. The weak regarded him as their "tower of strength, their buckler and their shield;" and Ireland looked wistfully across the sea and beheld her outlawed son sharing her tears and her smiles, ever striving to accomplish abroad what he failed to do at home: namely, to win her independence.

It took but a few years of active life for O'Reilly to establish for himself a reputation as a poet, orator and writer. He used the *Boston Pilot*, of which he became joint owner in 1876, for the best interests of the American people, as well as for the glory of the Catholic Church and the honour of Ireland. For a moment he never forgot his duty to his country, and no man did more than he to make the Old Faith respected in America. As an orator he ranked high; but his true spirit, his sympathy, his tenderness, is found only in the poetry of his life. He never wrote a line that was not worthy of the Catholic gentleman. "Living in an age of so-called realism," writes an admirer, "when the poetry of passion had leaped its sewer banks, and touched some very high ground, John Boyle O'Reilly's feet were never for an instant contaminated by the filthy flood." And so well did he represent his countrymen in the United States, that Mr. Justin McCarthy says of him, "He is one of the brightest ornaments of the Irish race abroad; he has enriched its national literature with exquisite prose and yet more exquisite verse;" and Taverner, the Boston essayist, enthusiastically exclaims: "His poetry and fervor have fairly made Irish blood tingle in the veins of the true Yankee.... He is one whom children would choose for their friend, women for their lover, and men for their hero."

Here at Notre Dame the work of O'Reilly was appreciated. At the thirty-seventh Annual Commencement exercises held in June, 1881, the degree of Doctor of Laws was conferred upon him; and a week later Dartmouth College elected him an honorary member of her Phi Beta Kappa.

During the nine years that followed these honors he grew in popularity and power, and always remained the friend of the poor and of the afflicted. His love for Ireland never ceased; for in 1882 we find him writing to

Mr. Charles Warren Stoddard: "I long to go and lie down in the clover fields of my boyhood." But this was not to be. In August, 1890, while giving medicine to his wife,—he was now married eighteen years—he took a sleeping potion which overreached its desired effect, and the next morning the people of two continents wept over the bier of him who, twenty years before, had been "numbered and marked and branded, and, officially called rebel, traitor, convict, and felon, wherever the red flag floats." His remains are resting in Holyhood Cemetery, Brookline, Mass. Every memory of him whispers the gospel of kindness that he so nobly preached, and upon him God's light lingers with a halo of peace and love and gratitude,... lighting up the last resting-place of the "noblest Roman of them all."

"There in seclusion and remote from men  
The wizard hand lies cold;  
Which at its topmost speed let fall the pen,  
And left the tale half told.

Ah! who will lift that wand of magic power,  
And the lost clew regain?  
The unfinished window in Aladdin's tower,  
Unfinished must remain."

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#### Book Notice.

THE RUDIMENTS OF LATIN. By Alphaeus B. Reynolds. 1902.

The Rudiments offer splendid material for a year's work to beginners in Latin. The author's plan is to inculcate most necessary elementary rules by practical work rather than by parrot-like memorizing. It is the understanding that is of prime importance, the mere mechanical assimilation is of no benefit. The exceptions do not belong to a book of this kind, therefore the author has carefully avoided their introduction. The sentences are directly taken, or adapted, from Latin authors, and in this manner the vocabulary is a preparation to the authors to be read. The vocabularies as well as the rules are judiciously introduced. There is no saving of room in this respect. The class-room is the real test of a text-book. Professor Reynolds' book has stood the test for six months, and the students are well pleased with it. The book is neatly gotten up and is of a size suitable for use in the class-room. The binding is well done and there are no typographical errors.

For sale at Students' Office, Notre Dame.

# NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC

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## The Board of Editors.

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## REPORTERS.

ROBERT E. LYNCH	J. PATRICK O'REILLY
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—A few days back a postal card bearing the following epigrammatic lines was received from Father John Tabb of Ellicott city.

Tho' you care not, Notre Dame,  
If any judge I am  
Of tender epigram  
Your *Shamrock* is no sham.

The "Shamrock" Father Tabb refers to is one by Mr. P. MacDonough of the Staff. We find pleasure in again printing it.

A Triple Leaf, and lo!  
The tides of memory set,—  
Faith, kindred, home,—and so,  
Mine eyes are wet.

In passing it is well to say that SCHOLASTIC material is frequently used by other publications that rank well as papers of their kind. But three weeks ago the *Ontario Catholic*, a Canadian newspaper, used a SCHOLASTIC story giving us credit for it. The story is entitled "The Doctor's Wife," and was written by Mr. Albert Krug, likewise of the Staff.

We find pleasure in stating that the SCHOLASTIC Varsity Verse column has always been well received by our critics. Nor does the welcome seem to wear out as year follows year.

## Bishop Spalding's Jubilee.

Peoria, known the world over as the see of the Rt. Rev. John Lancaster Spalding, will put on gala dress on May 1 to celebrate the twenty-fifth anniversary of his elevation to the episcopate. Eminent prelates, themselves honored in many lands, will meet to honor a bishop who sheds lustre on the hierarchy; a multitude of good priests will send up huzzas for him they are proud to call their chief; the laity will bless God for sending them such a bishop; and his townsmen without distinction of creed will salute him as their chief citizen, as beloved at home as he is honored abroad.

But the jubilee feeling will not be confined to Peoria. Throughout the length and breadth of the land are a great throng whose lives have somewhere touched his to their betterment; who have heard his wise voice saying things they can never forget; who have looked into his noble, kindly face and felt his kingship over men; who have read his written word with quickening pulse and manlier resolution. And these grateful souls will turn their hearts towards Peoria and share in the jubilee joy.

From young men in a college, more appropriately than from any others, it seems to us, may a cheer go up on such a day for Bishop Spalding. He, more than any other modern voice, has spoken to the instinct of heroicity in youth, to the Ideal which dances before the eye of youth and invites him to follow up from the lowlands to the serene heights where the vision is clearer and the breathing purer. His has been that noblest of vocations: a voice crying in the wilderness for Christ and His truth and His beauty; and it must be a satisfaction to Bishop Spalding to know that so many have heard and heeded.

Our University owes a very special debt to the Bishop of Peoria. Shortly after his consecration, so the elders tell us, he first appeared upon our college platform, and since then how many the times we have been gladdened by his noble presence, his wise counsel, his peerless oratory! Surely no more sincere words of greeting will reach him than those that go to him from Notre Dame. Surely this we may claim, that nowhere under the stars is Bishop Spalding more loved and revered than at our *Alma Mater*. And on the eve of his Silver Jubilee she says to him out of a full and grateful heart, *Ad multos annos!*

## Mr. Henry Austin Adams' Lecture.

Last Monday in Washington Hall Mr. Henry Austin Adams lectured on *Cyrano de Bergerac*. Many of us that had heard Mr. Adams before, in his delineation of the character of Tom More and Windthorst, thought that this development could not be surpassed; yet it seems, that last Monday the same lecturer brought out the pathos, beauty, and strength of that intensely interesting character, *Cyrano de Bergerac*, in a manner seen but a few times in Washington Hall. During an hour and a half Mr. Adams held his audience, convulsing it with laughter or arousing great enthusiasm, as *Cyrano*, a being of life and blood, walked forth with swaggering braggadocio, a sentimental lover, or his many-sided character touched with a high order of spiritual beauty.

Mr. Adams' remarks at times were caustic. In reference to the first staging of *Cyrano* and the late theatre arrivals he said: these (the late arrivals) are the small critics. By their actions they prove it; for if you would be critical you must come late, first to interrupt the performance and secondly to let the people know that you have arrived.

He traced the career of *Cyrano* not altogether as Rostand did, but from the very cradle of this great genius—*Cyrano* in pinafores—until our hero fought his great duel with death. "At eighteen *Cyrano's* name was known all over France for his ballads; in every camp of France for his sword play. His life had been made bitter even as a child by his mother's repudiation of him. His young heart, so tender and just, was crushed. And we find him, the poet, romanticist, the genius with a great soul determined to make man fear him if he would not love him; and this by knocking people to right and left if they interfered with him."

Mr. Adams held the meeting of *Roxanne* and *Cyrano* in the bake-shop the crucial part in the play. For here after her confession we get a revealed *Cyrano*. This great heart that had for well-nigh forty years lived on his own personality, who had depended upon himself alone for recognition, now changed, and began to live and work for others.

"There is nothing in all literature, in the Greek, in Molière, even in our own Shakspeare," said Mr. Adams, "equalling this wonderful psychic change that takes place here.

## The Debate of Last Wednesday.

The last tryouts for the debating team, which is to compete against Butler College on May 14, were held in Washington Hall last Wednesday evening. The question to be discussed is: "Resolved, that it would be unwise for the States to attempt to tax personal property." The Reverend James J. French, the Reverend William McNamee and Dr. Austin O'Malley, acted as judges, and the Reverend Father Crumley, director of the assembly work at Notre Dame, was presiding officer. Messrs. Byron V. Kanaley, Olmer D. Green, and Gallitzin Farabaugh, supported the affirmative, and Messrs. Joseph P. Kelleher, John Corley and John P. O'Hara, defended the negative in the order named. Mr. Byron V. Kanaley won first place, John Corley was given second and John P. O'Hara, third, with Mr. Kelleher as alternative.

Each competitor's work was limited to twelve minutes with the exception of the first affirmative and first negative who were given ten minutes, each for the first speech and a rebuttal of four minutes apiece. No attention was paid to team work. Each man was marked on his individual efforts in delivery and argument.

The contest was the closest ever held in Washington Hall. It was hotly contested from start to finish, and no man was absolutely sure of a place till the decision of the judges was made known. It would be an injustice to praise any one man more than the rest. All the trials were hard fought, and the men who have been able to survive them and get a chance in the finals have done so by their hard, earnest work. Those who have been fortunate enough to win places on the team are all deserving of praise. They owe their success to their own strenuous efforts. For them it has been a case of hard work from the outset. The first tryouts began March 18, and since then they have taken place about every two weeks. During this time the men have debated now on one side, now on the other, and this has made the work so much the more difficult.

The men who lost not only in the finals last Wednesday, but also in the first and second preliminaries, have no cause to feel humiliated on account of their failure. Their ill-success can not be attributed to any fault or negligence on their part. They fought hard for success, and even though the struggle was

a losing one they deserve only words of praise for their work.

Of the men who made the team, all have appeared more or less on the debating platform at Notre Dame. However, Mr. Kanaley and Mr. Corley are the only ones who have ever competed against a team from an outside institution. Mr. Kanaley was one of the men who helped to bring victory to Notre Dame in the debate against Butler College, held at Indianapolis last year. With his strong, ringing voice, forceful delivery and excellent flow of words, he is a fit man to lead our team on to success. Mr. Corley and Mr. O'Hara are fully able to give him valuable assistance. The former has had some experience in the work. He was a member of the preparatory team that, five years ago, defeated the South Bend High School.

Though Mr. O'Hara has never debated against a team from another institution he has had much experience in debating work among the societies at Notre Dame. He has the happy faculty of thoroughly grasping the drift of the question. His power of argumentation is very acute, and he has a most convincing way of presenting his thoughts. Though, at times, his voice is a trifle weak, his other powers make ample amends for the deficiency. Mr. Kelleher, like Mr. O'Hara, has acquired his experience principally in the debating societies here. However, from his work so far we may rest assured that he will be an able substitute, should any of the regular men be prevented in any way from taking part in the debate against Butler.

Such are the men who are to represent us in the coming contest, and we feel confident that they will do credit to the Gold and Blue. Our team, which is to support the negative, has every advantage that could be desired. The men have all had more or less experience in debating; they have been able to examine both sides of the question thoroughly in the course of the preliminary debates. To add to all this, the contest is to take place in Washington Hall. Every loyal student at Notre Dame will be ready to cheer our representatives on, and urge them to put forth their best efforts. During the last three years we have succeeded in winning as many victories from the same team, and with everything in our favour, there is no reason why the palm of success should not go to Notre Dame again on May 14. Gentlemen of the debating team, we unite in wishing you success.

#### Exchanges.

The April *Tennessee University Magazine* comes out with spring-like spirit. The opening verse is more than passably good. "Little Beppo," a clever sketch founded on an historical association between the great Spanish painter, Murillo, and the young crippled son of a famous Italian artist, is pleasingly told. There is also observation shown in the substance and the negro dialect contained in "Another Utopia." The fault with the other articles in this number is that they are too brief. A satisfactory review of Tennyson's "Princess" should require more than a page and a half of space; while "Lady Macbeth" can hardly be given her just deserts in so short a space.

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The April *Northwestern* was edited by the young ladies of that University. And there is much that is readable in the young ladies' effort. "Ned's Choice" was rather an unhappy "choice" for the leading article, although taken from a book dealing with local life. Some of the verse is fair; but where the young ladies really do themselves proud is in the editorial column. There they talk quite seriously about "Cigarettes at Second Hand," "Co-eds and Athletics," "Our Views on Co-Education," and matters of kindred interest. However, the very happiest conclusion is drawn in the discussion of the question, "Is a Man an Ideal Companion for a Walk?" If we may judge from observations elsewhere, the poor man is very frequently allowed to go along anyway. But then perhaps *Northwestern* young ladies are different. There are good things, just the same, in the April *Northwestern*.

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*St. Ignatius' Collegian* comes out in a very pretentious Easter covering. The matter contained, however, is rather dull and prosaic. It is not that work is not shown in the preparation of the papers, but there is little originality or coloring shown in the treatment of the subjects considered. The author doubtless got some good notions about education when he prepared "True Principles of Education"; however, if it required some labor to get his compiled convictions, it requires much more labor to read about them. The other sketches are quite juvenile in their selection and treatment. There are some representative exercises in Latin, Spanish and French.

F. F. D.

Last Game of the Series.

Tired out from the week's hard practice, the Varsity made a poor showing against the Champions in the final game Friday afternoon. There was a strong wind blowing across the diamond that made good work almost impossible, and the three pitchers were as wild as March hares. The leaguers were in fine form throughout the game.

Ruehlbach played another star game in the outfield and made a couple of pretty throws to the plate. Shaughnessy took his first turn behind the bat the first three innings, and made a good impression by his throwing. "Joe" Dohan went in the first three innings, but had no control, giving four men bases on balls and hitting one.

"Bill" Higgins, fatigued from his great eleven inning game the day before, held the slab for two innings, and was touched up for a few singles and a triple. He gave way in the sixth to "Happy" Hogan. Happy had better control than the others, and held the Champs down to one hit and one run.

The Varsity wielded the stick to good effect, but the same old stupidity when running bases was noticeable. The fielding on the part of a few was very rank, and was largely responsible for the heavy score.

The Score:											
Notre Dame	R	H	P	A	E	Chicago	R	H	P	A	E
Lynch, ss	1	3	5	2	1	Strang, 3b	1	1	5	4	0
Farley, cf	1	2	0	1	0	Jones, cf	1	2	2	0	1
Ruehlbach,lf	1	1	2	1	0	Green, lf	2	1	4	0	0
Fisher, rf	0	1	2	0	0	Robinson, ss	3	1	0	4	1
Gage, 2b	0	1	1	3	3	Daly, 2b	1	2	2	3	0
Hemp, 3b	0	1	1	1	0	Isbell, rb	2	1	9	1	0
Stephan, rb	0	0	6	1	0	H.McFarl'd, rf	2	2	2	0	0
Sh'gh'nessy,c	0	0	2	0	0	Sullivan, c	2	1	2	0	0
Antoine, c	0	0	1	0	1	Patterson, p	1	1	1	2	0
O'Neill, c	1	2	1	0	0						
Dohan, p	1	1	0	3	1	Totals	15	12	27	14	2
Higgins, p	0	0	1	2	0						
Hogan, p	0	0	2	0	0	N. D.-0 0 1 0 1 0 0 2 1-5 10 0					
						C.-5 3 0 6 0 1 0 0 *-15 12 3					
Totals	5	12	24	14	6						

\* Stolen bases, Lynch, O'Neill, Strang, Robinson, 2. Base on balls, off Dohan, 4; Higgins, 1; Patterson, 1. Sacrifice Hit, Strang, Patterson, Gage. Two base hits, Dohan, Hemp, Daly, McFarland. Three base hits Isbell. Double plays, Daly to Isbell. Passed ball, Antoine. Hit by pitched ball, by Dohan 1; by Hogan, 2. Time 1:50. Umpire, Dwyer. Struck out, by Higgins, 1; Hogan, 2; by Patterson, 2.

The First Regular Game.

VARSITY, 9; KALAMAZOO, 5.

The regular Inter-College season for the Varsity opened up Monday afternoon with Kalamazoo College. The wind that blew across the field was almost cyclonic in force, and prevented fast playing, and was responsible for the many errors. "Happy" Hogan was on the slab, and, with the exception of the

sixth inning, had the visitors at his mercy. In the sixth, two passes to first, three singles and a double netted the college men five runs, but in the other innings they were blanked. Stephan played a brilliant game at first. Farley did clever work in centre garden, hauling in four high ones after hard runs, and Shaughnessy made a beautiful throw to the plate, cutting off a run. The batting honors were carried off by Fisher and Farley.

In the opening inning. Lynch got first on Hause's error. Farley cracked one out to centre, and both scored on a wild throw by Kalmbach. Two more runs were added in the second on Shaughnessy's single, Stephan's free pass to first, and Hogan's hit. In the fifth two more were added. O'Neill reached first on Dasher's error, and Fisher scored him with a three bagger. Gage hit a long fly to left which was fumbled, and Fisher scored. The seventh inning, our lads came in with a score of six to five staring them in the face. Capt. Lynch commanded his men to "start something," and Fisher very obediently rapped out a hit, and stole second. Gage reached first on Hause's error; Hemp flied out to short, and Shag doubled, scoring Fisher and Gage, and later scored on Stephan's fly to centre. This ended Notre Dame's scoring.

The Score:

Notre Dame	R	H	P	A	E	Kalamazoo	R	H	P	A	E
Lynch, ss	1	1	2	2	0	Chaffee, c	1	0	7	1	0
Farley, cf	1	2	4	0	0	Simpson, lf	1	2	0	0	1
O'Neill, c	1	0	6	1	0	North, ss	0	1	1	2	1
Fisher, lf	2	2	1	0	0	Hause, 2b	1	2	3	5	2
Gage, 2b	1	1	3	0	1	Sanger, rb, p	1	1	11	0	2
Hemp, 3b	0	0	1	2	0	Upjohn, rf	0	1	0	0	0
Sh'gh'ssy, rf	2	2	1	1	0	Dasher, 3b	0	0	1	1	1
Stephan, lb	1	0	9	1	0	Edwards, p, lb	0	0	2	2	1
Hogan, p	0	2	0	2	0	Kalmbach, cf	1	2	2	0	1
Totals	9	10	27	9	1	Totals	5	9	27	11	9

Stolen bases, Lynch, 2; O'Neill, Chaffee, Fisher, Gage, Stephan. Sacrifice Hit, North. Base on balls, off Hogan, 4; off Edwards, 1; off Sanger, 1. Two base hits, Gage, Shaughnessy, Upjohn. Three base hit, Fisher. Struck out, by Hogan, 5; by Edwards, 2. Wild pitch, Edwards. Hit by pitched ball, Stephan. Passed ball, Chaffee. Time, 1:50. Umpire, Dwyer.

Wisconsin, 6; Notre Dame, 5.

Notre Dame lost to Wisconsin Thursday afternoon after one of the most sensational contests ever seen on Cartier Field. The visitors were out-played from start to finish, but fortune smiled on the Cardinalites and allowed them to win out. Our fellows played the snappiest ball seen on the field this season. Four rattling double plays were made with such rapidity that the Wisconsin men were bewildered. But with all this and our men batting like fiends, Wisconsin smuggled in an extra score.

"Joe" Dohan was on the slab and pitched winning ball. For the first four innings he



allowed but twelve men to face him, retiring the side in the first inning on three pitched balls. Eight hits was all he allowed, and but two passes to first. "Bob" Fisher made several spectacular catches in left garden. Lynch, O'Neill and Stephan also did brilliant work, the latter taking part in four double plays. Shaughnessy carried off the batting honours. For Wisconsin, Curtis, Ware and Matthews, played star ball.

Our lads were the first to score. The third inning was the opener. Dohan went out from second to first, Lynch cracked one between third and short, and Farley singled, both scoring on a wild throw by Muckelstone. O'Neill drew a base on balls, Fisher singled, and Harkin's fumble of Gage's grounder allowed O'Neill to score. Hemp sacrificed, and Shag went out from second to first. Total, three runs.

Wisconsin's luck came in the fifth. Captain Ware opened up with a line drive over second. Muckelstone got a life on an error, and Curtis bunted, forcing Ware out at 3d. Brush got one in the ribs, filling the bases. Keith came to the rescue with a double, clearing the bases, and Matthews hit for three bags, scoring Keith. The next two men went out in easy style. Total, four runs. Notre Dame tied in the sixth on singles by Shaughnessy and Stephan. In the eighth Burg opened up with a scorching hit to left for two bases; Harkins flew out to Fisher, and Bandelin flew out to O'Neill. Ware smashed a line drive towards centre which Farley misjudged, and Burg and Ware scored.

The Varsity made a gallant attempt to overcome the lead in the ninth, but one run was all they could amass. The first three men up, Stephan Dohan and Lynch, cracked out singles, Stephan coming in on Lynch's hit, but a fast double play closed the game.

#### The Score:

Notre Dame	R	H	P	A	E	Wisconsin	R	H	P	A	E
Lynch, ss	1	2	4	6	0	Burg, cf	1	1	0	1	0
Farley, cf	1	1	0	0	1	Harkin, 2b	0	1	0	1	2
O'Neill, c	1	1	4	0	0	Bandelin, ss	0	0	4	1	0
Fisher, lf	0	1	2	0	0	Ware, 1b	1	2	9	0	0
Gage, 2b	0	0	1	3	1	M'k'lstone, lf	1	1	3	0	1
Hemp, 3b	0	1	1	0	0	Curtis, cf	1	0	5	0	0
Sh'ghnessy, rf	1	3	0	0	0	Brush, 3b	1	1	2	0	0
Stephan, 1b	1	2	10	1	0	Keith, c	1	1	3	2	0
Dohan, p	0	1	2	5	0	Matthews,	0	1	1	4	0
Totals	5	12	24	15	2	Totals	6	8	27	9	3

Stolen bases, Lynch (2), Shaughnessy (3), O'Neill, Stephan. Three base hits, Matthews. Two base hits, Hemp, Keith, Burg. Sacrifice hit, Hemp, Fisher. Base on balls, off Dohan, 2; Matthews, 4. Struck out, by Dohan, 2. Hit by pitched ball, Brush. Wild pitch, Matthews, 2. Passed ball, Keith, 2. Double plays, Gage-Lynch-Stephan (2); Stephan-Lynch-Dohan; Dohan-Stephan; Berg-Keith-Bandelin; Bandelin-Ware. Time, 1:35. Umpire, Dwyer.

J. P. O'R.

#### Personals.

—Governor Durbin and staff paid us an unexpected visit last week.

—Mrs. Knight paid a visit to her son who is a student of St. Edward's Hall.

—Mrs. Van Horn called on Mr. Stuart Riley of Corby Hall during the week.

—Mr. Martin Herbert of Sorin Hall had the pleasure of a visit from his sister Thursday.

—Mr. and Mrs. Antoine of Somanauk, Ill., were the guests of their son of Brownson Hall.

—Mr. Schwab of Loretto, Pa., was the guest of his son, Mr. Edward Schwab of Corby Hall.

—Miss C. Gilmurray and Mr. L. J. Morrissey called on Mr. F. Gilmurray of Carroll Hall.

—Miss Elenore Funk of La Crosse, Wis., spent several days with her brother, Mr. Funk of Brownson Hall.

—Mr. Mulcrone and daughter of St. Ignace, Michigan, were the guests of Mr. Charles Mulcrone of Corby Hall.

—Mrs. Zeigler of Milwaukee, Wisconsin, paid a brief visit last Sunday to her son Mr. George Zeigler of Sorin Hall.

—Mr. Tighe of Ireland, a brother of the late Father Tighe, called during the week on his way to visit relatives in Chicago.

—Mr. and Mrs. Sweeney of Spokane, Washington, were the guests of their sons Robert and Frank of Sorin and Carroll Halls.

—On April 16 occurred the marriage of Dr. John J. Molloy, a student in the early eighties, to Miss Olive Hollen of Covington. We wish them happiness.

—The Hon. William J. Onahan, who received the Lætare Medal in 1890, visited us recently. He left with us some matter relative to the coming debate with Butler College.

—Mr. Lawrence S. Highstone (LL. B., '01) of St. Ignace, Michigan, was at Notre Dame this week. Mr. Highstone recently passed the Michigan bar examination at Lansing.

—The following is taken from the *Washington Post*; "In Mr. James Morgan, Georgetown has an infielder whose superior at the third corner can't be found in any college in the country. He is just one grand, good, fast baseball player minus the frills and furbelows of many an otherwise good man. He has an arm that gets a ball across the diamond so fast that it resembles a pea on a bowling-alley. He covers a big territory, accepts almost any kind of a hit, and goes to them, good or bad. His cheerful nature keeps him talking up the game at all stages. There isn't a doubt but that he will startle the natives in the north when he accompanies the team on the trip." Many of the students will, no doubt, remember Morgan's excellent work at third and first base during the last two years. A. L. K.



### A Card of Thanks.

The Athletic Association acknowledges the receipt of a donation, procured through the efforts of Mr. F. O'Shaughnessy (LL. B., '00) of Chicago. Though no longer a student here, "Shag" is still with us in spirit. On hearing that the Association was in need of funds for sending the relay team to Philadelphia, he at once set about raising a sum to aid in that purpose. Not only do the Athletic Association and the members of the team thank Mr. O'Shaughnessy, but they are also deeply grateful to the kind gentlemen who have assisted in making up the sum.

The following are the names of those who responded to Mr. O'Shaughnessy's appeal: Edgar Crilly, John S. Hummer, Thomas T. Cavanagh, James V. O'Donnell, John J. Kutina, James M. Burns, D. A. Hanagan, William P. Devine, George J. Cooke, J. F. Kennedy.

### A Card of Sympathy.

In behalf of the students of Brownson Hall we offer our heartfelt sympathy to our hall-mates, Señors Santiago and Luis Villanueva, on the loss of their beloved sister whose death occurred a few weeks ago.

AUGUSTIN ABADIA  
GEORGE GORMLEY  
BERNARDO FERNANDEZ  
H. J. MCGLEW  
ARTURO TARANZO.

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### RESOLUTIONS.

WHEREAS, It has pleased the Almighty to take away the brother of our beloved fellow-student, Raymond S. Gatens, therefore be it

RESOLVED, That we, the undersigned, in the name of his friends of Carroll Hall, do tender to our friend our sincere sympathy in his great loss, and be it further

RESOLVED, That these resolutions be printed in THE NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC and a copy of the same be sent to the bereaved family.

JOSEPH T. LANGTRY  
K. E. CASPARIS  
JAMES O'DONNELL  
A. S. HOFF  
W. D. WEBER.

### Local Items.

—FOUND: A pearl-handled knife. Loser may obtain it by applying to Brother Anthony at the Brownson refectory.

—The Tennis Club will hold a meeting this evening at 7:30 sharp in the Commercial room. All those wishing to join are invited to attend.

—The bridge, acting as a fire-escape, that has been put in place between St. Edward's

Hall and the Infirmary is certainly the proper thing for that place.

—Last Saturday night in the Moot-Court the murder case, State vs. Harris, was decided in favor of the defendant. Messrs. Mitchell and Burke represented the State, O'Neill and Higgins, the defendant, Harris.

—The orations for the oratorical contest are to be handed in by May 1. The men competing for the English Essay should turn over their essays to Dr. O'Malley as soon as convenient after the first of May.

—Through the efforts of Professor Roche, a bound edition of the hymn-books used in the church has been issued. It would be well for every student to have one. They can be procured at the Students' Office for twenty-five cents apiece.

—Thursday afternoon, while some hoodoo was hovering about Cartier Field, the Brownson Hall team was trouncing Goshen. The game lasted eleven innings. Opfergelt pitched good ball, and his team-mates put up a great fielding game.

—Last Wednesday our relay team, consisting of Gearin, Staples, Herbert and Kirby, and Sullivan for the pole vault, left to take part in the big Eastern meet held in Philadelphia to-day. That we expect to make a showing in this big meet no one can doubt, and we are even sanguine enough to expect that, if not all, the majority of the other colleges will fall before us. The one-mile relay race is for the championship of America. Harvard, Yale, Cornell, Pennsylvania, and Georgetown are the colleges we will meet. We matched our brawn successfully against Cornell last February. On the same day Georgetown ran away from Pennsylvania; so, practically, Yale, Harvard and Georgetown, are the three colleges we must be careful of.

Those are the records of our relay men, made either in actual meet or in tryout:

M. B. Herbert, 40-yard dash (indoor), 4 3-5 seconds; 40-yard high hurdles (indoor), 5 2-5 seconds; 50-yard high hurdles (indoor), 7 seconds (world's record). Outdoor events—100-yard dash, 10 2-5 seconds; 220-yard dash, 22 4-5 sec.; 440-yard dash, 51 2-5 seconds; 880-yard run, 2.02; 120-yard high hurdles, 15 4-5; 220-yard low hurdles, 26 seconds.

W. J. Gearin (indoor records)—40-yard dash, 4 4-5 seconds; 220-yard dash, 23 3-5 seconds; 440-yard dash, 53 2-5 seconds. Outdoor records—100 yards, 10 2-5 sec.; 220 yards, 23 seconds; 440 yards, 51 1-5 seconds; 880 yards, 2.03 3-5.

E. D. Staples (indoor), 40-yard dash, 4 3-5 seconds; 220-yard dash, 22 4-5 seconds (not allowed). Outdoor—100-yard dash, 10 1-5 seconds; 440-yard dash, 51 seconds.

H. E. Kirby (indoor), 50-yard low hurdles, 6 1-5 sec.; 40-yard dash, 4 4-5 seconds; 220-yard dash, 23 seconds; 440-yard dash, 51 3-5 seconds; 220-yard low hurdles, 25 3-5 sec.; shot put, 39 feet 11 in.; broad jump, 21 ft.

W. G. Uffendell, our half-miler, will not accompany the relay team, but those are his records: Indoor—880 yards, 2.01 2-5, Notre Dame, March, 10, 1902. This is world's record. Outdoor—880-yard run, 1.58 4-5, Chicago, Sept. 14, 1900. Western outdoor record. Mile run, 4.36 2-5, Detroit, June 9, 1900.

IN THE EVENING, 1902.

DEAR PAP:—I'm neigh on to bein' lonesum down here. My health is alright but fer a sore rist, and hope you are awl enjoying the same grate blessin'. Write soon.

Yure sun,

BEEKUM.

IOWA BY THE MOONLIGHT, '02.

MY DEAR LITTLE LONESOME BOY:—I am surprised to hear you complaining of lonesomeness. Of course I know the boys there are much larger than you are, and perhaps a little too rough when playing with you, but, my déar child, you must learn to put up with their ways. By same mail with this I send you a jumping jack to cheer you in your lonesomeness. You will find that in the course of time some of the big fellows will become envious of your plaything and become friendly with you. But when they do this and invite you to take part in their games, bear this in mind: in such games as "Ping Pong," "Scat" and "Old Maid," do not exercise yourself too violently, as nothing is more telling on a young person just growing up. And above all, beware of worrying and the measles.

Signed,

YOUR FATHER.

P. S.—My health is OK, even if my wrist is not sore. You should be careful of sore wrists as complications are liable to set in. And you can't always tell them at first sight either.

—The Corby "Noodles" met their defeat last Sunday at the hands of St. Joe "Dodds." From the beginning to the end, the game was interesting, as far as wild throws, artistic tumbling and "freezing on to the ball" were concerned. The batteries were: the Bests for Corby, and Leppert and Garland for St. Joe. One of the features of the day was Garland's début as catcher. Great excitement was caused by Leppert's home run in the seventh inning. When he realized what he had done, he became so hysterical that it was necessary for Jenkins and Bolger to hold him under the pump. The "Noodles" did excellent work until King, their manager, coach, electrician and boss, appeared on the scene with a cuckoo stogie. Then it was that Coleman began his list of errors, and Gaukler called for an assistant to mark the scores. Toward the end of the game pandemonium reigned. Leppert was in the box. "Ball one!" shouted Sherry, the umpire. "Strike two" was no sooner uttered than Garland lay stretched behind the batter writhing in agony. It is stated on good authority that he neglected his business to take a small peep at the newest styles of hats on exhibition near the post-office, and that the pitcher, who was a little rattled at the rooting, threw a wild ball, and caught him on the left cheek. Dr. Molumphy was summoned. The doctor, after diagnosing the case ordered Garland's moustache to be amputated. It is

needless to say that this most strenuous accident put an end to the game.

—Teddy, who took a very thorough course in phrenology under the famous Dr. Holland, has organized a phrenologic society in Sorin Hall. The society meets in the room of each member in rotation at eight o'clock every Wednesday evening. After a little gossiping, they proceed to business; a lecture is delivered and the bumps of the members examined by Teddy, Ph. D.—the Ph. D., of course stands for Doctor of Phrenology. Sometimes the meetings are diversified and enlivened by songs and recitations, as the case may be, by such men as Mr. Mulvey and Mr. Voigt. At the last meeting Teddy obliged the members by examining the heads of a number of Sorinites, and delivered an interesting lecture on the science of phrenology as laid down by his former instructor, Doctor Holland. Teddy led his hearers to believe that there was something in the doctrines which he advocated, particularly as he appealed in confirmation of them to facts, which, as he remarked, were stubborn things. The first man to be examined was the occupant of the northwest tower room on the second flat. Teddy found that the victim's organ termed "Amativeness" was very large, which indicated an extreme fondness for children. This was very singular, as the individual being examined, has often been seen in the company of little ones. "Dinky Dicer" was the next man to submit to an examination, and the phrenologist remarked his considerable prominence at "Tune." The members recollected, with a sigh of retrospection, of having heard the victim play the melodies of former years on the piano. "Looking-glass" was the next person to come under Teddy's hands.

The examiner informed the audience that "Causality," the organ of perceiving the relation of cause and effect, was moderate in size. Those present were well aware of the fact that "Looking-glass" is experiencing some difficulty in understanding why he should receive a letter from a woman, who was willing to take care of a widower and his family, offering her service to him. "Too-Hee" was examined, and found to be endowed with an extraordinary "Locality," which very often occasions a desire for a change of place. Oscar Lippman was the next man, and he seemed to have a fine development of the organ "Wit." The society soon found that the disposition to humorous manifestations was very strong in this young gentleman. Victor Hilding was found to possess an abnormal "Adhesiveness," which accounted for the delight he evidently derived from holding down chairs. The striking coincidences brought to the attention of the members during the meeting rendered many converts to the science of phrenology.