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The Rondeau.

FRANCIS F. DUKETTE, '02.

THE verse is set, my brain is cold,
My fancies all are formed in mold;
Were't not, perhaps I'd change the lay
To happier mood and brighter day,
Wherein to etch rare sunset gold.

One theme is best, it's oftenest told,
Heroically writ in metre bold.
Agone past moods and hope's lone ray—
The verse is set.

For what I would I could not say—
Sometime with kindly fate I may—
And then no more in sackcloth stoled,
Released from where the dark clouds rolled,
I'll grasp the spirit, not the clay—
The verse is set.

Patrick Sarsfield.*

THOMAS D. LYONS, '04.

OFTEN and gloriously has Ireland poured out blood and treasure for faith and independence. Her annals illumine the brightest pages of history; her sons are known and honoured wherever the light of civilization shines. One of her most gallant efforts was that struggle for independence at the close of the seventeenth century; one of her noblest sons was he who, as a guiding star, directed her efforts in that glorious though fruitless struggle,—he, whose name rings as a trumpet-call to battle; whose deeds, like "the shot the embattled farmers fired at Lexington," were heard "round the world,"—the immortal Patrick Sarsfield.

The histories tell us what brought on the combat: how King James II. endeavoured to restore religious liberty in his kingdom; how for this the English people drove him from his throne; how the Irish, grateful for the right to practise their religion openly, flew to arms for the Stuart cause; how at the Boyne the raw Irish peasants fought an army of the choicest troops of Europe; how James, through his own cowardice, lost the battle; with it his kingdom; and fled to France.

But the Irish, undisciplined and defeated, did not yield. They lacked only a leader; and there came forth a man of such talent for war and patriotism for the cause, that Providence seemed to have raised them up a champion. Tall and commanding, kind-hearted and resolute, trained in the art of war, filled with the thought of Ireland's independence, Patrick Sarsfield advanced to wage his country's war for freedom.

He led the broken Irish army to Limerick. There his French allies forsook him. There was but scant hope of holding the place. Its walls were old and crumbling, the defenders had no artillery; and William of Orange was marching to take it with the victors of the Boyne. In the face of these great odds, a more experienced general might well have been discouraged, but Sarsfield only became more resolute to hold the place at all hazards.

When William attempted to storm Limerick he met a severe repulse. Sarsfield had imbued his army with his own indomitable courage, had made every Irishman a host that day. But though he had won a partial victory, he fully comprehended the greater danger that was imminent. He knew that William's magnificent artillery and siege-train were approaching; he knew that those great guns would batter down the walls of Limerick; he pictured to himself the English army pouring through the breaches;

* Oratorical paper

he could see the annihilation of his own brave band; he saw Ireland's cause hopelessly lost, and he cried out that it must not be,—that the siege-train should be destroyed.

On that very night he took five hundred horsemen and performed that deed which rivals Washington's winter crossing of the Delaware, and is enough of itself to make Sarsfield's countrymen glory in their birthright. He rode to rear of William's army, captured the siege-train, and blew it up within the very lines of the British! William heard the great crash of the explosion, and understood; the sentinels on Limerick's walls heard it and rejoiced. Its echo goes thundering and reverberating from crag to crag in Ireland to-day when Sarsfield's name is spoken. It kindles anew the hope of freedom in Irish bosoms; for the very watchword of Ireland's independence is Sarsfield.

William made a last desperate effort to storm Limerick; but the defenders—among whom, to their everlasting glory be it said, were the women of Limerick—were aroused to such a pitch of enthusiasm by Sarsfield's valour that no force could prevail against them. One whole afternoon the English forces, horse and foot, grenadier and dragoon, regiment and brigade, charged against the walls. But every assault was repelled, every breach was manned, every storming-party was hurled back; and at last the drilled veterans gave up in despair. In vain did William offer to lead them in person if they would make one more attempt; they knew that they were powerless when pitted against patriots commanded by a Sarsfield. When night came, William abandoned the siege and led his vanquished hosts across the Shannon.

Limerick was saved!—saved by the skill and bravery of one man! The French Count Lauzun, who said that it could be taken with roasted apples, forgot that its hope lay not in its walls, but in its men. He forgot that its defense was conducted by a man to whom no plan was too daring, no hardship too arduous, no personal risk too great, when in any way his country's cause might be advanced; and forgetting Patrick Sarsfield, he might well prophesy Limerick's fall.

Then the French returned to reap the benefits of the victory. St. Ruth, "the vainglorious but the brave," was sent to take command of the forces in Ireland. Up to now all the civil and military authority of the Irish cause had centred in Sarsfield. Uncaptured Limerick and fleeing William could witness how well he had used his authority. And now he was to be relegated to a subordinate position! The soldiers murmured loudly; but unless St. Ruth were given the chief command, French aid would be withdrawn from Ireland. Sarsfield in his disinterested patriotism cheerfully accepted the second place, though he knew he was better fitted to lead than was St. Ruth.

Ah! if Sarsfield had commanded at Athlone, Ireland would have broken her chains forever. With tears in his eyes, he begged St. Ruth to take his advice; but the Frenchman, wise in his own conceit, let the English gain the city. Too late he saw his own folly and Sarsfield's wisdom. Then Ireland's cause began to wane. In the next engagement, the ill-fated battle of Aughrim, St. Ruth when about to redeem himself, was slain. Sarsfield taking command too late to win the battle, led the few survivors in good order to Limerick.

As Washington's faith in his cause made the gloom of Valley Forge seem less dark, so did Sarsfield's patriotism in that hour of despair nerve the hands and fire the courage of his soldiers. He and they knew that Limerick must fall, but they were resolved to die worthy deaths under its ruins. They felt, with the ancient Romans, that it is sweet to die for one's native land;—but Ginckle the Dutch-English commander, offered terms little short of Irish independence, if Limerick would capitulate. Nothing would have pleased Sarsfield more than to die a soldier's death under Limerick's wall, but he felt that it was duty to his country to accept the proffered terms: the garrison was to march out with the honours of war; those who so desired might go to the continent, and religious liberty was to be guaranteed to all Irishmen. So the treaty, which granted many other privileges besides these was duly signed.

Then occurred that event which raises Sarsfield from the ranks of the merely great commanders, and crowns his brow with the diadem of undying fame. A few short days after the treaty had been signed, a French fleet bearing an aiding army came sailing up the Shannon. The Irish soldiers still had their arms, Limerick had not yet surrendered, the English army was at the mercy of the combined French and Irish forces. General Ginckle, affrighted, did not even hope that the combat would not be renewed!

They brought the news to Sarsfield. The

great soldier seemed stunned when he heard it. At last his country's independence—the one desire of his heart—was within reach! He need only stretch forth his hand and take it; but alas! to take it meant the sacrifice of his honour. Sorely indeed was he tempted, but he hesitated only an instant; then he pronounced those words which are worthy to be graven with Patrick Henry's immortal cry for liberty or death; words which express sentiments as lofty as those of our declaration of independence; words which should be carved over the door of the temple of virtue, side by side with Henry Clay's deathless sentence: "I would rather be right than President"—those two short sentences with which Patrick Sarsfield renounced his country's independence: "Our honour is pledged, the honour of Ireland. Though a hundred thousand Frenchmen offered to aid us now, we must keep our plighted troth."

Shakspere has made the name of Brutus a household word because Brutus loved his honour more than he feared death; mothers repeat to their children the story of Regulus, who gave his life rather than break faith with his foes; but the lustre of their deeds fades before the sacrifice Sarsfield made: rather than break his "plighted troth," he gave that for which he would have died a thousand times,—his country's independence! He forbade the expedition to land, maintaining that the spirit, if not the letter, of the capitulation extended to such an arrival. Oh! that England had kept that treaty one-half so well! But Punic faith and British perfidy are famous synonyms.

There was nothing more for Sarsfield to do in Ireland. He was offered high preferment in the English army, but he disdained such an offer. He might have retired to his vast estates in the County Dublin, and lived like a prince in peace and prosperity with the good will of all men; but, though the struggle was over in Ireland, on the continent, a blow might yet be struck against her oppressors, and Sarsfield's inconquerable spirit could never remain idle while his hand might be raised against his country's foe. Accordingly, with his officers and most of his men, he sailed to France and enlisted in the service of King Louis XIV.

Sarsfield's career on the continent if brief was glorious. He left Ireland in hope that he might return at some more fortunate day and restore her birthright. He covered himself with glory at Steinkirk, and was made a marshal of France on the very field of battle. Had he lived he would, doubtless, have become the foremost general of Europe, and in time would have delivered Ireland. But alas! it was not to be. In the next fight—the bloody battle of Landen—while leading a victorious charge of his brigade, the great soldier fell mortally wounded. A ball had entered his breast near the heart. He placed his hand on the wound, as if to staunch it. When he drew the hand away he saw it red with his blood. "Oh, that this blood were shed for Ireland!" he cried out; and with his mind and his heart turned to his native land, the great-souled patriot expired.

Sarsfield, the brave, the honourable, the great, was dead! He fell on a foreign soil, fighting under a foreign flag, but he was fighting his country's enemy when his country's cause was no more. His dying wish had been granted: his sacrifice was for Ireland; and though it did not gain her liberty, it made her sad yet glorious history familiar in all the courts of Christendom; it made her name a synonym for bravery and honour in all Europe.

The man was dead, but his spirit lived in his brigade, and took vengeance on his English foes on many a bloody battle ground. It lives to-day; for where is the Irishman that can hear the story of that great life and glorious death and not feel his heart leap and his pulse quicken with the desire for freedom? Where is the liberty-loving American who can hear that story and not feel his heart go out in love and sympathy and admiration for the great chieftain? Some day, in emulation of his deeds, his countrymen will arise and shake off the yoke; and when his country takes her place among the nations, her citizens will point to Patrick Sarsfield, hailing with one loud acclaim: "The man who loved his honour first, his country next, his life last!"

Let him not be compared with Alexander or Napoleon or other mighty ones who shed blood for their own greatness; but let him be spoken of as one who loved his fellowmen. Let him be named among those who cherished the love of liberty in their hearts. Compare him with such men as our own immortal Washington. Like our great Virginian, he was a pure, high-minded patriot who had but one ambition,—his country's independence. To that end he devoted his life and his death; even in his dying gasp, he breathed

his country's name. For her he would gladly give his life; but to gain even her independence he would not sully his honour. He was true to his country, tc his cause, to himself!

No monument stands in Ireland to perpetuate his memory, but he is not forgotten. Bronze may tarnish, marble may decay, but his name shall not die, for it is written in the hearts of his countrymen; and when the scroll of the truly great is unrolled, and the names of the great commanders and brilliant statesmen have been inscribed, high above them all, dimming their glory as the noon-day sun obscures the stars, will shine the name of that brave soldier, that skilful general, that honourable gentleman, that martyr patriot—Patrick Sarsfield!

The Progress of Polish Literature.

MARCELLINUS K. GORSKI.

(CONCLUSION.)

Zigismund Krasinski is unquestionably the nearest second to Mickiewicz. He and Sowacki, who ranks third in Polish poetry, lived in the beginning of the ninteenth century and were both contemporaries of Mickiewicz. These two poets were a natural outcome of Mickiewicz's work because they both were stimulated by his writings to devote their talents toward that particular branch of art. To give a striking difference between Mickiewicz and Krasinski, I should say this: Mickiewicz is a man of remarkable equilibrium of heart and mind; Krasinski, perhaps, equals Mickiewicz in the former quality, but in the latter he is inferior.

Krasinski is an inspired poet-prophet; a poet that possessed a loving heart together with a spirit of true manhood. He was the first to compose a prophetic drama to represent persons and incidents that were to come at some future time. The scenes are enacted in Poland. The time seems to be not very far distant, because persons there introduced speak as we do, have our prejudices and our customs. We can recognize them as belonging to our generation and to the Polish people, although the author does not stamp them with any nationality, nor does he indicate any locality. This production is planned on the broad background of modern social life. The argument most easily deduced from it is, that the manifold evils which exist in different grades of society can not be mollified or diminished except by the influence of Christianity. Krasinski was gifted with a remarkable imagination. He had a perfect command over his language, so that almost at any moment he could break out in new turns of harmonious words. His Christian spirit was, above all, pure and deep.

Of his manifold works "Iridion" deserves special mention. It is a poem representing the time when Rome was in its decline. The incidents are drawn from the epoch of the persecution of the first Christians. In it the author tries to work out the idea that Christianity neither accepts nor condemns feelings of national revenge for intentionally inflicted wrongs. His "Psalms" are likewise noteworthy. There the author explains to the world the mysteries of resurrection. He also reveals his beautiful though somewhat illusive dreams of the destiny of his suffering nation, and in them he praises heroism and the spirit of self-sacrifice.

"The Unfinished Poem" is connected with the "Undivine Comedy," and according to the plan of the author, it was to constitute the first part of the trilogy of which only the second part is worked out. This poem consists of five grand episodes which are not connected with one another very closely, but yet are put together so as to form a sufficiently prominent whole. Though unfinished it is nevertheless replete with sublime thoughts. The principal purpose of the poem is to show the tendency of humanity toward truth and perfection, and the unceasing attempts and conspiracies of this world against the power of truth and the spirit of God.

Krasinski was, in a great measure, an anchorite. The pleasures and amusements of this world had no attraction for him. He had early passed through the school of experience in which he learned the vanity of the things of this world, and in which he was thoroughly cleansed from the prejudices of his people. All this helped to enkindle within him a love and compassion for suffering humanity. Thus he became a guardian angel of the national spirit, a physician of hearts torn to pieces by misfortune or suffering. This much may be said in praise of Krasinski, that he poured upon the wounds of the Polish national body the balm of faith, love and hope. The chief characteristics of his poetry are deep religious feelings, and these in reality constitute the background of the manner in

which he viewed the past and the future.

So much for a rather bare and incomplete outline of the treasures of the Polish literature. It would be easy to bring up numerous examples of literary productions that the Polish people may well be proud of. It would be but a question of space to enumerate many other names, the bearers of which were famous for their learning and literary achievements. Even in our own day there are Polish writers of such importance and universal acknowledgment that an adequate account of them and their works would furnish sufficient matter for a paper. Joseph Kraszewski, for example, whose versatility is amazing, has produced more volumes of solid work than any other Polish writer. Henry Sienkiewicz, needless to say, has won an universal reputation by his writings which have been translated into every civilized language.

I should be tempted to go on enumerating other eminent men, but the fear of encroaching upon the limits of this essay prevents me from going any further. In conclusion, however, I shall quote for the benefit of those that may have distorted notions regarding the Polish language and literature, the well-known words of the poet, Casimir Brodzinski:

"Let the Pole smile with manly pride when the inhabitants of the banks of the Tiber or Seine calls his language rude; let him hear with keen satisfaction and with the dignity of a judge the stranger who painfully struggles with the Polish pronunciation like a Sybarite trying to lift an old Roman coat of armor, or when he strives to articulate the language of men with the accent of children. So long as courage is not lost in our nation and our manners have not become degraded, let us not disavow this manly roughness of our language. It has its harmony, its melody; but it is the murmur of an oak of three hundred years and not the plaintive and feeble moan of a reed swayed by the wind."

To a Child.

CHARLES A. GORMAN, '03.

THOU, child, art what a happy thing!
All bubbling like the forest spring;
With joy thou seem'st to overflow,
Aught else but bliss thou dost not know.
Thy laughing soul must ever sing—
Thou, child, alone art truly king.

Varsity Verse.

HIS WAY.

A RICH man, dying, left his wealth
To his three sons-in-law;
But when they read the will, the heirs
This strange condition saw:
That each should draw from his private store
Of gold a handsome sum
To place within Pa's casket when
Unto the grave they'd come.

Now when the melancholy day
Of the interment came,
Two sons-in-law brought bags of gold,
The third but brought his name.
You think it odd? Know, then, this third
A Hebrew chanced to be:—
"I gif mine check—three hundred pound—
Und keep der change," said he.

H. M.

TO VENUS.

(Horace Carm., I. 30.)

O Venus! of Gnidus and Paphos the queen,
Abandon your Cyprus so dear;
And into the temple, quite fair to be seen,
Of Glycera come without fear.
With incense abundant she offers this prayer;
O hasten! and comfort her there.

Let Cupid, the boy with impetuous will,
The Graces with girdles untied,
The Nymphs of the forest, the glade, and the hill—
Let these be your comrades beside;
And Hebe, the chaste, who when absent from you
Lacks beauty,—bring Mercury too.

G. A. F.

WE WILL.

Tri—o—let—
O let us try
To try and get
A triolet;
But let's forget
That this is *my*
Triolet—
O let us try.

E. F. Q.

HUMILIATION.

Alone I fought and well—
A mountain-peak my pride.
Again I fought, but fell—
Subdued, "Thanks, Lord!" I cried.

C. O'D.

IN VACATION.

I asked her if she loved me,
She blushed and turned away,
Then said: "Oh dear! I wonder
What pa and ma will say."

J. P. O'R.

THE SANCTUARY LAMP.

A ruby strung in halls of gold
Is less in beauty far,
Than is the fluttering spark that shines
Where heavenly treasures are.

MacD.

The Taking and Retaking of a Maker of "White Dog."

HERBERT MEDCALF, '03.

"Yaas, I've knocked aroun' a good deal in my time an' bin to lots o' places,—even to the Penitentiary," he added as an after-thought.

"Penitentiary!—as a visitor, I suppose?"

"Naw, not egzak'ly. The judge said it wus fer my health, but I kinder reckon it wus fer moonshinin' mostly."

"Oh! so you're a moonshiner as well as a horse trader?"

"Yaas; used to do a leetle bidin' now an' then."

"But got caught, eh?"

"Naw, I didn't git caught; a low-down skunk gi' me away."

"It isn't train time yet, 'spose you tell us about it?"

"Wal, I don't mind. Ye see, I got a farm way back tother side o' yander knob, an' when I git tired runnin' roun' I go and live with my old dad an' work my farm. When I wus a young feller dad used to have a leetle still back there in the hills an' genally made sev'rul hundred gallons o' White Dog every fall. I used to hep him, an' purty soon I knowed es much about it es he did.

"After while the of'cers got nosin' roun' considerble, an' some o' the neighbors got sent up, so we quit. I took keer o' the ole still, but fer five er six years we didn't use it no mo'. Then I got to gittin' restless, an' jest fer the fun o' the thing I started up agin; not on no big scale, but jest enough to pay fer runnin' it an' so as to have plenty aroun' whenever we wanted any. We had a lot o' the ole stuff yet that wus good an' meller, but I wanted some more to be gittin' ole while we wus arisin' that up. Our house wus the greatest in all that kentry fer corn-shuckin's an' log-rollin's an' quiltin's an' singin's an' sich like parties, an' we allus had lashin's o' egg-nog er apple-toddy er mint-julep er somethin' else. When the neighbor boys wanted a game o' poker er sev'n-up, it wus most genally our house where they come to play it. Lots o' times some of 'em would bring a jug er a bottle to git filled, an' I'd take 'em to the barl an' tell 'em to hep theirselves, fer I knowed it wus all right.

"Wal, things went on smooth as an' ole maid's weddin' fer about three years. One day a feller come out where I wus workin' an' wanted some whiskey. He wusn't no friend o' mine, but I'd seed him sev'rul times loafin' round the station here. He had a kind o' 'sneakin' way about him like a dog that knows he needs a kickin', an' he wouldn't look a feller square in the face, but h'd keep puttin' his han's in his pockets an' takin' 'em out an' stan'in' on fust one foot an' then tother. I never did have no use fer a man like that. I tole him I didn't have no whiskey, but he didn't seem to min' that a bit. He kep on beggin' an' beggin', sayin', as how he wus sick an' needed it an' couldn't get it no nearer nor the county town. I got tired a foolin' with him after a while, an' I says:

"'I don't believe nary word you're tellin' me, but jest 'cause it might be so, I'll git some whiskey fer ye. But look here, if ever I find out you lied to me, you want to keep out o' my way. D'y hear?'

"He vowed an' declared it was the God's truth he wus tellin' me, an' that he wus the bes' friend I ever had an' ever would have, an' that—but I shut him up, an' went an' got him a quart, an' tole him to move.

"I'd most fergot about it, but the nex' week es I wus fixin' the fence 'long the lane leadin' to the house, a feller driv up an' spoke, an' when I spoke, he says, says he:

"'Be you Bill Kelsoe?'

"'Yaas,' says I, 'I'm Bill Kelsoe; got anything agin him?'

"He didn't say nothin' right away, but he put his right han' in his back pocket an' his left in his coat. He pulled out a paper with his left han', an' soon es he begun to read it, I knowed mighty well what wus in his right, an' I knowed, too, I had a kin' o' a promise to keep to a feller that lied to me. I didn't understand all the paper said, but I didn't need no congress man to tell me I'd been pinched fer keepin' a tiger.

"He tole me to git in the cart an' I did, but I said I'd like to go git my coat an' tell the ole man I wouldn't be home fer awhile. He said he didn't mind, so we driv up to the house.

"That of'cer must a thought a heap o' hisself er wus mighty green one, fer he didn't seem to think I'd dare to try to git away from him. He tole me to run in while he turned round an', 'hurry up,' he says as I went in.

"I don't know how long he set out thar waitin', but after while he hollered an' dad put his head out the door.

"'Tell Bill to come on, I want to git home,' the of'cer says like he was kinder mad.

"'Bill aint here,' says dad.

"'The devil he aint; didn't he jest this minute go in? You tell him to come on, fer I aint goin' to stand no foolishness.'—He wus gittin' mad shore 'nough then.

"'I know he did,' says dad, kinder smilin,' 'but he aint here now. He picked up his gun an' went on out towards the stables. He said if you come a askin' fer him an' had any argufyin' you wanted to do, to jest step right out that way an' he'd try to take keer o' his side o' the arg'ment.'

"I reckon that of'cer must a' changed his mind about wantin' me, er didn't have time to hunt me up, er somethin', fer he never come. Dad said he cussed round a considerble while, an' then giv' his horse a cut an' went off es hard es he could go.

"Wal, I knowed I wusn't big 'nough game to fight fer, but I knowed too, that if I didn't keep my eyes peeled an' look sharp all the time, they'd git me 'thout any fightin'. But the revenue of'cer hadn't bin appinted yit that I'd run from, so the only change I made in my business wus to have a 'thirty-eight' with me ever time I left the house, if I didn't go no fu'ther nor to feed the hawgs. Mor'n that, I genally carried my ole winchester, fer I knowed, if 'tother feller had a rifle, a Smith an' Wess'n' wouldn't be much better'n a pop-gun.

"Things worried along 'bout the same as usual till way in the spring. Fer es I know, no of'cer never come 'thin a mile o' me, 'ceptin' once, when I wus over here one day an' saw my ole friend what tried to arrest me. I wus a squattin' down agin that ole tree over there. I had my gun between my knees an' wus a gazin' kinder keerless-like at the train what had jest come in, when who should I see in one o' the cars but the of'cer. He didn't see me, though, till he wus movin'. When he did look up I nodded at him an' smiled, kinder pattin' my gun. He nodded back an' shuck his fist at me es the train pulled out. I thought then that he shorely ought to git me ef he tried very hard, an' shore 'nough he did.

"It wus in May, an' the sun wus crackin' down jest about es hot es I ever seed it in August. I'd bin hoein' tobacker up on a hill-side by the woods. I got tremendous hot an' went an' laid down flat o' my back under a tree by the fence. I had my pistol in my pocket, but it wus kinder in my way, so I tuck it out an' throwed it down on the grass jest where I could reach it good. I wus layin' there about ten minutes, I reckon, with my eyes shet kinder dreamin' when I heard somebody say,

"'Good mahnin'.'

"I jumped as if a snake had hissed in my ear, fer I knowed egzak'ly who it wus. I made a grab fer the gun, but,

"'Drop it,' the voice says an' I 'dropped it.'

"I looked up then, an' there wus my ole friend a grinnin' an' squintin' at me over a 'thirty-eight.'

"'Nice day,' he says.

"'Yaas, ruther wahm.'

"'So it is. How's crops?'

"'Oh, middlin',' I says. 'How are tney out yore way'?

"'Jest tolerble good. Say,' he says, sarter slow, es he knocked a grass-hopper off his pistol, 'I wish ye'd come in ter the city with me this mahnin'; I don't want to bother ye, but'—

"'Oh, that's all right,' I tole him; 'I wus jest thinkin' about goin' when you come along.'

"'I can't wait till you git yer coat, though.'

"'I didn't 'low to git it, nohow. It's mos' too wahm fer coats.'

"He wus lookin' at my pistol, so I kicked it over where he could reach it. Then I clim over the fence and we started."

The narrator paused, took a good big piece of tobacco from his pocket, put half of it in his mouth and offered the other half to the crowd. But as nobody made any move to take it, he returned it to his pocket.

"They succeeded in sending you up that time, did they?" somebody asked.

"'Two years,' the ole judge said. He wus a good feller, though, the old judge," and he chuckled softly to himself.

Our train was in, however, and we missed that part of the story. Nor did we learn whether or not he ever squared his account with the loafer.

THE young now read too much. They are enfeebled in mind and body, by poring over storybooks and newspapers. Better for them were it to stroll or to sit and dream, if they can not run and jump and play. A wise parent would allow only the class books, the Bible and a few of the great poets and historians to lie within reach of his children. A book may make or mar them for the whole of life.—*Spalding.*

Concerning Football.

PATRICK MacDONOUGH, 1903.

It may not be generally known that one of the best sonnets ever written has for its subject, "A Game at Football." The author is French, Amadis Jamyn, and the sonnet as done into English by Henry Francis Cary, a translator who died about the middle of the last century, runs thus:—

When I behold a football to and fro
  Urged by a throng of players equally,
Who run pell-mell, and thrust and push and throw,
  Each party bent alike on victory;
Methinks I see, resembled in that show,
  This round earth poisèd in the vacant sky,
Where all are fain to lay each other low,
  Striving by might and main for mastery.
The ball is filled with wind, and even so
  It is for wind most times that people war;
Death the sole prize they all are struggling for:
  And all the world is but an ebb and flow;
And all we learn whenas the game is o'er
That life is but a dream and nothing more.

Nor did football escape the pen of English rhymesters, as is well shown by a recent article in *Munsey's Magazine*.* Barclay wrote in 1508:

The sturdy plowman, lustie strong, and bold,
Overcometh the winter with driving the footeball,
Forgetting labour and many a grievous fall.

Edmund Waller (1605–1687) thought football was a pastime well suited to winter:

And now in winter when men kill the fat swine,
They get the bladder and blow it great and then
With many beans and peasen put therein
It rattleth, soundeth, and shineth clere and fayre.
While it is thrown and caste up in the ayre
Each one contendeth and hath a great delite
With foot and with hand the bladder for to smite.
If it fall to ground they lift it up again,
And this way to labour they count it no payne.

Very likely Waller himself, was not a very enthusiastic football player, for he writes that the participants

Salute so rudely, breast to breast,
That their encounter seems too rough for jest.

Sir Walter Scott too, mentions the game, and encourages the players in such a manner that one is inclined to think he would at least take part in the "rooting," were he present at any of our great college matches:

Then strip, lads, and to it, though sharp be the weather,
  And if by mischance you should happen to fall,
There are worse things in life than a tumble on heather
  And life is itself but a game of football.

* Many of the quotations that follow, both in verse and prose, are given as they appear in Mr. Eustace Clavering's article entitled "The Fortunes of Football."

In England and Scotland the game claimed the attention of legislators as well as of poets. Edward II. decreed that "forasmuch as there is great noise in the city caused by hustling over large balls from which many evils might arise, which God forbid; we command and forbid on behalf of the king, on pain of imprisonment, such game to be used in the city in future." Edward III. complained that the use of arrows "was almost totally laid aside for the purpose of various useless and unlawful games," and doubtless football was included in the unlawful pastimes he censured. Football was proclaimed by statute in the reigns of Richard II. and Henry IV., and James I. did by decree "debarr all rough and violent exercises, as the football, meeter for laming than for making able the users thereof." In 1457 James III. ordered that "footballe and golfe be utterly cryit down," while James IV. commanded that "in na place of this realme ther be used futeball, golfe or other sik unprofitable sportes." The game at this time was characterized by an English baronet as "utterly abjected of all noble men wherein is nothing but beastlie furie and extreme violence whereof procedeth hurte," and another baronet refers to the "rancour and malice which do remain with them that be wounded."

The game was looked upon with disfavour by Stubbs, the Elizabethan reformer, who calls it "a bloody and murthering practice. For dooth not everyone lye in waight for his adversarie, seeking to overthrow him and picke him on his nose, though it be on hard stones, on ditch or dale, on valley or hill, or whatever place soever it be, he careth not, so he have him downe: and he that can serve the most of this fashion, he is counted the only fellow, and who but he? So that by this means sometimes their necks are broken, sometimes their backs, sometimes their legs, sometimes their arms, sometimes their noses gush out with blood, sometimes their eyes start out, and sometimes hurt in one place, sometimes in another.

"Whosoever scapeth away the best goeth not scot free, but is either forewounded, craised or bruised, so as he dieth of it or else scapeth very hardlie; and no mervaile, for they have the sleights to meet one betwixt two, to dash him against the hart with their elbows, to butt him under the short ribs with their griped fists, and with their knees to catch him on the hip and picke him on his neck, with a

hundred such murthering devices. And hereof groweth envy, rancour, and malice, and sometimes brawling, murther, homicide, and great effusion of blood, as experience daily teacheth. Is this murthering play now an exercise for the Sabaoth day?"

If reformer Stubbs were alive to-day and witnessed one of our college games, he would scarcely admit that in the matter of recreation we have made much advance during the last three centuries.

This much regarding football from the view of the poet, legislator, and reformer. Now as to its origin. Like so many other of our institutions, the time and place of its beginning are very uncertain. We do know, however, that it early found favor in England which even to this day continues to be its home. From enactments quoted, it will be seen that football was played in England as early as the beginning of the fourteenth century. At that time, however, and for hundreds of years later, the game was wholly unscientific, and consequently very different from what it is to-day. Even fifty or sixty years ago, the method of playing in Ireland, as described by an eyewitness, was not very unlike that which raised the ire of the reformer, Stubbs. The game there was a contest of parish against parish, and often resulted in fierce fights and feuds of long standing. The means of procuring a football then was almost identical with that described by the poet Waller. The bladder, which was more often obtained from a cow, was inserted in a round, leather purse, specially made for the purpose. After inflation the neck of the bladder was secured with a string, and the edges of the aperture in the cover pulled together with a piece of leather thong. Then the ball was ready for use.

The game was neglected a good deal in the beginning of the nineteenth century, but by the end of the first half, its practice became more common. The great preparatory schools, such as Harrow, Rugby, Eton, Charterhouse and Westminster formulated rules of their own, and it is interesting to note the causes that gave rise to the different codes. The boys at Rugby had the use of a large, grassy plot, which generally prevented severe injury from falls, and for this reason they could afford to be less particular about rules protecting the player from bodily harm. Westminster and Charterhouse, on the contrary, were obliged to play on paved ground, which accounts for the Association code. Association rules were given to the public in 1863 and the Rugby code in 1871.

Between the Rugby and Association games, there is of course a vast difference, as anyone who has witnessed them must have observed. In Association, the ball is never borne in the hands except by the goal keeper, and by him only for a step or two. It is kicked almost the whole time, and while a player can shoulder his opponent, he is not allowed to tackle him as in Rugby. Agility and speed are in greater demand in Association; and as the ball is scarcely ever stationary, the wind and endurance of the players suffer a greater strain. Speed and muscle count for much; weight, except when backed by both, is rather a disadvantage. In Great Britain, the player is never seen with the burden of armor worn by the American enthusiast. The dress worn by an Association player in England and Scotland ten or twelve years ago, consisted of running breeches, a light jersey, and a light, close-fitting cap somewhat resembling a jockey's but having a much shorter peak. These with a pair of football shoes and socks or stockings, completed the outfit. Shin guards were the only armor used and these were not always worn.

Association football is by far the more popular in Great Britain and Ireland, but in the former island it has developed into professionalism pure and simple. Many of the cities such as Edinburgh, Glasgow, Sunderland, Sheffield, and Wolverhampton, have teams selected in the same way as we choose candidates for the National League. A player on these teams makes a good salary, usually from three to eight hundred pounds for the season. The managers can well afford to pay large sums, for the attendance at all the great matches is enormous. The interest taken in a championship game in Glasgow is, or used to be, intense, and the spectators often numbered from twenty to forty thousand. The same is true of English cities, especially of those in the northern and north-midland counties.

The game as played to-day in America dates from 1876 when Harvard and Yale adopted the English Rugby rules, and since that time it has grown steadily in popular favor. Football has had a long and chequered history, but like some other institutions that have met with opposition, it thrived in adversity, and it is likely to endure as long as the peoples misnamed Anglo-Saxon, retain their love for manly outdoor exercise.

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—Again we call attention to the Oratorical Contest. The date set for this competition is December 10, and copies of the orations must be delivered to the Director of Studies not later than December 1. Candidates have yet a few weeks which may be used profitably in preparation. A word to the wise is enough.

—Many of us are pretty familiar with the term "bohemianism," yet perhaps we should find some difficulty in explaining its meaning. It is questionable whether the word as understood in Europe can be applied at all in the United States. A bohemian is one of artistic or literary temperament who bothers little with formality, funds, or the future. But is this type common in America? We think not. The author whose exotic work sells up in the thousands soon looks about him to invest his money, and when he turns capitalist, good-bye bohemia. Not every man that boycotts his barber, comes in late to dinner, and borrows money, is a bohemian. Your true bohemian has inborn tastes that fit him for the citizenship he claims. His is a condition of mind usually adapted to the pursuit of ideals. The American is practical; he becomes so soon or late. When he does soar above the earth his flight is not lofty nor prolonged. True, we have resorts in our largest cities which pose as genuine bohemian haunts. Some of us may have seen cafès where are found the music, the pictures, the magazines, the air of abandon, and what the managers call "the atmosphere of refinement" which are said to be the invariable concomitants of bohemianism. But the gaudy display was too apparent; the habitues were the flush, vulgar crowd rather than the esoteric, sometimes penniless few that are the real citizens of the artist's bohemia.

—The agitation respecting the friars in the Philippines has been current for some time. Even the most violent partisan must acknowledge that different conditions must be met by different remedies. What a vast work the friars have effected in the Philippines is just beginning to become known to this country at large. While it has not been the policy of the Catholic papers to force the issue, they have maintained that the friars were the only factors that ever made for the betterment of the natives of the Philippines. Under Spain, the government of the Archipelago was for centuries a government by the Church, and very largely by friars. "That kind of government is out of date," says *Harper's Weekly*, "but was it a bad work?"

It further says: "Most of Europe was helped on its way from barbarism to civilization by monks and members of religious orders, and so, it seems, it has been at a much later day in the Philippines." Mr. Stephen Bonsal, writing in the *North American Review* on "The Work of the Friars," says that it has been, on the whole, good. He holds that, considering the length of time—three hundred years—that the religious orders had been in the Philippines, the amount of property they had accumulated there was small. Mr. Bonsal also says that, "if there may have been vicious men among the friars, it is certain that the immense majority of the friars are good men, worthy of every consideration, deserving of much praise."

—In the *Ave Maria*, issued November 1, a short article throws light upon a subject understood by few, and corrects an erroneous yet almost universal opinion.

Here for the first time very many will learn the origin of America's name. All are aware that America was named from Amerigo Vespucci. But the writer shows whence Amerigo himself derives his name.

Emeric, the clever son of St. Stephen, who

n the eleventh century was king of Hungary, after a holy life was canonized by the Church. It was the name of this saint in its Italianized form that Vespucci received at baptism. Thus our continent bears the name of this sainted prince of Hungary.

In some manner or other it seems to be an opinion only too general that the credit of South America's discovery, properly due to Columbus, was dishonorably appropriated by Vespucci. This is proved to be untrue; for it is clear that Columbus himself did not suspect Vespucci of any such pretentions, since after Vespucci had returned to Spain, Columbus introduced him to his son at court as his very worthy friend. This took place just before Columbus died, "unrewarded, wofully misrepresented, though certainly not by Amerigo Vespucci."

—Of all the professions, Law is acclaimed to be the most hopelessly overcrowded. Hence the neophyte will take new courage from the reading of such articles as "Opportunities for Young Men in the Law," by the Hon. Judge Kavanaugh in a recent number of the *Columbian-Record*. The Judge remarks that it is not the dream of proverbial fees or an enormous income that overcrowds the profession, but the prominence which its successful members occupy in the eyes of the public generally, especially in our Congress Legislatures and volunteer armies in time of war. "So if ambition for public influence and station be the searcher's motive, the law is best suited for him. He needs for capital at the start only a month's rent and a copy of the statutes. If, however, his aspirations tend toward wealth, he will find little to encourage him in the biographies of great lawyers, or, indeed, in a survey of the profession generally as it stands. 'A successful lawyer works hard, lives well and dies poor,' Daniel Webster said, and the situation has not changed since his time." The author postulates for financial success the qualities of honesty, courage, intelligence and health. "In the learned professions there must be added to these, learning, skill, and tact in the management of people. The successful lawyer must have as excess baggage ease of expression, an indefinable adaptability for throwing oneself into the concerns of another and especially in these latter days, business ability. . . The reign of eloquence is passing—juries yawn before fiery oratory, and the upper courts now reverse cases because of it." He concludes by advising the student of law to specialize in some branch, and to be prepared to resign himself to ten years of waiting for a practice. He must not become discouraged, however, for "the chances of the able lawyer are to-day quite as good if not better than ever."

—"Is the American race a race of nomads"? asks a writer in *Harper's Weekly*. He answers in the affirmative. The typical American thinks nothing of crossing the continent on a matter of business, or of circling the globe on an excursion of pleasure. There is no sea so perilous he will not sail, nor land so rugged he will not explore; no mountain higher than he dares to climb, nor port so distant he will not anchor in. He is everywhere, from Paris to Paraguay, from the snows to the tropics. And "it is scarcely a paradox to say that the most conspicuous people in Europe are Americans." Go where you will, you will find them—"in every great court, in every great castle, in every great church, in every great ruin, in every great hotel. They are cheerful, prosperous, prominent, dominant, and they get the best of everything, as though, like the meek, they had inherited the earth. When they pass on they leave money and pleasant memories behind them; and other nomads waving the same flag come to take their place."

The writer holds heredity accountable for all this wandering. Our ancestors were rovers, and the trait descends to us. For whether we are by origin English Puritan or English Catholic, French, Spanish or Dutch, we are Americans now only because one of our forefathers was a wanderer; one through choice or necessity, broke away from old associations, from old friends and old scenes and came to seek home and happiness in a new land. Moreover, the family records of most of us contain, not only the names of immigrants, but of emigrants more than one. Whatever may have been the immediate reasons for the successive removals our ancestors made, the wandering instinct must have been there. Though the primitive nationality may be lost or forgotten that instinct still remains.

Might there not be another and more potent reason for this restlessness? Is it not possibly an outgrowth of the conditions under which we live? May it not be that Americans realize sooner than other men that the

world is wide and that things worth their while exist even beyond their small sphere of action? We believe the American wanders not for the sake of wandering, but rather that he may seek and find the best of beauty, truth and goodness wherever it may be, that he may deepen his mind by broadening his life. His is not the blind following of a dead ancestor's lead, it is the manifestation of an instinct born of the age, of the "divine unrest," Bishop Spalding speaks of, urging him on to higher and nobler things.

The Jersey and her Victims.

Most true is the saying that it is republics that forget. From early Rome to our own glorious commonwealth, the men who deserved best of their country have been often the earliest forgotten. The names of Tiberius Gracchus and Robert Morris bear witness to this truth; but more striking proof could not be had than that to which a timely article in the New York *Freeman's Journal* calls attention.

In the course of the recent dredging at the Brooklyn Navy Yard to make room for the proposed battle ship, *Connecticut*, the water-soaked timbers of the Revolutionary prison ship *Jersey* were discovered. The *Jersey* was a 64-gun frigate which was dismantled and added in 1780 to the infamous prison fleet. The horrible part which these floating prisons played in our war for freedom is little known.

In the battle of Brooklyn and the capture of Fort Washington many Americans fell prisoners to the British. For safekeeping they were placed aboard abandoned transports and cattle ships which lay deserted in Wallabout Bay. No pen can adequately describe the sufferings which they there endured. Beside the multiplied horrors of their rotten hulks, the stories of the Mammertine prison or the Black Hole of Calcutta pale into comparative insignificance. The awful prison of Surajah Dowlah was used but for a single night, while these no less dreadful places of confinement were employed for over seven years. Into their noisome holds, thousands of men and boys were thrown during this period. The great-hearted patriots, crowded to suffocation in straitened quarters, fed on the scantiest and most unpalatable of rations, clad in rags that afforded little protection from the rigors of the climate, suffered untold miseries.

The *Jersey* was commonly known as "Hell," and well did she deserve that title. She was never cleansed. Disease and death were rampant on her decks. During the three years which she served as a prison, over 11,000 Americans detained in her succumbed to starvation or disease.

During the day the prisoners were permitted to remain on deck, but when the sunset gun boomed over the bay they were driven like cattle down into the close, foul-smelling hold. The hatches were battened down, every means of ventillation was shut off. As many as a thousand were crowded into those pens at one time. There through the long, sultry nights they lay in misery and pain. In vain did they beg some relief from their captors. No mercy was granted them. No physician visited the sick; no clergyman consoled the dying. No cooling water bathed the burning brow of the boy who prattled of his home in fevered delirium; the stalwart man gasped out his life in unaided misery.

When the horrid sufferings were ended by the morning light, the cry came below: "Rebels, turn out your dead!" After the stark bodies were lifted out and carelessly piled in heaps, the wretched remainder were lined along the deck to listen to the reading of the amnesty and pardon offered to any who would enlist in the British army. When we consider that this proclamation offered to these miserable men warm clothing in place of scanty rags, plenty to eat instead of slow starvation, pay and the privilege to breathe the free, pure air of heaven instead of the poisonous and foul atmosphere of those abandoned vessels, we must wonder that these terms were not accepted. But no. Out of all the thousands who were there confined, it is handed down that but one went over to the enemy. He was a foreigner, a Hessian.

Wonderful indeed is this record of devotion and self-sacrifice; a constancy which is made more remarkable by the fact that positive cruelty on the part of the British added to the horror of the prisons themselves. The infamous Cunningham, who made miserable the last hours of the heroic Nathan Hale, was in charge of the vessels. Here was thrown off every restraint that companionship with other British officers may have placed on his brutality. The living were treated with the most wanton cruelty and the dead were shown no respect. Their lifeless bodies were dumped in shallow trenches in the sandy shore where the weather and tide soon bared them to view.

For many years the whitening remnants lay under the broiling sun and the bleak winter winds, alike uncared for. "Finally, in 1808, the Tammany Society undertook the matter, and a vault was built and impressively dedicated, in which were placed the collected bones of the Martyrs."

But again they were forgotten. The wooden vault and the ground in which it lay were sold for taxes. In 1873 the remains of the heroic dead were removed to Fort Greene, but there no monument commemorates their priceless devotion.

Meanwhile, the *Jersey* abandoned and unvisited from fear of contagion sank after lying in the bay for some years after the war. With her went down the record of the multitude who suffered on her decks, for few had failed to carve their names in her ancient oak.

It has been proposed to save these historic timbers and place them in the Naval Museum. Thus far nothing has been done, but let us hope that this apathy will not continue. We can ill afford to lose this living witness to the devotion and sufferings of our liberty-loving forefathers. Memorials that point such a lesson as does the *Jersey* should be placed where the youth of to-day can drink from their founts the same spirit of liberty that animated the founders of our nation. R. J. SWEENY, '03.

A Close Game.

Before three thousand enthusiastic lovers of gridiron sport, the Varsity and the representatives of Knox College put up a grand article of football at Rock Island, Illinois, last Saturday. The contest ended with the score 12 to 5 in favor of Knox, but the general agreement of opinion of those present was that our lads should have won, but for ill-luck at critical moments. Time and again the Varsity worked the ball to the neighbourhood of Knox's goal, only to lose it on some misplay. The Knox team also put up a speedy game and proved to be foes worthy of our steel. Their gains were made principally on end runs, as our line was impregnable. It was a great contest, and Knox deserves the greatest credit for winning.

Salmon, as usual, was the star of the game. His punting was a revelation to the people of that section of the country, while at line bucking he more than sustained his reputation. One of his punts was for eighty-five yards, the longest that has been made this season. "Jim" Doar, despite a badly wrenched shoulder, was a tower of strength on defence, and whenever given the ball, responded with good gains. McGlew's clever tackling was one of the features of the game, and perhaps saved us from being scored on oftener. Nyere also distinguished himself by making a long run, which afterwards resulted in a touchdown for us. Groogan, Zalusky, France, and Captain Ewing were Knox's stars.

THE GAME.

Salmon kicked off to Zalusky who returned fifteen yards. Knox fumbled on first down, but regained the ball, and on next play Wilson went around end for a magnificent run of fifty yards. Hopkins then tore through tackle for ten yards. Wilson hit centre for three, and was used continually until goal was crossed five minutes after play was called. Zalusky kicked goal. Knox, 6; Notre Dame, 0. Salmon kicked off to Zalusky, and Notre Dame soon secured the ball on downs. Salmon carried the ball three times in succession for gains of five, three, and four yards. Doar circled end for four, and on five successive plays Salmon carried the ball fifteen yards, and then tried a drop kick for goal but missed. Time was called with ball in Knox's territory.

In second half Knox kicked forty yards to Salmon who regained ten. Doar went around end for ten yards. Knox held for downs. For the next few downs the ball switched from one side to the other without any material change in position. Then after twenty minutes of the hardest kind of a struggle, Knox scored her second touchdown and kicked goal, making the score, Knox, 12; Notre Dame, 0. Salmon then kicked off, and after a few plays secured it on downs. Doar gained twelve yards; Salmon hit centre for ten. On a fake play Nyere circled end for twenty. Salmon then went over for the touchdown. Goal failed. Three minutes later time was called.

NOTRE DAME (5)		KNOX (12)
O'Malley	C	Howell
Desmond	R G	Martin
Steiner	R T	Ewing (Capt.)
Lonergan	R E	Whitmore
Gillen	L G	France
Cullinan	L T	Slattery
McDermott	L E	McKerson
McGlew	Q	Groogan
Doar	L H	Zalusky
Nyere	R H	Hopkins
Salmon (Capt.)	F B	Wilson

Officials: Umpire—T. L. Burkland; Referee—A. R. Hall; Timers, McQuinty and Maqueshaw; Linesmen—Blowers and Silver. Time of halves 30 minutes. Touchdowns—Zalusky (2); Salmon. Goals—Zalusky (2).

Athletic Notes.

Four long, wearisome trips and games with four of the huskiest elevens in the West, one after the other, does not tend to keep the men of the Varsity in the best physical condition. In view of this fact the showing made by the Varsity during the past month was phenomenal.

Great credit is due to Trainer Butler for his successful handling of the men this season. The genial doctor has surmounted difficulties that would tax the ingenuity of even the most famous of trainers.

The Rock Island papers give Salmon credit for making the longest punt ever seen in that section of the country. Undoubtedly it was; but we go even farther and claim that it is as long as any made in the West since the days of the famous Cardinal Kicker, "Pat' O'Dea. By actual measurement the punt was for eighty-five yards.

McGlew's clever tackling at Rock Island won him the applause and admiration of the spectators. Several times he downed the fleet Knox backs in their tracks, and on Salmon's long punt he nailed Zalusky as soon as he secured the ball.

"Happy," Steiner and O'Melay did heroic work on defense when Knox neared our goal, and serveral times broke through and stopped men behind the line. J. P. O'R.

Sorin Wins a Great Game.

Perhaps no game of recent years has aroused such enthusiasm as the Sorin-Corby game of last Thursday morning. For weeks these two teams had been practising for this game, and the rivalry developed between them was intense. Besides it was the first of a series to decide the Inter-Hall championship,

Sorin Hall won the game, but only after the hardest kind of a struggle. The teams fought desperately, and it was by far the best exhibition seen on Cartier Field this season. Sorin Hall won because of the superior speed and endurance of her backs. Her linemen were outplayed, and had Corby's backs been able to take advantage of the many openings, there is no telling what the result might have been.

Sorin's touchdown was made only after Corby had held them three times on her three yard line. On the last attempt, the ball was fumbled and rolled over the line where Gearin fell on it for the only touchdown of the game. Four times after this, Sorin rushed the ball down to Corby's ten-yard line, but here the Corbyites fought like tigers and regained the ball on downs. Corby also had a chance to score when on Sorin's six-yard line, but fumbled. The chief features of the game were Dillon's all-around playing, Hogan's line bucking, and the work of Stephan and Kasper on the offense. Mulcrone, McKeon, Patterson, Maypole, Ruiz, and Dempsey were the stars for Corby. The final score: Sorin, 6; Corby, 0.

LINE-UP.

SORIN		CORBY
Daly	C	Ruiz
Antoine	R G	Healy, Weisse
Kasper	R T	McKeon
Gearin	R E	Patterson
Kanaley	L G	O'Connor
R. Stephan, McCullough	L T	Mulcrone
Petritz	L E	Diebold
Davitt	Q B	Maypole
A. Stephan	R H	Ruehlback
Dillon	L H	Brendt
Hogan	F B	Dempsey

Referee—Farley; Umpire—Salmon.

Ex-Juniors, 15; Howard Parks, 0.

The ex-Juniors played a brilliant game against the strong Howard Park team of South Bend last Sunday, and won out by the decisive score of 15 to 0. The city team, although having the advantage of being together for three years in succession, were completely outclassed, and at no time made any decided gains. The ex-Juniors played fast, snappy ball at all times and showed wonderful team work considering the short time they have been together. Lantry at full back did some good line bucking. Sheekey, Trentman and Geoghegan, distinguished themselves by making some good tackles. The linemen also played well, especially Gerraughty and Gray, the two tackles, and McDermott and Wenter at guards. For the visitors, Schock, McCormick and Waller did the best work.

LINE-UP:

HOWARD PARKS		EX-JUNIORS
Schock	L E	Sheekey
Burgress, Rosenburg	L T	Vogel, Gerraughty
Shirk	L G	Fleming
Zeidler	C	Wenter
Bredemus	R G	McDermott
Seifert	R T	Gray
Rrader	R E	Uhrick, Trentman
McCormick	Q B	Goeghegan
Waller	L H	Cahill, Dwan
Houtenany	R H	Sweeney
Heun, Dinger	F B	Lantry

Referee—Dolph; Umpire—Somers. J. P. O'R.

Book Notes.

—"In the Days of King Hal," Benziger Bros., by Marion A. Taggart, is an interesting novel. The story is one based on feudal conditions during the reign of King Henry V. of England. The deposition of Lord Darrington, a feudal lord; the usurpation of his possessions by his cousin through whose intrigues Lord Darringon was unjustly tried and condemned, the wanderings and trials of their families, and their subsequent reunion—all this is the framework around which the story is constructed. There is good unity and prolixity is decidedly lacking. There is depth of passion, vivid description, but the pathos is too profuse. The characterization is good; in fact, we are in sympathy with Isbel, and love her for her nobility of character, while we are compelled to admire the noble and gentle Alain and the manly Roul. A novel indeed, well worth while reading.

—The publishers of *The Delineator* have spared no pains in making the December issue attractive in cover and contents. The coloured plates are at the top notch of the printer's art. The magazine, though specially intended for women folk, contains several stories and sketches that will interest the general reader. This number celebrates the thirteenth anniversary of the publication, and is a credit to the Butterick publishing company, New York.

—The November issue of *The Gael*, a New York bi-lingual magazine published by the Gael Publishing Co., contains several articles of interest. A few good short stories, a historical sketch, a number of timely editorials, and a plenty of good verse, put the magazine on a par with almost the best literary magazines published.

—The November number of the *Cosmopolitan* contains an excellent and very practical article, "The Captains of Industry," that would be beneficial for one to read. The writer takes the prosperous men of to-day, and shows us what man may accomplish if he goes about his work properly. The men of whom he speaks did not attain their ends by brooding over their environments; but their ideals were realized only after strong perseverance, constant application and unswerving fidelity to duty. If, like Milton, you would learn as though you would live forever and live as though you would die to-morrow, no man would ever regret the hours that God has given him to make good use of.

Obituary.

The sudden death in New York City Friday evening of Mr. Edward George Ohmer came as a great shock to his relatives and friends who knew him as a hearty active man in splendid health, and one whose lease of life seemed long. But an operation for appendicitis, last Wednesday at the Post-Graduate Hospital in New York City, following which peritonitis set in, resulted in his death Friday evening at 8.10 o'clock. The remains were brought home from New York, and interred in the Ohmer family lot in Calvary Cemetery, Dayton.—*Dayton Herald.*

Mr. Ohmer attended the University and received a commercial diploma in '84. The SCHOLASTIC extends condolences to the bereaved family and friends of the deceased.

Personals.

—Mr. Raymond G. O'Malley, Litt. B. '98, Law '99, has a very prosperous law business in St. Paul, Minn.

—Rev. T. D. O'Sullivan, pastor of Cheltenham Beach, Chicago, visited Notre Dame recently, and placed his nephew in Brownson Hall.

—Mr. F. W. Katterjohn, President of the F. W. Katterjohn Construction Co., of Paducah, Ky., accompanied by his wife, visited the University during the past week.

—Recent visitors to St. Edward's Hall were: Mr. and Mrs. J. Gault, Mrs. V. M. Kelly, Mr. G. H. Rempe, Mr. E. Lowenthal and Master B. Lowenthal and Mr. C. W. Green, all of Chicago, Ill.

—Mr. and Mrs. B. D. Heeb visited Notre Dame during the past week and placed their son in St. Edward's Hall. Mr. Heeb, who was a student of the University from '72 to '74, has at present a prosperous real estate business in Chicago.

—Among recent visitors to Notre Dame were Mr. A. I. Midkiff, Newton, Ill.; Mr. George Murdock, Elkhart, Ind.; Mrs. D. J. Walrath, Benton Harbour, Mich.; Mr. Green and Mrs. O'Leary, Chicago; Mr. Loughran, Joliet, Ill.; Mrs. M. Winter, Pittsburg, Pa.

—Rev. Leonard Brophy, O. M. Cap., of a celebrated Capuchin monastery, Cork, Ireland, in company with Rev. D. J. Hagerty, Chaplain at St. Mary's Academy, was among the visitors to the University. The Reverend Father was agreeably surprised at the magnitude of such an educational institution in the wilds of America; and promises another visit at an early date.

—From the much-esteemed *Pilot* of Boston: "George Perry Morris, in an interesting sketch of the Rev. Washington Gladden, a broad-minded Congregational clergyman of Columbus, Ohio, in last week's *Congregationalist*, notes in his description of his study that on

the wall hangs the diploma of Notre Dame University, Indiana, conferring on him the title of Doctor of Laws, a token of Catholics' esteem for his resolute opposition to A. P. A. bigotry, a unique honor at the time it was conferred, and one highly esteemed by Dr. Gladden.'"

—Louis F. Hake, assistant clerk of the board of public works, sends in his resignation this afternoon.... Mr. Hake leaves the employment of the board of public works to become secretary of the Sheboygan (Wis.) Light Power and Railway Co., Sheboygan, Wis. The company in which he will be interested, lights the city of Sheboygan, runs the Sheboygan street cars and branch inter-urbans and does commercial lighting. Mr. Hake leaves Grand Rapids with the best wishes of a host of friends.—*Grand Rapids Daily.*

Louis F. Hake was formerly a student of Notre Dame. His friends at the University take pleasure in his recent success.

—Clement C. Mitchell, a clever young orator, who is on the stump for the Republican candidates, is a graduate of the University of Notre Dame in the class of '02. He was born in Ottawa, Canada, twenty-four years ago, and was left an orphan at an early age entirely dependent upon his own exertions. He went to school during the fall and winter, and worked at farming during the spring and summer months. In this way he gained his preliminary education, and after graduating at the high school at North Branch, Mich., taught for two years. In 1900, he entered the University of Notre Dame, was librarian of the Law library, president of his class and a member of the debating team which won the contest with the Illinois College of Law last March. Since his graduation, Mr. Mitchell has held a position in the loan and real estate department of the Royal Trust Savings Bank.

While still in the University, Mr. Mitchell took an active part in politics, was elected a delegate to the county convention of St. Joe County, Ind., last spring, and since he came to Chicago has joined the Fourteenth Ward Club. His style of speaking is so popular that his services are always in demand. He believes in a gold standard, a revised tariff and a public control of trusts.—*Record-Herald.*

Local Items.

—The NotreDame football team, which won a hotly-contested game with the O. M. U's last Saturday afternoon, attended Mass in the morning—it being All Saints' Day—at Holy Family Church. After Mass Rev. Dean Clarke held an informal reception for the boys at the parochial residence. The members of the team had received Communion in a body the previous Sunday. The game Saturday was a close one, the score being 6 to 5. Local interest in the O. M. U. team accounted in a measure for the enthusiasm which the exceptionally fine line work of the "Medics" evoked, and the remark of a disgusted rooter was largely expressive of the feeling which animated the crowd. Asked at the conclusion of the game "which beat?" he shouted back: "The Haily Marys,—'em.—*Catholic Columbian Record* (Nov. 8).

—A party of Pennsylvanians, numbering in all forty-five, under the charge of Brother Cyprian, held an excursion Thursday over the new Notre Dame division of the Michigan Central railroad. A special train, carrying the pleasure-seekers, left Notre Dame about 12 p. m., and arriving in South Bend a half hour later, the occupants went immediately to the Oliver hotel where an excellent banquet awaited them. After several speeches by different members of the group, the feast ended, and the party chartered a street car for Elkhart. A short time spent in that city was sufficient to acquaint them with its attractions, and soon they returned to South Bend, where they again boarded their special train, and arrived at Notre Dame in time for supper. All the party speak very highly of the day's outing, and wish to return their sincere thanks to Brother Paul and Brother Cyprian, who were mainly instrumental in bringing this excursion about, and who carried it through most successfully and pleasantly.

—NEW YORKERS ORGANIZE.—The students of the State of New York met on Tuesday evening, Nov. 11, and formed themselves into a society to be known as the "New York State Club of Notre Dame University." The officers elected were: Patrick MacDonough '03, of New York City, President; William K. Gardiner, '04, of Brooklyn, Secretary; P. W. O'Grady, '03, of Glens Falls, Treasurer; Charles A. Gorman, '03, of Brooklyn, Byron V. Kanaley, '04, of Weedsport, Francis B. Cornell, '99, of New York City, and Louis J. Salmon, '04, of Syracuse, were appointed Executive Committee.

The President in his initial address said that the object of the promoters was to unite the students from New York more closely in a social way, and later, to establish a State Alumni Association. To-night the nucleus of that association was formed, thanks to Messrs Gorman and Gardiner who inaugurated the movement—a movement which would deepen and prolong the friendship born of common State citizenship and the amenities of college life.

Mr. Gorman emphasized the need for the association, and said that there were students from New York scattered about in the various Halls whose acquaintance he did not make until to-night. He did not know how it was with men from other States, but New Yorkers were very clannish. No matter where they may be they are always glad to meet and associate with men from the good old Empire State, the greatest in the Union (applause).

Mr. B. Kanaley fully sustained his reputation as an orator and said in part: We have come together to-night as representatives or members of two great institutions, both equally dear to us—Notre Dame University and the great Empire State which we all claim as *our* State. Our great object will be to pursue that course which will bind even more closely our interest in State and University. As *Excelsior* is virtually the motto of Notre Dame, as it *is* the motto of *our* State, so also will it be the motto of the New York State Club of Notre Dame University (applause).

All Notre Dame alumni of New York State, interested, are invited to correspond with William K. Gardiner, Secretary.