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The Might of Insignificance.

VARNUM A. PARRISH, '07.

WHAT'S welcomed more in dungeons dark
Than a golden gleam of light?
What lightens more a heavy heart
Than a cheering word so bright?
What adds more beauty to a flower
Than a sparkling drop of dew?
What makes a face more full of charm
Than a smile that's truly true?

Adelaide Anne Procter.

ERNEST H. DAVIS.



IT is an almost indisputable fact that in the history of literature, at least, the flame of popularity burns brightest during the period of activity. To substantiate this statement, one needs only to weigh in the same balance some of our much-vapored present-day writers and some of the eclipsed representatives of the former century. A few even exceeded the public attention of a Kipling, and yet, deservedly or not, after such a comparatively brief period they have found their levels far below that of some moderns. Equally true though, it may be that the present generation might, after persistent bombardment on the part of critics, be brought to renew the appreciation once proffered these writers by our absent brethren. May we not hope for a return during the century of a poetry, the pervading principle of which was sweet-

ness and simplicity accompanied by vigorous strength of purpose and execution? A good part of the nineteenth-century poetry was characterized by a weary, sad and hopeless element; but there was another part the predominant strain of which was hope and consolation for the depressed. Time, in some cases, may be the destroying agent, but in others vincible ignorance is responsible for the passing of valuable literature from the popular mind. Catholic authors are, as a rule, singled out for such treatment; and the only remedy, renewed interest, must be applied by competent Catholics. The decline of Catholic literature is due to the absolutism of the secular press in things literary. Catholics are wont to await its *imprimatur*, and then, after the world is astonished, they awake from their lethargy of ignorance to laud their illustrious brethren in Christ.

One of the most noteworthy in this seemingly inappreciable class of *littérateurs*—a singer of the fireside and of sacred canticles—was the poetess, Adelaide Anne Procter. She lived in an age rent with scientific research; and though some were affected, she preferred to labor for the preservation of the home's sanctity. Miss Procter was not, perhaps, a genius, but the title of "queen of hearts and of the home" is justly due her. She was raised up to make the world better, and every one of her poems shows how well she recognized and was satisfied with the mission on which she was sent by her Creator.

After reading her poems, the beautiful thoughts of which are so comforting and strengthening, one feels that her works and her life have not met with the attention they merit. She has realized but one hope throughout her verses—that of comforting

the sorrowful; and this, with the fact that her methods have been so various and skilful, should be sufficient to gain for her no small attention. Every page is rife with comforting thoughts for the sad, with courage for the weak, with patience for the hard pressed; and one feels that did she not realize this pain and sorrow she would not have written so well. "It is," says Stedman, "like telling one's beads or reading a prayer-book to turn over her pages, so beautiful, so pure and unselfish a spirit of faith, hope, and charity pervades and hallows them." There is something about their individual beauty and their original grace which surely entitles them to a distinct place in English letters. No one who is a lover of chaste, refined and tender poetry can fail to acknowledge Miss Procter a brilliant representative of her class. Every line that she pens reveals her noble, beautiful, and independent character and her profound religious sentiment.

Miss Procter was born in Bedford Square, London, on the 30th of October, 1825. She was the daughter of the famous Bryan Waller Procter, who is better known perhaps by his imperfect anagram, "Barry Cornwall." Although gifted by nature, her early life and surroundings were such as to aid her to develop her love for poetry; for she met at her father's house Dickens, Tennyson, Thackeray, and many others celebrated in literature. Her love for poetry became conspicuous at so early an age that Dickens tells us of a small album into which the "poet's favorite passages were copied by her mother's hand before she herself could write." She displayed a remarkable memory and quickness of apprehension, and when but a child she learned with facility several problems of Euclid. Later on she mastered the French, German, and Italian languages, became a clever pianist, and showed remarkable talent and taste for drawing. A most notable quality about her was the ease with which she lost interest in a study and after she had vanquished all its difficulties passed to another. Her mother, a most refined and cultivated person, and her father, a true poet, had always extended to her the greatest encouragement; but, even though her mental faculties were being trained, they never suspected that she had any gift of

authorship, or any ambition in that direction. In fact, her father had no idea that she had ever attempted to versify until her first poem was printed. She had been so permeated with the atmosphere of grace and kindness that through her natural gift of poetry she was able to charm others with its sweetness. Her lofty spirit showed itself when she sent her contributions to Dickens' paper under an assumed name, lest his close friendship with her father should cause him to accept them even if they were not up to his idea of excellence. She decided to "take her chance fairly with the unknown volunteers;" but the true worth of her verses brought great praise from Dickens, and, since it came not for her name but for the beauty of her poems, Miss Procter felt encouraged. She did not despise the Catholic religion to which she had become a convert in 1851, but unaffectedly made her verse echo the sentiments of piety which animated her life.

Miss Procter possessed another noble trait and that was her indefatigable endeavor to do good. She was an enthusiastic and patient worker, and her mind was always busied with some project to assist the poor and the unfortunate. A firm conviction was hers that her life should not be dreamed away, and that besides following her favorite pursuit, she should become active in real life. She visited the sick, clothed the naked, instructed the ignorant, comforted the sorrowful. She was so quick and eager to relieve suffering that in her efforts to do so, reason, weather, food, or rest were all disregarded. Her affection for humanity was beyond her physical strength, and at last, worn out by ceaseless activity, her good constitution began to fail. This, however, proved but a small hindrance, for as long as she was able she continued her work. The time came when she was forced to her bed, and she lay there for fifteen months. Patient, reserved and even cheerful during all that time, at last on the 2d of February, 1864, after turning down a leaf in a book which she was reading, she called for her mother and sister, and with a smile of triumph departed.

Some of Miss Procter's most pleasing and most vigorous poems are included in "A Chaplet of Verses," that was issued in 1862 for the benefit of a "Night Refuge for Home-

less Poor" in London. It contains that most beautiful prayer *Per Pacem ad Lucem*, which closes with these inspired lines:

I do not ask my cross to understand,
My way to see;
Better in darkness just to feel Thy hand
And follow Thee.
Joy is like restless day; but peace divine
Like quiet night.
Lead me, O Lord, till perfect day shall shine
Through Peace to Light.

How very like that lyrical and powerful prayer for light that is expressed in Cardinal Newman's "Lead, Kindly Light." One is immediately struck with the similarity of tone between the words of the two writers. These are poems that elevate the mind to God's throne and make one shudder with the realization of one's absolute dependence. When we have reached that light, then will we be prepared to live rightly and to die worthily. No better examples among the purest poems in our language can be cited than "The Warrior to His Dead Bride," and "Because." Miss Procter has an individuality capable of treating such themes in a forcible yet reserved manner. She never spills over and her depicting is most vivid. "The Present" is a powerful poem that bids us serve the great To-day instead of dreaming over the promises of the Past. "Strive, Wait and Pray" closes with these beautiful and encouraging lines:

Pray; though the gift you ask for
May never comfort your fears,
May never repay your pleading,
Yet pray, and with hopeful tears;
An answer, not that you long for,
But diviner, will come one day;
Your eyes are too dim to see it,
Yet strive, and wait, and pray.

So full of the mystery and the enchantment of poetry is "The Lost Chord" that had she not written any other, her name would be immortal. What an exquisite perception of beauty,—the finite, a restless being, reaching out for the Infinite, an eternal repose? Miss Procter's verses seem to be dominated by a sweet, sad strain, but notwithstanding this, they are permeated with a strength that encourages one to endure life's difficulties. They are the sort of lines that one turns to for consolation in sad and lonely hours. Deepest sympathy is accompanied by a continual exhortation to

toil and to endure. Listen to the opening lines of "Comfort":

Hast thou o'er the clear heaven of thy soul,
Seen tempests roll?
Hast thou watched all the hopes thou wouldst have won
Fade, one by one?
Wait till the clouds are past, then raise thine eyes
To bluer skies.

Or these from "A Doubting Heart:"

Fair hope is dead, and light
Is quenched in night.
What sound can break the silence of despair?
O Doubting Heart,
The sky is overcast,
Yet stars shall rise at last,
Brighter for darkness past,
And angels' silver voices still the air.

One of the tenderest and most touching poems she has written is "Links with Heaven," the last stanza of which is:

Ah, saints of heaven may pray with earnest will
And pity for their weak and erring brothers;
Yet there is prayer in heaven more tender still,—
The little children pleading for their mothers.

What a noble and sympathetic nature must she have had to have written words so comforting to mothers that have lost their little ones. Had she herself tasted the bitterness of adding a precious flower to the world's beautiful garden and the sorrow of giving such a gift back to the hands of God, her readers would not admire half so much the personality which she puts into this little poem. She cheers the mother in her desolate journey with the thought that her child is happy in the presence of God, and gives her the assurance of a future reunion with the one that now intercedes for her.

The last stanza of her "Voices of the Past" deserves to be quoted here:

O these are voices of the past,
Links of a broken chain,
Wings that can bear me back to times
Which can not come again;
Yet God forbid that I should lose
The echoes that remain.

These lines from "The Peace of God" reveal her deep-rooted confidence in her Creator:

We ask Thy peace, O Lord,
Through storm and fear and strife,
To light and guide us on
Through a long, struggling life;
While no success or gain
Shall cheer the desperate fight,
Or nerve, what the world calls,
Our wasted might:
Yet pressing through the darkness to the light.

In attempting to reveal the excellence of Miss Procter's poetry, one feels discontent in being forced to exclude many beautiful thoughts that plead for utterance. These, however, are only the expressions of a noble and tender heart; and this after all is most to be admired in life. Among the many splendid types of her art may be mentioned, "Incompleteness," "Phantoms," "Golden Days," "Ministering Angels," "A Dream," and "A Shadow." These are some of her peaceful and thoughtful poems which rank highly in the standard of excellence. Her religious poetry has never been overshadowed, and few emotional pieces have ever been written to surpass "Three Evenings in Life" or "Philip and Mildred."

Miss Procter was a noble woman who knew well the ills of the world and did a great share toward healing them. She was a zealous Catholic, and though not of the cloister, was devoted to the interests of those, who, like their Divine Master, had no place whereon to lay their heads. She has received her eternal reward and her fame, though comparatively limited, far from fading since her death, has been growing with the decrease of anti-Catholic prejudice in England and the United States.

The Mystery of Rensdorf Court.

THOMAS A. LALLY, '06.

The Meyer Detective Association of Berlin was probably the most extensive organization of its kind in the German empire. Its leading member, John Meyer, had employed me as his private secretary. I assisted him in all his work and knew him better than many of his employees. We lived at the same hotel on Alsterdamm Street, and it was our custom after the work of the day was done to have a friendly chat over our cigars or indulge in a game of cards.

One night while we were allowing our thoughts to wander with the smoke of our cigars, we were interrupted by a messenger with a telegram for Meyer. As he tore open the envelope he remarked: "Shayne, I hope we don't have to go out on such a night as this." The same thought was in

my own mind, for the rain was driving furiously against the windows and the temperature was so low that we had a glowing fire in the open grate.

When Meyer had finished reading the message he handed it to me. It was as follows:

"Storkstadt, Oct. 12.

"Come at once to Rensdorf Court. Important case. J. F. BALLE."

Meyer spoke up and said that he would leave Berlin on the midnight train. He betrayed no excitement, and in a matter-of-fact way told me to get ready and call a cab. Neither of us spoke much on the way to the train, not because we were thinking of the work before us, for we knew practically nothing of it, but on account of the lonesomeness of everything around us. The streets were deserted, not only by pedestrians, but also by carriages.

The ride to Storkstadt was not long, and upon our arrival we were met by Mr. Balle. As he was conducting us to his carriage he began to tell of his trouble, but Meyer stopped him saying: "Please do not say anything of the case until morning. I want to sleep for a few hours, and then I will be ready for the whole story." In the morning we found Mr. Balle waiting for us in the spacious drawing-room of Rensdorf Court. After a few commonplace remarks, Meyer said:

"Now, Mr. Balle, tell us all about this affair, and do not neglect the details, for they are often of great importance."

"Well," began Balle, "I have few details to give. Last evening my son Henry retired at about seven o'clock, but his wife remained up with the rest of the family until ten. As she entered her husband's bed-room she found him in convulsions. She screamed for help, and by the time I reached her she had fainted. When she revived her husband was dead. I went at once to the town, sent you the message and brought a doctor back with me. He said that Henry had probably been poisoned and that the body should remain as it was until the coroner's inquest which will be held this morning. Henry slept on the second floor of the north wing, so that it was impossible for us to hear him had he called for help, because we were in the music

room which is located in the south wing. How long he had convulsions before I arrived it is impossible to say. His face was drawn into an abnormal expression, and the palms of his hands were cut and red with blood from the pressure of the nails. He always had good health and was in fine spirits when I last saw him. Having been hunting all day with two friends he felt fatigued when he returned, so he had retired rather early. My idea is that he drank some poisonous water while hunting."

The coroner and his jury arrived early that morning, and after a preliminary examination, decided to hold an autopsy. Meyer, who came upstairs with us, did not remain while this was being done, but went through the house and examined the various rooms. The coroner, who was an expert chemist, examined the stomach of the dead man and found traces of strychnine. When I learned this I went at once to Meyer and told him of the discovery, thinking he would consider it valuable information, but he showed no sign of surprise and continued his examination.

After sitting more than an hour the jury gave the verdict: "Henry Balle met death from the effects of poison, either taken by himself or given by a person or persons unknown."

When the jurors departed Meyer sought Balle and began to question him.

"Have you had any strychnine in the house?" he asked.

"No, we never had any," answered Balle.

"Could your son have procured some in the town?"

"Yes, but for our sake, don't say it was suicide. It would drive his mother insane."

"No, Mr. Balle, I am not saying that, but I must find some clew. Please do not draw any conclusion, however, until I have given you my opinion."

"At first," said Balle, "I thought of suicide, so I inquired at all the stores whether Henry had bought any poison, but I learned that he had not been in town for over a month except on last Monday when we called at Dr. Mundt's office. No, it can not be suicide. Henry would not be guilty of that."

"What trouble brought your son to Dr. Mundt on last Monday?"

From the sparkle in Meyer's eyes I knew he expected a great deal from the answer to this question.

"Some years ago," replied Balle, "Henry's tympanic membrane was broken, and from time to time he was obliged to get treatment from the local physician. The treatment was very simple and consisted in inserting a 'Mueller Disc.' The 'Mueller Disc,' you know, is an artificial membrane, made by Dr. Mueller of Berlin, which is placed in the ear cavity in order to keep out foreign matter."

"Did the ear ever give Henry any pain?"

"No. I think not; at least he never complained."

"Dr. Mueller," continued Meyer, "made a number of these discs and in the course of time one would get loose in the ear and you would have another inserted by the local physician. Is that the case?"

"Exactly."

"How often did Dr. Mundt do such work for your son?"

"Probably five or six times; the last insertion was made on Monday, four days ago. On the previous visit the doctor told us to let him know beforehand just when we were coming again, so that he would be prepared for us. On Sunday, I sent him word that we would call the following afternoon."

"Could your son not have obtained some poison at the doctor's office?"

"It would have been possible, but he did not, for I was with him all the time."

"What conversation passed between your son and the doctor?"

"Very little was said. He asked Henry a few questions about his ear, how long the disc had been out and if anything might have lodged in the cavity and then proceeded to insert the new disc. I was reading in the office all the time and noticed that our visit this time was longer than it ever was before. When the doctor finished his work he told Henry not to sleep with that ear next the pillow because it would tend to loosen the disc. I think, Mr. Meyer, that no more was said."

"Tell me what you know of this Doctor Mundt?"

"You know almost as much about him as I do. He is about thirty-five years of age and wears a beard somewhat like yours. He

has been practising in this town for some time, and seems to be a good physician."

All the facts of the case pointed to suicide. Meyer seemed perplexed. He sat with knitted brow gazing out of the window. Suddenly he arose and went to the room containing the body. After a short time he returned and requested an interview with Henry's wife. Presently a beautiful young woman came into the room. When she was introduced to Meyer, he said:

"Now, Mrs. Balle, you must not think I am unsympathetic if I ask you some necessary questions; I only wish to unravel this mystery."

She replied she would answer them willingly.

"How long have you been married, Mrs. Balle?" Meyer began.

"Nearly a year and a half."

"Have you and your husband ever had any trouble of any kind?"

"Never. We always lived happily. He could not have been better to me."

"How long had you known him before you were married?"

"About five years. He and my brother were classmates at college and he used to visit us during the vacations. It was in this way that we became acquainted."

"Did he have any rival for your hand in marriage?"

"Yes, sir," she replied somewhat surprised, "a friend of mine at Heidelberg, Fred Lorentzen. Henry and he were not acquainted, and so far as I know, they have never seen each other. Mr. Lorentzen and I were good friends for some time, but I have not seen him since the announcement of my engagement to Henry."

"Have you any idea as to his whereabouts at the present time?"

"I have heard that he is now teaching at Heidelberg."

"Would you mind if I let him know of your husband's death?"

"No, I do not think it would make any difference."

"Then I will send him a telegram, for he may be able to help us in solving this problem. That is all I have to ask you, Mrs. Balle."

Addressing Balle he said:

"I wish your driver would take me to the

town as I have some business to transact."

In a few minutes he was gone and stayed away for several hours. When he returned two other men accompanied him, the younger of whom was very nervous. Meyer told me—for Balle was upstairs—to call the young widow. When the young man heard this he almost fainted.

"Don't do it! She'll go mad!" he pleaded.

Mrs. Balle entered the room looking very sorrowful, but her face brightened when she saw the young man.

"Why, Fred! How kind of you to—" when he interrupted her.

"Don't, Louise, I'm as guilty as—" He fainted away. Meyer saw that Mrs. Balle recognized the young man, so he quietly led her from the room. The young man soon regained consciousness, but his face was deathly pale. As he looked at Meyer his eyes showed a fear which words fail to express. Meyer said to him:

"Fred Lorentzen, do you confess yourself guilty of the murder of Henry Balle?"

"I do," he faltered; "but my love for Louise forced me to do it." Meyer addressed the other man, who was chief of police in the town:

"Mr. Schultz, I place him in your custody. You will have no trouble in taking him back. The cab is waiting for you."

When the two left Meyer went to Balle and said:

"Mr. Balle, I have found the guilty person and he is now on the way to the city prison."

"What!" exclaimed Balle, who is it?"

"Fred Lorentzen whom you probably heard of at Heidelberg." Balle thought for a moment before answering.

"Why, he was a friend of Louise before she was married. He and my son have never seen each other. If he is arrested release him at once. You've made an awful mistake."

"He poisoned your son and you saw him do it." Balle was so dazed by this statement that he was at a loss to know what to say. He gave Meyer an angry look and exclaimed:

"How dare you talk in this way?"

"Let me explain," said Meyer. "The man whom you have known as Dr. Mundt is no other than Fred Lorentzen. The doctor wore a short beard you said."

"Yes," interrupted Balle, "and Lorentzen did not, so you are entirely wrong."

"Just one minute. I managed to have Dr. Mundt shave his beard and then brought him here. Your daughter, Mrs. Balle, recognized him as Fred Lorentzen. On the way out here he confessed to me and Mr. Schultz that he committed the crime, and we knew that he was the man known as Dr. Mundt in Storkstadt, because the chief came with me to his office before he was shaved. Now do you think I have the wrong person?"

"If all of this be true," replied Balle, "he must be the guilty person. But what evidence did you have to force him to plead guilty? He had never seen my son, so I think you are yet to solve the deepest part of the mystery."

"That has already been solved by this article," Meyer answered taking a small capsule from his pocket.

"What evidence is in that?" asked Balle.

"It is almost the entire evidence. This capsule was filled with a strychnine solution and put into your son's ear by Dr. Mundt. It is made of a mixture of gelatine and some other substance, so that it would melt when brought near heat. The greatest amount of heat in the ear cavity is near the eardrum, consequently that end of this capsule which is next to the drum would melt first, allowing the solution to run down the eustachian tube, and were the victim asleep when this occurred he would be sure to let it pass into the stomach.

"You notice that one end of this is melted through. The doctor probably experimented so often by putting the empty capsule in his own ear that he was able to have it melt through within an hour or so of the intended time. He told you on a previous visit to let him know when you were coming again. He did this in order to have the right capsule prepared. He wished to have it melt during the night and in order to have this done it was necessary to know almost the hour that you were coming. Even if it had melted when your son was awake he would probably have swallowed the solution and then become unconscious so suddenly that he could tell nobody about it. He told your son not to sleep with the defective ear next to the pillow. This was in order that the solution would pass

into the eustachian tube. It was a very ingenious plan."

"Indeed it was. But how did you manage to have Lorentzen shave his beard?"

"I told Mr. Shultz all that I knew of the case and then secured the photograph of a noted criminal before we went to the doctor's office. We accused him of a robbery in Heidelberg and said that the photograph was of him before he wore a beard. When asked to shave he did so very willingly because he knew that he bore no resemblance to the photograph. I then told him that he was arrested as a suspect, and placed him in a cab, telling him that he was to be taken to Heidelberg. He offered no resistance, for he was only too glad to get away from Storkstadt and the scene of this murder. The cab came directly to this place and on the way I told him my true business, giving the strong evidence I had. The result was that he confessed everything. When I came up here this morning to see the remains and look for traces of poison in the ear I found this capsule in the cavity. I knew that the doctor committed the crime from the evidence you gave me. The questions I asked Mrs. Balle concerning affairs before she was married were in order to find a motive for the crime which, as Lorentzen confessed, was his love for her.

"I think, Mr. Balle, that the problem is now solved. I will not leave the town until to-morrow afternoon, so if you should want me for any purpose you can find me at the hotel. Let us now go, Shayne, for you know I have eaten nothing since breakfast."

SHAKSPERE borrowed from Petronius the aphorism he puts on the lips of Jaques—All the world's a stage and all the men and women merely players. He does not take it seriously, but gives it as the whim of a melancholy mood. No real man takes himself for a mime and declaimer, though he be a professional actor. He knows he is not a player, but a worker: God's workman and man's servant; that life is not a farce, but the most serious of things, enrooted in the Eternal, drawing thence sustenance and hope of immortality; and that they who fail to grasp this truth are but triflers, incapable of aught that is great in thought or deed.—*Spalding*.

"Pontifex Maximus."

PAUL J. FOIK, '07.

The expression "Pontifex Maximus" occurs so frequently in Latin classics and in Roman history and literature that the student is often led to inquire: "Who was the pontifex, and what were his duties?" The title dates back to the time of the earliest kings of Rome when facts in history are somewhat vague and scattered. To get some clew concerning this early institution has been the task of historians of different periods. Some have sought the derivation of the word, but commentators disagree as to the origin. Quintus Scaevola, who was himself a pontiff, says that the word is derived from *posse* and *facere*, to be able to do. Varro holds a different view. He ascribes the derivation to *pons* and *facere* designating a bridge-builder. He assumes that the pontiffs built the "Pons Sublicius." This bridge was frequently restored by them so that sacrifices might be made possible on either side of the Tiber. The historian Livy, however, contradicts Varro and ascribes the building of the "Pons Sublicius" to Ancus Marcius at a time when the pontiffs were already in existence.

The College of the Pontiffs was an institution especially skilled in religious lore. The ancients, when they supplicated the gods, had need of some one to make known their wants; for it was a most difficult matter to converse with these deities. The people generally were ignorant of the formula which religion prescribed, hence the pontifex was appointed whose duty was to pronounce the formula in the name of the people and to interpret the language of the gods intelligently and accurately.

The College of the Pontiffs, founded by Numa, consisted of five members. This included the "Pontifex Maximus" who was president of the assembly. They were taken from the best patrician families; but in the course of time, when the plebs became powerful, they also had a representation in the college. The number then was increased to nine, five patricians and four plebeians. The appointments to office were at first made by the co-optation of the college;

that is, if a member died the rest of the college would meet and name a successor. Livy records an election which took place in the "comitia tributa," but later on he mentions appointment by co-optation.

The duties and the rights of the pontiffs were numerous and important. They had the superintendence of religion in general. The books containing the ritual ordinances were entrusted to them, and in consequence they had to guard against all irregularities in the observance of the rites. They gave judicial decision in all matters of religion, and this embraced many things that nowadays would be treated as civil law.

The jurisdiction of the pontiffs was so great that magistrates, priests, and private individuals as well were in their power, and were bound to submit to any sentence that might be imposed, provided it met with the sanction of the majority of the members of the college. The forms of the sacrifices were set by them, and whosoever refused to obey their injunctions were punished, for the pontiffs, says Festus, were "*rerum quae ad sacra et religiones pertinent iudices et vindices*." In most cases the penalty was nothing more than a fine; but in criminal procedure, where the Vestals were concerned, the offender was usually punished with death. The pontiffs themselves were exempt from all secular jurisdiction, for they were not subject to any court of law.

The functions and duties of their sacred office were recorded in books called "libri pontificales," said to have been received from Numa and sanctioned by Ancus Marcius. These books were in two parts, the "indigitamenta," which contained the names of the gods and showed the manner in which those names should be used in public worship, and the "ius pontificum" with its appendix of philosophical inquiries on points of the law, written in the Greek language. Where laws appeared defective and insufficient, the pontiffs made new measures which were called "decreta pontificum."

These sacred officials had the regulation of the private and public sacrifices known as the "Sacra." It was their duty to denote the time for the observance of festivals and the days on which justice could be administered; they consequently had much to do in arranging the calendar. They convoked

the assemblies of the *curies*, the "comitia curiata," and at this meeting the pontifex minor proclaimed to the people the number of days between the Kalends and the Nones of each month. Another important function, at which the supreme pontiff was always supposed to be present, was the most solemn form of marriage known as "confarreatio." A couple united by this form of nuptials could never be divorced, a circumstance which reflects great credit on that pagan institution. The pontiffs when on ceremony were attired in the "toga praetextata," and wore a conical cap called the "galerus," which name is now given to the cardinal's hat.

The supreme dignity of pontiff changed with the times. When kings ruled these ministers held undisputed control in matters of religion; but when the State became a separate institution much of their ancient grandeur had faded away. In imperial days the emperor himself assumed the title. When Christianity waxed strong paganism and pagan institutions began to disappear, but the title so long respected was destined to remain. Holy Church inherited it. It was to receive a dignity which it had never experienced in the grandest days of old Rome. That name was still to live with a sacred office incomparably more powerful: the Pope became "Pontifex Maximus;" the title being assumed in the reign of the emperor Theodosius.

The Reward of Worth.

J. D. J., '07.

George Moran had to get money in some way or other or he would not have so good a time as usual on the Fourth of July. He heard the other newsboys talking about their plans for making money on special occasions.

"Hez" Parsons was the richest man in the town. He was an easy-going fellow who did nothing except read the papers and talk on current topics. In fact he was so careless in business tactics that he seldom asked for a receipt, and when one would be left to him, he would be as likely to destroy

it as not. He always had money for beggars and those in need, and the general public lived off him to some extent. His father had left him a small fortune in ready money, and "Hez's" greatest ambition seemed to be to spend this fortune as soon as possible.

Whenever the newsboys were short of cash they would write a bill for "Hez," and of course make it three or four times as great as it ought to be. This was their plan to get money for the Fourth of July. But George did not do this; he never overcharged "Hez," or anyone else, and his amount of spending money was always smaller than that of the other boys. He determined that he would not overcharge even at so trying a time,—no, not even if he had to do without fireworks entirely.

The third of July came and still George was no richer than usual; he went around without a cent in his pocket, and almost despaired of making any extra money. The other newsboys had presented their bills to "Hez" Parsons and as usual collected for three months instead of one. They each made a dollar extra without the slightest work; but George presented his bill for one month. Hez looked over it and also looked over a book which he had on his desk. He said:

"George, you are the only honest newsboy in town. All the others have charged me for three months instead of one. I pretended to leave it to their honor to collect the right amount, so I never took the receipt. However, I have begun recently to keep an account in my books. I paid them what they charged because I always like to see boys have a good time on the Fourth of July. Here is five dollars for you as a reward for your honesty. I intended to give the same amount to the other boys until I found out that they were overcharging me."

It is needless to say that George Moran had more fireworks than any other boy in the neighborhood.

THE ways of Providence are mysterious, and not unfrequently that which appears to man a hopeless evil may eventually be the source of abundant good.

—Rev. Thomas A. Walsh, C. S. C.

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—The Forty Hours' Devotion, one of the most beautiful and edifying ceremonies of the Church, was solemnly celebrated at Notre Dame in the early part of the week. On Sunday the Very Reverend President, assisted by Fathers Trahey and Maguire, officiated at Solemn High Mass. At this Mass the Blessed Sacrament was exposed. The opening of the devotion was characterized by a grand procession of the candle-bearers, acolytes, seminarians, novices, priests, censer-bearers, deacon, subdeacon, and finally the celebrant carrying the Sacred Host. These, numbering about one hundred, marched around the church while the congregation sang the *Pange Lingua*. The scene was most impressive. When the Blessed Sacrament had been brought back to the main altar the Litany of the Saints was chanted. Thus marked with great splendor and solemnity was the Forty Hours' Devotion, which commemorates the forty hours which our Lord spent in the holy sepulchre, entered upon.

During the exposition many availed themselves of the opportunity to visit the Sacred Host. A number of seminarians were always present in the church; and the Minims, four at a time, kept vigil in the sanctuary. The students of the various halls when going to or returning from classes would also drop in for a few moments. Tuesday evening the devotions

were closed with even more solemnity and grandeur than that which marked their opening. A thousand incandescent lamps shone out in their resplendence. The altar was beautifully illuminated by hundreds of candles, gracefully decorated with choice lilies and roses, and surrounded by many palms, geraniums, and rubber-plants. All these floral decorations were received from St. Edward's Hall, a department that has for many years enjoyed the privilege of contributing in this fashion.

The ceremonies were opened on that evening by another procession similar to the one of Sunday morning. The Litany of the Saints having been chanted, the Very Reverend Father Morrissey, assisted by Fathers Maguire and Marr, gave the Solemn Benediction of reposition. This closed a memorable event for all that witnessed it. Moreover, it served as a fitting transition from the season that has just closed to the one we are now entering upon—the Lenten season.

—“The tumult and the shouting dies—
The captains and the kings depart.”

In the silence after the blare of trumpets and the darkness succeeding the glare of lights; in the peace of the “morning after,” let us consider the meaning that underlies this gorgeous panoply, this garish pomp.

Mr. Roosevelt, on March 4, was inaugurated President of the United States. Doubtless the men who cast their votes last November that he might succeed himself in office were glad on that day. But is it too much to assert that the great majority of the people of the United States rejoiced at his installation. Theodore Roosevelt is a true American, energetic, modern, and diplomatic; a true man, honest, fearless, and sincere. The career which led him up to his present exalted position has been one of honor and success. He has proved a worthy president, and we have hopes of his becoming worthier still.

Of course the condition of the country to-day is vastly different from that which prevailed when the “Father of His Country” first assumed the executive chair. Our industries have developed wonderfully, while, at the same time, there has arisen that concentration of power, that perfection of

monopoly known as the "trust." The rich man of to-day is wealthier far than the rich man of Washington's time; and the poor man more impoverished than his prototype of a century ago. This is the threatening evil which must now be combated.

Led by Washington, the American colonies wrested their rights and their independence from tyrannic England; to-day Roosevelt is confronted by the problem of leading the rebellion against the oppressive power and the inordinate privileges of the trusts. He must restore to the people the authority which our forefathers, when they founded this government, intended should be vested in them. The guiding principle of our republic is equality—"equality before the law;" and when we cease to have that, then indeed is the object of its foundation thwarted. His recent utterances have led us to conclude that Mr. Roosevelt understands and appreciates the high importance of this democratic principle; and if he succeeds in its establishment then will he have fulfilled the primary and paramount duty of his office, that of representing the masses and not the classes of the people of the United States.

—Are we becoming socialistic? What has become of our boasted conservatism? The people and the press daily clamor for the legislative regulation of monopolistic corporations. The President's recommendation of the "Railroad Rate Bill," the appointment of Commissioner James R. Garfield to investigate the proceedings of the beef trust, the action of the Kansas legislature in appropriating \$400,000 for the establishment of a state oil refinery, and in conjunction with this last step, the deputation of Mr. Garfield to inquire into the methods of the Standard Oil Company in Kansas and contiguous states are slightly different voicings of the common protest of the masses against the extortions of unscrupulous corporations. This anti-capitalistic tendency may not be socialistic, but it is at least a radical reaction. To President Roosevelt the people look for guidance in this crisis. Whether he will prove a modern Moses, and lead them from under the threatening hand of greedy monopoly raises a question that will not be long in resolving itself.

Elocutionary Recital.

Last Thursday, when an entertainment for that afternoon was announced by Rev. President Morrissey, speculation in regard to the event was rife among the student body. But after the last laggard had seated himself in the opera house the hearty applause which greeted the appearance of the entertainer gave proof that he was far from being forgotten. James Francis O'Donnell is well remembered here for his skilful and artistic monologue recital of Wilson Barrett's great play, "The Sign of the Cross," last year. Mr. O'Donnell's program, Thursday, was a most pleasing and varied one. He chose to revive many of the old elocutionary gems, and so careful and sympathetic was his interpretation, and so cultured and well adapted to character-work is his voice that his auditors had nothing but praise for his efforts. The first selection, "Casey at the Bat," in its naturalness recalled the primal days of De Wolf Hopper, while at the same time it infused new energy into the "Caseys" among our own baseball heroes. "Cohen at the Telephone" caught the fancy of the audience and they amply testified their appreciation.

"The Yorkshire Sailor's Story" brought into Mr. O'Donnell's voice a note of tenderness that hitherto in his renditions he had had no opportunity to display: his impersonation of the childish stowaway being especially meritorious. The selection entitled "The Press Suppression Meeting" was most delightfully farcical; the "would-be" orator, with his acrobatic gesticulation and house-top eloquence coming in most notably for the laughter and applause of the audience.

After an intermission of ten minutes Mr. O'Donnell reopened the program; here again demonstrating commendable foresight in rendering time-honored but ever-popular "Shamus O'Brien," apparently with the 17th of March in view. In "Patrick Connor's Wife," the elocutionist acquitted himself splendidly, for in this selection he exhibited a fine emotional range and touching sympathetic treatment in his portrayal of pathetic personalities. The depressing effect of the tragic life of Connor was over-

come with true artistic instinct on the part of the reciter; and to that end one of the inimitable narrations of "Josiah Allen's Wife" was employed. The program was brought to a happy close with Eugene Field's splendid tribute to the Anglo-Saxon tongue under the fitting caption "Good-Bye." Mr. O'Donnell's short visit to the University has brought much pleasure to the students who were able to attend his recital last Thursday afternoon, and if ever he should chance to return in the tongue of his ancestors we would hasten to say "*Ceud mile failthe.*"

Semi-Final Debate.

On Wednesday and Thursday afternoons and Wednesday and Thursday evenings the semi-finals in the debating contest were held in the Law Room in Sorin Hall. The four debates held at the above-mentioned times completed another step in the process of selecting teams to represent us at Oberlin, and at De Pauw. In picking the winners this time Professor Reno adopted a new system, that of having the same judges preside throughout this series, ranking the men on a percentage basis, the highest eight from the twenty competitors to be declared eligible to compose the two teams, a final test being held on Tuesday evening, March 13, to decide the division of the Studebaker prize-money, and make up the personnel of the first team.

As at the preliminaries during the preceding week, so at the semi-finals the attendance was very large. The first of these took place at three o'clock on Wednesday afternoon. The time allowed each man was fifteen minutes, to be divided into a ten-minute speech and five-minute rebuttal; these conditions prevailing throughout the series. In this first semi-final by the combined decision of the judges, Very Rev. President Morrissey, Father M. J. Regan, and Father T. J. Crumley, first place was awarded to J. Wesley Donohue; second place going to M. Maher and third to Edward F. O'Flynn.

The second semi-final on Wednesday evening brought the honors to Charles J. Hagerty, who tied Mr. Donohue in obtaining the highest percentage during the entire contest.

J. E. McGinn obtained second place; while the third went to Daniel J. O'Connor.

At three-thirty o'clock on Thursday afternoon the third competition was run off and proved a most spirited one. William A. Bolger received the highest aggregate mark of the afternoon; Patrick M. Malloy the second, and J. E. Boyle the third.

Thursday evening saw the close of the semi-finals, and a most auspicious finish it was. Terence P. Cosgrove merited the judges choice for first place, Charles L. O'Donnell the second, and Thomas E. Burke the third.

After the contest Thursday night the percentages were footed up, and the men who will compete in the finals in Washington Hall on next Tuesday night chosen. They are as follows:

Affirmative—Messrs. Cosgrove, McGinn, Malloy, and O'Donnell; Negative—Messrs. Hagerty, Donohue, Bolger, and Burke.

This final contest should prove a most spirited one, and demands the unified interest and enthusiasm of the student body; for on the selection of competent men depends the glory and honor of Notre Dame in the debating field.

F. S. J.

A Distinguished Visitor.

Next Tuesday the Faculty and students of Notre Dame will have the opportunity of greeting one of the greatest Anglo-Saxon novelists of the century. Mr. Henry James is the founder of the so-called "transatlantic school of fiction," and a leading exponent of "neorealism." Mr. James, though by birth an American, has spent the greater part of his life in England, which country has also been the scene of most of his literary activities. He has been in his native land since last October, and his presence here, coupled with the publication of his latest novel, "The Golden Bowl," has made him a conspicuous figure in the literary world. Only recently has he come West, and his visit in that section is to be of brief duration. It is, therefore, with heartfelt appreciation that the student body accept this tribute to the worth of their *Alma Mater*, and, in her behalf, wish to convey to Mr. James the assurance of their sincerest regard.

Athletic Notes.

Brownson Hall athletes retrieved their poor showing in the Inter-Hall meet a few weeks ago by winning a hard-earned victory over Corby Thursday afternoon. Brownson had only a few entries, but those few were enough to win.

An excellent field started in the forty-yard dash. Holliday won the first heat in 4 4-5, Coad being a close second. Scales and Thompson ran a pretty race in the second heat; Scales winning by a narrow margin in 4 4-5. The final brought together Holliday, Coad, Thompson and Scales. Coad won by a few inches in 4 4-5. Two more firsts went to Coad. In the two-twenty, he beat out Holliday in the exceptionally fast time of 24 3-5. The broad jump decided the meet, and Coad again came to the front, winning with the good jump of 19 ft. 10 in.

Individual honors went to Scales who took 21 points for his team and practically clinched the meet for Brownson. He won the high and low hurdles, the high jump, and ran second in the forty-yard dash and second in the quarter mile, O'Connell winning the quarter in 58 1-5, finishing strong.

Holliday and Lantry captured both places in the shot put; and the former ran a good race in the two-twenty.

Seven men started in the mile; all but two dropped out, leaving Hudson and Milner of Corby to finish in order in the slow time of 6:07.

SUMMARIES.

40-yard dash (first heat)—Holliday, Corby, first; Coad, Brownson, second. Time, :04 4-5.

40-yard dash (second heat)—Scales, Brownson, first; Thompson, Corby, second. Time, :04 4-5.

40-yard dash (final heat)—Coad, Brownson, first; Scales, Brownson, second. Time, :04 4-5.

40-yard high hurdles—Scales, Brownson, first; Winter, Corby, second. Time, :05 4-5.

40-yard low hurdles—Scales, Brownson, first; Coad, Brownson, second. Time, :05 3-5.

High jump—Scales, Brownson, first, height 5 feet; Pryor, Corby, and Strauss, Brownson, tied for second, height, 5 feet 1 inch.

* Shot put, 16lb—Holliday, Corby, first, distance, 32 feet 8 inches; Lantry, Corby, second, distance, 31 feet 10 inches.

One-mile run—Hudson, Corby, first; Milner, Corby, second. Time, 6:07.

Quarter-mile run—O'Connell, Corby, first; Scales, Brownson, second. Time, :58 1-5.

Half-mile run—Hutzell, Brownson, first; Murray, Corby, second. Time, 2:23.

220-yard run—Coad, Brownson, first; Holliday, Corby, second. Time, :24 3-5.

Pole vault—Pryor, Corby, first; Coad, Brownson, second. Height, 9 feet

Running broad-jump—Coad, Brownson, first; Winter, Corby, second. Height, 19 feet 10 inches.

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* *

South Bend's Y. M. C. A. crack basketball team defeated Brownson last Saturday night in a fast and evenly-played game. The final score was 25 to 20, which shows the respective merits of the two teams. Brownson did not display the form and team-work it did a few weeks ago against Corby. They fouled repeatedly, and their fouling lost the game for them. McCarthy, South Bend's centre, made eleven free throws, and clinched the game for the Y. M. C. A.

The first half ended 12 to 16 in Brownson's favor. In the second, South Bend played faster and better ball and increased their points to 25. McCarthy was easily the star of the game, but his team-mates, Seman and Zaehnle, were not far behind him. O'Leary, Donovan and Quinn played well for Brownson.

Brownson		South Bend
Kuhn	L. F.	Seman
Donovan	R. F.	Zaehnle
O'Leary	C.	McCarthy (Capt)
Jones	L. G.	Perkins
Quinn (Capt.)	R. G.	Wagner

Sub., Colahan for Donovan; Monahan for O'Leary. Halves, 20 and 20. Score, South Bend, 25; Brownson, 20. Referee, Rennacker. Umpire, Fries. Timekeepers, Hill and Campbell.

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* *

The work of the Varsity baseball squad is still confined to batting practice. The pitchers have worked long enough, that now they can let loose and throw all their mixtures without endangering their arm. Five men are working hard for the right to do the "fanning." O'Gorman, Tobin, Waldorf, Burns and Perce. O'Gorman seem to have the best assortment of curves, having at his disposal besides the usual "footers," a "spit" ball which is a wonder, a "slow ball and a prayer," and judging from the marks on some of the batters he has a "dead" ball which he handles with ease and excludes no one. With five good men to pick from, we should have a good staff of pitchers. Murphy is hitting the ball, and getting

hit like an old leaguer, and has his batting eye this early in the season.

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"Shag" left on Friday for Washington. He goes to report for spring practice, and, incidentally, to make good on Washington's baseball team.

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Last year the whole squad was kept until after the South Bend series. This year we have a "green" team, and it is advisable to make the choice before the South Bend games, in order to allow the men full benefit of the practice games. The coach will then have a chance to correct mistakes before we enter the college season. The team will be chosen about Easter.

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The men showing well the past week are, Waldorf, Cook, Malloy, O'Neill and Shea.

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L. E. Wagner has returned to school, and is out for baseball practice.

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Evans and Guthrie are out again and slowly rounding into form. Evans, who some time ago injured a muscle in his leg, is running the hurdles in good time. Guthrie is showing up well in the forty-yard dash and the broad jump.

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Scales is running the high hurdles in good form and also showing well in the high jump. A new man, Strauss, is trying for the high jump and doing well.

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Manager McGlew has returned and reports his friend much improved in health.

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Pryor and Rennacker are unable to practice vaulting, as they broke the pole Tuesday. A new one is expected soon, and they will again be working as hard as ever.

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It is still undecided whether O'Connor will play first base or third. Should his leg, which he injured playing football last fall, recover entirely he will very likely play third. But Stopper's ability to play first will have a great deal to do with it. If Stopper can hold down the initial bag satisfactorily, we

will again see O'Connor in his old position. Only one man has his position clinched, and that is McNerny; he will again play second, and from his work there last year we can rest assured that the second sack will be well taken care of. Two days each week are given to learning the fine points of the game.

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Under the careful eye of Joe Buckley and Harry all the track men are in good condition.

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Notre Dame will be represented in the M. A. C. games, held in Milwaukee to-night, by Captain Draper, one of the best athletes in the West. Draper will enter the seventy-five yard high and low hurdles, the seventy-five yard dash, and the shot put. It is unnecessary to go into Draper's record, it is well established, and we may rest assured that Notre Dame's standing in athletics will not be disgraced Saturday night. In the dash and the hurdles, Draper will show strongest, and we can be certain that his name will be in the list of winners.

R. L. B.

Personals.

—The Hon. Marcus Kavanagh, the Judge of the Superior Court of Chicago, after addressing the South Bend Bar Association, spent Sunday at Notre Dame as the guest of Father Morrissey and Colonel Hoynes. This distinguished gentleman is well known throughout the country both as jurist and soldier. For many years he served as judge in Des Moines, Iowa. Afterwards he removed to Chicago where he became a prominent member of the Illinois Bar and took a very conspicuous part in restoring order during the great Chicago strike of 1894. At the outbreak of the Spanish War Judge Kavanagh was appointed Colonel of the 7th Illinois Volunteers. We are pleased to learn that through the instrumentality of Colonel Hoynes, Judge Kavanagh has promised to address the student body in the near future.

—Mr. Francis H. McKeever (LL. B. '04), who has since his graduation been employed in the office of the law firm of Hummer, Murphy and McDonald in Chicago, last week successfully passed with high honors the examination for admission to the Illinois Bar. "Mac's" past record speaks eloquently for his future success.

Local Items.

—Last Monday afternoon, through the courtesy of Father M. J. Regan, their spiritual director and honorary president, the University Boat Club, an organization which numbers about forty members, partook of a banquet at the Oliver Hotel in South Bend. That night they attended the Auditorium Theatre to see Mr. Charles Hawtrey in "A Message from Mars." The afternoon and evening proved, so universally enjoyable that those who participated in the events have not yet ceased to talk of their holiday, and, as for Father Regan, his good name will never die out so persistently have they been singing his praises.

—Perhaps in after years no recollections of college life at Notre Dame are more pleasant or vivid than those of the smokers given in Corby and Sorin Halls. The sons of Corby held one of these weed-consuming functions on last Saturday evening. Unlike the previous ones of the year the affair was most informal. An impromptu programme was given, the numbers of which were interspersed between dances. Mr. Wagner, late of the law department, now engaged in research work in ancient economical business methods, favored his friends by rendering vocal selections from the latest comic operas. Mr. Rush assisted at the piano in his own quiet, non-assuming way. Late in the evening light refreshments were served. After a most enjoyable period of good-fellowship, the Corbyites danced the final "Home, Sweet Home" just as the lights began to dim.

—The holiday of holidays for Catholic universities is the Feast of St. Thomas Aquinas whom Pope Leo XIII. made their tutelary patron. Needless to say, Notre Dame, with her conservative regard for all religious and patriotic customs, has made this feast one of unequaled festivity for the students of Philosophy. This year, by a singular coincidence, the Angelic Doctor's festal day immediately preceded the holy season of Lent, occurring, as it did, on the day on which our forefathers were wont to be shriven and enter upon a fast (whence the name Shrove-Tuesday).

Our philosophers, also, attended first to their spiritual and then to their corporal wants. Father Fitte, with the exemplary enthusiasm he displays in all matters pertaining to his students, very kindly celebrated Mass for them at eight o'clock in the Sorin Hall chapel. Thereafter he delivered a brief and very interesting discourse on the great Dominican, quoting facts from the Saint's life that can not but make one love and admire this Angel of the Schools.

Promptly at one o'clock half a hundred

spruce philosophers were assembled in the main parlor discussing in true scholastic fashion the wonderful progress that the world has made since St. Thomas enunciated the principle that all knowledge comes to the intellect *via* the senses. It was maintained that the Master's dictum included among the senses the digestive faculty, and that the whole question ultimately resolved itself into one of pure food *versus* blank intellect. This is, indeed, a very encouraging solution; for in these days of invention it should be a mere trifle to refine the food in order to purify the knowledge. Nor was this truth asserted without a due force of logic. One of the members declared that three years ago he was a Scphist (evidently not a lexicographer) and that he then held with Protagoras that "nothing is, all is becoming." From this state of practical nonentity he professed to have become an Epicurean of the school of Lucretius. In his enthusiasm over what all he *might* become in this state of uninterrupted progression, he reviewed the names of illustrious philosophers of both ancient and modern times, and concluded with a glowing tribute to his comrades by appropriating a line of Ovid: "*Forsitan et nostrum nomen miscebitur istis.*"

Elated over this compliment and determined to test the validity of their newly formed (Battle-Creek) doctrine, this dignified body of savants marched triumphantly to the Brownson Hall refectory where, thanks to Father Fitte's foresight, an ample supply of the best materials was prepared to serve them in their experiment. Forthwith they entered (without the least reluctance) upon their occupation—which, be it remarked, for the benefit of future scientific investigators—grew more and more captivating; a fact which so strongly supports their theory that, if no weighty argument can vitiate it, we must conclude there was a rapid transit, *via* the senses, to the intellect. The disciple of Lucretius, in particular, seemed conscious of undergoing a transformation, for between his assaults on a juicy fowl he murmured an adaptation of Graciano's words:

Thou almost mak'st me waver in my faith
To hold opinion with Pythagoras
That (trunks) of animals infuse themselves
Into the (souls) of men.

When asked to explain this appalling statement he argued that the body and soul of man are in a state of inseparable development; laying down for major premise the fact that *in principio Deus creavit*, etc., and arriving at his desired conclusion with the unfailing success of Squire Thornhill. The logic our fellow-philosopher displayed would have done credit to Hudibras of whom it was said:

He was
Profoundly skilled in analytic,

He could distinguish and divide
A hair 'twixt south and southwest side;
On either which he would dispute
Confute, change hands and still confute.

But let not this pedantic logician engross our entire attention; he was but an humble type of the metaphysicians, ontologists, cosmologists, etc., that graced the banquet-board. As a final remark we must re-echo the unanimous sentiment of the philosophers that they owe the success of their holiday to the kindness of the Reverend President and the ever-ready support of Father Fitte.

—Were there another Johnson among modern reviewers like the great Cham of the Blue-Stocking Club we might well suppose that on reading the epoch-making novelette entitled "A Sold Heart," he leaped exultingly from his editorial chair and exclaimed: "Cousin Chisne, you are destined to an immortal place in the galaxy of our poets!" Few stories have had such a deservedly widespread circulation, such a revolutionizing influence and such a fathomless well of poetical inspiration as has Señor Chisne's latest publication. Ah, Shakespeare! unmindful of your monitory epitaph this *novus homo* has with impunity disturbed your bones, stolen your precedence among the Muses, and outshone your lustre by his resplendence as the sun eclipses the noon-day star!

The newly-born Shakespeare tells us in his enviable and unparalleled manner the pathetic romance of a South American Ulysses outwitting a deceitful Siren. The *chef-d'œuvre* begins as follows:

"Great applause was accorded the graceful toast of the last Commensal. The perfidious and golden champagne was bubbling over the goblets held up by one hundred trembling hands, and Pula, the beautiful Pula, seated at the upper end of a table, smiled like a goddess.

'Who are you?' asked William the pale poet who is fond of writing fine verses.

'I am the dancer Pula.'

'Will you give me your heart?' he asked.

'I can't give it. My heart is for sale,' she answered shakeing with the pride of the cynism, her queenhead crowned with diamonds."

At this cruel rejoinder, the poet grew ghastly pale, covered himself with his parrassian mantle and retired from the room. It was a pitiful, a heart-rending life that this hero had to pass in his solitary home tuning his doleful lamentations to the wailings of the complaining winds. The reader is fairly inundated in tears on reading this soul-stirring description. The author, however, respecting our sympathies, in his inimitable way cheers us with a fugitive ray of hope by proceeding thus:

"One winter's night the pale poet who

is fond etc. took his cape and went to the Cassino where he hoped to meet Pula.

"She was there, in effect, girding with her marble arm, the neck of Sierra, the imbecil millionaire.

'Will you give me your heart?' said the pale poet with a slight hint, like a sigh of a love-sick butterfly.

'You are late; I have already sold it,' answered Pula with loud laughter, and pointing with her hand ornamented with finger rings to a red silk plush, that the milionaire had given her.

"Then William paid his compliments to the company, and muffled himself up in his dark cape, left step by step the banquet silently like a shadow."

Has ever a minstrel of any age or nation, equaled the skill here displayed in delineation of character and masterly handling of sympathies swaying us "to passions that he likes or loathes?" May we not hazard the conjecture that Minerva herself penned the incomparable lines, where "all the chosen coins of fancy flashes in a lonely word?"

After suffering this second refusal the maltreated poet now paler than his imprisoned soul in the Platonic world returns sick at heart to his comfortless mansion. If you have tears prepare to shed them now! Poor William is "alone, alone, all, all alone in a wide, wide" world! Our minds are racked by this turn of events. We love William "with a love that is more than love." The author has completely won us, and holds absolute dominion over all our emotions. Nor does he abuse his sovereignty; but true to his artistic genius he raises the scale of William's fortunes and concludes with a dramatic catastrophe wherein impartial justice is decreed against the intriguing Pula.

"It was an unforgettable night of triumph and mirth when the poet (a little paler than when we last saw him) and the dancer Pula returned to meet again at the banquet table. Then she approached and seated herself by his side and stared at him with her bright eyes like two stars, and asked him,

'Do you love me still?'

"He drained his goblet without answering.

'Do you want my heart?' backslide Pula with faint-heart.

'Your heart!' exclaimed the poet with a bitter smile. 'No, your heart is not yours. A sold heart is never recovered!'"

What an instructive moral is presented to the reader just at the critical moment when all his interest has waxed to a white heat! Let us, too, be just: William Shakespeare you have been a great poet, you may still claim the title of "Swan of Avon," but you must now acknowledge your equal, yea, your superior! therefore lie

"A little nearer Spenser, to make room
For Chisne in your threefold, fourfold tomb."