Lyrics for Music.

BY FRANCIS J. SULLIVAN, '92.

To Virtue.
Than nature’s bloom more fair,
When to the perfumed air,
The happy earth her dewy offspring lends.
While hushed in sweet repose
The wanton beams disclose
A blushing form that Beauty’s love defends.
Ye stars that glow above.
Pale fires of heavenly love
Enkindled there mid banks of snowy sheen,
Thy lustre is but gloom,
That broods within the tomb.
When Virtue’s chastening rays illumine the scene.
Be thine this priceless boon,
Nor let thy soul attune
Its chords to charm the fickle Syren, pleasure;
E’en though she soothe the hour.
She wields a fatal power.
Virtue reapeth grace in fullest measure.

To a Rose.
Thou precious plant of tender hue,
More pleasing than the gentian’s blue;
Sweet elf of Cupid’s care
Thy breath perfumes the summer air.
By playful zephyrs gently fanned,
Thy modest petals soon expand,
And ever as they grow apace
A blush overspreads thy drooping face—
Thy drooping face.

Thy graceful form in fragrance waves
In quiet vales and moss-grown caves,
When fading spring her beauty yields
To summer’s green emblazoned fields.
Long, long ere autumn’s golden reign,
When earth is rich with ripening grain,
Thy tender form grim death entombs
To yield thee up when summer blooms—
When summer blooms!

Thomas D’Arcy McGee.

BY J. A. KING, '93.

In the ranks of her patriots there is, perhaps, no son of Ireland whose name has been so frequently and prominently connected with both the religious and political destinies of his country as that of Thomas D’Arcy McGee.

Born at Carlingford, County Louth, Ireland, on the 13th day of April, 1825, eight years of his life passed away amid the grand and lovely scenery of the Rostrevor coast. Then we find him at the historic town of Wexford attending a day-school, the higher advantages of education not being within his reach.

He was not long at Wexford when he sustained the heaviest blow of his life in the death of his mother. During all the changeful years of his after-life, he cherished her memory with profound respect and more than filial affection. But while his mother slept in her silent grave years rolled over the head of our young patriot, each one bringing sorrow and change, but not passed in mean or foolish pursuits. At the age of seventeen, the history of the sufferings of his native land were well known to him. He had also read of freedom’s great country where many found fame and wealth; and, seeing no prospect of advancement at home, he started for America. He arrived in Boston in June 1842. On the 4th of July of that year he—a mere boy—addressed the people, and the multitude that heard him were carried away by his eloquence. The reputation acquired on this occasion procured for him a position in connection with the Boston Pilot, and not long after he became its chief editor.

At this time, the United States was the scene
of many persecutions against the Irish; they had to defend their lives and religion as of old in their own land. Few were their defenders in the American press, but of those few stood foremost in the van Thomas D'Arcy McGee. During these struggles the young Irish editor gained great popularity which ever after continued to grow and flourish. He took a leading part in the Repeal agitation, and O'Connell recognized in him one of the noblest workers for the cause he loved. So much had his fame increased that he was invited by the proprietor of the Dublin Freeman's Journal—one of the leading Irish papers—to become its editor. As this offer was in accordance with his heart's dearest wish—to do something for the cause of Erin—he readily accepted it.

Notice the change in his fortunes. Three years before he had left his humble home to seek a living in the New World; he had left, a poor emigrant, he returned shining with fame to aid his patriotic associates in the work of their country's freedom. Thus at the age of twenty, our poet-journalist assumed a position in the front rank of the Irish press. But being twenty, our poet-journalist assumed a position in the front rank of the Irish press. But being one of what was called "Young Ireland," the moderate tone and cautious principles of the Freeman did not suit his fervor; and as he was not at liberty to change its character, he gladly accepted the offer of Charles Gavan Duffy to assist him in editing the Nation in conjunction with other noted Irishmen of the time. This paper soon became the organ of the national party, and its pages shone with the genius of many able writers.

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The secession of the war party—represented by it—from the Old Ireland party saw him Secretary of the Committee of Confederation, and one of those deputed by his party to rouse the people to action. He was arrested for delivering a stirring address at Roundwood in the county of Wicklow, but soon after managed to obtain his release. He then left for Scotland for the purpose of engaging the help of the Irish in the manufacturing towns. He had succeeded very well in this when the news of the "revolution" failing in Ireland came to him, and this crushed his hopes of liberating his country by such means. Knowing that death awaited him if captured, he hastened to depart for America. With great difficulty he crossed to the north of Ireland where he found a friend who protected him and prepared him for the voyage. He sailed in the disguise of a priest. Landing in Philadelphia on the 10th of October, in the memorable year of '48, on the 26th day of the same month he published the first number of the New York Nation. His old friends in Boston, knowing that the young journalist would have more encouragement in their city—as it was there he gained his first mark—induced him to remove thither, and in 1850 the publication of the American Celt was begun.

This was a time when a great change in his views for the advancement of his country took place. He no longer entertained any thought of revolution; and with his whole heart then and after aspired to elevate the Irish people. He taught them to make the best of their hard fate, and to cultivate the arts of peace. This change, surely, did not make him less a patriot.

After publishing the American Celt for some time in Boston he transferred his business to Buffalo at the request of Bishop Timon. Shortly after he went to New York to live, and there held the first position in the Irish American press for some five years. While at his journalistic labors he was constantly lecturing to crowded audiences, and very often for charitable purposes. But he was not destined to be the soul of the Irish party in the United States any longer. The Canadian people, knowing his great value, prevailed upon him to take up his abode in Montreal where numbers of his countrymen were in need of a ruling mind. There he started the publication of The New Era. Before the end of the first year he achieved a new triumph in being returned to the Canadian Parliament as one of the three members from Montreal. The close of the first session saw him recognized as one of the most popular men in Canada. Even the enemies of his race had to acknowledge, on beholding him, that an Irish Catholic could rise to any level. His second, third and fourth elections for Montreal by acclamation are ample proofs of the people's love for this great statesman.

In 1862 Mr. McGee was appointed President of the Executive Council. Three years after he visited the scenes of his childhood, and in 1867 the Canadian Government sent him as its representative to the great exposition of Paris. While abroad, he wrote many interesting letters on "Foreign Travel," which appeared in the American papers.

In the uniting of the three great maritime Provinces with the Canadas, under the title of the "Dominion of Canada," Mr. McGee took a leading part. But notwithstanding all his well-deserved popularity, and the eminent position attained amongst the Dominion statesmen, he had made for himself bitter enemies by his opposition to the Fenian movement, in which his clear head and far-seeing mind saw no
notre dame scholastic

prospect of permanent good for Ireland, knowing what results the rising of his own revolutionary party produced; and besides it was a grievous wrong to invade a peaceful country like Canada.

Although the great body of the Irish in every part of Canada reprobated this scheme of invasion, the whole vial of Fenian wrath was poured on his devoted head, and no means was left untried to damage his character, public or private.

As their slander and intrigues did not hinder him from taking his seat on the 6th day of November, 1867, as a member for Montreal in the first Parliament of the Dominion, they were determined that he should rue this victory, and truly he did; for the vile means that had been used to lower the Irish champion before the election were the immediate causes of his assassination a few months later. His thoughts at this time were far from politics. Although he debated and labored with as much vigor as of old, the calm pursuits of literature and the quiet retreats of life were the wishes of this great statesman, and his intention was to settle down to such a life as soon as the present session would be over. What dreams did he form of what he would do for the advancement of Irish and Catholic literature! But the plans of his enemy were to frustrate all those exalted designs. On a cool April evening, in 1868, the echo of the noblest speech ever heard within the walls of a Canadian Parliament had hardly ceased when the great Irish orator—the sagacious statesman and renowned poet, just as he entered his boarding house in Ottawa—"was shot down by a cruel assassin. Secret and unseen by mortal eye was this bloody deed; and, notwithstanding all the rewards offered by the Government for the apprehension of the unknown murderer, not the slightest clue was obtained.

The Canadian people mourned him for many months, and still do mourn the loss they have sustained in his early death. Indescribable was the grief of his family that expected to see him home the next day to spend the Easter recess. But he was gone to spend Easter in a happier abode, the reward of his exemplary life.

Through the death of Thomas D'Arcy McGee, Ireland lost one of her best servants and Canada the worthiest of her adopted sons. One of his biographers says: "The grave of McGee is bedewed by a young nation's tears; his memory lives, and shall live, in that young nation's heart; his name and fame shall cast lustre on the pages of her history, and his life-labor stand forth as an example worthy of emulation to future millions."

Thomas D'Arcy McGee was a true poet and in many ways the most remarkable of Irish poets, although he had none of the advantages of college education, and even in boyhood emigrating to the New World: He was a great journalist, a popular lecturer, a reliable historian, an essayist, a ruler, a legislator, and, above all, he was a fervent Catholic, and ever remembered the holy lessons taught him by his dearly beloved mother.

The South.

The shroud of verdant spring had enveloped Virginia's fair capital when the message from Gen. Lee to evacuate the city fell upon the community like a thunder-clap, and smote every ear with the knell of death. The Sunday morning of April 2, 1865, dawned clear and bright for the doomed city. The streets, stretching away in the distance, were unmolested by a single sign of war; across the James the landscape glistened with the beauties of spring; the sound of church-bells rose into the cloudless sky; no noise disturbed the peace of the Sunday. Everything betokened peace. How was it possible for one to imagine that the capital—for four years the secure possession and stronghold of the Confederacy—would in a few hours be the scene of war and its grim attendants; that the fire-fiend would transform the picture of a quiet city into a mass of smouldering ruins!

General Lee's forces had dwindled down until he could no longer protect the city. For eleven months he had checked an enemy three times as great as his own number. It is remarkable, but true, that the people of Richmond knew nothing of the fighting which had been taking place for three days on Lee's lines. The newspapers were in complete ignorance of the true state of affairs. Indeed, there were rumors that Johnson was marching rapidly to join Lee, and that with their combined forces the enemy would be crushed. Rumors had even reached the city that the General had subdued the enemy by a night attack. These circumstances go to show how little the people of the city were prepared for the news that sounded their death-knell.

Weakened by the fall of Richmond, the Confederacy soon lost all the spirit and animation which had sustained it for four years. In a few days more Lee's army was reduced to one-third its number, surrounded by an army of
veterans starving and poorly clad. There was
but one medium left—the great Confederate
leader.

April 9, 1865, he announced to his war-worn
veterans that he had surrendered. No glad
shouts from his gallant men welcomed this.
They silently broke the battle-drawn lines,
crowding near their beloved commander to
shake his hand for the last time. Rough and
rugged men, injured to all hardships, acquainted
with every kind of danger, familiar with death
in every form, with streaming eyes and voices
choked with emotion, gathered around their old
chieftain speaking kind words to lighten his
burden and soften his pain. Often he had
uttered such words to them when they were
bleeding on the battlefield, or toiling through
the weary marches.

The grim old warrior, great even in defeat,
did not desecrate the occasion by any idle
words. Simple as ever, but very serious, with
the marks of the Roman manhood yet about
him, turning to his soldiers, with the signs of a
tearless grief in his countenance, with a voice
choked with emotion, he said: “Men, we have
fought through the war together, and I have
done the best I could for you.”

Great men have spoken of the return of the
Northern armies. How in the pomp of war
they came home with a joyous, victorious tread
reading their glory in the nation’s eye, confident
of a nation’s pride. Eagerly welcomed, they
were fully compensated for their four years’
absence. They returned to find their homes
prosperous, their families thriving, their country
untrammelled by a cruel war.

Let me describe the return of another army
marching home, not in splendor, but in pathos—
not bearing the palm of victory, but in a glory
that equalled their conquerors. Picture to your
mind the gaunt Confederate soldier, buttoning
up in his faded gray jacket the parole that
testified to his family a soldier’s pardon and his
future allegiance to his enemies; clasping for the
last time, perhaps, the hands of his comrades;
gazing with tear-dimmed eyes on the noble face
of his brave old chieftain, and for the last time
looking at the grave-clad hills of old Virginia,
where in silence sleeps many a dear comrade,
he turns his back on Appomattox and begins
his weary march southward.

What does he find to greet his return? His
fruitful plantations are black, sterile fields; his
beautiful home in ruins; his comrades slain; his
family in want; his slaves free; his people with­
out laws to meet the new requirements; his
stock killed; his money worthless; his credit
destroyed; his social system swept away, and
the fruits of time blighted ere they budded.

The magnitude of the civil war was unprece­
dented in modern times. It had extended
from the silvery windings of the Potomac to the
black boundaries of the Western plains. Its
monuments of carnage stood in the wheat fields
of Pennsylvania; its altars of sacrifice were in the
valleys of New Mexico; but not for a moment
did those brave men sit down in sullen despair.
He who had deprived them of their prosperity
surely inspired them in their adversity. The ruin
was overwhelming; but never was there a swifter
restoration. The soldier of yesterday became the
husbandman of to-day. The noble chargers that
charged the Federal guns at Petersburg now
dragged the iron plow-share through the stub­
born earth. Fields that in April were kneaded
with human flesh, in June were teeming with the
yellow harvests. Cheerfulness prevailed every­
where. Women reared in luxury bravely assisted
their soldier-husbands to rebuild the bleeding
South. And what is the sum of their work? To­
day there are no fairer lands than America’s
southern states. Beautiful cities have sprung up
where once the cannon thundered its message
of destruction. Comfort has been restored to
the homes of those whom the war stripped of
their prosperity. The people of the South have
learned that the negro is worth more as a free­
man than as a slave. The latch-string is hung
out to Northern immigrants. Thrift has been
established in country and city. The South
has proven her supremacy in iron; in cotton she
has a monopoly; she can now challenge the
North in coal-mines; she has the reserve supply
of timber for America; she now rivals Cuba for
fine tobacco. Economy has taken root and
sprung up throughout the land; business has
taken the place of politics; schools have been
erected, and they are free to the black as well as
the white. The Southern people know now that
they have achieved a greater independence than
was sought by the sword. The task of rebuild­
ing the South was entrusted to tender, noble
hands; and right well did they accomplish their
task. They became enamored of their work,
and to-day can await with pride and satisfac­tion
the verdict of the world.

The old South based all on agriculture and
slavery; the new South has thrown away these
mistaken principles. To-day her interests are
diversified. She has recognized the great eco­

nomic truth: that the producers and manufact­
urers must be near to promote a section’s growth.
No longer does she contend that the State is
supreme; the Union alone is such.
But what of the negro? How has he fared in this revolution? No country can show a more prosperous laboring population; no section where the laborer and employer are more closely united. The negro shares all the rights of citizenship; has the fullest protection of the law; is an equal partaker of the school fund, and has the friendship and sympathy of the whole Southern people. But the very future of the South rests on a correct solution of the race problem. Two utterly dissimilar races must be carried peacefully by our country; but the negro cannot, must not dominate. That sturdy Saxon blood, which never owned fealty through centuries of Norman oppression, will never submit to the diction of an ignorant ballot by an inferior race.

The red-man was nearly exterminated because he hindered the progress of the times; the yellow-man has been barred from our country because he was an alien and inimical to its interests. But the black man, common to only one section, superior to neither the Indian nor the Chinaman, has been clothed with every civil liberty; but he must be taught the stern lesson that the interests of the South are his interests; that her progress is his advancement.

He is not oppressed by the Southern people. They remember with loving gratitude his faith and fidelity to the master's family when he was away fighting against his freedom. But faithfully have the Southern people labored for a solution of an unprecedented race problem, and they have been accused of treachery and dishonesty. From the North often come messages that the South is standing on a burning volcano; that the "rebels" brigadiers are again in the saddle, while they were still mourning the death of their latest hero, who marched bravely through hostile ranks proclaiming the errors of the North and the wrongs of the South. An echo came from the nation's capital that "The South is seated upon a safety-valve, and will soon be the scene of the bloodiest race-war in history, where the midnight torch and the assassin's dagger will avenge the wrongs of an injured race." And this is the death of sectionalism! But the West sends only words of affection and encouragement. Too well does she realize that unjust laws have made the North prosperous, while on the other hand those laws have retarded the progress and civilization of America's two fairest lands. Neither of them has ever begged relief from the protective system that is sapping the life-blood of both, but that New England answers no. Both pleaded for a deep harbor on the Gulf; but three northern cities answered no.

It is now time for the people of the South and the West to discard all present political affiliations and unite to secure for themselves the protection and the advancement of their best interests. The sons of Virginia and the Carolinas first penetrated the trackless forests, and left their bones to bleach on the Western hills. They drove the savage step by step until the peaceful Pacific recompensed them for their bravery and hardships. Southern heroes first bore the "Lone Star" westward, and fashioned from Montezuma's heritage an "empire state." Her sons were the first to sow the wheat in the boundless prairies of Illinois and Indiana. The blood of the Southerner beats faster and his heart grows warm at the name of "The Old Roman," or "The Tall Sycamore of the Wabash," or "The Grand Old Man of the West."

Silently for twenty-five years has the South borne her heavy burdens. She has fought unaided to carry successfully and peacefully two separate and distinct races; but all her efforts have been drowned by the noisy deities of the North. Now while these deities hold high carnival, let the two daughters of Ceres join hands and defy the cohorts of their oppressors; tear away from their throats the throttling grasp of monopoly, and admit the pure air of life to their weakened industries.

J. D. CLAYTON, '92.

The World's Conqueror.*

There is to-day an involuntary, unconscious, but a no less well-defined contest going on between three branches of the human family for the conquest of the world. The contestants for this great prize are the Anglo-Saxon, the Slav or Russian, and the Turanian or Chinese. If the question were put to a member of this society which of the rival races is most likely to win, he would answer that the chances are all in favor of the educated, inventive, enterprising, exploring, liberty-loving Anglo-Saxon. And to substantiate this preference he would show that the Anglo-Saxon had already achieved the conquest of a large part of the globe. Moving westward from where it separated from the original parent stock, it has traversed and conquered Central Europe and the British Isles, then crossed the ocean and taken possession of the larger part of the North American continent, and at the same time established its empire over Australia and the East Indies, while its hardy and adventurous enterprise is now de-

* Read at the St. Cecilia Reunion, April 15.
manding an entrance into Japan and China, and carrying its conquests along the coast line and into the very heart of Africa.

The Anglo-Saxon has thus already securely established his sway in every part of the globe; and can there be a doubt with his superior intelligence, his moral force, his quickness at seizing opportunities and securing advantages, his commercial enterprise, the constant advance of his base of supplies into fresh fields of exploitation that he must eventually subdue and supplant his weaker brother in every country and obtain undisputed dominion of the earth?

Of course, there will be more or less resistance to this program on the part of other races; but is it likely to be more stubborn and successful than in this country where the Indian has been driven back inch by inch into his narrow territorial reservations, or where the princes of India were forced to succumb to the superior military science of the English?

II.

But before becoming wholly infatuated with this picture of Anglo-Saxon conquest, let us see what the Slav and the Chinese have to say about it. While the Anglo-Saxon has been carrying on his conquests, the Slav has overpowered the eighty different races formerly occupying the Russian Empire, and assimilated all of them to his own constitutional traits and disposition. We in the United States often despair of our ability to convert the few different races coming to our shores into an appreciative and observant regard of the character and institutions of our free Government; but as one writer remarks of the Slav's subjugation of Russia, there is not one of its eighty different races which the Slav has not swallowed, making it in language, in body and in soul part of himself. Now it is to be considered that this natural conqueror, the Slav, whom we call the Russian, numbers 160,000,000, and occupies a country constituting one-sixth of the globe—much larger than all the territory under the boasted dominion of the Anglo-Saxon—a country fertile, well watered, of diverse climates, and holding greater stores of coal, iron, oil, silver and gold, than any land on the earth. Moreover, these 160,000,000 Russians, unlike the 62,000,000 of this republic, are moved by one mind and purpose—the will of the Czar. They are not without a certain degree of personal and communal liberty and independence, for the Slav has maintained a vigorous form of local self-government; and it is said that the mir, or Russian village, shows all the sturdy freedom—in its annual assemblies—of the New England town meeting. And still these millions are willingly, joyfully swayed by the despotic will of one man who to them embodies all their hopes of personal prosperity and national greatness. And it is to be considered that this Slav believes that Russia is one day to be the ruler of the world. It may be doubted whether national ambition exists to so large and enthusiastic and determined a degree in the breast of any other race.

We see that these 160,000,000, occupying nearly the half of Europe and Asia, and fed with the spirit of conquest, constitute a tremendous power, when put wholly at the disposal of one man of like ambition as themselves. Is it a wonder that the first Napoleon, after France had conquered the half of Europe, predicted that Europe would one day be either French or Russian? So then it is possible that while the Anglo-Saxon is making his way around the globe, the Czar's Cossacks may be watering their horses in the Bosphorus, and that here exists a power sufficiently equipped to successfully dispute with the Saxon for universal dominion.

III.

It may create an incredulous smile to say that the Chinese can, by any possible stretch of the imagination, contest with the Russian and Anglo-Saxon for the mastery of the globe. But what is China? It is a nation that has preserved its existence and autonomy for 4,000 years. Pretty good staying power in that race. Against our 62,000,000 and Russia's 160,000,000, China has a population of 477,000,000. What kind of people are they? America knows something of the refuse of this people, and also something of its better classes. We know that education determines a degree in the breast of any other race. Hence, for the Slav has maintained a vigorous form of personal and communal liberty and independence, for the Slav has maintained a vigorous form of local self-government; and it is said that the mir, or Russian village, shows all the sturdy freedom—in its annual assemblies—of the New England town meeting. And still these millions are willingly, joyfully swayed by the despotic will of one man who to them embodies all their hopes of personal prosperity and national greatness. And it is to be considered that this Slav believes that Russia is one day to be the ruler of the world. It may be doubted whether national ambition exists to so large and enthusiastic and determined a degree in the breast of any other race.

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to consent to diplomatic and commercial intercourse with the rest of the world. What has been the result of our forcible entrance to her ports? We looked upon China as a vast beehive stored with honey and sleeping bees. It was thought that all we had to do was to go quietly but boldly forward and secure the honey. But no sooner was the hive disturbed than the bees began to swarm, and they have been swarming ever since. They swarmed over the United States, over the West Indies, over Mexico, over South America, over Australia, into the East Indies, and they can be found in every city of Europe. And yet this large emigration has scarcely phrased that 477,000,000.

What is to be the end of this outpouring? There are Chinese enough to populate the globe and still leave enough at home for a first-class nation. And what are these emigrants? It is found that in thrift, economy, labor and endurance there is no race that can compete with them. In mercantile knowledge and enterprise they have no superiors. They are operating to-day some of the largest stores in our metropolitan cities, and it is said that the commerce of India has nearly all passed into their hands. Where employed as mechanics and operatives in our shops and factories they have proved themselves the most apt and skilful of workmen. As cooks they have no equal, as servants they are at a premium. The United States has been cursed with a vicious lot of emigrants from China and has been compelled to take prohibitory measures against them; but the Chinese continue to smuggle themselves into the country by thousands.

Here, then, is the Anglo-Saxon confronted by those 477,000,000 thrifty, hard economic, enduring, enterprising, exploiting, swarming Chinese with 10,000 Ralph Waldo Emersons among them, occupying every field of labor wherever tolerated, seizing upon the commerce of nations, proving themselves capable of enduring every clime, living in luxury and contentment on what the Anglo-Saxon would starve, and making their presence felt to-day some of the largest stores in our metropolitan cities, and it is said that the commerce of India has nearly all passed into their hands. Where employed as mechanics and operatives in our shops and factories they have proved themselves the most apt and skilful of workmen. As cooks they have no equal, as servants they are at a premium. The United States has been cursed with a vicious lot of emigrants from China and has been compelled to take prohibitory measures against them; but the Chinese continue to smuggle themselves into the country by thousands.

We may not continue the argument further, and we pause with the question: Who is to be the conqueror of the world, the Slav, the Chinese or Anglo-Saxon? J. FITZGERALD, '93.
The Philopatarians.

Last Wednesday evening, the St. Stanislaus' Philopatarians gave an entertainment complimentary to Very Rev. Alexis Granger. The programme, as given in our local columns, was opened by the University Orchestra in a selection admirably rendered under the direction of Professor Paul. Then the Carroll Hall Choral Union, sung with good effect a song of greeting. Master R. Slevin next delivered the following prologue and address:

When mimic actors on a mimic stage
Usurp the weighty task of moral sage,
Paint winsome Virtue in her brightest hue,
And deck with honor's wreath the good and true,
Let the golden lesson they would fain impart
Redeem their want of histrionic art.
The lesson learn, of blunders take slight heed,
And believe the well excells, where lacks the deed.
So runs the prologue I've been bid recite.
The poet, I think, made it too short, quite.
And, then, another fault: pray, what's the use
Of making such elaborate excuse.
For faults and blunders that are not yet made?
That poet is a cynic, I'm afraid;
He takes for granted that we're sure to fail,
And begs beforehand that you will not rail.
But let me tell you that we mean success;
And as for blunders, well, don't look for many,
For e'en to please the cynic, we won't make any.
And now one other task for me remains—
A task that naught but purest joy contains,—
To offer here the homage of our hearts
To him whose life, all fashioned from above.
To him for whom to-night we take our parts—
A task that naught but purest joy contains,—
And now one other task for me remains—
The lesson learn, of blunders take slight heed,
And believe the well excells, where lacks the deed.

The play chosen for the occasion was a melodrama in three acts, entitled "The Rightful Heir." The manner in which the play was rendered showed the good will and talent of the young actors. Masters E. Ball and H. Eagan carried on the dialogue at the opening of the first act with remarkable naturalness. R. Slevin evinced considerable skill in acting the part of the "Blind Prince," while the "villain Starrow" and "honest Kalig" frequently called forth the applause of their auditors. Master Dierkes' rendition of "Molino" was exceptionally good. The Philopatarians have just reason to be proud of their comedian. Master A. Neef made a favorable début in the character of Alberto. Stanislaus and Prince Rodolph were well presented by F. O'Rourke and B. Bates. The Maypole dance was the principal feature of the evening. To the head couples belonged Masters

—We find the following in a report published in our esteemed contemporary, the C. T. A. News of Philadelphia:

"As there is no Catholic Reference Library anywhere in America, they believe (the C. H. S.) that Philadelphians of every shade of thought, but especially Philadelphia Catholics, will take a pride in permanently settling the location of the library by providing suitable quarters for it here."

For fifteen years, and more, the Director of the Bishops' Memorial Hall, Notre Dame, Ind., has been exerting his best energies towards building a Catholic Reference Library, and with what success, the whole country knows. Thousands of volumes, thousands of pamphlets and thousands of precious manuscripts have already been collected and placed on the shelves of one of the finest libraries in America. Connected with the Catholic Reference Library of the Bishops' Memorial Hall is a magnificent museum, containing many thousands of precious souvenirs and relics of historic interest, besides a gallery of historical portraits unequalled this side of the Atlantic. All these articles have already found a fitting home in the magnificent collection of apartments known as the Bishops' Memorial Hall. Thousands of dollars have been spent for oil-paintings, manuscripts, books, frames for pictures, etc., etc., and valuable contributions of relics, etc., have been received from nearly all the distinguished prelates, priests and laymen of America. While we gladly recognize the efforts of our Philadelphia friend, we wish to emphasize the fact that a Catholic Reference Library is already established and well housed at Notre Dame, Ind.; and all it needs is the generous assistance of lovers of Catholic history and interests to continue the work already so magnificently commenced.
A. Neef, N. Gibson C. Collins, and C. Teeters; the side couples consisted of Masters Sherman, Nichols, Falvey, and Clarke. The dancers, dressed in gaily-colored uniforms, went through various well-learned marches until the climax was reached at the "countermarch" and the "grand right and left," when the hall rang with applause. The entertainment was highly successful, for which credit is due to Bro. Marcellus and Professor Liscombe under whose direction the Philopatrians were led to victory.

F. N.

"The Child is Father to the Man."

BY M. A. QUINLAN, '92.

How practical and instructive is the meaning of that oft-repeated quotation! "The child is father to the man." The youth hears it with admiration, takes the speaker's word for the time being, and goes forth to proclaim what he has learned. He prides himself to think how glorious is his position among the creatures of the earth;—more glorious even than that of his own father. "But," thinks he to himself, "is this a fact?" He wonders because he does not experience the reality, because none respect his great dignity. He begins to entertain serious doubts concerning the matter; he fears the sincerity of man in thus humbling himself before the up-growing race, and thinks, at last, that the crown is given only as a mockery.

He makes a contrast with truth; he places facts against assertions, and draws the erroneous conclusion that the statement is false. Such is the philosophy of him who is called "father to the man"; but, reason as he may, his elders, not seeking to correct themselves, will endeavor to explain what they mean; they will tell him who he is; and it is their duty to teach him how to fulfill with credit and honor the great responsibilities connected with the office. Let him always heed their proffered advice, and profit accordingly.

The two great streams of life are flowing side by side—youth and manhood. The closer waters of each intermingle, and here is found the most confusion. The current of impetuous youth on the one side, and the slow and solemn stream of thoughtful manhood on the other often commingle and form that turbulent boundary line which it is almost impossible to distinguish with exactitude.

For centuries these rivers have continued to flow uninterruptedly, and at every bend their beds grow deeper, but somewhat narrower; men and youths increase in number, while the term of their earthly existence becomes shorter and shorter. Life is not what it had been. The world can no longer present to us giants of body or men who have lived for centuries. Dissipation and crime have weakened men, and few of the present generation ever see a hundred years. But no individual is wholly to blame for this, and some not even in a slight degree. At any rate, this should not discourage us; nor should it be considered as a personal disgrace. Man's mortal life is not so short that he cannot win the crown of a noble life. It is not too short for him to benefit his fellow-man—to do his duty to humanity.

"The child is father to the man"; let him, therefore, bear aloft the standard of noble thoughts, deeds, and actions that he may see and know his future; let him do his duty well. When the present generation passes away, he will be at the head—he will be a man. Let him prepare himself for that great position; let him learn to obey and to command. In a word, let him educate himself in all that is necessary to carry him through life that he may be worthy of the great respect to be paid to him.

Education means not the training of the mind and intellect alone; nor does it signify that we should be finished athletes, that we should all be generals or kings, or that any of us be giants: it means the training of the mind, the body and the soul; it means to make oneself a man. What a glorious title! How great its significance, and how incomprehensible its dignity! But how many can say that they deserve it; or how many can say that they know its worth? It is, indeed, a most glorious title, but one that is too much abused. Few consider its importance.

Old Father Time has got it in his keeping, and hands it out when youth has crossed the strand. He gives it without the least hesitation; and that frail personage of little more than twenty summers goes forth into the world—a man.

If custom must grant this great privilege to everyone who is of age, let this and coming generations be worthy recipients of it, and let them raise its dignity to the position which it, of itself, demands.

No greater eulogy could be offered to man, whose noble thoughts, whose noble deeds, whose noble self commands the admiration of all, than that which was paid him by one of his greatest students—Shakespeare. I therefore conclude with these his lines of most majestic flow:

"What a piece of work is man! How noble in reason! how infinite in faculties! In form and moving how express and admirable! in apprehension how like a god!"
King Lear.

BY J. M. MAGUIRE, '03.

The tragedy of Lear well deserves its high rank among the plays of Shakspere. There is, perhaps, no other play which keeps our attention so fixed and our minds so disturbed and agitated by the different passions, and where every scene heightens our interest by the sudden changes of fortune and the perfect development of each character. Every line, in fact, seems to lead us forward in the story till at last we are carried away by the poet's eloquence.

The tragedy of Lear is placed in Britain some years before Christ; but we must not be surprised if we find dukes and noblemen of a more civilized period, for Shakspere is of every age and country in customs, but particularly in character.

Lear is growing old, and thinks it best to give his kingdom into younger hands, while he, free from care, calmly waits for death. He is proud, generous, easily seduced by flattery; he judges the love of his subjects by their words of praise. Contrary to the advice of his faithful counsellor Kent, he determines to divide his kingdom equally among his three daughters. At this point the play opens. Lear tells the assembly his intention, and then proceeds to ask each of his daughters in turn how much they love him. Goneril, the eldest, replies:

"Sir, I love you more than words can wield the matter; Dearer than eyesight, space and liberty; Beyond what can be valued, rich or rare; No less than life, with grace, health, beauty, honor; As much as child e'er loved or father found; A love that makes breath poor and speech unable; Beyond all manner of so much I love you."

Lear then questions Regan who determines to outdo her sister. She replies that she would say all her sister has said and more. This base, hollow flattery pleases Lear, and he confers a third of his kingdom on each of them. He then turns to Cordelia and asks:

"What can you say to draw A third more opulent than your sisters'? Speak."

Cordelia replies: "Nothing, my lord." This reply so surprises Lear that he asks again, but gets the same answer. Then, furious, he casts her off, and in his unnatural passion almost curses her. Kent tries to interfere, but is banished. Lear then gives the other third to Goneril and Regan, saying that he will come with his train of one hundred knights to each one for a month in "due turn"; that he will still retain the name of king, but the revenues and execution be to his sons.

As soon as the two daughters have made sure of the kingdom they plot against Lear. Knowing how wavering he is and how liable to change his mind at any time, they determine to get rid of him. When he comes to Goneril's palace she commands her servants to treat him coldly and without respect, to show him that he is not necessary for her welfare. His jester also ridicules him for giving away his kingdom. It is only then that he feels how he has been deceived, and, in terrible anger, curses Goneril. Then he departs for Regan's palace; but Goneril's letter is before him, and Regan refuses him admittance unless he keeps only twenty-five followers. At this he turns to go back to Goneril who has promised him fifty, but she asks him what he needs with so many, and Regan wonders why he needs any at all.

This ill-treatment breaks the poor king's heart. To think that after giving all he possessed to his daughters they should treat him so cruelly. He says:

"I have full cause of weeping; but this heart Shall break into a hundred thousand flaws, Or ere I'll weep."

Leaning on the arm of his jester, and with his faithful follower, Kent, in disguise, he goes out into the raging storm, exclaiming:

"O fool, I shall go mad!"

This is indeed a real madness which grows on him as he thinks of his own foolishness and the ingratitude of his daughters. He shows how bitter his feelings were, when on the heath he exclaims:

"I tax not you, you elements, with unkindness; I never gave you kingdom, call'd you children; You owe me no subscription: then let fall Your horrible pleasure."

Some say that Shakspere intends to convey the idea that Lear's mind was unsound even when dividing his kingdom; but we are not inclined to follow such an opinion; for what could be more natural in times such as those depicted in the play than that an old man should confer his kingdom on his children whom he thought loved him. It is true, however, that the king is intended to be as a very weak-willed man, very exacting and as one who knew not the base metal from the true; but his madness did not come on him till he realized his daughters' ingratitude.

Lear wanders around the country becoming worse every day. There is war with France; then Cordelia meets her father who is in a sad condition. He is restored to reason by Cor-
delia's physician; but only to be seized, with Cordelia, by her inhuman sisters who cast her into prison and cause her death. Lear comes on the stage with Cordelia dead in his arms. He does not believe she is gone till he seizes a mirror and holds it before her face; then he discovers his great loss. Struck deep by the blow he falls dead.

Throughout the play our feelings towards Lear change with every scene. Sometimes we almost curse him for his hard-heartedness; again we sympathize with him. We pity him in his madness and the low state to which his gray hairs have come through his vile and ungrateful daughters. On the whole the character of Lear contains many noble qualities which make it one of Shakspeare's most natural characters.

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[The Washington Post, April 15.]

**Philosophy of Sounds.**

**FATHER ZAHM, OF NOTRE DAME UNIVERSITY, AND HIS STUDIES.**

Rev. J. A. Zahm, C. S. C., of the Notre Dame University, of Indiana, who is now in Washington, has made a life study of the philosophy of musical sounds. In pursuance of his investigations, Father Zahm has imported a ton or more of physical apparatus. A reporter of *The Post* found him yesterday morning hard at work in the lecture hall of the Catholic University, putting his apparatus in order. He kindly quit his task, and put himself to no little pains to reply to a number of questions and illustrate his replies.

One of the most curious instruments is a melodiphone, an adaptation of the Helmholtz resonator. It is of brass, shaped somewhat like a small trumpet, and filled with a covered ear piece. Three holes are cut in the side, and by opening or closing them with the fingers, while holding the instrument to the ear, a series of musical notes are heard. It is just the reverse of a wind instrument—the music entering it instead of issuing from it, and the sounds being nothing more than the predominant tones of several sounds in the room. It makes music that exists nowhere else, and, it is suggested, might be utilized in the search for the "Lost Chord," which one day got away from the man at the organ.

The resonators are applications of the principle of the sea-shell, which, as everyone knows, intensifies the volume of sound anywhere, and from the jumble of many sounds returns the roar of the surf. Another most interesting piece is the reaction wheel, carefully balanced to the note given forth by the tuning-forks. Anybody who has heard the windows of a church rattle when some particularly deep note of an organ has been struck will understand the workings of this wheel. Like the small pith balls which are sent into convulsions when the glass bowl, around which they are hung, is made to give a clear, sweet ringing note under a fiddle bow, the wheel illustrates the fact of sound being a form of motion, and explains in a most practical way the beautiful legend of Orpheus. A bow is drawn across the tuning-fork, the note is sounded, and the wheel, which is in the shape of four miniature powder canisters, arranged like a weather vane, begins to revolve rapidly, and continues as long as the note sounds.

To show the motion of a wave of sound a number of white balls, hung by long double cords, are brought to rest in a small beam fitted with grooves at different intervals, carefully calculated. The beam is lowered suddenly, and the balls are set swinging rapidly in different flights, and the result is a faint, curved, ever-undulating line.

Of tuning-forks Father Zahm has 147, ranging in size from the one fourteen or fifteen inches long, which gives forth a sound like the bay of the 5 o'clock whistle in Washington, to the tiny piece of steel, hardly half an inch long, which makes a sound inaudible to most persons—a sound meaning 43,000 vibrations a second. These tuning-forks, Father Zahm says, were made by Rudolph Koenig, of Paris, who never allows a piece of work to leave his place until he has handled it himself, and consequently gives out the best tuning-forks in the world. A number of these forks may be sounded in melody, and the naked ear is unable to pick out the tone of any particular one, but the proper resonator will do it for anybody.

Some steel bars of various lengths, hung on ribbon, are also used to test the individual's perception of acute sounds, the most faint one being given by the bar whose note means 16,384 vibrations in a second.

The collection includes other well-known apparatus for illustrating the effects of sound motion, for measuring it visually, to determine its loudness and pitch and its velocity, and one of the simplest and most interesting methods employed by the professor in producing a bar and distinct music of the chromatic sale is by dropping in succession pieces of wood, of graded lengths, upon the table, a reverse somewhat of the xylophone.

This afternoon Father Zahm will begin a course of six lectures on the "Philosophy of Musical Sounds." The lectures will be given on Mondays and Fridays, the various subjects being "Production and Transmission of Sounds," "Loudness and Pitch of Sound," "Velocity, Reflection and Refraction of Sounds," "Resonance and Interference," and "Beats and Beat Tones."

That the lectures will be entertaining may be judged from the fact that the student of sound or music, or the lover of either science, may spend very profitably and pleasantly hour after hour merely in watching the apparatus.
Oblatory.

—Edward Gorman, of Chenoan, Ill., a student of the Preparatory department of the University, died on Monday, the 20th inst., after a lingering illness. He had been at College only since the opening of the present session, but during that short time he attracted the attention and won the affection of all by his diligence and kind disposition. The Faculty and students extend their sincere sympathy to the bereaved relatives in this great affliction. May he rest in peace!

Local Items.

—Band concert next week.

—The tennis courts have their full share of patronage this warm weather.

—The Boston Orchestral Club in Washington Hall this (Saturday) evening.

—Popular airs will form a large part of the musical programme to be given at the concert next week.

—Fishing is now all the rage. B. Leopold will furnish the hooks, and the lines may be had of B. Emmanuel.

—Walter Castanado wishes us to announce that he will try for the batting and base-running medal this year.

—Very Rev. Provincial Corby went to Cleveland on Monday last to attend the obsequies of the late Rt. Rev. Bishop Gilmour.

—Combe's work behind the bat in the Carroll Hall game was very good. He has not forgotten how to throw to second either.

—Schwartz claims that he ran, with a broken leg and collar-bone in his race with O'Brien. If this be true he did well in pushing his opponent so hard.

—Rev. D. J. Hagerty, C. S. C., '78, formerly Rector of St. Patrick's, South Bend, who for the past few months has been at Notre Dame recruiting his impaired health, left on Monday last to take charge of a parish in Richwood, Wis. Father Hagerty's many friends are glad to note his improvement in health, and cordially wish him the full measure of his old-time success in his new sphere of labor.

—On next Saturday, at 4.30 p.m., a grand musical concert will be given by the members of the Band, assisted by the University Glee Club. It promises to be a great affair, and we feel assured that, under the direction of the genial Father Mohun and Doctor Liscombe, a rich musical treat is being prepared for us. A large and appreciative audience awaits the first appearance in concert of our local musicians. Success to them!

—The fifth regular meeting of the Notre Dame chapter of the Agassiz Association was held on the evening of Wednesday April 15. Mr. Priestly read a well-written essay and gave the members much information concerning the life of Agassiz. F. Powers presented a paper on "Fresh Water Rhizopods," Rev. A. M. Kirsch entertained the members by showing some remarkable microscopical preparations with many lucid explanations of the same.

—The finest ball game played thus far this year took place on the Brownson campus, Thursday afternoon. Everyone seemed to be trying his best, but particularly the opposing batteries of Combe and Dacy vs. Keenan and Fleming. The field work, both out and infield, was exceptionally short and good.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>SCORE BY INNINGS:</th>
<th>1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>REDS:</td>
<td>0 1 0 0 1 1 4 0 7</td>
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<tr>
<td>BLUES:</td>
<td>2 0 0 0 4 0 1 5 0 12</td>
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—The first meeting of the Notre Dame Tennis Club was held Friday evening, April 10. The following officers were elected: President, G. D. Lancaster; Vice-President, Jas. McKee; Secretary, John Newman; Treasurer, L. M. Sanford; Director, Rev. M. J. Regan. The membership for 1891 includes the following students: L. Sanford, J. Newman, M. Joslyn, J. McKee, F. H. C. Murphy, R. Hawthorn, S. Curtes, C. Dechant, L. Monarch, G. O'Brien, McGonigle, G. Lancaster, C. Brookfield, A. Dacy and W. Hennessy.

—Two exciting games of ball were played between the tables of Tivnen and P. Coady, and McAuliff and B. Gregory on Thursday. The first game was the closer and the better played in every way, while in the second B. Gregory's men strove hard to win; but poor and listless playing downed them. The score, by innings.

<table>
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<tr>
<th>TIVNEN:</th>
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<tr>
<td>P. COADY:</td>
<td>2 1 1 0 0 1 6 0 6</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>B. GREGORY:</td>
<td>4 4 0 1 1 14</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>MCAULIFF:</td>
<td>3 5 1 0 6 2 19</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

—Very Reverend Father General said Mass in St. John's chapel on the 7th inst. At the Communion, W. Crawford read in the name of all in St. Edward's Hall the formula of the act of consecration to the Holy Family approved by His Holiness, Leo XIII. After Mass the Very Rev. celebrant addressed the Minims on the virtues of the Holy Family, saying in conclusion that all should try as far as possible to make St. Edward's Hall resemble the Holy House of Loreto that even when the Minims leave its precincts they must never forget that they have been consecrated to the Holy Family.

—On last Sunday afternoon a young scientist ventured his invaluable presence into a neighboring wood in company with three very ordinary companions who are happy in the possession of very scant knowledge of hygiene. On nearing the wooded spot the disciple of Esculapius was deterred from penetrating deeper into the forest by the apprehension of untold maladies which would certainly come to him if he happened to get his shoes moist. His be-nighted fellows plodded wearily on, and the scientist seated himself in philosophic satisfac-
tion beneath the branches of those "green-robed senators of the mighty woods—tall oaks." But the oak was neither so tall nor yet so wide as the gentleman with scientific proclivities had supposed, and not many minutes elapsed before the unexpected appearance of certain personages filled him with consternation. It was then that the awful leaness of the green-robed senator was fully made known to him, for on his trying to shift gradually around the oak in order to keep to leeward of the company he was politely hailed, and requested to still further reveal his identity. The incident may serve to warn still other hyper-careful scientists who know about hygiene.

—The third regular meeting of the Total Abstinence Society was held Saturday night. A large audience, composed of members and invited guests, was present. After the preliminary work had been disposed of, the society listened to a well-selected programme. Messrs. Brown, Woods and Ragan favored the audience with short speeches on the evil effects of drunkenness and the good resulting from temperance organizations. President Gillon next, in a few well-chosen words, introduced Rev. J. French, the lecturer of the evening. Father French spoke for some length upon the great vice of our age, and his discourse was one of the most eloquent that we have heard for a long time. It was a true, faithful picture of drunkenness, and the strong, vivid word-painting was made more effective by a faultless delivery. We hope to hear from Father French again before the close of the scholastic session. The Rev. Director, Father Walsh, suggested that a change be made in the programmes and that a debate be substituted for the short speeches. As this met with the approbation of all the members, he appointed Messrs. Cavanagh and L. Chute to defend the following question and Messrs. Dacey and Fitzgibbon to oppose it: "Resolved, That Intemperance has done more evil in our country the past half century than war and pestilence." F.

—A REPLY TO A CARD:—It would be base ingratitude on our part not to publicly thank the enthusiastic gentleman who boldly announces in the last issue of the SCHOLASTIC as the representative* of many prominent members of the better element of Brownson Hall, entirely approves of the selection of officers as made by the true Notre Dame Athletic Association." In reply we would say there is but one association claiming the title. Of course, there can be no association without a constitution, and we defy any local athletic organization outside of our fold to produce such a document upon which their society is founded. It cannot be proved or shown in any way that the association in Brownson Hall ever had a constitution, and consequently their election of officers on April 9 was a farce in every sense of the word. They have no right to any name whatever, and their pretensions are absurd. But we wished to be

magnanimous. We wished to play them a series of games for the name—the result to be, as it were, a "survival of the fittest." They have refused to accept the challenge, so what are we to do? If they are afraid to meet us on the field they must, indeed, have little claim to their usurped title. Notre Dame's 'Varsity Team never refused a challenge!

It is, indeed, certain that the athletic games of Notre Dame will not suffer because of the stubbornness of the said "organization"; but if they want to escape ridicule they must acknowledge their fault before many days are past.

N. D. ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION.

—At the sixteenth annual entertainment by the St. Stanislaus' Philopatric Society, complimentary to Very Rev. A. Granger, C. S. C., the exercises were conducted according to the following

PROGRAMME:

Overture—"Jolly Robbers" by D. N. D. U. C. B. 

Greeting Glee—Carroll Hall Choral Union

Prologue and Address

Between the acts the orchestra played

"Love's Sigh Waltzes," by J. Coll

"Overture Enchantment," by J. F. Hermann

"THE RIGHTFUL HEIR.

A MELODRAMA IN THREE ACTS.

Dramatis Personae.

Stanislaus, King of Sarmatia—F. O'Rourke

Edmond, the Rightful Heir—R. Slevin

Prince Rodolph, Presumptive Heir—E. Bates

Oberts, an Honest Agriculturist—E. Ball

Elvino, Son of Oberto—H. Eagan

Starow, a Villainous Confidant of the Prince—J. Coll

Kalig, a reduced gentleman and an uprighthman—W. Bates

Molino, a Good-natured Villager—W. C. Dierkes

Fredrico

—A. Neef

Alberto

—J. Murphy

Marino

—J. Murphy

Philippe

—D. Dorsey

Cerano

—W. A. Gerlach

Benedict—A. Leonard

Carlo—R. L. Keigh

Tomasso—P. G. I. Baker

Lucio—H. Cheney

Lino—O. Bergland

Beppo—J. M. Hack

Verdi—P. A. Wellington

Silvio—C. Teeters

Lupo—H. Yingst

Guido

—F. Roper

Dorino—P. Gibert

—The genuine 'Varsity nine played a game against the Carroll Specials on Sunday last. Considerable interest was shown in the game, owing to the fact that a so-called 'Varsity team played them a week before, and won by a score of 10 to 2. Their scorer then made the statement that the Carrolls were the second strongest nine in the University. We hope the gentleman who made that statement will glance at the annexed score and see the error of his ways. The features of the game were the splendid catching of J. Combe, who twice prevented the Carrolls from scoring, the pitching of J. Smith, who tossed a fine game considering the practice he has had. In batting Krems and Covert led; and for the Carrolls, Hannin, Boyd,
Scallan and Jewett carried off the fielding honors, while Green and Burns made the only base-hits. The score is as follows:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Varsity Team</th>
<th>A.R.</th>
<th>B.R.</th>
<th>B.R.</th>
<th>P.O.</th>
<th>A. E.</th>
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<tr>
<td>McCabe, f. f.</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>2</td>
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<td>Corre, c.</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>3</td>
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<tr>
<td>Kremke, ed h.</td>
<td>4</td>
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<td>Keenan, 3d b.</td>
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<td>4</td>
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<td>Gillen, f. F.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Murphy, s. s.</td>
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<td>4</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>1</td>
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</tbody>
</table>

| Totals | 16 | 11 | 12 | 27 | 1 |

The following is the "roster" of the

**COMPANY "C."**

- W. P. Blackman, Captain;
- D. Monarch, 1st Sergeant; J. Hack, 1st Corporal;
- W. E. Bates, 2d " F. McDonnell, 2d "
- A. E. Welch, 3d " H. Gilbert, 3d "
- B. F. Bates, 4th " W. Lowe, 4th "

**PRIVATEs:**

- O. Bergland, J. H. Flannigan, C. Scheffele
- F. M. Blumenthal, J. Girsch, V. Sullivan
- R. Browning, F. Hill, C. Teeters
- H. Coer, J. La Moire, E. Tod
- H. Des Garennes, J. W. Miller, P. Wellington
- W. Dierkes, B. Orton, H. Yingst
- E. Dorsey, A. Regan, C. Zoehrlaut

The following is the "roster" of the

**SORIN CADETS.**

**Commissioned Officers:**

- F. B. Chute, Captain;
- J. J. McGrath, 1st Lieutenant;
- E. F. Du Fait, 2d Lieutenant

**Non-Commissioned Officers:**

- P. S. Stephens, Orderly Sergeant;
- C. W. McPeche, 1st Sergeant; J. F. Brown, 1st Corporal;
- W. M. Girardin, 2d " L. J. Stone, 2d "
- T. J. Fingnery, 3d " V. Washburne, 3d "
- J. B. Marre, 4th " G. Zoehrlaut, 4th "

**PRIVATEs:**

- G. M. Bixby, F. Griesheimer, J. W. Maternes
- S. Blake, W. A. Hamilton, J. O'Neill
- F. B. Cornell, E. O. King, J. O'Neill
- W. Cran dall, E. D. Kuehl, J. G. Fies er
- E. Everest, C. K. Rolfman, G. B. Scherrer
- W. Fuller, G. E. Lee, H. G. Vorhang
- G. R. Funke, A. Lonergan, P. Wilcox
- E. E. Furrmann, J. Louisenberg, A. Windmiller
- C. Furrmann, B. Loomis, F. W. Wolf

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**Roll of Honor.**

**SORIN HALL.**

Messrs. Aarons, Ahlrichs, Allen, Burger, J. Berry, Blackman, Brady, Brelsford, Cavanagh, L. Clute, F. Clute, Daniels, Du Brul, Fitzgerald, Gillen, Hackett, Hoover, McGrath, O'Neill, Prichard, Paquette, Schaal, D. V. K. C. 

**BROWN HALL.**


**CARROLL HALL.**


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And what is so rare as a "rec" day fine!
Then, if ever, the boys have fun.
Then the base-ball fiend scrap ups a nine.
And plays till the set of sun.
Whether we idle, or whether we play.
We all love to see a nice "rec" day.
Every "sub" feels a thrill of joy.
As he watches the players now running about.
And he thinks: "ah me! what a fortunate boy.
I would be if a fielder should get fired out.
Stretched in the shade of an evergreen tree.
While discussing the merits of "Biscuits" and "Chass."
—The Feast of the Patronage of St. Joseph was observed with the usual solemnities, High Mass being sung by the Rev. Father L’Etourneau. An excellent discourse, appropriate to the feast, was delivered by Rev. President Walsh, of the University, in the course of which were brought out, in strong relief, the virtues characteristic of the Saint, and, above all, the powerful aid he will afford to his clients when to each one will come the inevitable summons.

—The members of the French and German classes have every facility for acquiring skill in their respective languages, not the least of which are the conversations held several evenings each week, during whose progress plain Anglo-Saxon is prohibited. Work done in the class-room is thus tested and put to practical use; the pupil’s memory is strengthened; a ready knowledge of foreign idioms is acquired, and thus are taken long strides towards the acquisition of the languages.

—“In the spring a young girl’s fancy lightly turns to thoughts of rhyme.” The mild weather seems favorable to the production of poetry, and an unusually large number of spring poets are already in the field, some of whom court the Muses not in vain. The changeable skies, the bending spray and winding river serve as inspiration, and the very air is musical with rhyme. It is whispered that some of these aspirants for fame, like Gerald Griffin, “dream of rivalling Scott and throwing Shakspere in the shade”; but, tell it not in Gath.

—At the recent meeting of the Art Society its members were made acquainted with many interesting details in the life of Fra Angelico by means of a biographical sketch read during the evening. The lesson taught by the selection was, that in the person of that eminent painter humility and genius met, and that the secret of the seraphine loveliness of his creations was solved in the purity of his life. An interesting article upon the traditions touching St. Luke’s connection with the art of painting was also read, after which the meeting adjourned.

—Tempted by the balmy air and sunshine, the pupils of the Second Senior class undertook a botanical expedition during the past week. Just as they were about to return laden with floral spoils, fickle April, true to her nature, covered the sky with an ominous-looking cloud, warning them not to tarry. Blind to the warning they proceeded at a leisurely pace until heavy drops began to fall, when, casting dignity to the winds, they stood not upon the order of their going, but fled in precipitate haste to the friendly shelter of the Academy just in time to escape a heavy shower.

—While attending with praiseworthy diligence to the acquisition of the arts and sciences, the members of the Graduating class are awake to the practical side of life, in proof of which they are at present being initiated in the mysteries of the culinary art. The latter certainly does not belong to the “lost arts” we read about, if one may judge by the skill already exhibited by these ambitious workers. Rumor has it that the triumphs in the way of cooking achieved by the fair amateurs might well be envied by the veteran chef; in fact, what with wonderful cakes, potatoes prepared in a most appetizing manner, and juicy steak broiled to a turn, crisp rolls and melting biscuits, they bid fair to cover themselves with glory.

Moods.

Bright, indeed, are some of these April days! The sun shines from a sky cloudless save for the fleecy flakes here and there, which seem like foam-flashes on the stellar sea; birds and blossoms add their charm to the delights of spring, and earth seems gladsome. A few hours pass on, and the azure sky is laden with storm-clouds; the face of nature has changed; the birds are hushed; the flowers droop their heads, and earth is darksome.

Changeful as an April day is he who is a creature of moods. One hour he is bright and hopeful; he is enthusiastic in his daily work; “his lines are cast in pleasant waters.” He is generous, open-hearted, and, in his exuberance of spirits, he is kind and forbearing with those around him. The next hour a cloud has gathered over his sunny face, and he seems a prey to direst grief. Energy has given way to indifference; enthusiasm has vanished to give place to listlessness; fretful, inconsiderate and sullen, he stands apart from those who long to help him in his discouragement. One subject to moods is unhappy, and communicates his unfortunate gloom of feeling to those with whom he associates. All are influenced by surroundings and circumstances, some more, others less; but resolution will overcome, in a great measure, that fickleness of purpose which makes of life a field in which we sow good seed only to pull up the plants as soon as they appear above ground. An energetic person, a person of character, will never yield to the changes suggested by every passing breeze of adversity or difficulty; his actions, ever controlled by principles of truth, are always according to the law of duty. Times come to him when the horizon shows few gleams of hope; but he keeps on until success smiles upon him from the arching skies. Work is invaluable in giving steadfastness to one’s character; and under the dis-
The tendency towards moodiness is a destroyer of peace in the school-room, the social world, or in the home circle. How often do we not see the anxious looks directed towards a person who is given to moods as he enters a circle of acquaintances. The eyes ask the question: "In what mood is he to-day?" and but few words are exchanged when the query has been answered.

If we take a common-sense view of matters, we cannot but see that it is wiser for us, and for our work in life, to keep close to the walk of duty, regardless alike of the bright vistas which pleasure presents on the one side, and the dark walks of discouragement on the other. With a noble purpose animating our actions, we cannot fail to overcome those feelings of dejection that strive to hide the sunlight from our spirit; for, "what makes life dreary is want of motive." Many there are who sit down by the wayside exclaiming:

"Lo! as the wind is so is mortal life—
A moan, a sigh, a sob, a storm, a strife."

Happier would we be if, obeying the nobler impulses of the heart, we would but learn the beautiful lesson taught by Father Ryan in these lines:

"Life is a duty, dare it;
Though the burden crush you down,
Though it break your heart in twain.
First the Cross and then the crown."