

The Holy Cross Purple.

THE HOLY CROSS PURPLE is a Literary Magazine, published at Holy Cross College, Worcester, Mass. Its aim is to cultivate a high literary spirit among the students by exercising them in both critical and creative composition. It serves also as a bond between the Alumni and their *Alma Mater*, chronicling their successes and telling briefly the important happenings of college life.

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THE B. J. F.—ITS DAWN.

A note came to me some time ago from the PURPLE man, asking me to give an account of the dawn and rise of the B. J. F. Society. I certainly was taken aback by that request. I felt sure there was some mistake, as my hairs are not yet gray, nor can I begin to count my birthdays further back than the time of the Civil War. There was no mistake, however, as I soon found out. I was actually requested to do the remembering for the

few venerable old boys of the B. J. F. of the forties and early fifties. I was to be a very old boy by proxy. As every available aid was to be put at my disposal, and as the situation was rather a novel one, my esteem for the men of those days and my love for the PURPLE would not let my heart refuse. So, if there be any slips, and I am afraid there will be many, I hope my readers will not forget that I am only a dummy, but a willing one, I must add, for the sake of "auld lang syne."

When looking for a text whereon to base my tottering thoughts and sentences, I was lucky enough to run across a carefully preserved copy of the PURPLE for June, 1897. Between its covers I found just what suited me in an article on "Debating Societies and Their Utility," by Mr. Jos. T. Fanning, '79. I am going to quote from it the portion that seems to me to be a very fine cornerstone on which to build these reminiscences by proxy. Here it is: "Outside of the advantages of the regular course of study itself, there is nothing which can be suggested that can give to the student greater power to satisfy the demands of after life than his association with the debating societies of his college." I will not dispute the assertion. It agrees too well with my own views. Besides it is so staunchly backed up by experience that I am inclined to think it deserves a place among truisms. Tracing the careers of the old boys, once members of the B. J. F.—some of them are still alive—and surveying the field of their labors and the tasks accomplished therein, and the honors that have come to the laborers themselves, there can be no doubt of the accuracy of

Mr. Fanning's statement. The truth of it was deeply impressed on the minds of those early pioneers who gathered about the little brick building on Pakachoag hill in '44, and who may justly be called the charter members of the B. J. F.

I would like to remark here that the closer I get to genuine reminiscences the harder I find the task of being a chronicler by proxy; and small wonder, since it would have been no easy matter for those who were "*magna pars*" of the past to go back and pick up the scanty threads of the memories of fifty years ago. The records of those days are meagre, at least as far as the B. J. F. is concerned. I have faithfully scrutinized every bit of writing I could lay my hands on, and though I cannot say that I have found many things or rich themes, yet what little I did find for these hap-hazard notes may, perchance, stir the echoes of the forties and fifties in the breasts of the few survivors of those days, and I am endowed with all the plenitude of authority to state that the pages of the PURPLE will readily and gladly repeat those echoes for the edification, delight and encouragement of posterity.

I have before me an ancient copy of the constitution of the B. J. F. The writing is pleasingly clear-cut and the ink still remarkably fresh. It may be news to some of the boys of Holy Cross to learn that the B. J. F. has passed the half-century mark. It was established in 1846. The event is duly recorded in the first article of the constitution: "This society was founded in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and

forty-six, the seventieth of the independence of the United States, and is essentially a debating society having for its object the increase of knowledge, cultivation of eloquence and readiness in debate." Only three years, therefore, after the laying of the corner-stone of the oldest Catholic college in New England, it could boast of a thoroughly-organized debating society.

If one were to call the roll, after the manner of the secretary, of the earliest years of the B. J. F., from few indeed would the "*adsum*" be heard. Judge Henry Hobart Dodge of the third judicial district of Ohio, a charter member, died only the other day. How many more have received the summons, "Well done," I am not in a position to say. Perhaps some venerable reader of these pages may remember the names of Orestes Brownson, Jr., Clinton Cassidy, Michael Carney, John Crowley, Aimable Dionne, Frank Dougherty, Clement Erwig, Hugh Healy, Daniel Kelly, Thomas Kelly, William Lynch, all members of the B. J. F. in '46. Who can tell us of Charles Delahunte, Eugene Gray, Vanburgh Livingston, of the year '47; or of Francis Bragiotti, Adolph De Blanc, Alfred Fusilier, Raymond Gavilan, Thomas Jenkins, of '48, or William Brownson, Samuel Glidden, Robert Harper, George H. Lloyd, George Brook, and many others? I have taken these names more or less at random from the carefully preserved roster. They may prove suggestive of fond recollections. I cannot say who of them have been gathered to their fathers. I know by reputation some who are still among the living. A little galaxy of them has



RT. REV. BENEDICT JOSEPH FENWICK.

been engraved to honor these notes; and it is good to look upon these men, for their careers have been fruitful in blessings unto others and their honorable lives are still an inspiration to the boys of the B. J. F. to-day. There are others like to them, as the Rev. Patrick Healy, S. J., of New York, and Judge Joseph J. Fallon, of Boston. If the present chronicler by proxy were more familiar with the days of hardtack and frozen bathing water, nothing would give him greater pleasure than to rehearse the details of meetings, the subjects discussed, the promising traits of the members, and the minutiae that do so much to make glad the heart of an "oldest inhabitant." But of these things his records deponeth naught. So the chronicler hastens on to one more point of interest and to the end of his scroll.

I need not dwell on the well-known fact that Bishop Fenwick, of the diocese of Boston, was the founder of Holy Cross College. His full name was Benedict Joseph Fenwick. Going again to the records, the reader will easily understand from this brief premise the meaning of the words B. J. F. and why they were chosen to designate the oldest society of the college. The second article of the constitution reads thus: "The society adopts as a token of affection and gratitude the name B. J. F., these letters being the initials of Right Reverend Benedict Joseph Fenwick, one of the bishops of Boston, and founder of the College of the Holy Cross." The name has been dearly cherished ever since. It is a synonym of everything Christian, Catholic, noble and true, and represents the type of man a member of the B. J. F. aspires to reach.

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I would like to go on. But I have reached the end of my tether—and my records. I am, after all, only a proxy, and, dear PURPLE man and dear reader, you must not expect too much of me. My task was merely to chronicle the dawn of the B. J. F., and to show how one can be reminiscent without giving reminiscences. What little has been said may quicken the memories of others and at some early day bring you in many a tale to adorn your pages, and many an heroic incident in the lives of the first members of the B. J. F., to inspire its present and future members “to strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield.”

A CHRONICLER, '75.

A TOKEN OF SENTIMENT RECIPROCATED.

Within her book of treasures
Our “Mother Muse” hath signed
The names, in golden letters,
Of friends I've left behind !

And when my heart grows weary,
And feelings of unrest
That even Hope can't vanish,
Would slumber in my breast.

Memnosyne returning,
With cheerful mien and kind,
Tells o'er again the virtues
Of friends I've left behind.

SENTIMENT RECIPROCATED.

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She opes her book of treasures,
I scan each golden leaf,
'Neath Pakachoag's storied name
I find my richest sheaf !

Amid old scenes reviving
That heart to heart must bind,
I live again enraptured
With friends I've left behind.

Some kindly wish, some token,
A word, a smile, a song,
Some love-inspired action
All 'round my spirit throng.

And dreamy Peace descending,
O'erpowers my restless mind,
My heart goes out in gladness
To friends I've left behind !

And, oh, to live forever,
Nor know a bitter tear,
Amid the wealth of friendships
That other days endear.

Oh, pray I may be worthy,
Dear Friend in heaven to find,
And clasp in holy rapture
The friends I've left behind !

"ACROAMA," '95.

THE LAWYER.

PRACTICE IN COURT A TEST OF HIS CHARACTER AND ABILITY.

In no profession is character more accurately delineated and ability more surely disclosed than in the practice of the law. Property, liberty, life, reputation—each of these in a dozen different ways appeals to the advocate for its protection or preservation or vindication, and in the warmth of zeal for his client's cause the lawyer is often merged in the client himself. For, after all, lawyers stand upon the great common ground of humanity; they are men first and lawyers afterwards; whether they will or not the old words, "*Humanus sum et nil humanum a me alienum puto*," are peculiarly applicable to them, and in the friction of active practice, knowingly or unconsciously, they bare themselves to the eyes of the people. The physician may diagnose his patient's disease and compound a remedy for it in the privacy of his home or in the curtained alcove of the hospital; the clergyman may minister to the spiritual wants of his penitent in a seclusion overshadowed by the spirit of God and guarded by the angels of heaven,—but for his client's cause the lawyer must go into the open arena of public view, where "he that hath eyes can see and he that hath ears can hear," and whence the proceedings are proclaimed to the world by the thousand tongues of the daily

press. Hence it is that before the court and before the jury the trial lawyer is seen and heard to his advantage or disadvantage, as the case may be.

"Κνωθε σε αυτον."—The lawyer must know himself in the comprehensive Grecian sense of the maxim. He must know the law, *the law*, not as it was four hundred years ago, or fifty or ten years ago, but as it is to-day; he must be intimately acquainted with every bar and shoal in the great channel of the law of evidence, through which and by which he must pilot his client's interests to a harbor safe from within and secure from without. He must understand human nature, its follies and foibles, its virtues and vices, its tears and smiles, its shadow and sun; he must have the faculty of selecting the salient points of his client's cause for argument; he must have tact and quick wits; he must—as we are told Cicero did—have argued in anticipation his adversary's side of the case to the end that he may be the better equipped to prepare and present his own side of it; and through all this, and above all this, ever and always the lawyer must guide his course by the beacon light of the great basic moral law, which in court and out of court, "yesterday, to-day and forever," is always the same.

The attorney must act in good faith, for in every walk of life it is equally true that "*Omne quod non est ex fide, peccatum est.*" He must be fair with the witnesses. Experience will tell him that the sharp practice of asking catch questions carries with it a recoil which works in the end to the questioner's injury. Better make clear to the wit-

ness the sense and meaning of the question than to expose a shade of character, unmanly in itself, and which prejudices both the lawyer and his cause before the court and jury. The great lawyer appreciates that witnesses under oath, as a rule, try to truthfully tell everything they know in relation to the case at the bar, just as they saw it or understood it, and that a score of persons seeing something happen will each see it in a different light, according to the peculiar construction of each one's physical organs and mental faculties. The antique fashion of the old school of lawyers of brow-beating witnesses is almost of the past. Such action is now looked upon as very poor judgment, if not a breach of professional conduct, and always furnishes the opposing counsel a convenient peg upon which he may hang an effective argument. True, there are times when the conduct of the witness, his testimony and his manner of testifying arouse the righteous indignation of the attorney, and enlist for him the sympathy of all who are within the reach of his voice. This is especially true of "don't remember" witnesses and of hostile and unwilling witnesses, a class of persons who seem to raise their hands in taking the solemn oath with no more thought of observing the sacred pledge which they have called upon God to witness than they have of living to see what may happen at the end of the next century. The manner of treatment by the lawyer of these persons, who appear to continually stand upon the very brink of perjury, whether they are called by himself or by his adversary, furnishes a good index to the examiner's character; if the witness

is against him, then naturally he frowns down and ridicules his testimony—if for him, then the lawyer is either foolish enough to encourage this kind of evidence, at the risk of very reasonably creating the impression that his client or himself is in collusion with the witness; or he is wise enough and honest enough to discourage such conduct by asking the person who is testifying if he is not mistaken, or by giving him some other hint and letting him “stand down.” Under such circumstances the attorney’s character is strongly reflected by his conduct; in the warmth of the trial, when every legitimate resource is brought into play for his client’s property or liberty, when the ambition to succeed, which is inherent in every lawyer’s nature, is fanned into a white heat by the concentrated energies which a forensic contest awakens—then it is that the lawyer must know himself—then it is that he must say to himself, “So far shalt thou go and no farther”—then should come back upon him, sounding through the years that have passed since his school days, at first faintly and afar off, but with lightning rapidity growing nearer and louder, until he again hears them reverberate through the arches of the college chapel, the words of the old psalm, “*In memoria æterna erit justus, ab auditione mala non timebit.*”

Again, when addressing the jury in the argument of his cause, the advocate’s ability no less than his character comes into action. No matter how able the lawyer may be, if he have not the good sense not to underrate the intelligence of the jury, he makes a grave mistake. Our juries

are made up of hard-headed, every-day men of presumably sound judgment and common sense, and ripe in the knowledge of human conduct which a life's experience has given them. They may not know the sciences, or the classics, or the literature of the law, but as a rule they are well equipped for the constitutional purpose for which they are impanelled, namely, to see and hear the witnesses, to sift the wheat from the chaff, to find the facts in the case. Jurors are charmed with oratory, they enjoy an apt poetical quotation; an historical allusion pleases them, an anecdote that illustrates or illuminates the speaker's meaning, and at the same time enriches their treasury of stories, is warmly cherished by them; but beyond everything else they like and are impressed with a plain, fair and honest argument, a straightforward statement of fact with sufficient reasons therefor. They are convinced when the lawyer proves himself a master of the principles of law and devotes his argument to helping them to an ascertainment of the peculiar and controlling facts of the case on trial. The advocate whose generous words square with those of Othello: "Speak of me as I am, nothing extenuate nor set down aught in malice," generally carries the good will of the jury with him, while the opposite effect is created in the jurors' minds by the lawyer who craves his pound of flesh even when, in the words of Portia, "the court awards it and the law doth give it." The advocate may veil his prejudice in plausible and high-sounding sentences, but the jury will penetrate the veil; the lawyer with a bold front may attempt to hide

an unfair argument under cover of the fairest words, but the jurors will detect the fraud; the attorney may suppress the true and suggest the false, but the panel will not be deceived. They will take their recollections of the evidence and the arguments and the judge's charge with them to the jury-room, and agree, if they can, on a conclusion of fact on a fair and reasonable basis as they see it, report their verdict to the court, and await the adjournment of the sitting to tell their friends and neighbors their opinion of Lawyer A or Lawyer B, who assumed in his frothy argument that the jury had only wooden intelligence, and who injured his client's cause by his sharp practice and his unfair conduct.

Thus are pleading and practice in our courts the crucible in which the lawyer is tried. Therein are disclosed to his fellow-men his good and bad qualities, his knowledge and lack of knowledge, his strength, his weakness, his ability, his character. In our utilitarian age the maxim has obtained, "Nothing succeeds like success," but in the philosophy of a sound judgment and a well-formed conscience this absolute statement must be qualified; defeat at times is more honorable than victory, and failure, accompanied by truth and righteousness, is better than success when it is born of moral obliquity. The lawyer is a minister of justice in aid of the judge; his sworn duty bids him to hew close to the line of truth and right, to protect innocence, to redress injuries, to enforce rights, to do no wrong; to remember that he owes much to the great profession of which he is a member; to improve the

law so that he may leave it better than he found it, and to so order his conduct in word and deed that in the language of Mr. Justice Dillon, "he may be enabled to perceive that the law in its great living and essential principles may be and often is something more than the "command" of the sovereign or of a legislative body—is something deeper than these; that it has innermost and invisible springs in the realms of an elevated morality, hard by the throne of God, and that its waters—which are meant, like the leaves of the tree of life, for the healing of the nations—although they may be colored or tintured by "the soils through which they run," never lose the sweetness and purity derived from their original source, however far they may flow, or to whatever uses they may be applied."

JNO. J. McDONOUGH, '80.

Fall River, Mass.

THE GALLANT MAC'S AND O'S. 367

THE GALLANT MAC'S AND O'S.

Ay, thunder the guns and sound the drums,
And wave thy banners proudly,
Let bugles blare through the waiting air,
Ay, utter their praises loudly,
The gallant Mac's and O's.

True patriots they, not a man said nay,
When Duty lifted her finger,
Tho' "aliens" all, from Columbia's call
Not a soldier boy did linger.

Tho' shells may scream and bayonets gleam,
Not a man of them e'er will falter,
And many will die, and as victims lie
On Battle's blood-flecked altar.

As thus they now, may they e'er bow
To Duty, and may e'er she lead them
From all our hearts to heaven up darts,
This earnest prayer, God speed them,
The gallant Mac's and O's.

JOHN E. WICKHAM, '99.

HONORARY MEMBERS OF THE B. J. F.

The corresponding secretaries of the past of the B. J. F. evidently performed their duties very carefully. Of this there is no other proof needed than an ancient, somewhat frayed, loose-jointed and time-stained tome, with this inscription on the inside cover: "Book of the Corresponding Secretary of the B. J. F. Society." There are many items of interest between its covers. The various styles of penmanship are a study in themselves. All are good, but the variations are noteworthy. As many of the old secretaries are still alive, I refrain from mentioning names. The letters written, and acknowledgments received include a great sweep of territory, from a curt bill of ten cents to an eloquent vote of thanks to bishops and governors. Very curious are the reports of the different committees of inspection, whose duty it was to see that books, rooms, officers and everything else were up to the standard embodied in the ideals of the B. J. F. The reports are all remarkable for their honest, manly, straightforward criticism, not, however, without a fine blending of sturdy Christian gentleness.

I lingered long and pleasantly over the manuscripts, and would like to give pickings from them in this little space handed over to my care. But this is outside of my prescribed sphere. I have been told off to string together some remarks about one of the most praiseworthy features of

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the B. J. F. of "ye olden time"—to wit, the custom of electing honorary members. I have heard it whispered—what truth there is in the whisper they best can tell who are closer to the B. J. F. just now than myself—I have heard it whispered that this noble and courteous custom is not made so much of to-day as in the yesterdays. In fact, some one told me it had fallen into innocuous decay. As an old B. J. F. man, I sincerely hope that there is some exaggeration here. I can hardly believe that the list of honorary members has had no new names added to it during these latter years. The roll is a long one and contains the names of men of international reputation—priests, bishops, statesmen, generals, governors. If any old Holy Cross boy, once a member of the B. J. F., wants a few moments of entertaining and inspiring reminiscences, let him ask, on his next visit to the college, for two old books—the book containing the names of the honorary members of the debating society, and the corresponding secretary's book. To whet his appetite I am going to let the book speak for itself by quoting some of the letters.

HOLY CROSS COLLEGE,

WORCESTER, Mass., Nov. 13th, 1865.

TO HIS EXCELLENCY JOHN A. ANDREW,
Governor of the Commonwealth of Mass.

Dear Sir: I have the honor to inform you that at a regular meeting of the B. J. F. Debating Society you were unanimously elected an honorary member, as a slight testimonial of the esteem entertained towards your excellency by each and all of its members.

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With sentiments of the deepest respect, I remain,

Your excellency's obedient servant,

JAMES E. O'BRIEN,

Cor. Sec. B. J. F. Soc.

Within a week the governor sent this courteous reply:

COMMONWEALTH OF MASSACHUSETTS,
Executive Department,

BOSTON, Nov. 20, 1865.

MR. JAMES E. O'BRIEN,

Cor. Sec. B. J. F. Society,

Holy Cross College, Worcester.

Dear Sir: I have the pleasure to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 13th inst., informing me of my election as an honorary member of the B. J. F. Debating Society of the College of the Holy Cross, and beg leave to return my grateful thanks for the honor thus conferred on me, and to express my sincere and cordial desire for the prosperity of the college with which your society is connected, and for the welfare and happiness of its individual members.

I am, very respectfully,

Your obedient servant,

JOHN A. ANDREW,

Governor of Massachusetts.

The following letter is from the Hon. P. A. Collins, thanking the B. J. F. for electing him to honorary membership:

HONORARY MEMBERS OF THE B. J. F. 371

BOSTON, Dec. 24, 1869.

JOHN MICHAUD, ESQ.,

Cor. Sec. B. J. F. Soc.

Dear Sir: Your favor of the 15th inst., informing me that I have been elected an honorary member of the B. J. F. Society of your college, has just been handed me by Mr. Egan. Be good enough to express my thanks to the society for their kindness, and my appreciation of this unlooked-for mark of their esteem. Not being a college graduate, I shall prize it the more. Connected as the society is with the good college of Holy Cross, it must be one to which a Catholic ought to be proud to belong.

I am, sir, yours sincerely,

P. A. COLLINS.

Mr. Thomas J. Gargan, another honorary member, wrote as follows:

BOSTON, Jan. 1, 1870.

MR. J. MICHAUD.

Dear Sir: Your kind note came to hand this morning, and as I always desire to encourage associations with such objects, fully believing that if our religious element is ever to occupy a prominent place in this community, it must come through culture, and the ability of the coming generation of young men to express what they believe and know, I enclose \$5, my mite for the cause. Thanking you for your kindness in doing me so much honor as to number me with your list of members, I am

Yours truly,

THOS. J. GARGAN.

Did space allow I could go on quoting letters like the above from the venerable editor, Mr.

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Patrick Donahue, Hon. John Quincy Adams, and others. But I think I have taken enough from the records to fulfill the purpose of this article and to whet the appetites of "old boys" and gain future scribes for the PURPLE. C. R.

INVITO A VENIRE IN SORRENTO.

Venite in Sorrento,
Venite a mirare,
L'azzurro suo mare,
Il sereno suo ciel.

Splendido è il cielo,
Cosparso di stelle,
Passeggia fra Quelle,
La candida lun.

Verdeggiano i prati,
Di fresche verzure,
Le vaste pianure,
Son sparse di fior.

La brezza gentile,
Lo zeffir leggiro,
L'odor lusinghiero,
Ti partan dei fior.

Nel bosco gorgheggian,
Sui rami gli uccelli,
Felici son Quelli,
Nel nido d'amor.

INVITO A VENIRE IN SORRENTO. 373

L'azzurro del cielo,
Nel mar si trasfanda,
Vien tacita l'anda,
Il suo lido a bacciar.

È Questo il ritrovo,
Di Ninfe e Sirene,
Esse cantano insieme,
Canzoni d'amor.

Oh ! bella Sorrento,
Sorriso di Dio,
Che dire poss'io,
Parlando di te ?

Le tue meraviglie,
In cento linguaggi,
Di encamii ed amaggi,
Gli stranieri diran.

E tu che m'invito,
Di Sorrento a parlare,
La potesti lasciare,
Senza soffrir !

Deh ! torni a godere,
Del suo ciel l'azzurro,
Il dolce susurro,
Del vento sul mar.

Pensando a Sorrento,
Ti sorga nel core,
Piu fervido amore,
Per l'amico fedel.

PATRIZIO T. O'REILLY, '96.

B. J. F. OF WAR DAYS.

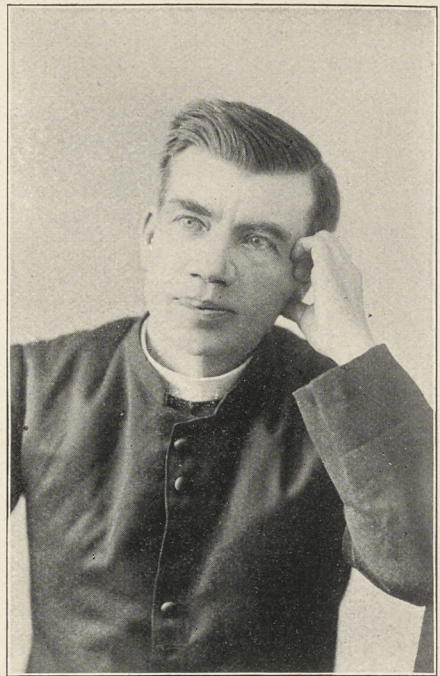
The courteous invitation of the PURPLE to contribute some reminiscences of B. J. F. days in '63 and '64, accompanied by the generous assurance that anything I might write would be acceptable, has prompted me to "make a raid" on memory's past with a view to gather whatever spoils might be the result of its awakening.

It is now over a third of a complete century when, a lad of a little more than a third of a half century, I walked out for the last time from old Holy Cross. Since then an active life spent amidst busy scenes with live present questions and their attempted solution of the work of the hour, has not tended to develop within me qualifications for the interesting duties of a "reminiscent" historian.

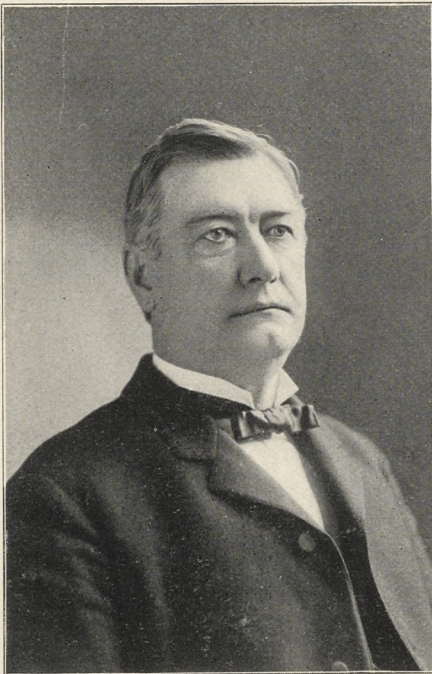
I have feasted often on fond recollections of the days pleasantly and profitably passed on Mount Pakachoag and I have longed many a time for a "talk" with some of the old boys. My wishes in the direction indicated have been gratified only at rare intervals, and in fact the only Holy Cross boys of my time whom I have had the pleasure of meeting have been Dr. W. F. Byrns and Jas. Forsythe of Washington, D. C., and the Rev. E. J. McSweeney, the latter of whom I met by chance a few years ago while he was strolling through the World's Fair grounds at Chicago. Many years ago I had the honor to greet also the



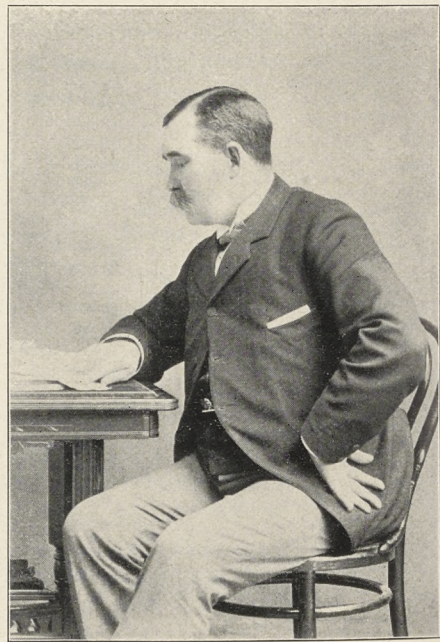
REV. DENNIS C. MORAN, '62.



REV. EDWARD MCSWEENEY, '65



JER. J. CROWLEY, '64.



CORNELIUS F. O'CALLAGHAN, '65.

SOME SURVIVORS OF WAR DAYS.

distinguished representative from Aroostook, the suave and poetic John P. Donworth, while he was enacting the roll of a statesman at a political convention in the Garden City.

Many of those whom I knew in the old days, doubtless, have crossed to the other side. John B. Purcell, heroic and noble minded; P. W. Cronin, eloquent and big hearted, two of the class of five of '64 of which I was a member, are among those who have gone to their eternal rest. The old boys will remember the ever cheerful and ready willingness of "Pat" to furnish fun at the old fashioned soirees, in which we were permitted occasionally to indulge and his characteristic faculty of provoking mirth helped to give fresh zest to all our social gatherings.

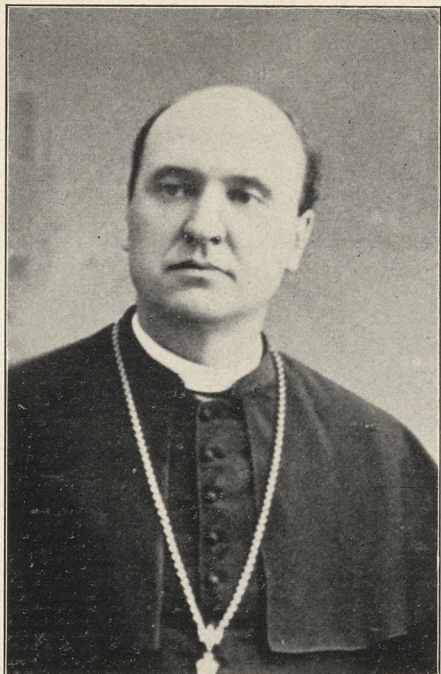
I recall with much pleasure a delightful evening in Father O'Hagan's room with the B. J. F. boys. I believe it was on the occasion of Washington's birthday in 1864. The genial Father O'Hagan entertained us with reminiscences of his then recent experience as a war chaplain, and his story of how one of the men of the brigade to which he was attached was wounded in the "canteen," has never been forgotten by me.

The office of critic of the B. J. F., I think, was created during my time, and if I mistake not, I was the first elected to that responsible position. The crude criticisms of those early days must have afforded an abundance of merriment to my successors if they ever took the trouble to read them. The debates were full of interest and the enthusiasm and vigor with which each disputant contended for the success of the particular side of

the question to which he was assigned, were in many instances remarkable and suggestive of future triumphs in the pulpit or on the rostrum.

Modern methods appear to have invaded even college life, but the boys of our days in the early sixties who were strangers to electric lights, steam heat, well appointed gymnasiums, cosy library rooms and other luxuries of the up-to-date student, managed, however, to exist in comfort and under the judicious direction of the good Jesuit fathers to lay the foundation for that success in life which has come to most of the boys of Holy Cross. That our old Alma Mater may continue to flourish and to send forth fitting representatives to honor and ennoble every respectable walk in life, is my ardent wish.

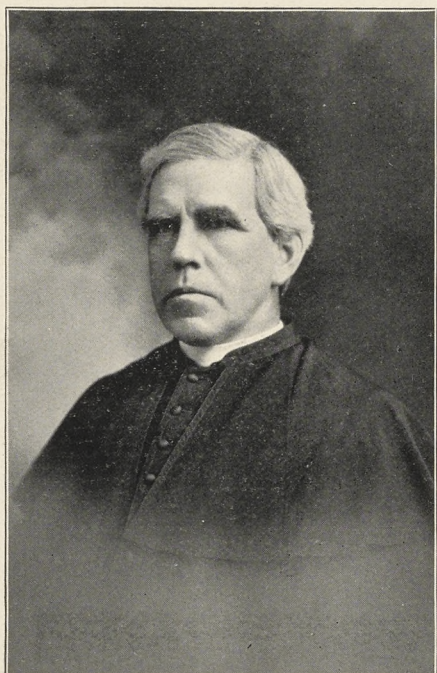
J. J. CROWLEY, '64.



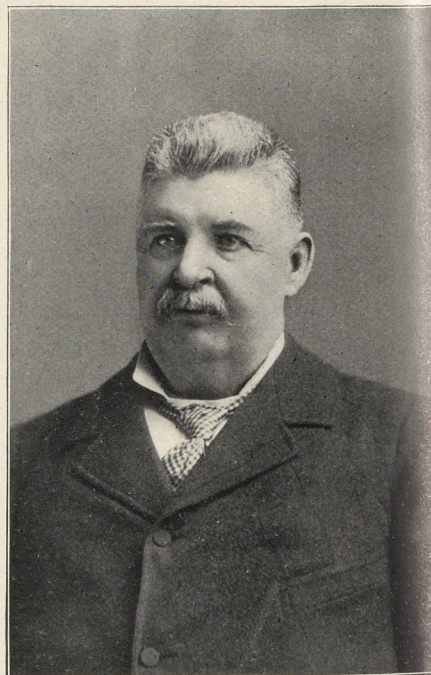
RT. REV. THOMAS D. BEAVEN, '70.



RT. REV. JOHN S. MICHAUD, '70.



RT. REV. DR. CONATY, '69.



FRANK J. ROGERS, M. D., '70.

EMINENT MEMBERS AFTER THE WAR.

POPULAR FALLACIES ABOUT LAWYERS.

I can well remember how an old teacher of mine, when I was a lad, used at times to impress upon us youngsters the indignation which he felt at the way in which the Irishman was in those days represented upon the stage. I can recall the vehemence with which he protested against the clay pipe and the blackthorn stick, without which no stage Irishman was complete, and his superb contempt for the mongrel pronunciation that was then supposed to be a complete representation of Irish brogue.

For some reason or other, a great change has taken place in our theatres in this respect, and we have lived to see the day when the stage Irishman is something more than a libel and a monstrosity.

I wish I could say the same thing with regard to the stage lawyer. If any of my readers has ever seen a lawyer behind the footlights clothed in anything but seedy black, and without the inevitable green bag, then he has had an experience that thus far has not come to me.

I have been pegging away at the law for a couple of decades, and the possession of a green bag is something that I have not yet achieved, and I can assure you that lawyers in real life sometimes do wear decent clothes.

The stage, after all, is not to be blamed for this. Even in our day the representation of a Spaniard as a well-bred, chivalrous gentleman would find

but little favor upon the boards, and the public would be disappointed unless our present foes were represented as puny fellows, garbed in the sash, knee breeches and odd-looking hat in which our caricaturists love to paint them.

The popularity of the stage depends on presenting people, not as they are, but as audiences imagine them to be. A striking instance of this occurred recently in New York. To meet the appetite of the people for war dramas, an old French play was resurrected. In this play one of the characters is an Irish soldier, a veteran of Fontenoy, whose lines make him extol France and pitch into England upon any and every occasion. A few years ago, when France was regarded as our hereditary friend, and England's attitude toward us in the past had not faded from our recollection, this Irishman's laudations of France were received with cheers, and every dab and dig at England vociferously applauded. Now, however, his praises of France are received in chilly silence, and his tirades against England absolutely hissed.

The cause of this is that the audience now sees things differently. When the public comes to regard lawyers differently, then I presume we may look for the day when at least occasionally the stage lawyer will be represented as a cultivated gentleman, above mean, petty tricks, and with about the same notions of right and wrong as those which control the average American citizen.

It is not only upon the stage that the poor lawyer has been caricatured and misrepresented. In fiction he has fared as badly. Out of the thirty or forty lawyers that Dickens has created for us,

there is hardly one that in his pages does a manly, whole-souled act. Despite the heroic and glorious ending of Sydney Carton, a composite photograph of Dickens' lawyers would only show the characteristics of Sergeant Buzfuz, Sampson Brass, Tulkinghorn and Uriah Heep.

Unfortunately, there has always been a certain popular prejudice against the legal profession. All of us are familiar with the stereotyped jokes and sneers at "the unscrupulousness of lawyers," and their readiness, for a consideration, to make the worse appear the better reason.

They are regarded by some as human vultures, that feed upon the quarrels of mankind, and as the natural born allies of deceit and crime. By others they are looked upon as men who, having no hope of happiness in the next world, make the most of their opportunities in this. Even some of those that should know them best seem to have only charity enough for them to regard them in no higher light than as *necessary nuisances*. Every school-boy has read Gulliver's Travels, where they are described as a society of men bred up from their youth in the art of proving by words multiplied for the purpose that white is black and black is white, according as they are paid. This is the opinion of the religious rake of whom it was said,

"He might a bishop be in time,
Did he believe in God."

The profession has withstood for centuries the shafts of flippancy and malignity that have been hurled against it. Despite these gibes and sneers, it stands to-day, and must ever stand in the im

partial judgment of history, one of the grandest bulwarks of constitutional liberty, the great safeguard of life and property, the defender of social morals, and the champion of the innocent and oppressed. "It is an order as ancient as the magistracy, as noble as virtue, and as necessary as justice." That order may well afford to despise its traducers that can, without issuing beyond the history of our own land, claim as her own such men as John Marshall, Joseph Story, James Kent, Lemuel Shaw, Roger Taney, Rufus Choate, Reverdy Johnson, Caleb Cushing, William Evarts and Charles O'Connor.

Law is not perfect—a progressive science never can be perfect—but are lawyers to be blamed for this imperfection? If justice sometimes fails, if wrongs are sometimes not righted, if even at times innocent lives cannot be saved, blame not the law and lawyers. Medicine cannot always cure diseases, or prolong the ebbing life of the patient to whom it administers. At times it acknowledges its impotency and confesses itself powerless. Even though God's ministers never cease to urge their fellow-men to lives of holiness, we all know that sin yet riots rampant in the world, and is it fair for us to judge the priesthood a failure because men are still wicked, not because of preaching, but in spite of it? I admit that there are pettifoggers and sharps, rogues and rascals at the bar; but are there not also frauds and charlatans in medicine, and even among Christ's chosen twelve was there not one unworthy to be His disciple? As Emerson somewhere said, every man is a quotation from all his ancestors,

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and the mean, low streak that makes a man a rascal in the practice of the law would make that same man a fraud and a quack in medicine, and a hypocrite and a disgrace in the ministry. The fault is in the man, and not in the profession of his choice. Has not every profession its unworthy followers, and are we to test a calling by a mechanical rule and measure it by the strength of its *weakest* members?

The purpose of this paper is not to defend, palliate or lessen dishonesty simply because it is committed by my brother at the bar. For the rascality and deceit of even a lawyer I have not one word to offer, but I have some explanation to make of what to many may seem as blemishes on the escutcheon of the bar.

We are accused of being in the lists with such ability as God has given us, and such knowledge as by our own industry we may have gathered, ready to tilt our lances in behalf of right or wrong as chance may send a suppliant to us. Have any of my readers ever heard the oath of office that every lawyer must take in this Commonwealth before he is admitted to the bar? If not, find it in the Public Statutes, and meditate upon it. That oath is a solemn one. It means something—it is not a farce.

The average man that sues his fellow cannot see why he is not entitled to judgment at once upon his claim, and if the defendant appears by counsel to contest his demand the plaintiff jumps to the conclusion that the defendant is a thief and his attorney a rascal. Now this defendant may have an honest defense to the claim, or he may

think he has. Both parties to the litigation may be entirely honest. They may honestly differ as to the facts of the case, and this very difference shows the necessity of submitting the evidence to an impartial tribunal, which shall hear the same, and from the evidence evolve the true story. Even when the facts are not in dispute, the law applicable to those facts may not be settled, and the presentation of authorities and precedents to aid the court in reaching a decision is a proper work for the attorney of each litigant. Every man that invokes the protection of the law acknowledges by that act the supremacy of the law, and must be subject, in so far as concerns his suit, to the provisions of the law. If that law which he himself has invoked gives his opponent a legal defense, he must admit that his opponent has a right to use it. The plaintiff that sues and the defendant that defends have each a right to the benefits of the law of the land. At times the law will work hardship, but the law, so far as it has progressed, is the crystallization of common sense, and where occasionally private rights may suffer, the public policy which tends to the general good of the community is preserved.

What the parties to a suit have a moral right to do, and each has a moral right to avail himself of the law of the land when it does not contravene the law of God, these parties may do by their agent, by their attorney. I know that it is hard to have an honest claim barred by the statute of limitation, or by the reason that the defendant, when the debt was contracted, was under twenty-one years of age; but these rules are for

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the common good, that litigation may not be endlessly prolonged and that minors may be protected; and so, while these rules bring discomfort to the individual, they operate for the good of the entire community.

And so with the rest of the technical defenses. To the mind of the layman, who is ignorant of the development of the law, they look like so many devices, but behind them all is a history, and each is only the fruit of ripest experience.

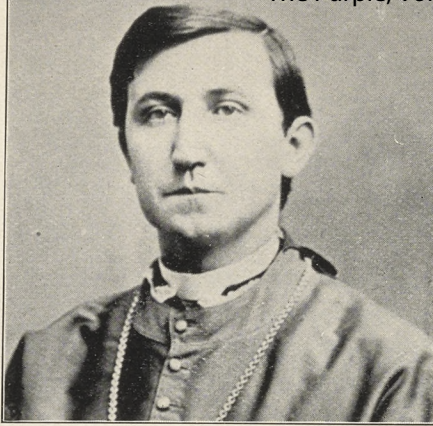
Despite the outrageous claim made by Lord Brougham, in his defense of Queen Caroline, that an advocate, in his duty towards his client, must regard that client only, must protect that client at all hazards and cost, and must use all expedients in that client's defense, no matter what suffering or damage may result to others, no true lawyer entertains such an opinion of his duty toward his client. No true lawyer will assert that he *ever* has the right to do wrong, even for a client.

I fancy I can hear some one asking, "How, then, can a lawyer defend a man whom he knows to be guilty?" This question is not a novel one, and I will try to answer it.

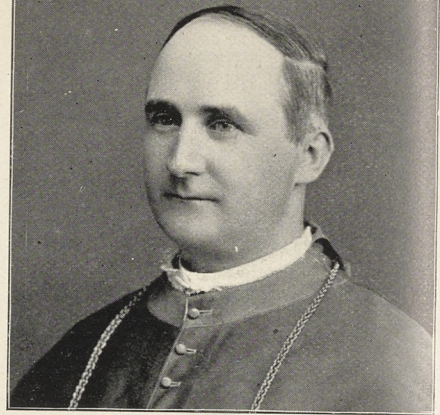
Suppose a murder has been committed. The suspected murderer is arrested, and sends for counsel. Let us make the case strong, and suppose that to his attorney the prisoner confesses that he killed his brother. "His life is forfeit to the state," you say. Wait a moment. Why is his life forfeited? "Because the *law* says that the murderer shall be punished by death." Very well. I am glad that you have called the law to your support, for does not that self-same law say that

until conviction the innocence of the prisoner is to be presumed? If his innocence before conviction is a presumption of the law, how can that same law stultify itself and proclaim him guilty before a trial, even though he has confessed his guilt to his attorney? Conviction presupposes a trial, or what the law accepts as such, as a plea of guilty in open court, and that trial must be a legal one. The prisoner must be properly and legally indicted by a body which the law says shall alone have the power to indict him; the indictment must be the arraignment which the law insists it shall be; the prisoner must be tried before the tribunal which the law itself has designated, and by twelve of his peers competent to try the issue and free from bias in the case they are to try; the prisoner must meet only such evidence as the law itself has judged right and proper for him to be confronted with, and he has the right to present in his own behalf all such evidence as the law allows him to present. Does the prisoner know what constitutes a proper grand jury or the statutory requirements for summoning and convening the same? Does the prisoner know whether or not an indictment is drafted with the accuracy the law itself demands? Does the prisoner know the principles of the law of evidence—what facts are competent and what inadmissible?

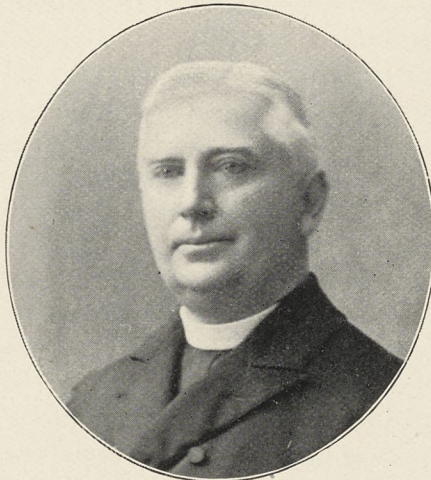
The law gives him right in the premises. Would these be anything but a mockery if his own ignorance of how to avail himself of them prevented him from reaping the benefit of them? The state itself in capital cases confirms the right of the prisoner to be represented by counsel by



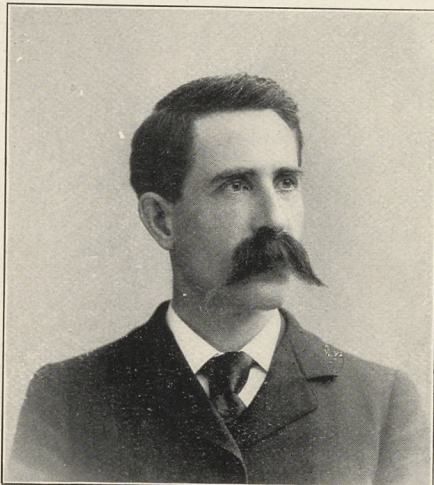
RT. REV. DENNIS M. BRADLEY, '72.



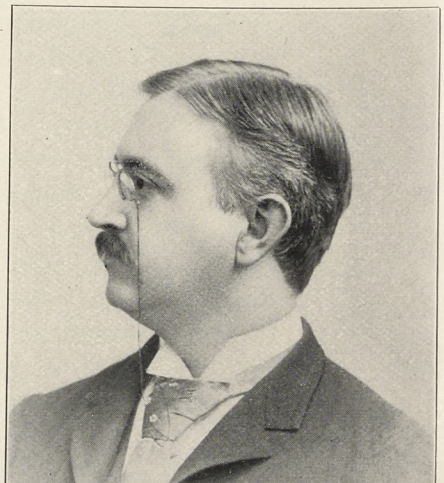
RT. REV. MATTHEW HARKINS, '72.



REV. MICHAEL KITTREDGE, '75.



GEORGE E. BEARN, '74.



WILLIAM B. F. WHALL, '74.

A GENERATION AGO

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supplying him with an attorney when he has not the means to engage one himself. With the satisfaction which the prisoner owes to his Maker for the sin he has committed, the lawyer has no concern. That is a matter between the prisoner and his God. But the satisfaction which the prisoner owes the state—the legal punishment of the crime—arises only after a proper conviction, because the law has ordained that no punishment is legal except upon conviction.

Never forget that the law itself seals the lips of the lawyer and prevents him from ever testifying to the confession made by the prisoner to him in his professional capacity. Bear constantly in mind that the lawyer could not, if he would, violate the confidence of his client, and that such an admission of guilt is invested by the law with at least as much sanctity as guards the secrets of the confessional.

In the case we have cited, a lawyer's duty to the prisoner is to see that nothing illegal is done against his client, that he is fairly and legally tried upon a sufficient indictment, that improper evidence is excluded, and that every real fact in his client's behalf is introduced. By the law the state must prove the prisoner's guilt beyond a reasonable doubt. If it fails to do this, then the prisoner is entitled to walk from the dock a free man. The law has pronounced him innocent and his life is not forfeited.

In such a trial, as in all other proceedings, the lawyer is only justified in using legal and honest methods. Even to save his client's life he is not justified in having recourse to subterfuge or de-

ceit. A guilty man may thus escape the punishment his crime has merited, but is it not better that nine guilty men should escape than that one innocent man should suffer? We must leave hanging without trial and lynch-law to communities younger and less intelligent than our own.

I hope I have made this subject clear. To one unacquainted with the history of prosecutions I know that the reasons that actuate a lawyer in defending a man whom he knows to be guilty are far from evident; but even he with the tenderest conscience can see that, when the law grants to every man the right of a trial and recognizes his right to be represented by counsel, the bar would be lacking in its duty if it failed to furnish him with a defender. The *courts* are to try men for their crimes, and the lawyer cannot practically convict him in advance by refusing his assistance without forgetting the principles and traditions of his profession.

The opinion seems to be quite prevalent that there is, after all, something of the shark in the lawyer's nature. He is looked upon as a kind of land pirate. This belief, this evidence of a mild insanity, I have noticed in men whose minds were otherwise sound, and to them it appeared as if every limb of the law considered it his bounden duty to follow Marmion's dying words, and "Charge, Chester, charge!" Not a will case comes up in our courts but that time-honored squib appears, saying that in the end the heirs will have the *will* and the lawyers the *property*. If the lawyers received only half the plums they are credited with obtaining, the profession would generally

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become lucrative as well as honorable. This talk of large fees, as regards the ordinary lawyer, is rank nonsense. In all fairness, why should not a man who devotes long years to the study of a profession reap in time a golden harvest as well as he who in the walks of business wastes certainly no more brain power? Are large incomes to come only as a return for mere money capital invested? Have brains no market value? Consider the large interests that are confided to the profession, remember the secrets and confidences that are reposed in it, think of the fact that once in every thirty years all the real property in the state passes through its hands, and then wonder why lawyers demand more compensation for their work than the day laborer. However, the bar is not always unappreciated, and its efforts meet now with generous returns from corporations, associations and individuals that have valuable rights to be prosecuted and large interests to be defended, and the average lawyer who is honest, studious and patient can in the long run safely count upon a competency, if not a fortune.

The story of how the lawyers once happened to choose Beelzebub as their patron saint is too ancient a chestnut to be repeated now, but tradition says that the lawyer who made the unfortunate selection was St. Evona, a barrister from Brittany, on whose tomb is said to be this inscription:

*"Hic jacet Sanctus Evona
Advocatus sed non latro."*

To this same lawyer, if I mistake not, is to-day a Roman chapel dedicated. Be this as it may, the

profession has saints of its own, and to them can it direct its supplications. Thomas à Beckett and Sir Thomas More were both lord chancellors of England, and both Mother Church looks upon as martyrs. A Beckett, it is true, afterwards became a bishop, but More was the lawyer to the last, and in the profession of his faith gave up his life with a courage unexcelled even by the early Christian martyrs. That grandest of mediæval hymns, the *Stabat Mater*, came, it is claimed, from the pen of a lawyer, Fra Jacopone, and in this nineteenth century, this age of progress and advancement, no character upon the world's stage has shone forth with a clearer, purer, holier light than Frederick Ozanam, the young French lawyer who gave to our poor the Society of St. Vincent de Paul.

It is often said that there are too many lawyers in Congress and in the Legislature. I sometimes wonder whether those who make such an assertion have ever heard of the Rump Parliament, from which lawyers were excluded. The time has gone by when Jack Cade's cry of "Let's kill all the lawyers" can be successfully carried out. It is well for the nation that in her legislative halls lawyers should always be found, for who better than they know the defects of the present law, and who better than they can frame a remedy? I would have the business man in Congress also. To make wholesome laws, a knowledge of the law as it is is absolutely necessary, that statutes may not be needlessly repeated. The business man may, it is true, suggest a remedy for apparent defects, but it is the lawyer who must

clothe the suggestion in legal garb and evolve the statute that shall meet the new need of the people. What men have placed their names most indelibly upon the legislation of this country? Take away the names of Clay, Calhoun, Webster and Sumner, and what a void you make in the story of American legislation! It would be a dark day for the republic when from her halls of legislation would depart the experience and wisdom of her lawyers.

I have attempted to meet, as they presented themselves to me, some of the objections that have been raised against the profession. Upon one more only have I the time to write.

It has been said that the law is a narrowing study; that it makes men small in their views. That its traditions save them from being iconoclasts I admit, but that its study makes them conservative when humanity requires an advance, I deny. Can that calling breed petty minds that has the necessities of mankind to guard, and can anything less than the largest powers be needed to protect the manifold interests of the race? In law there is ample repose for a man's talents. The law calls for no sacrifice of a man's best gifts and powers. There is room in it for all literature, all science and every liberal art. As has been well said: "In the law there is field for wit and for humor—for taste and for grace—for all that is splendid in the mastery of eloquence, all that can influence the human mind and penetrate and control the human heart."

Law is a progressive science. It does not, it cannot stand still. It is ever in motion; advancing,

always advancing. New conditions claim its aid, new necessities seek its protection. It never halts, and every duty, each new invention bids it expand and controls its motion. In the trial of causes the lawyer meets the world. In the examination of witnesses he must measure swords not only with his brother lawyers, but must meet those that are cleverest in medicine, science, and in all those walks of life that call for precise and special training. Human nature should be an open book to him, and in the discovery of truth he must know when to use the dexterous cut of the surgeon's knife and when to employ the ponderous blow of the blacksmith's sledge. His profession calls for such a vast and varied store of information that he must gain outside his law books that it is the vastness and not the narrowness of the field that tempts him to halt.

We can forget the stage Irishman when we remember Daniel O'Connell, Father Mathew and John Boyle O'Reilly. And we lawyers can blot from our memories the caricatures of our profession in the drama and in fiction when we call to mind our brothers who in all ages with fearless courage have resisted the oppression of rulers, have withstood the violence of excited populaces, and have nobly done their duty, whether in defending individual rights or in asserting the liberties of the whole people.

As American lawyers we glory in the memory of Samuel Adams, that in a Boston court dared to defend the soldiers of the crown; of Patrick Henry, that voiced the call of liberty; of Thomas Jefferson, that penned our chart of freedom; of

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Daniel Webster, that stood as a bulwark against the advance of a cankering oligarchy and expounded the Constitution of the nation; and of Charles Sumner, that championed the cause of the weak, the down-trodden and the enslaved, and made all the children of Columbia equal before the law. We glory in the memory of the hundreds and thousands of our brothers, who, whenever the safety or dignity of the republic was threatened, either from within or without, threw aside their codes and statutes and marched to the front to save her honor, preserve her unity and place her high above the nations of the earth, a beacon light to the oppressed of all climes and a promise of that universal liberty that one day shall come to bless the entire human family.

WILLIAM B. F. WHALL, '74.

YELLOWMANIA.

Hear the bellow, dreadful bellow,
Of the publications yellow ;
They'll change the whole creation, or they'll know
the reason why.
Their condition is now chronic,
They have aims Napoleonic,
Their voice is strictly monotone, and monochrome
their eye.

They say we're getting duller,
And decidedly off-color,
But so on our white complexion will assume a saffron hue,
For they're working like a beaver,
Bent on spreading yellow fever,
So they'll send us down to Cuba, and across to
China, too.

Have we never time for quiet,
Must sensations be our diet,
Such as murders, suicides and thefts and war and
crimes untold ?
Let us not be idiotic,
And believe them patriotic ;
The yellow journals' object is to get our yellow gold.
This distemper now is raging,
Yet I do not fear presaging
That the people's better sense will soon a remedy
apply ;
Neither guns nor swords are needed
If these warning words are heeded ;
Let them print their yellow journals—we are not
compelled to buy.

E. J. FLOOD, '89.

In Catholic Standard and Times.

PURPLE PATCHES.

(NEW SERIES.)

This article is not an article. It is merely a parcel of gleanings picked here and there from the various records connected more or less with the different societies of Holy Cross College. No one man is entirely responsible for the hodge-podge. It is the combined effort of the PURPLE Patcher and his gallant followers. They and himself could not find room in the old place, so the editor turned them into the unexplored lands of dusty manuscripts, there to browse and be satiated, and to serve unto the satiating of others. No lambs ever gambolled with greater glee over daisy-dotted meadows than my Patcher and myself went revelling through the critics' books, the secretaries' books, and the books redolent with the songs and speeches of our now venerable and elder brethren. Had the Patcher but known of these fields elysian, he would never have had the temerity to write for publication as he did. He would have plagiarized from these records, so rich are the finds he has made. There are mute commencement speeches and poems worthy of any college journal, shut up under the dust-begrimed covers of books, that long ere this could have furnished the PURPLE with many an interesting and instructive paragraph. For the nonce the Patcher will cease to be a mere Patcher. His new position is too honorable to be dragged down by such a name. He has too keen a sense of his promotion

and the responsibilities it entails. But should he have a place on the staff of the PURPLE next year, instead of original pieces he will publish odds and ends from the loving old treasures before him. The Patcher has nothing more to say by way of preface. If he could, he would express his great pleasure on being allowed to open once more for the boys of H. C. C., after the silence of years amid the hubbub of life, the musty records of a bygone day.

Think of the college boy of to-day, in these United States, staying within the halls of his Alma Mater until the end of sultry July! Yet this was the custom of the early students of Holy Cross. As witness thereof read this document:

A. M. D. G.
Exhibition
of the
College of the Holy Cross,
July 29th, 1844,
At half-past 10 o'clock A. M.

Order of Exercises.
Music on the piano.

Agawam Quickstep,	William Kennedy
Madame De Rouville's Waltz,	Charles E. Keith
The Polish Exile,	Clement Young
Ode to War,	George Henry Lloyd
Republican Institutions,	John O'Sullivan Lynch
<i>Mater Macchabæorum Filio ad Mortem Hortatrix,</i>	
	John Luke Lohr
Giraffe Waltz,	William Kennedy
Etc., etc.	

This etc., etc. is not on the programme. I insert it here merely to indicate that the above is only one-third of the order of exercises. All the old programmes have been kept wonderfully well. They make a scrap-book by themselves. On one of these orders of exercises is found the name of J. H., he is a bishop now, as the author of the poem "Fall of Babylon." The piece is an original one and was delivered July 29, 1846. I can only quote some lines from it:

"O city of the brazen gates,
What dire destruction on thee waits;
Soon thy high towers and mighty walls,
Thy idols' fanes, thy stately halls,
Shall fall before a conquering foe,
And all in dust shall then lie low."

* * * * *

"Go, tell the Hebrew youth that I demand
His skill to read the writing of this hand.
Then Daniel came and bowed before the throne,
While on his face a modest beauty shone."

Here is a subject that will be appreciated by every boy, young and old. It is a dialogue in verse between A and B. The author is Mr. S. L.

JOY OF THE STUDENT ON EXHIBITION DAY.

"A. Hail glorious sun, fair daughter of the dawn,
Whose ruby cheeks bedeck the dewy lawn!
How oft the school-boy longed to greet thy face,
Whose pleasing smiles his saddening cares erase.
Oft in his silent hours, when close confined,
Thy beauteous graces danced before his mind.

Long did thy hands the golden keys delay,
To ope the portals of this happy day.
Thrice happy day ! My bosom swells with glee,
And highly beats my heart with ecstasy."

Another poem, also a dialogue, composed by S. L. and spoken by C. L. and J. E., July 27, 1847, will find an echo in every boy's breast. I wish I could give the whole of it. "College Concerns" is the title. Here is a choice bit. Says B:

"The second scene of war succeeds,
John goes to class to show his deeds.
What word is that, the captain cries,
That *peto* there? A noun, replies
My boy, and is declined *petus*,
Peti, peto. How, sir? *Petus*,
Peti, peto. Numskull, what's that?
You studied not——"

The rest I must pass over in silence, unwilling to revive a memory that is only memory of those heroic days that moulded men of heroic character. Some day, mayhap, I will plagiarize, as the PURPLE Patcher, this whole dialogue.

I am going to change the vein. "*Majora canamus.*" Permit me to clip some lines from an "Introductory" of 1861, written by W. I. C. and spoken by S. A. C. From my quotation one can make his own comparison between then and now.

"Thrice welcome, friends, whose praise and smiles bestow
The noblest triumph studious toil can know.
Thrice welcome to the brow of this fair hill,
Where virtue reigns and science nestles still ;

PURPLE PATCHES.

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Where gentle Blackstone, with its rippling tide,
 Kisses the flowers that blush upon its side.
 Where calm reposes a Fenwick's holy dust—
 A noble heritage, a sacred trust.
 No shaft he needs, of brass or marble made.
 While stands this mount his glory ne'er shall fade :
 For Holy Cross shall consecrate the name
 Of her great founder unto endless fame."

In 1863 M. L. Doherty, who died pastor of Millbury, Aug. 28, 1886, was the valedictorian. From his exquisite little speech we cull this sweet thought. It will be re-echoed to-day with as much freshness and truth as it was uttered then :

"Here we have imbibed those pure principles of virtue and piety which will regulate our conduct in whatever state of life we may be placed, and be to us as beacons to guide us safely through life's perilous voyage. Yes, in after life our thoughts will often turn with fondest pride and gratitude to this humble spot."

As time went on the men of Holy Cross dropped verse for prose, as is evident from the book wherein the commencement exercises are preserved. It is impossible for me, more of a toastmaster now than a PURPLE Patcher, to do justice to these eloquent addresses by mere chance citations. Besides, my space is growing short and my time shorter still, so I hurry on to speak of things patriotic. The members of the B. J. F. used to celebrate the Fourth of July with grand ceremony. I know this from the invitations sent to eminent men to attend. I can give but one specimen. It dates back nearly fifty years.

HOLY CROSS, June 30, 1850.

TO REV. MR. J. BOYCE.

Rev. Sir: The honor of your company is requested by the B. J. F. Society to attend the celebration of the Fourth of July, at half-past ten o'clock.

Yours respectfully,

STEPHEN CROMWELL,
JOSEPH P. CALLANAN,
IGNATIUS LANGLEY,
PETER MCGUIRE,
JAMES CREEN,

Committee of Arrangements.

The writer looked in vain for some remnants of the oratory of these celebrations. Perhaps it was too hot to keep them, or they were too hot to be preserved. Not so, however, with the celebration of Washington's birthday. It was a sacred thing to read "Washington's Farewell Address" and to make appropriate remarks thereon. Often, also, the members of the B. J. F. invited prominent men to deliver addresses before them. Among these was Mr. Henry Giles of the Boston Lowell Institute. Perhaps Mr. Jno. P. Donworth, '65, whose name figures frequently in the recording secretary's book, could entertain the readers of the PURPLE with some good stories of those days.

For what follows the writer quotes a regulation from the book of the amanuensis of the B. J. F. Society: "Be it enacted that all compositions, speeches and public pieces written or spoken by any member of the B. J. F. Society shall, if worthy, be transcribed." Poor amanuensis! His

PURPLE PATCHES.

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task must have been a terrific one—too terrific to be continuous or to last long. No doubt the regulation died for want of a man strong enough to endure the labor. It went into effect in 1859–60 and into the grave in 1864. No prose works are extant, not even fragments. Of poetic works there are some whole transcriptions and some fragments. A vandal's hand was evidently the destroying angel for a few fugitive pieces. Maybe D. M.—he is still alive—could restore from memory the rest of the song ending with this surviving mysterious fragment:

“And so I 'scaped. Not so with more,
Who lost in the ‘dense fog’
Their money and translations dear,
But one a ‘catalogue.’”

I quote once more from a poem by J. P. D. His subject could have been more elevating, but certainly not more inspiring, judging from the length of the work.

TO MY T. D.

“All hail, T. D., my darling,
My bosom yearns to thee;
No form than thine is lovelier,
My beautiful T. D.
The brightest gems of fancy
Would pale upon thy brow,
Where pleasure's soul is dwelling
In incandescent glow.
Thou art sweeter to the senses
Than morning's dewy rose,
That blooms by purling rivulets,
Inviting to repose.”

There is much more of this, and the Patcher claims copyright on it for next year. He loves a pipe himself. Here these clippings must end. And I sigh as I dry my pen, for there are many more interesting things entombed in the old records. They are awaiting resurrection under the kindly touch of some future biographer's hand. The Patcher will gladly welcome him at any time at "The Sign of the PURPLE Patch," where he hopes soon to be at home again.

THE PURPLE PATCHER.



REV. J. J. HOWARD, '87.

JOHN B. RATIGAN, '79.

REV. T. J. HANSELMAN, '90.

A RECENT CYCLE.

THE COLLEGE MAN AND LIFE'S PROBLEMS.

The following article is the substance of a lecture delivered by the Right Reverend Rector of the Catholic University before the faculty and student body. It was taken down by the stenographer of the PURPLE staff. We are sure the "old boys" and the readers of the PURPLE will appreciate it as heartily as did the students.—*Editor.*

The question of education is a very prominent one in our college life. The question of college education is becoming a very important factor in professional and public life. There are those who believe that the time has come when professional and public life demands a college education, and the public or professional man must have a college education. We have our place to fill, each one of us, and in the Catholic colleges there is an ever increasing demand for the best work. For it is certain, to those of us at least who are a little higher on the watch tower, and who realize, therefore, the demands made on men, that the day has come when the Catholic college man must, more than ever before, give an account of himself in this great life we are entering. We are better equipped for life, because we start off with great certainty of the knowledge that comes from religion. We know where we are and whither we are tending; we are not so likely to be led astray. We are not so subject to the whims and caprices of men, and with the firm

footing that comes from faith, we are better prepared to enter professional and public life.

Again, we have advantages because our college course is governed and guided by men whose lives have been devoted to the education of youth, not merely on religious lines, but secular lines as well; not by men who are simply filling out a certain length of time, but whose lives are consecrated to teach Catholic youth. So that Catholic students in a Catholic college have tremendous advantages in philosophy, in rhetoric, in everything that goes to make up the education of a man. Hence our point ought to be to fit ourselves thoroughly in all lines. We may go out from college not fully educated, but fully prepared to take advantage of every opportunity offered us.

The man who supposes that when he has received his diploma on commencement day he is fully educated is very foolish. College places in our hands tools with which we may chisel out education from the great huge block of the world before us. We are all the time subject to educational influences that are polishing and developing our lives. The man who thinks that every day is not a school day does not realize what education is. Education is a fitting for life, and its end does not come until we have crossed the Rubicon which separates life from eternity. That which does not fit us for the life beyond is not education; it is only broken fragments of education, not having the ensemble of that great educational power God destined us to possess.

As Catholic students we have tremendous ad-

vantages. We have a certainty of what life is; we know very well that fitting to the end is one of the great objects of education. Catholic students with their faith and with the training of a well organized college, with the learning and ability of a body of consecrated teachers, ought to be able to face the world and make the best battle of all men. It is for every one of us in some one form or other to add our power to the solution of each one of the problems now before the world. It is our duty to help work out the problems of life. Problems of religion we do not need to work out. We have but to cling to our own, and be convinced that it is the great element of life. The student who is not faithful to his religion belies the education he has received. We should be intelligent men of faith; we should be practical men of faith; we should be the men to stand by the church everywhere and always. The Catholic college man who drifts away from his religious views, who, as the saying goes, is a hickory Catholic, that man does not stand for the education he has received.

Again, as citizens of this republic, how many questions come before us for solution? There is the social problem, the economical problem. These are solved by religion, and the morality of the Ten Commandments is the morality of them all. Christ is the great guiding star of all in this life, and as we go into life to meet the problems of the world, see how they crowd upon us. Poverty, pauperism, the many phases of social evil that seem to rise up all over the country to threaten us. How shall they be met? The

man who stops you on the street and asks you for a pittance shows a phase of the social question. The solution is not in almsgiving. Beyond that is the question what brought about that pauperism, that social discontent, whose result is the overturning of governments, and how can it be remedied? We know how intemperance presses itself upon us. We meet it every day as we go out into the world, whether it be in public or private life. How shall we rid ourselves of it? By law? By prohibition? These are questions to be settled.

We have each and every one of us a duty to our government. The ballot placed in the hands of the citizen is the greatest power that politics can give to a man. By that ballot we make and unmake governments, and it becomes each individual to see to it that his duty is performed. The man who governs us is not a czar; he is the servant of the people. An office is a public trust, and must be accounted for. Here is a problem for us. In this great country of ours that has passed from a hundred thousand to seventy-two millions of people, we as Americans, as Catholics, as college men, come face to face with the problems of political life, the problem of government, self-government. What do we find? Corruption in high places, the destruction of the ballot, the purchase of position by money. We find men in high positions because of the weight of their money-bags. We know, and we cannot shut our eyes to the fact, that political corruption is around and about us in some form or other. The government is made a huge machine for the political

ambition of some men, and the people are merely tools. What must we do?

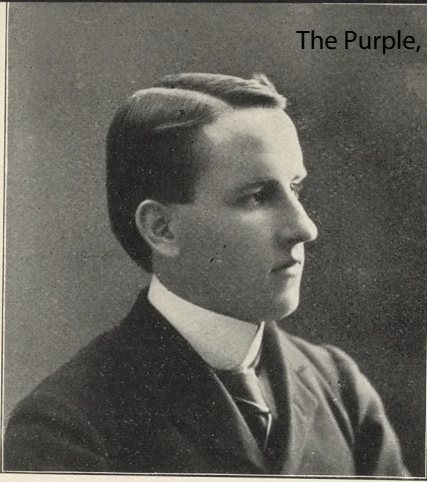
We of all men believe in honesty, because it is not only a natural virtue, but it is a supernatural obligation. We of all men should be honest in everything, honest in our dealings with our fellow men in political and social matters. The honest man is needed to-day just as much as of old, but the honest man is not found on every street, nor in every political office.

The difficulty with us is that we go out and enter the current, and for a while stand against it, then little by little we think it is not worth while, and we yield. Why? We think we will not succeed; we are afraid of success. Men will say, you cannot do this or that without following those methods. But a man with our education ought to say in reply: If I cannot do it by the right way I do not want it; honesty is the best policy. The Ten Commandments form the scale of morality, whether you go to the palace, or to the mayor of the city or to the street-sweeper. The same laws of God are placed before all of them in all places and at all times. Honesty in public office just as well as in private trust. It is just as bad to cheat the nation, the country, or the state, as it is to cheat a fellow man.

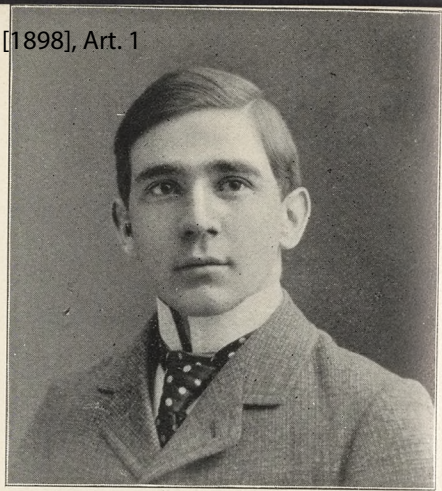
Religion may seemingly sometimes handicap us. A man may say, such men have an advantage over me; they are dishonest and I cannot be dishonest. After all, wealth is not the end of life. It is a very pleasant thing to have, but at the same time it is not the necessary of life. We may rest assured that the man who is honest, who

does his duty faithfully, is the man who will succeed in the long run. Religion is no handicap in the race of life. On the contrary, it gives us a feeling that we can enter life. We must never for an instant let any man make us think our Catholic instruction will be a hindrance to us in after life. The man who is honest, who cannot be swerved from his duty by any influence, that man will be respected. He will win, because he stands by his colors.

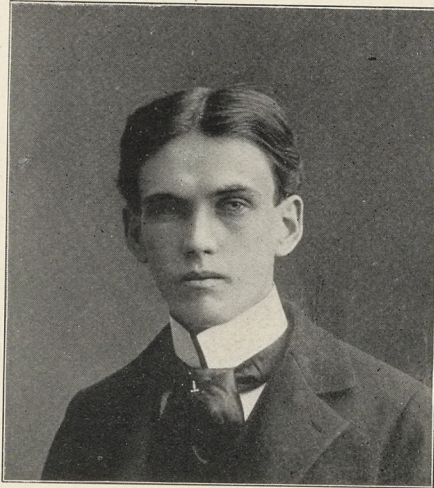
It is sacrifice that tells what a man really is. Lip service is nothing. It is heart service that men want. We as Catholic, educated men take our places in the ranks of political life to stand for our rights everywhere, and to be prepared to give our dues and to claim our rights; to be staunch and loyal citizens of the best republic under the sun, because we are staunch and loyal Catholics.



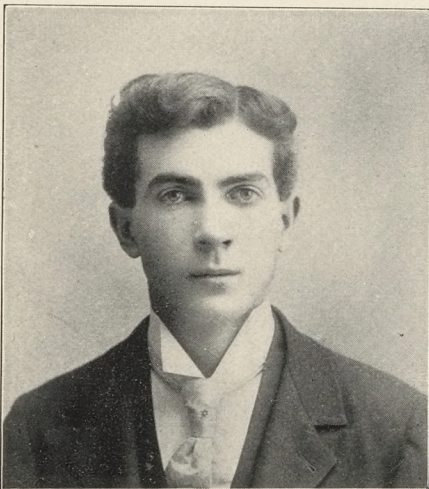
GEORGE E. O'TOOLE, '98.



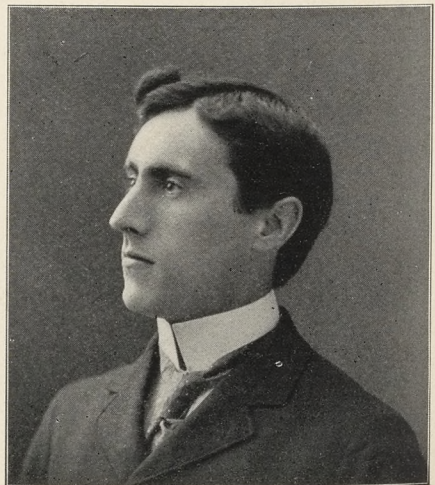
WILLIAM H. BARRY, '98.
WINNER OF MEDAL.



WILLIAM A. BUCK, '98, CHAIRMAN.



CHARLES A. ROLFE, '99.



ARTHUR F. WALSH, '98.

TO KEATS.

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TO KEATS.

“Here lies one whose name was writ in water.”

The tears of morning fall in grief,
Here twilight's beauty dies ;
Upon the grave sweet violets sleep
Where Nature's painter lies.

A lonely, yet a sacred spot,
That time dares not efface ;
A name that ne'er can be forgot,
'Tis lasting as the place.

Keats slumbers in this hallowed ground,
While o'er him wild flowers creep ;
The willows sigh, the only sound
That breaks upon his sleep.

Behold ! O Rome, this honored grave
To you entrusted is ;
From ages' tint this relic save,
'Tis Poetry's, and 'tis his.

Sleep on in Nature's bosom rest,
Her mantle covers thee ;
Awake, with legions of the blest
Great soul of Poetry.

P. T. O'REILLY, '96.

EARLY DRAMATIC CLUBS.

It is true that the Dramatic Society of Holy Cross College, as it exists to-day, is something of a new organization. Only, however, in accidentals, not in essentials. For there was never a time, one may say, when a dramatic society did not exist in the college, though under various names. These names carry us back to 1849. At one time the devotees of the art histrionic called themselves by the elegant, rotund and periodic title of "The Smithsonian Ethiopian Minstrel Club"; at another the society was known as the "Pakachoag Dramatic Company and Dramatic Corps." After a while "company" was changed to "club." To-day it is "society"—the Dramatic Society. Such was the evolution of a name—and from its brief story we learn that the drama was never neglected at Holy Cross. A few, a very few names of the earliest members of the ancient and honorable corps are still familiar to the boys of to-day. Mr. Daniel Boone, a famous actor in '49, '50 and '51, is a highly esteemed merchant of Baltimore, Md. John Power, the careful and energetic Property Man, is to-day the venerable and well-beloved Vicar-General of the diocese of Springfield. Ed. D. Boone, as his name reads on the roll of '49-'50, was not so long ago the honored president of Holy Cross College, and is to-day still engaged in the active work of his sacred calling. The other members of this period were George Brooke, Joseph Callanan, Stephen Cromwell,



CAST OF "THE CELEBRATED CASE."

James Creene (we use the spelling of the records), Michael Dougherty, Wm. Edwards, Arthur Jourdan, Thomas F. Kelly, Ignatius Langley, Geo. H. Lloyd, John Mulligan, John McElwell, who afterwards during the Civil War acted so well his part as commodore in our navy; Henry C. Simms, James F. Sullivan, Joseph C. Costello, Dominick Maguire, Ludger Sestrapes. The officers at this time were: President, Joseph O'Callaghan, S. J.; Vice-President, John Mulligan; 2d Vice-President, James Sullivan; Secretary, Geo. H. Lloyd; Treasurer, Joseph P. Callanan; Censor, Dan. Boone; Stage Manager, Thomas Kelly; Prompter, William Devlin; Property Man, John Power. There may have been a board preceding this one, but the writer could not find traces of any.

I cannot give all the "by-laws." They certainly would furnish interesting and, I may say without offense, amusing reading. A few of these antique relics will suffice to show the rigor of the zeal that burned in the breasts of H. C. C.'s earliest Thespians. No man could shirk his part in those days: Art. 3 was upon him if he did. "Any member who shall refuse to take a part deemed most proper for him by the stage manager, without a reason considered sufficient by the society, shall be expelled." A heavy penalty, indeed, for one who was anxious to be a Brutus or a Cato, and had to be contented with the part of a mute, inglorious soldier or train-bearer. The members, too, had to contribute physically to the general well-being of the club. "The stage manager," says Art. 3, "shall be empowered to call on such members as he thinks fit to assist in regulating

the stage, scenes, etc." Rehearsals were peremptory things, and, no doubt, incidentally a source of revenue—if Art. 11 was enforced: "Fifty cents shall be exacted of any member who fails to be present at rehearsals without a serious excuse." With such rules as these it must have been difficult for the members to deteriorate from the lofty ideals of the Smithsonian Ethiopian Minstrel Club or the Pakachoag Dramatic Corps.

As for the property man, he had a rule all to himself: "The duty of the property man shall be to take special charge of all costumes and scenery belonging to the club." Worth would, perhaps, take no great delight in the list of properties of one of the oldest organizations of Holy Cross, yet to an old boy these items may not be without interest. We copy from the list of 1849: "Street flat, no wings; cottage to stand on stage; palace flat; garden flat; six wings, to match palace flat; three blue flies; a palace scene, in shape of a drop." Notice how minutely the details are given. "Two pairs of red slippers; ditto green; one golden crown; one ball of white chalk; one paper of cheek powder; two red, white and blue side curtains." Hurrah! Pepys himself could not be more particular than this, and no American more patriotic. But let me drop the curtain on the property man and transfer the reader to another scene, the manner of procedure in holding meetings. The minutes of Feb. 28, 1850, will furnish as good a specimen as any:

THURSDAY EVENING, Feb. 28, 1850.

The society was called to order at the usual time by the vice-president. The roll was called,

EARLY DRAMATIC CLUBS.

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and the minutes of the last meeting read and accepted. The declaimers (there were two) then delivered their declamations, and the criticisms on them followed. The reading was next heard, and the criticisms on the reader. A motion was then made and after some discussion carried, that rehearsals of the "Tragedy of Cato" should be held on Thursdays and Sundays at 12.30 o'clock. The time for holding the meeting being now expired, it was on motion adjourned. Declaimers for next time are Messrs. John Mulligan and John McElwell. Reader, Mr. John Power. Critics, Messrs. Jos. Callanan and Stephen Crownwell.

GEO. L. BROOKE, Sec. P. D. Club.

The cast for "Cato" has fortunately escaped the ravages of time. Here it is: Cato, Mr. John Power; Lucius, Geo. Brooke; Sempronius, John Mulligan; Juba, James Creen; Syphox, Daniel Boone; Portius, Stephen Crownwell; Marcus, George Lloyd; Decius, Joseph Callanan; First Leader, Ignatius Langley; Varius, Arthur Jourdan; Caius, Henry C. Simms; Messrs. Michael Dougherty, William Edwards, John McElwell, James F. Sullivan were mutineers and guards, etc.

I have quoted this portion of the record to show that the boys of the pioneer days were ambitious, and did not hesitate to undertake serious and classical representations. Shakespeare was often drawn upon, as we find remarks made in the minutes about costumes, etc., for Hamlet, Brutus and Julius Cæsar.

The method of selecting the persons to take the various characters was so different from that followed to-day that it is worth while quoting

once again from the minutes of a meeting held Nov. 16, 1856:

The object of the meeting was to ballot for a farce. After some debate as to which of two plays should be adopted, it was moved and seconded that the one named "Toodles" should be accepted. The motion was carried unanimously. It was then moved that the club ballot for the first character in this comedy. Mr. Jno. B. Mulloy was chosen. Mr. Shekell then moved that the character of "George Acorn," which, he said, partook a little of the tragic, should be likewise balloted for. Mr. Jno. B. Gardiner was chosen. The same gentleman (not Mr. Acorn, but Mr. Shekell) also moved that every gentleman not knowing his part at the rehearsal, should be fined 12½c. Carried unanimously. This last effort brought the meeting to a close.

The thread of this paper has been taken up, so we are told, by one who himself appeared on the scenes in the sixties. We will leave to him what follows, and quietly, though somewhat unwillingly, ring down the curtain on this all too short and too disconnected account of the forerunners of the Dramatic Society of to-day.

W. Q. C.



CAST OF THE "UPSTART."
Played in the Worcester Theatre April 18, 1898.

"THE DRAMATIC" OF THE SIXTIES.

"*Ego auditor tantum? Nunquamne reponam?*
Well, I guess not. Having been a reader of the PURPLE for years, I watch for it as anxiously as did the boys of a generation ago for "Charter Day." Having found so much solid comfort and delight in conning its fresh pages of scintillating oratory, and bright coruscations of wit and humor, the flashes of eloquence that show up so well, and prove without a doubt that the think-boxes of the students of Holy Cross are reservoirs of gray matter, that can grasp the full conception of any subject that might be suggested, can you blame me?

What can I, then, in return give you that may be interesting? The first thing that suggests itself is the "Dramatic" of ye olden time. Well, then, here goes for a few minutes on that subject.

The first recollection of anything in the line of theatricals was during my first year at the college. "Richelieu" was the *pièce de resistance*, and then "The Omnibus" as a farce. From an older brother, who was always consulted and considered an authority by the students of those days, I had learned of the "Bishop and Rogers" minstrels prior to this.

The preparations for the play and the rehearsals took place in the old study, then known as Fenwick hall. Although not a member myself of the Dramatic, I had what to-day might be called a "dead-head" ticket. In order to witness what

took place at rehearsal, I would, after free studies, which I sometimes attended, *nolens volens*, drop down between the desks, close to the wall, and there drink in my first lessons of the stage. Great would be the envy of the other students, not so fortunate, when I would recite the wonders I had seen. Singular to relate, I never was discovered, else I might have been a candidate for "Jug," a place for which I had a holy horror, judged mostly from an alien standpoint, as many of my bosom friends and chums were residents for a time within its unholy and uncharitable walls. But to return. Dramatic Day came at last, and as I look back and see the thronged halls and crowded corridors—for the spectators came from Worcester, Boston, Providence, Springfield, and places even farther away—I must say they were well repaid for their journey, as the representation was a grand one. Among the members who took part, and whose names I now recall, were James E. O'Brien, Mike and Charley Burke, John Donworth, Charley and Bill Rogers, Tom Wallace, Pete McKenna, Jerry Millerick, Tom Delaney, and others that now escape my memory. Although I have seen nearly all the stars on the American stage, during the last thirty years, yet I would not give my happy recollection of those happy days at Holy Cross for all of them, many times over.

The first attempt at dramatics with which I can claim any connection was during the Easter holidays, I think, in "'66." To relieve the monotony, our prefect of studies—now Rev. William Scanlon—hustled us through "Handy Andy." The

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representation pleased the boys, and we were satisfied. My next appearance, outside of what might be styled at the present a pink tea, but in those days known as a soiree, was in "Macbeth." The principals in the cast were McCormick, Fleming, Thomas Beaven, John Michaud, Clinton Murphy, McCaffrey, Sullivan, Healy, McGrath, Galligan, your scribe, and others, for I am writing now from memory alone. Most of these are still with us, but some have crossed the deep, dark river, and may God bless them all. No play of the present day could fill my soul with delight as did "Macbeth." The applause from the audience was generous, and continued until the curtain went down on the last act.

At several minor affairs the chronicler of these notes was called on to help out the weary hours by sacrificing his "*otium cum dig.*" At one time I was on the programme to give an account of how and why Father Kelly's dog turned blue, and to translate in connection therewith "*Ceruleum advertit puppim.*" At another time, "The Dramatic," which was an offshoot or auxiliary of the B. J. F. Society, gave a fine burnt-cork performance, at which yours truly was billed as the colored Demosthenes of the 19th century. What pain I might have inflicted on the students, and what bright gems of rhetoric or chunks of philosophy future ages might have missed, no one will ever know, for the Demosthenes aforesaid received an invitation to see his little brother, Bill, join the church, and the invitation was accepted with thanks.

You might say I am threshing old straw; perhaps I am, but I love to think of college days and

recount the happenings. You might ask if I think such things were profitable to the minds of the students. To bring out the abilities and strength in the character of a student the play's the thing, "for the whole world's a stage." To conclude, I may add that, so far as I can learn, the students who generally were the best in dramatic talent were those who afterwards were best able to make a good showing on life's stage. All honor, then, to "the Dramatic" of Holy Cross; may her laurels never fade, and may the representatives of the sock and buskin of to-day do as well, if not better, on life's stage as did the students of the sixties.

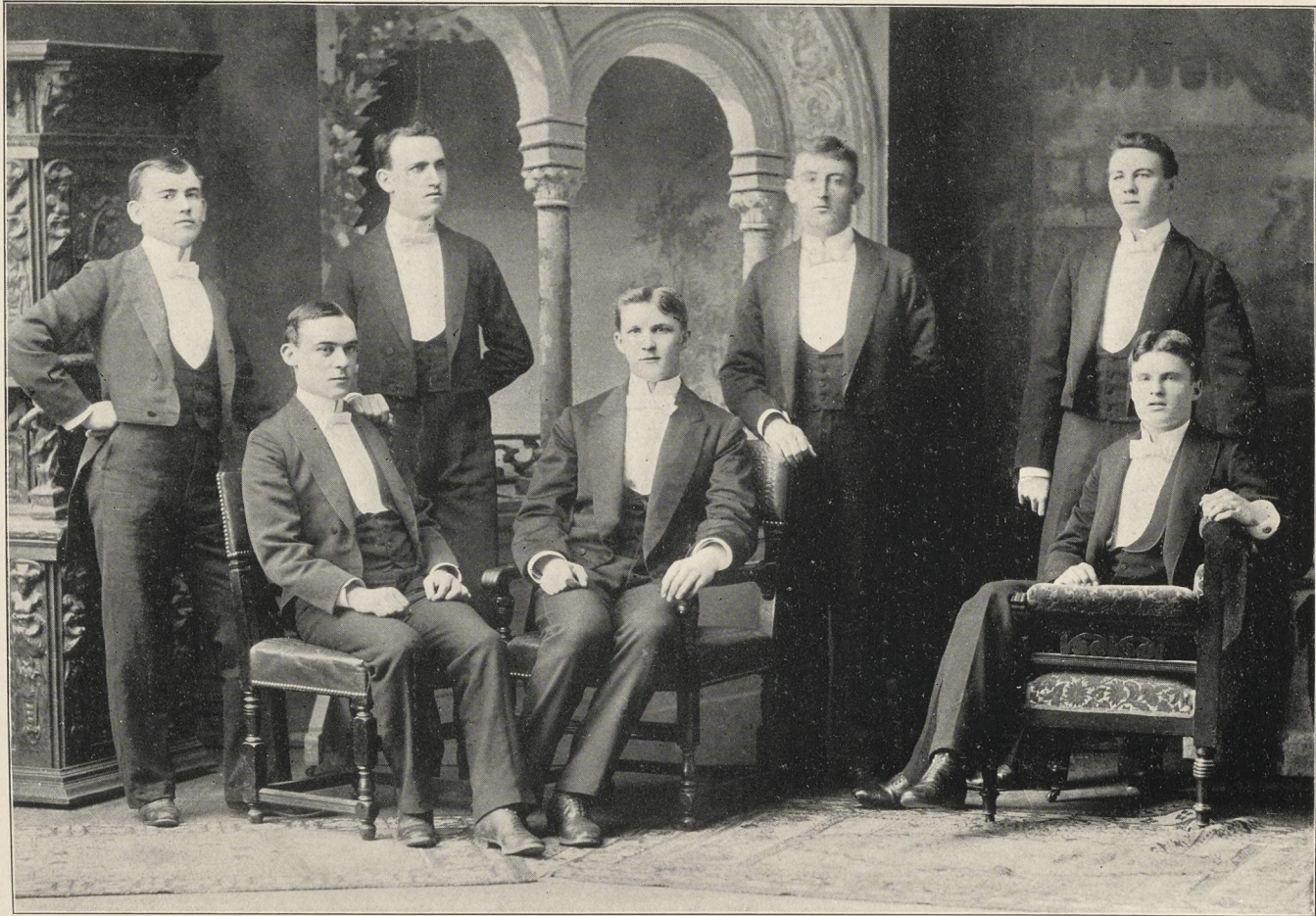
FRANK ROGERS, M. D., '70.

TO T. J. S.

The prize of all thy striving,—who shall say,
 But angel tongue, the grandeur of the prize,
 The heart's rejoicing, known beyond the skies,
 A second birth, the chosen few can pray ?
 And who that ken thy striving day to day,
 Thy trust, in willing soul and searching eyes,
 Now speed thee where thy land of promise lies,—
 A Godspeed heartily fore'er and aye !

A priest—ah, know, the lowest dregs of hell,
 For Judas-acting, shall the traitor reap.
 But thou shalt have, in bringing home the sheep,
 The Brother-hand of Christ to guide thee well,
 And bless thee, holocaust at duty's shrine,
 With patient love for cross and crown of thine.

MICHAEL EARLS, '96.



OFFICERS OF DRAMATIC SOCIETY, '90-'91.

THE ACTOR AND THE ORATOR.

What thoughts innumerable are elicited by the pages of "THE PURPLE!" What echoes in the heart are stirred; and how the mind glides along memory's stream to bring back the happy recollections of the past! Those familiar scenes, first engraved upon the mind, are all changed now. Alma Mater has added new jewels to her crown of glory, but the forms in the mind of what things once were, and the image of her in her simplicity still remain there perfect. We love her best as we knew her, while we honor and glory in her progress. Who can blame students of former days who regard themselves as factors in her advancement? They have moulded the past, the perfect understanding of which forms the present and future. You of the present may prepare to travel on into the future laden with the experience of those before you, and, profiting by their experience, you may mould the actions of those coming after you.

A reflection of such a nature is exemplified in the various societies. The son inherits from the father certain peculiarities of character; thus these organizations transmit to each succeeding body of students the experience derived from their predecessors, experience made wise by the observance of principles in their beginnings, development and effect. As a result, organizations of to-day stand upon a firmer basis and are more perfect than at

any time in their previous history. The dramatic society may serve as an instance. Its present organization dates back but a few years. At that time it was insignificant in the eyes of all except those who composed it. It was beset with petty cares, the minute anxieties and the infinite "littles" which go to make up the sum total of human troubles. Experiment though it was, no society proved more pleasant, none more profitable. It was composed of cultivated and thoughtful men, who keenly felt and appreciated the benefit derived from a director who was unable to praise merit too highly or criticise faults too severely. They knew full well that the brightest sparks of wit and wisdom are more often elicited by mutual aid and criticism than by months of solitary cogitation or isolated study, calling, as they did, into exercise highest aspirations, which eminently favored all generous culture.

No histrionic ambition was theirs; every effort was directed toward one end, namely, public speaking. What splendid advantages were open to them one may readily see. Suppose a man to have the faculty of abstraction of the mind in the din and tumult of a public assembly, a quickness of thought, a boundless self-confidence, tact in seizing upon the most available points, and a certain intellectual self-esteem which is in no wise offended by slip or blunder; place such an individual in a society whose aim is the study and production of the drama; suppose by his training he acquires the graces there taught; suppose he cultivates the power to rouse the dauntless spirit, and prove by the beaming eye and graceful

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bearing the correspondence of inner emotion with outward expression,—the result would be an orator.

The actor and orator have an object in common. They seek the same end by the same means. Both endeavor to arouse noble emotions, emotions that elevate and chasten; but, while the actor has no claim to fix the emotion in will and conduct, the orator endeavors to influence the belief and move the will to action. The orator, by the same art employed by the actor, seeks to leave the hearer in a contemplative mood, as if he had listened to the delicate strains of music, inspiring him with all the emotions incident to humanity, and with an agitation aroused in a moment by the attraction of all that is good, and the repugnance of all that is bad. An actor is taught to feel behind his acting; so, too, the orator behind his speaking. An impassionate outburst of fury from an orator does not appeal to us unless we see in that outburst a crushed, wronged and exasperated spirit, raging against an injustice, real or imaginary. One may as easily imagine a brave act performed without a brave nature behind it as to suppose men could be touched by such an outburst of a wronged spirit without the dramatic ability to depict it.

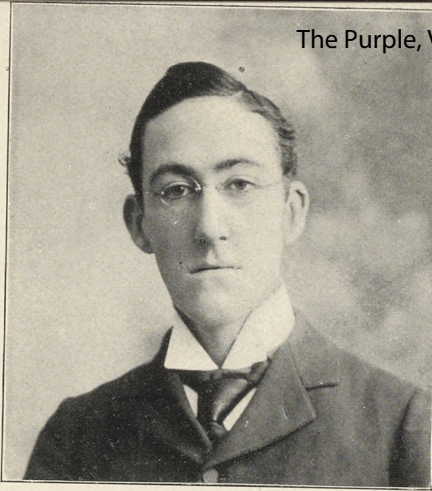
Not that dramatic training is essential to the orator. Weapons do not make a courageous warrior more courageous, but they render him more powerful. So, too, oratory is made more effective by the intellectual study of the art which expresses by speech and action the energetic, simple and grand passions of the soul, and by acquiring

the sympathetic spirit sought after, his eloquence renders the natures of others capable of appreciating those passions.

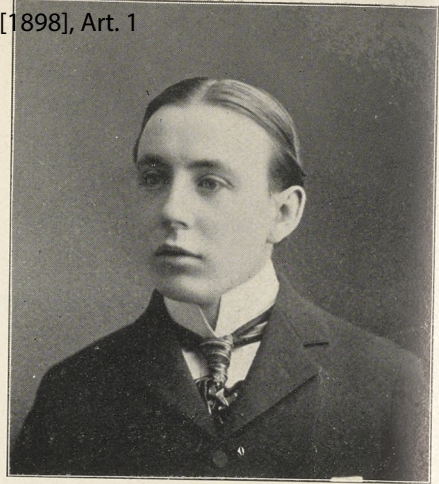
In these days, when the thoughts of men are directed toward mighty issues, there is a general impulse towards noble, patriotic and honorable sentiment. People scarcely realize what a field there is for the public speaker. To be successful as such he must have the power to start laughter or tears, not for their own sake, but because by them the hearer is made sensitive to appeal. One of the best means to accomplish this end is through the careful training such as a dramatic society offers.

Every actor is not an orator, but every orator must in some degree be an actor. Perfection in both is imaginary, not real. Perfect orators are not of our day, but the contemplation of such serves as a healthy stimulus to self-improvement. The fact that one writes poetry does not constitute him a poet. Likewise all public speakers are not orators. Let those of us who are not endowed with this gift console ourselves. Many a man of profound erudition and culture, whom posterity looks up to in awe and admiration, was dumb before an assembly. Let us remember, while speech is silver, silence is gold.

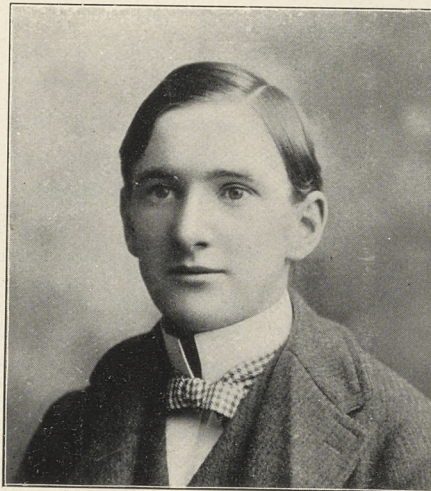
EDWARD J. MAHONEY, M. D., '92.



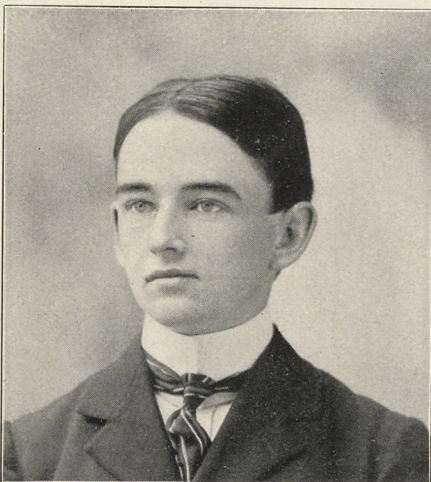
MICHAEL T. CARRIGAN, '01.
WINNER OF MEDAL.



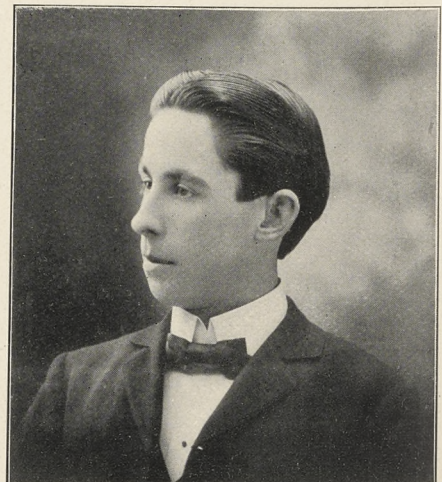
JOHN J. MULLALY, '00.



JOHN J. MCCARTHY, '00, CHAIRMAN.



JOSEPH E. MULHERN, '00.



COLIN F. SHEA, '00.

THE PHILOMATHIC.

The Philomathic Debating Society is twenty years, three months and two days old. Its original founders, though not tottering under the weight of years, are, nevertheless, taking on a tint of "the sere and yellow leaf." All founders of great institutions are remembered by their successors with peculiar esteem and gratitude. With gratitude, therefore, and esteem, we here record the names and good work of Thomas F. Butler, Thomas H. McDermott, John J. McCoy, John B. Fitzpatrick, F. P. Scully, Michael J. Carroll, W. F. Jennings and J. R. Murphy, first officers of the society, and of Thomas L. Flanagan, James M. Collity, P. J. Markley, John Lehy, Denis F. O'Connor, Michael J. Harty and Edmund D. Casey, first members of the society. May success and the consciousness of a good deed done attend these wherever they are, and whatever their walks in life. It would be a long task to recount the early struggles and the notable events in the history of the society. They are all set down for posterity in the book of the recording secretary. There they may be read in every variety of penmanship. It may be interesting to note that the first question debated was: "Is the farmer or the mechanic the more useful member of society?" In this debate, Charles Reagan distinguished himself, as also did the vice-president, Thomas Butler, who, "without preparation, made a splendid speech in

favor of farmers." At this meeting, also, J. R. Murphy rose for the first time, though, as it would seem from the records, not for the last time. John J. McCoy must have been a tower of strength to the society in its infancy and early years, as his name occurs for active service on many a page. All honor, too, to Thos. McDermott, first recording secretary, whose full and pleasant reports may be easily read without knowledge of a cipher code. The sources of revenue were many and ingenious in the early days, as witness the following law: On addressing the chair, the members shall assume a graceful and becoming attitude under the penalty of a fine of ten (10) cents. The great wisdom of this article is that it suggests a rich means of revenue, and at the same time promotes the charming habit of gracefulness. Gracefulness is emphasized in many ways in the rules: for instance, those failing to speak for five minutes are subject to a fine of five (5) cents, whereas any offense against gracefulness incurs a fine of ten (10) cents. All of which leads us to conclude that the fathers of the society are now ripening into graceful and gracious old age. Public debates by the Philomathic are of recent date; formerly, patriotic celebrations, mock trials, and the like, seem to have been in favor. There is a record of a mock trial in October of '77, which contains many notable names: Clerk of Court, J. McDonough, now a real judge; culprit, D. Rogers, who, we are sure, never figured as culprit in a real trial,—D. Rogers, best natured boy in his time, who could stop any ball by a peculiar, quick depression of his knees, these and many other amiable accomplishments

had D. Rogers; lawyers for the defense, T. Kelley and J. Winn; witnesses for defense, J. McAvoy and J. Clifford; coroner and doctor, J. Madden, known as "Commodore." (This name was not found in the records.) J. McAvoy was not present at the meeting in which he was given the role of first witness, wherefore he was fined five (5) cents. The prompt payment of this fine was considered of sufficient importance to find a place in the secretary's report. And so the old books go on recording names and dates and notable events, now giving evidence of great enthusiasm, now of waning interest, just as in the history of individual men and all things human. As the limit of our space is within sight, we would say of the Philomathic Society, as of all good things, may it last: *Esto perpetua.*

TWO OLD MEMBERS.

LEAGUE OF THE SACRED HEART.

Ten years ago the League of the Sacred Heart of Jesus was solemnly established among the students of Holy Cross College. The devotion to the heart of our Blessed Lord had always been cultivated in a quiet way in the college, but the time had now arrived for a more public and perfect manifestation of fervor and zeal in the promotion of this great work. In the beginning a few of the more pious students were appointed promoters, each of whom formed bands of fifteen members from among those who were willing to foster as much as possible the pious undertaking. For a year or more the Monthly Calendar of the Saints and General Intention sheets were hung in a public place. A large painting of the Sacred Heart was secured and hung on the wall at the entrance to the students' chapel. Under this picture was placed a small marble slab, upon which a lamp was kept burning. From time to time flowers, the offerings of the students, decorated the little shrine. The morning offering was added to the usual morning prayers, and the boys said it with a fervor that provoked edification as well as admiration. In the evening of the first Fridays benediction of the blessed sacrament was given and the act of reparation recited. In order to encourage the students to greater zeal, it was thought proper to introduce into this service the now established custom of a short exhortation



SHRINE OF THE SACRED HEART.

LEAGUE OF THE SACRED HEART. 425

by the director. About this time the shrine was regularly decorated on the first Friday of each month with flowers, the generous gifts of the students by classes, who vied with each other in obtaining the best that money could buy. The celebration of the golden jubilee of the college in November, 1893, suggested to the then resident students the idea of perpetuating the remembrance of the event by some action that would remain as a token of their loyalty to Alma Mater. The project finally took shape in a resolution to erect a splendid shrine in honor of the Sacred Heart of Jesus. Generous sums of money were contributed, and the shrine which now adorns the entrance leading to the students' chapel was erected. It stands close to the chapel doors, in an alcove built in the wall, four feet deep, and beautifully ornamented with figures of chrysanthemums and roses, encircled by gold filigree. The shrine is of quartered oak, with antique finish and highly hand-carved. The ceiling is panelled and is set off with dentals and a solid foot of cornice work. The front is of highly polished panel work, and the motto of the League of the Sacred Heart, "*Adveniat Regnum Tuum*," surmounts the whole, being placed in the upper centre, in letters of crimson and gold. The base of the shrine is set off by columns surmounted by Corinthian capitals. The floor is made of woods of various designs. The throne on which the statue rests is of egg moulding, with dental and foliage work in relief; the canopy top over it is carved in heavy leaf and bead mouldings. There are two panels on the sides, ornamented

with running vines in relief. The platform, which is the base of the whole structure, is made of finished quartered oak, and leading from the floor to the shrine are two steps made of inlaid wood set in mosaic formed of five different woods—black walnut, sycamore, maple, cherry and oak. The casing is embellished in grill work of Moorish pattern. An arch of grill spans the centre. The statue of Carrara marble, four feet high, is a work of art. Beautiful and costly vases have frequently been given to the shrine by the students and their friends. To the credit of the boys be it said that nothing is ever asked of them in vain for the shrine. A few years ago some few of the pupils began to make the nine first Fridays—now almost every student in the college approaches the holy table on the first Friday of every month. Within the last two years the daily communion of reparation has become the custom. The promoters encourage the members of their bands to go in turn. It not infrequently happens that three or four boys will receive holy communion on the same morning. All praise and gratitude be ever given to the Sacred Heart of Jesus, who has so bountifully blessed our house.



SODALITY ALTAR.



B. V. M. SODALITY.

No Catholic college could be considered such that did not in some special way do honor to the Blessed Mother of God. A Catholic boy who would slight her would slight his own mother. Holy Cross, distinctly Catholic as it is, has ever held dear the pious practice of doing homage to our Lady. No account of the various societies of the college would be complete without a few words on the organization of the Sodality of the Blessed Virgin Mary. It was instituted on Dec. 8, 1844, the very first year of the college, under the title of the Immaculate Conception, and under the patronage of St. Aloysius. On April 10, 1846, the sodality was united to the Roman Sodality. This pious society has been carefully nurtured ever since. From the first meeting, on the first Sunday in the first year of the existence of the college, the students have never lagged in their ardor to prove themselves worthy children of the spotless Queen, and her good knights in after life. For the sodality, made up as it is of the best, the manliest, the most faithful students, has ever proved a source of good, of strength and of consolation. Here the students learned well the lesson that has been an unfailing support unto them under any and all difficulties, that no one ever had recourse to this most merciful mother without being heard.

It is needless to say the sodality to-day is more vigorous than at any time before, and, as it has

increased in numbers, may we not hope that it has increased as well in the fervor and the piety of its members.

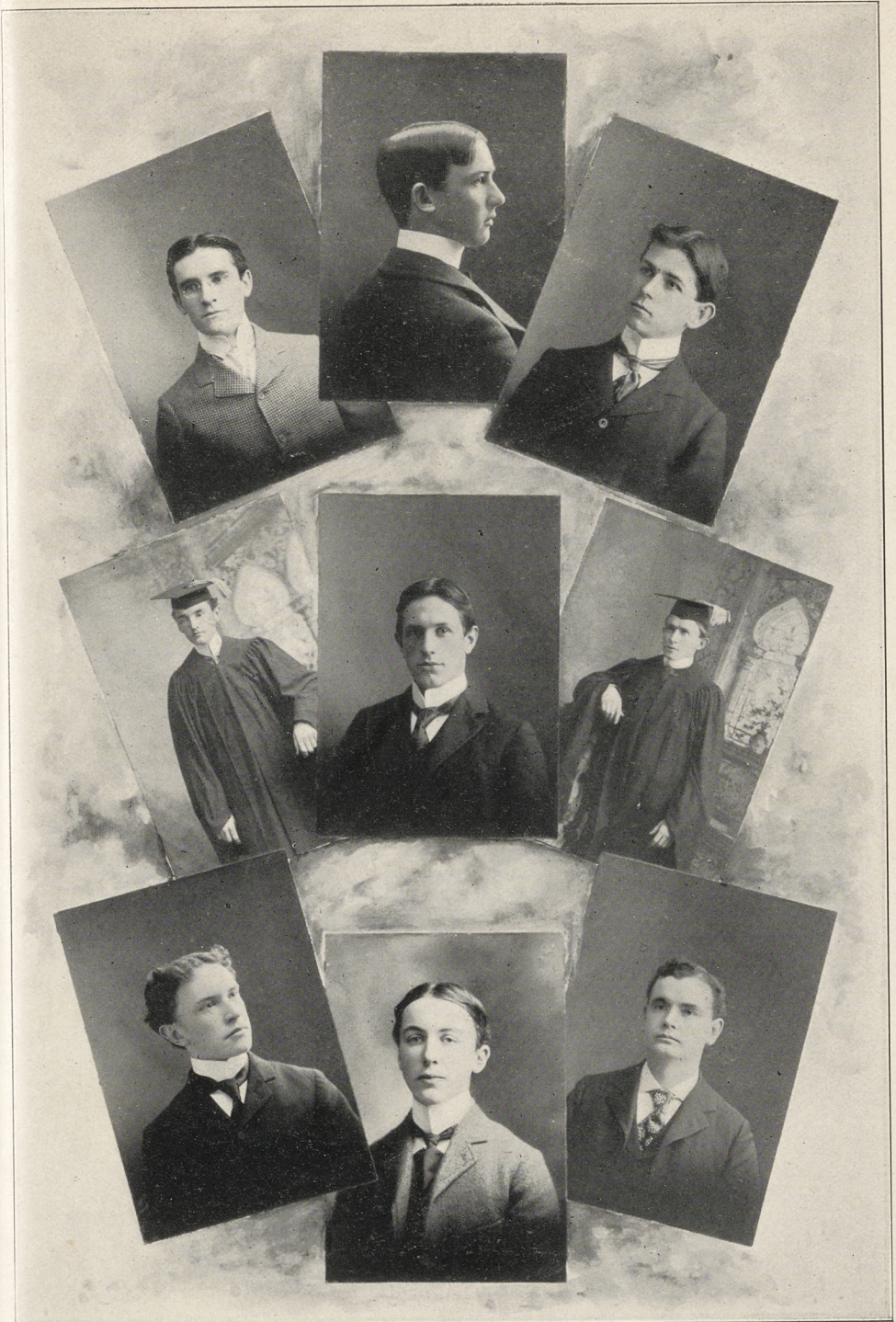
PYRAMID OF CAIUS CESTIUS.

Afar from tumult's voice and noisy song
He rests ; unmindful of the endless throng
That daily gaze with admiration's eye
Upon this blackened monster towering high,
Where morn to eve the kiss of parting gives,
And both in sorrow die while beauty lives.
Alone you stand ; in Rome naught like to thee
That holds the ashes of mortality !
Beneath this massive pyramid here lies
The once proud minister of sacrifice ;
Tribune and praetor, friend of gods and all,
The sole commander of Jove's banquet hall.
Though man may perish, yet some signs remain
To bring to memory again his name ;
And thus to Cestius, though death holds him fast,
His mighty monument shall ever last,
'Til Rome shall perish, which shall never be,
For Rome is Rome unto eternity !

P. T. O'REILLY, '96.



THE STAFF.



THE STAFF.

EDITORIALS.

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The Holy Cross Purple.

VOL. VI.

JUNE, 1898.

NO. 6.

EDITORIALS.

OUR FRIENDS.

We can assure the friends of the PURPLE that our prospects were never brighter. Our hopes for the future are founded on the cordial support which during the past year has been accorded by subscribers and advertisers alike. The former we must thank for their loyalty to the PURPLE from its very birth. But we may be pardoned for the betrayal of business secrets when we say that the PURPLE, no less than other publications, whether papers or magazines, derives the sinews of war chiefly from the patrons of its advertising columns. It is then fitting that we here express to these patrons our gratitude. Those from without our city bear evidence to the reputation which the PURPLE has already established; those at home to the value of our magazine as a local advertising medium. The latter are to be congratulated that Worcester, owing to the diversity of her industries, is receiving her full share of the returning prosperity. For one and all we bespeak the favor of readers of the PURPLE.

SOCIETY NUMBER.

The editors of the PURPLE have gladly yielded up their pens this month to their older brothers, who with many a sacrifice and with willing hands have endeavored to quicken a bit the memories of the past, and throw in here and there a few practical hints for the future. As editors we are grateful to them, for they have relieved us of a burden, though a pleasant one; as boys of Holy Cross we are grateful, because their memories and traditions are ours; and we are proud, because of their pride in their college journal. How well our plan of making this issue a society number has succeeded, we cannot say; that we leave to the generous hearts of the veterans, and the kind patrons of the PURPLE.



CLASS OF '98.

THE ALUMNI.

'49 This is the month of anniversaries for some of our alumni bishops. Bishop Healy, '49, of Portland, Maine, celebrated on June 2 the twenty-third anniversary of his consecration. The Rt. Rev. Dennis M. Bradley, first bishop of Manchester, completed his fifteenth year in the purple on June 11. Bishop Michaud, '70, coadjutor of the diocese of Burlington, Vt., will celebrate the sixth anniversary of his consecration on June 29.

On May 16 there departed this life at Perrysburg, Ohio, one of the most honorable and upright of Holy Cross alumni—the Hon. Henry Hobart Dodge, LL. D. He was well known professionally and socially throughout northwestern Ohio. We take the following from the *Catholic Universe* of Cleveland:

In 1879, Mr. Dodge was elected to the Common Pleas bench, where he served for ten years. On his retirement from the bench, he entered into law partnership with John W. Canary, Esq., which continued until Mr. Dodge's death.

The one great feature which stands out most prominently in Judge Dodge's public record is the unswerving integrity which gave him the respect and confidence of the community to a degree that is becoming rare in these days. For many years one of the leading figures of the bar in this part of the state, his uniform kindness to younger members of the legal profession was unfailing. At all times forceful and candid of speech, his greatest strength proceeded from this in combina-

tion with his thorough knowledge of law as a science, his unassuming demeanor, and the conviction which his every word carried with it.

Judge Dodge was a widely read man, well versed in history, and the natural sciences, particularly physics, astronomy, mathematics and metaphysics. He was also a devoted student of Shakespeare, Milton, Homer and the Latin poets. His favorite authors on religious subjects were Faber, Manning and Newman. Much might be said of his public and professional life, but the religious side of his character offers a still more fascinating study to the Catholic biographer. Always a devout Catholic, he not only conformed to the external requirements of Catholicity, but loved it for the beauty and the truth which it revealed to him. His devotion to the Queen of the Holy Rosary was marked by his constant recitation of the rosary, which he said was always a source of spiritual strength and tranquillity after days of great mental stress. His rosary was his constant companion. While his whole life was a devout one the last five years of it were marked with an increasing fervor. He frequented the sacraments several times a month, and when the end came, met it peacefully, fortified with every consolation vouchsafed by the loving spiritual mother of the faithful.

'52. The *Ave Maria* recently announced that Henry F. Brownson, '52, would publish this month the first volume of the life of his father, Dr. Orestes A. Brownson. The book will go over the years 1812-44. In this period of biographies of notable men, this, the latest, will certainly be of interest.

'67. The Alumni Association of the American College, Rome, never fails to hold its yearly

assembly. At the recent meeting, in Boston, the officers were elected for the new year. The Rev. Jeremiah F. Millerick, '67, of Wakefield, was chosen to act as president of the association.

'69. The PURPLE, in behalf of the college, wishes to express its sympathy for the Rev. Charles E. Burke, '69, whose father, venerable in years and rich in merits, died on May 6. He had the rare consolation of dying in the arms of his son, with whom he had made his home for some years past.

'70. From Iowa comes this patriotic item. The Rev. Dennis F. McCaffrey delivered the memorial address for the G. A. R. Post at Bagley, Iowa. Says a writer, whose judgment we heartily endorse: "The post certainly selected a good speaker for the occasion; one, too, who is not very much of a Spaniard."

'76. An eloquent address was delivered by the Rev. John J. McCoy, '76, P. R. of Holy Name Church, Chicopee, Mass., on Memorial day.

'78. A note from the *Springfield Tribune*: "Rev. John F. Redican, of Leicester, answered a ring of the door-bell at the parochial residence last Thursday evening, and was mystified to find a delegation of his parishioners waiting at the door. When Selectman William A. Bell, as representative of the whole parish, stepped forward and presented him with a purse of money with a few well chosen words, he was the most surprised man in town, but responded with a few fitting remarks. The gift was a token of the es-

teem in which he is held by his parishioners in recognition of the good work he has accomplished since he took charge of St. Joseph's parish five years ago, and of his interest in the training of the younger generation."

'80. Honor has come to another Holy Cross alumnus, Mr. Ambrose F. Feely. He was recently elected Judge of the Twelfth District Court of Woonsocket, R. I. He took the oath of office on June 4. We congratulate Mr. Feely and are certain he will fulfil the new dignity with all the capabilities of a learned, upright and distinguished lawyer.

'81. Our friends have been more than usually mindful of this department during the past month. Through one of them we are happy to chronicle the election of Dr. Harriman as alderman of Norwich, Conn., and offer him our best wishes. The *Norwich Morning Post* gives this brief eulogistic sketch of Dr. Harriman:

Dr. Patrick Henry Harriman, our new Democratic alderman, was born in Calais, Washington county, Maine, March 17, 1860. He acquired his early education in the public schools of Winchendon, Mass., and was graduated from Holy Cross College, Worcester, with the class of 1881, taking the highest honors and receiving the degree of Bachelor of Arts.

He pursued his first course in medicine at the Dartmouth Medical School, and was graduated from the University of New York in March, 1894, and in the following June was honored by his Alma Mater with the degree of A. M. After a few months as assistant physician at Sanford Hall, Flushing, Long Island, he located in this

city, where he has succeeded in building up a large and lucrative practice, and is highly commended for his ability as a general practitioner.

Dr. Harriman is visiting physician at the W. W. Backus Hospital and lecturer at the training school for nurses. He is a member of the state, county and city medical association, the Order of Elks, Ancient Order of Hibernians, Foresters of America and several other benevolent societies.

'82. The principal speaker at memorial exercises held on Decoration day in the city of Worcester, was Mr. John F. O'Connor, of the English high school faculty. The address was delivered from the soldiers' monument in City Hall park.

'92. Dr. Peter O. Shea offered his services to the United States government and was readily accepted. He joined the brave 9th Regiment of Massachusetts and was recently promoted to the post of assistant surgeon. We sincerely hope the doctor will have little use for his instruments.

'94, '95, One who signs himself "A Devoted
'96. Alumnus of H. C. C." forwarded these interesting notes of the men of '94, '95 and '96. At the recent ordinations held in St. John's Seminary, Brighton, Mass., Messrs. Thomas McGuire and Francis Hughes, '94, were ordained deacons; Messrs. William Cunningham, John Corrigan, Eugene Carney, William Finnicks and John O'Hearn, '95, sub-deacons; Messrs. John Powers, '95, John Perry and William Judge, '96, received minor orders. The PURPLE extends to the new levites its warmest congratulations.

'95. Here is a delightful note from an old editor of the PURPLE when it was in its infancy :

DEAR PURPLE: New duties, new studies, new surroundings and circumstances have caused one of your childhood servants to nearly forget you.

Indeed, he reluctantly admits that the happy ties of love and memory have been well nigh shattered in the scenes and pleasures of new occupations. The spell is, however, broken at last. He now returns with apologies for past forgetfulness with congratulations for your present literary accomplishments, and with best wishes for your future success.

Enclosed find order.

Sincerely yours,

LAURENCE A. FORD, '95.

Mr. Walter Riley was recently graduated as an M. D. from Bellevue Medical School, New York.

'97. It is the sad duty of the PURPLE to chronicle the death of a member of '97. The name of Charles Rush is still fresh among the boys of Holy Cross. They remember him as one of those quiet, strong characters who flinched at no duty. As a student no one was more faithful than he, as a Catholic no one more zealous. His patience under suffering was one of his most notable traits. Always physically weak because of stomach trouble, he never allowed himself to drop away from the ideal he strove to reach. Mr. Rush died at his home in Waterbury, where he had been resting since his graduation. God knows his own, and when to choose them. The young graduate's death was as edifying as his life. May he rest in peace.

COLLEGE CHRONICLE.

A Courteous Letter. That a true patriotic heart throbs beneath the breast of every Holy Cross student, the people of Worcester had ample opportunity to notice on the occasion of the departure of the volunteers for the field last month. The first was the departure of Co. K, when, by our lusty shout and ringing college yell, we helped much to swell the din and contribute to that rousing send-off which was accorded the wearers of the blue on every side. The second was the leave-taking of that patriotic company, the Emmets. With our characteristic zeal, we hastily mastered the intricacies of the phalanxes and platoons—how well, is attested by the flattering encomiums showered upon us for our magnificent marching and soldier-like bearing. No student was absent from the ranks, and from the crowded condition of the streets it seemed that almost everybody in Worcester turned out to participate in the ovation. That the interest and spirit displayed by us were appreciated by the company is shown by the appended letter, since received from the officers:

“CAMP DEWEY,”

FRAMINGHAM, Mass., May 10, 1898.

TO THE CLERGY AND STUDENTS OF HOLY CROSS
COLLEGE.

In behalf of our company we wish to extend a vote of thanks for the escort you furnished us on

our departure. You may be assured that the courtesy was appreciated by ourselves and the members of the company. It is very gratifying to know that we are remembered by so many friends. If called to battle in behalf of our country, we will try to do honor to the nation, our flag, our creed and our nationality. Hoping that we will be able to return to you as a company entire, we remain,

Your representatives on the field of battle,

JEREMIAH J. MOYNIHAN, *Captain.*

MATTHEW E. HINES, *1st Lieut.*

JOHN F. HURLEY, *2d Lieut.*

Our Boys

Thus far we have three representatives at the front. In addition to Mr. Frank Cardinal, '99, who left last month, Mr. Aloysius Farmer has cast his fortunes with the volunteers and gone south. Mr. Thos. P. Conneff, an old student and our recent athletic trainer, has also entered the service, and is now at Tampa, Fla. The popular and one-time champion athlete passed a perfect physical examination, and, if we mistake not, "Tommy" will make a model soldier.

The Patriot Dead.

The four graves in our little cemetery, representing the last resting-places of the heroic dead, were appropriately decorated by members of the G. A. R., on the morning of Memorial day. These deceased veterans were: Rev. J. B. O'Hagan, S. J., formerly president of the college, who served as chaplain in the U. S. army; Rev. Thos. Stack, S. J., who was in

the Confederate army, serving in his father's regiment; Rev. James Major, S. J., who served as lieutenant and instructor of mathematics in the navy, and James Curran, S. J., who served in the navy and accompanied Perry's expedition to China.

Visit of Rt. Rev. Bishop Thomas D. **Bishop Beaven.** Beaven, '70, paid an informal visit to the college May 5. Our great friend and staunch supporter was, as he is always, welcomed with sincere love, as he deserves to be. On his account we enjoyed Tuesday morning as a holiday—the examinations to the contrary notwithstanding.

B. J. F. In keeping with the annual successes **Debate.** of former years, the B. J. F. Society can reasonably feel proud of the work of their representatives in the prize debate, which was held in Fenwick hall on the evening of May 16. A cultured audience, a tasty stage setting, and a neatly arranged musical programme, not to speak of the eloquent oratory, all these made the occasion one of surpassing pleasure and merit. The question considered was: "Resolved, that an educational test, as a measure for the restriction of immigration, should be adopted by the United States government."

The exercises opened with an overture by the college orchestra, and was followed by a lucid explanation of the subject by Mr. Wm. A. Buck, president of the society. The first affirmative,

Mr. Geo. E. O'Toole, '98, then put forward many strong and convincing arguments against our present immigration laws, and clearly showed the necessity of further legislation toward the restriction of immigration.

Mr. Wm. H. Barry, with great force and wisdom, maintained that the educational qualification that every immigrant should be able to read twenty-five lines of the Constitution, was atavistic, arbitrary, and contrary to the spirit of American institutions since their foundation 100 years ago. Charles G. Rolfe, '99, spoke strongly for the affirmative. His arguments were masterly and logical. The last speaker, Mr. Arthur F. Walsh, '98, handled the question in a skilful and comprehensive manner, and affirmed that an educational test was no criterion of a man's character, his manhood or his citizenship.

The judges, Rev. W. E. Foley, '85, F. P. McKeon, '79, and J. E. McConnell, '87, after mature deliberation, awarded the gold medal to Mr. Wm. H. Barry.

During the evening Profs. Howard and Carr rendered several pleasing selections.

Philomathic The Philomathic Society has every
Debate. reason to be proud of itself. A very successful debate, rich in felicitous expression and telling argument, and in every way a credit and honor to the society, took place on the evening of June 1 in Fenwick hall. The debate was carried on with much spirit, and the subject, "Resolved, that the United States should annex no

more territory," was a very timely one. A large and appreciative audience attended. The speakers of the evening were: Affirmative, Messrs. M. T. Carrigan, '01, and Joseph E. Mulhern, '00; negative, Messrs. John J. Mullaly, '00, and Colin Shea, '00. Mr. John J. McCarthy, '00, introduced the speakers, after briefly stating the question. There was no doubt but that the debate was an exceedingly close one. The arguments were forceful and to the point, and the elocution was all that could be desired. However, but one man could win the prize, and when it was announced that Michael T. Carrigan, '01, had won the debate, general satisfaction was shown by all present. The judges of the evening, all alumni, were Rev. J. J. Howard, '81, M. F. Fallon, M. D., '84, and Hon. Wm. I. McLaughlin, '93. During the evening Messrs. James E. Brennan, '00, and Edward M. Farrell, '00, rendered vocal solos, and the orchestra, under the direction of Prof. Wm. Howard, discoursed sweet music.

Congratulations. We congratulate Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Downey upon their having been presented recently with a magnificent Chickering grand piano. Mr. Downey is one of our best friends, and a popular citizen of Worcester.

Six Sundays. In honor of St. Aloysius, the patron of youth, the students are making with much fervor the six Sundays of consecutive communion.

First Friday. On the first Friday of the month all the classes united in decorating the shrine. It was very beautifully done. An extraordinarily large number of the students approached the holy table.

Public Declamation Contest. One of the largest audiences that has ever assembled in Fenwick hall was in attendance on the occasion of the prize elocution contest on the evening of June 7. The several speakers had a splendid incentive for extra effort in the purse of \$50 in gold, generously given by Rt. Rev. Bishop Harkins, an alumnus of Holy Cross. All the selections were of a high order and were admirably rendered. The audience was appreciative, and each speaker received much applause. The judges were: Rev. B. S. Conaty, Homer P. Lewis, principal of the English high school, and Richard H. Mooney, '79. Their decision, which was placed in a sealed envelope, will be read on Commencement day. The speakers were: J. F. Callanan, '98, J. F. Clarke, '98, J. W. Fitzpatrick, '00, Colin Shea, '00, J. L. Regan, '01, T. C. McSheehy, '98, W. H. Leahy, '99, D. H. McDermott, '98, J. F. Murphy, '00, W. I. Phelan, '98, J. A. Mulhern, '00, M. J. Greaney, '00.



H. C. C. BASEBALL TEAM, '97-98.

ATHLETICS.

The baseball season at Holy Cross is nearly ended. The second game with Harvard is the only one remaining. The season as a whole has been very successful, although the team at times has met with defeat when it seemed almost certain that victory would perch on the Purple of Holy Cross.

The following is a brief chronicle of the games played since April 30.

On May 4 the Cuban X Giants entertained the students with as lively a game of ball as has been played on the college grounds this season. Brilliant fielding and wonderful catches helped to hold down the score. Although the boys from the hill made a lively fight for the game, yet the Cubans pulled out victorious with the score 3-2. Griffin pitched a magnificent game for the college.

Our next game was with Fordham on the college grounds. Maroney and Kelley, two former Holy Cross men, who are now with Fordham, were kindly remembered by their old schoolmates. Fordham played a rather loose game and was easily defeated, the score at the last inning standing 14-7 in favor of Holy Cross. Linnehan and Brennan were the battery for Holy Cross, while Tierney and Kelley did the honors for Fordham.

Rain prevented the completion of the Holy Cross-Amherst game at the college on May 11. But five innings were played, the score standing 3-1 in Holy Cross' favor. It was mostly a pitchers' battle, and McKenna, who did the twirling for Holy Cross, seemed to have the better of it.

The following week Manager Finn took his team to Holyoke to play the Athletics of that town. A feature of

the game was Brennan's home run in the fifth with McAllister and Gaffney on bases. McKenna pitched the first six innings, and then Linnehan finished the game. Both did good work. The game resulted 10-2 in favor of Holy Cross.

On May 19 Holy Cross added another victory to her list by winning from the Maine University nine on the college grounds. The game lacked life and spirit, and at no time was the final result in doubt. The score at the end of the ninth inning stood 7-1 in favor of the Holy Cross team. Griffin pitched an excellent game for the home team, while Crockett of the visiting was a good one, but received poor support.

The final game in the Brown-Holy Cross series was played in Providence May 21 before 2500 spectators. Brown won the game on hard hitting, while the efforts of the Holy Cross men, though they always hit well, were always fielded superbly by Brown. For Brown, Fultz, Lauder and Gammons played the best game. Kenney outshone all by his fine stick work and sharp fielding at critical moments. Fox at third played a magnificent game.

The following is the tabulated score :

HOLY CROSS.

	ab	r	b	tb	po	a	e
Lavin, l. f.....	4	1	1	1	1	0	0
Curley, 2b.....	4	0	0	0	3	5	1
McAllister, c. f.....	4	0	0	0	0	0	0
Gaffney, 1b.....	4	0	1	1	9	1	0
Fox, 3b.....	4	1	0	0	1	4	1
Dyer, s. s.....	2	0	0	0	0	2	3
Brennan, c.....	4	0	0	0	5	0	0
Kenney, r. f.....	4	0	3	3	4	0	0
McKenna, p.....	4	0	0	0	0	2	0
Linnehan, s. s.....	2	0	1	1	1	3	1
Totals.....	36	2	6	6	24	17	6



H. C. C. RELAY TEAM.

Ran against U. of P. at B. A. A. Meet.

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BROWN.

	ab	r	b	tb	po	a	e
Bacon, s. s.....	4	0	1	1	1	6	1
Fultz, 2b.....	5	3	3	4	4	3	0
Gammons, l. f.....	4	2	1	2	4	1	0
Lauder, 3b.....	5	2	2	3	1	3	0
F. Croker, 1b.....	4	0	0	0	11	3	4
LeStage, c.....	4	0	0	0	3	0	0
R. Croker, r. f.....	4	0	1	1	0	0	0
Clarke, c. f.....	3	0	0	0	0	0	0
Woodworth, p.....	3	0	0	0	3	2	0
Totals.....	36	7	8	11	27	18	5
Innings.....	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
Holy Cross....	0	0	0	0	0	1	0
Brown.....	1	0	3	0	1	2	0

Earned runs, Brown 3, Holy Cross 1; two-base hits, Fultz, Laud-
der, Gammons.

On Saturday afternoon, May 28, Holy Cross was defeated on the home grounds by Georgetown. The result of the game was no surprise to the majority of the students. For a week previous the home team had been prevented from practicing by the bad weather, while Georgetown, on the contrary, arrived at the college elated over two victories and fresh with practice. Bach pitched for Georgetown, and his playing was easily the feature of the game.

GEORGETOWN.

	ab	r	b	tb	po	a	e
Hafford, 3b.....	4	1	2	2	2	2	0
Downes, c. f.....	4	1	1	1	3	0	0
McCarthy, 1b.....	3	1	1	1	13	1	1
Maloney, c.....	4	2	2	2	3	0	0
Moran, s. s.....	4	0	1	1	1	1	0
Fleming, 2b.....	4	0	1	1	0	2	1
Walsh, l. f.....	4	0	0	0	2	0	0
Casey, r. f.....	3	0	0	0	1	0	0
Bach, p.....	3	0	0	0	2	10	0
Totals.....	33	5	8	8	27	16	2

HOLY CROSS.

	ab	r	b	tb	po	a	e		
Lavin, l. f.....	5	0	0	0	0	1	1		
Curley, 2b.....	4	0	2	3	1	1	1		
McAllister, c. f.....	3	0	0	0	1	0	1		
Gaffney, 1b.....	3	0	1	1	13	0	1		
Fox, 3b.....	4	0	1	1	1	2	0		
Dyer, s. s.....	2	0	0	0	1	6	1		
Brennan, c.....	3	0	0	0	6	0	3		
Kenney, r. f.....	4	1	1	2	1	0	0		
Griffin, p.....	4	0	1	1	0	4	0		
Totals.....	32	1	6	8	24	14	8		
Innings.....	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Georgetown...	3	0	0	0	0	1	0	1	*—5
Holy Cross....	0	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	0—1

Two-base hits, Curley, Kenney; sacrifice hit, Dyer, McCarthy; stolen bases, Hafford, McAllister; double play, Bach to McCarthy; first base on balls, McAllister, Gaffney, Dyer, Brennan; first base on errors, Georgetown 2, Holy Cross 1; struck out, Downes, Maloney, Walsh, Casey, Lavin, Kenney; wild pitches, Griffin 1. Time, 1 hour 50 minutes. Umpire, Hanley.

Wednesday, June 8, Holy Cross was defeated in the game with the Harvard 'Varsity team at the Oval. The afternoon was perfect for the national game, and the prospect of a close game attracted about 1500 people to the Oval. The visiting team put up a good article of ball; they were on a diamond to their liking, and acted as though perfectly at home. Linnehan, though by no means in condition, was put in to pitch, against his will, for Holy Cross. The Harvard men soon found him weak. They kept hammering him until the fourth inning, when he retired in favor of Griffin. With Griffin in the box Harvard stopped scoring, and during the four innings he pitched but three hits with a total of four were made off his delivery. The score resulted 9 to 4 in favor of Harvard.

University of Pennsylvania played its first game in Worcester June 10, and was defeated by Holy Cross, 11 to

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3. Holy Cross played fast ball. Pennsylvania scored its three runs in the second, when the side should have been retired. It was a fine game to watch, for all of the players put snap into their work. Linnehan was in the box for Holy Cross, and pitched winning ball. The visitors got 10 hits off his delivery, but sharp fielding kept down the runs. Dickson pitched for Pennsylvania. Kenney was the star of the game, both through his brilliant fielding and timely hitting.

Holy Cross met Wesleyan in Middletown June 11. But seven innings were played. Holy Cross won through superior work with the stick. Townsend pitched a steady game for Wesleyan, while Griffin did magnificent work for the college. Score, 8-1, in favor of Holy Cross.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

Magazines. Messenger of the Sacred Heart.

From the first page to the last, the *Messenger* for July is extremely interesting. Especially noteworthy are the poems, "To My Mother in Ireland," and "Christiflora." The translation of "Quem Terra, Pontus, Sidera" is sweet and delicate. We would recommend to all lovers of the *Sacred Heart* the Directors' Review, because of its practical hints for the summer months.

Catholic World.

We call the attention of every sincere reader to the leading article in the June number of this magazine. It is by Dr. Austin O'Malley. Though not agreeing with all his assertions, for some of them are not proved, we heartily endorse all he has to say about Catholic boys in non-Catholic institutions.

Donahoe's Magazine.

The opening pages of this periodical are given over to fine portraits of the war presidents and their cabinets. There are many timely papers, such as those on "The Philippine Islands," "The American Navy," and the review of Mr. Gladstone's career. Antwerp, the city of Rubens, is well written up, and the illustrations, well done, add much to the interest and charm of the article. Mary T. Waggaman begins a new story, "Gates of Brass," in this number.

Ave Maria.

Reader, do not skip the fervent poem, "To the Sacred Heart," that opens the latest issue of *Our Lady's* magazine. "North by West," by Charles Warren Stoddard, has all the continued charm of this one of our best writers. "An Apostle of the Eucharist," a timely notice, is continued, while Anna T. Sadlier's story is increasing in interest.

The Forum.

The June issue of the *Forum* is a Cuban number. Here are some of the able articles: "Our War with Spain: Its Justice and Necessity," by Senator Foraker; "Principles of International Law," by Prof. Lawrence; "The Hull Army Bill," by the Hon. John A. T. Hull; "Cuba and Its Value as a Colony," and "The War for Cuba."

The Chautauquan.

Apropos of the coming vacation time Dora M. Morrell writes for *The Chautauquan* a practical paper on "A Trip Abroad for Light Pocket-Books." Among the subjects of especial interest to women are: "Chicago Women Who Hold Important Public Offices," by Antoinette Van Hoesen Wakemen; "Domestic Service," by Lucy M. Salmon; and "Greek Cradle Songs," by Lucy M. J. Garnett; Sarah K. Bolton contributes a poem on "Poverty and Riches."

The American Review of Reviews.

"The Progress of the World," the editorial department of the *Review of Reviews*, gives not only a complete history of the war to date, but also a full discussion of the collateral issues involved, such as the acquisition of new territory and the proposed alliances with other powers.

The Catholic Reading Circle Review.

The last number of this really excellent magazine we have received is the May issue. It lacks nothing to make it interesting and suggestive. Teachers and professors will find in it many a useful and novel hint for practical work.

Demorest's Family Magazine.

The exquisite cover of Demorest's puts before us with wonderful emphasis the scene that has been witnessed in many homes since the outbreak of the war. The illustrations are exceptionally good, especially those of our navy and its officers. There is a very practical article, "Three Months in Europe for \$250," by Margaret Bisland.

Varia. Educational Conference of Seminary Presidents.

We regret exceedingly that the rush we have been put to in getting out the June PURPLE has forced us to put this notice in this particular place. It should be on the first page instead of the last.

At the annual meeting of the Board of Trustees of the Catholic University of America, held in Washington in October, 1897, approval was given to the suggestion of Right Rev. Mgr. Conaty for the holding of a conference of seminary presidents, having as purpose the general consideration of seminary education and the particular relation of the seminary to university training. After consultation with many of the seminary presidents an invitation was issued for a meeting, which was held at St. Joseph's Seminary, Dunwoodie, N. Y., on Wednesday, May 25th.

The proceedings opened at 10 o'clock, and continued throughout the day. Right Rev. Mgr. Conaty presided, and Very Rev. W. L. O'Hara, of Mount St. Mary's Seminary, acted as secretary. Mgr.

Conaty made the opening address, which the conference unanimously asked to have published. The matter of organization was discussed, and it was voted to form a permanent organization, to be known as "The Educational Conference of Seminary Faculties." Committees were appointed to discuss topics relative to seminary work, as also the relations of the seminaries to the university in the higher education of the clergy.

We cordially welcome the new Catholic paper, the *Worcester Recorder*. In get-up, in type, in matter, it is excellent. May its life be a long one, and may its success increase with every issue. It deserves, undoubtedly, the warm support of every Catholic in the heart of New England.

Books Received. "The Cake and the Easter Egg," by Canon Schmidt. Price, 25 cents.

"The Canary Bird," illustrated, by Canon Schmidt. Price, 45 cents.

"The Inundation," illustrated, by Canon Schmidt. Price, 45 cents.

"Godfrey, the Little Hermit," and "The Overseer of Mahlboung," by Canon Schmidt. Price, 25 cents.

"The Dumb Child" and "The Black Lady," by Canon Schmidt. Price, 25 cents.

"Wimeton, the Apache Knight," by Marion Ames Taggart. Price, 85 cents.

"The Treasure of Nugget Mountain," by Marion Ames Taggart. Price, 85 cents.

"Pickle and Pepper," by Ella Loraine Dorsey. Price, 85 cents.

"Wrongfully Accused," by William Herchenbach. Price, 45 cents.

"Pictorial Game of American Catholic Authors, Series A and B." Price, each, 35 cents. Postage, 4 cents extra.

"Game of Quotations from American Catholic Authors," Series I, II and III. Price of series, 25 cents. Postage, 4 cents extra.

All the above are from Messrs. Benziger Bros., New York, Chicago, Cincinnati.

