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Two Dramas by Tennyson and Aubrey de Vere.

BY PROF. MAURICE F. EGAN, A. M.

(CONCLUSION.)

III.

Tennyson draws very sharply the envious and the fawning prelates around the king, and his characterization is as keen and delicate as we have had every reason to expect it to be. But the virtuous priests in "Becket" are certainly a strange group. We know that the Church in England, half-enslaved by the state and burdened with growing wealth, had need of reforms in discipline. Aubrey de Vere, with a regard for truth which has probably caused guileless Protestants to expect to see him crushed by the thunder of Rome, makes the pious Empress Matilda say:

"I would your primate  
Had let the Royal Customs be, and warred  
Against the ill customs of the Church. 'Tis shame  
To ordain a clerk in name that lacks a cure,  
Whom idleness must needs ensnare in crime,  
Scandal—and worse—to screen an erring clerk,  
More fearing clamor than the cancer slow  
Of wily wasting sin. Scandal it is  
When seven rich benefices load one priest,  
Likeliest his soul's damnation."

JOHN OF SALISBURY:

"Scandals indeed!  
And no true friend to Thomas is the man  
Who palliates such abuses. For this cause  
Reluctantly he grasped Augustine's staff,  
Therewith to smite them down. Madam, the men  
Who brand them most are those who breed the scandals.  
The primate warred on such. The king, to shield them,  
Invoked the Royal Customs."

We understand all this, and no Catholic of to-day attempts to palliate abuses which crept into the discipline of the Church. It is evident that Aubrey de Vere does not whiten the court-

iers and sycophants, although clothed with episcopal authority, who shrank from St. Thomas at the king's scowl. He is even more pitiless to them than Tennyson. Tennyson, however, does not seem to see the anomaly of making an archbishop—a saint canonized by Rome—show an insubordinate and mutinous spirit which almost justifies the hot words that King Henry is made to address to him:

"No! God forbid and turn me Mussulman!  
No god but one, and Mahound is his prophet.  
But for your Christian, look you, you shall have  
None other god but me—me, Thomas, son  
Of Gilbert Becket, London merchant."

Tennyson's Becket has a most persistent habit of repartee. The repartee is sometimes very apt, but very unsaintly. Indeed, if the laureate had made Wycliff the hero of his tragedy, some of the speeches would be in keeping with the sentiments of that over-glorified Lollard.

It may be said that Tennyson's idea of St. Thomas is very human, and that the poet has well depicted in rushing words a proud nature towering and neither bending nor breaking. Tennyson's Becket is well enough painted from that point of view. There are some exquisitely fine natural touches. But the poet-laureate had no right to attempt to depict the character of St. Thomas merely from that point of view. Pride and enthusiasm would never have made a Christian martyr of Thomas à Becket, and it is the full understanding of this that, leaving out other qualities, makes Aubrey de Vere the greater poet and the truer delineator of a hero whom it is almost sacrilege to misrepresent for the sake of a theatrical *succès d'estime*. The character of St. Thomas à Becket belongs to Christendom and to history, and the poet-laureate, rushing in where angels fear to tread, not caring for or understanding the sacredness

of his subject, has done both Christendom and art a wrong by dragging an effigy of the martyred primate in the dust. It used to be the fashion to overlook the liberties that poets and romance-writers took with history; but since historians have become romancers, and even adopted the adjectives of the poets, we are more exacting. No excuse can be offered for Tennyson's falsification of the character of À Becket—not even an excuse that he needed dramatic color. He had a noble figure and a sublime time, and he belittled them both, because he would not understand them, or because the success of a play he had adapted from Boccaccio made him anxious for the applause of the frequenters of theatres.

Tennyson, echoing, perhaps, some sectarian preacher, causes the pope's almoner to suggest treachery to the archbishop when the king is urging him to sign the articles against the freedom of the Church. Philip de Eleemosyna tempts the archbishop to grievous sin by whispering that the pope wants him to commit it:

"Cannot the pope absolve thee if thou sign?"

This might be forgiven in a tract against popery, on the score of ignorance; but what plea can be offered for it in the careful, overwrought work of a poet whose fame is world-wide and whose knowledge should not be much narrower?

Becket bursts out in this speech:

"Map scoffs at Rome. I all but hold with Map.  
Save for myself no Rome were left in England:  
All had been his. Why should this Rome, this Rome,  
Still choose Barabbas rather than the Christ,  
Absolve the left-hand thief and damn the right?  
Take fees of tyranny, wink at sacrilege,  
Which even Peter had not dared? condemn  
The blameless exile?"

Is this the language of a Christian hero? Are these revilings of the Power he is willing to die for consistent naturally or true artistically? Herbert of Bosham, the archbishop's faithful friend, a devout cleric and a sensible man according to good authorities, is made to drivel:

"Thee, thou holy Thomas,

I would that thou hadst been the Holy Father."

To which Tennyson's archbishop complacently replies:

"I would have done my most to keep Rome holy:  
I would have made Rome know she still is Rome,  
Who stands aghast at her eternal self  
And shakes at mortal kings—her vacillation,  
Avarice, craft. O God! how many an innocent  
Has left his bones upon the way to Rome,  
Unwept, uncared for! Yea, on mine self  
The king had had no power, except for Rome.  
'Tis not the king who is guilty of mine exile,  
But Rome, Rome, Rome!"

Was there ever an honest and faithful priest

and friend so misrepresented by a poet dazzled by the glare of the footlights? Was ever a saint and martyr more besmeared with mock heroic pride and selfishness?

#### IV.

Chroniclers tell us that St. Thomas was serene and dignified in all trials, but "Becket's" serenity is frequently swept away in gusts of evil temper, and he is quite as foul-mouthed as the enemies that bait him. The prelates around him wrangle like school-boys, and the scene at Northampton is simply a free quarrel. Aubrey de Vere, comprehending that the key to St. Thomas' conduct must be found in a supernatural manner, avoids the almost brutal mistakes of the laureate. The scene of the signing of the Royal Customs by À Becket was really at Clarendon; Tennyson transfers it to Roehampton. De Vere treats this scene with keen perception and admirable reticence. The archbishop does not forget himself or burst into violent assertions. He is made to explain the episode of the almoner, which Tennyson treats in a truly evangelical way. He tells how he was deluded into signing the articles. It is very different from the version in which the pope's envoy whispers that one may sin freely and be sure of absolution!

"Came next the papal envoy from Aumone,  
With word the pope, moved by the troublous time  
Willed my submission to the royal will.  
This was the second fraud; remains the third.  
My lords, the Customs named till then were few.  
In evil hour I yielded—pledged the Church,  
Alas! to what I know not. On the instant  
The king commanded, 'Write ye down these laws.'  
And soon, too soon, a parchment pre-ordained  
Upon our table lay, a scroll inscribed  
With usages sixteen, whereof most part  
Were shamefuller than the worst discussed till then.  
My lords, too late I read that scroll: I spurned it;  
I swore by Him who made the heavens and earth  
That never seal of mine should touch that bond,  
Not mine, but juggle-changed. My lords, that eve  
A truthful servant and a fearless one,  
Who bears my cross—and taught me, too, to bear one—  
Llewellen is his name, remembered be it!—  
Probed me, and probed with sharp and searching words;  
And as the sun my sin before me stood.  
My lords, for forty days I kept my fast,  
And held me from the offering of the Mass,  
And sat in sackcloth; till the pope sent word,  
'Arise; be strong and walk!' And I arose,  
And hither came; and here confession make  
That till the cleanséd leper once again  
Take, voluntary, back his leprosy,  
I with those Royal Customs stain no more  
My soul, which Christ hath washed."

This is not the talk of Tennyson's ill-tempered and sharp-tongued Becket, but the sense, if not the exact words, of the real Becket. De Vere's

consummate skill in building up bit by bit the character of the archbishop, in accordance with the character given him by authentic writers, is worthy of careful analysis. The primate asked of his servants their honest opinions of his conduct, and accepted opinions thus frankly tendered as his guide. The flattery of Tennyson's Herbert of Bosham, so complacently swallowed by the laureate's political primate, would have brought down the censure of the real St. Thomas. De Vere characterizes Llewellen, the Welsh cross-bearer, by a nice touch:

"The tables groaned with gold; I scorned the pageant.  
The Norman pirates and the Saxon boors  
Sat round and fed; I hated them alike,  
The rival races, one in sin. Alone  
We Britons tread our native soil."

In the death-scene Tennyson sins unpardonably. He shows us the archbishop rushing to his death from obstinacy and want of self-control. De Brito, Fitzurse, and De Tracy have come to put into act the hasty words of the king and to murder the archbishop. Becket rails at them bitterly, throws Fitzurse from him and pitches De Tracy "headlong," after the manner of the muscular Christian heroes beloved of the late Rev. Charles Kingsley. He even sneers at the monks whom Tennyson makes to flee. "Our dove-cote flown," he says—"I cannot tell why monks should all be cowards." He still repeats the sneer, until Grim, whose arm is broken by a blow aimed at Becket, reminds him that *he* is a monk. Rosamond rushes in and begs the murderers to spare the archbishop, and then he is slain, just as a thunderstorm breaks; this climax, which in Aubrey de Vere's tragedy follows strictly the authentic account of the sacrilege, is made trivial by a silly *coup de théâtre*.

There is nothing in Tennyson's "Becket" to compare with the lyrics in "The Princess," or even the lute song in "Queen Mary"; but they are airy and expressive of the mood of the persons in whose mouths they are placed. Queen Eleanor sings:

"Over! the sweet summer closes,  
The reign of the roses is done;  
Over and gone with the roses,  
And over and gone with the sun."

"Over! the sweet summer closes,  
And never a flower at the close;  
Over and gone with the roses,  
And winter again and the snows."

It is quite in accordance with the mood of the light-minded queen, who is quite past the August of life, who has been wedded more for her rich possessions than herself, and who is far from her gay and debonair Aquitaine.

Queen Eleanor does not sing in the similar scene in Aubrey de Vere's tragedy. She turns to a trouvère and asks him to sing. And he begins:

"I make not songs, but only find;  
Love following still the circling sun,  
His carol casts on every wind,  
And other singer is there none."

"I follow Love, though far he flies;  
I sing his song, at random found  
Like plume some bird-of-paradise  
Drops, passing, on our dusky bound."

"In some, methinks, at times there glows  
The passion of some heavenlier sphere:  
These too I sing; but sweetest those  
I dare not sing and sweetly hear."

This is a smooth setting of a thought which both Keats and Maurice de Guérin, and no doubt all poets, have tried to express; but Queen Eleanor, and perhaps the sensitive reader, finds it lacking as a lyric. The trouvère then sings another about Phœbus and Daphne. Queen Eleanor very aptly cries:

"A love-song that! An icicle it is  
Added to winter."

But if Aubrey de Vere's lyrical touch is hard and cold in comparison with Tennyson's, even when Tennyson's lyrics are not his best, he has the advantage, in all the higher attributes of a dramatic poet, in limning Queen Eleanor, who was a creature of the senses, yet still a princess and of no mean capabilities. Tennyson gives the impression that she was half-crazed—a kind of Provençal Bacchante, and her first entrance destroys all respect for her sanity.

Aubrey de Vere's "Saint Thomas of Canterbury" has a foil in "Becket" which, by contrast, makes it glow and seem more full of lustre and color, as a diamond of flawless purity when put in a circle of brilliants. It is hard to account for the blindness of the poet of the "Idyls of the King" in venturing to attempt a work that had already been perfectly done. Aubrey de Vere's place as a great dramatic poet was settled when "Alexander the Great" appeared. "Saint Thomas of Canterbury" was not needed to teach the world what he could do. But he has given it out of the abundance of his heart; and we Catholics, who have the key of faith with which to unlock its mysteries, which are unknown to a poet of even Tennyson's insight, may thank God that he has raised up a seer at once strong, pure, true to his ideals both in religion and art, more than worthy to wear the mantle that fell from the shoulders of Wordsworth, and with much of the divine fire that made Shakspeare an arbiter of English thought and speech.

## The French Drama.

BY REV. S. FITTE, C. S. C.

## IV.—MOLIERE, COMEDIAN AND POET.

Corneille and Molière! Names great in the history of literature and glorious to the country which produced such men! Let the materialistic school find their triumph in the low instincts of the multitude; but in the presence of those superior minds, of those mighty imaginations which God Himself seems to have endowed with a part of His creative power, who would dare to say that it is matter alone which begets thought, feeling and action? Who could maintain that Homer, Dante, Shakspeare, Corneille and Molière possessed merely a physical organization more refined than that of other men? They were, indeed, like other people, subject to all the miseries, sufferings and weaknesses of human nature; but who would assert that the genius, the intellect, the soul which animated them resulted from a fortuitous combination of molecules? When we look upon the works of these extraordinary beings, we firmly believe that God sent them here on earth, and stamped upon their brows a divine seal to remind man of his heavenly origin and teach him that death is not annihilation. Can it not rightly be said that posterity, which judges great writers according to their works, is an image of the eternal justice which awaits us beyond the grave to approve or condemn the deeds of our life?

At any rate, who could try to prove, in order to do away with the character of a divine vocation, that circumstances and education ought to claim the better part of the literary triumphs achieved by great writers? No: it is neither chance, nor even culture that brings forth genius. For if we inquire about the birth and the first steps of illustrious poets, we soon discover that, far from having an easy path to follow, they often met with many obstacles to be overcome before they reached the goal to which they were called by the powerful voice of nature. This is what we find particularly illustrated in the career of the great poet whose works shall be the subject of this paper.

In Paris, on the 15th of January, 1622, there was born to Poquelin, one of the king's chamberlains, a child who received the name of John the Baptist, and was, later on, to become so famous under the pseudonym of Molière. At that time, the only ambition a father had was that his son should prove a worthy heir of his name and profession. This was also the hope

of Poquelin, who, being a chamberlain's son and chamberlain himself, wished that his own son should succeed him in the same honorable office. Therefore, the lad, though fourteen years old, knew only to read and write, which accomplishments, however, were more than sufficient for the avocation to which he seemed destined.

Fortunately, his grandfather was still alive, and very fond of dramatic performances; and, as grandfathers are naturally inclined to spoil their grandsons, it sometimes happened that the old Poquelin was accompanied by the young apprentice, who seemed to take more pleasure in the theatre than in the material details of his profession. The old man felt surprised and charmed on hearing the sensible critical remarks which the boy made both on the merit of the plays and the talent of the actors. One day the same idea struck both of them, that it was possible to become something else than upholsterer, perhaps poet or comedian; but in order to succeed, more than reading and writing was necessary. Wherefore, a kind of conspiracy is entered upon by grandfather and grandson to prevail upon the honest chamberlain to send his boy to college. Meanwhile, the latter, who looks thoughtful and melancholy, works no longer; new desires, strange ideas ferment in his brain. When recalled to his duty, and thinking that his future horizon will never go beyond his shop, he feels a deep sorrow and begins to dream sadly, while his father, grieved at the idea that his son will never be a good upholsterer, chides him, and upon questioning him learns to his greatest surprise that the heir of his name, shop and office wishes to study Greek and Latin, the names of which were as yet unheard-of in the Poquelin family. But he yields at last, and the young boy enters the college of the Jesuits.

In less than five years, the bright pupil mastered all that was taught by his eminent teachers, the humanities and philosophy included. There he had, as schoolmates and friends, Bernier, who was to become a traveler of world-wide fame; Cyrano de Bergerac, the future humorous writer; Chapelle, whose poems full of mirth amused his serious century; and even Armand de Bourbon, Prince of Conti, who was not ashamed to sit beside a chamberlain's son. A man of genius, the rival of Descartes, Gassendi, taught them the Philosophy of Epicurus, and that light, easy doctrine made of Chapelle a witty crank, and of Poquelin a wise man, leading the former to laugh at everything, and the latter to judge soundly the ridicules of human nature.

The young student had scarcely completed his course of studies, when, owing to the infirm-

ities of his old father, he was forced to replace him and accompany king Louis XIII on his trip to Narbonne. He, who had not as yet seen many courtiers, saw those who surrounded the king and his all-powerful minister, Richelieu, and felt but pity for some and contempt for the others. Moreover, finding by experience that these worldly comedians were by far less amusing than those of "Hôtel de Bourgogne," he came to the conclusion that he himself was born a comedian. Having secretly associated himself to some youths of Paris, who had just formed a *troupe*, but too respectful towards his father to commit his family name on the stage, he called himself Molière and began to play in one of the suburbs. This was his first step in the dramatic career. To leave family and name and position; to devote one's self, soul and body, to the amusement of a capricious multitude, often ignorant and always exacting, would have appeared foolish or eccentric in any one else; it was in Molière but the irresistible attraction of genius. Still that so-called "Illustrious Theatre" was not a success, owing to its miserable plays, represented by an even poorer company of actors, so that the director, Molière himself, persuaded his comrades to leave Paris and try to find their luck in the provinces: they therefore repaired to Lyons.

Molière then had but one thing at heart, namely, to justify the confidence of his associates; wherefore he determined not simply to direct, but to reform the French stage, ashamed as he felt of both plays and spectators. When remembering the works of Plautus and Terence which he formerly read in school, and comparing their sprightly spirit and natural merriment; their keen observation of manners and perfection of style, with the uncouth themes and coarse pleasantries, which blows adorn and kicks disfigure, he was indignant at seeing the French drama so inferior to the theatre of Athens and Rome, even to the modern stage of Spain and Italy. At first he tried his talent in some prose comedies, such as "Le Docteur Amoureux" and "La Jalousie du Barbouillé," the titles of which he soon forgot, preserving only the comical traits which shone in them. Then, feeling his strength increasing, he undertook a comedy in five acts and verse, and wrote "L'Etourdi" after the model of Italian dramas.

The whole plot of this comedy turns upon the intrigues of a cunning valet, named Mascarille, in striving to bring about the marriage of his master with the girl whom he loves, in spite of both father and rival. It is a well-known fact that in Molière, not less than in the ancient

theatre, valets as well as slaves are always represented as playing tricks on old men, their masters. This is, in our opinion, a mistake; for what might have been true in Rome, where slaves and freed men used to take an important part in private and public affairs, was not so in France, where domestics seldom rose to such prominence. On the one hand, Molière was too fond of merriment to renounce entirely those characters adapted to make an audience laugh, but, on the other, he was too great a friend of truth and art to make a frequent use of them. Hence he reserved them for low farces calculated to amuse the common people, whilst in the higher comedy he will always keep them in the background. One of the secrets proper to great geniuses, such as Shakspeare and Molière, is to take hold of everything, and then give the least details their most suitable place.

The news of the success obtained by Molière and his company spreading through the next provinces, the Prince of Conti, then Governor of Languedoc, summoned the director, his former schoolmate, to enliven the festivals given in Toulouse. A good judge of literary works, the prince soon acknowledged that no other poet had as yet shown such freedom of dialogue amid the obstacles of rhythm, but fearing at the same time for his friend the dangers and disappointments which at that epoch accompanied the position of comedian, offered to take him as private secretary. Well inspired by his genius, Molière bravely refused, saying: "What will become of those poor fellows whom I brought here? Who can give them a living? They depend upon me; I cannot decently leave them." And consistent with his generous resolution, Molière remained what he was: a comedian and a poet; and, to prove his earnestness, he wrote "Les Précieuses Ridicules."

This was certainly a novelty to be found neither in the Spanish nor in the Italian drama; it was the real creation of the French comedy, not in its highest but in its liveliest form. In fact, comedy aims at painting manners: the vices, passions, shortcomings and foibles of society are all within its field. What the civil law can neither reach nor punish, the comic poet may attack and disparage. It teaches man to know himself, or at least to judge other men. If, blinded by passion or hardened by habit, we refuse to see our likeness in the looking-glass presented to us, we sometimes become more careful in beholding therein our neighbor's face, and it is not a small favor to be warned before falling, nor to learn practical wisdom from the false steps of others. Who can doubt that Mo-

lière greatly contributed to better the language and social relations of his age, in turning into ridicule the pretentious manners and the affected jargon of those "bourgeoises" who boasted to imitate the noble ladies of the court? He modestly declares that his arrows were directed only against those over-nice people who awkwardly aped the fine manners of the aristocracy, but it happened that they struck higher than was intended by the comedian, and brought back the inmates of "Hôtel Rambouillet" to more naturalness and simplicity. On the day of the first representation in Paris, *Ménage* could not refrain from saying to Chapelain: "Believe me, my friend, we have both of us praised all those foolish things, which we have just now heard so finely criticised in the name of good common sense. I am afraid we will have to burn what we worshipped before, and to worship what we burned." This was a true prophecy: public opinion endorsed the sound judgment passed by the poet, and soon put an end to the pretentious manners and gibberish style of "Les Précieuses." The old man was right who, from the midst of the parquet cried out: "Go on, Molière, this is true comedy!" The blow was a heavy one upon the follies of the *grand monde*, and the lesson was the more profitable because it seemed indirect, the more appreciated, because it was more amusing.

Molière spent five years in the provinces, and that wandering, restless life increased his experience. For while he saw men under various aspects and in every state or condition, he was himself exposed to all the trials and miseries of life; and these lessons of practical philosophy instructed him better than those of Gassendi in the difficult science of the human heart, which he possessed in the highest degree. But his reputation growing with his experience, the capital became a worthier field for his genius. Recommended by the prince of Conti to the duke of Orleans, he was introduced by the latter to the young Louis XIV. On a theatre, raised in the Louvre, the *troupe* formed by Molière made its *début* before the court in October, 1658. In deference to Corneille, "Nicomède" was first represented; after the tragedy, Molière himself appeared on the stage and delivered a nicely worded address in which he requested the king to be permitted to play a little piece of his own composition. Louis XIV was very much pleased with the "Trois Docteurs Rivaux," and the courtiers, of course, had to be the same: the success was complete. A few days later, the comedians of "Monsieur" were, by order of the king, installed in "Théâtre du Petit Bourbon," then, in

1660, in "Théâtre du Palais-Royal," built by Cardinal Richelieu. This favor, or rather tardy recognition of true merit, soon bore its fruit. In 1661 Molière gave "l'Ecole des Maris," the idea of which he took perhaps from Terence, but the execution, plot and style are wholly his own. This comedy, so lively, so full of wit and humor, so artistically managed and containing a most useful lesson, does not present, however, a *moral* entirely blameless.

It cannot be granted that a maiden should be permitted to escape from her guardian's hands because he treats her too harshly, but the poet wanted to show how imprudent it is to use an excessive severity in order to compel a girl without experience: he exaggerated the evil to prove better the dangers of the system. This is a mode of procedure often employed in the drama. Just as an artist uses more striking coloring and marks out more strongly certain features in a painting to be viewed from a distance, so, too, the dramatic poet may at times appear to force nature itself, on account of the perspective, in order to create on the minds of his audience a more lasting impression. This observation holds good also for the "Ecole des Femmes," represented in 1662. The lesson which Molière intended to give was indeed good, though its expression was open to criticism. Time seems to have consecrated or at least tolerated that boldness of genius in Molière as well as in Shakspeare, but still it gave rise in his day to such bitter criticism, that the author felt obliged to answer in a little comedy in which he defended his own case with so much skill and humor that one would be inclined to acquit him of any wrong doing.

Meanwhile the king became more and more friendly towards a man who knew so well how to amuse the court and the capital. Molière in a short time became as it were the soul of all royal entertainments, and wrote for that purpose many a light composition which we are prevented from examining. Suffice it here to mention "Les Fâcheux," an episodic play, formed of a series of various characters analyzed with a keenness of observation and a vigor of style which the most faithful painter could hardly surpass.

This comedy had excited the jealousy of other players and the hatred of the courtiers, so that, in order to stop their calumnious charges, Molière represented himself most artfully in the "Impromptu de Versailles." With a spirited malice he therein ridicules the bombastic declamation of some actors then in vogue, and with a good-humored vivacity gives his own



most judicious advice on the manner of reciting their rôles. While he shows no pity for any foppish marquis, he frees himself from the charge that he had attacked living persons. But he is particularly hard on those hypocrites of the world who, after praising their friends before their face, tear them to pieces behind their backs; or, on those hired flatterers, who actuated by interest pay compliments to princes in such mean terms as to disgust even the objects of their stupid eulogies, or again on those double-faced courtiers who are continually smiling whilst their hearts are full of gall and duplicity.

But if the pretentious marquis was often one of the favorite victims marked out and stigmatized by the burning pen of Molière, there is also another class of men that did not escape the cutting censures of his satirical genius—we mean the Doctors. Among the scenes of the French theatre which excite most merriment is that on which Sagnarelle in "Le Mariage Forcé" consults successively the two doctors, Pancratius and Marphurius, concerning the party he ought to take. What satirist ever used a more ingenious mockery in investigating the philosophical systems which have so often led astray human reason? How can we help laughing at Pancratius, who, foolishly anxious to display the riches of his vain erudition, never listens to any remark and never answers any of the questions proposed, or at Marphurius who earnestly doubts of everything, even of his own existence, and to whom Sagnarelle is found to prove with a stick that he had some feeling left in his body?

Finally, we beg leave to call the attention of our readers to the very natural and amusing consultation held by the Doctors in the comedy, "l'Amour Médecin. It is the first battle in that war of epigrams which Molière was to wage unceasingly with the disciples of Hippocrates, and which contributed to cure them of their pedantical forms. Quite different are the doctors of our day: customs have changed and foibles have passed away. Still who would dare to say that some of their descendants with solemn countenance and assuming language are no longer to be found by the bedside of their patients? Assuredly, Molière did not lose time in travelling through the provinces of France: while representing his own comedies, he had carefully observed other farces going on the vast theatre of the world, and made up his mind to make a good use of them in Paris and at the court of the "Grand Monarque."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

#### Art, Music and Literature.

—Gounod has written a new concerted piece for his "Romeo and Juliet."

—Mr. Leslie Stephen, whose illness proved less serious than his friends feared, has resumed work on his National Dictionary of Biography.

—Seven-year-old Tom Elmore is Florida's musical prodigy. He plays the piano exceedingly well, and the violin, too. His favorite method with the latter is to sit on his father's knee and finger the strings while his father draws the bow.

—A small brass statue was discovered recently near the Acropolis Museum, Athens. It is in a perfect state of preservation, and the figure bears a close resemblance to the Apollo of Canachos in the British Museum. This statue is the best specimen of workmanship in brass that has as yet come to light in the course of the excavations at the Acropolis.

—Many years ago, among the household effects of a Scotch farmer who died in Canada, was an old portrait of Burns, which sold for little, and found its way to a pawn shop in Toronto. Some one bought it the other day for £2, had it carefully cleaned, and was rewarded by finding it to be an oil-painting by Raeburn, dated 1787. He values it at £2000, and will send it to Scotland, where it will be exhibited.

—Next month will witness the completion of the ninth edition of the Encyclopædia Britannica, which has been some ten years on the stocks. Prof. Baynes and Prof. Robertson Smith have brought their monumental enterprise to what is by the general consent of the learned a successful conclusion. Considered as a collection of elaborate treatises on great branches of human knowledge to date it remains without a rival.

—The December number of *The Catholic World* will contain the first of a series of studies in the lives of the saints. The subjects chosen are those servants of God whose virtues are applicable to the aspirations of our times. Each will be begun and ended in the same number, and will be, therefore, somewhat brief. They will be selected and prepared especially with a view to the spiritual profit of men and women whose lot is cast in the secular state.

—Mr. Gladstone has the reputation of being the most easily approachable of great personages. He seldom fails to answer a letter. Miss Mildred Lee, daughter of General Lee, has been fortunate enough to secure an autograph from him evidently written *con amore*. It consists of George Herbert's lines:

"He that aims the moon

Shoots higher far than he who means the tree."

The autograph from Lord Welsely must have gratified her very much. He wrote: "I have personally known only two men who were real heroes. The one was General Lee, of Virginia, the other was General Charles Gordon."

# NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.

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Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office, Notre Dame, Ind.

Notre Dame, October 27, 1888.

The attention of the Alumni of the University of Notre Dame, and others, is called to the fact that the NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC has entered upon the TWENTY-SECOND year of its existence, and presents itself anew as a candidate for the favor and support of the many old friends who have heretofore lent it a helping hand.

*THE NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC contains:*

choice Poetry, Essays, and the current Art, Musical, Literary and Scientific Gossip of the day;

Editorials on questions of the day, as well as on subjects connected with the University of Notre Dame;

Personal gossip concerning the whereabouts and the success of former students;

All the weekly local news of the University, including the names of those who have distinguished themselves during the week by their excellence in Class, and by their good conduct.

Students should take it; parents should take it; and above all,

OLD STUDENTS SHOULD TAKE IT.

*Terms, \$1.50 per Annum. Postpaid.*

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Notre Dame, Indiana.

If a subscriber fails to receive the SCHOLASTIC regularly he will confer a favor by sending us notice immediately each time. Those who may have missed a number, or numbers, and wish to have the volume complete for binding, can have back numbers of the current volume by applying for them. In all such cases, early application should be made at the office of publication, as, usually, but few copies in excess of the subscription list are printed.

The Editors of the SCHOLASTIC will always be glad to receive information concerning former students and graduates of the University.

—We hope to begin soon the publication of a series of illustrated sketches on the world-famed Yellowstone Park, the garden formed by Nature in the wilds of the far West, and the pride of our nation. The articles will furnish the most entertaining and instructive reading, to which additional interest will be imparted by the numerous illustrations especially prepared for these papers.

—The annual retreat for the Catholic students will begin on next Monday evening. The sermons will be preached by the Rev. L. Cook, C. SS. R., who conducted the retreat of last year, to the delight and instruction of all who attended. No doubt those who take part in this religious exercise will realize its importance, and the great advantages secured in the formation of a proper spirit with which to enter upon the duties of college life.

## Order and Perseverance.

Every sensible man who undertakes any work, however unimportant it may be, wishes to bring that work to a successful termination. Yet, notwithstanding that natural desire of success, many persons fail in their undertakings, and many others only attain a partial success.

Why is this? Is it because those who fail are incapable of succeeding? In the great majority of instances this is not the cause. The real cause of failure in most cases is the neglect of the *means* necessary to insure success. Whether this neglect arises from an inability to appreciate the value of those means, or from inattention induced by precipitation, it is often difficult to say; however, we are inclined to believe that it is the latter.

Now, we think that a few reflections on a subject so intimately connected with the work which the student proposes to himself will not be out of place, and we will state briefly what in our opinion constitutes the surest means of success.

Apart from natural ability, which the vast majority of persons possess in a sufficient degree to do well whatever they have a taste for, nothing is more necessary than order and perseverance in the carrying out of the work begun. Order consists, first, in pursuing that course, in regard to the work on hand, which nature suggests. Thus in the matter of studies, the student should pursue first those branches which are more easily understood, and which serve as an introduction to others of a higher grade. The time spent on the elementary branches, so far from being lost, will be more than compensated for by the facility of study acquired thereby, and which is necessary to rapid progress. In the second place, the time for labor should be so regulated that one duty may never interfere with another. It is wonderful to see the amount of work that can be done in a single year, by devoting even one hour each day, *regularly*, to that work. On the other hand, the man who labors for an hour one day at a certain task, and then neglects it for two or three days to give place to something else which pleases more for the time, not only retards his own progress by so much, but by contracting habits of irregularity confuses his mind, and renders himself less capable of laboring with success even when he does work.

When a habit of order is once acquired, work becomes easy, and one feels encouraged by the evident progress which his regularity enables him to make. The only additional requisite t



success is *perseverance*, which consists in a determined continuance of the work undertaken till it is brought to completion.

Many persons labor with energy and order for a certain time, namely, so long as they meet with no obstacles; but the moment they encounter any opposition, or any unusual difficulty, they give up to discouragement and abandon their work; and thus not only fail in that particular case, but encourage timidity in themselves, lose all the time and labor expended up to the time of abandoning the work, and open the door to new difficulties in the next work which they undertake.

Such persons are not likely to succeed in anything of importance. They lack determination—*perseverance*. The true rule is: Never abandon what you have undertaken to do; even should it become evident that your success will be but partial—for, though you fail to attain the end which you proposed at the outset, you have still gained a victory by not allowing yourself to be discouraged by unforeseen difficulties—your work was a *success*—for it prepares you to meet difficulties manfully, and justifies the hope that you will *attain your object* next time.

B.

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An Attractive Collection of Irish and Irish-American Poetry.

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The sumptuous volume compiled and published by Daniel Connolly, under the title of "The Household Library of Ireland's Poets," deserves more than passing notice. The contents of the 774 large pages between its richly embellished covers, speak of an immense deal of careful labor by the editor, not only in collecting his material, but also in arranging it in the form in which it appears. The form is that of the Dana and Bryant standard collections of poetry, and is, probably, as satisfactory as could be devised, although it is open to the objection of necessitating a mingling of the old and the new poets, and thereby partly depriving the first of their distinctive flavor. This book answers every purpose that could be desired by lovers of the rich poetic treasures of Ireland, whether old or new. A few of the poems embodied in it might, perhaps, as well have been omitted, and it may be a question whether the editor has not gone a little too far in including in his long list of writers some—a half dozen or so—whose connection with Ireland is very slender indeed; but his compilation, as a whole, is, beyond any question, superior in quality and variety, and also in the style in which it is presented, to any

book of like character that preceded it, whether in Ireland or America.

Here are to be found the best specimens of Irish poetry from the earliest days, and a rich abundance of selections from the poets of the present time, those who have written in America as well as their brethren (and sisters also) in Ireland. Among the early writers represented are St. Columbkille, and the gifted monk, Sedulius, of the fifth century. Swift, as might be expected, is also here, and we even find Nahum Tate, once a man of considerable literary note, but now well-nigh forgotten. Goldsmith appears almost complete; so far as his poems are concerned, and Sheridan is not overlooked, while the grandfather of that famous man, Rev. Thomas Sheridan, one of Swift's intimate friends, is likewise given a place. In the same company is Rev. Thomas Parnell, a poet of distinction in his day, and one of the first Irish members of the family made illustrious for all time by the great Irish national leader of this day. Many of the old Irish minstrels appear in translations by Ferguson, Mangan, Callanan, Sigerson and others, who have rendered a valuable service by bringing the poetic riches of the past into the light of the present. The most careful and correct work in this field was done by the late Sir Samuel Ferguson, of whom the editor speaks in high praise in a biographical sketch.

Irish poetry in the English tongue belongs mainly to the present century. Almost the whole of it has been written since Moore re-awakened the harp that had slumbered so long. Mr. Connolly makes room for twenty-five of Moore's poems, including passages from "Lalla Rookh" and the "Fudge Family." He gives fourteen of Thomas Davis's splendid lyrics and ballads, nine of Gerald Griffin's, and several of Father Prout's pieces, not omitting the immortal "Bells of Shandon," of course. Among the poets of more recent, or nearly contemporaneous fame, we have, besides Ferguson, Denis Florence MacCarthy, Thomas D'Arcy McGee, Charles Gavin Duffy, Samuel Lover, Richard Dalton Williams, the two Aubrey de Veres, the greatly gifted Mangan, John F. O'Donnell, T. D. Sullivan, Thomas C. Irwin, John Francis Waller, Arthur G. Geoghegan, the author of the "Monks of Kilcrea," who was anonymous till Mr. Connolly produced his name, and Justice O'Hagan, who wrote strong national poems, also anonymously, in the Forty-eight period. Other names which appear with these are Thomas Furlong, Edward Walsh, Rev. James Wills, Bartholomew Simmons, John D. Fraser, Edward Lysaght, James J. Callanan, Michael J. Barry, Dr. John

Anster, John K. Casey, ("Leo"), Charles J. Kickham, and many more which, as the poems associated with them show, are well entitled to a place in such a collection as this is.

Archbishop Trench, a prominent figure in literature, as well as in the Episcopal Church, is honored with seven selections, Bishop Alexander, also of that church, with three, and the true poet, William Allingham with sixteen. A large number of talented children of the muse have appeared since the young Ireland poets ceased their passionate song. Mr. Connolly introduces several who were but little known in America, if known at all, before the advent of his collection. George Francis Armstrong, for instance, a professor in Dublin University, has written several volumes of excellent verse. This volume contains ten of his poems. Another good writer is Edmond Holmes, who is also well represented. Dr. John Todhunter, is recognized in Ireland as a true singer, but hardly known in America. His "Banshee," one of the selections here, is a poem of much power. Alfred Perceval Graves, whose "Spinning Wheel Song" and "Father O'Flynn" are capital specimens of genuine Irish humor, in neatly turned rhyme, is a worthy successor to Lover, with more than Lover's art. Mr. Connolly introduces Arthur O'Shaughnessy and Philip Bourke Marston, both born in England, but half Irish by parentage, and gives some of their best poems. He also presents Oscar Wilde, Edward Dowden, Samuel K. Cowan, Justin H. McCarthy, Edmond J. Armstrong, Daniel Crilly, Richard Dowling, Professor Whitley Stokes, the eminent Celtic scholar, and Lecky, the historian, Rev. Mathew Russell, S. J., editor of the *Irish Monthly*, is likewise given a place, which is well deserved.

The editor says in his preface that "almost as much poetry that may be called Irish has been written in America during the past thirty or forty years as in Ireland itself." His list of Irish-American poets is certainly a large one, beginning (chronologically) with Richard Henry Wilde, and coming down to the latest contemporary writer. Wilde has been dead forty years, but one of his poems, "My Life is Like a Summer Rose," is still reprinted. Next, as to time, comes the author of that perfect elegiac poem, "The Bivouac of the Dead," Col. Theodore O'Hara. Wilde was born in Ireland, 1789, but O'Hara was an American, Irish on his father's side. Venerable Dr. Thomas Dunn English is not overlooked, though he is only remotely of Irish extraction, which may also be said of James Whitcomb Riley and Thomas S. Collier. Scanning the Irish-American company assem-

bled here we find the lamented Father Ryan, genial and witty Charles G. Halpine, Dr. Robert D. Joyce, Fitz-James O'Brien, Charles Dawson Shanly, John Boyle O'Reilly, John Savage, Hugh F. McDermott, John Brougham, Maurice F. Egan, George T. Lannigan, Joseph O'Connor, Rev. Patrick Cronin, James J. Roche, John Boyle, Edward Maturin, and John Augustus Shea, besides many others who have sung well, though perhaps in a minor key. The poems of the Irish-Americans would make a large volume by themselves, and many of them are as intensely national and patriotic as the most vehement lyrics written upon Irish soil.

Ireland's daughters have kept well up with her sons in making the songs and ballads of the poetically prolific Green Isle. Mr. Connolly gathers the best of their productions in his book, which is really a cyclopædia. He lays before us beautiful gems by Lady Wilde, (the Madame Roland, as the fiery "Speranza" was called, of the young Ireland movement), Ellen Downing ("Mary," of the Forty-eight galaxy), Mary Eva Kelly ("Eva" of the same) who became the wife of Kevin Izod O'Doherty and went to Australia, passionate Fanny Parnell, Rosa Mulholland, Katherine Tynan, Lady Dufferin and her sister, Mrs. Norton, Mrs. Alexander, who wrote "The Burial of Moses," Frances Brown, Olivia Knight, "Thomasine" Julia Crawford, (who does not know her "In Silence we Parted"?) Mary E. Tighe, whom Moore greatly admired, Charlotte Lynch Botta (an American whose father was one of the United Irishmen), Mary E. Blake, Mary A. Sadlier, Katherine Conway, Eleanor C. Donnelly, Louise I. Guiney, Margaret F. Sullivan, Mary Ainge de Vere, Ellen and Fanny Forrester, Attie O'Brien, Julia M. O'Ryan, Charlotte and Emily Brontë (by virtue of their father being an Irishman), and even Sarah Heller Whitman, (of the Power family, though American for three generations back) who, in her later years, wrote a warm vindication of her early friend, Edgar A. Poe, who, by the way, was of the same family, the Le Poers.

In arranging the poems, which number about 1000, representing some 270 authors, exclusive of those which appear as anonymous, Mr. Connolly has adopted the topical method. There are thirteen divisions, each, it may be said, complete by itself. The first, which opens appropriately with Moore's "Love's Young Dream," is entitled "Poems of the Affections," the next "Poems of Home and Childhood," the third "Poems of Nature and Places," and then follow "Poems of Reflection," of "Sentiment," of "Imagination," of "Patriotism," of "Heroism,"

of "Labor," of "Comedy," of "Loss and Sorrow," "Memorial Poems," and "Moral and Religious Poems." In the "Comedy" division, none of the merely "comic" verse, which is generally vulgar, and often offensive to good taste, is to be found. Its absence cannot be regretted. Irish humor means something very different from coarse buffoonery. Following the poems is a department of biography, which contains sketches of 168 writers, including, of course, all the leading poets from whom selections are given. The labor of collecting data for all these interesting sketches must have been very great. In addition to the sketches there are lines in the first index indicating the place and time of birth of all the authors, and in some cases the date of death. One special merit of the volume, indeed, is the completeness with which it is indexed, and this is further evidence of the thoroughness with which the editor has done his work. The fine steel portraits with which the book is embellished form another valuable feature. All these portraits are new and executed in the best manner. The whole volume, in fact, is of the highest order, regarded merely as a specimen of the bookmaking art. It is also of a high order in a literary sense, and deserves a place of honor among the best books relating to Ireland that ever have been published.

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#### Personal.

—Mr. Thomas Griffin (Law), '88, has been admitted to the bar at Des Moines, Iowa.

—Mr. John Conlon (Law), '86, Justice of the Peace at Ashtabula, Ohio, was a welcome visitor this week. Mr. Conlon was returning home from a trip to the West, and stopped over to shake hands with old friends.

—Among the visitors of last week were Prof. Musgrave, formerly instructor in phonography and astronomy at Notre Dame, and Mr. Elder, the publisher, both of Chicago. Prof. Musgrave has made arrangements to locate in New York, where he will have charge of a publishing house.

—A very welcome visitor to the College on Sunday last was Senator D. W. Vorhees, who was accompanied by some friends from South Bend and dined with the Seniors. After dinner the Senator made a very earnest and practical address to the students, exhorting them to profit by the splendid opportunities which they were privileged to enjoy. The Senator's remarks were greeted with enthusiastic applause.

—Mr. W. H. Johnston, '85, and Miss Nellie Dollard were united in the bonds of marriage at Townsend, Ohio, on the 19th ult. The SCHOLASTIC, of whose Staff Mr. Johnston was, in days of yore, a most efficient member, joins with his

numerous friends, here and elsewhere, in extending to him and his amiable bride heartiest congratulations and best wishes that they may enjoy many years, even to a green old age, in the happy life upon which they have now entered.

—Frank Coad, of last year's Freshman Class, is at present occupying a position in the Merchant's National Bank of Omaha, Neb., where he is as successful as could be wished, but retains, as all good students should, a desire to complete his literary and classical studies. He writes that he expects to return to Notre Dame next session and finish his course. We hope he will find time and opportunity to accomplish his desire, as his record is one of the best during his stay here.

—Maurice F. Egan, formerly editor of the *Freeman's Journal*, is the Professor of English Literature at Notre Dame. Perhaps the first literary composition of Mr. Egan's printed was a story he sent, when a school boy, to the *Guardian Angel*, of which we were at the time editor. We saw the merit of the work and published it, but we never met Mr. Egan until he was the *Freeman's* editor. Amid the quietness of Notre Dame, and with mind wholly devoted to literary work, and saved from the mind wobbling effects of newspaper work, Professor Egan will do good work at the University, and achieve for himself reputation.—*I. C. B. U. Journal*.

—Rev. John Dinnen, '65, pastor of St. Bernard's Church, Crawfordsville, Ind., was a welcome visitor to the University during the past week. On Wednesday morning he addressed the pupils of the second course of Christian Doctrine. He spoke for some time on the importance of religious training, and then entered upon a comparison between the present opportunities afforded by Notre Dame, and the resources of *Alma Mater* in his times. Many a pioneer instructor was remembered by him in the most feeling terms, and a special tribute was paid to the memory of the late Prof. Joseph A. Lyons. The students gave a vote of thanks to their Rev. visitor for his edifying and instructive address, and Father Dinnen expressed himself as most favorably impressed by the young men to whom he spoke.

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#### Obituary.

BRO. LOUIS, C. S. C.

On last Saturday morning, BROTHER LOUIS (John Harkins) departed this life at Notre Dame, after a short illness of one week's duration. The deceased religious was born at Lexington, Ky., in 1824, and entered the Community here in 1862. For almost a quarter of a century he occupied the position of Assistant Postmaster at Notre Dame, and was well known and respected by all the students and his fellow-religious. Many a student, old and new, will learn with unfeigned regret the sad news of his

death, and will not fail to breathe a prayer for the repose of his soul. His last moments were those of a good religious, receiving his final summons with calmness and resignation, and peacefully yielding up his soul into the hands of his Maker. May he rest in peace!

#### Local Items.

- Now is the time.
- Pull for the shore.
- Retreat next week.
- 'Rah for New York!
- The leggy-slaters of Syracuse.
- "Johnnie" will be with us but a few days more.
- The "quartette" reception was perfectly *recherché*.
- Steam was turned on for the first time in Sorin Hall Thursday.
- The steam heating apparatus was put in the new building on Monday.
- Messrs. L. Chute and F. Long have been added to the list of "roomers."
- The Glee Club will probably give an entertainment sometime next month.
- Bro. Augustine now has charge of the Post Office. He is assisted by Bro. Leopold.
- The Albion (Mich.) College football team is anxious to play the Senior special eleven.
- The four boat crews were photographed by McDonald of South Bend, Thursday morning.
- Sergeant E. Prudhomme has been appointed Sergeant-Major of the Hoynes' Light Guards.
- The special meeting of the Senators of Syracuse and their friends was a most enjoyable affair.
- Sorin Hall will be ready for occupancy some time next month, if nothing happens to delay the work.
- The "Specials" defeated the "Anti-Specials" in the football game, Thursday by a score of 24 to 6.
- When the Senior and Junior classes have been accommodated there will not be a superabundance of rooms in the new hall.
- Melady's football eleven won the game on the 21st inst. The score was 14 to 0 made on three touch-downs and one goal kick.
- Less wrangling and a more thorough knowledge of the scientific points of the game would add to the proficiency of our football team.
- The steps and porches lately put up in St. Edward's Hall are artistic and elegant, and very much enhance the beauty of the building.
- The students will be pleased to hear that Senator Vorhees has kindly consented to deliver an address to them some time during the scholastic year.

—New rifles, specially designed by the Jenney Graham Gun Company of Chicago, will be furnished Company "C," the new military organization in the Juniors.

—The class in machine drawing is doing better work than ever before. They supply the drawings for the pattern-makers in the department of mechanical engineering.

—List, October winds are sighing,  
List, the murmur of the breeze,  
The trunk-room dog must sure be dighing;  
No, he only has the fleeze.

—The class of biology has become so large that it is found necessary to procure a number of new microscopes for those engaged in the practical work of the microscopical laboratory.

—The instructor in gymnastics will be here in a few days, and classes in this department will be organized in the Seniors, Juniors and Minims. He is very anxious to start a class in broad sword exercise this fall.

—What has become of the band which "with four brass horns and one brass drum was wont to toot and pound the town around, and try to get over a good deal of ground?" By all means let us hear from the band.

—Very Rev. Father General has the deepest thanks of the princes for the large nine-story pyramidal St. Edward's cake he sent them, the great hearted Founder is never happier than when he can make others happy.

—On Wednesday the 24th, the Feast of the Archangel Raphael, Rev. President Walsh said Mass in the Chapel of St. John the Evangelist, and gave the Minims a short but beautiful instruction on the glorious Archangel.

—The class of practical mechanics is unusually large this year, and the students are doing some excellent work. A number of them have on hand an eight horse power horizontal engine, and hope to have it on exhibition in a few weeks.

—The Director of the Historical Department returns grateful acknowledgments to Rev. Father Cyzewski for a number of rare coins, and to Master J. Girsch, of the Junior department, for thirteen large silver coins and six copper coins from various countries.

—We understand that there will soon be inaugurated a special class in electrical engineering. Considering all the appliances at the disposal of students in Science Hall, we have every reason to believe that this new department will be fully as successful as that of mechanical engineering.

—In the drawing for the three boxes of cigars, given to those who contributed to the sports of St. Edward's Day, Messrs. Casey, Brewer and Higgins held the lucky numbers. They at once generously distributed their prizes among the members of the department, being materially assisted in the distribution by Messrs. Tewksbury, Cooke, Jewett and others.

—At the 3d regular meeting of the members

of the Sorin Literary and Dramatic Association, held October 15, in St. Edward's Hall, an interesting debate was sustained by F. Toolen, G. Franche, J. Keane, C. Connor, F. Dunn, J. Hagus, J. Dungan and V. Kehoe. The President, Prof. J. F. Edwards, on the vote of the members, admitted to membership F. Webb, M. Elkin, E. Elkin, J. Barbour, H. Connolly and E. Franche.

—Company "A," Hoynes' Light Guards, will be officered this year as follows: Captain, Joseph E. Cusack; 1st Lieutenant, J. V. O'Donnell; 2d Lieutenant, P. V. D. Brownson; 1st Sergeant, A. Leonard; 2d Sergeant, H. McAllister; 3d Sergeant, L. Chute; 4th Sergeant, S. Campbell; 5th Sergeant, Ross Bronson; 1st Corporal, G. Cooke; 2d Corporal, M. Reynolds; 3d Corporal, R. Pollock; 4th Corporal, F. Brown.

—The Syracusans met in the Junior dining room Wednesday evening, where they were entertained at a bounteous repast under the auspices of the genial Bro. William, the popular refectorian. The tables groaned, so to speak, under their burden, for there were all the delicacies of the season (some of the Syracusans groaned later in the evening). With such sumptuous feast, with such smiling host, with such fragrant Havanas, and with such sparkling repartee between the assembled guests, a most delightful evening was spent.

—The College of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart at Watertown, which was reopened this year, after having been suspended for the last two years, is working with the very best of prospects ahead. The Very Rev. Provincial Corby spent some days at the college lately, bringing with him Mr. Edbrooke, the famous architect of Chicago, who is to put up additional buildings to accommodate the students. Some of the buildings will be commenced this fall, and the remainder will be erected in the coming spring and summer. It is calculated that with the additions there will be ample accommodations for 200 boarders.—*Catholic Citizen*.

—The 5th regular meeting of the St. Aloysius Philodemic Society was held Saturday evening, Oct. 21. Immediately after the preliminary exercises, the debate of the evening—"Resolved that a Classical Education disciplines the mind more than a Scientific"—took place. The speakers on the affirmative side were Messrs. Barrett and Finckh, and on the negative Messrs. Dore and A. Larkin, but Mr. Larkin being absent, his place was filled by Messrs. V. Morrison and J. Goebel who volunteered their services to Mr. Dore. Forcible arguments were brought forward on both sides; but, after due deliberation, the judges gave their decision in favor of the affirmative. Messrs. J. Dougherty and R. Pollock were elected to membership.

—At the 5th regular meeting of the St. Cecilia Philomathean Association, held Wednesday evening, October 10, Masters H. Silver, V. Du Brul, and F. Wile were admitted to membership. Master Berry read a criticism on the previous

meeting, after which an interesting debate was held. The judges appointed were W. Divine, E. Berry and H. Pecheux. The speakers were Masters J. McGrath, J. Reinhard, E. Adelsperger and W. McPhee. After a few remarks by the President, the meeting adjourned.

At the 6th regular meeting held Wednesday evening, October 17, Master F. Chute read a criticism on the previous meeting. In the debate that followed, the judges were J. McGrath, J. Reinhard and J. McIntosh. The speakers were Masters J. Berry, J. Wright, L. Scherrer and W. Divine.

—"In beginning our work," says our old friend, the *Georgetown College Journal*, "nothing pleases us more than to find that our old friend, THE NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC, is the first of our exchanges to greet us. In the last issue on our table we notice an article entitled "Chaucer," from the pen of Maurice F. Egan, A. M., late of the *Freeman's Journal*. It is but necessary to mention the name of the distinguished author to satisfy our readers of the excellence of the paper in every detail. We shall always be pleased to welcome the SCHOLASTIC, not only because we see it in the van of college journalism, but because we are indebted to it for many kind remembrances in the past, the latest of which is a neatly-bound copy of "Sermon by the Most Rev. John Ireland, D. D., Archbishop of St. Paul., delivered on the occasion of the Golden Jubilee of Very Rev. Father Sorin."

—According to arrangements made last year by the late Professor Joseph A. Lyons, a marble memorial tablet to Rev. Augustus Lemonnier, C. S. C., will be placed in the University Church on the northern wall of the eastern transept. It bears the following inscription:

IN MEMORIAM.  
AUGUSTI. LEMONNIER. C. S. C.  
Sacerdotis.  
UNIVERSITATIS. NOSTRÆ. DOMINÆ. A. LACU.  
Præsidis.  
INGENII. PRÆSTANTISSIMI. ET. CORDIS. AMANTISSIMI.  
QUI. NIHIL. TETIGIT. QUOD. NON. ORNAVIT.  
HOC. MARMOR.  
A. DISCIPULIS. SUI. SOCIETATIS.  
SANCTÆ. CECILIÆ.  
POSITUM. EST.  
NATUS. 25. APRILIS. 1839. OBIT. 29. OCTOB. 1874.  
R. I. P.

Although fourteen years have come and gone since the death of Father Lemonnier, his memory lingers like a sweet aroma around the scenes of his active life. On Monday next, the anniversary of his death, a Mass of requiem will be offered by Rev. J. A. O'Connell, C. S. C., a former Vice-President of the St. Cecilia Philomathean Association.

—Additions to the Historical collection in the Bishops' Memorial Hall: Lot of early *Catholic Mirrors* presented by Mrs. H. Goldsborough. Lot of manuscripts from France presented by L. Sener. Sermon preached by Archbishop Ireland on "The Golden Jubilee of Very Rev. Father Sorin," bound in purple plush and gold, presented by the Editor of THE NOTRE DAME



SCHOLASTIC. "Life of Beato Angelico da Friesole," from the French of E. Cartier; a Catholic History of England as Described by the Monkish Historian, William Bernard MacCabe, 3 vols.: London, 1847; a souvenir of the conferring of the pallium on the first Archbishop of St. Paul, presented by Hon. W. J. Onahan, LL. D. Interior view of St. Joseph's Church, Philadelphia, presented by the sacristan. Steel engraving of the fifth Bishop of Hartford; picture of the Hartford Cathedral, presented by Rev. Dr. Shahan. St. Peter in chains, from the author of Aubrey de Vere. From Rev. Father Zahm a curious brass medal of Our Lady of Loreto, several hundred years old. Life-size oil-painting of Most Rev. Archbishop Ireland, framed in gold and bronze; life-size oil-painting of Most Rev. Archbishop Wood, framed in ebony and gold; "Historical Sketch of the St. Louis University," by Rev. W. H. Hill, S. J.; "California's Welcome to His Grace Coadjutor Archbishop Riordan," by Marcella A. Fitzgerald; portrait of Cardinal Mazella; several valuable photographs, presented by a Rev. friend.

### Roll of Honor.

[The following list includes the names of those students whose conduct during the past week has given entire satisfaction to the Faculty.]

#### SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

Messrs. Akin, Alvarez, Ahlrichs, Bombeck, J. Brennan, Burns, Burger, Blessington, Brüggemann, Barnes, H. Brannick, Brewer, Barrett, Burke, Bronson, Beckman, Brelsford, Brady, Cassidy, Crooker, Cooney, Chacon, G. Cooke, Jno. Cusack, Jos. Cusack, Casey, Carroll, T. Coady, P. Coady, E. Coady, L. Chute, W. Campbell, Draper, Dacy, Dore, Dwyer, Freeman, Foster, Fisk, J. Fleming, R. Fleming, Finckh, Fehr, Franklin,\* Ford, Grange, Göke, Goebel, Jno. Giblin, Gallardo, Greenman, Gallagher, W. Hacket, Healy, Hayes, L. Hacket, Hughes, Hermann, M. Howard, Hempler, Hoover, E. Howard, Irwin, Jennings, J. Kelly, Karasynski, Kinsella, Kenny, Kohlmann, Knoblauch, Lane, Lahey, Lesner, Lozana, L. Long, G. Long, E. Larkin, W. Larkin, McNally, Murphy, Maloney, McErlaine, G. McAllister, Morton, Mackey, J. McCarthy, Mattes, Madden, McAuliff, McKeon, McGinnty, Jno. McCarthy, W. Morrison, W. Morrison, J. Meagher, L. Meagher, Melady, McLeod, Mithen, W. Meagher, Nations, Albert Nicholl, R. Newton, Nester, O'Flaherty, W. O'Brien, O'Shea, O'Connor, O'Donnell, Paquette, Prichard, Pollock, Prudhomme, Robinson, Roberts, Richardson, Rothert, Stewart, Schmitz, R. Sullivan, Stanfield, Steiger, J. Sullivan, Scholfield, Stephenson, D. Sullivan, Toner, Tiernan, Tarrant, Wise, Woods, Wade, Wynn, Wagoner, Waixel, Watson, Webb, F. Youngermann, C. Youngermann, Zeller, Zeitler.

#### JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

Masters Adelsperger, J. Allen, W. Allen, Ayer, Adams, Aarons, Berry, Bombeck, Bates, Beaudry, Brady, Blumenthal, Boyd, Bradley, Baltes, Bearinger, Bryan, T. Cleary, S. Cleary, Cunningham, Crandall, J. Connors, F. Connors, Case, Connolly, Chacon, E. Campbell, Collins, Caithorn, Clendenin, Chute, N. Davis, L. Davis, Des Garennes, E. Du Brul, Dunn, W. Devine, A. Devine, D'Arcy, Dempsey, Daniels, Duffield, Dunning, Dinkel, Ernest, Erwin, Elder, T. Falvey, Flannigan, F. Falvey, P. Fleming, S. Fleming, Frei, Fitzgerald, Green, R. Healy, P. Healy, Heller, Hesse, Howard, Hoerr, Halthüsen, Hannin, Hughes, Hanrahan, Hague, Houlihan, Heintzen, Hoffman, Heard, Hennessy, Hartman, Ibold, W.

Kutsche, Krembs, Kehoe, Kellner, Kearns, Lamon, Lenhoff, Louisell, Mahon, Maher, Maurus, Monarch, Mainzer, Malone, Mayer, Morrison, J. Mooney, McNulty, Merz, McDonnell, McPhee, McCarthy, J. McIntosh, L. McIntosh, McIvers, McMahon, McGrath, McDonough, McCartney, F. Neef, A. Neef, Nockels, Nester, O'Neill, G. O'Brien, P. O'Brien, O'Mara, Peters, Priestly, Populorum, Pecheux, Prichard, F. Peck, J. Peck, Palmer, Paquette, Powers, Quinlan, E. Roth, I. Rose, S. Rose, Reinhard, Rowsey, Ramsey, Sheehan, Schultze, Sullivan, Spalding, Sutter, C. Scherrer, L. Scherrer, Smith, Silver, Savage, Talbot, Wright, Walsh, Welch, Weitzel, Williamson, Wood, Willien, Wilbanks, Wile, Young, Foley, Schillo.

#### MINIM DEPARTMENT.

Masters Ackerman, Bates, Blake, Barbour, Ball, Bruel, Burns, Bearinger, E. Bryan, Connolly, Cornell, W. Creedon, F. Creedon, A. Crawford, W. Crawford, Cohn, C. Connor, W. Connor, Crandall, Cudahy, Crane, Downing, Durand, Du Quesne, Dunn, Jas. Dungan, Dorsey, F. Dempsey, J. Dempsey, Dench, E. Elkin, G. Evers, F. Evers, G. Franche, C. Franche, Finnerty, Falvey, Foster, Fanning, Grant, Greene, Goodwillie, Gregg, Goodman, Girardin, Hendry, Hagus, Hedenbergh, Haddican, Jonquet, Johns, Kroolman, Kirk, Keeler, Kaye, Levi, Livingston, Londoner, Lonergan, J. Marre, A. Marre, Maternes, Marx, McPhee, Mattas, C. McDonnell, F. McDonnell, McDonald, McGuire, McCarthy, Mooney, Montague, Mayer, W. Nichols, C. Nichols, Neenan, O'Neill, Oppenheimer, Parker, Pierce, L. Paul, C. Paul, Ricksecker, Seerey, Snyder, Seidensticker, Stone, Stephens, Steineman, Toolen, Trujillo, Thornton, Witkowsky, F. Webb, R. Webb, Wever, Washburne, Wilcox, Wilson.

\* Omitted by mistake for last two weeks.

### Class Honors.

[In the following list may be found the names of those students who have given entire satisfaction in all their classes during the month past.]

#### COLLEGIATE COURSE.

W. McPhee, L. Scherrer, T. Wilbanks, C. Paquette, H. Wise, C. Burger, J. Mackey, M. Dore, A. Finckh, H. Brelsford, T. Goebel, C. Cavanagh, J. Cusack, R. Newton, V. Morrison, W. Larkin, W. Morrison, P. Wagoner, H. Higgins, J. Meagher, H. Brannick, D. Barrett, L. Chute, P. Burke, M. Garfias, B. Hughes, G. Cooke, D. Dwyer, S. Hummer, E. Chacon, D. Brewer, A. Pollock, W. Tiernan, H. Smith, F. Nester, T. Brady, F. Neef, J. Reinhard, J. Brady, E. Adelsperger, H. Pecheux, L. Davis.

### List of Excellence.

[The students mentioned in this list are those who have been the best in the classes of the courses named—according to the competitions which are held monthly.]

#### COLLEGIATE COURSE.

*Moral Philosophy*—T. Goebel; *Logic*—D. Brewer; *Latin*—T. Goebel, W. Larkin, H. Brelsford, J. Meagher; *Rhetoric*—D. Brewer; *Composition*—J. Hermann; *Descriptive Geometry*—V. Morrison; *General Geometry and Calculus*—H. Brannick; *Trigonometry*—J. Meagher, E. Hoover; *Algebra*—M. Dore, E. Kehoe; *Geometry*—H. Higgins, E. Hughes, H. Pecheux, J. Cusack, J. Brady; *Ancient History*—F. Lane, D. Tewksbury, I. Bunker, H. Pecheux; *Mineralogy*—J. Mackey; *Metallurgy*—W. Morrison, W. McPhee; *Physiology*—J. Brady; *Botany*—O. Rothert.

#### COMMERCIAL COURSE.\*

*Reading*—B. Read, W. Lahey, F. Mattes, F. Wynn, W. Walsh, J. Hayes, W. O'Neill, F. Sheehan, W. Johnson, R. Palmer, J. Bradley, W. Bailey, J. McMahon, J. Cunningham, J. King, J. Talbot, E. McIvers; *Orthography*—W. O'Neill, R. Palmer, E. Maurus, I. Rose, J. King, E. McIvers, F. Duffield, A. Ahlrichs.

\* Omitted last week.

## St. Mary's Academy.

*One Mile West of Notre Dame University.*

—Now that the morning walks have been discontinued, calisthenics are in order.

—The exercises of the annual retreat, which opens Sunday evening, will be conducted by Very Rev. Father Corby, C. S. C.

—Thanks are returned to Mr. J. Trainor for a beautiful specimen of plate glass. The block is as clear as ice, and weighs over sixty pounds.

—The best competition of the month was held this week in the Second Senior Class. The study was rhetoric, and not one question was missed on either side.

—M. Smyth, G. Papin, I. Cooke, K. Barry and C. Daly are the best in mental arithmetic in the Juniors' Preparatory class, as was proved by a competition last Thursday.

—The Third Preparatories held a competition in arithmetic lately, those who excelled were the Misses K. Johnson, F. Burdick, N. Paul, Crabb, Ash, Farwell and Pugsley.

—The author chosen for discussion last Tuesday by the members of St. Angela's Literary Society was J. G. Whittier. Misses A. Keeney and J. Ledwith read selections from his works and a sketch of his life.

—The Graduating Class is larger at present than it has been for many years, and all, without exception, are making good use of the advantages offered during their last year at school. Their earnest efforts cannot but be crowned with success.

—The visitors of the past week were: Mrs. L. Maguire, Mr. and Mrs. J. G. Campbell, Mrs. A. Upson, H. C. Robinson, Mrs. J. Sullivan, Mrs. H. Keeney, Chicago; D. W. Simpson, Aurora, Ill.; A. J. McDuffee, Marion, Ind.; Mrs. T. Nester, Mrs. M. J. Bourke, Marquette, Mich.; Mrs. H. Cooper, Hyde Park, Ill.; Mrs. D. F. Pegan, Michigan City, Ind.; Miss L. Brennan, Buffalo, N. Y.; Mrs. A. Coquillard, Mrs. H. Leper, South Bend.

—At the last distribution of the "points," Miss Angela Donnelly read, in a most pleasing manner, "Teresa of Jesus;" Miss J. Currier's reading was remarkable for its clear enunciation—her subject was "The Mother of Agassiz." At the close of the selection, Rev. Father Zahm made a few instructive remarks relative to Agassiz, after which Very Rev. Father General addressed the young ladies in French; he spoke of the advantage arising from the study of the French language, and exhorted all to become students in that branch.

—A letter from Miss Bertha Kearney, Class of '87, who is travelling in Europe, to one of her old teachers, is so beautiful that we take the liberty of giving the following extract:

"We remained in Lourdes for almost four weeks, and it would be impossible for me to tell you of all the miracles we saw. The national pilgrimage took place August

2d, and lasted three days. The pilgrims came from all parts of France to the number of fifteen thousand, bringing with them fifteen hundred sick. Of this number comparatively few were cured—perhaps twenty-five or thirty. During these three days continual supplications were made to Our Blessed Lady, and many were the cures effected through her intercession. I myself saw confirmed invalids, men, women and children, who were carried to the Grotto on litters, rise unassisted, and join the procession of the Blessed Sacrament. Those looking for favors and whom our Lord saw fit to refuse, left the sacred shrine praising God and perfectly content with their lot. . . . It is something I never can forget, and we left Lourdes with our faith increased one hundredfold."

### Art.

*(Rosa Mystica.)*

During the reign of Pericles, Zeuxis and Parrhasius presented themselves as candidates for a prize in painting; the former represented grapes in so natural a manner that the birds were deceived and flew to pick at the fruit. But when Parrhasius was ordered to remove the veil covering his picture, he told them that the veil formed the picture. Thus we see that "the perfection of art is to conceal art." Nature is the grand model, and man, after studying the lesson so admirably taught therein, embodies his ideas in a picture that carries various impressions to the different hearts. How easily do we distinguish mere talent from the sublime genius of an artist's soul!

The man of talent will labor strenuously, will persevere at his work, and the result will be a good imitation of what he proposed to paint; he will receive plaudits, and will rest satisfied that he has reached his aim. Observe the spirit of genius, however, in the true artist. His very soul lives in an atmosphere whose beauties are too deep, too spiritual, that mortal hands should paint them, or mortal eyes behold. Truly do they live a life apart, and, as a loving English poetess so beautifully tells it,

"Dwells within the soul of every artist  
More than all his efforts can express,  
And he knows the best remains unuttered  
Sighing at what we call his success."

Take, for instance, a Raphael, a Corregio: In their sublimest conceptions there was much that was beyond the power of the brush; while time lasts their efforts will never be surpassed, though talent, and even genius, may essay to imitate.

Their souls were imbued with a pure and noble love for religion, the mistress of art, that inspired their work and gave to the world the masterpieces. Painting has been a grand instructor in all that is true, good and beautiful; and hardened is the heart that would not feel the depths of devotion within him stirred by

viewing the lasting monuments of those whose names illumine the pages of the history of art. Here again we cannot but note the difference between the one whose aim is to please, or to acquire fame, and he whose every aspiration urges him to set upon canvas all the glorious visions he conceives, but whose soul struggles beneath a noble discontent, as he sees how far short of his ideal is the real he shows to men.

There are, as it were, three divisions in the "Temple of Art," one the outer room for the lookers on, a second for those who have mediocre talent; but the inner sanctuary can be opened only by the golden key of genius. No science, no philosophy, will avail here. He whose mind is above this earth, whose nature is in a measure spiritual, can be truly called an artist, and he who possesses such power wields an influence that will be a source of lasting good or irreparable evil.

The music of a genius is like the voice of angels, but, alas! it lives but to die; for one short moment it gushes forth in exalted triumph or praise, but is lost in silence. Paintings, worthy the name, last for ages, and imbue with their own spirit those who gaze upon them. Should not the aim be, then, to send to each beholder's heart not only a thrill of delight, but a holy message that will tell of sacred mysteries of the skies, and will lead the soul by its sweet allurements to thoughts of Him, whose masterpiece is man—man whose every faculty should be placed at the feet of the Master?

Such should be the thoughts awakened at the sight of a true artist's work; and while admiring, let us remember that though his painting

"Boundless riches do unfold,  
His truest secrets linger  
Ever in its depths untold.

#### Roll of Honor.

[For politeness, neatness, order, amiability, correct deportment, and exact observance of rules.]

##### SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

Misses Arnold, Ansbach, Ash, Bub, T. Balch, Burton, Bloom, Beschameng, Bogner, Butler, Brewer, Barron, Bush, M. Beck, C. Beck, M. B. Clifford, Campeau, Cleveland, Currier, Caren, Compagne, Clarke, M. Clifford, M. Coll, Cohn, Clore, Connell, Crabbe, Canepa, Donnelly, Ducey, M. Davis, Dority, D. Davis, Dorsey, Daube, M. De Montcourt, I. De Montcourt, Flannery, Fitzpatrick, Fursman, Fox, Flitner, Gavan, Guise, Griffith, Geer, Grace, M. Gibson, A. Gibson, Gordon, Hertzog, Hammond, Harlen, M. Horner, I. Horner, Hurff, Healy, Hamilton, Harmes, Hutchinson, Haight, Haney, Hellmann, Hariman, Irwin, Johnson, Kingsbury, C. Keeney, A. Keeney, Koepplinger, Koopman, Lawrence, Linneen, Ledwith, Meehan, McNamara, Moran, N. Morse, Moore, Marley, Miner, C. Morse, McCarthy, H. Nester, L. Nester, Nacey, Nelson, Norton, Nicholas, O'Brien, Prudhomme, Piper, Paul, Penburthy, Quealey, Reidinger, Robinson,

Roberts, Rentfrow, Rënd, M. Smith, Slesinger, Spurgeon, Schrock, Studebaker, Simpson, Saviers, Schiltz, Taylor, Van Horn, M. Voechting, B. Voechting, Wright, Webb, Waterbury, Waixel, Wilkinson, Zahm.

##### JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

Misses Barry, Bloom, E. Burns, Burchard, Churchill, A. Cooper, Cooke, Campbell, M. Davis, Dexter, Daly, Dempsey, Dreyer, Ernest, Göke, Griffith, Kloth, Lauth, Miller, McPhee, McGuire, Northam, O'Mara, Patrick, Patier, Quealey, Regan, Rose, Rowley, Rinehart, M. Smyth, J. Smyth, Scherrer, Sweeney, M. Schoellkopf, I. Schoellkopf, Stapleton, Thirds, A. Wurzburg, N. Wurzburg.

##### MINIM DEPARTMENT.

Misses Ayer, Burns, Crandell, L. McHugh, M. McHugh, Moore, Papin, Palmer, S. Smyth, N. Smyth, Scherrer.

#### SCHOOL OF ART AND DESIGN.

##### HONORABLY MENTIONED.

GRADUATING CLASS—Miss A. Gordon.

##### ELEMENTARY PERSPECTIVE.

2D CLASS—Misses S. Brewer, Stapleton, I. Horner, M. Piper, N. Morse, E. Nicholas, M. Burton, E. Coll, M. Hull.

3D CLASS—Misses M. Schiltz, K. Hurley, J. Cleveland, E. Wright, M. Fitzpatrick, H. Lawrence, S. Crane, N. Simpson, M. Campbell, A. Hammond, B. Bloom, S. Dempsey, B. Kingsbury, M. Miller, N. Davis, H. Pugsley, L. Mercer, L. Ernest, A. Wurzburg, V. Wilkinson, B. Wagner, N. Linneen, M. Scherrer.

##### PAINTING ON CHINA.

Misses C. Miner, B. Hellmann.

##### PAINTING IN WATER-COLORS.

Misses G. Clarke, M. Andree, M. Hutchinson, B. Voechting.

##### OIL PAINTING.

Misses J. Robinson, A. Regan, I. Bub, G. Wehr, L. Hillas, A. Grace.

##### GENERAL DRAWING.

##### SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

Misses C. Kenny, H. Cohn, M. Jungblut, J. Bogner, M. Geer, T. Haney, N. Paul, A. Schrock, J. Currier, E. Balch, M. Voechting, C. Dorsey, T. Balch, J. Fox, L. Hagus, D. Davis, M. Clifford, E. Norton, A. Van Riper, M. Thayer, D. Spurgeon, A. Ash, B. Crabbe, A. Koopman, U. Bush, K. Quealey, M. Clore, K. McCarthy, O. Butler, J. Connell.

##### JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

Misses A. Thirds, F. Kahn, G. Papin, R. Campbell, M. Kelso, C. Daly, M. McHugh, A. Cooper, E. Cooper, F. Palmer, A. Rowley, M. Dexter, M. Smyth, P. Griffith, L. McHugh, A. Papin, M. Davis, E. Regan, N. Smyth, J. Smyth, K. Smyth, E. Kaspar, M. Scherrer, G. Crandall, S. Scherrer, K. Moore, M. Hansford, V. Kelly.

#### OCTOBER.

October is the month that seems  
All woven with midsummer dreams;  
She brings for us the golden days  
That fill the air with smoky haze,  
She brings for us the lispig breeze  
And wakes the gossip in the trees,  
Who whisper near the vacant nest  
Forsaken by its feathered guest.  
Now half the birds forget to sing,  
And half of them have taken wing.  
Before their pathway shall be lost  
Beneath the gossamer of the frost;  
Now one by one the gay leaves fly  
Zigzag across the yellow sky;  
They rustle here and flutter there,  
Until the bough hangs chill and bare.  
What joy for us—what happiness—  
Shall cheer the day, the night shall bless;  
'Tis Hallow-e'en, the very last  
Shall keep for us remembrance fast,  
When every child shall duck the head  
To find the precious pippin red!

—St. Nicholas.