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Crossing the Bar.

TENNYSON.

Sunset and evening star,
And one clear call for me,
And may there be no moaning of the bar,
When I put out to sea.

But such a tide as moving seems asleep,
Too much for sound and foam.
When that which drew from out the boundless
deep?
Turns again home.

Twilight and evening bell,
And after that the dark!
And may there be no sadness of farewell,
When I embark.

For tho' from out our bourne of Time and
Place
The flood may bear me far,
I hope to see my Pilot face to face
When I have crossed the bar.

Sir Walter Scott.

BY H. N. SANTEN, '91.

There is no kind of writing—which has truth and instruction for its main object—so interesting and popular on the whole as biography. History, in its larger sense, has to deal with masses which, while they divide the attention by the dazzling variety of objects from their very generality, are scarcely capable of touching the heart. The great objects on which it is employed have little relation to the daily occupations with which the reader is most intimate. A nation, like a corporation, seems to have no soul, and its checkered vicissitudes may be con-

templated rather with curiosity for the lessons they convey than with personal sympathy.

How different are the feelings excited by the fortunes of an individual, one of the mighty mass, who in the page of history is swept along the current unnoticed and unknown! Instead of a mere abstraction, at once we see a being like ourselves, "fed with the same food, hurt with the same weapons, subject to the same diseases, healed by the same means, warmed and cooled by the same winter and summer" as we are. We place ourselves in his position and see the passing current of events with the same eyes. We become a party to all his little schemes, share in his triumphs, or mourn with him in the disappointment of defeat. His friends become our friends. We learn to take an interest in their characters from their relation to him. As they pass away from the stage one after another, and as the clouds of misfortune, perhaps, or of disease, settle around the evening of his own day we feel the same sadness that steals over us on a retrospect of earlier and happier hours. And when at last we have followed him to the tomb we close the volume, and feel that we have turned over another chapter in the history of life.

On the same principles, probably, we are more moved by the exhibition of those characters whose days have been passed in the ordinary routine of domestic and social life than by those most intimately connected with the great public events of their age. What, indeed, is the story of such men but that of the times? The life of Wellington or of Bonaparte is the story of the wars and revolutions of Europe. But that of Cowper, gliding away in the seclusion of rural solitude, reflects all those domestic joys and, alas! more than the sorrows which gather around every man's fireside and his heart. In this way

the story of the humblest individual, faithfully recorded, becomes an object of lively interest. How much is that interest increased in the case of a man like Scott, who from his own fireside has sent forth a voice to cheer and delight millions of his fellow-men; whose life was passed within the narrow circle of his own village, as it were, but who, nevertheless, has called up more shapes and fantasies within that magic circle, acted more extraordinary parts, and afforded more marvels for the imagination to feed on than can be furnished by the most nimble-footed traveller.

Fortunate as Sir Walter Scott was in his life, it is not the least of his good fortunes that he left the task of recording it to one so competent as Mr. Lockhart, who, to a familiarity with the person and habits of his illustrious subject, unites such entire sympathy with his pursuits, and such fine tact and discrimination in arranging the materials for their illustration. We have seen it objected that the biographer has somewhat transcended his lawful limits in occasionally exposing that which tenderness for the reputation of Scott should have led him to conceal; but on reflection we are not inclined to adopt these views. It is difficult to prescribe any precise rule by which the biographer should be guided in exhibiting the peculiarities and still more the defects of his subject.

Walter Scott was born at Edinburgh, August 15, 1771. The character of his father—a respectable member of that class of attorneys who in Scotland are called Writers to the Signet—is best conveyed to the reader by saying that he sat for the portrait of Mr. Saunders Fairford in "Red Gauntlet." His mother was a woman of taste and imagination, and had an influence in guiding those of her son. His ancestors on both his father's and his mother's side were of "gentle blood"—a position which, placed between the highest and the lower ranks of society, was extremely favorable, as affording facilities for communication with both. A lameness in his infancy—a most fortunate lameness for the world if, as Scott says, it spoiled a soldier—and a delicate constitution made it expedient to try the efficacy of country air and diet, and he was placed under the roof of his paternal grandfather at Sandy-Knowe, a few miles distant from the capital. Here his days were passed in the open fields "with no other fellowship," as he says, "than that of sheep and lambs"; and here, in the lap of nature, his infant vision was greeted with those rude, romantic scenes which his own verses have since hallowed for the pilgrims from every clime.

On his removal to Edinburgh, in his eighth year, he was subjected to different influences. Amid the professional and polemical worthies of his father's library, Scott detected a copy of Shakspeare, and he relates with *goût* how he used to creep out of his bed, where he had been safely deposited for the night, and by the light of the fire pore over the pages of the great magician, and study those mighty spells by which he gave to airy fantasies the forms and substance of humanity. Scott distinctly recollected the time and the spot where he first opened a volume of Percy's "Relics of English Poetry," a work which may have suggested to him the plan and the purpose of the "Border Minstrelsy." Every day's experience shows how much more actively the business of education goes on out of school than in it.

At High School, in which he was placed by his father at an early period, he seems not to have been particularly distinguished in the regular course of studies. His voracious appetite for books, however, of a certain cost—as romances, chivalrous tales and worm-eaten chronicles scarcely less chivalrous—and his wonderful memory for such reading as struck his fancy, soon made him be regarded by his fellows as a phenomenon of black-letter scholarship which in the course of time achieved for him the cognomen of that redoubtable schoolman, Duns Scotus.

It is impossible to glance at Scott's early life without perceiving how powerfully all its circumstances, whether accidental or contrived, conspired to train him for the peculiar position he was destined to occupy in the world of letters. There never was a character in whose infant germ the mature and fully developed lineaments might be more distinctly traced. What he was in his riper age, he was in his boyhood. We discern the same taste, the same peculiar talents, the same social temper and affections, and in a great degree the same habits.

In 1792 he was admitted to the bar; here he continued in assiduous attendance during the regular terms, but was more noted for his stories in the Outer House than his arguments in court.

Scott's leisure in the meantime was well employed in storing his mind with German romance, with whose wild fictions, bordering on the grotesque, he found at that time more sympathy than in later life. In 1802 he gave to the world his first two volumes of the "Border Minstrelsy," printed by his school-fellow, Ballantyne. The first edition of the "Minstrelsy," consisting of eight hundred copies, went off, as Lockhart tells us, in less than a year. He was

not in great haste to follow up his success. It was three years later before he took the field as an independent author in a poem which at once placed him among the great original writers of his country. The "Lay of the Last Minstrel," a complete expansion of the ancient ballad into an epic form, was published in 1805. It was opening a new creation in the realm of fancy. It seemed as if the author had transfused into his page the strong delineations of the Homeric pencil, the rude, but generous gallantry of a primitive period.

Scott was found to combine all the qualities of interest for every order. He drew from the pure springs which gush forth in every heart. His narrative chained every reader's attention by the stirring variety of its incidents; while the fine touches of sentiment with which it abounded like wild flowers, springing up spontaneously around, were full of freshness and beauty that made one wonder; others should not have stooped to gather them before.

Scott's situation was eminently propitious to literary pursuits. He was married, and passed the better portion of the year in the country, where the quiet pleasures of his fireside circle and a keen relish for rural sports relieved his mind, and invigorated both mind and body.

His next great poem was "Marmion" transcending, in the judgment of many, all his other passages of poetic fire which he never equalled, but which, nevertheless, was greeted on its entrance into the world by a *critique* in the leading journal of the day of the most caustic and unfriendly temper.

In 1811 Scott gave to the world his exquisite poem "The Lady of the Lake." One of his fair friends had remonstrated with him on thus risking again the laurel he had already won. He replied, with characteristic and indeed prophetic spirit: "If I fail, I will write prose all my life."

In his eulogy on Byron, Scott remarks: "There has been no reposing under the shade of his laurels, no living upon the resource of past reputation; none of that *coddling* and petty precaution which little authors call 'taking care of their fame.' Byron let his fame take care of itself." Scott could not have more accurately described his own character. "The Lady of the Lake" was welcomed with an enthusiasm surpassing that which attended any other of his poems. It seemed like the sweet breathings of his native pibroch, stealing over glen and mountain, and calling up all the delicious associations of rural solitude, which beautifully contrasted with the din of battle and the shrill cry of the

war trumpet that stirred the soul in every page of his "Marmion." The publication of this work carried his fame as a poet to its most brilliant height.

Scott once entered on this new career followed it up with an energy unrivalled in the history of literature. The public mind was not suffered to cool for a moment before its attention was called to another miracle of creation from the same hand. And even illness that would have broken the spirits of most men, as it prostrated the physical energies of Scott, opposed no impediment to the march of composition; when he could no longer write he could dictate, and in this way, amid the agonies of a racking disease, he composed "The Bride of Lammermoor," "The Legend of Montrose," and a great part of "Ivanhoe." The first indeed is darkened with those deep shadows that seem thrown over it by the sombre condition of its author.

Everybody knows the story of the composition of "Waverley"—the most interesting story in the annals of letters—and how, some ten years after its commencement, it was fished out of some old lumber in an attic and completed in a few weeks for the press in 1814. Its appearance marks a more distinct epoch in English literature than that of the poetry of its author. A work now appeared in which the author swept over the whole range of character with entire freedom as well as fidelity, ennobling the whole by high historic associations, and in a style varying with his theme, but whose pure and classic flow was tinged with just so much of poetic coloring as suited the purpose of romance. It was Shakspeare in prose.

Scott's celebrity made everything that fell from him, however trifling the dewdrops from the lion's mane, of value. But none of the many adventures he embarked in or, rather, set afloat, proved so profitable as the republication of his novels, with his notes and illustrations. As he felt his own strength in the increasing success of his labors, he appears to have relaxed somewhat from them, and to have again resumed somewhat of his ancient habits and, in a mitigated degree, his ancient hospitality. But still his exertions were too severe, and pressed heavily on the springs of his health, already deprived by age of their former elasticity and vigor. At length, in 1831, he was overtaken by one of those terrible shocks of paralysis which seem to have been constitutional in his family, but which with more precaution and under happier auspices might, doubtless, have been postponed if not wholly averted.

It is high time to terminate our lucubrations

which, however imperfect and unsatisfactory, have already run to a length that must trespass on the patience of the reader. We rise from the perusal of these delightful volumes with the same sort of melancholy feeling with which we wake from a pleasant dream. The concluding volume, of which such ominous presage is given in the last sentence of the fifth, has not yet reached us; but we know enough to anticipate the sad catastrophe it is to unfold the drama. In those which we have seen, we have beheld a succession of interesting characters come upon the scene and pass away to their long home.

"Bright eyes now closed in dust, gay voices forever silenced," seem to haunt us too, as we write. The imagination reverts to Abbotsford—the romantic and once brilliant Abbotsford—the magical creation of *his* hands. We see its halls radiant with the hospitality of *his* benevolent heart thronged with pilgrims from every land, assembled to pay homage at the shrine of the genius; echoing to the blithe music of those festal holidays when old and young met to renew the usages of the good old time.

"These were its charms, but all these charms are fled."

Its courts are desolate, or trodden only by the foot of the stranger. The stranger sits under the shadows of the trees which his hand planted. The spell of the enchanter is dissolved; his wand is broken; the mighty minstrel himself now sleeps in the bosom of the peaceful scenes embellished by his taste, and which his genius has made immortal.

William Allingham, the Irish Poet.

The ranks of our modern Irish minstrels have been more than proportionately thinned by the hand of death within the past year. In that interval of time Miss Fannie Forrester, Miss Ellen O'Leary, and Mr. William Allingham have passed away. Mr. Allingham's death took place on November 20, 1889, at his residence, Eldon House, Lyndhurst road, Hampstead, London. The deceased, though not a national, was a purely Irish poet. His verses have running through them a Celtic vein of feeling which has popularized them more particularly in that portion of Ireland where he was born, and from which he drew the inspiration for most of the songs and ballads that emanated from his pen.

William Allingham was born in Ballyshannon,—"on the winding banks of Erne,"—in 1828. Though his family was originally English, it had become, in the course of a few generations

racy of the soil of its adoption, as the genuine Irish poetry of one of its members can well attest. The poet's father was a banker, who, holding a comfortable position, was enabled to give his son the benefits of a profound and practical education. Strange to say, however, the young man received no professional training whatsoever. He had no vocation for church preferment and no taste for law and medicine. Like many other literary men, he found himself at an early age drifting unconsciously towards the Bohemia of letters—a Bohemia, by the by, which Carlyle, with his usual cynicism, termed the refuge of those who fail to get their bread buttered in all the other avenues of life. William Allingham had scarcely attained his majority when he left Ballyshannon for London, where he soon secured the friendship of Charles Dickens, who welcomed him into the editorial sanctum of his new publication, *Household Words*, a periodical which published most of Allingham's early verses and essays. While writing for this magazine, as well as for the *Athenæum*, he obtained and held for years an appointment in the Civil Service. During this period of his life he mixed much in literary society in London. Thanks to Dickens, as well as to his fellow-countryman, Barry Cornwall, who took a great interest in the young Irish poet, he was introduced to all the literary lions of the London of that day. "Father Prout" and the "Sage of Chelsea" were among his best and most intimate friends. In company with many other celebrities, he, too, crossed his legs under the festive board of *Fraser's Magazine*, enjoying those "nights and suppers of the gods" of which "Prout" speaks so lovingly and so enthusiastically in his "Reliques." Allingham was, at the same time, a favorite figure in that pre-Raphaelite brotherhood in the charmed circle of which literature and art were as twin sisters, and where the æsthetics of the present day first took root and embodiment. There he made the acquaintance of Dante Gabriel Rossetti; but the influence of that poet over the young Irishman seems to have been purely personal. Allingham admired and entertained the warmest regard for Rossetti; but he could never persuade himself to become a disciple of Rossetti's school of poetry. The Bard of Ballyshannon had a simplicity of style and a transparency of diction altogether out of harmony with the studied art and abstruse forms of speech so much in vogue among those who followed the teachings and adopted the idiosyncrasies of Rossetti.

Allingham's first volume of poetry appeared in 1850, and his second, which was styled "Day

and Night Songs," was published in 1854. In the following year, both these collections appeared in one volume, and were illustrated with bold woodcuts from Holman Hunt and other etching artists of the pre-Raphaelite confraternity. This book introduced him definitely as a poet among poets. Shortly afterwards he penned his longest poem, "Laurence Bloomfield in Ireland," a pastoral poem of Irish life, in which, however, there are some passages of a tragic character dealing with the oft-told tale of eviction and expatriation. In this poem Allingham vindicates his right to be called an Irishman. Without proclaiming himself an opponent of the misrule of his country he, nevertheless, sympathizes deeply with the victims of landlordism; and the harrowing pictures which he gives us of the depopulation of a village by the understrappers of the "lord of the soil" are portrayed with a pathos proving that the poet's heart beat in sympathy and commiseration for the sufferings of his people.

He gave up his appointment in the Civil Service in 1872, when he was called to the editorial chair of *Fraser's Magazine*, just then temporarily vacated by James Anthony Froude, who at that time had conceived the absurd and utterly ridiculous idea of coming to the United States in order to rally public opinion on this continent to the side of England, by fierce and rabid denunciation of everybody and everything Irish. How the "first of living liars," as Froude was called (Mr. Balfour was not then to the fore), fared at the hands of John Mitchel and Father Tom Burke, and what a dismal fiasco his mission to America turned out to be, are events in modern history too well known to need any recapitulation in these pages. While Froude was shouting himself hoarse on American platforms, in his anathemas on the "mere Irish," his *locum tenens* in *Fraser* was editing that magazine with signal success. Possessed, to a large extent, of the milk of human kindness, Allingham, like Goldsmith, made no enemies. He became the centre of an ever-growing circle of friends. To *Fraser* at that time he contributed a number of prose articles and essays notable for their delicacy and finish, bearing evident traces of the profound study of Lamb, but nevertheless marked with a strong originality of his own which commended them to the superior literary tastes of the readers for whom they were penned. On the return of Froude from America, William Allingham retired from the editorial chair, leaving James Anthony to take care of *Fraser* on his own account, with the result that that magazine, once the leading periodical in English lit-

erature, absolutely died of inanition a few years afterwards.

In August, 1874, William Allingham married the well-known water-colorist, Helen Patterson, the highly educated and accomplished daughter of Dr. Patterson, of Staffordshire, who, with tender care and affection, watched over the declining years of her poet-husband.

Since his retirement from *Fraser's Magazine*, Mr. Allingham published two other volumes of poetry, "Songs, Poems and Ballads" (1877), and "Blackberries" (1884). Speaking generally of his verses, it is impossible not to be surprised at the fact that they are so instinctively Irish. When it is recalled to mind that he was born and reared in surroundings in which the individuality of Ireland was ignored, and in which the pro-English and anti-Irish prejudices of the minority held an all but predominant sway—and when, moreover, it is remembered that he left Ireland for London at the age of twenty, and lived forty-one years of his life on English soil,—the wonder is that he retained the freshness of Irish thought and the touching reminiscences of those scenes of nature on the banks of Lough Erne which he depicts so faithfully and so frequently in his poetical effusions. Who but an Irishman, for instance, could have written that delightful ballad entitled "Lovely Mary Donnelly?" Take this verse:

"Oh, lovely Mary Donnelly, it's you I love the best,
If fifty girls were round you I'd hardly see the rest.
Be what it may the time of day, the place be where it
will,
Sweet looks of Mary Donnelly! they bloom before me
still."

Or these lines:—

"Oh! Mary kept the belt of love, and, oh! but she was
gay;
She danced a jig, she sang a song, that took my heart
away."

When she stood up for dancing her steps were so complete
The music nearly killed itself to listen to her feet."

The following is another of his Irish ditties:—

"One morning walking out I o'ertook a modest colleen,
When the wind was blowing cool, and the harvest leaves
were falling;

together?"

'Is our road by chance the same? Might we travel on
'Oh, I keep the mountain side,' she replied, 'among the
heather.'

"Your mountain air is sweet when the days are long,
and sunny—

When the grass grows round the rocks: and the whin-
bloom smells like honey;

But the Winter's coming fast, with its foggy, snowy
weather,

And you'll find it bleak and chill on your hill among the
heather.'

"She praised her mountain home,—and I'll praise it too
with reason,—
For where Molly is there's sunshine and flowers at every
season;
Be the moorland black or white, does it signify a feather?
Now I know the way by heart every path among the
heather."

"The sun goes down in haste, and the night falls thick
and stormy;
Yet I'd travel twenty miles with the welcome that's be-
fore me;
Singing hi for Eskydun, in the teeth of wind and weather.
Love will warm me as I go through the snow among the
heather."

Mr. Allingham was as Irish in physique as he was in his writings. He had, when a young man, the raven black hair and the bright blue eyes so characteristic of the sons and daughters of the Emerald Isle. In character he was modest and unassuming. While in society he was usually taciturn, save in cases in which he found himself in the company of congenial souls, when he used to give full vent to his wit and humor, to his powers of anecdote as well as his fund of hearty enthusiasm. For the past five or six years he lived in comparative retirement from the world, rarely if ever penetrating into Fleet street, and hardly ever frequenting the literary haunts of his youth and manhood. This solitude was not, however, altogether of his own choice. His failing health compelled him to become more or less a recluse; and his death was only the termination of a long and painful illness.

Ireland has lost in William Allingham a singer of sweet songs, a true poet and a genial essayist. True, he will not be known to Irish posterity as a bard who, "in dark and evil days" championed the cause of liberty with pen and tongue; nor will the limitations of his talents allow him to be classified with such first-class Irish minstrels as Moore, Davis, and Clarence Mangan; but, withal, he will have among Irish poets of a minor key a high and honored place, as a master of pastoral verse, and a sympathetic painter of the warmth of the Irish character and the beauty of Irish scenery. He was, in fact,

"One of those humbler poets
Whose songs spring from the heart,
As rain from the clouds of Summer
Or tears from the eyelids start."

In recognition of his literary services, Mr. Allingham was in receipt of a pension from the fund provided for that purpose. A decided cremationist, he gave instructions before dying that his remains should be cremated. The incineration of his body took place, accordingly, at Woking, a few days after his death.—*Irish-American Almanac.*

Science, Literature and Art.

—On the second day of this year the sun was, according to several scientists, only 90,822,000 miles from the earth.

—General Boulanger has taken a villa near St. Heliers on the Isle of Jersey, and is preparing a work on European military science.

—There are now eighty-seven professors in different colleges who were students under Dr. James McCosh, the venerable ex-President of Princeton College.

—Goethe's house at Weimar has lately become the property of the nation, and will now be thrown open to the public; everything in the house is exactly as it was in the poet's lifetime.

—Signor Schiaparelli, the eminent Milanese astronomer, well known for his researches on the canal of Mars, says he has ascertained, after ten years' investigation, that Mercury has a rotation like that of the moon.

—Abbotsford, the home of Walter Scott, is still so popular a resort that the fees paid by tourists exceed two thousand dollars a year. It is twice as profitable to show the place as to let it, for the rent paid by Mr. Thorburn, who has taken it for five years, is only one thousand dollars a year.

—Professor John Dougall, of Scotland, recently sent to Dr. Oliver Wendall Holmes some daisies, which he had gathered at Massgiel, in the very field where Robert Burns composed his famous poem on the "Wee Modest Flower," and which he had pressed between the leaves of *The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table*.

—Julian Hawthorne says of some unpublished manuscripts of his father, Nathaniel, that he is editing: "He wrote so small a hand that he could put fifteen hundred words on a page of ordinary letter paper, and when he had written a word or a line that displeased him, he rubbed it out with his finger and wrote over the inky space thus made."

—Justin H. McCarthy, the literary member of Parliament, is an indefatigable worker; early this year he will publish two volumes of a history of the French Revolution, on which he has been engaged off and on for years. This does not prevent him from writing a few translations of Ibsen, and from sketching or elaborating several comediettas for Augustin Daly.

—An electric piano has been exhibited in Boston. Two or three pianos can be coupled together and made to play by means of perforated rolls. "The result," says the *Transcript*, "was similar to that produced by most automatic, mechanical instruments, such as the orchestrion, orguINETTE, hand-organ, or handle piano—immense velocity, together with perfect clearness of execution. Dynamic effects of *piano* and *forte*, and modifications of *tempo* are, as far as we can gather, not produced automa-

tically, but may be produced at will by working a certain mechanism by hand. The pedal also has to be worked by immediate human agency.

—FAILURE IN LITERATURE:—Andrew Lang, who is pretty nearly the most successful "all-round" man of letters of the day, gave a lecture at South Kensington on "How to Fail in Literature," which is thus condensed in *St. James' Gazette*: He who would fail could not begin too early to neglect his education, and must take good care not to observe life and literature. To cultivate a bad handwriting was a precaution often overlooked. Those who would court disaster should be as ignorant and as reckless as possible. As a matter of style, they should always place adverbs after the word "to," as "Hubert was determined to energetically refuse to entangle himself with such;" and should use more adjectives than words of all other denominations put together. They should also hunt for odd terms, as "a beetling nose," and should have startling descriptions, as "the sun sank in a cauldron of deathly chaos." Unusual terms should be put where they would cause the reader the most surprise—as, for instance, trees around a man's house might be called his "domestic bosage." "Fictional" for "fictitious" was to be distinctly recommended; "all the time" might be employed for "always," "back of" for "behind," and "do like he did" for "do as he did." Reversing the advice of Cæsar, it might be said that he who would fail must avoid simplicity like a sunken reef. He who would fail could not begin better than by having nothing to say. It was an excellent plan to notice nothing; to take everything in the lump; to go through the world with eyes and ears shut, and then to embody the results in a novel or a poem. A young writer turned eagerly to verse, and his favorite authors sang of disappointment and gloom. Mr. Lang here said that, not liking to quote verses of other people's, he had written a few poems himself to show distinctly how not to do it. A good way to disgust an editor or a publisher was to begin with the word "only," which might also serve for a heading, as:

ONLY.

Only a spark of an ember,
Only a leaf on a tree,
Only the days we remember,
Only the days without thee,
Only the flow'r that thou worst,
Only the books that we read.

Only that night in the forest,
Only a dream of the dead,
Only the troth that was broken,
Only the heart that was lonely,
Only the sign and the token
That sigh in the saying of "Only!"

Another of Mr. Lang's specimen poems began:

When the sombre night is dumb,
Hushed the loud chrysanthemum,
Sister, sleep!
"Sleep!" the lissome lily saith.

This sort of thing was a certain way of com-

ing to grief in literature; but, he added maliciously, a man might perhaps do very well in an undistinguished way by writing such lines for the sister art of music. Alliteration was a splendid means of failure, and imitation was to be urged on young authors as leading to the greatest possible maximum of failure all round.

College Gossip.

—Yale has refused to accept Cornell's second challenge to row this spring at New London.

—The Latin classes of Ann Arbor are about to purchase a large picture of the widely lamented Prof. Frieze for their class room.

—The Cornell freshmen, for the first time in the history of that University, bring forward an eight-oared crew. It is rumored that the Harvard freshmen are on their list of victims.

—At the annual meeting of the College Baseball League recently Harvard formally handed in its resignation and the league disbanded. Its career had been one of especial interest, not only to the college world but also to the base-ball public.

—The Christian Brothers, of St. Joseph, Mo., are about to receive from the Federal Government close on twelve thousand dollars as compensation for injury done their college, owing to its occupation by the United States troops during the Civil War.

—The preparatory schools of England have adopted a "new" game for this spring which is very similar to our national game. The rules are suited to beginners, but the essential parts of the game are identical with those of base-ball. It is reported that forty colleges have adopted it, and the prospects for its popularity are promising.

—The *Harvard Lampoon* proposes the following rules to prevent the base-ball club's being contaminated by contact with professionals:

1. Every man in going to his position in the field must wait until every opposing player has come in and taken his seat upon the opponents' bench.

This will keep the Nine from coming into close contact with the professionals as they will not have to pass each other going to an fro.

2. No man, except the captain, shall be allowed to address the umpire; he may, however, call the captain's attention to an erroneous decision; but in doing so he must not raise his voice above its ordinary pitch.

3. No man shall be allowed to address an opponent except upon some point of the game.

The wisdom of this rule is apparent, as it will do away with such needless exclamations as "O Mike! you can't hit a balloon," "Buck Ewing's in the soup," etc.

4. In addressing an opponent every man must say "Mr. So-and-so," "please," and "sir." When he is answered he must lift his cap, and say, "Thank you, sir."

This rule ought to be especially insisted upon: nothing encourages familiarity so much as calling a man by his first name.

5. When the game is finished the captain shall simply thank the captain of the opposing nine; further remarks are unnecessary.

This rule will prevent our Nine from chaffing their opponents for having been beaten."

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JOSEPH E. BERRY, '91, D. BARRETT, '90,
R. ADELSPERGER, '90.

—A cable despatch received on Wednesday last brought the good news that Very Rev. Father General Sorin and Very Rev. A. Granger would sail to-day (Saturday) for home. It announced also that much benefit has been experienced from the trip to the Old World. All at Notre Dame rejoice at these tidings, and will pray that the return voyage of the venerable Founder and his worthy assistant may be safely and speedily made.

—Mark Twain's new book—"A Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court"—has, from all accounts, been fittingly characterized as a mixture of ignorance, stupidity and bigotry. The author has evidently reached the end of his tether when he steps out of his way to insult religious feelings, and deliberately falsifies historical events. From first to last the work is a slur and a libel upon the Catholic religion, and Catholics should be warned of its insulting character. A scathing article appears in the current number of the *Catholic Review* which we would reproduce entire did space permit. The writer concludes as follows:

"Judging by your latest performance, Mr. Twain, you, too, have decided to abandon the legitimate field in which you had established yourself and pose in the combined rôle of historian, philosopher, theologian, moralist and wit. You fail to recognize that you likewise are out of your sphere. The reputation for legitimate and fair work which you had made, you are now apparently willing to throw to the winds. It can no longer be said of you that you observe the proprieties and never pass the boundary line that separates the sacred from the profane. It is useless to follow you further; your cloth is all pretty much of the same piece. Fair judges will know what kind of a piece these samples are cut from. You will find, however, that thousands of former friends have

taken issue with you in the position which you have assumed, wherein neither wit, humor, levity or any attempt thereat, but rather the spirit of undisguised bigotry and hatred against the Roman Catholic Church, asserts itself. When you return to this soil from your sixth century trip you may find the temperature a few degrees cooler, and yourself an inverted Rip Van Winkle."

—Our American magazines are eminently attractive—as far as illustrations are concerned they are unsurpassed; but it must be admitted that many of them are very light reading,—so light that they may be compared to the dressing of a dish of meat. For the substance one may always go confidently to the English monthlies and quarterlies. The Rev. Father Morrissey has done well to include the greater number of them among the periodicals received in the reading-room of Sorin Hall. He knows a good thing when he sees it, and he has provided many good things for the young men under his charge.

To show that our praise of the English publications is deserved, we shall quote a passage from a series of articles that lately appeared in *Blackwood's*, entitled "Conversations in a Studio." If anything half as valuable on the true principles of art has ever appeared in a magazine on this side of the water, we have yet to see it or hear of it. The writer—we could not be expected to omit this statement—is an American artist living in Rome, W. W. Story. The extract may be read with profit by all classes of students:

"Facility is often mistaken for genius, but it generally leads to mediocrity. How many a person I have known who, with great promise at the beginning, soon faltered and then stopped; while others, with no early facility, strengthened themselves by study and will, and passed far beyond them at the end. So many are satisfied with doing pretty well what they can do easily, and want the energy to do very well when it costs labor and struggle. But at least four-fifths of genius is an indomitable will.

"Take Michel Angelo, for instance: he had not a natural facility like Raffaele, but he climbed to far higher regions by force of will and an energy that ninety years did not tire; while Raffaele had passed his culmination at thirty-seven, and his last works, young as he was, are far from being his best. However, we need not go to great examples; common life and every day will furnish them. A thousand are pleased with dabbling in water-colors and toying with them as amateurs, to one who earnestly works with the determination to be an artist. After all, there is far greater difference between men in their will than in their talent. What we will to do, despite of obstacles and failures, we generally succeed in doing at last. 'Easy writing,' says Sheridan 'makes hard read-

ing; and we must make up our minds to work if we wish to win success.

'Nil sine magno
Vita labore dedit mortalibus,'

says Horace.

"I remember years ago a little incident which amused me and illustrates these remarks. An accomplished artist in water-colors in Rome was one day showing his portfolio to an English lady. She was delighted with them, as well she might be, and after many expressions of admiration, she turned to him and said: 'They are perfectly beautiful. How I wish I could paint in this way! Pray, how long do you think it would take me to learn to paint thus?' 'I cannot tell,' replied the artist, 'how long it would take *you*, but it has taken me all my life.'

"It is a very common thing to hear persons say, how I wish I could do this or that thing, but nine times out of ten it is just the earnestness of wish or will that is wanting. The desire has no real root of determination. It is a momentary feeling. Such persons would not be willing to give laborious hours and days and years to attain the end they covet; but they would like to reach out their hand and pluck the fruit at once without trouble. I can't do this, means very commonly, I don't choose to do it. I should like to have it, but I won't pay for it. If they do not succeed at the first trial they are discouraged. A true artist must make up his mind to fail a thousand times, and never be discouraged, but bravely to try again. I am always surprised to see how well most people begin, and how little way they go. They seem to think that to be an artist comes like reading and writing as Dogberry has it, by nature.

"If the creative power be wanting that moulds the material to its purpose, nothing great ever will be achieved. But without the additional gifts of courage and will, whatever is the power, it will come to nothing.

"It is a common notion that no general education or high culture is necessary to the artist, but that art is a special faculty, a handicraft, a gift requiring no education save in its practice. No mistake could, as it seems to me, be greater. It is only from the pressure of full and lofty streams that the fountain owes the exultant spring of its column. The imagination needs to be fed from high sources, and strengthened and enriched to fulness, before it can freely develop its native force. The mere drilling of hand and eye, the mere technical skill, nay, even the natural bias and faculty of the mind, are not sufficient. They are indeed necessary, but they are not all. It is from the soul and mind that the germs of thought and feeling must spring; and in proportion as these are nourished and expanded by culture do they flower forth in richer hues and forms. It is by these means that the taint of the vulgar and common is eradicated; that ideas are purified and exalted; that feeling and thought are stimulated, and taste refined. Out of the fulness of the whole

being each word is spoken, and each act takes the force of the whole man. It is not alone the athlete's arm that strikes—it is his whole body. The blacksmith's arm in itself may be stronger, but his blow is far less effective."

Inconstancy.

Pope says: "The proper study of mankind is man"; and he might have added that not the least interesting portion of that study is the unsuccessful man. There are, in truth, few tasks more entertaining or profitable than to examine the qualities and study the dispositions of those who are conspicuous by reason of their failures in life. A critical analysis of the various causes which have brought about this inability to success would bring into relief many defects of character, many evil habits and deplorable peculiarities of temper. In a large number of cases, perhaps none of these would stand out more prominently as a reason of failure than inconstancy. A seeming inability to fix the powers of the mind on one particular undertaking, and prosecute it with firmness of purpose until its completion, appears as a very general characteristic of those whose career in life has been unfortunate. Energetic will and persistent labor are so essential to the happy termination of any real work that persons lacking these qualities are seldom found among the successful competitors for life's prizes.

The shifting purposes, vacillating will and capricious conduct of the inconstant man repel success, and render the achievement of any satisfactory results impossible. Continually roving from one occupation to another; to-day devoting himself with ardor to a work which he is fully decided to perform; to-morrow throwing it aside for a new employment, which is begun with equal fervor only to be abandoned with a like fickleness; he wastes the time and energy in commencing many tasks that, if well employed, would be sufficient for the successful execution of any one of them. Of how many "golden hours, each studded with sixty diamond minutes," does not this fickleness occasion the loss! How often do men of genius spend weeks and months in laying the foundation of some magnificent edifice, whose exemplar is furnished by their brilliant fancy—devote to its construction the most assiduous labor and intense application; and just when the lower walls are ready to receive the beauteous mass of superstructure, lose their energy and leave the work unfinished—striking evidence of a mis-

erable weakness! What wondrous creations have been lost to the world of letters through the inconstancy of some of the greatest authors! Men subject to this infirmity cannot properly affirm anything with certitude respecting their future conduct, for no matter how determined they may be on a course of action, at one moment, a slight change in their temperament or the most trivial external circumstance is often capable of vanquishing their feeble wills, and overcoming their strongest resolutions.

This fault, although it is in manhood that its evil effects are most apparent and disastrous, is not usually acquired at that stage of existence, nor is it then that it can be most easily remedied. A disposition to which we would seem especially inclined by nature, it is very common among youth. Few students are entirely free from this defect, and in the character of many it is the distinctive feature. Nothing can be more detrimental to their advancement. No matter how remarkable the talent a young man possesses, how quick his perception or correct his judgment, without a real, serious and sustained application of his mental faculties he will never prove a scholar. Earnest, persevering labor can alone draw from the deep wells of science those precious draughts so invigorating to the intellectual powers. Without it, all progress is deceptive, and all success unreal.

Who are they that carry off the prizes annually distributed in our colleges; that are destined to win the greatest prizes in the struggle of life? Not always, nor in the majority of cases, those to whom nature has been most prodigal of her gifts. How frequently is it not the boy of only moderate talent, whom all considered far inferior to his "smart" fellow-pupils! What is the secret of his success? It is his energy. He possesses that indomitable will and invincible determination that never abandons a difficulty until it is overcome. When, after deliberation, he decides upon some work, he not only sets about it boldly, he pursues it perseveringly. If, in its progress, obstacles arise, instead of becoming disheartened after two or three unsuccessful trials to surmount them, he is only incited the more to use greater diligence, and receives additional pleasure from his victory. That he eventually surpasses more brilliant companions is but another exemplification of the fact, patent above all others to observant minds, that in the contests of life, great or unimportant, inconstant genius is sure to be outstripped by energetic mediocrity.

If, then, constancy be so indispensable a requisite to insure success in the schemes of life,

it becomes a duty of paramount importance for all young men to acquire this quality. To those who are accustomed to spasmodic exertion, who do "everything by fits and starts, and nothing long," it will doubtless seem an undertaking attended with many difficulties; but if they set about it resolutely, half of those difficulties will prove imaginary, and the rest will succumb to the determined force of an energetic will. In this, as in all other struggles with our passions, the first victory won greatly facilitates succeeding conquests. The main obstacle is the fighting of that first battle, the forming and keeping of a resolution to complete the first work, worthy of our attention, which we begin.

Be that action ever so insignificant, its accomplishment will advance us one step, and the longest one, in the necessary work of correcting a bad habit. To neglect this work is to engage in the struggle of life bearing within oneself an element of certain failure—to launch our bark on the ocean of life with an adverse wind of our own volition forever impeding our progress towards any of the desired honors of wealth, fame, honor, happiness. F.

Books and Periodicals.

THE SPANISH INQUISITION. By Rt. Rev. Joseph Dwenger, Bishop of Fort Wayne. New York, Cincinnati & Chicago: Benziger Bros.

In this pamphlet, the Rt. Rev. Bishop Dwenger treats, in a masterly manner, that famous institution—the Spanish Inquisition—so often spoken of, but in reality so very little understood. Its true nature and history are here set forth clearly and concisely.

Existing in a Catholic country, it is taken for granted that it was first instituted by the Church and that the Church controlled it, but nothing can be farther from the truth. The Pope gave his sanction to its establishment only on condition that a council of appeal from its decisions should be appointed, and that no enormities should be committed—all which, and much more, was promised, but was not fulfilled. What the Pope wanted was the Ecclesiastical Inquisition, which had long existed without abuse, and his sanction to the Spanish Inquisition was obtained by fraud and misrepresentation. The writers on the Inquisition, and especially Llorente, are reviewed at great length, much to the detriment of the authority of the latter, whose statements are often nothing more than gross misrepresentations; and sometimes contradictory in themselves. Llorente was an apostate priest and a traitor to his country as well as his religion. He wrote in France, whither he had fled from justice. He hated the Pope as the devil hates the cross, and spared no pains to misrepresent

and calumniate both the Church and the Papacy. From this man Prescott takes his authority, and writes in a manner which indicates great prejudice against the Papacy; but the statements of Ranke, Guizot, Limborch and other eminent Protestant writers on the Inquisition clearly prove that the Spanish Inquisition was entirely a state affair, and, on many points, altogether opposed to the views of the Church. All its judges, ecclesiastical as well as lay, were appointed by the sovereign, and held office subject to his good pleasure. All the fines which it levied and property which it confiscated reverted to the profit of the crown. Llorente himself confesses that the Pope was always opposed to the Inquisition. Ranke and Guizot say the same thing. Leopold Ranke, a Protestant writer of undoubted authority, states that "the Pope had an interest in thwarting it; and he did so, and as often as he could." The reason is obvious: The Inquisition had too much power placed in its hands, and it often abused this power, notwithstanding the protests of the Pope. It was a tool of the sovereign; in it the king had at his disposal a tribunal from which neither nobleman nor ecclesiastic could claim immunity, and its high-handed measures were a cause of continual trouble between the Vatican and the Spanish Government.

As to the charge of atrocious cruelty so frequently brought against the Inquisition, Bishop Dwenger, while admitting that there were many instances of rigor, yet shows that its sentences were perhaps characterized by less severity than those of any other tribunal of equal jurisdiction in Europe. A rich fund of historical information is given in this pamphlet, and we commend it to the careful perusal of our readers.

—*Donahoe's Monthly Magazine* for February comprises many articles of interest. "What is Agnosticism?" is the leading article. Eleanor C. Donnelly has a poem on "What Shall the New Year Bring?" Father Costello closes his interesting series of articles, "Theology and Natural Science." Thomas Hamilton Murray has an article on "Thought, Criticism and Opinion." Rev. J. M. Lucey—a new contributor—writes on the "Race Troubles at the South." "Rest at Last" is a story told by Rev. Charles Warren Currier, C. S. R. Daniel Doherty, the silver-tongued, in Boston. Agnes Hampton gives some reminiscences of the late Jefferson Davis. Peter McCorry has an able article on a New Ireland and a British and Irish Democracy. A very important article on the School Question in Boston, by Judge Fallon, will interest all readers.

—The February *Wide Awake* opens with a good Persian ballad, "Abu Said," by Mary E. Bradley, followed by a stirring episode of Western military life by Lieutenant Frémont, entitled "Snow-shoe Thompson." There is an inspiring story of Greek boy-life, by Mrs. Knight, "A Boyhood in Athens," showing the effect of keeping a good ideal before a young lad's eyes.

G. Hamlen tells a bright instance of a young girl's presence of mind in her story of "The Frogsleigh Mikado," and Mrs. Frémont will interest all readers with her account of "Kit Carson," in the second of her "Will and Way Stories." Grant Allen concludes his serial, "Wednesday the Tenth," in triumph; Mr. Stoddard, in his serial of "A Rough Boy," is proving that young Gid Granger is "no slouch." The Norse serial by Boyesen comes to a close with the escape of the "Vikings' sons" from the grip of a real bear. Miss McLeod's second Acadian story is finished. One of the very best of John Brownjohn's stories is given in the School Series, "The Wicked Waterbury Clock." "A Sad Case," one of the best of the long poems, is very amusing in text and pictures by Gordon Browne, the popular English artist.

Obituary.

—The sympathies of all at Notre Dame are extended to the Rev. President Walsh, of the University, in the great affliction which has befallen him in the death of his brother, Mr. William Walsh, who departed this life on the 19th inst. at Decatur, Ill. The deceased was in the 30th year of his age, a young man of ability and promise and endowed with those qualities of mind and heart that made for him hosts of friends both here and in our neighboring city whither business often called him. The remains were taken for interment to Montreal on Tuesday night, Rev. President Walsh accompanying them. Many beautiful floral tributes were sent from friends in South Bend. May he rest in peace!

—Hon. John Brownfield, a resident of South Bend for nearly sixty years, and one of its most prominent and best respected citizens, died on the 21st inst., in the 82d year of his age. He was a long-time and sterling friend of Very Rev. Father Sorin and of the University, encouraging in various ways the cause of education. Many friends at Notre Dame extend their heartfelt sympathy to the bereaved family.

Semi-Annual Examination, Commencing Monday, January 27.

[Under the general supervision of Rev. President Walsh.]

COMMITTEES OF EXAMINATION.

CLASSICAL BOARD—Rev. N. J. Stoffel, presiding; Rev. S. Fitte, Rev. M. Mohun, Rev. D. J. Spillard; Prof. John G. Ewing, Secretary; Prof. Maurice Francis Egan, Prof. Wm. Hoynes.

SCIENTIFIC BOARD—Rev. J. A. Zahm, presiding; Rev. A. M. Kirsch, Rev. Joseph Kirsch; Prof. Neal Ewing, Secretary; Prof. A. J. Stace, Prof. M. J. McCue.

COMMERCIAL BOARD—Rev. A. Morrissey, presiding; Bro. Marcellinus, Bro. Philip Neri, Secretary; Prof. M. O'Dea; Mr. J. Cavanagh, Mr. T. Flood; Prof. Liscombe.

SENIOR PREPARATORY BOARD—Rev. J. French, presiding; Bro. Linus, Secretary; Bro. Daniel, Bro. Emmanuel, Bro. Francis de Sales; Mr. E. De Groot; Prof. Gallagher, Prof. Ackermann.

JUNIOR PREPARATORY BOARD—Rev. M. Regan, presiding; Bro. Leander, Secretary; Bro. Alexander, Bro. Hugh, Bro. Albius, Bro. Dorotheus, Bro. Paul; Mr. E. Murphy.

Personal.

—Among the visitors during the week was Mr. E. M. Brannick, of Kansas City, Mo., who called to see his son in the Senior department. Mr. Brannick is manager of the Studebaker Bros. Branch at Kansas City.

—Alex. C. Redlich (Com'l, '87), has recently been given complete charge of the Redlich Manufacturing Company, of Chicago, which is probably the best-known place of its kind in the West. His good fortune is a source of pleasure to his former classmates who wish him all possible success.

—Con. F. O'Brien, an old student of the University and a member of the Board of Directors of the Notre Dame Association, is a respected citizen of the "Garden City." He is the sole proprietor of a large and well-known dry-goods store there, and his many friends are delighted at the success he has achieved.

—Rev. John O'Keeffe, C. S. C., President of Sacred Heart College, Watertown, Wis., was a welcome visitor to the College on Thursday last. He was warmly greeted by many friends who were glad to see him in the enjoyment of excellent health, and to hear of the success attending the institution which he so ably directs.

—The following sketch of Prof. Egan, of the University, appears in the current number of the *Magazine of Poetry*: "Maurice Francis Egan, recently editor of the New York *Freeman's Journal*, and at present Professor of English Literature in the University of Notre Dame, is one of those versatile writers who have the defects of their qualities. If he had been less a journalist, he would have produced more poetry; if he was less of a ready writer on all subjects, he would no doubt in this be one of the most popular of American poets. This exquisite and rare talent has been recognized by Longfellow, Cardinal Newman, Stedman, Gilder and a host of critics both here and in England, and yet he published about on an average one sonnet a year. His sonnets are technically nearly perfect. And the little book, 'Songs and Sonnets,' printed in London, in 1886, from the type, is very rare. Mr. Egan was born in Philadelphia, on May 24, 1852. After his college course—Georgetown College is his *Alma Mater*—he stud-

ied law in the office of a well-known lawyer in Philadelphia. But journalism attracted him. He began with Henry Peterson's staff on the *Saturday Evening Post*, which then included Mrs. Hodgson Burnett and half-a-dozen other celebrities then in embryo, and continued in the treadmill of newspaper work until he succeeded to the editorship of the *Freeman's Journal*. His poems, 'Like a Lilac' and 'Of Flowers,' are found in many collections."

Local Items.

- The study-halls are full.
- Overcoats are at a premium.
- "Rocky" again, isn't it, Hep?
- Have you seen the gay cavalier?
- Examinations begin next Monday.
- Boys, work hard for a good average.
- A Football banquet is in the near future.
- The rooster hath fled before old Boreas.
- Did you ever see those new "bunter lights?"
- Hand-ball still holds the forte in the "gyms."
- Spring will be devoted exclusively to baseball.
- "On to Fithian!" is the cry heard on the third floor.
- Rehearsing has commenced for the play on the 22d.
- The "gong" is getting fixed. It done "gong" and got frozen.
- Indiana is keeping up her old "rep" by making a blizzard of a fuss.
- We understand that an extension to Science Hall will be erected in the spring.
- The Public Debate was fine. We hope to hear from the Law Class soon again.
- The "Parisian Banquet" is postponed until the return of Very Rev. Father Sorin.
- The clock in the tower has got "la grippe;" it stops every few minutes for quinine.
- Mc— now wants to know where he can invest 65 cents more, and Judge says he is "with him."
- It has been remarked that the front door leading to the elevator is more useful than ornamental.
- Some venturesome youths were seen skating around the edge of the lower lake on Thursday morning.
- There will be two exhibition drills by Companies "A" and "B," H. L. G., in Washington Hall on Feb. 22.
- Prof. Walter C. Lyman will give an elocutionary recital in Washington Hall next Wednesday evening. All should attend.
- The Junior branch of the Crescent Club is again in full "swing," and is enjoying pleasant meetings every Saturday evening.
- The Director of Bishops' Memorial Hall is

indebted to Mr. Herman J. Ridder, the Proprietor of the *Catholic News*, New York, for kind favors received.

—Dramatic, Heroic and Comic Recitations and Impersonations will be given by Prof. W. C. Lyman, the celebrated elocutionist, in Washington Hall next Wednesday evening.

—We understand that in the spring a new addition will be made to Sorin Hall to accommodate the increasing number of applicants, and at the same time complete the original design.

—Company "B" is engaged in practising a special drill for February 22. They have a reputation to maintain, and we feel confident that their efforts will not fall short of those of former years.

—The lakes are frozen over and the ice-man rejoiceth greatly thereat. If the present spell of cold weather continues, there will be a bountiful supply of ice—not to speak of the delightful skating, etc.

—The "Parisian Banquet," destined to form a grand epoch in the history of the Junior department has been postponed until the 6th of February, awaiting the return of Very Rev. Father General.

—The extra drilling convinces us that the military companies intend to faithfully fulfil their part of the entertainment on the 22d prox. It is said that some rivalry exists between the two companies, and the coming exhibition will, in a small degree, be a competitive drill.

—One of our exchanges states that among the questions discussed at a local Browning Club was this: "How has modern science lightened up the background of nature?" Wonder if they will tackle "The Thusness of the How" or "The Wherefore of the not-be in contradistinction to the bumblebee."

—During the week a beautiful collection of engravings and etchings arrived from Paris. They are portraits of the Superior-Generals of the great Sulpitian Order, from the venerable M. Olier, who governed two hundred years ago, up to the present, and are the gift of Father Vibert to Bishops' Memorial Hall.

—The St. Cecilians held their 18th regular session last Wednesday evening. The question "Resolved, that holiday vacations are detrimental to students," was ably discussed by the house. On Thursday afternoon, through the kindness of Rev. A. Morrissey, C. S. C., the St. Cecilians partook of a little lunch in the Junior refectory. The affair passed off pleasantly.

—Two new boilers, each of a capacity of 125 horse-power, arrived during the week. It was an interesting sight, as they were hauled up the avenue, appearing like huge leviathans or Monitors, mounted on immense roller-skates. They were made at the Matthews' Boiler Works, South Bend, at a cost of \$2500. There are seven boilers now in the steam house from which

one may judge of the great power required for illuminating, heating and culinary purposes in and around the main building. Besides this, Sorin Hall and the College of Science each has its own boiler, with heating and illuminating arrangements.

—LAW DEBATE.—Last Saturday evening the members of the Faculty and students assembled in Washington Hall to listen to a public discussion given by the Law Debating Society, Colonel William Hoynes presided. The question was: "Resolved that capital punishment should be superseded by imprisonment for life." This question, as the president of the evening very aptly remarked, in his introductory speech, is one which is very pertinent to the law, and young lawyers, especially, should give it more than a passing thought. After the remarks of the chair, the quartette, consisting of Messrs. H. Jewett, W. McPhee, E. Shaack and W. Lahey, rendered a choice selection. The hearty applause with which their efforts were received was certainly well merited. Then followed the debate. W. Blackman opened for the affirmative; his arguments were carefully balanced; his language fluent and his delivery easy and graceful. Mr. C. M. Cassin followed for the negative. From a rhetorical point of view his address was likely the best of the evening. The speaker, however, betrayed a restlessness during the delivery which weakened the effect. Mr. Cassin needs more practice in public speaking.

When Mr. T. J. McKeon arose to present his address upon the negative of the question his friends anticipated his successful effort by loud and continuous applause. His paper gave evidence of careful study and earnest thought, and was presented in a clear and forcible manner.

Mr. J. J. Burns closed the debate for the affirmative; his remarks upon the question at issue evinced a clear and comprehensive grasp of the subject. He successfully met the objections of his opponents and showed considerable skill as a debater. His effort was well received. The exercises of the evening were closed by a solo, "Let me as a soldier die," by Mr. C. Ramsey. His rich, mellow voice was shown to good advantage. Throughout, the exercises were interesting and instructive. The young gentlemen taking part deserve to be congratulated. They acquitted themselves well and did credit to the society under whose auspices they appeared. We hope to hear from them again before the close of the session.

—THE "BLUES."—I don't know just what time or season the fellow had in mind who wrote:

"The melancholy days have come
The saddest of the year";

but of one thing I am certain, and that is that there would be no mistaking the local application of that lugubrious sentiment. The boys who recently returned from their holiday vacations with one accord declare that the above couplet expresses their feelings to a nicety. Why it is that a student generally suffers from

a more or less severe attack of the "blues" or "doleful dumps," as it is variously called, upon the occasion of his return from a holiday visit at home, the authorities differ. We venture to give our diagnosis of the disease and, fortunately in this case, a disagreement of the doctors need not necessarily result fatally to the patient. The malady is akin to "homesickness" and, as is the case with other distempers, the differences of phenomena are traceable to the varieties of temperament. The lazy student becomes "down at the mouth," because the prospect of five months of study is before him. The ambitious classmen are worried because they fear the effect of several weeks of dissipation upon their averages. Then there are the happy-go-lucky fellows who mope about like the "melancholy Dane," and persist in thinking, with mournful retrospection, upon the fleeting festivities of the Christmas time. The symptoms of the disease are well known. When you see a fellow hollow-eyed and cheerless, with his linen in mourning and a sickly grin upon his face, you can put it down that that individual has "it." Nothing suits him. He would be dissatisfied with the ambrosia of Olympus; he would disdain the nectar of the gods. You can't please him, so don't try. But the affliction is only transitory, and the sole trace of the disorder that remains to the convalescent is his low markings on his January bulletin.

B.

Roll of Honor.

SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

Messrs. Ahlrichs, Allen, Bachrach, Blessington, Burns, H. Brannick, Barrett, Jas. Brennan, Jno. Brennan, Benz, Burger, Combe, Cassin, Cassidy, S. Campbell, G. Cooke, L. Chute, F. Chute, Clayton, T. Coady, P. Coady, Coder, E. Coady, G. Cartier, D. Cartier, Cosgrove, J. Cavanagh, Dillon, Dorsey, Delany, Dennis, Davis, Dyer, Darroch, Jas. Dougherty, Daniels, F. Dela Pena, C. Flynn, Fehr, F. Flynn, P. Fleming, J. Flynn, A. Flynn, Garfias, Giblin, Galen, Gough, Houlihan, Herman, Healy, Heard, Hackett, E. Hughes, Hummer, Hempler, Hoover, Hayes, Karasynski, Kearns, Keenan, J. King, Krembs, F. Kelly, Kohlman, Lesner, Langan, Lancaster, Lane, Lynch, G. Long, Lahey, F. Long, L. Long, Leonard, Latson, McCartney, Moncada, McGinn, Mahorney, McWilliams, McAuliff, McKee, McDonald, Mithen, Mackey, McConlogue, Morrison, J. McGrath, H. O'Neill, O'Brien, O'Shea, N. O'Neill, Powers, Phillips, Paradis, Portilla, H. Prichard, Paquette, Perkins, Reynolds, Rothert, W. Roberts, Reedy, Robinson, C. Sanford, L. Sanford, N. Sinnott, C. Soden, Steiger, Schaack, Scherrer, Seymour, Stanton, Talbot, F. Vurpillat, V. Vurpillat, White, Wright, Zinn, Zimmerman, Cavanagh, Brelsford.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

Masters Adler, Aarons, Ayer, Blumenthal, J. Brady, T. T. Brady, T. Brady, W. Brady, Burns, Bradley, Bos, B. Bates, E. Bates, Burke, Collman, Davis, Delany, Doig, Des Garennes, De Lormier, Dorsey, Elder, J. M. Flannigan, J. H. Flannigan, J. Fitzgerald, C. Fitzgerald, A. W. Funke, A. M. Funke, Field, Gibert, Gross, Galen, Grund, Howard, W. Hasenfuss, Hambaugh, Hack, Hesse, R. Healy, A. Leonard, J. Leonard, Lenard, Lamberton, Mackey, Murphy, Maurus, Maher, Merz, Mitchell, Mier, L. Monarch, Merkle, McCartney, Jos. McPhillips, Jas. McPhillips, A. McPhillips, F. McDonnell, W. McDonnell, F. McKee, McIvers, McNally, F. Neef, A. Neef, Neenan, O'Brien, Otis, O'Mara, Putnam, Prichard, Quinlan, Quill,

Root, Roper, Rarig, Robbins, F. Schillo, Scott, Sokup, Scherrer, Siebert, Stapleton, Smith, Sutter, Tivnen, Treff, Walsh, Welch, Weston, Weise, Ward, Wertheimer, Weitzel, Zinn.

MINIM DEPARTMENT.

Masters Ayers, Ball, O. Brown, F. Brown, Blake, T. Burns, Bixby, Cornell, Crandall, W. Connor, C. Connor, Covert, Coquillard, Croke, Durand, Elkin, Eckler, Ezekiel, T. Finnerty, W. Finnerty, Fischer, Frankel, Fuller, E. Furthman, W. Furthman, G. Funke, Flynn, Girardin, Greene, D. Gilkison, A. Gilkison, Grant, C. Griggs, Girsch, Hill, Henneberry, Hoffman, Hamilton, Holbrook, Jonquet, Krollman, Keeler, King, Klaner, Kern, Kuehl, A. Lonergan, Londoner, Lonnberry, C. Lamberton, H. Lamberton, Levi, Loonie, Loomis, Montague, Marr, Matas, H. Mestling, E. Mestling, Myers, McGuire, McPhillips, C. Nichols, W. Nichols, O'Neill, Oatman, L. Paul, C. Paul, Pellenz, C. Packard, J. Packard, Pierce, Roberts, Ronning, Ryan, Stone, G. Scherrer, W. Scherrer, Stephens, Thornton, Trujillo, Vorhang, Vandercook, V. Washburne, Wever, Weber, G. Zoehrlaut, C. Zoehrlaut, Zeigler.

Class Honors.

COLLEGIATE COURSE.

Messrs. Paquette, Berry, Adelsperger, Fitzgibbon, Cosgrove, Herman, Cassin, Paradis, King, Louiselle, A. Larkin, W. Larkin, O'Shea, Hummer, Reynolds, McPhee, Mackey, Garfias, Hagerty, Lane, McKeon, L. Chute, F. Chute, Jewett, G. Cooke, Pim, Morrison, F. Kelly, J. Sinnott, H. O'Neill, McGinn, Blessington, L. Sanford, C. Sanford, F. Vurpillat, Delaney, O'Brien, McWilliams, E. Hughes, B. Hughes, J. McGrath, J. McKee, Fehr, S. Campbell, Davis, Cavanagh, Barrett, Ahlrichs, F. Prichard, H. Prichard, Burger, Hoover, Burns, Jackson, Prudhomme, Rothert, Blackman, H. Brannick, F. Long, T. Coady, P. Coady, E. Coady, Hepburn, A. Leonard, L. Scherrer, Smith, McConlogue, Hempler, L. Davis, Quinlan, F. Neef, Maurus, Murphy, J. Fitzgerald, J. Brady, Keough, Boyd, R. Healy, Weitzel, Wright, C. Fleming, Otis, F. McKee, E. McKee, Gough, Galen, Ibold.

List of Excellence.

COLLEGIATE COURSE.

Moral Philosophy—Messrs. R. Adelsperger, Paradis; *Logic*—C. Burger; *Latin*—Messrs. Du Brul, Crumley, Santen, Quinlan, Clarke, Boyd, Wile, J. McKee; *Astronomy*—Messrs. Adelsperger, W. Larkin; *Descriptive Geometry*—H. Prichard, L. Scherrer; *Calculus*—E. Hughes; *Analytical Mechanics*—Messrs. H. Brannick, Mackey, W. McPhee, Reynolds, L. Scherrer; *Civil Engineering*—(Theory) M. Reynolds (Drawing) Messrs. Jewett, J. Mackey; *Geometry*—Messrs. G. Cooke, C. Fitzgerald, Ibold, F. Chute, Boyd, S. Campbell, J. McKee, Hennesy, Ahlrichs, Hummer; *Algebra*—Messrs. L. N. Davis, J. King, J. McGrath, J. McKee, Boyd, R. Healy, Murphy, C. Scherrer, Crumley, Just, Marciniac, Reedy, Santen, F. Vurpillat; *Trigonometry*—T. Crumley; *English History*—Messrs. Ahlrichs, Louiselle, F. Neef, Houlihan, J. Fitzgibbon; *Modern History*—Messrs. Ahlrichs, J. Fitzgerald, Louiselle; *Ancient History*—Messrs. Keough, W. Ford, Spalding, Kearney; *Literary Criticism*—Messrs. Adelsperger, H. Holden, Cavanagh; *Literature*—Messrs. F. Neef, Blessington, Crumley, Lane, O'Shea, Hoover, J. Sullivan, Meehan, D. Cartier, E. Du Brul; *Rhetoric*—Messrs. Blackman, Louiselle, J. Fitzgerald, W. O'Neill; *German*—Messrs. E. Bates, Krembs, V. Vurpillat, Hahn, Ibold, Maurus, A. Neef, Weitzel; *French*—Messrs. W. Larkin, F. Neef, C. Scherrer, Allen, Houlihan; *Geography*—D. Phillips; *United States History*—R. Palmer; *Greek*—Messrs. W. Larkin, R. Adelsperger, N. Sinnott, Holden, Crumley, J. King, J. McKee; *Latin*—Messrs. Adelsperger, W. Larkin, Cavanagh, Brelsford, N. Sinnott. (Omitted from former issues.)

Geography—Messrs. R. King, J. McCartney; *United States History*—J. Mulrone.

St. Mary's Academy.

One Mile West of Notre Dame University.

—On Thursday last the French, German and Latin classes were examined; a report will be given next week.

—The visitors for the past week were: Mrs. Kasper, Mrs. T. Hutchinson, Mrs. M. Flood, W. H. Wood, W. E. Cumbach, Mr. and Mrs. W. M. Crilly, Chicago; T. Wagner, Lafayette, Ind.; Mrs. H. L. Hall, Omaha, Neb.; Mrs. M. Farley, Glen Easton, W. Va.; Rev. J. P. O'Connor, Genoa, Ohio; Rev. T. F. Moran, Toledo, Ohio.

—The music examinations are still in progress. The graded work, so plainly seen in the exercises of each class, from the beginners up to those in the higher classes, cannot fail to impress one with the benefits to be derived from following the course marked out at St. Mary's for those wishing to become musician. Every step shows the attention given to all that constitutes a musical education in its highest sense.

—The regular academic reunion of Sunday last was presided by Rev. Father Zahm who distributed the "good points." After the reading of the class and conduct averages, Miss Angela Hammond read an article on "Home-sickness," and Lottie Dreyer recited, in a pleasing manner, "Little Christel," by Mrs. M. E. Bradley. Father Zahm then made some interesting remarks about "la grippe," microbes and bacteria in general.

Look Around You.

In this age of hurry and traffic there are many who are so deeply engrossed in the art of money-making that their gaze takes in no wider range than can be covered by a bank-note; business is the all-important affair of life; and, whether at home or abroad, anything that does not pertain to the accumulation of wealth is ignored. Do such persons obey the injunction conveyed in the heading of this essay? Yes, and no. They look around, and sharply, too; when their object in life is concerned—they look around when real-estate is rising in value, when the bulletins announce the "Stock Quotations"; but to other sights are they as blind men. Two persons travel over the same route; one sees nothing of special interest; he reads the papers, and restlessly passes the hours of travel; the other studies by observation the regions he traverses. He observes the condition of the soil, the state of the working classes, even the flora of the country, and in reality looks around and learns.

In life, as well as in nature, the most precious

gifts are hidden and need to be sought, and only those who look beneath the surface of things can enjoy real existence. Did the geologist pass lightly over the lessons taught by marks in the hardened layers of the earth, where would be our science of Geology? The world admires the pearls of a Mary Stuart; are they found without search? He who "looks around" beholds, by the light of the flashing diamond, the Brazilian slave in the heart of the mountains. The tiniest flower that blooms tells more to him who studies it than do earth's mightiest volumes. In school-life we behold those whose power of observation is keen; they dive into learning's fountain and are refreshed; on the contrary, those who skim lightly over the surface of education find naught but weariness and disgust.

In the circles of social intercourse also is it necessary for one to look beyond mere appearances. Many a disciple of Johnson, who was styled "Ursa Major" on account of his uncouth behavior, may at heart be kind and generous. We are told that "often in a wooden house a golden room we find;" but finding presupposes a search; and the "open sesame" to many hearts, as well as to the heart of nature, is—"search."

Concentration of mind and powers is essential to success in any enterprise; but singleness of purpose does not forbid one to look around and observe all things that may in any way further the main object of life and labor. Whether in business circles or art walks, in social gatherings, or in the home routine, it is a habit worthy of cultivation, this "looking around."

In matters of religion particularly is the motto "search deeper" a good one; for to the idle observer many of the ceremonies employed in Divine Service seem but forms; whereas to him who studies what he sees, there are meanings too sacred to be passed over lightly. To acquire the habit of looking behind the veil of appearances is to practise the maxim of Bion: "Know thyself"—which, according to all philosophers and theologians, is the highest knowledge to which we may attain until we come to the comprehension of things eternal.

MARY BATES (*Class '90*).

Composition Writing.

In his Sunday evening talks to the pupils, Rev. Father Zahm has often spoken of composition writing, and has always maintained that it is a very easy matter to write; the Min-

ims, according to his statement, would find no trouble, if they would choose a subject about which they knew something, for instance, a pet cat, dog or pony. To put his theory into practice several of the Minims spent one half hour at the following productions, which are given just as they were written.

MY PET CAT.

My pet cat is name Bessie and is gray. He is a very big cat. He is very playfull and likes to drink milk I like her very much. I sleep with her at night. She bite me when she plays with me, but she does not hurt me.

MAY HAMILTON (8 years old).

MY PET DOG

is a nice dog he is Bron his name is sport his ears are Bron his hair is long it is fun and his eyes are Bron, he does run after pepal at night he is funy he is not very big and plays, I hope he wont get the legrepa.

MARIE EGAN (8 years old).

MY PET

is the pirtty Pet I think she is so pirty you dont think how pirtty, my cat is gray hir name is Bessie and She had a fite to-day with too black cats. i take my doll and cat out walking some time and we have a nice time

CLARA PORTEOUS (9 years old).

MY PET CANARY

My canary is not green like some canary's but he is real pretty, he has a shorte bill black eyes yellow feathers on him his tail is just meadeum size and is half white and his head is nearly as round as an egg, he likes to be petted and I take him out of the cage and pet him and Mama makes me put it back for fear our cat will eat him up and then I would not have any pet canary and I would be jelous because Mamie and Louis my sisters have one also, his name is Dick and we have only had him Three years. The birdie I am sure would like to go out and fly free but I would not let mine go for I would not get it back again.

MAGGIE McHUGH (10 years old).

A NEWFOUNALD DOG.

We had a dog his name was Jess. it was a very large black dog and very faithful. we got it when it was 4 weeks old it was very playfull when it was five years old it use to carry the neues papers home. it was stolen from us several times once it was gone from us 3 days but very late one night it found its way home and we could see where the rope had been tied around his neck he died at eleven years old.

NELLIE SMYTH (10 years old).

MY PET DOG.

I had a little white dog but one morning my cousin before I got up he put it in a boy's wagon

and of course the boy drove off with it. He was curly all over and he had quite a long tail. I only had it a few day. It was taken away so soon that I did not have time to name it. And then we had a black dog he was a watch dog. I used to throw sticks in the water and he would go and bring it. And he was so old that grandma thought he might bite us so she gave him to a lady and he died. But now I have not any pets but three horses and we use to have a little canary and he died.

ANNE ELIZA DENNISON (11 years old).

MY LITTLE PETS.

I had two little white Rabbits just about four or five inches long. They have little pink eyes and nose their tails are just about a half an inche long and there names are Pinky and Bunnie and they like clover. one morning I found their door wide open and they were gone and two or three weeks after that somebody told me where they were and I went to the place and found only one.

LUCY ADELSPERGER (11 years old).

CATS.

We have two cats one is named Jim and the other is named Rebecca Rebecca is the mother of Jim Jim is a good cat for catching rats but Rebecca never catches a rat but very seldom and she hides it and then when she finds Jim she gives it to him who eats it. sometimes we will not see Jim for about 3 days and then when he come his face is so dirty. I suppose it is notised because He is a light yellow.

SADIE SMYTH (11 years old).

N. B.—The Class will not be required to write any more essays during the present term. They need rest.

Roll of Honor.

SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

Misses E. Adelsperger, Ash, Ansbach, Bogner, Butler, Bovett, Byrnes, Cunningham, Collbran, Coll, Calderwood, C. Dempsey, Deutch, Dennison, S. Dempsey, D. Davis, Dorsey, Dolan, M. De Montcourt, Donahue, Fosdick, Farwell, Green, Ganong, Gordon, Healey, Horner, C. Hurley, K. Hurley, H. Hanson, Holt, Hagus, Harmes, A. Hanson, Hale, Hutchinson, Haight, Hughes, Jungblut, Kimmell, Kelso, Koopmann, G. Lauth, Lewis, Moore, Morse, McLoud, Maher, McCarthy, Murison, McCune, S. McPhee, Mullaney, Nickel, Norris, Nacey, H. Nester, L. Nester, Piper, E. Pyle, Pendleton, Pugsley, Pearce, A. Ryan, K. Ryan, Rinehart, Rentfrow, Reilly, Spurgeon, Stapleton, Studebaker, Schiltz, Schaefer, M. Schermerhorn, Shrocke, Tormey, Van Mourick, Violette, Wurzburg.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

Misses M. Burns, E. Burns, Black, Cooper, M. Davis, B. Davis, Evoy, Girsch, Hickey, Holmes, Levy, Meskill, Patrick, Pellinz, Philion, E. Regan, Reeves, Robbins, Ruger, M. Scherrer, Shirey, K. Sweeney, A. Tormey, E. Wagner, M. Wagner, Waldron, Wood, Wurzburg, Wright.

MINIM DEPARTMENT.

Misses L. Adelsperger, Crandall, A. E. Dennison, M. Egan, Finnerty, Girsch, K. Hamilton, M. Hamilton, McCarthy, L. McHugh, M. McHugh, C. Porteous, N. Smyth, S. Smyth.