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## In Dreamland.

BY EUGENE DAVIS.

Hushed is the clamor of the multitude—  
The mart's loud din, the fret and roar of life  
Athirsting for its lucre. Here no strife  
Assoils the soul with passions rough and rude;  
For all is calm as is a moonlit lake  
Whose silv'ry glass no restless ripples break,  
Or as the sunset when its quiv'ring fires  
Swoon on the bosom of a summer sea.  
There's joyance in this quiet sweet to me  
As interludes betwixt the clang of lyres  
That in an hour, all exquisitely dumb,  
Breathe of past joys and promise joys to come:  
Oh, there is bliss in peace that wraps the heart  
In lotos lustre bright with fancy's gleam—  
It is the peace of nature, not of art—  
The fond and mystic silence of a dream!

—Ave Maria.

## Dryden.

BY M. A. QUINLAN, '93.

## (CONCLUSION.)

In 1680 there was no great English poet. Milton and Butler were in the grave, and Pope was not as yet born. Dryden had conquered the stage, it is true; he had won the favor of Charles II. by his "Annus Mirabilis"; and for many years had rested on his laurels as poet of the court, but he was fifty years of age before he gave to the world his first masterpiece. This was in a time when the Catholics were in many ways beginning to attract the attention of the public. They had entered the political arena under the leadership of the Duke of York who was the heir apparent to the crown. But the Earl of Shaftesbury was bent upon his ruin, and strove to secure the succession of the Duke of

Monmouth. Dryden, who was then poet-laureate, took up the quarrel, and while the baffled Earl was languishing within the gates of the prison, awaiting his trial, he published a satire under the title of "Absolem and Achitophel." So marked was its success that everybody read it as soon as it appeared; so great its popularity that in the course of a single year there were sold no less than nine editions.

It was a novelty at once interesting and attractive. Everybody delighted in deciphering the scriptural names; no one could help but admire its originality, its wit, its elegance and its harmony. Rochester was the target for Dryden's fiercest dart. He had long enough withstood the many indignities heaped upon him by the Duke—his rival, his enemy; and now when the opportunity for revenge was given he knew how to make use of it. Few people of to-day know who Mr. Bayes was, but the name of Zimri is on the lips of every school-boy:

"Some of their chiefs were princes in the land;  
In the first rank of these did Zimri stand:  
A man so various that he seemed to be  
Not one, but all mankind's epitome.  
Stiff in opinions, always in the wrong,  
Was everything by starts, and nothing long;  
But, in the course of one revolving moon,  
Was chemist, fiddler, statesman and buffoon;  
Then all for women, painting, rhyming, drinking,  
Besides ten thousand freaks that died in thinking.  
Blest madman, who could every hour employ  
With something new to wish or to enjoy!  
Railing and praising were his usual themes,  
And both, to show his judgment, in extremes:  
So over-violent, or over-civil,  
That every man with him was god or devil.  
In squandering wealth was his peculiar art;  
Nothing went unrewarded but desert;  
Beggard by fools, whom still he found too late,  
He had his jest and they had his estate;  
He laughed himself from court, then sought relief  
By forming parties, but could ne'er be chief;

For spite of him, the weight of business fell  
On Absolem and wise Achitophel:  
Thus, wicked but in will, of means bereft,  
He left not faction, but of that was left."

This, indeed, is a remarkable example of strong wit and keen satire. Dryden himself has said "The character of Zimri in my 'Absolem' is, in my opinion, worth the whole poem." His tempered dart is fierce and strong, and lifting it with a master's hand, he hurls it straight to the mark. His satirical portraits are almost invariably true to nature; and if, at times, he forgets, in finding fault, to do justice to his victim's noble qualities, in after moments he corrects himself. In the first edition of his great satire he looked only to Shaftesbury's weak points, but in the second he added a few lines by way of doing justice to his judicial integrity:

"Yet fame deserved no enemy can grudge;  
The statesman we abhor, but praise the judge."

Although in a literary way this great satire was a success, although all England went wild over it, yet it failed in its main object. Shaftesbury was liberated, and medals were struck in his honor. This, of course, added fresh fuel to the fire; and, taking the subject now presented in a new and more concise form, Dryden wrote another satire called "The Medal." This was published in March, 1682, a few months after "Absolem and Achitophel," and even surpassed it in vigor, severity and personal ridicule.

Both of these satires were in direct opposition to popular feelings, and Dryden, in trying to uphold the principles of the king, made himself a mark at which his opponents flung all the abuses and insults they could think of. He had withstood in silence the storm of invectives hurled against him on the publication of his "Absolem and Achitophel"; but the venom of a second attack aroused him, and in October of the same year we find him engaged in writing his third satire—"MacFleckno." Nothing could be more artfully done than this. Everything is calculated for effect. Shadwell felt proud, indeed, over his reply to "The Medal"; but when he saw to what abuses he himself was subjected in return he was mortified beyond measure.

Richard Fleckno was the name of a certain Irishman noted for his miserable verses, and the word itself was a proverbial expression for dullness and nonsense. Shadwell was represented as being the son of this man, and this fact affected him more than the severe personality, the vigor, the keenness, and crushing weight of the satire itself.

It is said—and of the truth of the statement I have no doubt—that few writers of verse have

approached Dryden in the amount of work prepared. He certainly wrote with wonderful rapidity. Shadwell had scarcely recovered from the effects of "MacFleckno," and Settle was only learning who was meant by the character Doeg, when "Glorious John" came before the public with his "Religio Laici" or "The Layman's Faith." Though, indeed, the least popular of all his poems, it nevertheless contains lines that are really brilliant. In almost every textbook on literature the opening verses are quoted as "singularly solemn and majestic":

"Dim as the borrowed beams of moon and stars  
To lonely, weary, wandering travellers  
Is Reason to the soul; and as on high  
Those rolling fires discover but the sky,  
Not light us here, so Reason's glimmering ray  
Was lent, not to assure our doubtful way,  
But guide us upward to a better day;  
And as those nightly tapers disappear,  
When day's bright lord ascends our hemisphere,  
So pale grows Reason at Religion's sight,  
So dies and so dissolves in supernatural light."

Early in 1683 he embraced the Catholic religion, and in April of the following year he published "The Hind and Panther." It is an allegorical poem of exceedingly great merit, and abounds in ready wit and strong philosophy.

Not through motives of selfishness, as one trying to boast of every genius who has professed the Catholic faith, or has even died in it, would I here try to prove Dryden's sincere belief in the Church of Rome. It is simply a matter of justice, and he deserves it. For a long time past critics have stopped at this point in the poet's life, and, for want of sufficient ready judgment, have flung at him that hackneyed complaint of "suspected insincerity." Dryden was no longer a time-server. He had spent a youthful manhood in search of fame, and his declining years were to find for him a true religion. But because he changed when James II. came to the throne he was simply seeking the favor of the new king. This is an injustice to the author, and it only requires a careful reading of the "Religio Laici" and "The Hind and Panther" to verify this statement. In the former he is a sceptic, in the latter is the famous line:

"Good life be now my task—my doubts are done."

Again, if he were not true to his convictions, what was the object of this change? He had everything to lose, and nothing to gain. He was deprived of favor in the king's court and of his friends and his laureateship; and, what was more, he saw his enemy Shadwell rise in his place.

Like the "Religio Laici," "The Hind and

Panther" also opens with lines that are remarkably beautiful, and, like his odes, they are full of "linked sweetness long drawn out":

"A milk-white Hind, immortal and unchanged,  
Fed on the lawns, and in the forest ranged;  
Without unspotted, innocent within,  
She feared no danger, for she knew no sin.  
Yet she had oft been chased with horns and hounds,  
And Sythian shafts, and many wingéd wounds  
Aimed at her heart; was often forced to fly,  
And doomed to death, though fated not to die."

There is a charm and a sweetness in these lines, that captivate the heart, and a sympathetic tenderness that draws it nearer to the True Fold. The last verse, like Newman's line in "Gerontius"—

"Consumed, yet quickened, by the glance of God," is exquisite in its finish, and sublime in its loftiness of thought.

Strange it is to some, but none can deny it, that true poetic art is greatest when it is Catholic. The epic has a Dante, the drama a Shakspeare. So with Dryden; from the time of his conversion until his death he was purer in his writings, nobler in sentiment, and grander in expression.

Deprived of his pension as poet-laureate and historiographer royal, he was thrown wholly upon his pen for support. He wrote a few plays, but, advised by his publishers, he devoted his time mainly to the translation of the classics. His rendition of the odes of Horace is in many respects the greatest the English language possesses. In 1696 he published a translation of Virgil for which he received £1200. Pope called it "the most noble and spirited translation in any language," and Johnson adds that it "satisfied his friends and silenced his enemies."

Dryden was continually striking new veins of poetic thought. He had exhausted his talent for the drama; he had put history, politics and religion into verse, and had struck his enemies to the heart with his satires; in fact, he wrote something of everything, and in all has attained a praiseworthy reputation; but he was yet to give to literature a masterpiece which, for art, beauty, harmony and stately grandeur has no equal. True, there are many great odes remarkable, nay, unrivalled, for some particular excellence; but Dryden's "Alexander's Feast" is the embodiment of many, the most lofty of all. Wordsworth has given us the music of nature, Dryden the music of sublimity. Nor is "Alexander's Feast" the only one of his lyrics worthy of mention; the "Ode on St. Cecilia's Day" would alone be sufficient to keep him alive in the memory of every lover of music; and the "Ode to Anne Killigrew," though written earlier in his life and thrown somewhat in the shade by

the pomp, the splendor and the magnificence of his two masterpieces, is, indeed, the expression of a genius. All his lyrics seem to have been the outburst of his enthusiasm, all his satires the hate of an enemy. In argument and controversy he was slow and thoughtful, and his essays deserve to rank high in literature as masterpieces of style and composition. As a dramatist, a translator, an essayist, a satirist, and lyrist, a politician, a poet, a genius, he left upon his language the indelible mark of his individuality. When at his best he was lofty and fierce, and, like

"Timotheus, to his breathing flute  
And sounding lyre,  
Could swell the soul to rage, or kindle soft desire."

#### I Have no Time!

I have no time! That is the reason why  
Some do so little work: that sickening cry  
Torments the busy crowd which wends its way  
Along the rugged paths of life each day.

We even hear the echo of that sigh  
Resound where art e'er strives to beautify  
The mind; as there are ever some to hie  
Around in idleness, and then to say  
I have no time!

Yet, 'tis the man that doth the least apply  
The fleeting hours, who disgusts those who fly  
To gain the prize amid life's struggling fray,  
Who ever loves in company to play  
The egotist, naught else, save to reply  
I have no time! N. E. C.

#### The Poet-Laureate.

The fast-fading autumn of Tennyson's life will soon drift into winter, and the noblest and most truly inspired of England's fair line of poets will be no more. Then, and then only, will the great works of his life begin to be fully understood; for what now we but admire, we shall come to reverence when its immortal author shall be gone from among us.

One can never really appreciate until he has lost; but in losing, the full significance of his deprivation dawns upon him; he praises where he criticized; he adores where he endured. So will it be with this, our poet. Each succeeding generation shall discover within the word-caverns of his thoughts new jewels whose rays shall mingle to illumine the mighty name of Tennyson. Essentially the bard of our own time, he is as well a poet of the future; for at the bottom of his heart lies a great vein of sympathy for human

nature, the elements of which are unchangeable through the ages. And hence, as the light of his great work for the intellectual and moral enlightenment of mankind shines more and more clearly upon one, as he reads and examines, it seems out of place to speak of his life, to give dates and details; for it is the gold that we value, not the history of the mine from which it comes. Therefore it is that I omit his biography and content myself with a brief consideration of his poems.

Some of the most important are those which bring to light the half-forgotten traditions of our remote ancestors in the "good old days of yore," those dim legends which, once polished, have become an important factor in English literature. The knight and lady, the fierce battles, the magic swords and enchanted castles of that wondrous age of chivalry which permeated all Europe a few centuries since, are admirably depicted in "Sir Lancelot and Queen Guinevere," "Sir Galahad," "Mort D'Arthur," and especially in the "Idyls of the King," which portrays all the old tales of the good King Arthur and his "Round Table" where the brave knights congregated to drink huge bumpers of mead to the ladies' or their leader's health.

Passing on to a view of his verses to ladies, we find Tennyson to be the purest, most tender and most delicate of poets, possessing the light touch of Byron without imbibing his sensuality. Hence it is no wonder that he is so great a favorite in this phase of rhyme; for he is always to be found on the side of virtue, of modesty and of nobility of character; scorning long-descended honors and titles for the sincerer and more enduring ones which are the rewards of true merit.

"Nor would I break, for your sweet sake,  
A heart that dotes on truer charms;  
A simple maiden in her flower  
Is worth a hundred coats-of-arms."

This quotation from "Lady Clara Vere de Vere" bears the stamp of a pure soul, untarnished by the rust of wealth and power—a soul to which rank and worth are not necessarily similes. Not once or twice, but many times, does Tennyson thus give evidence of his longing for that better time to come when the world shall say with him:

"Ring out the old, ring in the new;  
Ring out the false, ring in the true."

Through "In Memoriam" we come to know the religion of Tennyson, a half-doubting half-believing opinion which catches glimmerings of a brighter light only to lose them again in the

darkness of unbelief. Finally, he sums up all his hopes and dimly-defined ideas on the future of man in these few lines:

"O yet we trust that somehow good  
Will be the final goal of ill,  
To pangs of nature, sins of will,  
Defects of doubt and taints of blood."

"Behold we know not anything;  
I can but trust that good shall fall  
At last—far off—at last, to all,  
And every winter change to spring."

Tennyson is dear to us because he sympathizes with our every mood. However, he has drawn from this great storehouse one short idyl of nature which alone would make him famous. This is "The Brook," a poem in which the author has so vividly impressed the nature of his subject upon one that he may almost see the sparkling streamlet as it ripples over the shining sands on its way to the mother-ocean.

"I slip, I slide, I gloom, I glance,  
Among my skimming swallows;  
I make the netted sunbeam dance  
Against my sandy shallows.

I murmur under moon and stars  
In brambly wildernesses;  
I linger by my shingly bars;  
I loiter round my cresses;

And out again I curve and flow  
To join the brimming river,  
For men may come and men may go,  
But I go on forever."

Of his war-poems, the one which has gained, and which well deserves, a lasting renown, is "The Charge of the Light Brigade." The selective rhythmic taste of Tennyson is here displayed at its maximum; for no metre, save the dactylic, could have given us so vivid an idea of the full, deep roar of the cannon, succeeded by its fainter reverberations.

"Forward, the Light Brigade!"  
Was there a man dismay'd?  
Not though the soldier knew  
Some one had blunder'd:  
Theirs not to make reply,  
Theirs not to reason why,  
Theirs but to do and die.  
Into the valley of death  
Rode the six hundred."

The death of the Duke of Wellington gave the bard a fitting opportunity for the production of a masterpiece; and firmly did he grasp the occasion, chanting a dirge that shall evermore move the hearts and minds of Englishmen to cherish the memory of the "world-conqueror's conqueror"—the man who braved the foreign dragon, and, by slaying, gained immortal fame. But to me there is more depth, more delicacy

and more true poetic genius, which suggests, rather than expresses, in these few verses entitled "Break, Break, Break!" than in anything the poet has ever produced. The words seem simple enough, but under them lies a something, sad and unexplainable, which seems to vibrate in perfect unison with some hidden chord of the soul.

"Break, break, break!  
On thy cold gray stones, O sea!  
And I would that my tongue could utter  
The thoughts that arise in me.

"O well for the fisherman's boy  
That he shouts with his sister at play!  
O well for the sailor lad  
That he sings in his boat on the bay!

"And the stately ships go on  
To their haven under the hill;  
But O for the touch of a vanished hand,  
And the sound of a voice that is still!

"Break, break, break!  
At the foot of thy crags, O sea!  
But the tender grace of a day that is dead  
Will never come back to me."

And here, at his best, may we leave Tennyson, hoping that the loftiness of the subject may overshadow the defects of the writer.

M. JOSLYN, '93.

#### In the Mountains of Utah.

##### I.

One beautiful autumn morning we left the City of the Saints and rode along what is known in Salt Lake topography as the Upper County Road. The view before us was one which memory will ever recall with associations of the beautiful. Our road led southward to the base of the Wasatch range over whose high peaks the rising sun was slowly climbing; to the West shot into view the silvery waves of America's "Dead Sea," the Promethean promontory of the Oquirrh, which abruptly plunges beneath the briny deep, continuing the dive for about twenty-two miles, again shooting heavenward to a height which gives uncontested sway to the fitful fury of the elements. East, south and west stretches the Wasatch range with snowy Nebo and Baldy, towering 11,991 and 11,730 ft., while the twin peaks gracefully and modestly almost swing in the air while attaining a height of 11,000 ft. Throughout its entire extent the Wasatch range is intersected with a series of cañons, each surpassing the other in simple variety, bold picturesqueness, lonely, yet lovely solitude. South and east of us stretched the Salt Lake Valley, one hundred and twenty by thirty miles, and resting in the lap of the Wasatch

and Oquirrh mountains. To the east rippled the silvery waves of the world-famed Lake at an altitude of 4260 feet above sea-level.

The view is truly panoramic. In our "wanderings round this world of care," we have not seen anything equal in point of variety and picturesqueness. No matter what point of the picture we may choose as the axis of observation—no matter in what direction we may turn our gaze—ecstasies of delight overwhelm the soul at the simple, yet marvellous beauties before and round about. Overshadowed on one side with Alpine peaks, bearing in their recesses veins of undeveloped mineral wealth, riding through a plain tinged with green and gold, a land "overflowing with milk and honey," through which flows the placid waters of the Jordan, recalling by its name the hallowed associations connected with the redemption of our race,—leaving behind us a city so hidden in verdant foliage as to appear from afar like an emerald sea—dazzled with the effulgence of the silvery, saturated Lake—we thought ourselves in a veritable fairy-land, from which we must, with a momentary sadness, turn and follow Parley's Cañon to Park City.

Parley's Cañon is one of the great summer resorts for those wishing to rusticate amidst mountain scenery, verdant foliage, laughing musical waters, well supplied for the anxious angler whom the cool, thin, balmy air exhilarates in his efforts. The entrance to this cañon is one continued scene of beauty: now we are in the midst of a fertile valley teeming with luscious fruits and all that bounteous nature yields to man. Clean, cheerful, comfortable farm houses bespeak independence and industry. Purling streams of purest water, directed by human industry and perseverance, have made this once desert land to "blossom like the rose." The topographical scenery was equalled only by the geological formation. Truly, variety is the spice which adds a never-ceasing enchantment to scenery. Should the mind weary of admiring the landscape, gradually fading from view, the thousands of feet of strata, tilted and contorted like layers of paper or silk, while some, notwithstanding the dynamical forces which, in comparatively recent times forced them heavenward, still are as deposited by the Silurian Sea, afford the mind an endless field of varied delight.

Romancing for thirty-two miles between many-spired colonnaded columns; again 'mid groves of sighing young trees whose leafy down was furled to the morning breeze by the gentle murmuring of the west wind; again marching

on beds of argillaceous shale, we eventually reach Park City, 8000 feet above sea-level, and one of the greatest mining camps in the world.

## II.

The first mining record in Utah was the Jordan Mine, in favor of one Ogilvie and others. The first smelting furnace was erected in 1864. As mining progressed, smelters increased; but for some inexplicable reason were not at first successful, though erected by men experienced in milling. The first discovery of silver bearing lead ore, galena, was on the Wasatch range, in Little Cottonwood Cañon, in 1864. Among the mines then located were the Emma, the Tlagslaff, the Monitor and the Magnet. It was while the excitement produced by the rich development of the Emma and other mines of Little Cottonwood that chloride ores, cerrargyrite equal, if not superior to those of the Cornstock, or Poor Man's Lode, were first discovered in East Cañon or Ophir districts. Amongst the mines then located in Lion and Tiger hills were the Tampico, Mountain Lion, Mountain Tiger, Vataluma, Silver Chief, Defana, Blue King and others.

Nowhere, perhaps, in the history of mines is such a strange anomaly to be found in the character of ores as in those north and south of East Cañon. The ores north of the cañon are chiefly base ores, sulphides of iron, pyrites and pyrihotete sulphite of lead, galena and zinc blend.

South of the Cañon, almost in a direct line, cerrargyrite occurs with little or no base metal; but whatever may occur is chiefly molybdenum, antimony and zinc. We know of no place where the ore is found under such peculiar conditions as in the veins of the East Cañon, being found in boulders in narrow veins—the smaller the boulders, the richer the ore—some assaying from \$5000 to \$20,000 per ton, while the larger boulders assayed from \$80 to \$120 per ton. These are the starting points of the gold and silver fever in Utah.

We now follow our guide through the tunnel, 6600 ft. long to the shaft, and, being fully convinced that the mines in Park City abound in water and cool air as well as rich ore, we bade good-bye to the lower regions, not because we felt them too hot; still we were pleased when whirled upwards to breathe the balmy air beneath the blue vault of heaven.

Now we were whirled down 800 feet on the double-decked cage with such lightning-like rapidity that the various glimmering lights at the different levels scarcely impressed the retina. Once again on *terra firma*, though in

the lower regions, we had a twenty minutes' walk along another water tunnel. Here, 800 feet beneath the surface, we were wading sometimes knee deep in ice cold water beneath heavily strained timbers and through beds of quartzite; we reached at the 600 feet level what is known in mining parlance as No. 3 shaft of the Great Ontario mine. Before describing our visit through the Ontario mine and mill, we will give as much of its history as we could gleam from the navigating prospectors whom we met.

The Ontario was discovered by one Herman Budden, an Austrian, who drifted on the tide of fortune through California and Nevada, got stranded in Utah and turned to prospecting. One day, while returning after one of his useless efforts to find the "open sesame" which leads to wealth, his eye caught a knob of rock which looked like mineral. Being accustomed to disappointment, he threw it down, and proceeded to his tent; while on the way the thought came to him that his return may be like the "ebb of tide which leads on to fortune." He did return, examined more searchingly, and struck a "find," and on the 19th of July, 1872, located 1500 by 200 feet of ground, and called the embryo mine the Ontario. After sinking about six feet, the Ontario was offered for sale for \$5000. No buyers being found, Budden and his partners, continued developing, and as the richness of the ore increased, the price advanced until one Mr. Guiwits and others secured a fifteen days' bond on payment of \$30,000. Mr. Geo. Hearst, of San Francisco, happened to be in Utah at this time, and accidentally (*on purpose*), R. C. Chambers, manager of the Bully Boy and Webster mines in the southern part of the Territory came to Salt Lake. Both had a look at the Little Ontario, and they determined to secure it. But as soon as Chambers' relation with Hearst became known the price was advanced, so much so that Chambers retired to the background, and by shrewd manipulation, through the medium of a friend, secured a ten days' bond which was to take effect at the expiration of Guiwits'. In August, 1872, the mine was purchased by Hearst and Chambers for \$30,000.

The monthly dividends from the Ontario are twice \$30,000. From 1872 to date the yield of Ontario has been about \$18,000,000, of which \$10,000,000 have been paid in dividends. The main ore chute of the Ontario is 14000 feet long of continuous hay ore; and as it is axiomatic amongst mining men that veins are as deep as they are long, there is every probability that the future of the Ontario will equal, if not surpass, the past.



We will now resume our rambles at No. 3 shaft, which is famous in the history of the mine as the battlefield, where skilful engineering frustrated the water power which proved the most troublesome factor in operating the mine, and which for a time seemed determined to hold the millions of treasure locked in the earth's dark bosom. However, as we see, skill, pluck and money won the day. In order to bring the water under control, steam pumps were first tried, six-inch knockers being used; but these proving insufficient, it was early foreseen that tunnelling was the only effectual means to subdue the watery power of the Stygian regions. A tunnel was commenced which from 3 to its mouth is 5765 feet. Work was prosecuted on this tunnel day and night; still it took two years' steady drilling and blasting to complete it, and cost \$22 per foot. Serious and well-grounded fears being entertained that the water power would flood the vein before the tunnel was completed, a three compartment shaft was begun, and a Cornish pump of 20 in. plungers and 10 feet stroke was adjusted with the rapidity of a life and death struggle. The victory was complete. Californians are born miners; they succeed in deeds before others have figured out a paper success.

The chief engineer of the Ontario mill and mine is J. Murdock, a gentleman simple as a child, intelligent as a Newton. In Mr. Murdock's estimation the pumps must have cost about \$150,000. The ponderous fly wheel is 32 feet in diameter, weighs fifty-six tons, and required for its reception an excavation of 54 feet. The machinery from its incipency has worked like a charm, and given entire satisfaction. The daily consumption of coal is 27 tons, but formerly reached 120. The amount of water pumped is 5000 gallons per minute. Should pumps or engine give out, or get out of gear, there is a liberal supply of 1000 gallon tanks which are immediately set to work. The day is looked for when the contemplated tunnel, three miles long, will completely do away with pumping and inaugurate a new era in the mining history of Utah.

F.

#### The Bridge of Sighs.

The Bridge of Sighs connects the palace with the public prison. The latter was erected in 1589, and the bridge in 1591. A single arch supports the structure, which connects the second story of the palace with the second story of the prison. It is simply a corridor divided by a partition into two narrow halls,

through one of which political prisoners were conducted to imprisonment, while the common criminals passed through the other. Externally the Bridge of Sighs has no particular architectural merit. It has acquired a gloomy notoriety from its name, and from the prevailing impression that the man who traversed it from the palace to the dungeon never returned. This is in part romance, but for the significant reason that this palace, unrivalled in its elegance, contained gloomier dungeons within its glittering walls than the other prison could parallel.

The dungeons for political and criminal prisoners awaiting execution—for this distinction is represented in the very architecture of the palace—were quite near the entrance of the Bridge of Sighs. There are two tiers of these dungeons, one above the other, consisting of ten each, with a floor between, constructed of heavy stone masonry. Those for criminals were above, and those for political offenders were below. They are arranged in blocks, being end to end. A narrow, unlighted hall passes around three sides, the dungeons being entered through a low arched opening from the two halls opposite each other. After passing through this opening with a torch to light the chamber, the visitor finds himself in a room enclosed by massive stone walls, twelve feet long, eight feet wide, and eight or nine feet high, with an arched ceiling. The floors are of cement, hardened into stone, and bare of all furniture save a stone pillow set in the floor. Every dungeon repeats the cool, inhuman mockery of a pretended regard for the necessities of the prisoners. A common paving-stone, two feet long, fifteen inches above the floor, was the pillow offered by the State, in the dark days of the Venetian aristocracy, to political as well as criminal offenders.

Two Doges, at least—Marino Faliero, in his eightieth year, and Antonio Foscari—were brought to the bitter experience both of the dungeon and of the stone pillow. At the side of the door there is a small round opening through the wall for the introduction of food. The only light was through this opening, and from a small exterior window at the end of another short and narrow hall, which intersected those around the dungeons at one angle. The darkness was substantially total. In this short hall the prisoners were executed at midnight—the political by beheading, and the criminal by strangulation. On the left, and in front of the Bridge of Sighs, is the water portal of the palace. A double doorway, each barred with bronze doors, gives admission to a broad hall which passes through to the palace court. It was at this gate that the Doge embarked in the Bucentaur, when he went forth in state to the annual ceremony of wedding, with a ring, the Adriatic.—C. R.

# NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.

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

## Boards of Examination.

THURSDAY, DEC. 17 TO SATURDAY, DEC. 19.

(Under the general supervision of Rev. President Walsh.)

CLASSICAL.—Rev. N. J. Stoffel, presiding; Rev. S. Fitte, Rev. M. Mohun, Rev. A. B. O'Neill, Rev. J. French, Rev. W. Kelly, Rev. P. Klein; Prof. Edwards, Prof. M. F. Egan, Prof. Hoynes, Prof. J. G. Ewing, Secretary.

SCIENTIFIC.—Rev. J. A. Zahm, presiding; Rev. A. M. Kirsch, Rev. J. Kirsch; Rev. J. Burns; Prof. A. F. Zahm, Prof. C. P. Neil, Prof. M. J. McCue, Secretary.

COMMERCIAL.—Rev. A. Morrissey, presiding; Rev. W. Maloney, Rev. B. Ill; Bro. Marcellinus, Bro. Theogene, Bro. Philip; Prof. M. O'Dea, Secretary.

SENIOR PREPARATORY.—Rev. W. Connor, presiding; Bro. Leander, Secretary; Bro. Julian, Bro. Ephrem, Bro. Emmanuel; Prof. F. X. Ackerman, Prof. Liscombe, and Prof. Hugh O'Neill.

JUNIOR PREPARATORY.—Rev. M. J. Regan, presiding; Mr. J. Just, Secretary; Bro. Alexander, Bro. Marcellus, Bro. Wigbert, Bro. Alphonsus, Bro. Hugh, Bro. Cajetan, Bro. Paul of the Cross.

—If one really loves study, nothing but sickness will keep him from being a student and having the means of studying. The fact is that when persons complain of want of time or means to study, they only show that they are attached more to some other pursuit, or that they have not the spirit of students. They will praise others, and wonder where they acquired so much knowledge; but they will not try to study because, they say, they have not the time or means. They will say that they do not wish to be distinguished in that manner, and bless their stars that they are not ambitious. In most of these cases a love of ease or genuine laziness is at the bottom.

## Examination.

Now all minds are, or ought to be, intent on the coming Semi-annual Examination. We presume that the greater part of the students are ready for it, and will stand by their guns, and never think of shirking a duty they owe to themselves, their professors and their parents.

To themselves they owe the preservation of their reputation as diligent and hard-working students; and those who may not enjoy that enviable reputation should surprise their professors and parents, and, perhaps, themselves by coming out bravely, casting aside both fear and sloth, and passing a good examination. After all, it is only the real student that secures a firm hold in the traditions of a college. Some without being diligent may "distinguish" themselves, not always in the most desirable way, and may live for a few years in the memory of those who remain; but those who have a permanent hold on the memory of old residents distinguished themselves as diligent or successful students, no matter what the rest of their record may have been.

And certainly the students owe some return to the devotedness and care of their Professors. Those who are engaged in teaching in the College have chosen that honorable profession from a love of it, from the high estimation they have of its dignity, and the conviction they have that as teachers of the young men of this country they are fulfilling one of the noblest missions that God has given to man. They are not men who are teaching for a few years to



gain money so as to enable them to seek some other position in life, they do not perfunctorily perform their task as a thing they must do for a few years and then be happily released from a distasteful labor. No, indeed! They have devoted their whole life to the work of education. For the past, many have taught right along in the College from the year they graduated; for the future, their life will be spent in the same labor of love as well as of duty. Such men deserve something in return from their pupils—they deserve not only the respect and affectionate regard that the students of Notre Dame have, as a class, ever manifested towards their Professors, but it is also their due that that regard be proved by attention to their advice, by diligence in following the course indicated by each Professor, and especially by giving the Professors the satisfaction of seeing their classes pass a good examination.

No less are the students bound in duty to their parents and friends to do their utmost to pass an excellent examination and show that they have not lost their time, or if they have lost some time, that they have made it up by redoubled exertions. No matter whether parents be wealthy or only in moderate circumstances, students are obliged in justice not to squander their parents' money by neglecting to make use of time and advantages which their parents have paid for. But to students with truly noble hearts, it seem to us that the greatest inducement for them to do to their level best at next Examination is the disappointment their parents will feel at receiving a poor report, and the inexpressible joy they will have on receiving a good report of the able manner their sons have sustained themselves in the Semi-annual Examination.

B.

#### The Student.

It must be plain to every intelligent student that industry and perseverance are the first requisites for success in study as well as in everything else, and it should be the first care of the student to form in the beginning of his college life habits of these virtues which will crown his studies with success, and be like guiding-stars in after-life. Nothing can be gained in life without labor; and the student who imagines he will ever become a learned man without real hard, earnest study wofully deceives himself.

Perseverance, too, is not less necessary; it is not sufficient to have begun well; the same persevering effort must be continued to the end.

The student in the first place when entering college should leave to those more enlightened and experienced than himself the entire direction of his studies, and should never quit those he has once undertaken. The indiscriminate studying of one branch to-day and another to-morrow is one of the worst habits a student can form, and has filled the world with half-educated men. It should be the earnest endeavor of every student to make the best possible use of every moment of his time; and to accomplish this, nothing is of more importance than order in the distribution of time, allowing to each study the space it demands. No affair, however important, should be allowed to encroach upon the hours reserved for study. Everything has its proper time. The hours of recreation are necessary to afford the mind, as well as the body, the relaxation which it requires.

A bow that is always bent is sure to break; and experience amply proves that those who study during free time have lost by it in the end. Many students who have a just appreciation of time study only those branches which they know will be of most service to them in after-life. Their wisdom is to be commended; but at the same time it is to be regretted that so many others entirely lose sight of this, and after years spent at college are neither fitted for a commercial nor a professional life. The fault is almost invariably their own, and generally arises from a want of system and order in study. Many young men who enter college expect to do everything in a shorter time than that marked out. That which ordinarily requires five or six years they hope to accomplish in three or four at most, and it is often useless to try to convince them of the folly of such an undertaking. To commence at the beginning and pass through, in regular order, each class, is the only way to obtain a thorough and solid education; and if this be wanting nothing can supply its place. Wealth and position may command respect, but education constitutes the aristocracy of manhood.

D.

#### American Writers.

BY MEMBERS OF THE CRITICISM CLASS.

V.

F. MARION CRAWFORD.

The death of Nathaniel Hawthorne left us without a great novelist; and for ten years it appeared very doubtful whether we were to have a successor to him. But this interregnum was brought to an end at the opening of the last decade, when the question arose as to who

should be styled America's greatest novelist. It has not yet been decided accurately, though the honor lies probably between Francis Marion Crawford and William Dean Howells.

No writer of fiction has become so prominent in such a short space of time as Mr. Crawford. Ten years ago we had not heard of him, and to-day he is the master of romance. His success may be attributed chiefly to his power of invention; this endowment is not confined to any particular form of composition, but is seen in works as varied as nature herself. Though he may not be so gifted as to write so perfect a style of English as well as some other young authors, yet his talents cover a greater field than any writer this generation has produced. It was the mission of Dickens to portray the lives of the poor and afflicted; Thackeray has achieved success by delineating those of the rich, and by holding them up to ridicule. Crawford imitates neither, but at times embraces the power of each. He is the best living story-teller. Rudyard Kipling is master of the short story, but he has failed in his extended narratives. Before he was heard of, Mr. Crawford gave us in "Mr. Isaacs" a tale of modern India life in which his genius was recognized, and he has been gaining popularity ever since. It has been said

"Variety's the spice of life  
That gives it all its flavor."

Every work of this great author shows that he possesses this quality. It is the hinge upon which his celebrity swings. His power of accumulating and polishing materials is one that might be envied by many a greater author. The charming manner in which he develops this uncouth matter is the characteristic of all his works. His style is very simple, never becoming colloquial or abstruse. On this account his books are sought after as eagerly, and are read with as much interest by the child of fifteen as by the parent of fifty. His scenes are nearly all laid in the Oriental countries. Very correct and instructive descriptions are given of the dress, manners and customs of the Romans, Persians, Arabians, and, in fact, of nearly all the nations of antiquity. Few novelists attempt to lay their scenes in these countries because of their lack of knowledge of them; but this author has made these people his study. So perfectly does he picture them that his readers are entirely at home in the society in which they are placed.

We read how in the fifth century B. C. Socrates, the son of Saphroniscus, the renowned sculptor, who was known all over Greece, gained greater distinction by his writings than his father could

by his statuary. So it is with Thomas Crawford, the American sculptor, and his son Marion. Though the father wielded the chisel with great dexterity and success, yet his productions are far inferior, as works of art, to those coming from the ever-ready pen of the son whose writings are real works of literature. One cannot help asking: How has this man become such a master of Oriental history? It did not come to him without tedious and laborious study in Europe as well as America. At Harvard University he studied the Sanscrit and Zend that he might be able to write about the ancient people of Persia and India. We also hear from him while at Heidelberg and the University of Rome where he made active researches. Such efforts certainly ought to be crowned with success.

It has been said of him "His residence in Rome has evidently led him to regard Catholic faith and institutions with sympathy if not with reverence." No matter what religion he professes, he is certainly inspired by a high Christian spirit which is constantly ebbing out through his characters, as seen in the following lines, which are chanted by the priests in "Zoroaster" before they are murdered:

"Praise we the All-Wise God who hath made and created  
the years and the ages;  
Praise Him who in the heavens hath sworn and hath  
scattered the seed of the stars;  
Praise Him who moves between the three ages that are,  
and that hath been, and shall be;  
Praise Him who rides on death, in whose hand are all  
power and honor and glory;  
Praise Him who made what seemeth, the image of living,  
the shadow of life;  
Praise Him who made what is, and hath made it eternal  
forever and ever;  
Who made the days and nights, and created the darkness  
to follow the light;  
Who made the day of life, that should rise up and lighten  
the shadow of death."

The above lines are but one of the many passages in which his emotions towards the Omnipotent are put into words. When the Catholic Church received him she became the possessor of one of the most moral, cultured, and popular writers of the day.

There is a certain fascination about his works which we find in those of no other author; for although he has not the vivid imagination of the poet by which Longfellow gains a mastery over his readers, yet sometimes, because of his artistic treatment, he almost acquires it. When one of his books is begun, the reader is not content until he has finished it. This might be attributed to the interest awakened at the beginning and kept up to the end, and this is wherein lies the secret of his success.

Novel-writing is one of the most difficult forms of composition on account of the unlimited knowledge and exactness required by the author: he must study history, human nature, scenery, tradition, and many other departments of learning. Mr. Crawford shows us, above all other things, that he is a student of human nature. Otherwise he could not paint such an unlimited variety of characters so perfectly.

Without doubt Mr. Crawford reaches the zenith of his success in "Saracenesca." This renowned work is a tale of modern Roman life, told in a very beautiful manner. In the introduction much space is devoted to the manners and customs of the Romans, so that a fair idea may be formed of the nation which once ruled the world. Very little is said about politics, more attention being paid to social affairs. The chief interest is centred upon the relations existing between Prince Saracenesca and Carona d'Astrandente. There is a striking peculiarity in this work found in no other: the reader is, in several cases, excited to a high pitch, which leads him to believe that some great calamity is about to take place. As he passes on, he finds that this was far from the author's intention. It seems as if there were something lacking in this great novel. One feels, after having read it, that it had not been brought to an end and should go on, as the characters are left in such a position that one desires to know more about them.

It is rather an audacious act on the part of a novelist to ask the reader to accompany him to past ages; but if one follows Mr. Crawford in his tale of "Zoroaster" he will be fully rewarded. In this work we have a tale of Persian love and suffering. It is told in such a sad and interesting manner that our admiration for the great author cannot help but increase. It is one of his greatest on account of its imaginative power. It falls far below "Saracenesca," but ranks very favorably with the rest of his productions. We see, on account of the several allusions made to the Bible, that the author is well versed in theology.

In the "American Politician" and the "Witch of Prague" he falls below his standard. Though the latter has had an immense sale, yet it would probably have been better for the author if he had not written either of them. In the "American Politician" he tells us of an ambitious Bostonian who leaves the ranks of his party and becomes an advocate of Democratic principles. He is very conceited, and expects some day to be able to reform the platform of his new party. There is nothing elegant, instructive, or interesting

about this book; in fact, it is unworthy of the author who gave us "Saracenesca." The "Witch of Prague" is a romance of daring and power. Critics differ as to its real value, but the general impression is that it is his worst effort.

In "Khaled," which appeared last July, we have one of his most ingenious tales. The hero was one of the genii. He was converted to the faith of Mahomed on hearing him read the Koran. Khaled was allowed to resume the shape of a human being, and he became the husband of Zehowah, the most beautiful woman in Arabia. On the advice of her father, the Sultan of Nejed, she married him. Over one hundred princes had sued for her hand, and all had been refused. She did not love Khaled, for she knew not how to love, and told him "Zehowah will accept thee, although she love thee not." Then came the hard struggle in which Khaled tried to win her love. He says of her: "It is harder to get a woman's love than to win kingdoms; and it is easier to destroy a whole army with one stroke of the sword than to make a woman believe that which she does not desire." The energetic Khaled, after conquering many of the barbarous tribes hanging around the borders of his wife's kingdom, and after much devotion to her, is finally successful in winning her love, and he is happy.

Space will not allow me to notice the rest of his works. Among the best are "Romance of a Cigarette Maker," "Dr. Claudius," "To Leeward," "Marzio's Crucifix," "A Roman Singer," and "With the Immortals." The rapidity with which he turns out such perfect works is phenomenal. His speed seems to be a new necromancy. On the average he produces two books a year. When we consider the length of time it took Dickens and Thackeray to write a novel we cannot help being surprised by this fact. It might be said of him that he is neither a novelist nor a romancer, because neither of these terms express the full scope of his talents. At one time he is a novelist, at another a romancer, and still again neither. If there ever were a master of his art, such is Mr. Crawford. A bright future is before him, and if no unfortunate circumstance embarrass him, he may yet give us a volume superior to any novel we now have. Present indications point this way. It is now a decided fact that Shakspeare is master of the drama, and Tennyson of modern verse. Cardinal Newman had his prominence in style, and the time will probably come when it will not be disputed that Francis Marion Crawford gave us that great American novel we are waiting for.

A. E. Dacy, '93.

## Local Items.

- One week more!
- Waltah is dangerous.
- Look out for cold weather.
- "Casty" says: "He mus' 'pologise!"
- How much work one's heart does!
- Gerdes has the record if he did not get the ring.
- "Home, Sweet Home!" is the popular tune just now.
- "Pologise! 'pologise! I won't take that from nobody!"
- I wonder if L— knows how much ten times one is yet.
- Roger "swiped" a glass from the refectory. What for?
- The St. Cecilians are busy practising. Look out for them!
- If practice counts, the Carrolls will have some expert gymnasts.
- "Swish — walkee back a mile," was in running order again this week.
- Waltah, always be sure of your man before taking offense at his sayings and demanding apologies.
- The Physiological series of lectures was continued last Thursday with "The Blood" as the subject.
- The person who borrowed the address book for 1879 from Students' Office will confer a favor by returning it at once.
- The Sorin Hall band will soon open their lists for concerts, dinners, dances, etc. For further information apply to —.
- Sleighing and skating are very uncertain things. Sunday, Monday and Tuesday we had some more snow, about two inches. All gone again.
- Rev. Father Morrissey returned on Wednesday from Watertown, Wis., where he had conducted a three days' retreat for the students of Sacred Heart College.
- The Minims amuse themselves according to the taste of small boys generally, while the denizens of Sorin Hall play such intellectual games as chess, whist, etc.
- Captain Fred Chute has inaugurated the system of competitive drills which he found so successful last year. Master C. Pope won the medal on the 6th inst.
- The Sorin Hall orchestra has reorganized, and once more the dulcet strains of the mouth organ, flute and violin, reinforced by a banjo, resound throughout that building.
- If some gentlemen (?) who are creating disturbances at lectures would only leave them out of their programme they would confer a great benefit on the majority of the students.
- Quite a little excitement was occasioned

on the Brownsons' campus last Thursday noon. A certain young man of large proportions declared war against a young man of smaller proportions. N. B.—The large man, at present writing, is resting easy with good prospects of recovery.

—Several of them were sitting in the smoking room discussing social questions when the Burgomaster came thundering down the stairs, and, in a voice of uncontrolled excitement, shouted: "The Old Settler's trying to think a thunk!" Everyone jumped to his feet and dashed upstairs to find out for himself. The O. S. was simply working on his essay.

—Among the members of the Community who made their Religious Profession on the Feast of the Immaculate Conception were the Rev. Messrs. James Burns and Bernard Ill. Their relations with the students of the University made the event one of more than ordinary interest and called forth the heartiest congratulations and best wishes from numerous friends.

—The ninth regular meeting of the St. Stanislaus' Philopatrian Association was called to order on Dec. 9. After the minutes, W. Gerlach spoke on the battle of Fredericksburg, while P. Wellington chose the battle of Gettysburg; W. Bates gave an interesting account of social life in Richmond during the war; G. Yeager gave a recitation, as most of the members who were to speak were absent for some reason or other; W. Gerdes and J. Girsch spoke on different subjects. The President congratulated the speakers and also those who took part in the entertainment lately given by the society.

—The Mock-Congress held its regular meeting Sunday evening, December 6. After some preliminary business had been transacted and the chairmen of the different committees had made their report, the bill providing for the removal of Internal Revenue on tobacco was discussed by the House. The Hon. A. Ahlrichs, 9th District, Alabama, the framer of the Bill, was absent, and this, in a great measure, accounts for its defeat. The Democrats argued well, and strenuously exerted themselves, all to no purpose. A motion to reconsider was lost. Representative Rudd, of Kentucky, introduced House Bill No. 6 which reads as follows: "Be it enacted by the House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled that on and after the sixth day of January, eighteen hundred and ninety-two, the senators be elected by the popular vote of the State. This was referred to the Ways and Means committee for approval. The Hon. P. McFadden, of Illinois, will take his seat at the next meeting.

—The programme presented by the Columbians at their fifth regular meeting was, without doubt, the programme *par excellence* of the session. The exercises were opened by R. Langan, who kept the society enlivened with mirth during his inimitable rendition of "Mark Foote's Speech." He was followed by Mr. Frizelle, a

zealous advocate of better protection for homeless children, and who thoroughly enlisted the sympathies of the meeting in behalf of his helpless *protégés*. The debate, "Resolved, That the study of Science is more beneficial as mental training than the study of the Classics" was next on the list. Mr. Joseph M. McDonald opened the debate in a paper which for rhetorical finish bore evidence of the beneficial effects of a thorough English training, and gave glimpses of the bright future of this young gentleman. We regret that we cannot print his debate in full.

Remarkable for his quick perception of any inadvertent admission of an opponent, gifted with magnificent debating powers, his paragraphs resplendent with all the ornaments of the polished orator, Mr. Maurice J. Cassidy, a gifted child of South Bend, is a champion whom all that is good and true and beautiful, be it in morals, or art or literature, can enlist in its defense. Called upon to uphold the beneficial effects of the study of the sciences, the choice could have fallen on no more worthy personage than Mr. McFadden. Thoroughly familiar with all that concerns the welfare of his chosen profession, he is conversant with all that concerns the men of the present day in the study of nature, and his watchful eye is observant of all that flashes across the broad firmament of science. The President, supplementing, however, his remarks with the statement that this was the most difficult debate of the session to decide, rendered his decision in favor of the affirmative.

—Wednesday evening, the 9th inst., the trial calendar of the Moot-Court was called. The case docketed for that date was one of trespass on the case in which L. Chute and C. Whalen appeared as attorneys for the plaintiff, and H. O'Neill and G. Raney for defendant. The facts were these, to wit: In November, 1889, the plaintiff, Charles Crawford, signed as surety for one James King, a promissory note payable to Samuel Smith defendant; King paid the note at maturity, thus discharging the surety, but Smith failed to deliver up the note, alleging he had lost it. Soon afterward King died, leaving no property; hereupon Smith produced the note and demanded payment from Crawford, the surety, and threatened to sue him for it. Crawford refused. Some time afterwards Smith transferred the note to one Benjamin Burchard, who brought suit on it against Crawford, it appearing in the evidence that he did so for and in behalf of Smith. On the merits of the case, judgment was rendered in favor of Crawford. Hereupon Crawford sued Smith in malicious prosecution, claiming that the attempt to use Burchard as a means of extorting from the surety a second payment on the note was an act of gross and wilful fraud, and that Smith was the real instigator of the prosecution. He therefore brought suit against Smith to recover the expenses necessarily incurred in defending his rights in the action brought against him by Burchard, who is insolvent, and consequently

cannot pay costs. The defendant entered a general demurrer to the declaration. Attorney O'Neill was the first to speak; he first made a motion that the court order to be struck from the declaration the lines in which it was alleged that Burchard sued "for and in behalf" of Smith, as there was no positive evidence that this was true, but that the evidence simply so "tended to show." This was allowed *supra protest* of attorneys for the plaintiff. Attorney O'Neill argued that Crawford was barred from this action owing to the irregular proceedings of the first suit; that he either should have compelled Burchard to file bond for costs, or entered a plea in abatement, for non-joinder, thus bringing Smith in as party plaintiff; that by so doing, Smith would have been obliged to pay the expenses of the first suit, when Burchard failed to prevail. At this the plaintiffs considered themselves in much the same situation as did the man who found himself in the thick of the fight at Gettysburg without arms; but still they maintained that Smith was the real instigator of the wrongful prosecution, and that the burden of it should fall upon him. The second speaker for the plaintiff had not finished his argument when the hour for adjournment arrived, and the trial was suspended until Saturday, the 12th, when the argument of counsel will be concluded. As the defendant's attorneys admit that the merits of the case rest with the plaintiff, it is apparently to be fought out on the ground of a technicality of proceedings.

### Roll of Honor.

#### SORIN HALL.

Messrs. Ahlrichs, Bachrach, Brady, L. Chute, F. Chute, Coady, Dechant, Dacy, DuBrul, Fitzgerald, Joslyn, Langan, Monarch, Maurus, P. Murphy, McAuliff, McKee, McGrath, Neef, McFlanery, O'Neill, O'Brien, Quinlan, Rothert, Schaack, Sullivan, E. Scherrer, N. Sinnott, R. Sinnott, Vurpillat.

#### BROWNSON HALL.

Messrs. Ahlrichs, Burns, J. Brady, Baldwin, Brown, T. Brady, Beaudry, Corcoran, Corry, Cosgrove, Cassidy, J. Crawley, P. Crawley, J. Cummings, Correll, Chilcote, W. Cummings, Caffrey, Crilly, Castenado, Cole, Carroll, Chearhart, Coady, Combe, C. Delaney, Doheny, Dinkel, R. Delaney, Devanny, Egan, Ellwanger, Ferneding, Flynn, Foley, Flannigan, Heneghan, Harpole, Healy, Holland, E. Harris, Henly, Houlihan, Heer, F. Kenny, Krost, Kleekamp, Kearney, W. M. Kennedy, E. Kelly, Karasynski, Kintzele, W. A. Kennedy, Kearns, Kunart, E. Kenny, Layton, S. Mitchell, McFadden, Monarch, McClure, Maloney, D. Murphy, McGonigle, Magnus, McErlain, McKee, F. Murphy, Mattingly, McCullough, McDermott, Nockels, O'Donnell, Olde, O'Shea, Powers, Puskamp, Phillips, Perkins, Quinlan, M. Ryan, J. Ryan, G. Ryan, Ragan, E. Roby, Sherman, Scallen, Schillo, Stanton, Schopp, Sabin, Vinez, Vurpillat, Welsh, Weaver, Wilkin, Zeitler.

#### CARROLL HALL.

Messrs. Arvidson, Bergland, Bouer, Bixby, Barbour, Brennan, Baldauf, Ball, Bates, J. Brown, Burkert, Burns, F. Brown, Carney, Casey, Corry, Cosgrove, Cullen, Collins, Curran, Cheney, Connell, Crawford, Carpenter, DuBois, Dion, Dix, DeLormier, Duncombe, Dillon, Dillman, Delany, Dorsey, J. Dempsey, F. Dempsey, Eagan, C. F. Fleming, C. S. Fleming, Falk, Finnerty, A. Funke, Ford,



G. Funke, Fitzgerald, Grote, L. Gibson, N. Gibson, Gilbert, Griffin, Gerner, Girardin, Gerlach, Gillam, Glass, Garfias, Hagan, Harrington, Hilger, Hoban, Hamilton, Hargrave, Hagus, Hittson, Hack, Janssen, Joseph, Johnson, Kindler, Kreicker, Kountz, Kraber, Kinneavy, W. Kegler, Kerker, A. Kegler, LaMoure, Lee, G. Lowrey, Luther, Leonard, Mahon, Mills, Miles, Major, Mitchell, J. Miller, W. Miller, Marr, Moss, Marre, McCarthy, A. McKee, J. McKee, McDowell, McPhee, Martin, Nicholson, H. Nichols, W. Nichols, Oliver, O'Connor, O'Brien, W. O'Neill, O'Rourke, Payne, Peake, Prichard, Pope, Phillipson, Pomeroy, Regan, Rumely, Rupel, Ratterman, Renesch, F. Reilly, W. Sullivan, V. Sullivan, Stern, Strauss, Shaffer, Sparks, Sedwick, Shimp, Sweet, Slevin, Scholer, Sheuerman, Stephens, Smith, Shirk, Thome, Thorn, O. Tong, Thomas, Thornton, Teeters, Vorhang, Washburne, Wellington, Walker, Weaver, Wensinger, N. Weitzel, B. Weitzel, Yingst, Yeager, G. Zoehrlaut.

## ST. EDWARD'S HALL.

Masters Allen, Ayers, Ahern, R. Brown, O. Brown, Burns, Blumenthal, V. Berthelet, R. Berthelet, Ball, Cornell, Christ, Coulter, O. Crepeau, F. Crepeau, Crawford, Curry, Cross, J. Coquillard, A. Coquillard, Croke, Corry, Curtin, Crandall, Chapoton, B. Durand, H. Durand, DuBrul, Dugas, S. Donnell, C. Donnell, Everest, Elliot, W. Emerson, F. Emerson, Egan, E. Francis, C. Francis, Fossick, Fuller, Finnerty, J. Freeman, B. Freeman, N. Freeman, C. Furthmann, E. Furthmann, Girsch, Willie Gregg, Walter Gregg, Gilbert, Gavin, Healy, Hilger, Hoffman, Hathaway, Howard, Holbrook, Higginson, Jonquet, Jones, King, Kern, Krollman, Kuehl, Keeler, Kinney, W. LaMoure, E. LaMoure, Loughran, Londoner, Langley, Lowrey, Longevin, Lysle, Lawton, Lonergan, Lounsbery, McIntyre, McPhee, McCarthy, McAllister, Morrison, Maternes, Nichols, Ninneman, O'Neill, Oatman, Pieser, Platts, E. Patier, Pursell, W. Patier, Pratt, W. Pollitz, H. Pollitz, Ransome, Repscher, Rose, W. Scherrer, G. Scherrer, Swan, Smith, Stuckart, Steele, L. Trankle, F. Trankle, Trujillo, Thomas, Tussner, White, Wolf, Wilcox, Weber, Wilson.

(Published by request.)

## The Electric Bell.

With deep vexation and indignation,  
I often think of the electric bell,  
Whose tone, so grating, and oft vibrating  
My ears so pains that I shame to tell.  
On these I ponder, where'er I wander,  
And grow no fonder, I do declare,  
Of that bell electric, which makes all "rec" sick  
When loud it vibrates with its "classic" air.

I've heard bells rattle on the necks of cattle,  
Out in the wilds of the prairie land;  
Though at a high-rate they all did vibrate,  
They lacked the discord of our bell unbland.  
For in tones sonorous, not too decorous,  
That ever bore us with to "class repair,"  
Peals the bell electric, which makes all "rec" sick  
When loud it vibrates with its "classic" air.

I've heard bells tingled, by babies jingled,  
While nurses mingled a soothing song;  
These made an uproar which I ne'er before  
Heard in my travels, though far and long.  
But the sounds arising are e'er despising  
To him no wise in a Professor's care,  
From the bell electric, which makes all "rec" sick  
When loud it vibrates with its "classic" air.

There's a bell in each hall which makes the boys fall  
Into the ranks as it tingles forth;  
They ring so crazy, that some "kids" quite lazy,  
Whose brains are hazy, laugh at the sport.  
But they are sweeter, and peal in metre  
A great deal neater, which dispells all care,  
Than the bell electric, which makes all "rec" sick  
When loud it vibrates with its "classic" air.

A KYDD.

## St. Mary's Academy.

One Mile West of Notre Dame University.

—The second issue of the *Rosa Mystica* was read after the distribution of certificates on last Sunday evening by the Misses K. Ryan and E. Dennison. Its leading article treated of woman's place in the world's work, wherein was shown that in the domains of science, art and letters, women are steadily coming to the front, and are proving that the sterner sex does not enjoy a monopoly of the best mental gifts.

—During the exposition of the Blessed Sacrament on adoration Sunday, Dec. 6, the Chapel of Our Lady of Loreto was thronged throughout the day by silent worshippers before the altar throne of Our Divine Lord. Like a guard of honor the Catholic pupils knelt round the sanctuary, offering homage from their pure young hearts to Him who said of old: "Suffer little children to come unto Me."

—In this incredulous age, when denial and doubt are the prevailing fashion, it is of primary importance that the Catholic youth should be ready for the assaults upon his faith, inevitable if he mingles in the strife of worldly affairs. The excellent conferences given in the study-hall during the past month had this object in view, and were thoroughly appreciated by those privileged to hear them. On Friday, Dec. 4, the sixth article of the Creed furnished a text for a discourse by the Rev. A. B. O'Neill, which was at once logical, literary and to the point.

—All admit that the hope of reward is a strong incentive to effort, be the strife for class honors or the great prizes of life. On this principle the custom of awarding certificates for perfect lessons throughout the month would seem to be a wise one, judging from the favorable results seen on last Sunday, when the earnest workers received their reward. Surely an incentive to hard work is furnished each pupil when it is remembered that by winning these rewards, she advances her own best interests, gives satisfaction to her teachers, and makes glad the hearts of loved ones at home. Rev. Father Scherer, who presided, recommended attention to the homely accomplishment of mending, if the pupils would fit themselves for domestic duties.

—Very impressive was the scene witnessed on the Feast of the Immaculate Conception in the Community chapel of St. Mary's, when fifteen young ladies laid aside the gay apparel of the world for the coarse, dark habit of the Sisters of the Holy Cross. At eight o'clock a.m., this youthful band, attired in conventional bridal habiliments, was met at the entrance of the chapel by Very Rev. Father Corby, C. S. C., accompanied by the Rev. Fathers Franciscus, Zahm, Scherer and Maloney, C. S. C. and conducted to the sanctuary, when began the ceremonies of the reception. Soon clothed in the



religious habit; the new novices, black-robed and white-veiled, knelt round the sanctuary, assisting at the Solemn High Mass, at which officiated as celebrant Very Rev. Father Corby, with Rev. P. J. Franciscus as deacon, and Rev. W. Maloney, subdeacon. A sermon befitting the feast and the ceremonies of the day was preached by the Rev. D. E. Hudson, C. S. C., in the earnest manner characteristic of the speaker, making the day doubly memorable. Very Rev. Father General, so long the central figure in similar scenes, owing to impaired health, was unable to lend to the occasion the grace of his venerable presence, to the regret of all at St. Mary's, and heartfelt were the prayers offered for his recovery. The names of the young ladies received are as follows: Miss Stackowicz (Sister M. Godeleine), Miss Pankiewicz (Sister M. Zygmunt), Miss Lauth (Sister M. Geneva), Miss McIlhatten (Sister M. Raina), Miss Whitney (Sister M. Esther), Miss Gwynn (Sister M. Concha), Miss Kelly (Sister M. Stella), Miss Mudd (Sister M. Rosamunda), Miss O'Sullivan (Sister M. Secunda), Miss Mallowney (Sister M. Ariadna), Miss Hennessy (Sister M. Carmina), Miss Rochford (Sister M. Ivan), Miss McAuliffe (Sister M. Audry), Miss Couron (Sister M. Priscilla), Miss Costello (Sister M. De Neri).

#### History and Song.

"History casts its shadow far into the land of song."

At close of day the shadows lengthen as, in distorted and fantastic shapes, they fall far across the land, until, at last, they blend into the evening twilight. And as years roll by and events occur in quick succession or at long intervals, history's shadow is lengthened, broadened, and is cast in varied shapes over the land of song, there to be transformed into immortal figures of radiant beauty or glowing patriotism by the inspired child of poesy.

In the Old World has the poet full scope for these labors; for, does not its very air breathe of heroic deeds of chivalry, of those dreadful struggles with infidel foes, of the old viking's depredations, and of bitter civil strife? These lands lie immersed in the depths of history's shadow, while we are as yet merely in the faint penumbra; for the history of our country is still in its infancy, and, in proportion, our national songs are few. Our poets, even though afire with patriotism, have had little scope for their powers,—although the few deeds which do illumine the annals of our country have been commemorated in songs which will never die while American hearts and voices shall exist to keep them warm with life.

The songs of ancient bards give us knowledge of long past events which even history fails to

portray. In the songs of a country are read the sentiments of ardent patriotism glowing with the spirit of victor or saddened by conquest,—songs which breathe in every line of plenty and happiness, or wail beneath the stroke of famine or despotism. All these are the sentiments which animated the people, and which give us more knowledge of the nature of those days than perhaps do the cold, impartial and disinterested annals of history which have none of that fire kindled from the spirit of the times of which they treat. Certainly due allowance must be made in these national songs for the poetic licenses which would not be admissible in the authentic record of history. Many of the statements are doubtless exaggerated, owing to enthusiasm and love of country. And although Aristotle has said that "poetry is more true than history," still we have large scope for pruning in these national ballads before the symmetrical form of truth is revealed. At times these songs may have been composed to please the popular taste, or, perchance, to flatter the vanity of a sovereign; and they have been handed down to us without marginal notes. But every truly patriotic son of poetry will sing with the music of his own heart, unswayed by policy or party feeling—throwing his greatest efforts into those themes which treat of his own dear land. "Of thine own country sing" before soaring in the flights of enthusiasm over the charms of foreign lands. It is said of Burns that the gifted poet is at his best when he sings of his dear Scotia—her trials and triumphs. Another Scotch poet has well portrayed his lively sentiments of patriotism in the oft-repeated lines:

"Breathes there a man with soul so dead,  
Who never to himself hath said  
This is my own, my native land?"

The songs of early Britain, also, show us the bold, rugged spirit of the fierce Northmen who sang these wild songs to the harp as they feasted around the board in their long banquet halls. So, too, in sunny Spain, are still cherished songs which the swarthy Moors brought from their distant homes, but which Spanish sunshine has fused into the very spirit of her own genial clime; for, do not the songs of the Cid bring to mind the flood of Spanish history and legendary lore?

The swift shades of time creeping on reach the fair land of France, there to be reflected, as are shadows in still waters, in her songs of ancient chivalry, of the splendid jousts and tournaments, in the Provençal ballads—all breathing forth the spirit of brave loyalty in

love and war. The staunch Crusader's battle songs also beam forth from history's shadow. Brave deeds of Christian knights with the cruel Moslem foe, and the songs of trouvère and troubadour, afford a wide field for studying the customs of ancient France.

The rigid, unbending spirit of the Puritans is wonderfully manifest in their harsh, unmusical psalms, of the metre which strikes the ear so unharmoniously, yet shows the firm, determined nature which prompted so many to leave courageously the dear old English homes, risking perils by sea and the blood-thirsty savages by land. The songs of the Pilgrim Fathers evince the same spirit of aversion to grace and beauty that was revealed in their unpicturesque garb, the homely gown of home-spun and spotless kerchief, without a sign of adornment.

So we see that in some cases poetry affords the best and surest knowledge; for man, in all ages, has been endowed with imagination, nobility and patriotism; and it is by the heart songs—the genuine emotions of such men—that their life and times may be judged correctly. Coleridge says that "poetry is the blossom and fragrance of all human knowledge, human thoughts, passions, emotions, language," and thus it is, perhaps, that at times nothing satisfies and soothes us like the sweet influence of poetry. Its harmonies touch the chords of our higher being as never prose can do. It lifts us to sublimer heights, and brings the soul of man nearer to God, who is the Fount of all wisdom and beauty.

KATHERINE MORSE.

### Roll of Honor.

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Misses E. Adelsperger, Alkire, Agney, Bassett, Bero, E. Burns, M. Burns, Bell, Brady, A. Butler, K. Barry, Buell, Benz, Byers, Bogart, Charles, Churchill, Clifford, Crilly, Carpenter, Davis, Duffy, Dieffenbacher, Dingee, Daley, Dennison, Ellwanger, Evoy, Fitzpatrick, Field, Green, Galvin, Gilmore, Groves, Gibbons, Haitz, Hellman, Higgins, Hammond, Hanson, Hopkins, Hittson, M. Hess, Hunt, Maude Hess, Johnston, Jewell, Jacobs, M. Kirley, Klingberg, Keating, Kemme, Kelly, Kasper, Kaufman, Kingsbaker, Kimmell, Kinney, Kiernan, Lynch, Lewis, Ludwig, Londoner, Lennon, Lancaster, Leppel, La Moure, Lantry, Morse, Moynahan, Marrinan, Murison, Morehead, E. McCormack, Maloney, D. McDonald, A. Moynahan, M. McDowell, M. McDonald, McCune, M. McCormack, Nacey, Nickel, Norris, M. Nichols, B. Nichols, Nester, O'Sullivan, Plato, Pinney, Payne, Quinn, A. Ryan, Robinson, Roberts, Rizer, Robbins, M. Smyth, Sanford, Sena, Shaw, Tietgen, Tod, Van Mourick, Wile, B. Winsteadley, Wurzburg, Wolfe, Welter, Whitney, Zahm, Zucker.

#### JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

Misses Curtin, Coady, Crandall, B. Germain, Hickey, Londoner, Meskill, Pfaelzer, Tilden, White, Wolverton, Williams, Wheeler, Whittenberger.

#### MINIM DEPARTMENT.

Misses Ahern, Buckley, Curtin, Egan, Finnerty, Lingard, McKenna, McCormack, McCarthy, Palmer, Wormer.

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2D CLASS—Misses Klingberg, Nickel, Tormey.

2D DIV.—Misses Davis, Dempsey, Kemme, Thirds, Wurzburg.

3D CLASS—Misses Doble, Haitz, Roberts, Welter.

2D DIV.—Misses Baxter, Fitzpatrick, Nacey, M. Smyth.

4TH CLASS—Misses Brady, Bero, Carico, Dieffenbacher, Maude Hess.

2D DIV.—Misses E. Adelsperger, Bassett, Benz, Boyle, E. Burns, Carpenter, Churchill, E. Dennison, Dreyer, B. Germain, Johnston, E. Kasper, T. Kimmell, E. Moore, Tietgen.

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8TH CLASS—Misses Crandall, Finnerty, McKenna.

9TH CLASS—Misses Dysart, Ford, Mills, Schmidt.

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N. B.—Several young ladies not taking the regular course are not mentioned in the above grades.

#### HARP.

1ST CLASS—Miss E. Nester.

4TH CLASS—Misses Sena, Fitzpatrick.

5TH CLASS 2D DIV.—Miss Stewart.

6TH CLASS—Miss M. McDowell.

#### VIOLIN.

Misses Bogart, Plato, Dieffenbacher.

#### GUITAR.

3D CLASS—Miss H. Boyle.

6TH CLASS—Miss Lennon. Classed, Miss Lantry.

#### MANDOLIN.

1ST CLASS—Miss Nickel.

3D CLASS—Miss S. Smyth.

4TH CLASS—Miss A. Londoner.

5TH CLASS—Misses Hutchinson, Lichtenhein, Van Liew, L. Griffith.

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2D CLASS—Miss A. Ryan.

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#### ORGAN.

Miss D. Whittenberger.

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1ST CLASS, 2D DIV.—Miss Wile.

2D CLASS—Miss Bassett.

2D DIV.—Misses Field, Grace.

3D CLASS—Misses Kemme, Dieffenbacher, M. Smyth, Carpenter, Kiernan.

2D DIV., 3D CLASS—Misses M. Hess, Kline, Van Liew, Brady, Klingberg, Kaufman.

4TH CLASS—Misses Pengemann, Marrinan, Sanford, Bell, B. Nichols, Galvin, Agney, Patier, M. Burns, N. Moore, Kieffer, Sena, B. Winsteadley, G. Winsteadley.

5TH CLASS—Misses Zahm, Leppel, Kelly, Good, Gilmore, M. Nichols, M. McCormick, Loker, Ellwanger.