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## Pictures of a Palace.

BY O. A. ROTHERT, '92.

Lyric poetry, strictly speaking, is that which is written to be sung to the accompaniment of music. However, in its broader signification, it includes many poems of a character different from the song or ballad. Music and poetry were originally joined together. But soon the poets wrote not only compositions in verse to be sung, but also poems to be recited and read. By way of distinction the former were known as lyrics. It is in this class, then, that poetry retains its most ancient form.

Lyric poetry is the truest form of poetry. It is the means by which the poet gives utterance to his appreciation of whatsoever is good, true and beautiful in nature, to his rapturous thoughts of happiness and to his feelings of devotion to his God, his country and his friends. It includes ballads, elegies, odes, religious songs and hymns; love songs, battle songs and songs of patriotism. Of these, the ode constitutes the most perfect form of the lyric.

Many a poet of ancient and modern times has risen to distinction through the odes. From the time of Pindar and Horace this form of verse gradually crept into the literature of all nations. The poets of southern Europe, unlike the pessimists of the cold North, were naturally inclined to adopt this style of expression. In no literature has it set its roots more firmly, and borne more beautiful flowers, than in our own. During the last three hundred years the English language has been its most enthusiastic promoter. From 1688 until the beginning of the nineteenth century it remained the recognized

form of verse in which the laureate was to approach his monarch.

The character of all the old odes depended on their musical accompaniment. Later this was made subsidiary, and finally neglected altogether. Lyric poetry gradually attained a music of its own; a music in a sense allied to, but practically distinct from, vocal or instrumental melody. So now an ode, or even any lyric, does not mean a poem for singing, nor are the terms to be applied to any composition intended to be set to music. An ode is a "strain of enthusiastic and exalted lyrical verse, directed to a fixed purpose, and dealing progressively with one dignified theme." It embraces every variety of thought, and admits of all forms of versification.

When Pindar began to write, the musical and poetical art of Greece was reaching its perfection; and with his incomparable genius he used it in all its grace and majesty. Pindar, truly, is the father of the ode. He wrote many and on a great variety of subjects; but, unfortunately, most of them have perished. His "Triumphal Odes" have been preserved. They are more like the songs of the mediæval troubadours than any other modern verse.

During the Renaissance the rules of Greek versification were dimly understood, and the poets of that period seem to have contented themselves with writing odes according to the forms taught them by Horace. In the living languages the Italian was always well provided with lyrical poems—a heritage of the Middle Ages. It was in the French that the first modern odes, showing Pindar's influence, were written. About the middle of the sixteenth century Ronsard published a book of odes in which he pointed to Pindar as his source of inspiration.

Soon after Edmund Spenser's "Epithala-

mion," the first great English ode appeared. The melodious versifier was followed by Ben Johnson, who is generally considered the importer of the ode. Whether he deserves this distinction is a question. His odes, the best of which is "To Himself," have had but little influence; while Spenser's "Epithalamion," perhaps the most sublime lyric in our language, has inspired many a poet. The high feeling and the music of Milton's "On the Morning of Christ's Nativity," "At a Solemn Music," "L'Allegro" and "Il Penseroso" could not affect the ear of the seventeenth century. Cowley's "Praise of Pindar" and "Christ's Passion," and Shadwell's odes were in harmony with the coarser taste of the time.

Dryden's idea of an ode was peculiarly his own. His "To Mrs. Anne Killigrew," "St. Cecilia's Day" and Alexander's Feast" are original, both as to the subjects and the style of treatment. These poems became popular immediately after they were published, and still rank with the best lyrics of our language. Congreve, the author of "On Mrs. Arabella Hunt, Singing," was the first writer of odes affected by his predecessors, especially by Cowley. He attempted to reform the ode. In 1705 he published a discourse on the Pindaric ode, which is so sound and refined "that it may well take its place as the finest fragment of poetical criticism that our Augustan Age has left us." When this essay first appeared its value was recognized by but a few, and it was soon forgotten. However, one of his adherents, fifty years later, caused Gray, who had already written a number of beautiful odes in the Horatian style, to model them after the true Greek fashion, as recommended by Congreve. Gray's most noted odes, "Progress of Poesy" and "The Bard" are Pindaric; his "On a Distant Prospect of Eton College" and "On Spring" are irregular. It was during this time also that Collins published his "On the Passions," "To Evening" and "To Fear," poems of high feeling and enthusiasm.

The "Romanticists" seem to have made no attempts to keep the ode within the bounds of Pindar's. This new generation of poets laid no stress on the preserving of its original form. The first odes of any importance written during the beginning of this revival were Wordsworth's "Intimation of Immortality," "To Duty" and "To Lycoris," and Coleridge's "France" and "To the Departing Year," which were soon followed by Campbell's "To Winter," and Byron's "On Venice."

Ideality, music, fancy, emotion, tenderness and sublimity had all been expressed in this

species of composition; but the ode was not crowned the queen of lyrics until the "Poet of Poets" led her into the garden "where the feet of joy might wander all day long and never tire." In Shelley's "To the West Wind," "To a Skylark," "To Liberty" and "To Naples," and in Keats's "To a Nightingale," "On a Grecian Urn," "To Autumn" and "Melancholy," all traces of the original form of the ode are lost; but this is more than made up for by poetic genius. Tennyson, notwithstanding his unsurpassed mastery of his poetic material, has not succeeded in writing any notable odes. His "To Memory" is of but passing interest.

Although American literature is yet young, it contains a number of odes worthy of study. All our poets found it a favorite means of expression. Bryant was the first great American writer of this lyrical form of verse. His "Thanatopsis" is a noble ode. Inferior to it, but not less poetical, are his "To a Water-fowl" and "The Winds." Longfellow has also produced a few odes; but, unfortunately, they cannot be ranked with his best works. We can no more judge his power by these poems than by his sonnets. Probably his most successful attempt is his "Palingenesis." Emerson's "May Day" and Bayard Taylor's "National Ode" lack something which makes one hesitate to class them among the greatest lyrics. "To the Muse," and "To Happiness," by James Russell Lowell, are full of noble and inspiring strains. Stedman's "To Pastoral Romance" also deserves mention. "To the Spirit of Beauty" is the latest and, undoubtedly, the best American ode. This beautiful poem adds to the evidences that Richard Watson Gilder will soon rank with the great American poets.

There are many metrical and melodious poems by both English and American writers which are called "odes" by their authors, but are not such in reality. They are poetical, yet wanting in dignity. The true odes have been variously grouped. The more common division is based on the subjects treated. The hymn, in its proper meaning, is a religious ode; the heroic ode is that which celebrates some hero or victory; the didactic refers chiefly to morals and manners; the philosophic ode deals with the utterance of sublime feeling, and the festive and amorous odes are intended merely for amusement and pleasure. But to classify or reduce them to order is impossible; for if we consider one from a certain point of view it may exceed another; yet that other will show counterbalancing qualities if viewed in a different light.

Artists have painted pictures on all subjects.

Some reveal their beauty at once, while others require long study. The poets, too, have chosen a great variety of themes for their odes. Many can be appreciated without any effort; others demand careful reading.

Among the philosophical odes Wordsworth's "Intimations of Immortality from Recollections of Early Childhood" stands pre-eminent. It is a carefully studied poem. The poet begins by pondering on the days of his infancy, and the time when all the world to his soul seemed

"Apparell'd in celestial light,  
The glory and the freshness of a dream."

But now, as man, he exclaims:

"The things which I have seen I now can see no more!"

In the happy month of May he recalls his childhood and recovers something of his youth; but his "visionary gleam," a dream and a glory, is fled. Then, he suddenly breaks out with Plato's ideas briefly expressed:

"Our birth is but a sleeping and a forgetting;  
The soul that rises with us, our life's star,  
Hath had elsewhere its setting,  
And cometh from afar:  
Not in entire forgetfulness,  
And not in utter nakedness,  
But trailing clouds of glory do we come  
From God, who is our home:  
Heaven lies about us in our infancy!  
Shades of the prison-house begin to close  
Upon the growing boy;  
But he beholds the light, and whence it flows,  
He sees it in his joy."

The youth is still attended by the splendid vision, but

"At length the man perceives it die away,  
And fade into the light of common day."

Everything tends to make him

"Forget the glories he hath known  
And that imperial palace whence he came."

What follows is but musing and fluctuation of thought. His conclusion, summed up in a simple statement, is that the child is nearer to God than the man. Wordsworth liked Plato's ideas of pre-existence and reminiscence; yet in his ode he modified this doctrine after his own fashion. It is the business of the theologian to criticise the philosophy of this poem. I have briefly set forth a few points of Wordsworth's ode, not so much with the intention to point out beauty of expression as to show how he embodies his philosophy, and at the same time give an example of the style of a "philosophical ode."

It is said that Dryden declared that he wrote "Alexander's Feast" in one night. The authenticity of this statement seems doubtful. He boasted that it was the greatest ode that had

ever been or ever would be produced in English. For over a century it was first among the lyrics; but it now has its rivals. It was set to music immediately after it was written, and has since been often rearranged by great composers.

It is an opera in itself; the scene at Persepolis. Alexander, having returned from a victorious expedition through eastern Asia, was sitting on his throne, and by his side was his lovely Thais. Facing them stood Timotheus, a noted musician of ancient times. Around the hero were placed his valiant peers. All was silent, and Timotheus

"With flying fingers touched the lyre:  
The trembling notes ascend the sky,  
And heavenly joys inspire."

He sang the praises of Alexander. The monarch was delighted with the eulogy and cheers of the listening crowd. But when the musician sang of the fair Bacchus and the pleasures of drinking, he excited the king's vanity; he recalled to mind his great victories. And while the mighty conqueror was defying heaven and earth, Timotheus suddenly chose a mournful air. He infused pity into him by singing of the fate of the betrayed Darius. The king wept as he was reminded of the "various turns of chance below." Then

"The mighty master smiled to see  
That love was in the next degree;  
'Twas but a kindred sound to move,  
For pity melts the mind of love.  
Softly sweet, in Lydian measures,  
Soon he soothed his soul to pleasures."

War, he sang, is trouble and toil, and honor but a matter of little consequence; if the world is worth winning, it is worth enjoying. But when he praised the beauty of Thais, the king, unable to conceal his pain,

"Gazed on the fair  
Who caused his care,

And sighed and looked, sighed and looked,  
Sighed and looked, and sighed again;  
At length, with love and wine at once oppressed,  
The vanquished victor sunk upon her breast."

The lyre was struck again, but "with a louder, and yet a louder strain." The prince was roused from his slumber; he stared around as though he had risen from the dead; for the music had surrounded him with the souls of the soldiers who died on the battle-field.

"And the king seized a flambeau with a zeal to destroy,  
Thais led the way,  
To light him to his prey,  
And, like another Helen, fired another Troy."

Thus it was that Timotheus exalted, softened, calmed and excited the passions of Alexander; and thus it is that music controls the human

passions. Timotheus appealed only to the feelings of the human heart. It was the mission of the divine Cecilia to move the angels,—

“He raised a mortal to the skies,  
She drew an angel down.”

There are many points of resemblance between this famous poem and Pope's “On Saint Cecilia's Day”; yet the difference is so marked that no one can accuse Pope of borrowing from Dryden. The theme of Pope's ode is the power of music to control, not only the human passions, but also the powers of the other world. After an invocation to the muses the poet relates the story of Orpheus who descended into Hades in search of his wife Eurydice, and how all hell was charmed by his music. But it was left for Cecilia to perfect music; and she produced such wondrous strains of harmony that

“The angels lean from heaven to hear.”

Dr. Johnson, writing of this ode, says:

“Dryden's plan is better chosen; for history will always take stronger hold on the passions than fable; the passions excited by Dryden are the pleasures and pains of real life; the scene of Pope is laid in imaginary existence; Pope is real with calm acquiescence, Dryden with turbulent delight; Pope hangs upon the ear, Dryden finds the passes of the mind.”

These three odes must not be considered typical; not one of the many odes in English literature can be regarded as such. Of a model dissimilar to Wordsworth, Dryden and Pope's we have the poetical addresses, lyrical apostrophes. By far the greater number are of this nature. This form is so common that it is often looked upon as a distinguishing factor. Apostrophe and personification add to poetry; they tend to transport, in a higher degree, both the poet and the reader. Pages could be covered with exquisite passages from odes of this character. But in order to keep within reasonable bounds only a few of them can be considered.

Many lines of Keats's “To a Nightingale” have often been quoted. What poetic genius is implied in the choice of such epithets as these:

“That I might drink, and leave the world unseen,  
And with thee fade into forest dim.”

And again:

“Now more than ever seems it rich to die,  
To cease upon the midnight with no pain,  
While thou art pouring forth thy soul abroad  
In such an ecstasy.”

He makes, with touching lines, the delightful story of Ruth ever new:

“The voice I hear this passing night was heard  
In ancient days by emperor and clown:  
Perhaps the self-same song that found a path  
Through the sad heart of Ruth, when, sick for home,  
She stood in tears amid the alien corn.”

Nowhere in our poetry can one find such tender and such grand ecstasies as in Shelley's “To a Skylark”:

“Like a poet, hidden  
In the light of thought,  
Singing hymns unbidden,  
Till the world is wrought  
To sympathy with hopes and fears it heeded not.”

“Like a high-born maiden  
In a palace tower,  
Soothing her love-laden  
Soul in secret hour  
With music sweet as love which overflows her bower.”

Of all the odes of our literature none are composed in conformity with the classical model of Pindar. It is the would-be adoption of this model to which the common indifference to odes is due. Notwithstanding all this irregularity and deviation—for the modern ode is merely a series of irregular metres, arbitrarily separated into strophe, antistrophe and epode, or equally arbitrarily, into irregular stanzas—the English language surpasses all others in this musical composition. They form a comparatively small part of our extensive literature; yet we may boast that it not only contains the best odes, but also a greater number than any other. The epic and drama occupy the highest position in a literature, but the odes constitute its adornments. A literature without odes is like a palace without paintings.

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### The Dramas of Aubrey de Vere.

BY C. H. SANFORD, '93.

Among all those distinguished in the world of letters in our day few deserve so much attention as the Irish poet Aubrey de Vere. He is a writer of a fancy rich and refined; of a knowledge deep and practical of the true and beautiful in poetic art, such as is seldom found in other poets. It seems that throughout his works the faculty of delineation is not the ordinary sensuous susceptibility of poets, but rather a clear, tender truthfulness in reproducing impressions alike of thought and sense. His force lies in the bringing into juxtaposition in a new way those old emblems of beauty, flowers and sky; and the daring inaccuracy only adds a charm.

He is superior to his subject, comprehends it fully; frames it with a view to the end, in order to impress upon it the proper mark of his soul and genius. His verses are skilfully constructed; his language is polished and accurate, and he has always a definite meaning. He selects elegant or noble terms, rejects idle words

and redundant phrases. Every epithet contains an idea; every metaphor, a sentiment. There is eloquence in the regular development of his thought, music in the sustained accent of his verse.

If for no other reason than his contempt for mere passing tastes, he deserves our admiration; for his cultured mind and wide knowledge of language would make him universally known, if he would only stoop to public sentiment, or pander to the anti-religious feeling that holds sway at the present time. But he has chosen a nobler part—to give his intellectual gifts and the hope of fame and glory to morality, religion and country.

In the following words, Mrs. Coleridge, we think, has summed up his principal qualities:

"I have lived among poets a great deal, and have known greater poets than he is; but a more entire poet, one more a poet in his whole mind, I never knew or met with. He is most amiable, uniting a feminine gentleness and compassionateness with the most perfect manliness, both positive and negative. He is all simplicity, yet graceful and so gracious; sportive and jestful, yet with such a depth of seriousness in his nature ever present."

Aubrey de Vere never entered a profession of any kind. A considerable portion of his life was spent in travelling; but the principal part was taken up with reading and writing at his old home, "Curragh Chase." There he spent many pleasant hours, wandering through the grand old woods which surround his home, or rowing upon the beautiful little lake in the front. It was here that he wrote the two beautiful dramas, "Alexander the Great" and "St. Thomas of Canterbury."

"Alexander the Great," according to the *Spectator*, is a book that "ought to make a reputation." In writing this drama Mr. De Vere had many difficulties to contend with. In this practical age of ours little sympathy would be shown to the old hero of antiquity, in whose history there is so much that is mythical. Despite the difficulty of the subject, and the still greater difficulty of dramatising a career so rapid and changeable, he has brought forth a play altogether beautiful. However, we feel convinced that it would never make a success on the stage; for it is too metaphysical and concentrated to produce much effect on its audience.

A drama to be successful must strike instantaneously or not at all. It should not appeal to the refined and cultured sensibilities alone, but to those which remain just as nature gave them. Yet, if it has failed as a play for the stage, it will be successful in this respect, that it will find its way where the stage or magazine can

never reach. It will touch what they are powerless to touch—the heart and feeling; so it will be strange, indeed, if in after years people will not heartily welcome such an accession to the cause of truth and morality. This one fact alone, of its being written for the cause of truth, regardless of public sentiment, should be a strong argument in its favor. There is another point which should not be passed without mention. Alexander has always been represented to us as a sort of madman, with no refined or humane feeling—a kind of wild beast, as it were, who drank all night and warred all day. Mr. De Vere maintains that such a life would not be consistent with the great works that he evidently did. He even claims that his hero had a system in his conquests, and a profundity of thought about the great questions that concern mankind.

In conclusion, we may quote a song—one of the scattered beauties of the drama, which requires no context to make its simple pathos felt and understood:

"We sate beside the Babylonian river;  
Within the conqueror's bound, weeping we sate;  
We hung our harps upon the trees that quiver  
Above the onrushing waters desolate.

"A song they claimed—the men our task who meted—  
'A song of Sion sing us, exile band'!  
For song they sued, in pride around us seated;  
How can we sing it in the stranger's land?"

"If I forget thee, Salem, in thy sadness,  
May this right hand forget the harper's art!  
If I forget thee, Salem, in my gladness,  
My tongue dry up and wither like my heart!"

"Daughter of Babylon, with misery wasted,  
Blest shall he be, the man who hears thy moans;  
Who gives thee back the cup that we have tasted;  
Who lifts thy babes and hurls them on the stones."

"St. Thomas of Canterbury," like "Alexander the Great," is not at all popular, neither in the mode of treatment nor in the subject. Thomas à Becket was born in London in the year 1117, and was early destined to the ministry of the Church. He became the intimate friend of Archbishop Theobald, and on Henry's accession to the throne was appointed tutor to the young prince, Henry's son, and soon after became Chancellor of England. Henry treated him more like a friend than a dependent; and lavished both riches and honors on him. Becket soon became so magnificent as to rival, if not outstrip, the wealthiest nobles of Henry's court. He was sent over to France to negotiate about a marriage between Henry's son and the infant daughter of Louis. The Chancellor's display of wealth astonished the Parisians. Mr. De Vere has quaintly described its effect upon the French:

"Princesses gazed from the windows, and nuns peered through their gates; and they of France muttered as he passed: 'If this be England's chancellor, what is her king!'"

On the death of the old man Theobald, Becket was appointed Archbishop of Canterbury. Having accepted a high religious trust, he began by laying aside all the pomp and worldliness that had marked his former life.

"Herbert! my Herbert!  
High visions, mine in youth, upbraid me now;  
I dream of sanctities redeemed from shame;  
Abuses crushed: all sacred offices  
Reserved for spotless hands. God's house, God's kingdom  
I see so bright, that every English home  
Sharing that glory, glitters in its peace.  
I see the clear flame on the poor man's hearth  
From God's own altar lit; the angelic childhood,  
The chaste strong youth, the reverence of white hairs.  
'Tis this religion means. O Herbert! Herbert!  
Had I foreseen, with what a vigilant care  
Had I built up my soul."

In "St. Thomas of Canterbury" the author is singularly accurate in historic details; while from his descriptions of Henry and his court we get a picture which mere history can never offer. Becket, the central figure of the drama, is wonderfully drawn with his high zeal, his ardent sympathies and his proud defiance of insult and danger. Even his very fall at Clarendon only serves to bind us closer to the saint; for no spectacle can stir the heart more deeply than that of a great and good man who tells the story of his weakness and of his after-sorrow.

Idonea, although a real historical personage, seems almost a creature of the author's fancy, so vividly has he portrayed her. Her love so tender and passionate for the companion of her youth—her dead brother, her reverence and respect for Becket, and the strong resolve when service can be rendered him, go to make up a character so beautiful and interesting that is seldom found in literature.

With this beautiful song that trouvère sings to the queen we shall conclude:

"Phœbus paced the wooded mountains,  
Kindled dawn and met a doe.  
'Child, what ails thee that thou rovest  
O'er my bright hills sad and slow?"

"That upon thy left side only  
Thou thy noontide sleep dost take;  
That thy foot the fountain troubles  
Ever ere thy thirst thou slake?"

"Answered thus the weeping creature:  
'Once beside me raised a fawn;  
Seest her, O thou God all-seeing!  
O'er thy hills, in wood or lawn?"

"On my left side sleep I only,  
For 'tis there my anguish stirs;  
And my foot the fountain troubles  
Lest it yield me shape like hers."

"Then the Sun-God marvelled musing,  
When my foolish Daphne died  
Rooted 'mid Pencil laurels,  
Scarce one little hour I sighed."

#### Art, Music and Literature.

—Louis Müller, who painted the "Reign of Terror," now in the Louvre, is dead.

—No. 1. Vol. I., of *Free Trade*, which is described as "the solution of every social question," has appeared in London.

—An equestrian statue of Emperor Frederick is to be put up in Alsace, overlooking the field of Worth, at a cost of \$60,000.

—The new comic opera, "The Mountebanks," by W. S. Gilbert and the late Alfred Cellier was produced at the Lyric Theatre, London, on the 4th inst.

—There is a new wind instrument, the "pedal clarionet." It is an octave below the bass clarionet, and produces the lowest note obtained by any instrument except the organ. With a range of three octaves it has a much pleasanter tone than the double bassoon.—*N. Y. Sun.*

—The prize of \$200 for the best German cantata, to be sung at the inauguration of the Columbus celebration at New York, has been awarded to Mr. Wilhelm Keilmann, of Evansville. The cantata bears the motto, "Mein herrlich Lieb ist Columbus; meine herzige Mutter, Germania."

—Lord Lorne has written a life of Palmerston for the "Queen's Prime Ministers" series. It is said that the interest of this volume is not to be sought in its authorship, but in the fact that Lord Lorne has had access to much unpublished material, and prints a large number of letters and papers from Palmerston's hand dealing with public affairs.

—Modjeska is one of the most scholarly women of the stage. Besides being a tireless student of Shakspeare, she is a constant reader of his great contemporaries, and she has made and is still making a large collection of Elizabethan works. Besides all this, she speaks half a dozen languages, including some of the difficult tongues of Eastern Europe.

#### College Gossip.

—English has been recognized as the official language of the Imperial University of Tokio.

—The teacher whacked the boy, one day  
Who disobeyed the rule,  
The scholars did not laugh nor play  
To see the lam in school.—*Ex.*

—Bishop Keane, Rector of the Catholic University at Washington, has accepted an invitation of the Yale Kent Club, of Yale College, to deliver a lecture under its auspices next month.

—The King of Siam will soon send six youths to Pennsylvania to be educated, all to become physicians. They are to be chosen from the poorer classes, and the expense of their tuition, about \$5000 a year each, is to be borne by the Siamese Government.—*Ex.*

—The Yale and Harvard delegates held a conference, on the 16th inst., about their second debate, which is to be held in New Haven on March 25. It was agreed that the subject should be: "*Resolved*, That a college education unfits a man for business." Harvard has the affirmative, and there are to be three speakers, each of whom will have fifteen minutes.

—Brother Marie-Gabriel, one of the monks of La Trappe, has received from the French Minister of Instruction a medal of honor for the valuable meteorological observations he has made during the last fifteen years on behalf of the weather Bureau of France. Brother Marie-Gabriel is an old soldier who was decorated under the fire of Gravelotte, and in becoming a Trappist believed that he was burying his name forever among the mountains of Dauphine (Isere).

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#### Books and Periodicals.

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GENERAL PRINCIPLES OF THE RELIGIOUS LIFE.  
Translated and Edited by Very Rev. Boniface F. Verheyen, O. S. B. New York, Cincinnati & Chicago: Benziger Bros.

This little book will be found of great utility and benefit in all English-speaking religious communities. Within a very brief compass it contains a complete treatise on the spiritual life, and must prove a serviceable guide and companion to the religious soul striving after the perfection of his state of life. The book is very neatly gotten up by the enterprising publishers.

HOW TO GET ON. By Rev. Bernard Feeney.  
Same Publishers.

This is the third edition of this instructive work, and we are glad to see that it meets with the success it so well deserves. We had occasion to speak of its merits upon its appearance, and we can but repeat here that it is deserving of every commendation. It contains the best advice to the young starting out in life, and given in an interesting and masterly style.

TOM PLAYFAIR; or Making a Start. By Francis J. Finn; S. J. Same Publishers.

This is an excellent story of youthful life at college, and one of the best books that could be put in the hands of a boy. It conveys a lesson that cannot fail to impress, while it abounds with life and incident that absorb the attention of the reader to the end.

—*Donahoe's Magazine* for February is filled with a number of interesting articles. A. F. Marshall writes on "Amusements of the Middle Ages"; General Jackson, something about a new life of the "Seventh President of the United States." There are sketches of Gen. Thomas Francis Meagher, with a portrait, and James Stephens, the Irish agitator, besides articles on the "Inquisition"; "Missionary Labors of Lazarist Priests in Arkansas"; "Chili and Her People"; "Origin of Thanksgiving Day"; "Autocracy

and its Effects," and a variety of other articles.

—*Scribner's Magazine* for February contains eight illustrated articles representing the work of Robert Blum, W. L. Metcalf, Irving R. Wiles, J. H. Twachtman, W. L. Taylor, and other skilful artists. In the group of Australian articles there is a vivid and picturesque description of pastoral life on the great sheep ranches which are peculiar to that country, fully illustrated from drawings by Birge Harrison. The notable group on Practical Charities is represented in this issue by "A Model Working-Girls' Club," the Polytechnic Young Women's Institute, of London. The perilous work to which the Revenue-Cutter Service of the United States is assigned during the winter months in relieving vessels in distress, is described by Lieutenant Percy W. Thompson, and some of the most notable rescues are pictured by Samuel A. Wood. Dr. Benjamin Sharp, who was one of the party of naturalists which accompanied Lieutenant Peary to Greenland, tells about the isolated race discovered in 1813, in North Greenland, by Sir John Ross and named the Arctic Highlanders. Mr. Coffin's second article, on "American Illustration of To-day," discusses a notable group of artists, including Blum, Mowbray, Millet, Crane and others, with examples of their work. Another art paper is the unpublished reminiscences of Henry Greenough, which concern "Washington Allston as a Painter."

—The always perplexing labor question receives first attention in *The Popular Science Monthly* for February. In an article entitled "Personal Liberty," by Edward Atkinson, and Edward T. Cabot, are given the decisions of the courts concerning restrictions on hours and modes of labor, regulation of the method of payment, etc. In "The Story of a Strange Land," President Jordan, of Stanford University, tells how the hot springs and lava cliffs of Yellowstone Park were formed, and how fishes have come into its lakes and streams. The delightful story is made still more attractive by several full-page pictures. Carroll D. Wright treats of "Urban Population," in his series of Lessons from the Census, and sets forth a result in regard to the slum population of cities that contradicts the accepted belief on this subject. Daniel Spillane has an interesting, fully illustrated article on the "Pianoforte," giving the history of its development out of the harp, and telling how this country has reached its high position in piano making. Another illustrated article is on "Stilts and Stilt-Walking," by M. Guyot-Daubes, describing what has been a very useful means of locomotion in certain parts of France. There is a suggestive paper on "Electricity in Relation to Science," by Prof. William Crookes. In "The Nationalization of University Extension," Prof. C. Hanford Henderson defends this policy against an editorial criticism in the November *Monthly* and a rejoinder to Prof. Henderson appears in this month's Editor's Table.

# NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.

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—On Thursday morning a solemn Requiem Mass was celebrated in the college church for the repose of the soul of the late Cardinal Simeoni, Prefect of the Propaganda. The Rev. President Walsh was the celebrant, and also delivered a short panegyric on the life and work of the deceased prelate. Cardinal Simeoni was a man of great learning, marked ability and long experience in state affairs. He rose successively through various ecclesiastical dignities to the highest office in the sacred college, and distinguished himself in each. His position as Prefect of the Propaganda brought him into intimate relations with the Community, and made the last solemn memorial for him at the altar all the more impressive.

—The Rev. James Loughlin, D. D., Chancellor of the Archdiocese of Philadelphia and President of the Catholic Young Men's National Union, was a welcome visitor to the University on Monday and Tuesday of this week. On Tuesday afternoon he entertained the students with an address on the advantages of literary associations in general, and the objects and benefits of the National Union in particular. His remarks were very instructive, and calculated to make the students realize the benefits, individual and social, to be derived, when they go out into the world, from organizing societies, or uniting with those existing, in filiation with the Union.

## College Societies.

In many of the colleges, both East and West, there seems to be great indifference to the quantity and quality of work done by the literary and debating societies. According to the reports which have been published in several college papers, societies organized for the mere purpose of self-instruction and mental entertainment are fast losing their popularity; and halls that were once crowded with hard-working,

enthusiastic members, are now almost deserted, or, at the best, filled with students who take no real interest in their work, and perform it in a careless, half-hearted manner. Various causes have been brought forward to account for this lack of interest in society matters. Among the strongest reasons have been mentioned the want of time to prepare thoroughly the literary questions discussed or the important measures debated, lack of variety in the weekly exercises, and indifference on the part of more advanced students, especially of those in the junior and senior classes.

It would seem to us that the unsatisfactory showing of college societies is due, not merely to any one of these reasons, but rather to a combination of all. As societies are now managed, the regular programme never admitting anything of a light, amusing character, it is impossible to expect a full measure of success. At the same time, it seems to us useless to mourn what can be remedied so easily. It is no very difficult matter to change the order of exercises so as to provide the members not only with instruction but entertainment also. Each society, by consulting the individual likes and dislikes of its members, their capacity for solid work and their fondness for something of a light and amusing nature, would soon find its membership increased and the old enthusiasm revived.

The second reason, want of time, is purely imaginary. It very rarely happens that students are so burdened with work that they cannot spare a few hours every week for the performance of the duties imposed upon them by membership in some society. Base-ball, football, and the various other athletic games never suffer because their votaries have no time. Young men who give a large portion of their time in preparation for sporting events, can bring forward no valid excuse in defence of their indifference to society work. On the other hand, the student who gives his whole attention to the tasks imposed upon him by his professors, needs the mental relaxation which is afforded by literary and debating societies, and will find that the withdrawal of his mind for a time from close application to his books is more than offset by the increased vigor with which he will return to them.

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The weekly reports of the literary and debating societies of Notre Dame indicate that they are in a very prosperous condition. Never before in the history of the University has their membership been larger, and the regular recurrence



of their exercises shows that there is no lack of zeal and interest on the part of individual members. Though everything looks so promising for the success of our societies during the present session, we cannot but deprecate the stand taken by the majority of the Senior Class. They cannot, they say, without detriment to their studies, make the preparations necessary to render them useful members of a society. This statement is contrary to the experience of most students, and can be explained only on the ground that, as they approach the end of their college career, they become somewhat indifferent to the welfare of societies in which, earlier in their course, they took the warmest interest.

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*The Wabash*, of Wabash College, discussing the necessity of rendering the exercises of college societies interesting and instructive to all, has the following:

"A plan has been adopted by Notre Dame University, which is reported to be very satisfactory, of holding a Mock Congress. The measures before the American Congress are taken up and discussed and settled in regular parliamentary order. This imitation of Congress and its organization and workings, although it must require considerable time and work, ought to afford the very best practice in debate, and would give a knowledge of parliamentary law that could not be obtained in any other way."

We can assure *The Wabash* that the Mock Congress is thoroughly appreciated by the students of Notre Dame. It is open, however, to this objection, that a great part of the extemporaneous debating, unavoidable in such an exercise, is done by a comparatively few members, more gifted in oratorical ability than their fellows. In our opinion, no student should be deterred by false modesty or consciousness of his inferiority as a speaker from taking the floor in defence of his opinions. While it is true that all cannot be brilliant orators, and have not at their command an ever ready supply of wit and repartee, it is also beyond question that all can, and should, give clear, concise expression of their opinions, if they have any.

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Persevere.

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Perseverance does not consist, as some think, in studiously employing ourselves in a pursuit; on the contrary, it is the steady continuation in the pursuit of anything once undertaken. Discouragement may be called its opposite, since on entering the human mind it banishes all firmness of resolve in the occupation with which it arises.

Perseverance is necessary to every age and condition of life. It finds a sphere of action more or less in every occupation of life. If we do not already possess this trait, we should seek to obtain it, in order to become men in the full sense of the word.

To illustrate this, let us take a schoolboy in the beginning of life. What enables him continually to pore over Latin, Greek and other hard lessons, to endure cheerfully the trials and vexations necessarily attending a college course? The perseverance begotten of a laudable desire to acquire useful or necessary information. This and this only enables him to accomplish hard and trying duties, and in the end will lead him to a happy consummation of his desires. One who has kept cheerfully on in the path of duty will never fail, but will one day raise himself to a high and exalted station; he will always be in good repute among his fellow-citizens, and will be loved, and honored, and trusted by them.

Let us reverse the picture. The boy is flippant and fanciful, given to building castles in the air, thus squandering much of his valuable time, instead of diligently applying himself in the study-hall or having his attention fixed on the lesson and the instructions of his teacher while in class. The necessary consequence is that he leaves school knowing little more than he did at the beginning. He takes up some new study, begins with great energy thinking how much he will do in a short time; but as soon as any vexatious difficulty occurs, or matter for real hard study comes, he becomes disgusted, and concludes to try something else. This in its turn is dashed to the ground in the same manner as the former, and the same fate awaits those which are to follow.

The habit thus contracted at school also attends him in after-life. He enters into some business, and after laying out money, finds that it does not suit him, so it is changed; the changing continues, each time losing a great percentage of the capital invested, and often times the most fatal consequences ensue.

Perseverance, generally speaking, is necessary to success in life. Could any one be a man without it? No: he should rather be classed among the lower orders of creation. Its influence is felt in all places, and in all occupations. What is the merchant or lawyer without it? Nothing. So also with regard to other employments. The advantages given by this trait of character are so evident, that we should endeavor by all means to obtain it. To do this, our motto should ever be "Persevere! We shall conquer or die."

N.

## A Talk on Letter-Writing.

A person who will say "I like to write letters" is seldom found. Yet how many, many thousands of letters pass through the post-offices daily! Do people say they dislike to write letters simply because some one else has said it? Not at all! Why is it, then, that so many letters are seen in the mails when no one likes to write? It shows the absolute necessity of letters to convey, from one place to another, information concerning one thing or another.

Let us go into any of the buildings in any city, and there we find that there are great numbers of letters written every day. Not only do we see men and women writing them, but piles of them that have been received and kept for reference or pleasant remembrances; aye, often they are more precious than gold. Both the man who wields the shovel from morning till night, and he who governs the nation; the farmer, the governor, the general, ministers of state, the president or the sovereign—all write.

The child, when first he can scratch the alphabet, is helped to write a letter to an absent grandfather or grandmother; when he is at school, he writes to his parents of his woes—too often imaginary—and tribulations. As he advances in his education his correspondence is increased, and the older he grows, the oftener he writes. We see in all cities men whose business it is to distribute letters to the various houses and offices. These men are dressed in suits which distinguish them from other officers of the city or from private citizens. So well-patronized is the post-office that, in spite of good wages paid to employees and the expense of transporting the mail, etc., the Government still makes a profit on the paltry two cents' tax.

Does this not show that if people dislike to write letters, there is something that induces them to write? Surely it does; and if there is something that obliges this, it must be a strong influence. See how valuable are good correspondents; they can make or break a business.

To write a letter is no easy task, at least for beginners; but "practice makes perfect"; and without practice, letter-writing is a very slipshod thing. But with continual practice, what youth cannot, in time, become a good penman? Similarly, the same question may be asked of letter-writing.

There are many ways of writing; and no two letters, unless copied, are just alike. Each person has his own characteristic phraseology.

"No sonnets are alike; no bird, no flower  
Is pattern of the others. And no mind  
But is unlike all minds."

A poet would make a sonnet or rondeau, or even, if necessary, an epic, to intimate that the day on which he wrote his poetic strain was of Afric's mid-July. The ordinary everyday young person who tries to find words that will fill up space, in order to write a four-page letter, says: "The burning sun impetuously precipitates a continuous, vehement stream of unending and excruciating warmth to-day." The business man remarks: "Hot day, this!"

Are any of these expressions, meaning that the weather is very hot, to be used as a model of style? and which one, if any? The first example we consider as coming from one of those creatures who live above the clouds, in spirit, and who looks down upon the world as if only for him—a spring poet. Beware of this style! You may melt your Icarian wings if you get too near the sun. Of the second we say, without hesitation, "Beware!" Why? Because it is the composition of one of those inflated beings who are bores to humanity; for their pleasure begins when others are troubled for their sake.

When we examine the third, our conclusion is that Mr. Flustler's days are numbered. He cannot waste time necessary to complete his sentence. Then some one comes to his aid and says, "Oh, he is a business man"! That settles it. A business man in our country is, unhappily, a man who has time to work, but no time to live.

The only way to write letters artistically is to pay strict attention to what you write and your manner of expression. If you have something to say, say it in a clear, free and easy way, but do not be pompous. On the contrary, follow the poet who has said, "Art conceals art." Try not to make your skill as an artistic letter-writer too evident; but use your art in making your letters simple; and, if possible, group your sentences in such a way as to cause the least constraint of the mental energies; for Herbert Spenser—though he does not practise it—says that the less mental energy required to understand fully the meaning of a sentence, the better it is. He says, with Pope: "Brevity is the soul of wit." So why not try to make our letters short, instead of, like the "young man," putting large words and many of them to convey a simple idea or feeling? Blair says that every needless part of a sentence "interrupts the description and clogs the image." We must, then, not try to make letters long when we have nothing to say, but follow the rules of

those learned rhetoricians, and in so doing we will find that business men will answer sooner and will give more satisfaction.

Boys are apt to shirk letter-writing as laborious and tiresome, pleading that they have nothing to say. But once a week, at least, each one should sit down at his desk, and, with pencil in hand and paper before him, write something to his dear parents about his own doings at college. When he has written all he intends to say, let him examine his paper; see above all things that his spelling is correct, and pay attention to the rules of grammar. Then, grasping his pen, write the letter as it should be. Parents will notice the improvement; and not only that, but this is one of the most efficacious ways to become a good writer; and a good writer will prosper anywhere.

F. B. C.

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#### Exchanges.

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For reasons unnecessary to explain to the readers of the SCHOLASTIC, the exchange department has been omitted for the last two years. We now see fit to insert it again in our columns, not because we think that our subscribers in general will take any special interest in our criticisms of contemporaneous college journals, but because some of our old and esteemed friends have expressed surprise and regret that we should have entirely abandoned what was formerly so lively a part of our paper.

Exchange editors differ widely in their management of the exchange department. Some think that they have performed their work satisfactorily by inserting clippings taken from their sister papers. A few indulge in humorous comments on the youth and inexperience of new comers in the field of college journalism. Others praise, without regard to merit; and, to an extent, quite irreconcilable with good taste, all their exchanges. Some, but by no means a great number, seem actuated by the desire to fulfil their duty conscientiously, and strive, at least, to criticise their contemporaries with justice, discretion and dignity. All have a right to their opinions, and to carry out those opinions to their logical and inevitable conclusions; but the sympathy of most readers is, undoubtedly, with those editors whose sense of right and propriety is their guide.

\* \* \*

—*The Fordham Monthly* cannot be numbered amongst those carelessly edited papers which admit worthless poems and essays to their

columns. Its poetry is always of a high order of excellence, and its prose, carefully written, is usually interesting to the general reader. *The New York Sun*, which seldom gives praise to whom it is not due, recently spoke in the most complimentary manner of the brightness and ability of *The Fordham Monthly*. We echo the sentiments of *The Sun*. Among the many beautiful poems which appeared in the December number of the *Monthly*, is one, "My Captain, Christ," which breathes the purest Christian sentiment, and can be read and reread with pleasure and profit—a rare thing in this age of abundant verse and little thought.

—*The Owl*, of Ottawa University, Ottawa, comes to us with commendable regularity. One has but to glance at its table of contents to ascertain that its management is awake to the requirements of a good college monthly. The Christmas number of *The Owl* contains a great variety of prose and poetry, some of unexceptionable merit, all worthy of approbation. The "Estimate of Cardinal Manning"—written before his death—deserves more than a passing notice. Since his death, much has been said and written in his praise; but nowhere have we seen a more just and accurate criticism of his work and character than in the article before us. The writer was, apparently, not merely an admirer of Cardinal Manning, but a sincere lover of the manliness which made him great.

—*The Haverfordian* has, evidently, no very exalted opinion of college poetry. Its Ex. Ed. comments very freely and, to our thinking, justly, on the effusions so numerous in college papers. He says:

"In nearly every college paper, whether it comes from Maine or from Texas, whether it is the journal of a military academy or a theological school, we find the poets alike. When we see so much time and thought spent upon college poetry, it is disappointing that, as a whole, it shows such deficiency in excellence. There is a tendency to adopt certain set forms and stock themes; indeed, a poem with an original subject is a rare exception. . . . In too much of the work of these budding poets, also, we can recognize phrases, and sometimes even whole lines, taken from other poems. This fault shows, perhaps, better than any other could, how much they lack originality of thought. Their style and metres are generally fairly well chosen, though unmetrical lines are frequent, and what is headed a 'sonnet' is sometimes only a number of words arranged in fourteen lines."

The fairness of this criticism cannot be questioned. It is undoubtedly true that much of the so-called poetry in college papers is unworthy of publication; and, though its perpetrators cannot be better punished than by exposing them to the just and vigorous denunciation of their companions, we cannot but lament the indiscretion of managers who accept so crude specimens of thought and versification.

## In Memoriam.

## RESOLUTIONS OF CONDOLENCE.

WHEREAS, It has pleased Divine Providence in His infinite wisdom to remove from this earth the loving mother of Mr. Raymond C. Langan, one of our fellow-students; and

WHEREAS, We deeply feel for him in his sad bereavement; be it, therefore,

RESOLVED, That we, the students of Sorin Hall, tender him and his afflicted family our most heartfelt sympathy; and be it, moreover,

RESOLVED, That these resolutions be printed in THE NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC, and that a copy of the same be forwarded to his sorrow-stricken family.

N. J. SINNOTT,

F. B. CHUTE,

J. J. FITZGERALD,

E. F. DuBRUL.

—Committee.

## Local Items.

- Bellee cold!
- High Rollers.
- Bennie was 18 yesterday.
- He deprived him of his liberty.
- What about the C. Y. M. N. U.?
- Rather rough skating at present.
- Next Tuesday is Candlemas day.
- The Burgomaster has finished his essay.
- Transom covers are no longer fashionable.
- We hear no more the festive jingle of the sleigh bells.
- What about that bogus letter? It didn't work, that's all.
- “Sport” reports good prospects for baseball the coming season.
- Dr. Loughlin's gift of a half-day's “rec” brought down the house.
- A good deal of frozen water has been carried away lately from the lakes.
- Rev. Alphonsus Walsh, O. S. A., of Rome, Italy, is passing a few days at the College.
- The Hoosiers still hold the fort, or what is left of it, at the east end of Carroll Campus.
- New boy (in bed, lights turned down): “Say, kid.” No reply. “I say, kid, can't you talk now?”
- The Carrolls boast of being ahead in collecting stamps for missionaries. Success to them!
- A new pitcher has appeared on the scene. We should have a good base-ball team this season.
- The students of Sorin Hall return thanks to Messrs. Chassaing and Phillips for favors received.
- The zealous missionaries report having recently gone through a snow-bank fifteen feet high or less.
- Rev. Father Kirsch, we are glad to say, has

recovered from his recent illness and has resumed his lectures.

—There is good material for an “Invincible” nine this year. Call around and see the manager before it is too late.

—Mr. J. G. Dowling and daughter, of South Chicago, Ill., were welcome visitors to the College during the week.

—“Did you get the gr—”? He didn't finish. He's gone to meet the man who used to ask: “Is it hot enough for you”?

—Very Rev. Provincial Corby is visiting the Houses of the Congregation in the South. He is expected to return within two weeks.

—It is rumored that a new and commodious building of cream-colored brick is to be erected on the site of the present Manual Labor School.

—A member of the class of Moral Philosophy explains how it was that Washington never told a lie, by saying that he always used mental reservations.

—The Carrolls have been enjoying a long sleep in the morning so far this year. They appreciate the favor very much, and even think they could stand it a little longer.

—Mr. E. Darragh (Com'l), '87, was a welcome visitor this week. Ed. is practising law in St. Paul, and is scoring a great success. Come again, and stay longer next time, Ed!

—The skating has greatly improved. The second crop of ice is as smooth as glass. In proportion, however, as the skating has improved, the sleighing has deteriorated.

—Next Friday will be the first Friday of the month. The members of the League are invited to offer their Holy Communion for the repose of the soul of their late companion, Paul Wood.

—The elocution class has recently been augmented by such shining lights as Fitz, Bennie, the Poet-Laureate and the Old Settler. The others had better begin to look to their laurels.

—How is this for an impromptu epigram?

When human curs most rabid grow  
With envy of their betters,  
The plane of brutes they sink below,  
And—write anonymous letters.

—Prof. Maurice Francis Egan has cancelled his engagement for “literary talks” at Green Bay, Milwaukee; nor will he lecture this season in Buffalo. The only date he will fill will be at Chicago, on February 11.

—This month's intentions for the Apostleship of Prayer out-numbered by far those of any previous one. This shows that the members understand it better. Do not fail to recommend all your petitions to the Sacred Heart.

—The young gentlemen who have the honor of being Promoters in the League of the Sacred Heart of Jesus among the Carrolls are: James Rend, W. J. Sullivan, J. Hagus, J. Delaney, J. Miller, G. Hagan and F. O'Rourke. The new members are: J. Tobin, H. Theit, C. Reedy, H. Reedy and F. Wagner.

—The semi-annual examination of classes in St. Joseph's Novitiate was held on Thursday, the 28th inst. It was eminently satisfactory in every respect and proved one of the most brilliant held in many a year. The examining committee congratulated teachers and pupils on the excellent result of the session's work.

—The many patrons of the well, in the rear of the College will be pleased to learn the result of an analysis of its water by Mr. C. Murphy, of Brownson Hall. The weight of its constituents is expressed in grains per gallon:

Chloride of sodium.....	15.994
Carbonate of lime.....	6.528
Sulphate of lime.....	11.915
Carbonate of magnesia.....	14.149
Sulphate of magnesia (epsom salt).....	16.818
Iron.....	1.541

—Next Saturday, February 6, will be the seventy-eighth anniversary of the birth of Very Rev. Father General Sorin. In accordance with a time-honored custom the day will be appropriately celebrated by the venerable Founder's youthful *protégés* in St. Edward's Hall. At the same time all the students, together with his spiritual children and numerous friends here and elsewhere, will unite in fervent wishes and prayers that the venerable Superior's improvement in health may steadily continue, and the coming anniversary may mark the renewal of a long career of health and activity.

—Last Monday the long-expected and much talked-of leap-year ball of the High Rollers took place. Notwithstanding the vigorous opposition of a rival association, called the None-such, the ball was an emphatic success. The grand march was led by Messrs. McKee and Lancaster. To see the long lines of brave men winding up and down the Sorin Hall reading-room was a never-to-be-forgotten sight. After spending an enjoyable afternoon, the ball closed with a Virginia reel led by Messrs. Gillon and Schaack, whose beauty and grace of movement evoked long-continued applause.

—Wishing to while away the tedium of "rec" afternoons, the juvenile element of the Junior *Caee*, under the directorship of the genial B. Cæsarius, organized a society whose object is to promote mutual good fellowship and educate their literary taste. The exercises shall consist of debates, essays, orations and like literary work. Officers for the ensuing session are: President, J. R. Case; First Vice-President, G. Schlinck; Second Vice-President, D. J. Kelly; Recording Secretary, W. Garrigan; Corresponding Secretary, J. Wakefer; Treasurer, J. Aloysius Lyons. The regular meeting day has been changed from Wednesday to Thursday. Judging from present prospects, the society will be among the foremost of its kind in the neighborhood.

—The first meeting of the old members of the St. Cecilia Philomathean Association was held Wednesday evening, January 27. The following officers were elected: Honorary Directors, Very Rev. E. Sorin, Superior-General C. S. C., and

Rev. A. Granger, C. S. C.; Director, Rev. T. E. Walsh, C. S. C.; Honorary President, Prof. J. F. Edwards; President, Rev. A. Morrissey, C. S. C.; Promoter, Bro. Alexander, C. S. C.; Literary Critic, Prof. M. F. Egan; Musical Director, Prof. F. J. Liscombe; First Vice-President, F. Carney; Second Vice-President, J. A. Delany; Treasurer, E. A. Scherrer; Recording Secretary, D. Casey; Corresponding Secretary, F. Thorne; Historian, J. Dempsey; 1st Censor, C. Fitzgerald; 2d Censor, A. Funke; Sergeant-at-Arms, S. A. Walker. Messrs. F. O'Rourke and G. Hagan were elected to membership. The high rank which the St. Cecilians have always held is sure to be retained by the present members.

—MOOT-COURT.—Saturday, the 23d inst., the case on trial in the Moot-Court was Cooke, Administratrix, *vs.* Saunders. An action on the case was brought by Julia Cooke to recover damages for the death of her husband, caused by falling from a scaffold erected by defendant. The plaintiff was represented by Attorney J. Cassidy, and defendant, by Messrs. Houlihan and Raney. It was a jury trial. After hearing the testimony of the witnesses, arguments of counsel and instructions of the court, the jurors retired to confer and to decide upon their verdict; they considered that the circumstances, as learned from the evidence, were such as to bar recovery, and consequently rendered as their verdict that the defendant was "not guilty." The Saturday session was occupied with the examination of witnesses, so the argument was postponed until the following Wednesday.

—MOCK CONGRESS.—The Philodemic Mock Congress held its seventh regular meeting Sunday evening, January 24. House Bill No. 5, providing for the election of U. S. Senators by popular vote, was rejected by the committee on Ways and Means. No other business being on hand, the Reverend Director, Father Kelly, was called upon for a speech. He kindly acceded to the request, and in the course of his remarks, made many practical suggestions regarding the work of the society. The Hon. P. Murphy, of Washington, then introduced a debate on the Chilian affair. Among those who were for immediate action on the part of the United States were the Hon. P. Murphy, of Washington; R. Sinnott, of Oregon, and H. Ferneding, of Ohio. The Hon. J. Doheny, of ———, wanted to employ Peruvian soldiers to carry on the war; but the Hon. E. DuBrul jumped to his feet at "the preposterous idea of the United States hiring men to fight her battles." The Hon. J. Raney was in favor of peace, and advocated war only as a last resort to call "weak, defenceless, insignificant Chili" to a sense of duty.

His views, however, were strenuously opposed by the Hon. R. Sinnott and E. DuBrul. As it was getting late, the debate was closed, and the question was turned over to the committee on Foreign Relations as House Bill No. 6 to be brought up for consideration at the next

meeting. The remainder of the evening was occupied with the reappointment of the different committees. The result is as follows: *Credentials*, J. McCarrick, P. Houlihan and J. Fitzgerald; *Apportionment*, P. Murphy, J. Raney and A. Ahlrichs; *Ways and Means*, E. DuBrul, M. McFadden and H. Ferneding; *Foreign Relations*, L. Whelan, J. Schapp and J. McAuliff. Representative C. Mooney was elected to membership, and will take his seat at the next meeting.

—THE COLUMBIANS.—Flushed with the remarkable success achieved during the previous session, inspirited by the encomiums bestowed upon them by those who had the pleasure of attending their special meetings, and secure in the knowledge of duty well done, a scene of ideal society life was presented by the Columbians on the evening of the 21st inst. at their first regular meeting for the second session. After a few moments spent in social converse, the meeting was called to order, and the members, under the ægis of that sacred guardian of their society preferences, as it will one day be of their political liberties—the secret ballot—proceeded to the semi-annual election of officers. In accordance with the unanimous vote of the members, Rev. M. J. Regan and Prof. C. P. Neil were called upon, the former to fill the position of Director, the latter that of President. The honorable occupant of the Vice-Presidency for the preceding session, Mr. M. J. Cassidy, then arose, and, remarking that he believed in the one session office-tenure, stated that a desire to make some acknowledgment of the excellent society work and the untiring efforts of the former critic prompted him to place the name of Mr. Langan before the members for their support. The latter gentleman was then elected First Vice-President by an unanimous vote of the society. Remarkable for his affable disposition and jovial fellowship, the name of Mr. H. Carroll was received with a hearty manifestation of approval, and by the unanimous voice of the society he was called upon to fill, for the ensuing session, the position of Second Vice-President. Untiring in his efforts to realize the expectations of the society during the preceding session, Mr. J. Desmond O'Shea was re-elected to occupy the position of Corresponding Secretary. The dignity, and likewise the responsibility, of the office of Recording Secretary will rest for the present session on the shoulders of Mr. Murphy. Reposing unbounded confidence in the integrity of Mr. F. Powers, and recognizing his ability to manage financial affairs, the society called upon him to husband its princely revenues for the next six months. The sensitively æsthetic views of Mr. Brookfield, strengthened by the voice of the society, give promise of an ideal critic. Messrs. O'Donnell and Healy were elected, with the hearty approval of the society, to fill the respective positions of Censor and Sergeant-at-Arms. With a President endowed with remarkable administrative talent, such as Prof. Neil possesses, officers whose ability is

in need of no superfluous praise, harmony ruling over the deliberations of the society, and content in every member's bosom, who will wonder that the Columbians will and do enjoy a prosperous career?

#### Roll of Honor.

##### SORIN HALL.

Messrs. Ahlrichs, Bachrach, Brady, Combe, Cartier, Carney, L. Chute, F. Chute, Coady, Carroll, Dechant, Dacey, Fitzgerald, Flannery, Gillon, Hannin, Joslyn, Lancaster, H. Murphy, P. Murphy, Monarch, Maurus, McAuliff, McGrath, McKee, Neef, O'Brien, Quinlan, Rothert, Schaack, Sullivan, E. Scherrer, C. Scherrer, N. Sinnott, R. Sinnott, F. Vurpillat, V. Vurpillat.

##### BROWNSON HALL.

Messrs. Ahlrichs, Arts, Breen, Burns, Bolton, Brookfield, Beaudry, Baldwin, W. Brennan, Cassidy, Corcoran, Corry, Crawley, J. Cummings, W. Cummings, Crilly, Castenado, Conroy, Cherhart, Case, Coady, Delaney, Doheny, Devanny, Egan, Ellwanger, Frizzelle, Foley, Fardy, Heneghan, Healy, Hesse, Holland, Houlihan, Heer, Hagan, Henly, Hoepe, Jacobs, Jewett, F. Kenny, Krost, Kleekamp, W. M. Kennedy, M. Kelly, Karasynski, Kintzele, Kearns, E. Kenny, Kunert, Ludlow, McClure, S. Mitchell, McFadden, Monarch, Maloney, D. Murphy, McKee, F. Murphy, Mattingly, McCarrick, McCullough, McDermott, Murray, Magnus, Marmon, Powers, Pulskamp, Perry, Patier, Olde, O'Shea, Quinlan, G. Ryan, M. Ryan, J. Ryan, Ragan, E. Roby, Raney, Stace, Sherman, Stanton, Schopp, Thompson, Vinez, Welsh, Wilkin, Zeitler.

##### CARROLL HALL.

Messrs. Arvidson, Ashford, Bauer, Bixby, Barbour, Baldauf, Ball, Bachrach, Bates, J. Brown, F. Brown, G. Brown, Byrnes, Brennan, Bergland, Briggs, Casey, Corry, Connell, Cullen, Carpenter, Corcoran, Cheney, Dion, Dix, DuBois, DeLormier, Duncombe, Dillman, Delaney, J. Dempsey, F. Dempsey, Dorsey, Evans, Falk, Finnerty, G. Funke, Foster, Fitzgerald, Girsch, Grote, L. Gibson, N. Gibson, Gilbert, Griffin, Gerlach, Gillam, Garfias, Girardin, Gerner, Hagan, Hilger, Hoban, Hargrave, Hagus, Hittson, Hamilton, Hack, Janssen, M. Joseph, G. Kauffmann, Kreicker, Kindler, Kinneavy, A. Kegler, W. Kegler, Kerker, Lee, Luther, Lawlor, Lane, Moss, Mills, Major, Mitchell, J. Miller, W. Miller, Marr, Mahon, Martin, A. McKee, McDowell, H. Nichols, W. Nichols, O'Brien, W. O'Neill, J. O'Neill, O'Rourke, Oliver, Payne, Peake, Prichard, Pope, Rupel, Rogers, Rattermann, Rumely, H. Reedy, C. Reedy, Rend, Reilly, Sullivan, Stern, Sparks, Sedwick, Shimp, Scholer, Sweet, Slevin, Sheurman, Stephens, Shirk, Smith, Thornt, O. Tong, Tallon, Thomas, Teeters, Thorn, Trimble, Tobin, Theit, Todd, Vorhang, Washburne, Walker, Weaver, N. Weitzel, B. Weitzel, Wellington, Wagner, Wensinger, Warner, Yeager, Yingst, C. Zoehrlaut, G. Zoehrlaut.

##### ST. EDWARD'S HALL.

Masters Ayers, Ahern, Allen, O. Brown, Burns, Plumenthal, V. Berthelet, R. Berthelet, Ball, Cornell, Corry, Christ, Curtin, J. Curry, W. Crandall, Chapoton, J. Coquillard, A. Coquillard, Croke, Cross, W. Durand, B. Durand, DuBrul, L. Donnell, S. Donnell, W. Emerson, F. Emerson, Everest, Elliott, Egan, C. Francis, E. Francis, Finnerty, Fossick, Fuller, N. Freeman, B. Freeman, C. Furthman, E. Furthman, Girsch, Willie Gregg, Gilbert, Hoffman, Roy Higgins, Ralph Higgins, Holbrook, Howard, Hilger, Healy, Jones, Jonquet, Kuehl, King, Krollman, Kern, Keeler, Kinney, W. LaMoure, E. LaMoure, Lysle, Londoner, Lawton, Langley, Loughran, Longevin, Lowrey, McPhee, McIntyre, R. McCarthy, E. McCarthy, G. McCarthy, E. McCarthy, Maternes, Morrison, McGinley, McAlister, Nichols, Ninneman, O'Neill, O'Brien, W. Pollitz, H. Pollitz, Pieser, Pursell, Platts, Pratt, Ransom, Repscher, Rose, G. Scherrer, W. Scherrer, Smith, Steele, Stuckhart, Swan, F. Trankle, L. Trankle, Thomas, Trujillo, Weber, Wolf, White, Wilson

## St. Mary's Academy.

*One Mile West of Notre Dame University.*

—The general library and that of the Graduates' class-room have been enriched lately with many new volumes, historical and biographical.

—Since the holidays several new games have been introduced in all the departments. They are well patronized, and add not a little to the enjoyment of the recreation hours.

—The Elocution class and the Senior Reading class were put to the test on Wednesday afternoon; but proved more than equal to the occasion, and retired wearing the laurels of success.

—Rev. Father Scherer honored the young ladies of the music classes by attending the examinations in that department. On Wednesday evening Professor M. F. Egan lent encouragement by his presence.

—The sad news reached here on Thursday last announcing the death of Mrs. J. P. Klotz, *née* Beckman, Cincinnati, Ohio, who was an esteemed pupil at St. Mary's in 1886. A remembrance in prayer is solicited from her school friends and classmates.

—The semi-annual examination in Christian Doctrine was held on Sunday, January 24, and the several departments acquitted themselves most creditably. The Graduates and First Seniors were honored by the presence of Rev. Father Walsh; the Second and Third Seniors were examined by Rev. Father Morrissey; the Preparatories by Rev. Father Scherer, and the Juniors by Rev. Father Zahm.

—The classes in French and German were examined on Monday last, and the reports prove fully that the attention given to the languages at St. Mary's is not without its good results; for all the work, whether grammatical or in the line of translation, was above the school average. Rev. Father Fitte presided over the French examinations, and Rev. Father Scherer those of the German and Latin pupils.

—The members of the Graduating class were examined in Mental Philosophy on January 20, by Rev. Father Fitte, who has come to be quite a favorite with those who dread examinations and yet who are real students; for he is essentially an educator, drawing out the powers of the pupils and developing their thinking capacities. He devoted much of his valuable time to them, and encouraged them by his very presence; and, best of all, he expressed himself as pleased with their efforts.

—The "January thaw" was forestalled by the Juniors, who had a delightful sleigh ride just before the change in the weather took place. That they enjoyed it, goes without saying; for to young people winter holds no greater pleasure than a ride over the frozen roads, enlivened

with laughter and song and the merry accompaniment of sleigh-bells. The Minims, not to be out-done, had an old-fashioned ride in a "bob-sled," and were happy as princesses in their box of straw, with never a thought of "what might have been," if they were only Seniors.

—On Thursday, January 21, Rev. T. E. Walsh, C. S. C., delivered a lecture in the Senior study-hall on a subject interesting in itself, as well as in its relation to so many important questions of history, philosophy, literature and religion which agitate the world to-day. With clearness of detail, broadness of view and purity and elegance of diction, the reverend lecturer portrayed the characteristics of the time preceding the French Revolution, giving a careful exposition of the various forces which acted upon men's minds at that period, and the gradual development of causes which led to the sad days which came upon France. The qualities which should mark a leader of men, and the influence of individuals in great movements, were dwelt upon, and illustrations were found among the famous names which adorn, or, as in many cases, deface the pages of history of that era. Lectures such as that given by Rev. Father Walsh cannot but be of great value, and are fully appreciated by those who recognize the importance of clear views on historical subjects, particularly when the questions are as many-sided in their bearing as is that of the French Revolution.

### To-Morrow.

Hope, the guiding star of man, seems ever pointing towards the morrow. It lights up the whole horizon of thought, as the sun-light flashes along the mountain-tops and illumines the world. The earth would indeed be but a dreary place without that light; for, "Half the glory of to-day is borrowed from the morrow's sun."

Many live in a wonderful little world of their own called to-morrow. No man ever yet attained excellence in any art or profession who had not floating before his mind, by day and by night, an ideal, a vision of what he wished to be. It hovers before him and hangs over him like a bow of promise; advancing with his progress; ever rising as he rises, and moving onward as he moves. He will never reach it; but without that bright picture to sustain him he would faint by the way, weary of a life that held no promise. To-morrow's kingdom holds all the doubts and fears, hopes and joys of a vast multitude; and life's deepest pleasure is derived from hope rather than from realization; for the imagination clothes in gorgeous tints the good that is

still future, and when the hour of possession and enjoyment comes we find that the reality does not fully answer the expectations.

Day after day passes onward into eternity, sometimes joyfully, carrying in its embrace many good and noble deeds, to be written in the book of life and exchanged for additional bright stars to be placed in the crowns of those with whom the day has been well spent. Again we see it silently, sorrowfully pass away, burdened with the crimes of unrepentant sinners. It mournfully covers its once radiant face with the veil of night. "The day is done," and it has brought shame, not glory; but all through the silent night a voice, sweet as those of heavenly hosts, speaks to the sorrowful hearts of the wayward ones, gently dropping little seeds of hope, and holding before the mind's eye the little word "to-morrow"; and while sleep—the sweet sleep of peace—visits the weary soul it brings pleasant dreams of a prosperous future, and leaves courage and renewed strength, so that their to-morrow may be one of resolve crowned with happiness.

There is a deep fascination in peering into the future; a delight in hours of anticipation that blinds us to all thoughts save those of joy. And realization alone teaches us that "As the shadows mark the hour on the dial," so pain, not pleasure, marks our steps until time for us shall be no more.

With what pleasure does the fond mother gaze into the future of her children's career! She pictures their lives full of noble deeds crowned with glory and fame. If to-day they fall into the dark abyss of sin, her never-failing hope carries her onward to the morrow, and again she sees them manfully struggling on toward the goal of glory.

"There is no good that hope cannot promise, no evil for which it cannot suggest a remedy and a way of escape. It is strength to the weary, courage to the desponding, life to the dying, joy to the desolate. It lingers with a gentle step about the couch of suffering when human skill can do no more; and upon the tombs of those whose departure we mourn it hangs the unfading garland of a blessed immortality." Life's mighty river is sweeping on and on, bearing time to eternity; its surface shadowed here and there by the lives and works of men, the joys and sorrows of the world; and the song the river sings is one of hope, and its refrain is, "To-morrow." But some, in their anguish, say: "Will to-morrow never come? Will it always be to-day?" Wait: time alone reveals the secrets of the future; your to-morrow

may not be far distant. Hope on, hope ever, Oh, that, when the gentle hand of day draws back the veil of night, your to-morrow may be one of eternal happiness.

Laura Griffith.

### Roll of Honor.

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

#### SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

Misses E. Adelsperger, Augustine, Agney, Bassett, R. Bero, E. Burns, M. Burns, Bell, R. Butler, K. Barry, Buell Byers, Bogart, Charles, Clifford, Crilly, Carpenter, Davis Dieffenbacher, E. Dennison, Fitzpatrick, Field, Griffith Green, Galvin, Lucy Griffith, Gibbons, Hutchinson, Higgins, Hammond, Hopkins, Hittson, A. Hunt, Johnson Jacobs, Kirley, Klingberg, Kemme, Kieffer, M. Kelly, L. Kasper, Kauffmann, Kingsbaker, T. Kimmell, Kiernan, Kinney, Lynch, Lewis, Ludwig, Londoner, Loker, Lancaster, La Moure, Lantry, K. Morse, M. Moynahan, Marrinan, Morehead, E. McCormack, Maloney, D. McDonald, McGuire, A. Moynahan, McCune, Maxon, Nacey, Nickel, M. Nichols, B. Nichols, Nester, O'Sullivan, Patier, Payne, Quinn, A. Ryan, Robinson, M. Roberts, Rizer, M. Smyth, Sena, Shaw, Thirds, Tietgen, Tod, Van Mourick, Wile, G. Winstandley, B. Winstandley, Wolffe, Whitney, Wurzburg, Wolverton, Zahm.

#### JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

Misses Adelsperger, Coady, Crandall, B. Davis, N. Davis, Ford, Girsch, Garrity, Hickey, Hopper, Kasper, Londoner, Mills, Nacey, A. O'Mara, Pfaelzer, Ryder, L. Schaefer, Scott, S. Smyth, Tilden, Wolverton, Wheeler, Whittenberger, Williams.

#### MINIM DEPARTMENT.

Misses Ahern, Buckley, M. Egan, Finnerty, H. Girsch, Lingard, McKenna, McCormack, McCarthy, Wormer.

### SCHOOL OF ART AND DESIGN.

#### HONORABLY MENTIONED.

#### ELEMENTARY PERSPECTIVE.

2D CLASS—Misses T. Kimmell, Clifford, K. Ryan, S. Dempsey.

3D CLASS—Misses E. Dennison, Tod, Hopper, Evoy, Schmidt, Robbins, Kasper, Londoner, Williams, Palmer, Charles, Doble, Girsch, Pengemann, E. McCormack, L. Schaefer, M. Burns, Kinney, Tietgen, Byers, Loker.

#### PAINTING IN WATER-COLORS.

3D CLASS—Miss M. Fitzpatrick.

#### OIL-PAINTING.

3D CLASS—Misses Dieffenbacher, Marrinan.

#### GENERAL DRAWING.

#### SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

Misses Bassett, Kirley, M. Robinson, E. Seely, A. Seely, Roberts, Wolffe, Murison, Black, Kieffer, Lantry, Kemme, Wurzburg, Hunt, Agney, Rizer, R. Butler, Jacobs, Kauffman, Johnson, Dieffenbacher, Higgins, Lancaster, Wagner, A. Butler, Zucker, Wolverton, Payne, D. McDonald, M. McDonald, Welter, Klingberg, Lennon, Van Mourick, Hammond, La Moure, Dingee, Crilly, Hittson, Daley, Dennison, A. Cooper, M. Cooper, Culp, Kingsbaker, A. Moynahan, Leppel, Hopkins, Ludwig, Maxon.

#### JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

Misses B. Davis, S. Meskill, A. E. Dennison, Adelsperger, M. Davis, Baxter, Ebert, S. Smyth, Coady, Wolverton, A. Cowan, Pfaelzer, White, A. O'Mara, Londoner, Tormey, Wheeler, Whittenberger, Crandall, Tilden, N. Smyth, Mills, Hickey, Ryder.