

THE NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.

DISCE · QUASI · SEMPER · VICTURUS ·

· VIVE · QUASI · CRAS · MORITURUS ·

VOL. XXV.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, FEBRUARY 6, 1892.

No. 22.

The Poet of Common Sense.

BY T. A. CRUMLEY, '92.

In 1700 Dryden, poor and old, but wonderfully vigorous for sixty-nine, held court—shall we call it?—at “Will’s,” the famous coffee-house of London. There he used to sit half a day long, amid much tobacco smoke, dealing out rare bits of wit, or the latest news to the beaux who gathered round his chair. He was always chief at “Will’s,” and when he spoke, the greatest men in the kingdom hearkened to his word. In fact, none but a chosen few could sit with “glorious John”; and it was rare fortune, indeed, for strangers to be brought to wonder and to listen. It is said, however, that on one occasion this was the happy lot of a puny, sickly little creature of twelve, who saw Dryden, and went home to dream of “that grand man in the red satin waistcoat powdered with snuff.” This childish visitor, whom none then knew, or cared to know, was Alexander Pope, the greatest poet-wit the world has ever seen.

Pope began to rhyme at a very early age; indeed, when he hardly knew his alphabet he versified and polished. “He lisped in numbers, for the numbers came”; and before he was fifteen he had written a tragedy, a comedy and an epic. These were remarkable enough for a mere boy; but they were only imitations, the first fruits of the Muse, so to speak; and he did nothing worthy of notice till the “Pastorals” appeared. They, too, are written after the manner of Virgil’s shepherd songs, and are so outrageously classical that they do not warrant reading. They won for Pope a reputation—this is all that saves them from the fire.

“An Essay on Criticism,” the English *Ars Poetica*, was published when the poet was a little over twenty-one. It is a writing about writing: the first part shows the villainy of false criticism; the second is devoted to a multitude of causes, and in the third we have the rules by which good judgment can be formed. All this is done in Pope’s own epigrammatical style, and with a dash of wit and strength of satire that belongs peculiarly to him. In fact, the manner of the essay is its glory. Every thought is worked and carved into a motto; the commonest phrases sound sweet in happy combinations, and ancient, threadbare saws put on the dignity of proverbs. Nothing is new, it is true; but everything is original, for everything is genuine; and when one discards the side-thrusts at the pigmy critics of the day, there is little one would wish to change. Sometimes, alas! the verse is ordinary enough, and wanders into very prosy prose; nevertheless, the even tenor of the whole is thoroughly exalted, and bespeaks in every line “the poet of good, common sense.” There is none of that unmanly pessimism which is so much a feature of his later work; and, fortunately, the women are treated with the utmost respect. The only imperfection—if, indeed, one be not loth to call it by so harsh a name—is a slight suggestion of artificiality: one can seldom separate the clear-cut rhymes from hard, unweary labor. And so to say the last word on the work which gives Pope rank beside the great, and makes him live to-day—it is a masterly treatise on harmony done into exquisite music.

The next of the serious poems in order of time is the “Elegy to the Memory of an Unfortunate Lady,” than which there is nothing in Pope more characteristic of him at his best. It is strong and pathetic, and has a certain noble grace about it that is truly irresistible. There

is no wretched blustering, no public exhibition of the "mockery of woe," no sentimental grief in black silk crape: it is the soul that feels, and speaks, and mourns in unfeigned sorrow for the lonely dead. A merely pagan outcry of despair—such as one might think Pope guilty of—would have had a horde of heathenish allusions sticking through the verse that were only disentangled by much reference to a catalogue of myths; and yet, however wonderful it seems, there is not a single line but is above reproach for classical barbarity. Everything is Christian: Pope stops drudging for awhile and prays, and prays with all the spirit of a poet's heart. O would that he had prayed more frequently, for this simple, little dirge is evidence of a greater poet than he shows himself to be at other times!

"The Rape of the Lock" is music in a lighter strain, but music still, for all that. Lord Petre, with a very wicked gallantry, indeed, cuts off a lock of Miss Arabella Fermor's hair, and Pope is asked to stem the quarrel which ensues. Now this was work sad enough for any man, and a giant might have feared it; but our little pigmy poet, with a heart to mend a quarrell, or to make one—as the mood was on—was more than master of the means. He wrote a mock heroic poem, and the feud was ended instantly. They even tell us that the "fair Belinda" was delighted, verily enraptured with what seems to us most brazen insult. It must be very pleasant to be called a beauty, to see a poet dwell in guileless transport on the color of one's eyes, to have one's tresses sung to with a spirit that would make a lover blush; but it must be very doleful, one should think, to have oneself upbraided for a flirt, to hear it said: "You have the fairest features in the world, but you live in the pursuit of trifles." And yet this is the substance of the petty nothingness that charmed "Belinda" and had all the belles in England half dead with envy of her. The poem itself, indeed, has little worth considered from the point of view of poetry. The subject is paltry, and there is no imagination; it is merely a play of the fancy fraught with pretty little things to make one—I am sorry to say—to make one laugh.

Pope has given us several worthy satires; and, forsooth, we ought to thank him for the gift; but it seems to me that none of us are under obligations to him for "The Dunciad." It is long and uninteresting; it is tedious, and, what is worse, it is written in pretentious verse instead of in the prose in which it was conceived. It has no nobleness, no beauty, no wit; and if, perchance, there be some satire lurking in be-

tween the lines, it is not visible to the naked eye. The thoughts are always well expressed, it is true; nevertheless they are seldom otherwise than vulgar and nonsensical. Now it is a mud-fight, now the braying of the dunces, and the next minute a Grub street festival. Why, it is almost vile enough to have been put up after the receipt which Pope once gave for making an epic: "Take a storm, a dream, five or six battles, three sacrifices, a dozen gods in two divisions; shake together until there rises the froth of a lofty style." This is all it is; nay, it is even worse, and one will never be the better for the reading of it. There is absolutely no redeeming quality about it, and the writer of this paper stoutly affirms that it is the sorriest perpetration it has been his misfortune to encounter for many a day.

The famous characterization of Addison in the "Epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot," however, is a satire which deserves a place beside the best of Dryden's. There is no viciousness here, no idle machinery, no seeking after sounding epithets: we have a word from Pope the poet now, Pope the artist, Pope malevolent and bitter. All burlesque is laid aside; the author does not even hint a low-born phrase; and when he says a cutting thing he says it with a gracious "pardon me." He handles his subject with gloves, as it were: he intimates a fault, and there you see it clear and plain as day. Sometimes, of course, he stabs; but he stabs clean, and does not hack; and so, it must be said, the deed is robbed of half its grossness. Sometimes, too, the accusations that he makes are not without exaggeration; nevertheless, they are so exquisitely put that one would almost like to give them credence. Rarely, indeed, has a poet killed with a better grace. Every line tells; every word strikes home; nay, almost every syllable is a "venomed shaft" of irony. The malice is delightful, just witty enough and cutting enough not to be mean, and strong enough and clear enough not to pass unnoticed. The truth is that this bit of satire is as good as anything Pope ever did, and it is no heresy to say that it will live till English as an active language is no more.

The three chief characteristics of Pope are, undoubtedly, common sense, technical excellence and pessimism. He is not a poet as Keats is a poet. He does not dream, he does not soar, he does not warble; and if we love him at all, we must love him for his manner. His thoughts are mere workaday thoughts, which anyone might think and never notice: it is the way he says a thing that makes it new and racy. For this reason, of course, he is always interesting;

and yet in every work, however entertaining it may be, he seems to look at life from the side on which the seams show and the colors do not blend. He is a confirmed cynic: he sneers even when he smiles—if indeed he ever smiles except to sneer—and although he may, by some mischance, give out one cheerful word, he is sure to follow it with ten to blast the hope he fathered. This is sad in a genius, especially in a genius such as Pope, who might have turned the world if he used the proper means, nevertheless it is true; and the best thing we can say of him is that he has made our language flexible and technically perfect.

What is a Sonnet?

"It is a little picture painted well,"
A poet answers in poetic strain:
"Beware who ventureth!" he adds, but vain
Are warnings to the rhymesters crude who swell
The doggrelmongers' ranks; and sooth to tell,
It were enough to drive a man insane
To read the halting, jarring lines inane
Of witless sonneteers who scarce can spell.

What is a sonnet? It has come to be
No picture painted well, but merest daub,
No artist's masterpiece of poesy,
But work of prentice boys,—an ill-done job.
Oh, that such wooden heads, like logs, were
jammed,
And so their flood of sonneteering dammed!

A. H. THAYER.

The Oratory of Daniel Webster.

BY A. E. DACEY, '93.

Strolling in the woods on a clear autumn day, one of the most charming, picturesque and brilliant spectacles in nature is seen. The leaves of the majestic oak, having performed the work laid out for them, have become tinted a crimson hue, and slowly, one by one, they descend to Mother Earth in all their splendor never to grace the outspreading branches again. The glorious sun, rising in his course with all his dignity and grandeur, sends down his congenial rays, which pierce every blade, giving to it a new beauty, as it flutters before the quiet zephyr. This is truly an exquisite picture; but no matter how graceful and fascinating it may appear to the eye, it has not near as much effect upon the tender emotions as certain strong, learned and musical combinations of words that fall upon the ear, which were spoken when the orator's voice was as powerful an

instrument, and exercised as great an influence, as the king's sword. To be more exact, the works referred to are the writings of the ancient Greeks and Romans. The most important of which, and by far the most interesting, are the orations of such towers of human strength and understanding as Demosthenes and Cicero. Coming down to us through ages of turmoil and oppression it would seem almost impossible for them to preserve their originality; but they remain unchanged, being the same that fell from the lips of these ever-memorable personages.

When the great Philip II. of Macedon was concentrating all his energies toward conquering Greece, throwing his body and soul into his enterprise, as it were, we read of how Demosthenes, the great Athenian orator, came forth from the retirement of private life, as if by magic, and by the eloquence with which he expressed his emphatic and vehement remarks, inspired the Athenian to ward off the perilous cloud which was hovering over them and slowly descending upon its errand of destruction. The nobleness of the subject, and the terrible thought of the making of his countrymen extinct, as a civil society, animated him to such an extent that his utmost faculties were strained in preparing and delivering the orations which were the salvation of Greece. From the time they were delivered to the present they have never been equalled, and it is doubtful if they will ever be excelled. While living, Greece lived; but after he died she lost her liberty. In Cicero the Romans had the second greatest orator the world has produced, whose fame rests chiefly upon his style. It was through his eloquence that Cataline and his accomplices were put to death. The fate of this great conspirator and his associates was brought about by the four speeches delivered by Cicero before the Roman senate. With his death Roman eloquence decayed, and now they are spoken of as contemporaneous. In Mirabeau the French had the most fiery and impassioned orator that ever swayed an audience. Having such a majestic power over them, that while speaking in the National Assembly every eye was fixed upon his awful countenance, and every person stood spellbound, being held by his fervent earnestness and vigorous language. His power was as supreme in those halls as the greatest king that ever bore a sceptre. His bold, straightforward style, combined with his thundering voice, made him the ruling spirit of the French Revolution. More was done by him "to guide the whirlwind and direct the storm" than by any other individual of that social crisis. Terrible in his calmness, more efficacious when

excited, and superbest in his rage, the assembly quailed before him with awe. But, like other beacon lights of history, he was not immortal. Dying when most needed, he might have saved the French people from the anarchy into which they were thrown after his death.

We have thus seen what an important part oratory has played in the great drama of the world. In nearly every country during social conflict, fear of invasion, or when a burning political question is agitating the public mind, some man comes forward; and, by inspiring the people to deeds of bravery, encouraging them in their efforts, and instructing them in their preparations, brings them so completely under his control that he not only performs miracles, but immortalizes his name. America has improved with unparalleled rapidity during the last century. She has made great advancement in literature, science and art; but by no means has she been backward in producing orators of the first rank. Indeed, we have had our Clay, Everett, Choate, and Henry; but at the head of this galaxy of names, which has been handed down to posterity, stands one which will never be blotted from history until history ceases to tell the story of the world—this title is that of Daniel Webster.

Rising from the solitude of ignorance and poverty he became the foremost man of his time. We hear of him at the fireside, in the rude log-cabin home, learning the first principles of an education under the supervision of a kind mother, next at the country school-house, next at the academy where he first faced an audience. He says of his repeated attempts: "Many a piece did I commit and rehearse in my room over and over again; yet when the day came, when my name was called, and I saw all eyes turned towards me, I could not raise myself from my seat." His education was completed at Dartmouth College. By diligent application to his studies he soon became the most highly respected student at that institution. Here he acquired a taste for the classics, and was ever in their company. Their effect on his style is always manifest. Nature had endowed him with all the necessary qualities to make him a defender of the Constitution and the rights and liberties of the American people—a brilliant mind, a vivid imagination, an impressive appearance, a powerful voice, and a graceful manner. His heart was ever in his country and his mind in her politics—not mere office seeking, but politics in the highest sense of the word. On account of his earnestness and learning the effect he had on the public mind was

magnanimous. In fact he was the centre of our Government during his life; but his importance was not fully realized until after his death, and the day will yet come when he will take second place to no other patriot in the minds of the people of our commonwealth. He made one of the best helmsmen that ever "guided our ship of state." That lever which has always been in operation trying to raise our institutions was worked to better advantage by him than any individual since Washington laid their cornerstone.

The fame of Mr. Webster rests chiefly upon his speeches. On every occasion he was always ready to deliver his learned and powerful remarks with an enchanting eloquence, made more forcible by his thundering voice; whether it be to address a group of villagers on the 4th of July, to commemorate the memory of some great patriot, or to discuss some vital question in the stately halls of Congress. No individual ever had a more fertile soil in which to plant his thoughts, or more instilling occasions on which to appear before the public. Indeed he lived during the perihelion of American oratory—when our republic had not become firmly established, and at a time when eloquence was at a demand. To this fact we may justly attribute part of Mr. Webster's success. If he were living now he would not have as good a chance to immortalize his name. It seems as if he were a huge volcano on every occasion, having inflaming words at his command which gushed forth like the fiery, molten mass within. Who was more capable and who has given us better advice for the preservation of that charge placed in our hands by our forefathers than he? It may truly be answered, such a person has not yet lived. The careful study of government, foreign as well as domestic, placed in his hands the power to instruct the people, telling them how to conduct their institutions that they might one day flourish as the Utopian Democracy.

Considering Mr. Webster's style one finds that it has the terseness of Demosthenes, combined with the grace of Burke and the strength of Cicero. They were all imitated, to a certain extent, but he took Cicero as his model, and followed him so closely that the productions of the two when compared bear a striking similarity to each other. Being a zealous English scholar it would be supposed that his rhetoric would be enchanting, yet his works are entirely free from all the modern tricks of rhetoric. His style possesses granite strength and texture, and yet at times approaches the pathetic. It bears a striking contrast to Macaulay's, who

cares little for the meaning he conveys, as long as the structure is elaborate and polished. Webster surely did not belong to this school, as he looked upon beauty as of secondary importance. Yet what finer language could one wish for than his? His chief aim seemed to be to convey the meaning as clearly and as easily as possible, and in so doing he gave a delicacy of touch to every sentence which rivals that of the Latin poets in sublimity. The uneducated interpret his works with as much interest, and derive as much benefit therefrom, as the intelligent. In fact, his object was not to please the millionaire, but to encourage and instruct the workman. At intervals he lapses into wit, passion, irony, pathos and poetry. Having studied logic and metaphysics, he applied the principles very accurately. It is always plain that his conclusions are correctly drawn from his premises. As to his reading—much was read by him, but not many books.

Shakspeare and Milton were his favorite authors. No better recreation was desired than their company. They had a wonderful influence in the formation of his style. If in reading he came to a passage that particularly pleased him, or one which he thought he could use to advantage at some future time, it was memorized. This always aided him greatly in speaking extemporaneously. An attempt at the pathetic was rarely made, but when it was he rarely failed to unseal a fountain of feeling. His phrases run through the land like wildfire. They are on the tongue of every father as well as son. Who has not heard these lines: "Liberty and union now and forever, one and inseparable." "One may live a conqueror, a king, or a magistrate, but he must die a man." No sounder maxims were ever written than those found in his discourses. One thing might here be noted: that Mr. Webster always seems too great for his subject. Entering into it as if his life were dependent upon the result of his remarks, everything said is natural, nothing forced or exaggerated. Every word was carefully weighed before being placed, and every sentence criticised in its construction. The Saxon element was dear to him, and his love for it was the cause of his simplicity and economy. Unlike Edward Everett his forte was not in metaphor and epigram, but in argument. His command of language, however, was wonderful. It seems to flow at times like the impetuous current coming down from steep mountains. It dashes down with greatest rapidity when he is greatly excited. Sometimes even when he had prepared a speech most carefully he was more than once carried beyond his route

by some mysterious element, and made to burst into spontaneous splendid oratory.

His prose writings have been classed into legal arguments, congressional speeches and orations. Of his legal arguments probably the greatest is that delivered at Salem on the trial of F. Knapp for the murder of Joseph White. His faculties were exerted to their utmost on this occasion in trying to convince the jury that it was their duty to convict the prisoner at the bar, and in breaking down the argument of the defense. He began by picturing the murder, not for display, but to inspire solemnity and horror. The sentiments expressed in regard to crime would move any jury. The language of this plea is fiery, strong and elegant, devoid of rhetorical display, yet constructed in such a perfect manner that any attempt to change it would spoil the whole effort. He left but one opinion on that jury—that the prisoner was guilty and should be punished. He appeared to great advantage also in the Dartmouth college case. The state legislature of New Hampshire had violated the charter given to that university. Mr. Webster was called upon to prosecute the state, and what he accomplished is astonishing. Never had he been wrought up so. The thought of his *Alma Mater* being trampled upon moved him to tears. At times he had the whole court room weeping. The following lines are probably the strongest in the argument:

"Sir, I know not how others may feel; but for myself, when I see my *Alma Mater* surrounded like Cæsar in the Senate House by those who are reiterating stab upon stab, I would not for this right hand have her turn to me, and say, *et tu quoque, mi fili*—'And thou, too, my son!'"

His "Reply to Hayne" is the best of his congressional speeches. When in the United States Senate, Mr. Hayne, of South Carolina, made his great speech an "Foote's Resolution," relating to the sale of public lands, it was the general impression throughout the assemblage that he would not be answered, but a Hercules in the form of a debator was to appear next day and denounce his statements. The evening before this memorable day Webster read over to Edward Everett the points he intended bringing into his speech. On account of their uncouth appearance, the latter expressed a fear that his friend was not aware of the magnitude of the occasion; but he was agreeably surprised when he heard that tower of eloquence the next day. There is always a hush before a storm; but when the storm had begun it raged with greater fury than had ever before shaken the walls of Congress. Our hero appeared, solemn and composed. The only weapon he wielded

was a small piece of paper with a few notes; probably to the disgust of more than one of his opponent's supporters. But where can a more stupendous growth be found than that of the piece of paper he held in his hand? It sprang into a harangue, every page of which has been declaimed to death in our schools and colleges. What seems most surprising is that this most supreme effort was extemporaneous.

If one can form a picture of the storm-tossed Atlantic raging under the influence of a furious gale, with its magnificent waves rolling shoreward, its huge breaker dashing higher and higher, its whirlpools rising heavenward and finally being dashed to pieces by the terrific wind, and the awful clouds which are suspended over all, making the scene most terrible, he has a good representation of what Daniel Webster was on this great occasion. Now imagine a man thrown into this raging abyss, struggling for some hold by which he can support himself, and you will have a good delineation of the agony endured by the honorable gentleman from South Carolina during the six long hours that he was lashed, tossed and torn in the senate chamber. Webster was at his best. Every key in his entire gamut of eloquence was sounded, and when he had closed and taken his seat he was looked on

"As some tall cliff, that lifts its awful form,
Sweeps from the vale, and midway leaves the storm;
Though round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,
Eternal sunshine settles on its head."

It remains for me to speak of Mr. Webster's orations in which his greatest genius is displayed. If he had done nothing else than deliver his two Bunker Hill discourses his name would ever be remembered in the hearts of his countrymen. Fond recollections of the past and ennobling plans for the future are mentioned. The greatness of the Republic is described, and tributes paid to many who "sleep the sleep that knows no waking." In his eulogy on Jefferson and Adams one sees his greatest effort at the pathetic and sublime. Who was more fitted to deliver this eulogy? Being a bosom friend to each, he was the man to do it; for on such an occasion tears and words should come together, then we have oratory in its most beautiful form. On account of his knowledge of the affairs of our Government, everything came to his mind at this moment. He saw what these benefactors of America had done, and paid pleasant tributes to their memory; but by no means did he flatter them, because flattery was an unknown accomplishment to him.

Before closing, a tribute must be paid to this

great character. Such a personage was made to be loved, and as the millions read him their admiration and attachment for him become more intense. Each year brings with it new praises for his efforts; and so will it continue from generation to generation. As long as the English language is spoken you will hear of him at Bunker Hill and in the United States Senate. They are companions and will live and die together.

No individual, except the Omnipotent, can picture the future. America may yet be plunged into anarchy and barbarism, or rent to pieces by fierce dissensions, or she may continue to flourish forever as she has the past century; but whatever be her fate, one thing is certain: as long as people style themselves Americans there will be one name cherished dearly in every heart—and that is the name of Daniel Webster.

A Strange Table-Companion.

In the dining-room at the railroad station of Iowa's Key City an elegantly-dressed gentleman, with a bounteous spread before him, was busily engaged in attending to the wants of the "inner man." He had seen his fiftieth year, to judge by his appearance, and his entire make-up betokened a lover of ease and comfort. While he was thus occupied, a western train ran into the station, and, shortly after, an individual of a very unprepossessing countenance entered the room and threw himself on a chair at the table at which the other was seated. He was of tall stature and powerful frame; his attire revealed utter neglect. A broad-brimmed slouch-hat half hid a dark face rendered more so by a shaggy, jet-black beard. In answer to the waiter's inquiry he said, in a gruff bass voice: "Beef-steak, rare!" The desired article of food was brought, and, as morsel after morsel disappeared, the new-comer knit his brow to a fierce frown, fixed his piercing eyes upon his companion, and muttered hoarsely between his teeth: "Aye, die you must!"

The gentleman could not endure the gaze, turned ashy pale at the words, and would have cried out had not fear choked him. The other continued at his meal, but seemed excited, and every now and then repeated the dreadful words: "Aye, die you must!" His looks became more and more menacing, his face grew livid with rage, his fists clenched nervously, and again the affrighted gentleman heard those words which seemed to him like a warning for

a speedy preparation for death. They sounded in his ears like the hissing of a furious moccasin, and he was just thinking of having the author of his fear chained as a frantic maniac, when the latter, in a winning manner, said:

"Sir, no doubt you are surprised to hear me repeating those words so frequently."

"Yes—I—could not—ex—plain to myself the—reason—but if—you—would please to—"

"Most willingly," interrupted the other, drawing a magnitudinous chronometer from his pocket and consulting the machine as to the time, "most willingly."

"My father is chief of Guacagna, an island in the Banda Sea. At a distance of six miles from my home lies the island Koolerava, whose inhabitants are constantly on a warlike footing with us. But Lonieya, the hostile chieftain's daughter, had sworn me eternal love, and one night I set out in my light canoe to bring her to Guacagna, my bride. She had awaited me on the shore, and soon we left Koolerava far behind as we shot through the murmuring ripples. It was a delightful night. The twinkling stars were mirrored in the placid waters beneath, and made the ocean's emerald garb appear studded with brilliants. A gentle breeze fanned the warm air and played with Lonieya's raven tresses.

"Haste, haste, Finacho!" Lonieya suddenly exclaimed. See, my father and his warriors are pursuing us!"

"Looking up, I saw some thirty canoes rapidly approaching. To continue in our course would have been to expose ourselves rashly. At a small distance lay a deserted island which reptiles of all descriptions infested. Towards that sole place of refuge I steered my canoe in the hope the pursuers would not follow to that terrible spot. Yet nearer and nearer they came, and I could now distinctly see Lonieya's father wildly gesticulating and urging the paddlers to greater speed.

"Finacho, oh, haste, or we must perish! Thou knowest my father's cruel disposition. He will tear us to pieces. Faster, Finacho, faster!"

"My dearest Lonieya, he will not draw near to this island. Quiet thyself, my sweet one. We shall—"

"With a shriek of agony Lonieya fell swooning in the boat. Several large crocodiles came swimming towards us, and their leader threatened to crush our canoe with his monstrous jaws. A lucky thrust of my spear hurled the brute back, and a long streak of black blood indicated that he was dead. But now we were surrounded by the other monsters whom the

fate of their comrades had rendered more furious. My senses almost failed me. Lonieya's father had meanwhile come up, and cried in cruel joy: 'Oh, traitors, vengeance has overtaken you! Aye, die you must!' I am in that horrible plight at present, and cannot find my way out."

"But," said the listener, who seriously doubted his companion's sanity, "you are here now. How, then, can you be in the dilemma you have described?"

"Pardon me, I was about to explain. I am a novelist, and told you this story as if I were the Indian prince. I am to publish it in *Palen's Courier* next week, but I cannot find an ending to it, and, as time presses, I sometimes work myself into a rage trying to save my hero and his bride. The last words I have written are: 'Aye, die you must,' and I am constantly repeating them."

Just then a train pulled out of the station, and the elegant gentleman rushed out to board it. The other hurried after him, shouting: "If you find an ending to my novel, send it to me. Here is my address."

ONY J. OTUZZIN.

He Wasn't in It.

Bill orter larn philosophee,
An' be high toned and Literree,
I'll chuck him down to Varsitee.
Bill wasn't in it.

He swaggered round so recklesslee,
You'd think he owned Amerikee;
He had a splendid libraree,
But wasn't in it.

He thought he'd like the sights to see
And swagger round the Queen Citee,
But such a thing as hard studee—
He wasn't in it.

His nights were spent at the Musee,
At socials or some whist partee,
He found the classics so prosee,
He wasn't in it.

But at exams he was pluckee,
Yet wasn't able to copee,
For Mac did keep his eye on he,
He wasn't in it.

Then in the lists was bold Billee,
As in the hearse was Godferee,
Aloud he wailed so bitterlee,
Oh, I ain't in it!

His father said disgustedlee:
"My son, yer done with Varsitee,
Ye'll get yer hoe and stay with me."
And William did it.

J. KOBB.

—Varsity.

NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.

Published every Saturday during Term Time at N. D. University.

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

Notre Dame, February 6, 1892.

—To-day is the birthday-anniversary of the venerable Founder of Notre Dame. He is still with us, thank God, crowned with the halo of three score years devoted to God and humanity. May this bright day be the happy harbinger of many a new glory and triumph to form additional jewels in the golden crown with which our Father is now adorned and to increase the merits of such a noble career as that of Very Rev. Father General Sorin.

—The London papers announce, with seeming pleasure, that the Holy Father has sent to Mr. Clement Scott, the famous dramatic critic, the rescript of his special blessing, enclosed in a magnificent box of lacquer and damascene steel, in acknowledgment of Mr. Scott's attempts to elevate the English stage. This shows that Leo XIII. is most anxious that the theatre should be made a good, as well as a powerful force for Christianity.

—An editorial in the *New York Sun* of February 2, on "England and the United States," is a timely and forcible expression of public opinion. We feel assured that it has been received with the hearty approval of the *Sun's* hundreds of thousands of readers throughout the land. After all, it was but the development of a thought uppermost in the minds of every American citizen that England and English sympathies have, since the foundation of our Republic, been antagonistic to our country's welfare; and when occasion presents itself the British Government will, by fair means or foul—preferably the latter,—stir up, or seek to perpetuate, strife, into which it is too mean to enter openly. The Chilian difficulty has furnished the text for the *Sun's* editorial, and right nobly has our leading American newspaper spoken upon it.

—An esteemed contemporary—whom to name would be to advertise—sends us a number of

sample copies of an "Illustrated Venture." Among the illustrations is one showing "How our Fleet might attack Valparaiso." No doubt a copy has been sent to the Hon. Secretary of the Navy, and he will know how to act in, or outside, the premises. But our inexperienced eye cannot discern from the picture, who's hit, or what the fuss is about. The idea may be all right; but, judging from the cross lines, cross cuts and everything criss-cross, it seems to be everybody's funeral. We must say, however, that there are names, in small caps, at the bottom of the picture, which will materially aid the reader, or observer, in saying, with some degree of positiveness, "That is a ship." Well, apart from the fact that our contemporary furnishes a sad commentary upon the extremes to which the cheap illustrative work of the day may lead some of our publications, there is a little moral furnished by the alleged picture, and it is this: War is not a picnic. There was a battle of Bull-Run once in this land of ours, and people went out from the great Capitol, in carriages and on foot, to see "the game." They came back in a hurry; they had pressing engagements, so to speak. It is ancient history now that had the Confederates realized the advantages they gained in that famous battle, our country might possibly present a different aspect before the world from what it does. Certainly not for the better. But war is not to be lightly spoken of, and, least of all, by every irresponsible newspaper.

Desultory Discourse on Difficult Diction.

A writer in "Blackwood," some years ago, affirmed that, "with the exception of Wordsworth, there is not one celebrated author of this day who has written two pages consecutively without some flagrant impropriety in the grammar." With fully as much truth may it be asserted that, the literati excepted, few can read two pages consecutively without some flagrant impropriety in the pronunciation. Consummate orthoëpic skill, even among the educated, is as great a rarity as is genuine complaisance in an oriental seraglio, or anchovy sauce in a college refectory. The average public man cannot speak fifteen minutes without enunciating a dozen accentual vagaries, while the recitative of the typical stump-orator fairly bristles with blunders more stunning to the auricle of the equable lexicographer than the detonation of a bomb-shell. As for the great mass of men and

women; orthoëpical monstrosities fall from their mouths as copiously as do despicable oaths from the combative bravo, or equivocal truths from the elucidatory metoposcopist.

While all this is grievously deplorable, it can scarcely be marvelled at. Abstractly considered, English orthoëpy is about as lamentably ludicrous, indisputably heinous, and decisively quixotic an art as ever exhausted the exiguous patience of exemplary student, or evoked the condemning diatribes of erudite professor. Not to comment upon the varied sounds, precise, dubious, and evanescent, represented by each of our vowels, or upon the cacophonic results effected by the combination of these vowels with their consonantal relatives, who can fail to discern that our method of accentuation is the most erratic possible divagation from all laws of analogy or euphony? the perfection of elaborately systematized inconsistency? the apotheosis of preternatural idiocy?

Orthoëpy, then, though not a very recondite, is a decidedly operose study; and to perfect oneself therein is a cyclopean labor. The most long-lived votary of accurate speech may, during all the years of his earthly sojournment, make a specialty of the study; and yet when he has become aged may find himself worsted in an altercation over the pronunciation of such a word as "casualty," simply because the peculiar mode of gyratory prancing formerly performed by the tongue in enunciating the syllables, has fallen into desuetude. No objurgatory ululation, however, will obumbrate the patent truth that it is obligatory on all to strive for the attainment of perfect accuracy in speaking or reading their mother-tongue. The student, particularly, who aspires to figure as a professional man, should adequately prepare himself for all orthoëpic exigencies. He should be sufficiently philanthropic towards his future self peremptorily to challenge every word concerning the exact pronunciation of which he entertains the slightest doubt. Nor should this challenging be restricted to words from alien tongues, from the language of Goethe and Beethoven, for instance, it should be extended to the most commonplace terms, such as are purely English, and found in the vocabulary of all.

A cursory examination of a few pages of the dictionary will suffice to demonstrate to the average youth that his speech occasionally and egregiously deviates from the correct standard; and the discovery should inculcate the necessity of his making the examination thorough. The grimy-visaged, blouse-clad citizen who ignores baths and dwells in the midst of bovine squalor,

must bid adieu to uncleanly habits, if he purposes becoming the debonair proprietor of a laundry where clothes are cleanly handled. Even so, he who would earn the title of educated man, must make the sacrifice of time and study that he may learn to eschew the ignoble vagaries which constitute a vulgar and vitiated pronunciation. Moral:

"There are more things in the 'Unabridged,' Horatio,
Than are dreamt of in your orthoëpy."

OUELLE I. SHUDSMYLLE.

Exchanges.

—The *Sunbeam* loses none of its brightness as the years go by. It is one of the very few of our exchanges which contains nothing to offend good taste. Every department gives such evidence of careful editing that the literary ability of the young ladies in charge cannot be questioned.

—The *Ægis*, published by the students of the University of Wisconsin, is a representative college paper. Its editorial columns contain many practical suggestions to students; and the excellence of its literary department makes it a very pleasant visitor indeed. "Recollections of English School Life," concluded in the issue of January 22, afforded no rare entertainment.

—We acknowledge with pleasure the receipt of the first number of *The Collegian*, and extend to the boys of Mt. St. Joseph's our warmest congratulations on the very creditable figure which they cut in college journalism. It is not often that new-comers deserve unqualified praise for the taste displayed in the selection and treatment of subjects; and hence the surprise and gratification which we experienced in glancing over the *Collegian*.

—The *College World* resembles, in its general make-up, most of the college papers which come to our table; but it differs widely from many of them in the religious tone which pervades its literary department. While we do not object to sermons in their proper place, we most respectfully submit that the literary department of a college paper is more interesting to the general reader without them. If the ranting strain of moralizing, the trite phraseology of the pulpit orator, and the unwarranted apotheosis of the Reformation were carefully expunged from "A Leak in the Dike," it might be rendered worthy of publication. As it now stands, it is, though harmless, puerile.

—The *Salve Regina* offers a very pleasing

variety of literary matter to its readers and is, on the whole, quite creditable to the young ladies in charge of its columns. The poem (?) entitled "The Author" is, however, altogether unworthy of the space which it occupies. We refrain from further criticism because of the promise made in the last four lines:

"But I know there is something amiss
'Mong the critics, and so I'll dismiss
All thought for the present, and try
To gain their good will by and by."

In behalf of present and of future generations we pray that the poet's "by and by" may be postponed till she reaches the "beautiful shore."

—The last issue of *The Northwestern* contains an excellent essay on "The Value of Verse-Making." The writer shows most conclusively that the practice of exhibiting one's thoughts under the restraints of metre increases the vocabulary, and conduces to versatility of expression and harmony of style in prose. The object of the paper is not, however, to encourage students to imagine themselves poets born, and to inflict their effusions on a patient and long-suffering public; and we wish to warn our readers that in advocating verse-making with the writer in *The Northwestern*, we do so only because we consider it a valuable aid to the acquisition of qualities almost indispensable in every species of composition. *The Northwestern* is one of the neatest and best edited of our exchanges.

—The *Index* and *Hesperian* are having a one-sided battle, in which our sympathy is with the latter, evidently the weaker party. One must be very hard-hearted not to pity the youthful indiscretion of the *Hesperian* in assuming a tone of criticism that can redound only to its own confusion and loss of dignity. When the ex-man of the *Index* uses slang, or ridicules the efforts of a contemporary, he does so in a manner so entirely artistic that, though we may not desire to imitate him, we cannot but acknowledge his skill; but we cannot say as much for the ex-man of the *Hesperian*. Nothing is more utterly silly and disgusting than the girlish attempt at slang and ridicule, which he makes in the last number of his paper. He convicts himself not only of bad taste, but also of incompetency to cope with so veteran an adversary as the exchange-editor of the *Index*.

—The *Georgetown College Journal* is, in many respects, a model of what a college journal should be. It always devotes sufficient space to those phases of college life that are most likely to make it a chatty and welcome visitor to old

students, and at the same time it maintains a high standard of literary excellence in the departments of both prose and verse. We especially commend the invitation extended from the sanctum to contributors to try their skill in short story-telling, and let the *Journal* have the benefit of their efforts. Certainly no department of college journalism could be more interesting to those who read college papers, nor better adapted to cultivating ease and grace of expression. This is essentially the age of the short story, and no one will regard it as one of the least of its merits if it should succeed in lessening the space devoted by our college papers to empty verses, turgid expressions of literary platitudes, and rehashes of text-books on philosophy. We must confess, however, that we do not admire the *Journal's* taste in its implied suggestion of Rudyard Kipling as a model for short story writers. There are far better models of elegant English, and we should regret to see the slangy, unscholarly style of Kipling taken as a model of how the short story should be written. There is no scarcity of men who use exquisite English to tell short stories that are free from the nastiness which has probably as much to do with the popularity of Kipling's stories as has his way of telling them.

Books and Periodicals.

—We acknowledge the receipt of the "Public Ledger Almanac" for 1892. It is the twenty-third annual issue of the Almanac issued under the auspices of the great Philadelphia newspaper of the same name.

—Fowler & Wells Co., Phrenologists and Publishers, 775 Broadway, New York City, have just issued life-sized lithographic portraits of Daniel O'Connell and Robert Emmett, two faces that are always dear to Irishmen. These are fine pictures, and from a series of life-sized bust portraits of prominent men and women, now being published by this house at the low price of 25c. each, on receipt of which they will be sent by mail. Complete list will be sent on application as above.

—"Hoffman's Catholic Directory for 1892" (Hoffman Bros. Co., Milwaukee, Wis.) has been received. This is the seventh volume of this valuable publication, and the enterprising publishers have added a number of new features, giving complete statistics of the Church in the whole of North America, that enhance the interest and usefulness of the work. Numbers are also issued quarterly which contain all necessary changes in the clergy list. It may be interesting to note that the "General Summary"

of the state of the Church in the United States shows that there are 6712 members of the secular clergy; 2350 regular priests; 8042 churches; 3552 "stations"; 1683 chapels; 223 Orphan Asylums; 25,518 orphans; 54 Seminaries; 138 Colleges; 655 Academies; 3406 parochial schools; 700,753 children attending parochial schools and a population of 8,647,221.

—The most timely article in the February *Century* is the one written by Mr. C. C. Buel, assistant editor of the magazine, which records the results of a personal investigation by him in behalf of the readers of *The Century*, into the history, methods and designs of a just now notorious institution. The title of the paper is "The Degradation of a State; or, the Charitable Career of the Louisiana Lottery." Mr. Buel goes back to the time when the lottery interests of the country were centred in New York City, and shows that the Louisiana Lottery was established for the benefit of New York gamblers and lottery dealers. The article describes the people who have been the chief beneficiaries of this extensive gambling institution, and exposes the methods of bribery and political corruption by which the franchise was obtained, is maintained, and, as now feared, is to be extended. In a profusely illustrated article on "Pioneer Days in San Francisco," Dr. John Williamson Palmer, the well-known writer, describes, from personal knowledge, the adventurous life and diverse types that lent romantic color to the origin and growth of the metropolis of the West. Dr. Wheatley's concluding paper on "The Jews in New York" is strikingly illustrated by a group of five artists, and contains information on this very timely and interesting subject never before gathered together. The famous "Bella," by Titian, engraved from the original by T. Cole, furnishes the frontispiece of this number of *The Century*, and calls attention anew to the fact that the Cole pictures are now at their most interesting point, having reached the most splendid period of Italian art. American art is interestingly represented by a full-page engraving of Brush's "Killing the Moose."

—The frontispiece of the February *St. Nicholas*, is a clever dog and cat picture, showing a plump puppy evidently fed to repletion graciously consenting to the disposal of his dinner by his friends, the kittens. Then there is the picture of Sir Jeffrey Hudson, the dwarf of eighteen inches stature, who figures so prominently in the history of the times of Henrietta Maria of England. A scientific-looking diagram gives "A Record of Master Harry's Ups and Downs," his variations in cheerfulness during an absence of his mother from home. There is a spirited drawing showing a company of Dutch soldiers charging over the ice on skates, and we eagerly read of "The Battle on Skates," and therein learn how the Duke of Alva commanded his Spanish warriors to skate in order that they might meet the Dutch upon more equal terms. Mr. J. O. Davidson next claims our attention,

and rewards us for it by telling us with pen and pencil something about "Electric Light at Sea." Malcolm Douglas finds something to say in rollicking mood concerning "The Little Man in the Orchestra," him of the cymbals, drum, xylophone and sleigh-bells; and whatever Mr. Douglas can say, Mr. Birch will body forth for us in good black lines, as he has done here. Oliver Herford, single-handed, sets at rest any question as to the invention of the umbrella. Ignoring Dr. Hanway, conqueror of Mrs. Grundy, Mr. Herford gives the credit to an ingenious elf who robs a dormouse of the toadstool that shelters him from the storm. A striking picture is "A Strike in the Nursery!" The children are drawn as in revolt, with banners declaring their ultimatum. It is a procession calculated to strike terror to a home tyrant, for even the goat—and a toy-goat at that—bears upon his back the legend "Brown paper for me!"

—What a beautiful magazine is realized in each monthly part of the *Ave Maria*! Though published weekly, and in that form received and eagerly welcomed by thousands of readers everywhere, yet when the four, or, it may be, five, issues are combined in one and sent forth at the end of the month, it may be readily seen that the *Ave Maria* ranks with the best English periodicals of the day, which are issued at monthly or quarterly intervals. It is one way—as the semi-annual bound volume is the best way—of making the reader more fully appreciate the treasure which he possesses in the reception of our Blessed Lady's journal. Here, for instance, we have now the complete January "part" of the *Ave Maria* making, with its five weekly issues, a magazine of more than one hundred and fifty pages, and presenting such a variety of reading matter,—religious, historical and biographical,—with stories and tales of people and places to entertain and instruct readers of every age, that it is unsurpassed by any other publication in the language, and certainly not equalled even by those whose wealth of illustration seems to commend them to popular favor. This number of the *Ave Maria*—beginning the Columbian centennial year—very appropriately devotes its first pages to the great Catholic discoverer. The frontispiece is an artistic engraving of Gregori's great painting of Columbus in the University, and the opening article is on "Columbus' Devotion to Our Lady," from the pen of Major Henry F. Brownson, LL.D. Prof. Maurice F. Egan, LL.D., contributes four of those "Chats with Good Listeners" which, replete as they are with the best and most practical instruction, and set forth in style the most pleasing, have formed a most attractive feature of each weekly issue of the *Ave Maria*. But to mention everything would take too much space, and yet each and every article, in prose and verse, many and varied though they be, deserve praise and more than passing notice. We recommend our readers to take the *Ave Maria* and judge for themselves.

Obituary.

—The Faculty and students of Notre Dame extend their sincere sympathy to Bro. Alexander, C.S.C., on the death of his father, Mr. Francis Smith, at Watertown, Wis., on the morning of the 5th inst.

Local Items.

- Honey.
- Many new faces.
- Orville et rabbit.
- Look at the mugs!
- N. D. U. C. Y. M. U.
- That "triple alliance!"
- Casty is studying *sines*.
- Scorn not the "Sonnet."
- Ball fiends are rampant.
- Bennie rehearseth daily.
- How about that chapérone?
- The great Seizer—the *grippe*.
- How about that little game?
- Ground-hog day last Tuesday.
- Six to three in favor of Payne.
- Alderman is wise and *otherwise*.
- The Carrolls have a new catcher.
- Why sleepeth the *belliferous* Kydd?
- The first Communion class is organized.
- The cream-colored bricks are coming in.
- The number of Muses should be increased.
- The mob promises to be a *howling* success.
- Denver spider bids fair to become a phenom.
- The "preps" had competition during the week.
- Socrates was *ready* to die when he was griped.
- Another field day is coming. Are you training for it?
- Was the Kilkenny giant hypnotized into the *grippe*?
- Hand-ball has been indulged in a good deal this winter.
- The Polar Bear groweth vicious. Steer clear of it.
- Wanted.—A definition of music applicable to all kinds.
- The Analytical Geometry class are famous onion eaters.
- We have a vast many "light-guards," but no "black-guards."
- The classes in Christian Doctrine are doing excellent work.
- The present warm weather agrees with Podunk's whiskers.

—Co. "B" has received into its ranks a large number of recruits.

—Punching the bag is a favorite amusement with the Brownsons.

—Several society reports have been unavoidably left over this week.

—Suckers are ever contemptible; but, just the same, we have *poplar* ones.

—The ground-hog did not see his shadow. Look out for weather now.

—The St. Cecilians were full of the subject under discussion—"banquet."

—Since the thaw set in, the number of *swell-heads* is sensibly diminishing.

—Podunk's martial spirit was violently aroused by the recent Chilian trouble.

—The Gov. claimed to be sick, but the remains of the banquet looked sicker.

—Bennie told her to make his slippers No. 7. When they got here they were No. 10.

—He who has not got through with his *Physics* by this time must, indeed, be pretty sick.

—The Carrolls have among their number a Pope who is neither poetic nor infallible.

—Our lecture committee promise a grand musical entertainment in the near future.

—Even if that cream was whipped, it was sufficient to lay the valiant Burgomaster low.

—Wednesday being the feast of St. Blasius, many of the students had their throats blessed.

—Those who criticise our *initial* poets are generally those whom the muse has never visited.

—Reports from the South state that a terrible plague is advancing northward—the "Spring-fever."

—The St. Cecilians return their most heartfelt thanks to their genial President for kind favors received.

—The bicycle fiends are running a good second to the base-ballists in the matter of rushing the season.

—The Criticism class are now discussing the merits of Shakespere's "As he is liked, or "As you like it."

—The apparatus for the new gym has arrived from the well-known house of A. G. Spalding & Bros., Chicago.

—"There's nothing in a name." More than one-half of the present members of Congress have Bible names.

—The snow has disappeared from the campus, and a game or two of football was indulged in by the Carrollites.

—There is every reason for believing that there will be a superabundance of spring poetry the coming season.

—All the Sacred Heart boys received Holy Communion in a body yesterday, it being the first Friday of the month.

—The 'Varsity Quartette complain that a

rival organization has been formed, and are trying to run in opposition.

—To-morrow, the first Sunday of the month, the customary exercises of the Rosary Sodality will be held in the college church.

—"Necessity is the" etc. Company *B*, recognizing this in some mysterious way, utilized their bayonets as skates while at the lake.

—B. Hilarion has recovered from his recent spell of sickness, and has again resumed his duties as Prefect in Brownson Hall.

—Mrs. and Miss Wile, Mrs. and Miss Russert, and Mr. Eugene Wile, all of Laporte, were among the welcome visitors this week.

—The military is booming. Captain F. Chute reports sixty men in line. Company *A* and the new company have also a large attendance.

—Some base-ball enthusiasts among the Carrolls tried to get up a game on Thursday afternoon, but old Boreas was rather uncongenial.

—The military companies profited by the fine weather of Thursday morning, and held their drill on the classic banks of St. Joseph's Lake.

—A choice selection of short stories have been placed in the Carroll reception room. If this effort is appreciated as it should be, more will follow.

—Babies, babies,
Ever since we had toys,
Eating each other's candy,
Hating all other boys, etc.

—The many friends of the genial Hugh O'Neill had their hearts gladdened at seeing him once more among them. His recent illness was very severe. All hope that he will soon regain his wonted health and vigor.

—MARRIED—At St. Louis, on last Thursday evening, Mr. C. V. Inderrieden, '86, of Chicago, and Miss Marie Papin, of St. Louis. Numerous friends at Notre Dame tender hearty congratulations to the happy couple with best wishes for many years of wedded bliss.

—We are all glad to see Bro. Hilarion around with us again; but he has been a trifle too energetic in drumming up stamps; for he has passed the Carrolls and is 2036 ahead. Get down to business, Carrolls; do not let Brownson Hall keep the lead. Master Berthelet of the Minims has collected 9000 alone.

—The promoters among the Carrolls held a meeting last Sunday after Vespers; next month it is intended to have a meeting of all the promoters. It is at these councils of the League that organization is perfected, the Rosary tickets distributed and the promoters renew their fervor by mutual encouragement.

—Bro. Valerian received a letter, dated Paris, January 11, from Mme. Leon, Secretary of the stamp organization:

"We are, indeed, very grateful for those otherwise useless stamps, which can prove so useful to us, as they are sold in order to pay the board of the two years' training

of the female catechists, the work of Mary Immaculate sends into missions. As for the stamps, can I ask you, reverend Brother, to ask the pious students never to ungun them; if they have time to spare and wish to cut them, inside is the pattern, but if not cut so, only leave some paper all around, no matter how. . . ."

Bro. Valerian sent 34,000 this week, which makes 50,000 sent to Rev. Eugene Calon, Liège, Belgium.

—THE ST. CECILIANS.—The reception given on Thursday last to the St. Cecilians in remembrance of the entertainment given by the society on Dec. 16, 1891, was a decided success. At half-past three, the St. Cecilians, with a few invited guests, met in the parlor of the University, and after a short discussion on the general topics of the day, an adjournment was made to the Junior refectory, where a royal spread had been laid, the generous gift of Rev. Father Morrissey. From the appearance of everything it was evident that no pains had been spared to please the boys. After grace was said, the feasters took their seats and proceeded to satisfy the "inner man." There was enough to supply twice the number who attended, but each one did his best to clear the board, and the attempt was very unsuccessful. This delightful afternoon will not be forgotten very soon, as everyone tried to do his best, and mirth and gaiety (with the banquet, of course,) were the chief features of the day. But at last an end came to the fun. Many words of thanks were given to the Rev. President, and with kind words freely interchanged, the happy party separated. This is only the beginning of the glorious career entered upon by the St. Cecilians; and the supply of talent with which the society is amply provided will soon bring it to the topmost rung in the ladder of fame.

—A RABBIT'S TALE.—T. Moss, of Kentucky, sent home for his (Bear?) trap. It arrived here in due season, and he set it under the steps in hopes to trap a little bonnie rabbit who used to make nocturnal visits around the buildings in search of food. But Mr. Bonnie gave the trap a wide berth, and did not seem to care about the viands placed there to tempt his appetite. But somehow or other, he was belated or delayed to such an extent that he did not get around during the wee sma' hours; but after breakfast on Monday morning he appeared outside of the Brownsons' gym. They gave chase, but none of their sprinters could get near enough to put a little salt on his tail. He thought he would try the Carrollites to see what material they were made of, with the usual result. Whether Bachrach is possessed of hypnotic powers or not, cannot be definitely stated; anyhow he caught the rabbit with very little effort. As customary on such occasions, he (the rabbit) was given another chance for his life. The poor fellow tried his best to make his escape, but did not get very far toward the Minims' campus when he was recaptured. During the fray one of his legs became injured, and it was decided to bleed him and put an end to his sufferings. In a shorter

time than it takes to tell it, the rabbit was skinned and prepared for the oven. Orville DuBrul took charge of it from this time on. Here it was suggested to leave his legs on as he would need all four, and then perhaps would be unable to get around the table. Moss, not belonging to this set, did not get a bite of it, and Bachrach received as a reward for his services—the tail.

—**MOCK CONGRESS.**—The eighth regular meeting of the St. Aloysius' Philodemic Mock Congress was held on the evening of the 31st ult. House Bill No. 7, advocating war against Chili, was rejected by the committee on foreign affairs. House Bill No. 5 was again brought up for discussion. It provided for the removal, in 1895, of the U. S. Capitol to St. Louis, Mo. The Hon. C. Rudd, of Ky., the framer of the bill, opened the discussion by an eloquent speech. After a short delay, the Hon. A. Ahlrichs, of Alabama, seeing that none of the members seemed disposed to oppose the bill, took the floor in favor of it. His speech was short and tersely put, bringing forth many new and weighty arguments. By this time the republican side of the house had become interested in the debate; and as soon as Representative Ahlrichs took his seat, the Hon. R. Sinnott, of Oregon, jumped to his feet, and informed the gentleman that he was somewhat mistaken in his views regarding the time occupied in making communications between the Western coast and the national Capitol either by rail or telegraph. He said that St. Louis is not the centre of the country or of population, and believed it never would be. He was followed by the Hon. E. DuBrul, of Ohio, who vigorously opposed the bill. So far it was a partisan question, the democrats advocating the change, and the republicans opposing it. The Hon. L. Whelan, of Ind. (Rep.), then arose to favor the bill contrary to the apparent convictions of his party. He was followed by the Hon. R. Frizzelle, of Arkansas (Rep.), who strenuously opposed the bill. The Hon. J. Raney, of Mo. (Dem.), favored such a movement, but would not agree to have the Capitol built in the city of St. Louis. He said that in other respects the bill was all right; that Missouri would give to the Government as much territory as was needed for such a project, and in addition would advance \$15,000,000 to aid in the rebuilding of the new Capitol. He held that St. Louis is more centrally situated than Washington, and is accordingly best adapted as a national seat of government. This point was objected to by the Hon. E. DuBrul, of Ohio, who said that San Francisco is the centre of U. S. territory. With this the debate was closed, and was lost by a vote of 12 to 11. The names of W. Correll, W. Wilkins and M. Cassidy were proposed for membership by the credential committee, and were unanimously elected. At the next meeting the members will discuss House Bill No. 8, providing for the election of the President for a six years' term.

Roll of Honor.

SORIN HALL.

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

BROWNSON HALL.

Messrs. Ahlrichs, Alnsbery, Arts, Breen, Burns, V. Brennan, J. Brady, E. W. Brown, Baldwin, T. Brady, Beaudry, W. Brinen, E. J. Brown, Corcoran, Corry, Crawley, Cassidy, Correll, Chilcote, W. Cummings, Castenado, Cherhart, Coady, Case, Colby, Carrey, Doyle, Delaney, Devanny, Damsky, Egan, Ellwanger, Flynn, Foley, Frizzelle, Flannigan, Heneghan, R. Harris, Hesse, Holland, Henly, Houlihan, Heer, Hagan, Hoepe, Hennessy, Jacobs, Jewett, F. Kenny, Krost, Kleekamp, W. M. Kennedy, E. Kelly, M. Kelly, Karasynski, Krembs, Kintzele, W. A. Kennedy, Kearns, Kunert, Layton, Ludlow, S. Mitchell, McFadden, Monarch, D. Murphy, McErlain, McKee, F. Murphy, Mattingly, McCarrick, McCullough, McDermott, Murray, Marmon, Maynes, Maisen, Mulcahey, Mooney, Nester, Newton, O'Connor, Olde, O'Shea, Palmer, Powers, Pulskamp, D. Phillips, T. Phillips,* Perry, Patier, Quinlan, M. Ryan, G. Ryan, Ragan, E. Roby, Riordan, Sherman, Stanton, Schopp, Stace, Tinnen, Vinez, Vurpillat,* Wilkin, Wells, Zeitler.

CARROLL HALL.

Messrs. Arvidson, Ashford, Bauer, Bixby, Baldauf, Ball, Bachrach, Bates, J. Brown, Byrnes, Brennan, Bergland, Burkart, Bearss, Casey, Connell, Cullen, Carpenter, Corcoran, Cheney, Dion, Dix, DeLormier, Duncombe, Dillman, Delaney, J. Dempsey, F. Dempsey, Dixon, Dorsey, Edwards, Evans, Feehan, Fleming, Falk, A. Funke, G. Funke, Foster, Fitzgerald, Grote, L. Gibson, N. Gibson, Gilbert, Griffin, Gerlach, Gillam, Garfias, Girardin, Gerdes, Glass, Hill, Hagan, Hilger, Hoban, Hargrave, Hagus, Hittson, Hamilton, Hack, Janssen, Joseph, Kauffmann, Kreicker, Kindler, Kraber, Kinneavy, A. Kegler, W. Kegler, Kerker, Levi, Lee, Lowry, Luther, Lawlor, Lane, Leonard, Moss, Mills, Miles, Major, Mitchell, J. Miller, W. Miller, Meyers, Marre, Marr, Mahon, A. McKee, McCarthy, McDowell, W. Nichols, H. Nichols, O'Connor, O'Brien, J. O'Neill, O'Rourke, Oliver, Peake, Prichard, Pope, Rupel, Rogers, Rattermann, Renesch, Rumely, Regan, H. Reedy, C. Reedy, Rend, Reilly, Sullivan, Stern, Strauss, Sparks, Sedwick, Shimp, Scholer, Stone, Sweet, Slevin, Stephens, Shirk, Smith, Thornton, Thome, J. Tong, O. Tong, Tallon, Teeters, Thorn, Trimble, Tobin, Theit, Vorhang, Washburne, Walker, Weaver, J. White, E. White, N. Weitzel, B. Weitzel, Wellington, Wagner, Wensinger, Warner, Yeager, Yingst, C. Zoehrlaut, G. Zoehrlaut.

ST. EDWARD'S HALL.

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

* Omitted by mistake last week.

St. Mary's Academy.

One Mile West of Notre Dame University.

—The novena to the Sacred Heart, joined in by the members of that confraternity, closed on Friday, the 29th ult., with the edifying reception of the sacraments.

—Rev. D. E. Hudson, C. S. C., officiated at the High Mass on Sunday, Jan. 31, on which occasion he preached a short but impressive sermon on the lessons taught by the Gospel of the day.

—Rev. A. Walsh, O. S. A., of Rome, Italy, was a welcome visitor to St. Mary's during the week. The beautiful Community chapel elicited his warmest admiration, which, coming from one familiar with the great Roman churches, is not faint praise.

—The usual extra recreation day following the examinations was granted on Monday, Feb. 1. A late sleep gave renewed energy to those who sought to make the day a pleasant one; so the hours passed merrily with music and song, a dramatic entertainment bringing the day to a fitting close.

—The January lecture of the literary course by Prof. M. F. Egan proved most instructive and entertaining. The subject, "Charles Dickens,"—a name synonymous with genial humor and touching pathos, was carefully treated, the lecturer dwelling upon all those characteristics that helped to make this author the popular idol of his day. The works most deserving perusal were named, together with their most striking characters, while the young reader was warned against those that detract from his fame. To those already familiar with the pages of Dickens, the lecture recalled hours when the spirit of melancholy was exorcised by the author's quaint humor, or when the chord of pathos vibrated under his master touch. Dickens' early struggles with adverse fortune, his thorough knowledge of London life and his sympathy with the poor and distressed were well handled, while over his faults was thrown the mantle of charity.

The Art of Conversation.

In the world there are schools of science, and schools of art, but no institute which teaches that branch most used in society, the art of conversation. In some persons the power of easy and graceful conversation is a gift of nature; but the greater number of us must cultivate it. To become master of it, one must apply himself to hard and patient study.

Nature has furnished us with the rudiments of conversation, but her pupils must listen to her instructions. God has given us a mind wherein ideas are brought to life, and from which they are sent out in the form of words to accomplish

their mission; and all that is required of us, in order to multiply our ideas, is reading and observation, and a tact to say the right thing in the right place. As these qualifications are found more fully developed in woman than in man, the former are supposed to make the best conversers.

One would naturally suppose authors and men of the world of literature to be the best conversers; and yet, as a rule, "writers should be read, not heard." Many of our greatest writers, though brilliant with the pen, find it impossible to express one bright thought in words when in society. It may be that they preserve all their precious thoughts for paper alone, and that they keep their mouths closed, fearful of losing a valuable gem; or, perhaps, their surroundings check the deep feeling which finds ready utterance in solitude upon the polished surface of the composing tablet.

Among noted conversationalists, Samuel Johnson may be mentioned as one of the mightiest talkers. He was logical, quick and keen, and his learning and fine control of the English language, made him the greatest of speakers. Walter Scott, who was never a showy talker, was found very interesting by his frank manner of speaking, and the poetical strain which always brightened his conversation. Madame de Staël's conversation was proverbially excellent. Her plain face was often made beautiful by her animated talk; and, conscious of her gift, she was constantly in society, and by means of her observing powers, gathered materials from around her for her compositions. Coleridge also was peculiarly fascinating in his conversation, and his musical and sympathetic voice, together with his elegant manners, won all. His power lay in beautifying and making attractive the plainest of subjects.

But often brilliant talkers become disagreeable by their incessant talk, not for one instant allowing their victims to utter a word; and there are few men who perform well the rôle of listener. It is said a brilliant talker is rather feared than esteemed, while the "ready small talkers" are most courted. Why is it that they are so popular? It is because they study to talk about what will please their listeners. Having a fair knowledge of all topics of the day, the arts etc., they put animation and tact into every expression; for no amount of talent, knowledge or wit will make a good talker without the aid of tact; and the manner of expression has as much to do with the art of conversation as intellect; and, finally, they pay a delicate flattery to their listeners by betraying no egotism. Wordsworth was never successful in conversation, for his one subject was himself and his poetry.

Again, one must learn to be an attentive, sympathetic listener. Often a look, a smile, or a single word of approval will lead another to forget his timidity, and will unlock the gates of real eloquence.

Young ladies who are cultivating the art of conversation should strive to elevate it above the common "chit-chat" of the day. Their subjects should be carefully selected, and, with study and good reading, they will be the means of elevating the society around them. Woman's influence is very powerful; it is she who makes society what it is; she is like the sculptor who, at his will, chisels out the block of marble into some beautiful form. But her material is found in those around her; the instruments she uses are her words and example; and the result, if the work is well done, will be refined, intellectual society.

The standard of judgment whereby a person's character may be measured is her conversation; for, "from the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh." This test is an infallible one, and should be an incentive to young people to strive diligently, first in the formation of a strong character, and then the acquirement of that art which is its outward sign.

ROSE BASSETT.

Roll of Honor.

SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

Misses E. Adelsperger, Augustine, Bassett, E. Burns, M. Burns, Bell, Brady, A. Butler, K. Barry, M. Barry, Buell, Black, Byers, Byrnes, Bogart, Charles, Clifford, Cowan, Crilly, Carpenter, Davis, Dempsey, Dieffenbacher, Dingee, Dennison, Fitzpatrick, Farwell, Field, Griffith, Green, Galvin, Grace, Gibbons, Hellmann, Hutchinson, Higgins, Hammond, Hopkins, Hittson, Hunt, Jacobs, Kirley, Klingberg, Keating, Kemme, M. Kelly, L. Kasper, Kauffmann, Kingsbaker, T. Kimmell, Kiernan, Kinney, Lewis, Ludwig, Londoner, Lancaster, Lichtenhein, Leppel, La Moure, Lantry, Morse, M. Moynahan, M. Marrinan, Murison, Morehead, E. McCormack, D. McDonald, McGuire, A. Moynahan, McCune, Maxon, Nacey, Nickel, M. Nichols, B. Nichols, Nester, O'Sullivan, Plato, M. Patier, Quinn, A. Ryan, K. Ryan, Robinson, Rothschild, Russert, M. Roberts, Rizer, M. Smyth, A. Smyth, A. Seeley, Sena, Shaw, Tietgen, Tod, Van Mourick, Wile, G. Winstandley, B. Winstandley, Wagner, Wurzburg, Whitney, Wolverton, Wile, Zahm, Zucker.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

Misses Adelsperger, Coady, Crandall, B. Davis, Hickey, Hopper, Kasper, Mills, Meskill, Nacey, Pfaelzer, Ryder, Scott, N. Smyth, J. Smyth, Tormey, Tilden, Wolverton, Wheeler, Whittenberger.

MINIM DEPARTMENT.

Misses Ahern, Buckley, Dysart, M. Egan, Finnerty, H. Girsch, Lingard, McKenna, McCormack, A. McCarthy, Palmer, Rothschild, Wormer.

CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC.

REORGANIZATION OF INSTRUMENTAL AND VOCAL CLASSES FOR THE SECOND SESSION, FEB. 1892.

PASSED to graduate in June—Misses Gibbons, Ludwig, Nester.

PROMOTED to Under-Graduating Class—Miss Field.

PROMOTED TO 1ST CLASS—Miss Marrinan.

1ST CLASS, 2D DIV.—Miss A. Ryan.* Promoted to this division, Misses Nickel, Tormey.

2D CLASS—Miss Klingberg.* Promoted to this class, Misses Wurzburg, Kemme, Thirids, D. Davis. Classed, Miss Steeper.

2D DIV.—Misses Dempsey.* Promoted to this division, Misses Roberts, Welter, Doble.

3D CLASS—Miss Haitz.* Promoted to this class, Misses Fitzpatrick, Nacey, M. Smyth.

2D DIV.—Miss Baxter.* Promoted to this div., Misses Dieffenbacher, Bero.

4TH CLASS—Miss Brady.* Promoted to this class, Misses Carpenter, T. Kimmell, Bassett, E. Dennison, E. Kasper, Johnston, E. Burns.

2D DIV.—Misses E. Adelsperger,* E. Moore,* Tietgen, H. Boyles, Dreyer.* Promoted to this division, Misses Augustine, B. Davis, Grace, Charles, Hellman, Galvin, G. Winstandley, Sena, McCune, Griffith, M. Burns. Classed, Misses Wile, L. Clifford.

5TH CLASS—Misses Kaufman, M. Patier,* Sanford,* M. J. Byrnes,* Jacobs, Pengemann,* M. Davis,* Hutchinson,* Hunt, O'Mara.* Promoted to this class, Misses N. Smyth, Kenny, Green, Zahm, Kelly, Keating.

2D DIV.—Misses Bell, M. Hopper, Plato, Daley,* A. Cooper,* Seeley,* K. Barry, Black,* Lynch,* M. Nichols, B. Nichols, Wagner.* Promoted to this division, Misses Pfaelzer, Leppel, B. Winstandley. Classed, Miss Russert.

6TH CLASS—Misses Hopkins,* Duffy, Murrison, Byers, Palmer,* Kieffer,* Van Liew,* Hammond,* A. Smyth, M. Cooper. Promoted to this class, Misses O'Sullivan, M. Dennison, M. McDonald, C. Kasper, Agney, Tod, Kingsbaker, Holmes, Farwell. Classed, Misses Rothschild, Lancaster.

2D DIV.—Misses Kline, Kirley,* Gilmore, M. Hickey, Schmidt, Good, G. Cowan, Robinson, Clifford, R. Butler,* Van Mourick,* Culp.* Classed, Miss Scott. Promoted to this division, Misses D. McDonald, Williams, Stewart, A. Butler.

7TH CLASS—Misses La Moure, Higgins, White, Wheeler, Woolverton, Garrity, Schaefer, Curtin, Londoner, Zucker. Promoted to this class, Misses Finnerty, McCormack, L. Adelsperger, Crandall, McKenna.

2D DIV.—Misses Dingee, Shaw, J. Woolverton, Moxen, Ryder, M. Field.

PROMOTED TO 8TH CLASS—Miss Dysart.

9TH CLASS—Misses Mills, Ford. Promoted to this class, Misses Egan, Wormer.

10TH CLASS—Misses Lingard. Classed, Misses Ahern, Murry.

N. B.—Pupils marked * were promoted in September.

HARP.

PROMOTED to the Graduating Class—Miss E. Nester.

PROMOTED TO 3D CLASS—Miss Sena.

4TH CLASS—Miss Fitzpatrick.

5TH CLASS 2D DIV.—Miss Stewart.

VIOLIN.

3D CLASS—Miss Bogart.

5TH CLASS—Miss Kingsbaker.

7TH CLASS—Misses Dieffenbacher, Plato.

GUITAR.

3D CLASS—Miss Scott.

6TH CLASS—Misses Lennon, Lantry, Londoner, Byers, Carpenter.

MANDOLIN.

1ST CLASS—Miss Nickel.

3D CLASS—Misses S. Smyth, Londoner.

PROMOTED TO 4TH CLASS—Misses Hutchinson, Van Liew, Lichtenhein.

5TH CLASS—Miss Scott.

ORGAN.

Misses Whittenberger, Whitney.

BANJO.

Misses A. Ryan, Fitzpatrick.

VOCAL DEPARTMENT.

1ST CLASS—Miss Wile.

2D DIV.—Miss Bassett.

2D CLASS—Miss Field.

2D DIV.—Misses Kemme, Grace, Carpenter, Dieffenbacher, Kiernan, M. Smyth.

3D CLASS—Misses Kaufman, Van Liew, Gibbons, M. Brady.

2D DIV.—Misses M. Burns, Sena, Pengemann, Kline, Patier, Galvin.

4TH CLASS—Misses Marrinan, Bell, B. Nichols, Agney, Sanford, Moore, Kelly, Kieffer, Zahm, B. Winstandley, G. Winstandley.

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