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American Sonnets.

BY A. AHLRICHS, '92.

Coleridge once said: "An English sonnet on Italian models is the most difficult and artificial of all kinds of composition; and when at last the poor thing is toiled and hammered into fit shape, it is in general racked and tortured prose rather than anything resembling poetry." It can scarcely be denied that Coleridge's own sonnets, as well as those of his contemporaries, deserved this biting condemnation. For this reason Coleridge believed the Petrarchan sonnet uncongenial to the English language, and advocated the utmost looseness of structure. The falsity of his opinions is easily proven by the history of American sonnets, which have become more poetical with every increase in the strictness of form.

While Petrarch's number and arrangement of rhymes in the sonnet have been commonly adopted, the air and burden of his song have altogether changed. He warbled love-ditties, sang of the sun, the nightingale, the olive and the myrtle, or "piped his native drawing-room notes." His sonnets ripple with banter and glee; they pour from an overflowing, fervid heart and a luxuriant fancy, only found in those who look at the world with bright eyes and glowing cheeks.

Alas! how sad are most of our lays to-day! In the collection of the best American sonnets, by T. W. Higginson and E. H. Bigelow, one will search uselessly for mirth, jollity, or the delightful humor of Goldsmith; and will meet instead austerity, earnestness, deep thought, close observation, and a melancholy enthusi-

asm. After forsaking "the enchanted isles," and "haunted brooks," and "purple peaks" of fantasy, our poets have turned to the serious, demure and solemn regions of reflection, contemplation and profound imagination. They regard the sonnet no longer as a pastime and a recreation, but as an instrument of their own philosophy and ethics, and an expounder of their frequently grotesque theories.

In full sympathy with the *depressed* spirit of our age, Mr. Gilder answers to the question "What is a Sonnet?"—

"'Tis the tear that fell
From a great poet's hidden ecstasy;
A two-edged sword, a star, a song—ah me!
Sometimes a heavy-tolling funeral bell."

Why tears, swords, funeral bells, and not "wreathed smiles," garlands, and chimes, which are verily more potent to enter the human breast and fortify it with cheerfulness and courage against the manifold struggles of life? Is it not a lamentable fact that none of our sonneteers show less pessimism and more of the sport of the romantic ages, and the sprightliness and merriment of happy souls, like Moore and Bayley? Perhaps we are committing the old folly of finding fault with "a thing for not being something else." Therefore, let us rather be content with the beautiful sonnets we have, and confidently hope that among the next harvest of poets there will be a Bertram de Born, an Anacreon, or a Horace, free from sensuality. Meanwhile let us take a swift flight over the smooth lawns, placid rills and well-kept parks of Aldrich, the roaring seas and the "burning, awful deeps" of Gilder; the idyllic districts of Thompson, and the motley realms of other kings of the "harp with fourteen strings."

A writer of admirable grace and ease is Thomas Bayley Aldrich. Some one has re-

marked that he carves cherrystones. However this may be, he never seemed to me artificial and affected. His sonnets possess "a lingering charm and a magic of style" which are always sure to captivate. As an example, we may select the "Enamored Architect of Airy Rhyme," in which he teaches young poets to persevere in spite of the clamoring rabble:

"Enamored architect of airy rhyme,
Build as thou wilt; heed not what each man says;
Good souls, but innocent of dreamers' ways,
Will come, and marvel why thou wastest time;
Others, beholding how thy turrets climb
Twixt theirs and heaven, will hate thee all their days;
But most beware of those who come to praise.
O Wondersmith, O Worker in sublime
And heaven-sent dreams, let art be all in all!
Build as thou wilt, unspoiled by praise or blame,
Build as thou wilt, and as thy light is given;
Then, if at last the airy structure fall,
Dissolve and vanish, take thyself no shame.
They fail, and they alone, who have not striven."

Is it not a wonder how in so little space so many and lofty ideas can be expressed with extreme elegance? Still more remarkable, perchance, for the beauty of its diction, rhythm and conceptions, is the octette on "Sleep":

"When to soft sleep we give ourselves away,
And in a dream, as in a fairy bark,
Drift on and through the enchanted dark
To purple daybreak, little thought we pay
To that sweet bitter world we know by day.
We are clean quit of it, as is a lark
So high in heaven no human eye can mark
The thin, swift pinion cleaving through the gray."

Although less perfect, and more careless about details than Mr. Aldrich, Mr. Richard Watson Gilder displays undoubtedly more force and variety. He draws nearly all his images and illustrations from the "meet nurse of a poetic child"—Nature. A fellow-poet, as renowned as he, has depicted Mr. Gilder's characteristics concisely and most gracefully in the following lines:

"In all your songs the birds and trees are heard;
But through your singing sounds an undertone—
Wind-message through the reeds, not sung, but sighed;
Your heart sings like a silver-throated bird,
Your soul, remembering, sea-like, makes its moan,
Not for the dead gods, but that Christ has died."

The most labored and sublime effort of Mr. Gilder, "The Poet and his Master," is omitted here, since everyone familiar with books has read it. "The Celestial Passion" probably ranks next. It is not so transparent and concrete, but in some measure mystic and subjective. Still it is a magnificent piece of poetry, and appears to have caught a spark of Dante's flame:

"Oh, white and midnight sky, O starry bath,
Wash me in thy pure, heavenly, crystal flood;
Cleanse me, ye stars, from earthly soil and scath—
Let not one taint remain in spirit or blood!
Receive my soul, ye burning, awful deeps;

Touch and baptize me with the mighty power
That in ye thrills, while the dark planet sleeps;
Make me all yours for one blest, secret hour!
O glittering host, O high angelic choir,
Silence each tone that with thy music jars;
Fill me even as an urn with thy white fire
Till all I am is kindred to the stars!
Make me thy child, thou infinite, holy night,—
So shall my days be full of heavenly light!"

In energy and keenness, Mr. George Parsons Lathrop closely resembles Mr. Gilder, notwithstanding that he lacks many of the accomplishments and graces which have conspired to make the latter illustrious. He is fond of carrying his subtleness at times so far that one is incapable of following him in his dizzying flights. "O Wholesome Death" may be considered a fair specimen of his best work:

"O wholesome death, thy sombre funeral car
Looms ever dimly on the lengthening way
Of life; while lengthening still, in sad array,
My deeds in long processions go, that are
As mourners of the man they helped to mar.
I see it all in dreams, such as waylay
The wandering fancy when the solid day
Has fallen in smouldering ruins, and night's star,
Aloft there, with its steady point of light
Mastering the eye, has wrapped the brain in sleep,
Ah, when I die, and planets hold their flight
Above my grave, still let my spirit keep
Sometimes its vigil of divine remorse,
'Midst pity, praise, or blame heaped o'er my corse!"

Helen Maria Jackson, the author of "Romona," holds likewise a high place as a poet. Blessed with an original, chaste and rich imagination, she is, nevertheless, very attentive to minor circumstances, and succeeds superbly in representing every variation of light and shade. She colors highly, and her good taste prevents her from applying the slightest tint on an improper spot. In "Burnt Ships" her verse tunes with her feelings, and "beauty, the exile," "breathes and moves" in every line:

"O Love, sweet Love, who came with rosy sail
And foaming prow across the misty sea!
O Love, brave Love, whose faith was full and free
That lands of sun and gold, which could not fail,
Lay in the west, that bloom no wintry gale
Could blight, and eyes whose love thine own should be,
Called thee, with steadfast voice of prophecy,
To shores unknown! O Love, poor Love, avail
Thee nothing now thy faiths, thy braveries;
There is no sun, no bloom; a cold wind strips
The bitter foam from off the wave where dips
No more thy prow; the eyes are hostile eyes;
The gold is hidden; vain thy tears and cries;
O Love, poor Love, why didst thou burn thy ships?"

At last we have come to a poet of a different order—Mr. Maurice Thompson, who unceasingly exclaims:

"I will not have the lute,
Nor that old, worm-bitten flute
Bequeathed by gods to the dull line of bards;
Charmed reeds of song there are
By happy streams afar,
And I shall cut mine own, despite what demon guards!"

He has faithfully conformed to his resolutions, and has rendered his productions serene, neat, exact, yet likewise tame and dull. He describes continually, and lacks that diversity which is the principal fascination of poetry. No artist, however, can paint a scene in more natural, picturesque and stirring hues. With the greatest discrimination he brings in even insignificant tinges. "The Green Heron" will convey a just impression of his powers, faults and weaknesses:

"Where a bright creek into the river's side
Shoots its keen arrow, a green heron sits,
Watching the sunfish, as it gleaming flits
From sheen to shade. He sees the turtle glide
Through the clear spaces of the rhythmic stream,
Like some weird fancy through a poet's dream;
He turns his golden eyes from side to side,
In very gladness that he is not dead;
While the swift wind-stream ripples overhead,
And the creek's wavelets babble underneath!"

If we overlook the *technique*, the first seven lines are exquisite and unsurpassable for accuracy, lucidity and vividness. Mr. Thompson falters on the eighth, and becomes commonplace, not to say childish. Such a sudden decline, is, by the way, a defect of many sonnets, otherwise good, which, like milk mixed with a few drops of vinegar, become *unpalatable*. A short composition, as the sonnet is, ought to be uniform in finish, dignity and brilliancy.

Having thus glanced only at living masters, we may now pay a brief visit to some of the foremost of the dead sonneteers, in order to discover whether the American sonnet has grown richer in excellencies. Longfellow exemplifies the popular saying that every man should devote himself to one subject. Among all his sonnets, there is one alone which does not cast sheer discredit upon his genius. Its title is "The Cross of Snow"; and in "a mellow, measured, melancholy sound" it chants a dirge to the lovely memory of a beloved dead:

"In the long, sleepless watches of the night,
A gentle face—the face of one long dead—
Looks at me from the wall, where round its head
The night lamp casts a halo of pale light.
Here in this room she died; and soul more white
Never through martyrdom of fire was led
To its repose; nor can in books be read
The legend of a life more benedict."

There is a mountain in the distant West
That, sun-defying, in its deep ravines
Displays a cross of snow upon its side.
Such is the cross I wear upon my breast
These eighteen years, through all the changing scenes
And seasons, changeless since the day she died."

Similarly, as a composer of sonnets, Edgar Allen Poe could record nothing except a series of failures. I cite his "To Science," not for the poetry which it contains, but to convince those who believe that science will in time become poetical of the puerility of their notions:

"Science! true daughter of Old Time thou art!
Who alterest all things with thy peering eyes.
Why preyest thou thus upon the poet's heart?
Vulture, whose wings are dull realities,
How should he love thee, or how deem thee wise,
Who wouldst not leave him in his wandering
To seek for treasure in the jewelled skies,
Albeit he soared with an undaunted wing?
Hast thou not dragged Diana from her car?
And driven the hamadryad from the wood
To seek a shelter in some happier star?
Hadst thou not torn the Nereid from her flood,
The elfins from the green grass, and from me
The summer dream beneath the tamarind tree?"

Taking into account the numerous works of talent and ingenuity which Sidney Lanier has bequeathed to us, it will not be thought inappropriate, I hope, to take a cursory glance at his sonnets. Out of a multitude of them, few are worthy to be read. The least reprehensible is "The Mocking Bird," and this is only passable in the first part. For the sake of brevity, I shall not weary the reader with the last part:

"Superb and sole, upon a plumed spray
That o'er the general leafage boldly grew,
He summoned the woods in song; or typic drew
The watch of hungry hawks, the lone dismay
Of languid doves when long their lovers stray,
And all birds' passion plays that sprinkle dew
At morn in brake or bosky avenue."

As a curiosity, a sonnet by Daniel Webster is here inserted, which in itself completely refutes those who fancy that genius without labor and long training can accomplish everything. It is named "The Memory of the Brain," and runs thus:

"If stores of dry and learned lore we gain,
We keep them in the memory of the brain;
Names, things, and facts—whate'er we knowledge call,
There is the common ledger for them all;
And images on this cold surface traced
Make slight impressions, and are soon effaced."

But we've a page more glowing and more bright,
On which our friendship and our love to write;
That these may never from the soul depart,
We trust them to the memory of the heart.
There is no dimming—no effacement here;
Each new pulsation keeps the record clear;
Warm, golden letters, all the tablet fill,
Nor lose their lustre till the heart stands still."

I shall close by a sonnet from one of the most venerated of the early American troubadours, whom I especially admire despite his use of the Shaksperian form. Truly refreshing are the purity, simplicity and manly refinement of his sentiments, especially in our day, when affectation and effeminacy pretend to be essential constituents of poetry. This venerable bard, Jones Very, declaims in his own way—which is usually a very good way with him, for thus he succeeds in spreading a pleasant individuality over his poems. His eye sees nature with all her charms; and what his eye sees, his vivid pencil traces with sparkling pigments on the faithful canvas. But I hurry on to quote his "Love," which comprises as good wood-notes as he ever warbled:

"I asked of time to tell me where was Love;
He pointed to her footsteps in the snow,
Where first the angel lighted from above,
And bid me note the way and onward go;
Through populous streets of cities spreading wide,
By lonely cottage rising on the moor,
Where bursts from sundered cliff the struggling lide
To where it hails the sea with answering roar,
She led me on; o'er mountain's frozen head,
Where mile on mile still stretches on the plain;
Then homeward whither first my feet she led,
I traced her path along the snow again;
But there the sun had melted from the earth
The prints where first she trod, a child of mortal birth."

"The Vicar of Wakefield."

BY T. J. H.

This is an age of literature; as such, the times demand that each individual should be capable of clothing his thoughts in suitable language; for nowadays few can claim to be liberally educated who have not acquired a gracefulness of expression. To write elegantly is an accomplishment mainly due to careful reading. Nature may have endowed with her lavish hand one with a more refined imagination, a poet's temperament; another with a crude strength of style which only requires the help of master-minds to give it its required plasticity; yet these gifts may be totally vitiated, if the trash of the book-stand is preferred to the great classical authors. How often does it not happen that we see a man of mediocre abilities gradually crawling, snail-like, ahead of his more talented brethren! He has taken for his guide one or two of the standard writers, whose works have been tested by several generations and

praised for their excellence. The man who tries to read everything, from the detective story to "Paradise Lost," will never become a stylist.

The greatest stumbling-block on the road to literary improvement is, perhaps, the infinite number of volumes which impede the progress of the youthful aspirant. Their false, alluring charms invite him to open every book with which he meets, and therein he finds words whose "learned length and thundering sound" have charms irresistible. Poor captive! he does not know that the greatest wisdom is ever found in simplicity, and that the greatest ignorance is often concealed beneath the longest words.

From among the countless volumes that fill the literary lumber-room it is no easy matter to select a work suitable to all tastes and minds. Still, I am of opinion that we may pick out the "Vicar of Wakefield" as one of those books from which all may derive profit and pleasure. That this fascinating novel affords its delights to every student of literature can be denied only by those whose mental faculties have been pandered to by indiscriminate reading. Goldsmith's famous pastoral tale shall ever unfold its entrancing charms to him who seeks in it not for the sentimentalism of modern fiction, but for what it really contains—the purest English. Florid without bombast; terse, yet flowery; plain, yet ornamental, the "Vicar" contains the very quintessence of beautiful expression. To fully understand the store of wealth buried therein, we must first sit down and con its apparently dull pages. Our temptation is to fling it aside before we have perused many sentences; but if we for a short time carefully focus the mind on what we are reading, beauties of whose existence we had not dreamt gradually unfold themselves.

The "Vicar of Wakefield," though a novel, is not a book to be hurriedly devoured; it is rather a work whose every sentence would well repay the pains of him possessed of the good sense to learn it by heart.

That to write choice English requires careful reading needs no demonstration; for what one is there who doubts of the mind's capability to be influenced in a great measure by the matter with which it comes in contact? and just as the vegetable world is moulded by climate, temperature and other circumstances, so will the student be by his reading.

The "Vicar of Wakefield" is enhanced by containing many scenes which give us a fair knowledge of its author. Though we know what sufferings and disappointment, rendered still more poignant by his sympathy for suffering

humanity, he underwent, we are surprised to find his views of life so optimistic.

Without doubt, simplicity of style is the magic spell which holds the reader entranced over his lovely tale; for, "we read the 'Vicar of Wakefield' in youth and age; we return again and again, and bless the memory of an author who contrives to reconcile us so well to himself and nature." A proof of its simple elegance is, that there is scarcely one who reads it but imagines that he can write as well, and form as perfectly rounded periods. Perhaps he tried, and then he found the difficulty of his task, for this rule will ever hold good: the simpler the style, the greater the author and the more pains he has taken with his work. The characteristics of the writings of his contemporaries and of those who immediately preceded him were licentiousness and artificiality. Pope was nearly free from the former, but not so from the latter; he was an exception to the generally received adage: "*Poeta nascitur non fit.*"

When we examine the writings of Goldsmith he appears not to have lived in Pope's age. He gives us the key-note to his style when he says in the "Deserted Village":

"More dear to me and pleasing to my heart
One native charm than all the gloss of art."

His humor is rich, delectable and of a spontaneous growth; none of that laboring wit so perceptible in Dickens' works. High-sounding words of ponderous length may attract the attention of the babies of literature as do the circus-posters' children.

Every chapter in the book has its own peculiar charm, while a rhythmic smoothness pervades the whole. Goldsmith is at his best in the latter part of the book where the philanthropic Dr. Primrose forgets his own sufferings to alleviate the sorrows of his fellow-prisoners.

There is nothing in the language to excel the beauty and nobleness of that passage where the Vicar, persuaded by his wife and children to abandon his project of reforming the prison inmates, speaks these magnanimous words:

"These people, however fallen, are men; and that is a very good title to my affections. Good counsel returns to enrich the giver's bosom. If these wretches, my children, were princes, there would be thousands ready to offer their ministry; but, in my opinion, the heart that is buried in a dungeon is as precious as that seated upon a throne. . . . For is there upon earth a gem so precious as a human soul?"

This beautiful, Christian thought expresses the disposition of poor "Goldy," whose kind heart, from which emanated rays of compassion for the poor and despised, redeemed all his faults.

One of the most desirable qualities in a book

is that it should serve to ennoble the mind of its reader. This the "Vicar of Wakefield" does. In it is contained an excellent moral. All the virtues with which Dr. Primrose was endowed seems at first to bring naught but miseries on his worthy head. But his perseverance is finally rewarded, and sweet prosperity crowns his latter days; but through his own fault the bitter with the sweet was still mingled. Would that every novelist were a Goldsmith! He wrote only one tale—a work which has made his name immortal.

Thomas Nelson Page.

BY J. A. M'KEE, '93.

The nineteenth century, in its wonderful progress, has attempted to reduce everything to a scientific basis. Economy, whether mental or physical, is the whole secret of its method; and the less energy is exerted, the nearer does one approach to this ideal.

The short story, the outcome of this scientific tendency, has taken the place of the novel; it is more concise, and requires deeper and more logical thought. The long misconceived idea that literature, like other things, is produced at the rate of so much an hour, has at last received its real significance; for, to write well, one must become thoroughly acquainted with his subject, and this is brought about by long, energetic and untiring researches.

The novel and romance, which reached their final culmination through the masterly art of Hawthorne and Thackeray, have yielded their place in literature to a more important factor, the short story. Among the American writers, who have been instrumental in effecting this, the name of Thomas Nelson Page is prominent.

The first great success of Mr. Page was the production of "Mars' Chan," which appeared in the *Century* some eight or ten years ago; and immediately the merits of Mr. Page, as a story writer, were justly recognized and appreciated. The story was simple and commonplace, for it represented only one of the sad scenes that occurred during our last civil war; it was the loss of a dear and only son fighting bravely and honorably for his country. Yes, it was dear; for if ever there were a people that loved, honored and revered their country it was the Southerners. They love it still; for they have seen its growth and development, and have watched them with an eager eye as a mother, who looks after her first-born; they honor it because it

fought bravely and gloriously for a "Lost Cause," until almost the last drop of blood had been spent in the work; they revere it as one would the grave of a parent, for it brings home to them many a sad scene, such as is depicted in "Mars' Chan."

The hero of the story is indeed "Mars' Chan"; for while one sympathizes with the mother, one cannot but admire the chivalry of the son. He is just such a son as any mother would be proud of; for everywhere one sees him, whether in the field of battle, or in the parlor, or in business, a thorough Southern gentleman. He is always led on by high and noble aspirations; and whenever duty demands, gladly does he respond to the call. He accepts the challenge because the honor of his family is at stake; but he makes Colonel Chambers "a present to his family," for he believes that it is more honorable to give than to receive. The morning he rides out to battle "so brave and grand" on his sorrel steed, one cannot but anticipate the sad lot which is about to befall him; and when it comes, one gives utterance to the thought: what a pity it is "that one so young and beautiful should perish like the flowers."

Mr. Page is pathetic to the extreme in "Mars' Chan," nor is his pathos strained to make an effect; for what is more natural than that a mother and betrothed should kneel near the corpse of one whom they have loved? This scene has been so beautifully and touchingly described by Mr. Page that one wishes to share a part of their grief, and speak one word of sympathy to them.

The body servant, the old negro, is so true to nature that one sees in him the characteristic of many old darkies that have survived the war. His description to the stranger of "Mars' Chan" is a story that has been told by him over and over again; and in it one admires especially the honesty and sincerity of the old darkie's words, and the attachment of the slave to his master. The peculiar characteristic of the negro nature, as well as of the human race in general, to appear indifferent, and even to blame those that are most dear to them, and where they are wanting to be most concerned about them, is well shown by the old negro when he tells the dog that he is so old and lazy that he would have him let down the fence so that he could get over it. During the narration of the story the negro has forgotten the dog; but when he has finished he calls to his wife to know if "Mars' Chan's dog came home."

In this work Mr. Page's delineation of Southern life before the war is perfect, and he has

depicted the negro character as no one ever did before; the best that is in him is brought out, and his weaknesses are so gently and tenderly portrayed that one excuses them almost unconsciously. The peculiar relationship that existed between the slave and his master, especially a kind one, has been most artistically described; and notwithstanding the odium which is attached to this kind of bondage, I fear it will be some time before the question of labor, especially in the South, will be so happily adjusted.

"Me Lady" is a story showing the condition of the country during the civil war. Mr. Page has done more than all the politicians in the land to heal the wound left by the bloody war. He has presented to the North their Southern brethren, not as delineated by sectional hatred and jealousy, but in a manner that cannot but win their admiration, if not their affection and esteem. See how ingeniously he blends the North and South in one indissoluble bond in the pathetic story of "Me Lady."

Mr. Page has not done so well in "Elsket" and stories of the same nature because he is not so thoroughly acquainted with the subject upon which he writes as in those touching upon the war and the negro dialect. In place of this thorough knowledge he has to make use of other attractions which do not give to them that sparkle and his individuality. While one admires them for their vividness and the beautiful descriptions that are in them, one cannot help being impressed with the idea that they are a little artificial, and that sometimes with a pathetic story or vivid description he is doing it for an effect. After reading "Elsket" one feels as if he had been carried over Devil's Seat, and into the dominion of Harold Hoarfager to see a beautiful young girl, motherless and friendless, die, pining away day by day for a man that has deceived her and has caused her life to be blotted in the very springtime of youth—a modern Ophelia.

"P'laski's Tenement" shows in the most perfect manner the views and opinions of the old negroes before the war, in contrast with the ideas of the darkies that were born during and after 1860.

The utter abhorrence of the old darkie for the airs of his son, who is endeavoring to assume the manners of white people, is well illustrated in this extract:

"Heah come P'laski, all done fixed up wid a high collar on, mos' high as old master's, an' wid a better breeches on'n I never wear in my life, an' wid a creevat! an' a cane! an' wid a

seegar! an' he teck off he hat kine o' 'flourishy' whun, an' say 'Good mornin', pa an' ma.' I ain' nuver like nobody to gobble roun' *me*, an' I say, 'Look heah, boy, don' fool wid me; I ain' feelin' well to-day, an' if you fool wid me, whun I git done wid you, you oon feel well you'self'; an' den he kine o' let down he feathers."

If anyone should wish to understand the condition of the South after the war he should read "Run to Seed," especially; and, in fact, all of Mr. Page's dialect stories will give an opinion of the dreadful result of that civil war.

In conclusion, I would say that while Mr. Page is intensely Southern in every fibre of his being, and writes so beautifully of the culture, refinement and chivalry of the South, yet he is not unfair to the North; nor are his writings calculated to inflame the slightest spark of bitterness. He only says with Dante and Tennyson that,

"A sorrow's crown of sorrow is remembering happier things"—

that sorrow which one feels by the grave of a friend, dreaming of the happy time which shall be known no more.

Theories of Poetry.

There have been hundreds of discourses on poetry in all ages, long and short, good, bad and indifferent; and to-day one can rarely open a magazine without finding something new said about our friend "The Poet." Much, however, as has been said about poets and poetry, it may be doubted whether we have gone far beyond that which was suggested by Aristotle some two thousand years ago, on the one hand, and that which Bacon advanced two hundred and fifty years ago, on the other.

Wordsworth and Coleridge and Goethe have written much by way of introduction to the study of the great masterpieces; still one feels that the best ideas on the subject can be obtained from Aristotle's "Poetics" and Bacon's "Advancement of Learning."

And it seems to be the opinion of these great critics that science, if somewhat antiquated, is poetical. It is hardly possible, however, for a poet to produce a great work which would deal with all of the latest scientific discoveries, and at the same time be of great interest and pleasure.

Tennyson, the brightest star of the nineteenth century, has endeavored to utilize poetry as a means of scientific exposition more than any other man; but with what success he had done this remains for the next century to decide.

It would be absurd for a poet to attempt to describe the electric light, the different kinds of steam engines and the innumerable improve-

ments made in modern machinery. In reading the great Latin poets, Horace and Virgil, we found many allusions made to the plough and the harrow; but these instruments are so simple that one can readily understand their use. But who, I ask, except scientists, would comprehend a poet's meaning if he were to speak of the spectroscope, pyrometer or a Bunsen battery, or of the electrical dynamos.

The object of the poet is to give pleasure, and there is really but little pleasure in the cold, dry facts we find in most sciences. I believe it is Horace who says that he who mixes the useful with the sweet will carry the point. If this be so, and I fancy that it is, the poet who uses the least science in the make up of his verses will be mostly admired.

J. J. McAULIFF, '94.

Book Notes.

—The *Century* for April takes up the campaign for good roads. There is a suggestive article on "Our Common Roads," by Isaac B. Potter, editor of "Good Roads" and a practical engineer. The author points out the enormous loss to this country through the present general condition of American roads—a loss which falls not only upon the farmer, but upon city people as well, who are compelled to pay unnecessary prices for having produce brought to them. An American consul in France reports that the road system of that country (the most perfect system in the world) "has been of greater value to the country as a means of raising the value of land than have the railways." In France every market-cart, with its broad tire, is a road-maker. Mr. Potter's article is full of practical suggestions for the betterment of American roads, and it is fully illustrated.

An Important New Publication.

The issue of "King's United States of To-Day; a Handbook of all the States and Territories," marks the completion of a great enterprise. It is a marvellous summary of every fact covering the beginning, the growth and especially the present development and resources of each state and territory. Prof. Greenwood, a prominent educator, says it is "the most complete, compact, solidified, instructive and useful mass of information of all the states and territories that has ever been published." It is commended in similar terms by such men as President Dwight, of Yale, President Adams, of Cornell, President Patton, of Princeton, Wm. M. Evarts, Oliver Wendell Holmes, Cardinal Gibbons, and many others. It contains complete maps of every state and territory, and about 3,000 fine engravings, showing the chief objects of interest, including grand scenery, chief cities, public buildings, educational institutions, manufacturing, etc. These with the array of statistics and vivid, concise narrative, present a glowing picture with pen and pencil of the greatness and glory of our Republic, while the mass of information given is just what is needed for quick reference in every office, store, factory, shop and home in the land. It is sold by subscription, and as the price is only \$2.50, it must meet with an immense sale. Agency may be secured by addressing C. B. Beach & Co., Publishers, Lakeside Building, Chicago.

NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.

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

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—We announce with pleasure that the Right Rev. John Foley, D.D., Bishop of Detroit, has accepted an invitation to deliver the Oration of the Day at our annual Commencement in June next. Needless to say that the gifted prelate will provide a literary feast for his auditors upon that occasion.

—On Thursday, March 31, Col. Wm. Hoynes, LL. D., Dean of the Law Department, delivered an address on the "Armaments of Antiquity." It was impromptu. Prof. Hoynes is blessed with that gift which is given very few—the gift of speaking on any subject of importance without a moment's notice. He has the imagination of a poet and the judgment of a lawyer; and these, combined with a wonderful memory, fine delivery and the fervid feeling of a warm heart and kindly nature, give him that talismanic

touch by which he charms, as well as holds within his grasp, the audience. He has within him "the divine spark" that makes the orator. We give in this issue a brief synopsis of his address.

—The ways of some representatives of the Catholic press in this country are certainly peculiar. This statement, needless to say, is provoked by an individual instance and is not allied to what logicians call a *distributive universalis propositio*. It may have its application in other matters, such as boiler plates, and the like; but what we are concerned about just now is the language that has found its way into the columns of an Eastern paper, called *The Messenger*, of Worcester, Mass.

We have no exchange with the journal, but a marked copy has been sent to the SCHOLASTIC containing a criticism, so to speak, upon an article recently contributed to the *Catholic Reading Circle Review* by Prof. Egan of the University. And, who is the critic? He gives his name—Edward Randall Knowles. The same who has published a little book of poems, about which charity says nothing; but, as now, justice might demand that a few extracts be reprinted and commented upon—perhaps he might learn something thereby. However we forbear. We do not blame Mr. Knowles; we blame the *Messenger*, and consider the publication, from what we have seen of it, as an imposition on the Catholic public.

—The April number of *The North-American Review* contains an article by Chas. T. Copeland who makes a clever comparison between Mrs. Humphrey Ward and George Elliot. He makes a strong antithesis when he says that George Elliot started out as a novelist and ended as a moralist; while Mrs. Humphrey Ward began as a moralist, and it yet remains to be seen whether or not she will become a novelist. In piling up the good qualities and defects in each he begins on a level ground by saying that both women were learned to a wonderful degree. With illustrations he proves conclusively that Mrs. Humphrey Ward is decidedly inferior to George Elliot in all the important attributes of a novelist, namely, strength, passion and humor, without which the best novel resembles a funeral procession. It seems decidedly inconsistent in an author to write a novel as a moralist and finish it by casting all religion to the ground. Such is the case with Mrs. Ward in "Robert Elsmere." That strength is lacking in

her of which George Elliot has an abundance, and Mr. Copeland puts it pertly in remarking that Mrs. Humphrey Ward writes ably and well, but has no style; and at her best George Elliot is a master of style.

Armaments of Antiquity.*

The history of almost every age, from the earliest date of recorded events to the present, is marked by war and battles. And each war in the bloody catalogue seems to have suggested changes and improvements in the enginery of slaughter.

The first weapons used in the savage state were clubs and stones. Weapons of offense were evidently in use before implements of defense or armor. The next step naturally led to the adoption of stone axes, metallic cutting instruments, and the like. Stimulated by increasing experience, and groping even in the dark for means of acquiring greater power and knowledge—as mankind still is—it became an easy gradation for the primitive man to substitute the sling for the hand as a more effective agency for throwing stones at his enemies or the game he sought for his subsistence. In like manner, his stone and metallic cutting instruments developed into swords, while his club became a mace, and his dagger lengthened out into a javelin or spear. In a different line of development the arrow, which could be projected from the long bow with prodigious power of flight and accuracy of aim, grew out of the primitive thrusting implements.

The defensive motive was the more inventive and enterprising in devising and introducing these improvements. The reason may readily be understood. Men numerous and powerful enough to attack successfully with stone axes, daggers and cutting instruments would see less occasion for increasing the effectiveness of these weapons than the weaker bodies in danger of being attacked and defeated. The defensive principle would suggest to the latter the advisability of making the cutting instrument a sword and the dagger a pike or spear. And once both sides had become armed with like weapons, or weapons equally effective, the weaker side, or the side acting on the defensive, would naturally seek the protection of shields, helmets, armor, fortifications and walled towns. However, in some instances tribes and nations sought immunity from aggression and disturbance in

being well equipped and prepared for the adoption in retaliation of offensive measures. But that state of things was exceptional. Cruelty, inhumanity and warfare marked the condition of primitive man. Might was proud of conquest, no matter how weak the victim.

Egypt had the first army of which we have knowledge. It was divided into an active and a reserve force. Young men composed the former, while in the latter were the older men and veterans who had been long in the service. In time of peace the army was settled in military colonies scattered throughout the country, although mainly on the southern frontiers. It had no cavalry. Its chief strength was in its infantry and archers. War chariots also were used in battle when the ground was level and the occasion favorable. These formed the nearest approach to cavalry in the Egyptian service. In a war chariot were two men, one of whom drove, while the other made such use as he could of his bow and arrows. The defensive armor of the men consisted of helmets, breastplates, coats-of-mail and shields. Battering rams and scaling ladders were used by the Egyptians in sieges. Each soldier was given an equivalent for his services in land in the military colony to which he was assigned, and upon that land he made his home. Even in the earliest dawn of history defensive armor was used by the soldiers of Egypt.

The Assyrians and Babylonians were among the first to make use of cavalry. Their infantry was armed much the same as the Egyptian soldiery, although their weapons were generally lighter and betokened greater skill in workmanship. Their favorite weapons were the spear, sword, dagger and bow. However, some of them carried iron-mounted clubs. War chariots were used in battle when the conformation of the ground would permit. But whenever the horses became unmanageable they were likely to do as much harm to those in the way on their own side as to the enemy. And so it was when elephants were taken into battle to trample down the enemy and break through his lines. On being threatened with fire they broke away and ran among their friends, crushing or wounding all in the way. The defensive armor of these people was sometimes elaborately ornamented and finished. They were among the most neatly clad and effectively equipped soldiers of antiquity.

In Persia horsemen took a predominant rank in the army. In fact, such was the case in all Oriental armies, and so it continued to be until the introduction of the European drill. The

* Synopsis of the Address delivered March 12, by PROF. WILLIAM HOYNES, LL. D.

Persian army was unwieldy and disorderly. The troops composing it were armed and clad according to the customs of their respective countries, and there was a notable want of uniformity in their dress and weapons. These comprised bows, javelins, spears, slings, clubs, swords and daggers. The Medes and Bactrians were the *élite* of the army. But even these never proved to be a match for the Greeks in any of their contests. Darius Hystaspes was the first to organize a standing army among them. It was divided into different bodies, and these were placed in the several provinces, in order to keep them in subjection. The government was weak and corrupt, and the army shared in its demoralization.

The bow and javelin were long the favorite weapons of the Parthians, Persians, Assyrians, Medes, Bactrians and other Oriental nations. In close quarters daggers were used.

The Greeks preferred the spear. It was a formidable weapon. It had a length of 24 feet, and was held in both hands. The men carried also short swords, which were used in hand-to-hand contests. Every young man in Athens had to serve in the army. He was liable to be called on for service at any time between his 18th and his 60th year. The Grecian phalanx was formed in various degrees of depth, as from eight to twenty-five lines or ranks of men. The Greeks had no cavalry in early days. They depended upon infantry. The history of infantry tactics begins with them.

The Roman army presented the most perfect system of infantry tactics known to antiquity. In fact, modern warfare has not greatly improved upon it. The heavy infantry was its main dependence. This seemed to be almost invincible. It overthrew, with comparative ease, the Macedonian phalanx and the Numidian horse. The drill was exceptionally severe. The men were required to take exercise in running, jumping, wrestling, swimming in full armament, etc. On the march they were expected to make four miles an hour. Every legion comprised 4500 men. They stood in three ranks, each numbering 1200. The first of these were the *hastati* or spearmen; then came the *principes*, and the *triarii* formed the third line. The *velites* served on the wings, with the cavalry, who numbered about 300 in each legion. The main armament of the Roman legions consisted in the *pilum*, javelin and sword. They affected to despise the bow, and it was never popular with them. The *pilum* was a massive javelin 6 feet in length. It was set off with a triangular steel head 18 inches in length. When the Roman

soldier was within 10 paces of the enemy he hurled his *pilum* against the antagonist he selected, and then rushed forward to finish the work with his short, double-edged sword. Under ordinary circumstances the *pilum* penetrated either shield or breastplate and usually stunned or knocked down the person whom it struck.

In ancient times archery was the most general appliance of war and the chase in the Oriental nations. In later times the Romans employed against them Cretan and Scythian archers, Rhodian and Balearic slingers and the Gallic cavalry, but nevertheless the Orient maintained its superiority in the use of archery. By it Crassus was slain. From it Mark Antony hardly escaped with his legions. By it Julian fell, and Jovian struggled against it almost despairingly. His legions found it difficult indeed to maintain their footing against the thousands of horse-archers that fell upon them along the Asiatic frontiers.

The Normans carefully cultivated archery in England. In fact, by means of it, they conquered the Saxons and killed Harold when they originally invaded the kingdom. By them it was subsequently raised to so high a degree of perfection that it maintained its popularity for many years after the introduction of fire-arms. Throughout Europe they became famous as archers, and during the Crusades the Saracens learned to know and fear them. The Saracens shunned them as among the most formidable enemies under the Cross. It is generally believed that the Norman-English could have made no serious impression upon France when they attacked and invaded that country, were it not for the proficiency of their infantry in the use of the long bow. Until less than three hundred years ago that was the principal arm of the British soldier. At two hundred yards their arrows could pierce any armor, except that made of the best Spanish or Milan steel-plate. But this was so nearly impenetrable, it is said, that on one occasion two large armies, the soldiers of which were protected by coats-of-mail and helmets of that manufacture, fought from early morning till late in the afternoon, under Italian skies, with a loss of only one man wounded.

The Middle Ages were barren in the development of tactics. The Feudal system was unfavorable for the organization of an efficient foot soldiery. The infantry of that period were mainly pikemen. Knights on caparisoned and panoplied horses, themselves clad in steel or covered with iron, might ride almost with impunity against the infantry of that time. These knights carried

lances, swords, battle-axes and maces. The regulation lance of the time was eighteen feet in length, and extended in a charge ten or twelve feet ahead of the horse.

From Hastings in 1066, which gave England to the Norman invaders, to Pavia in 1525, so fatal to the hopes of Francis I. and the flower of his army, the lance was the favorite weapon of the chivalry of Europe, although the Anglo-Normans were archers in the main; the Scotch carried spears and maintained the ancient phalanx; the Irish were horsemen, and used spears and bows; the Swiss carried pikes and halberts, and the Genoese were armed with the cross-bows. But at Pavia the Spanish infantry used firearms with terrible effect, and sounded the death-knell of the old-time system of warfare. Cannon had been used as early as 1280 at the siege of Cordova; but it was not until the rude firearms at Pavia proclaimed a new era that the fate of the old order of warfare was sealed. Then disappeared in the increasing darkness of a departing era the mace, the spear and the terrifying lance; the steel-clad knights, with their caparisoned and panoplied horses; the deadly bow, with its barbed and galling shafts; the walled town, the battering ram, the scaling ladder and well-nigh all the instrumentalities of mediæval warfare. Infantry then resumed precedence, and ever since it has composed the bulk of armies, stood the brunt of battle and achieved the honors of victory. However, a properly equipped army must have its due complement of artillery and cavalry, as well as infantry.

Rambling Remarks.

Though it goes against my better feelings to discourage a youthful bard, I must say that the brief effusion which appeared the other day in the SCHOLASTIC, entitled "Spring Longings," was far from satisfactory—at least to me. Among the objections that may be urged against it is its untruthfulness to nature. The author may wish and long until he becomes a Long-fellow, and yet never have the happiness of seeing a sky-lark "seek the skies" in this land of ours; and he may wander through many a "verdant vale," without being greeted by a festive cowslip "adorning the meadow." The only lark I have ever seen in American fields is the meadow lark, a plain, cheery bird, with no pretensions to the high-flying propensities or the glorious song of its English cousin. Our cowslips are vulgar, yellow flowers, growing in damp and swampy places, and unworthy of

comparison with the English cowslip, to which no doubt, the poet alluded.

If our poets wish to sing of nature why not take the birds and flowers of our own land for the themes of their song? We do not need to go to Europe for beauties of field and forest; America should not yield in this respect to any country. Many of our birds, such as the mocking-bird, wood-thrush, bobolink, oriole and others, rival those of Europe in song and plumage; while the wild flowers,—the may-flower, blood-root, lupine, the flowers of the wild grape vine and of the may-apple—are superior to those found in Europe. Any primary text-book of botany or ornithology would broaden the ideas of our young poets and open to them many beauties now undreamt of; and, in addition, they might strengthen their newly-acquired knowledge and learn wisdom and poetry by sallying forth to the "wood's low rustle, and the meadows kindly page." I hope the poets will consider these few remarks in their future effusions; practical people may then think them sensible beings; at any rate, they will be patriotic.

In this wide world of ours there are many narrow-minded men; and none more so than those individuals who persist in running every good joke into a premature grave by too frequent and lavish use. The sharpest points in the best of witticisms they will so change and blunt by constant use, that persons to whom they try to show their borrowed wit, think, on hearing it, that they have been struck with the broad side of a barn. Instances might be given of many good jokes, which, like poor McGinty, were sunk to the bottom of the sea; these might have reached a venerable old age, and given joy and pleasure to the risibilities of many yet unborn; but they fell on hard times, and met an inglorious foe. The *Allright* joke is now going to a like evil end. It will suffer a partial eclipse from its conjunction with the annual spring fever and spring poetry jokes, and then be on the decline until Commencement, after which we shall be rid forever of its troublesome reign. And when this "consummation most devoutly to be wished" shall have taken place, we will breathe in peace; sooner than evolve such another from his busy brain, may its author be gathered to his fathers, unwept, unhonored, and by some stroke of good fortune, unstrung.

There is a great lack of originality nowadays. Young men have a tendency to adopt and develop the ideas of others, rather than originate

or test some of their own. As a consequence, we have an abnormal supply of poetasters, skilful rhymsters,

"And happy parodists, unwearied,
Forever piping songs forever new."

How often, for instance, have I seen a parody on "Shandon Bells"? Well, I will not attempt to say; but a *quadrumana* would not have enough fingers on which to count them. It seems that Father Prout has been condemned, like Hamlet's father, "for a certain season to walk the night," and be the butt of parodists, in order to atone for the pranks and tricks he performed on Moore and Byron ere he shuffled off his mortal coil. It is my humble opinion that this "certain season," is near its end; and then, ye parodists, beware! I was going to suggest that the "W. E.," instead of lying useless in the rear of the "Cane Brigade" should be brought to the front and driven home through the author's cranium—but no! Ye gods! it might go through an *ill cabbage*!!

Moral: Know all men by these presents, that the writer is after the scalps of the parodists of "Shandon Bells," and any man dare attempt the said parody, he dieth the death.

ROUMANEV RYE.

Obituary.

—We have learned with deep regret the sad news of the death of MICHAEL REYNOLDS, '90, of Jacksonport, Wis. The deceased was graduated in the course of Civil Engineering, and during his college life was distinguished as a bright student and very popular with his professors and schoolmates. May he rest in peace!

Local Items.

- Alleluia!
- Easter Sunday.
- Was Ned really sick?
- Roumaney Rye is a crank.
- Even nature seems to rejoice.
- He was floating in the blue empyrean.
- Don't fail to hear Remenyi on April 25.
- Shorty's goatee is blooming out in great shape.
- Wm. Liny has had his hair cut. Ye gods, it doth, etc.
- Waltah's slippers were a conspicuous object in the study-hall lately.

—There seems to be a schism among the first nine of Carroll Hall.

—Capt. A. McKee Robinson has left, and Co. "C" is disconsolate.

—Beautiful spring weather to replace the storms of the last few days.

—The grandest concert ever at Notre Dame will be given on the 25th inst.

—Chase says that he will not make speeches any more after winning a race.

—Base-ball with Ann Arbor on Thursday next. The greatest game of the season.

—FOUND:—A purse containing a sum of money. Inquire at Students' Office.

—Just now the little Carroll stamp fiend is heard to say to his elder cousin, "so near and yet so far."

—The Philopatrians are enthusiastically engaged in preparing an Operetta. They boast that it will be the success of the season.

—The last few "rec" days have been rather unfavorable for base-ball. The average small boy is rather sceptical about the weather anyway.

—The Rev. James French, C. S. C., has been spending the week in Fort Wayne where he took a prominent part in the musical services of Holy Week at the Cathedral.

—A new and improved dish-washing machine has been placed in the kitchen. It gives perfect satisfaction, but we are not yet at liberty to speak of the details of its construction.

—The Brownsons got down to work during the last week and reduced the Carroll's lead in stamps to one hundred and sixty one. By next week the Carrolls will not be "in it at all."

—Mr. Albert A. Browne, '84, and Miss Julia Datzell were united in marriage at Brownsville, Texas, on the 16th ult. The happy couple have the sincere congratulations and best wishes of numerous friends at Notre Dame.

—A very interesting game of ball was played Thursday between the boys of the Junior and Senior refectories. The Juniors were defeated by a score of 13 to 2; but they are not discouraged, and claim they will beat the Seniors next Thursday.

—We are pleased to announce that Remenyi, the celebrated violinist, will give a grand concert in Washington Hall on the 25th inst. The reputation of this distinguished virtuoso is a sufficient guarantee of the rare musical treat in store for those who attend the concert.

—Among the members of the Faculty called upon to conduct Easter services outside of Notre Dame were: Rev. S. Fitté, at Michigan City; Rev. John Lauth, at Coldwater, Mich.; Rev. A. Morrissey, at Laporte, Ind.; Rev. A. B. O'Neill, at Woodstock, Ill.; Rev. P. Klein, at Plymouth, Ind.

—Very Rev. Provincial Corby recently received a letter from Rt. Rev. Mgr. Louage, Bishop of Dacca, East Bengal. The Bishop speaks of the

encouraging success attending the missionary labors of the Fathers of Holy Cross, and shows how much good could be accomplished were there more missionaries.

—At a recent meeting of the St. Joseph Literary Society of the Manual Labor School, the following officers were elected: Director, Bro. John, C. S. C.; President, J. Downey; Vice-President, T. Falvey; Secretary, G. Sclink; Treasurer, R. Roy; Censors, A. Lyons and H. La Belle; Critic, W. Corrigan.

—Saturday, the 26th ult., the Law Debating Society—Col. Wm. Hoynes presiding—met and discussed extemporaneously the immigration question. The subject was opened by J. Raney, who spoke at some length. He was followed by the other members, who took sides *pro* and *con*. The decision was left to the society who voted for unrestricted immigration.

—The University of Notre Dame has honored itself by honoring Dr. Henry F. Brownson, of Detroit, by conferring upon him the Lætare Medal, the highest honor within the province of that time-honored institution. Dr. Brownson is, like his father was, a representative Catholic gentleman, and we take pleasure in congratulating him upon being the recipient of so distinguished a mark of appreciation. Dr. John Gilmary Shea, late editor of the *Catholic News*, was the first to receive the Lætare Medal.—*Catholic News*.

—There are so many base-ball enthusiasts among the Carrolls that when they all wish to play, their grounds, which has four diamonds, will not accommodate them. So a new departure was made last week when they planted their bases, etc., in the large field north of the Minims' campus, well known as the old orchard. The game attracted the weather eye of the steward, who came down to figure up the damages the hay crop would be likely to sustain. However, he was indulgent enough to allow them to finish the game.

—The fourth regular meeting of the St. Boniface Society was held Tuesday evening, April 12, the Vice-President, Mr. Kleekamp, in the chair. The minutes of the previous meeting were read and adopted; and the reports of the special committee, consisting of Messrs. Brennan, Maurus and Neef, were duly considered. The literary programme of the evening was opened by the Rev. P. P. Klein, who entertained the society with a humorous criticism of the proceedings in past meetings. A debate, "Resolved, That the German language be introduced into American schools," was then opened with Messrs. Schopp and Jacobs on the affirmative, and Messrs. Pulskamp and Kintzele on the negative. The question was ably discussed on both sides. The papers of Messrs. Schopp and Pulskamp showed careful preparation. After weighing the arguments brought forth on both sides the debate was decided in favor of the affirmative. A short address by the Reverend

Director closed the programme of the evening.

—Could the late lamented Dr. Shea have foreseen the many tributes that would be offered to his memory by the Catholics of the United States, none, we feel sure, would have gratified him more than the impressive services which were held last week at Notre Dame. Solemn High Mass, in the presence of the students and Faculty of the University, was offered by the President, Very Rev. Thomas E. Walsh, C. S. C.; and in the evening an address was delivered in Washington Hall by the Hon. William J. Onahan, of Chicago, Ill., who was an intimate friend and enthusiastic admirer of the great American Catholic historian. The hall was appropriately draped for the occasion, and a life-like oil-painting of Dr. Shea was placed on the stage in full view of audience and speaker. The address was an eloquent tribute to the work and worth of the departed author, whose self-sacrificing services to the Church in this country a future generation will more thoroughly appreciate.—*Ave Maria*.

—HOLY WEEK.—The impressive ceremonies of Holy Week were carried out at Notre Dame in full accordance with the solemn Liturgy of the Church. On Palm Sunday services began at half-past nine o'clock, with the blessing and distribution of palms and the solemn procession, during which the College choir rendered that characteristic Gregorian music and showed the careful training they had received. During the Solemn High Mass, of which the Rev. President Walsh was the celebrant, the "Passion" was chanted by the Rev. Fathers Fitte, L'Etourneau, Mohun and Klein.

On Wednesday, Thursday and Friday evenings the *Tenebræ* was sung by the priests and seminarians seated within the sanctuary. On Holy Thursday morning solemn High Mass was sung by Very Rev. Provincial Corby, who in the afternoon officiated at the beautiful ceremony of the *Mandatum*. The repository of the Blessed Sacrament was beautifully adorned with lights and flowers, and revealed the devotion of many a heart to our Lord in the Sacrament of His love. All through the day and night, adorers were constantly present until the Mass of the Presanctified on Good Friday, at which Father Provincial again officiated. On this (Holy Saturday) morning services were begun at half-past eight, and celebrated by Rev. Father L'Etourneau. During the *Gloria* of the Mass all the bells were rung, and as they pealed forth in glad chorus they announced the dawn of the happy Easter.

MOOT-COURT.—The case now on trial in the Moot-Court—Col. Wm. Hoynes presiding—is "State vs. Scudder." The grand jury having pronounced the indictment "a true bill," the prisoner is arraigned on the charge of murder in the first degree. On February 21 last, H. M. Scudder, a physician of Chicago, made a murderous assault upon his mother-in-law, which

resulted in her death. This furnished a topic for lively discussion in the Chicago papers for three weeks after the commission of the deed, and on these papers the attorneys, on either side, rely for their evidence. The proceedings opened with the impannelling of the petit jury on Saturday, the 2d inst., before the largest gathering of honest citizens that has occupied the benches of our hall of justice; and it is expected that it will require at least three more sittings of the court to close. It appears that there are two wills in the case, one of which, devising all the property to Scudder's wife, is claimed to be spurious. The attorneys for the prosecution are H. O'Neill and P. Ragan, who are determined that the man shall be hanged. Attorneys J. Raney and L. P. Chute, for the defense, set up the plea of insanity, and in this issue will endeavor to take the prisoner out of the hands of the law, or at least send him to an asylum for the insane. The names of the jurors will be given hereafter.

Roll of Honor.

SORIN HALL.

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

BROWNSON HALL.

Messrs. Ahlrichs, Arts, Ansberry, Breen, Burns, J. Brady, Baldwin, E. W. Brown, T. Brady, Bolton, Brinin, E. J. Brown, Chassaing, Corcoran, Corry, Crawley, Cassidy, Carter, Correll, Chilcote, W. Cummings, Caffrey, Castenado, F. S. Cummings, Conroy, Cherhart, Colby, Case, Cullen, Cameron, Dumford, Doheny, Dinkel, Egan, Ellwanger, Foley, Frizzelle, Flannigan, Griffin, Herman, Heneghan, Healy, R. Harris, Hesse, Holland, Henly, Houlihan, Heer, Hagan, Hennessy, Hartman, Jacobs, Jewett, F. Kenny, Krost, Kleekamp, Kearney, F. Keough, W. M. Kennedy, Karasynski, Krembs, Kintzele, Kearns, Kunert, Libert, S. Mitchell, McFadden, Monarch, D. Murphy, McVean, McGonigle, McErlain, F. Murphy, McCarrick, McCullough, Murray, Maisen, Newton, O'Donnell, O'Shea, O'Connor, Powers, Puls-kamp, D. Phillips, T. Phillips, Perry, Patier, Quinlan, M. Ryan, J. Ryan, G. Ryan, Ragan, Stanton, Schopp, Stace, Tinnin, Vinez, Vurpillat, Welsh, Wilkin, Zeitler, Zeller.

CARROLL HALL.

Messrs. Ashford, Bauer, Bixby, Barbour, Baldauf, Ball, J. Brown, Byrnes, Brennan, Bergland, Bearss, Bates, Casey, Covert, Curran, Cullen, Carpenter, Dion, Dix, DeLormier, Duncombe, Dillman, Delaney, J. Dempsey, F. Dempsey, Dixon, Dorsey, Evans, Edwards, Fleming, G. Funke, A. Funke, Fitzgerald, Feehan, Falk, Grote, L. Gibson, Gilbert, Griffin, Gillam, Garfias, Garst, Girardin, Gerner, Gerdes, Hill, Hagan, Hilger, Hoban, Hargrave, Hittson, Hamilton, Hack, Harrington, Janssen, Johnson, Kauffmann, Kreicker, Kindler, Kinneavy, W. Kegler, A. Kegler, Lévi, Lee, Lowrey, Luther, Lawlor, Lane, Leonard, Mills, Mitchell, J. Miller, W. Miller, Meyers, Marre, Marr, Miles, Mahon, Moss, McCarthy, McLeod, Medalie, W. Nichols, H. Nichols, O'Brien, O'Rourke, Oliver, J. O'Neill, Payne, Peake, Prichard, Pope, Rupel, Rogers, Ratterman, Renesch, Rumely, Regan, H. Reedy, C. Reedy, Rend, Reilly, Ryan, Sullivan, Stern, Strauss, Sparks, Sedwick, Shimp, Scholer, Sweet, Slevin, Sheuer-man, Smith, Thornton, Thome, Teeter, Thorn, Tobin, Todd, J. Tong, Vorhang, Walker, Weaver, N. Weitzel,

B. Weitzel, Wellington, Wells, Wagner, Wensinger, S. Warner, Yeager, Yingst, G. Zoehrlaut.

ST. EDWARD'S HALL.

Masters Ayers, Ahern, R. Brown, O. Brown, Burns, Blumenthal, V. Berthelet, R. Berthelet, Ball, Bopp, Cornell, Corry, Christ, Curry, Crandall, J. Coquillard, A. Coquillard, Croke, Cross, H. Durand, B. Durand, Du-brul, L. Donnell, S. Donnell, W. Emerson, F. Emerson, Everest, Egan, Finnerty, Fossick, Fuller, J. Freeman, E. Furthmann, C. Furthmann, Girsch, Gregg, Gilbert, Hoffman, Howard, Holbrook, Hilger, Healy, Roy Hig-gins, Ralph Higgins, Hathaway, Jonquet, Kinney, Kroll-man, Kern, G. Keeler, S. Keeler, W. LaMoure, E. La-Moure, Londoner, Lawton, Loughran, Lowrey, McPhee, McIntyre, R. McCarthy, G. McCarthy, E. McCarthy, E. McCarthy, McGinley, McAlister, McGushin, Maternes, Morrison, R. Morris, F. Morris, Nichols, Ninneman, O'-Neill, O'Brien, Oatman, W. Pollitz, H. Pollitz, Peck, Pur-sell, Pieser, Pratt, Platts, Ransome, Rose, Repscher, W. Scherrer, Swan, Stuckhart, L. Trankle, F. Trankle, Trujillo, Weber, Wilcox, White,

Class Honors.

COMMERCIAL COURSE.

Messrs. Ball, Bates, Breen, Brennan, W. Cummings, Caffrey, Chilcote, Chassaing, Hawthorne, Jacobs, Mc-Cullough, J. Miller, Major, Murphy, O'Rourke, Rogers, Sherman, Thome, Bixby, Cherhart, Conroy, Duncombe, Dix, Todd, Krost, Krenctler, W. Kegler, Kelly, D. Meyers, Onzen, Pope, Warner.

PREPARATORY COURSE.

Messrs. Covert, Dix, Weaver, Hagan, Sullivan, Strauss, Sedwick, Todd, E. Brennan, Cullen, Sparks, Grote, Lee, L. Gibson, H. Nichols, Wagner, Sweet, Peake, Barbour, Rend, Stephens, Baldauf, Yeager, N. Weitzel, H. Miles, G. A. Funke, Kinneavy, Lane, Oliver, Rumeley, Wellington, F. Dempsey, H. Reedy, F. Brown, Garfias, Burns, Dixon, Heneghan, Palmer, Ryan, Kilkenney, Quinlan, Krembs, Whitehead, Pulskamp, Murray, Carter, Dam-skey, W. Burns, V. Brennan, Healy, Brady, Monarch, Cummings, O'Connor, Egan, Baldwin, Harris, Phillips, Arts, Brown, Stanton, Maloney, Zeitler, Kelly, Moxley, Hesse, McGonigle, Mitchell, Magnus, Ludlow, Ellwan-ger, Colby, Harris, Riordan, Lindeke, E. Roby, Marmon, Hennessy, Stace, Tinnin, Conroy, Delaney, Mattingly, Nester, Perkin, Hagan, Maisen, Corry, B. Weitzel.

List of Excellence.

COMMERCIAL COURSE.

Book-Keeping—Messrs. Chilcote, Nockels; *Arithmetic*—Messrs. J. Brown, Duncombe, W. Kegler, J. Miller, Peake, H. Keough, McCullough, Cherhart, Arts, Jacobs, Pulskamp, Chassaing, Krost, Kintzele; *Grammar*—Messrs. Gerner, J. Miller, Slevin; *Reading*—Messrs. S. Baldauf, Yeager, Schmur; *Orthography*—Messrs. J. Yeager, Baldauf; *Geography*—Messrs. Thome, Hesse, F. Murphy; *United States History*—Messrs. F. Murphy, Hesse; *Penmanship*—Messrs. Chilcote, Stanton, Hack, Mahon.

PREPARATORY COURSE.

Latin—Messrs. Whitehead, Vinez, D. Murphy, J. Flynn, Strauss; *Greek*—Messrs. McNamee, Walker, Murphy, Gallagher; *Algebra*—Messrs. Duffy, Des Garennes, Kin-neavy, Mattingly, Ellwanger, Phillips, J. Ryan, E. Strauss; *Arithmetic*—Messrs. S. Ford, Kraber, Covert, Hesse, Neville, Maisen; *Grammar*—Messrs. Garrick, Hesse, R. Harris, Hagan, McCullough, Stanton, Welsh, Neville, Sedwick, Joyal, M. Byrnes, L. Healy, H. Nichols; *Read-ing*—W. Gerdes, Bixby, Thome, Lévi, Kauffman, Major, Fleming, Dillon, Corry, Rumely, Hilger, Hogan, Mc-Creary, Dorsey, Ratterman, Hamilton, Dion, Duncombe, Rupel, Bearss; *Orthography*—Messrs. Byrnes, Ball, Bearss; *Geography*—M. Colby; *United States History*—M. Roy.

St. Mary's Academy.

One Mile West of Notre Dame University.

—The teachers and friends of Miss Lily West, Class of '74, tender sincere condolence in the bereavement sustained by the death of her father, Mr. Albert West, late of Council Bluffs, Iowa.

—The literary features of last Sunday's academic meeting were furnished by the Misses K. Morse and E. Baxter, respectively. Very Rev. Father Corby made a few impressive remarks as to the manner of spending Holy Week, and counselled each so to pass the days as to give the greatest consolation to our Blessed Lord.

—Close observers have lately noticed an added shade of dignity in the bearing of the graduates, and have puzzled over the same, until the rumor spread that they are pluming themselves upon their success in the culinary art, into whose mysteries they have been recently initiated. On the whole, they seem to have scored a success in their first efforts, though it is whispered that there were a few dismal failures. These, however, lack confirmation, the amateur culinary artists being non-committal.

—On the evening of April 6 Rev. J. A. Zahm favored the members of St. Mary's Novitiate with an interesting lecture on the subject "The Sandwich Islands." A vivid picture was given of those distant lands with their delightful climate, abundance of tropical fruits and the kindly dispositions of their inhabitants. The comparatively advanced state of education prevailing there was referred to, and especially the great work being quietly accomplished by the religious orders whose members, at the voice of obedience, have cast their lot with these islanders of the Pacific.

—In St. Angela's Hall, on Friday the 8th, a rare musical treat was given by the Bernhard Listemann Concert Co. The club, composed of artists who have long since won position and fame in the world of tone, realized all expectations excited by their coming, from the opening sextette—Liszt's "Rhapsodie Hongroise"—to the last number on the programme. The spacious hall, with its lofty ceiling, gave ample room for the harmonies rendered therein; and as one listened to the first-named composition it seemed like the weaving of a musical fabric, the deep, rich tones of the bass viol and violoncello forming the dark background, through which, sweet and clear, ran the notes of the first violin and flute, like the golden threads in a dark tapestry. Miss Rousseau, the vocalist of the company, is gifted with a voice sweet, high and flexible, and whose modest bearing added not a little to the charm of her singing. The 'cello and flute solos were well rendered, while the grand *concerto*, by Mr. B. Listemann, was a wonderful exhibition of technical skill and sweetness of sound.

Festal Days.

How like to fair dissolving views they seem,
The various feast days of the circling year!
First, Gabriel, lily-laden, stands, and near
Is Mary, wakened from her heavenly dream.
It fades, and lo! the Christ-Child and the gleam
Of Bethlehem's star, soon quenched in darkness drear,
Enshrouding Calvary's Mount; then bright and clear,
Glad Easter comes, above all days supreme.

O holy Mother Church, thy brow is bound
With gleaming circlet of bright jewelled days;
Pale pearls its virgin feasts, and martyrs crowned
Its rubies rare, while in the diamond's blaze,
Where all hues meet, most fitting type is found
Of Easter, glorious festival of praise.

Gray Days and Gold.

Some one has appropriately said that the days of life, like those of nature, are sometimes gray and sometimes gold; nor would it tax the imagination too much to trace the resemblance between them. In the bosom of the Rocky Mountains there nestles a peaceful valley, at times resplendent with sunshine, but now touched with the ashen shades of a threatening sky. Dark clouds wrap themselves round the mountain tops; the sun's bright face is veiled from our gaze, and as if mourning its absence, the flowers droop their heads, and even man seems to find this melancholy contagious, and yields to the general gloom.

But let us turn to fairer scenes. Day is just dawning, and now Nature has decked herself in brightest robes. The sky wears its accustomed blue, with here and there a fleecy cloud floating over its calm surface. Suddenly the sun rises majestically from below the horizon, and floods the valley with its golden light. The mists that lay on plain and hill steal away in the bright chariots of its beams; the flowers pay their perfumed tribute to day's monarch, and joyous carollings come from leafy dells. As we watch it to its close, we behold the glorious sun wrap the dying day in draperies of red and gold, as it sinks to rest on its couch in the western sea. But is there not a resemblance between the bright and dark days of Nature and those of one's life? Yes, there are gray days in life when the sky of the soul is covered with clouds of sorrow; when the flowers of hope and love languish, until they draw new life from the sunshine of God's grace. There are few who have not known the sorrow that comes when the golden chain that binds together the family circle has been broken, and one of its bright links severed, and many of life's gray days are due to the angry word or impulsive deed that has cut the closely-knit ties of friendship. Then is realized how much of truth lies in the sentence: "There is no day so dreary as that on which we bury friendship."

Let us consider some of the bright days of life. To the schoolgirl the happy hour that sees her crowned with the honors of graduation must be, indeed, a memorable one, while the poet's golden day dawns when the world acknowledges him worthy to wear the laurel crown of fame. For every individual those periods which proclaim him or her victor in the strife with passion and fierce temptation, must be perforce, joyful ones, for they are illuminated by the smile of God. But brightest among the bright days that make up the calendar of the year must always be the great feast of Easter-tide. It matters little, whether or not the sky be overcast, the day that commemorates the crowning miracle in the life of our Blessed Saviour must be a golden, glorious one in the history of our race. Nor is it amiss that loving hearts break forth into glad alleluias, that the incense of pale lilies, the gleam of many tapers, the grand ceremonial of the Church is called upon to honor this great day—this day which in very truth "the Lord Himself hath made." For then arose our Saviour, the great Sun of Justice, whose bright rays, falling upon our tears of sorrow, overarch the skies of our life with the rainbow of hope.

RUTH BERO (*2d Senior Class*).

Roll of Honor.

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

SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

Misses E. Adelsperger, Augustine, Bassett, Bero, E. Burns, Bell, Brady, K. Barry, Buell, Black, Bogart, Bartholomew, Carico, Charles, M. Clifford, Crilly, Carpenter, Culp, L. Clifford, Davis, S. Dempsey, Duffy, Fitzpatrick, Field, Griffith, Green, Galvin, Gibbons, Gage, Haitz, Hellmann, Holmes, Hutchinson, Higgins, Hittson, Hopkins, Hunt, Johnson, Jacobs, Kirley, Klingberg, Keating, Kieffer, Kelly, Kaufman, Kingsbaker, Kinney, Lynch, Lewis, Ludwig, Lancaster, Lichtenhein, La Moure, Lantry, K. Morse, M. Moynahan, Murison, Morehead, E. McCormack, Moore, D. McDonald, A. Moynahan, Maxon, Nickel, M. Nichols, B. Nichols, Nester, O'Sullivan, Plato, Patier, Pengemann, A. Ryan, K. Ryan, Robinson, Roberts, Rizer, Russert, Rothschild, A. Smyth, C. Sena, Sleeper, Thirds, Tietjen, Tod, Van Mourick, S. Wile, B. Winstandley, G. Winstandley, M. Wagner, Whitmore, Wolverton, Welter, E. Wile, Zahm, Zucker.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

Misses Adelsperger, Allen, Boyle, Baxter, Campau, Coady, Crandall, M. Davis, B. Davis, Dennison, Ford, Field, Girsch, Hickey, Hopper, Mills, Meskill, O'Mara, Ryder, Schaefer, Scott, S. Smyth, Tilden, Tormey, White, Wolverton, Williams, Whittenberger.

MINIM DEPARTMENT.

Misses Ahern, Buckley, J. Brown, E. Brown, Dysart, Egan, Finnerty, Girsch, Keeler, Lingard, McKenna, McCormack, McCarthy, Palmer, Wolverton.

CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC.

HONORABLY MENTIONED IN INSTRUMENTAL MUSIC.

GRADUATING CLASS—Misses Gibbons, Ludwig, Nester,

UNDER-GRADUATING CLASS—Miss Field.

1ST CLASS—Miss Marrinan.

2D DIV.—Misses Nickel, A. Ryan, Tormey.

2D CLASS—Misses D. Davis, Klingberg, Thirds, Wurzburg.

2D DIV.—Misses Dempsey, Doble, Roberts, Sleeper, Welter.

3D CLASS—Misses Fitzpatrick, Haitz, Nacey, M. Smyth.

2D DIV.—Misses Baxter, Bero, Dieffenbacher, Gage.

4TH CLASS—Misses Bassett, Brady, E. Burns, Carpenter, L. Clifford, E. Dennison, Johnston, E. Kasper, T. Kimmell.

2D DIV.—Misses E. Adelsperger, Augustine, Boyle, M. Burns, Charles, B. Davis, Dreyer, Galvin, Grace, L. Griffith, Hellmann, McCune, E. Moore, Morris, C. Sena, Tietgen, E. Wile, G. Winstandley.

5TH CLASS—Misses Bell, M. Byrnes, M. Davis, Green, Hutchinson, Hunt, Jacobs, Kaufman, Keating, Kelly, M. Kenny, O'Mara, Patier, Pengemann, Quinn, N. Smyth, Zahm.

2D DIV.—Misses K. Barry, Black, A. Cooper, Daley, Hopper, Leppel, Lynch, M. Nichols, B. Nichols, Pfaelzer, Plato, Seeley, Wagner, B. Winstandley.

6TH CLASS—Misses Agney, Berg, Byers, M. Cooper, M. Dennison, Duffy, Farwell, Hammond, Holmes, Hopkins, C. Kasper, Kieffer, Kingsbaker, Lancaster, M. McDonald, A. Moynahan, Murison, O'Sullivan, Palmer, Rothschild, A. Smyth, Tod.

2D DIV.—Misses Bartholomew, A. Butler, R. Butler, Campau, Clifford, Cowan, Culp, Hickey, Kirley, Kline, D. McDonald, Meskill, M. Robinson, A. Schmidt, Scott, Stewart, Van Mourick, Williams.

7TH CLASS—Misses L. Adelsperger, Crandall, Finnerty, Garrity, Higgins, A. Londoner, B. Londoner, McKenna, McCormack, La Moure, L. Schaefer, Singler, Wheeler, White, E. Woolverton, Zucker.

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

8TH CLASS—Misses Dysart, Egan.

9TH CLASS—Misses Allen, Ford, Mills, Ella Wolverton, Wormer.

10TH CLASS—Misses Ahern, Lingard, Murray.

HARP.

GRADUATING CLASS—Miss E. Nester.

3D CLASS—Miss Sena.

4TH CLASS—Miss Fitzpatrick.

5TH CLASS—Miss Stewart.

2D DIV.—Miss Kline.

VIOLIN.

3D CLASS—Miss Bogart.

5TH CLASS—Miss Kingsbaker.

7TH CLASS—Misses Dieffenbacher, Plato.

GUITAR.

3D CLASS—Miss Scott.

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

MANDOLIN.

1ST CLASS—Miss Nickel.

3D CLASS—Misses A. Londoner, S. Smyth.

4TH CLASS—Misses Hutchinson, Lichtenhein.

5TH CLASS—Miss Scott.

ORGAN.

Miss Whittenberger.

BANJO.

Misses A. Ryan, Fitzpatrick.

VOCAL DEPARTMENT.

1ST CLASS—Miss Wile.

2D DIV.—Miss Bassett.

2D CLASS—Miss Field.

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

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

2D DIV.—Misses M. Burns, Sena, Pengemann, Patier, Galvin, E. Wile, Gage, L. Clifford.

4TH CLASS—Misses Marrinan, Bell, B. Nichols, Agney, Moore, Kelly, Zahm, Kieffer, B. Winstandley, Wagner, L. Kasper, Kimmell.

5TH CLASS—Misses M. Nichols, M. Leppel, Green, A. Smyth, E. Burns, A. Schmidt.