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[From The "Ave Maria."] ]

He Made us Free.

BY MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN, LL. D.

As flame streams upward, so my longing thought  
Flies up with Thee,  
Thou, God and Saviour, who hast truly wrought  
Life out of death, and to us, loving, brought  
A fresh, new world; and in Thy sweet chains caught  
And made us free!

As hyacinth makes way from out the dark,  
My soul awakes  
At thought of Thee, like sap beneath the bark;  
As little violets in field and park  
Rise to the trilling thrush and meadow-lark,  
New hope it takes.

As Thou goest upward through the nameless space  
We call the sky,  
Like jonquil perfume softly falls Thy grace;  
It seems to touch and brighten every place,  
Fresh flowers crown our wan and weary race,  
O Thou on high!

Hadst Thou not risen, there would be no joy  
Upon earth's sod;  
Life would be still with us a wound or toy,  
A cloud without the sun,—O Babe, O Boy,  
O Man of Mother pure, with no alloy,  
O risen God!

Thou, God and King, didst "mingle in the game,"  
(Cease, all fears; cease!)  
For love of us; not to give Virgil's fame  
Or Cræsus' wealth, not to make well the lame,  
Or save the sinner from deserved shame,  
But for sweet Peace!

For peace, for joy; not that the slave might lie  
In luxury,  
Not that all woe from us should always fly,  
Or golden crops with Syrian roses vie  
In every field; but in Thy peace to die  
And rise—be free!

## Comets.

Probably the most interesting bodies an astronomer meets with are the comets. From the black depths of the unknown they come, shoot through our solar system with wonderful speed, and then return to their dark domains.

Whence do they come? What are they? are questions which as yet have never been solved. Theory upon theory has been invented to account for them; years and lives have been devoted wholly to their study; but to-day, as in the days when they affrighted the Chaldeans, they are the same mysterious bodies.

The astronomer has succeeded in ascertaining their motion; but the substance of which they are composed still baffles and perplexes him. Comets shine in part by reflected light, and are also self-luminous. The ghastly glare which they emanate, the long, hairy tail which follows the nucleus as a fitting train, caused the ancients to look upon them with a great fear. They were to them the precursors of war, famine, or some other calamity. This superstition, so old that history forgets to mention its birth, survived until a comparatively recent date; and we of the present day remember the stories current about the larger comet of some ten years ago. But this myth has, like many of its predecessors, been buried beneath the telling fruits of scientific research.

Astronomers search with untiring perseverance the heavens for comets, and when one consents to visit us, as they occasionally do, and permits the unwarranted liberty of viewing it with the naked eye, it does not produce in us the mighty fear which caused the Chaldeans and Phœnicians to tremble. It caused the men of several thousand years back to offer sacri-

fices to the gods. Perhaps science did wrong in destroying a superstition so beneficial. If prevalent to-day, it might cause many to make their peace with the Great Being who directs the mightiest planets and the grandest star, as well as the lowliest insect.

The appearance of Halley's comet in 1456, just as the Turks had become masters of Constantinople and threatened an advance into Europe, was regarded by Christendom with a superstitious dread; and to the "Hail Mary" was added the prayer, "Lord, save us from the devil, the Turk and the comet." At Constantinople the occurrence of a lunar eclipse at the same time increased the portentousness of the event.

The discoveries by science of the magnitude of the space filled by their bodies, and their prodigious velocity, together with the confessed impossibility of always predicting their approach, produced fears of another kind, which have sometimes been, especially in France, extravagantly exaggerated in the public mind. The groundlessness of such alarms is seen from the extreme improbability of collision with the nucleus, the harmlessness of a contact with the extremely attenuated surrounding matter, and possibly to the greater part of the world, of the collision of the nucleus itself.

Regarding the state of the matter composing the comet, it is a subject of speculation rather than of knowledge. It is known that the material which is projected from the nucleus of the comet is also repelled by the sun, and driven backward to form the train or tail. This might be mistaken for the shadow of the nucleus if it were pointed exactly away from the sun; but it is not usually making an angle of several degrees with direction of a new shadow. Sometimes, however, the tail has a bright centre instead of a dark one, perhaps on account of the feebleness of the comet's own repulsive action; in fact, this seems to be the case when the comet has reached a considerable distance from the sun in receding from it, and often it is so when the comet is approaching the sun, but is still remote. In such cases the tail is generally faint and ill-defined at the edge, with a central spine of light; while in other cases it becomes apparently a mere slender ray, having a less diameter than that of the comet itself.

It has been found that the tails of comets may be grouped under three heads, namely: the long, straight rays, the curved, plume-like train, and the short, stubby brushes violently curved. The tails of the first are probably composed of hydrogen; those of the second of some

hydrocarbon gas, and those of the third of iron vapors, with a probability of sodium and magnesium being intermixed. When a comet approaches very near to the sun, the spectrum shows bright, metallic lines in addition to the hydrocarbon bands. While most comets, as a rule, show the hydrocarbon spectrum, still, occasionally a different spectrum of bands appears.

When a comet is first seen at a great distance from the sun, it is ordinarily a mere roundish, hazy patch of faint nebulosity, a trifle brighter near the centre. As the comet draws near the sun it becomes brightened and the centre more conspicuous. The newly-formed nucleus, on the side next the sun, begins to throw out streamers of light, which follow each other at intervals of some hours, expanding and growing fainter as they ascend, until they are lost in the nebulosity which forms the head. The nucleus changes in brilliancy, becoming much smaller and brighter before the liberation of each streamer. When jets are thrown off, the nucleus seems to move from side to side.

Many of the comets have been captured, so to speak, by the planets during their motions among the stars. To this is due the accepted theory as to the origin of these comet families. Among these may be mentioned those of the planets Jupiter, Uranus and Neptune, which are very numerous and enormous.

It may be well to mention some of the larger and more conspicuous members of the comet kingdom, such as Halley's comet, which was the first periodic comet whose return was foretold. It first appeared about the year 1680, while its next return will not occur till near 1910. The next, Eucke's comet, is very interesting as the first of the short-period comets, and also as the comet having the shortest known time of revolution. Its periodicity, Eucke first detected in the year 1819. Biela's comet was also a very small one,—the second comet of short-period. It was discovered by him in 1826. The orbit of this comet comes within a very few thousand miles of the earth's orbit. The approach of these two bodies is often so very close that if they should both arrive at the nearest point in their orbits at the same time there would be a collision, and the earth would pass through the outer portion of the comet's head.

In 1832, at the return of the comet, some one circulated the report that such a collision would occur, which caused a great panic. At this time the earth passed the critical point about a month after the comet reached it, so that the two bodies were never really within 10,000,000

miles of each other. At another reappearance of the comet, in 1846, it divided into two—a very singular coincidence in the history of the comet kingdom. Donati's comet of 1858, on the whole, was, perhaps, the finest of the comets of the present century, having been very favorably situated for observation in the sky. This comet had a well-defined nucleus, while its tail exhibited faint streamers. Its real length was about 45,000,000 miles, while its width reached about 10,000,000.

The great comet of 1882 will always be remembered, not only for its beauty, but for the great variety of phenomena it presented. It seems to have been first seen as a naked-eye object about September 1st. It appeared to be so bright that there was not the slightest difficulty in seeing it by simply shutting off the light of the sun with the hand held at arm's length.

It has been supposed, and even believed, that comets might do us harm in two ways—either by striking the earth during their motion in the orbit, or by falling into the sun, thereby producing such an increase of the solar heat as to burn us up. Such an event is certainly possible; for, if the earth last long enough, they will soon collide, as there are some comets' orbits which pass much nearer the earth's orbit than the semi-diameter of the comet's head.

The number of comets so far discovered ranges from 650 to 700. Some are telescopic, while others can easily be seen with the naked eye; the former are by far the more numerous. They also differ very much as to their brightness, the brighter ones being easily seen without the aid of a telescope, even in full sunlight, as was the case with the great comet of 1882. The orbits are sensibly parabolic, hyperbolic and elliptical. Nearly two-thirds of them being parabolic.

The dimensions of comets are, as a rule, very enormous, the diameter of the head alone ranging from 35,000 to 100,000 miles; but sometimes they are even larger—as was the case with the comet of 1882—the diameter of its head being about 150,000 miles. This is even small as compared with some of them. The diameter of the nucleus ranges, in different comets, from 6000 to 8000 miles. Like the head, it undergoes considerable changes.

The length of the tail of the various comets, reaches all the way from 10,000,000 to 100,000,000 miles. The mass, as compared with the earth's mass, is very small, generally about the one three hundred thousandth part of it.

The density is also inconceivably small, it being somewhat less than the one nine thou-

sandth part of the density of air at the surface of the earth. The volume, on the other hand, is very enormous, as compared with the earth's.

D. E. CARTIER, '92.

## Poetry and Science.

### A SYMPOSIUM.

Living in a world governed by scientific rules, how can the poet fail to draw from resources innumerable and impregnated with science the inspirations with which the mind of man is charmed? Poetry is scientific. Many may disagree with me; but Coleridge sought from minerals and plants, from axioms and facts, the striking metaphors which characterize his poetry. In the study of the sciences the beginner sees little that is interesting or beautiful; but as the mysteries of nature are unfolded gradually before his vision, by analysis and deduction, the disclosed beauties—the unity of action and startling phenomena are all a surprise. The light of education removes the barriers of bigotry and penetrates the deepest cavern of ignorance; and to a mind rich in scientific research it is absurd to think of poetry separated from science. Supposing this to be necessary to true poetry, we must at once discard the songs tinged with the exposition of scientific thought.

"In Memoriam"—sweet song of death—comes to us a wail of sorrow from the grave, like a refracted ray of sunlight through the clouds. Must this exquisite poem be cast aside? Another lay, a noble one, "The Princess," a song full of the charm and inspiration, lightly touched, peculiar to its author. Now must these golden thoughts, embellished with the treasures of science, be thrown aside? No, never while the cry of "forward" rings in our ears and uttered by the lips of one who first found in the designs of man fit subject for poetic imagery.

JAMES J. FITZGERALD.

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It is at first sight not easy to affirm or deny that science will ever become poetical. A little reflection and a careful consideration of the ends of poetry and science, together with their respective history, will pave the way for a satisfactory solution. It is generally conceded that the aim of poetry is to give pleasure, that of science to discover truths,—truths not knowable by intuition and everyday experience. But who doubts that sheer truth is positively unpoetical? Who fancies that the study of philosophy or mathematics is an amusement instead of a painful task? "A mixture of a Lie doth ever adde Pleasure," says Bacon; and hence "one of the Fathers, in great Severity, called Poesie, *Vinum Dæmonum*." Newman also asserts that "the essence of poetry is fiction";

and as this is certainly true of good poetry, we fail to see how science, which glories in facts, and "whose wings are dull realities," can ever become the *theme* or *material* of poetry.

It remains for us to determine yet whether poets, by drawing images and illustrations from botany, physics and astronomy for their compositions, may make science in some measure poetical. For this purpose let us take the line from "Locksley Hall," in which Tennyson asks, can war die out, "till this outworn earth be dead as yon dead world, the moon?" Does not this passage, far from throwing a halo of poetry around a scientific allusion, render an attractive and beautiful object uninteresting and offensive? Surely, it destroys all visions and dreams of the elfins and fairies which we fancy to dance in eternal joy on the evergreen lawns of the moon, when its beauteous beams alone guard the midnight street.

Our speculations may, perhaps, derive additional support from an examination of poets in antiquity and modern times, who have attempted to color science with "the hues of their imagination." Aratus, Empedocles and Oppian painted nothing but "a gallery of failures." Lucretius is the only scientific poet of ancient times who is studied at present,—not so much, however, for the poetry which his work contains as for the information which it gives about the system of Epicurius. Besides, Lucretius is a great poet merely in his digressions, that is when he leaves science alone. The English so-called metaphysical poets—Coleridge, Crashaw, Cowley—who believed that they beautified their productions by references to ontology and psychology, have reaped nothing but neglect and contempt.

A. AHLRICH.

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It is an acknowledged fact that poetry and material for poetry had long existed before science commenced to emerge with its overwhelming statements; yet no one will deny that in some respects it even equals poetry. Scientists have ransacked the treasures of nature, and wherever they could, they plucked the best fruits and gave them to the universe. Poets also rambled about amid the gentle zephyrs of the summer wind and the caresses of the sun's quiet rays to bear away the most charming scenes in life, and store them away in their great works of art and in the public admiration.

Can science now be embellished by the golden dreams of a poetical mind? Wordsworth says that poetry will make science poetical when science has grown familiar to man. This is undoubtedly a true statement; for no poet will relish what is concealed from his eyes. Need one, therefore, go far to become acquainted with science? What age can boast of a higher esteem than the present? The wise men render firmer the facts which were already becoming degenerate, improve on the various incomplete discoveries of antiquity, and by means of their

unerring instruments hope to finish the work they have so long wished to perfect. Should they now forget that what elevates should be cultivated? On the contrary, they should always remember the debt of gratitude they owe to their own deep-plunging minds and the great rewards of their numerous struggles. Can they deny that poetry, which is the storehouse of all that is delightful and stimulating, is able to charm and strengthen the many scientific facts? The inexhaustible treasury of poetical minds is ever abounding in high-spirited thoughts, and it can undoubtedly conceal the few infirmities which may accidentally befall science. Let science subject itself to the rule of poetry, and no one will remember that science was ever its own master.

R. MARCINIAK.

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At the present day science is far from the poetical; what it may be in the future is hard to say; but it is my opinion that it will see poetry only through a telescope. It may be said, however, that poetry is the expression of the beautiful in nature and art, and so is science; therefore, ought we to conclude that science is poetry? Not at all. Science is not the Beautiful, but only the means of discovering the sublime beauties in nature, just as the wheel of the diamond cutter, under skilful hands, makes the dull stone shine and sparkle with its concealed light. We do not admire the wheel but its work.

Tennyson indeed uses science, but how? Only as diamond dust, in the shape of fine similes and metaphors scattered here and there to catch the eye and bring up the mind with pleasant art to consider the beauties of his poems. This is not making science poetical, but only using it as a mere tool. Coleridge did the same, but receives no credit for it. But give Tennyson a little praise since his figures are fine. Further than this science is useless to him and to all poets.

J. A. MAGUIRE.

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Literature comprises not only the study of authors, their lives and work, but the knowledge of every other subject as well. It belongs as much to a thorough understanding of literature to be versed in the teachings of the Angelic Doctor, and to be familiar with the masterpieces of Phidias, as to possess all information possible about the dramas of Shakspeare, the lyrics of Theocritus, and the odes of Shelley. Science may be considered a near relative of literature. I mean, of course, science in the modern acceptation of the term. For among the learned of yore science signified knowledge of any kind. Science and literature go hand in hand. The one supplies the other with similes and metaphors, and that other one clothes science's dry facts in costly garments so as to make them acceptable to the least philosophic mind.

The greatest poets have drunk deep of the

life-giving spring of science. It is only the detestable rhymesters, who haunt some of our newspapers by their wretched contributions, that weary us with verses altogether void of anything scientific or even sensible. It is all well enough to speak of airy nothings sometimes, but poetry, true poetry, is the result only

"—when some great painter dips  
His pencil in the hues of earthquake or eclipse."  
J. JUST.

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If it be true that scientific facts cannot be used poetically, why do we now consider the "Locksley Halls," "The Princess," and "In Memoriam" as great poems? For in each of these works Tennyson used scientific allusions profusely and effectively. Some of the passages relating to science are his best known quotations. Many persons think that the truths of science are as dry as chips; but if they would take time to study what these seemingly dry facts mean, they would conclude that science affords much material to inspire lofty sentiments in the poet, as Tennyson truly says:

"Yet I doubt not through the ages one increasing purpose runs,  
And the thoughts of men are widened by the process of the suns."

Of course, if a poet wishes to make a success of scientific poetry, he must be familiar with science. Coleridge attended lectures on botany that he might obtain new metaphors. But Tennyson's works are the chief sources of scientific facts used poetically. The following is a pleasing simile:

"Many a night I saw the Pleiads, rising thro' the mellow shade,  
Glitter like a swarm of fire-flies tangled in a silver braid."

For a long time past much has been said about the possibility of constructing air ships. Tennyson recognized the continual advance in science, and gave us a beautiful, colored picture of what he saw in the future:

"For I dipt into the future, far as human eye could see,  
Saw the vision of the world, and all the wonders that would be;  
Saw the heavens fill with commerce, argosies of magic sails,  
Pilots of the purple twilight, dropping down with costly bales;  
Heard the heavens fill with shouting, and there rain'd a ghastly dew  
From the nations' airy navies grappling in the central blue;  
Far along the world-wide whisper of the south-wind rushing warm,  
With the standards of the peoples plunging through the thunder storm;  
Till the war-drum throb'd no longer, and the battle flags were furl'd  
In the Parliament of man, the Federation of the world."

C. B. DECHANT.

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I mean not the method of science, for its ways are too tedious, and, dealing continually with facts, may serve to fetter one's imagination; but the *results* are what give the flavor and

very spirit to thought. Who looks upon the bended heavens far above the floating clouds but is led to feel the greatness of God from its *vastness*? And who watches the stars at night, the splashing waves of the ocean, the terrifying storm, knowing the laws that guide the planets in their course, that bring and take the tidal wave, that cause the lightning's flash, but feels exalted and drawn nearer to Him? True, at such moments, there may be experienced, by certain minds, a kind of sensuous delight, even without their having any knowledge of the laws of nature; but should not acquaintance with the uniform laws of phenomena, move us to a *higher* appreciation of the sublimely great world of beauty in which we are engulfed?

Science is nothing more than a medium through which man may learn the mechanism of the universe. Beauty that rests upon the surface cannot satisfy the thinker, or man of genius who, analyzing the "cold, dead elements" of the tender flower, or painted rainbow, finds that nature's beauty is boundless rather than superficial. It teaches us as well to admire and notice things around us that never appeared wonderful before; brings the distant nearer to us, and dispels the mists that lie between man and a deeper knowledge of his God. I admit that science is studied to a great extent for the metaphors and similes that its knowledge might suggest; but I deny that this is *all* the relation it has to literature, for in Longfellow we meet with these lines:

"Were a star quenched on high,  
For ages would its light,  
Still travelling downward from the sky,  
Shine in our mortal sight.

So when a great man dies,  
For years beyond our ken,  
The light he leaves behind him lies  
Upon the paths of men."

This exquisite simile he uses in his "Ode to Charles Sumner." But it is the startling *scientific truth* that gives to it such distinctive beauty.

I do not believe science can ever *take the place* of literature as an educational force; but it is the handmaid of poetry, and, surely, when this age, now in its adolescence, has developed into strong and vigorous manhood, it will give us a Dante, or a Homer who will sing his verse under the *new* light of knowledge; for,

"—the thoughts of men are widened  
with the process of the suns."

H. L. MONARCH.

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In my opinion science is poetical, for the reason that any universal truth is scientific. Wordsworth says that the poet will make science poetical when science has grown familiar to man. It has, to a certain extent, grown familiar to him; but universal truths are well known to him, and therefore poetry has adopted and utilized these universal truths as a means

by which she may convey her ideas to the world.

When we use verse as a vehicle of scientific exposition we simply do so that the individual may retain these ideas or facts in his memory longer than if they were written in prose. Lord Tennyson used science as a source for inspirations and images; Coleridge, on the other hand, applied to the vast discoveries made in science for similes, metaphors and other rhetorical figures. The question now arises, does science help to decrease poverty? Science does not help the poor people in any respect whatever. Contemplating on the great inventions which have taken place within the last century, we find not only one but several that are now considered an absolute necessity. For instance, the manufacture of shoes. In former times the shoe was made all by hand; to-day machinery has taken its place and only one-third of the men are now employed.

H. N. SANTEN.

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Poetry may be a vehicle for science. In the beginning of old English, poetry was used to express the barbarous deeds of bloody men. But as the people grew better, and purer, so did their poetry; because its roots were twined around their souls, and both were inseparable. Poetry soon became reflective, and it assumed the garb of moralizing.

In our times poetry has entered the domains of philosophy; and what is to prevent it from associating with science? Nothing. The field is there, but the material is raw. There is an immense tract to be cut down and pruned. Will and courage, the lever and fulcrum, are the essentials. Tennyson has worked the epidermis, but the pith is left for the rising poets. Now is your time, sons of the Muse! A great nation is anxiously waiting to witness your achievements. The age of didactic verse is past; let scientific take its place. Rouse, ye poets, take science and grind it in your mills and make it a "thing of beauty."

T. O'ROURKE.

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For so crude an amateur in prose to express his opinion on its lofty sister poesy is not only hazardous but quite appalling. However, the one apparent security the writer has is that no satisfactory definition of poetry has yet been given—a fact which presupposes as many variegated opinions on the subject as there are individuals who disagree.

Poetry is, however, usually defined by lexicographers to be the result of the imaginative rather than the reasoning faculties of mankind, although the latter is not, by any means, debarred from occupying a conspicuous place in developing a good poem. With this brief introduction, it seems that the imparting, directly or indirectly, of true scientific knowledge, when embellished by the poet's fancy, will always be attended with imperfect if not fatal results.

While the use of prose or poetry cannot be

employed in a more laudable work than the disseminating of truth, yet an ordinary observer, engaged in pursuing either the moral or physical sciences, cannot fail to notice the bitter antagonism existing among the supporters of various theories, and how they parade in the full glare of sunlight what appears to them the dwarf misconceptions of each other.

If such distorted phantasies are reflected when using the nigh unalterable mirror of prose, what would be the result when the iris-hued verbiage of the poet would have as many different significations as there are brilliant rays diffracted from the largest diamond?

I think Tennyson's attempt at making science poetical is a failure; for where he speaks of the unpopulated moon, in accordance with the accepted surmises of science, seems to be copious verse but meagre poetry. To populate all the planets with consistent beings would, to my mind, be more poetical, and also more worthy of an omnipotent Creator than to merely make them distant and desolate wastes for the limited observation and contradictory speculations of man.

No doubt for the poet to be entirely familiar with the generally received theories of scientists would be a valuable acquisition, so that his idealized characters and allusions might be, as near as possible, in harmony with, but not confined to, cold, scientific formulæ.

This knowledge would likewise aid the poet in making brilliant and forcible figures which otherwise he would not have acquired. But as for his productions being poetical and at the same time an unmistakable medium to diffuse the prosaic contents of the text-book, is a "consummation" greatly to be feared, but "devoutly to be wished."

J. J. GALLAGHER.

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Is science poetical? College text-books treat science in what is to most of us a dry and uninteresting way: they simply state the facts as concisely as possible, and make the study a drudge for the student. If taken from this point of view, science is very prosaic. It may not be strictly poetical, although frequent reference is made to it in verse. Scattered through "Locksley Hall" we find evidences of Tennyson's scientific ideas; in the first part of this poem he thus looks into the future, "far as human eye can see," and sets forth his opinion of the advancement in invention:

"Saw the heavens fill with commerce, argosies of magic  
sails,  
Pilots of the purple twilight dropping down with costly  
bales;  
Heard the heavens fill with shouting, and there rained  
a ghastly dew,  
From the nations' airy navies, grappling in the central  
blue."

In my opinion, this is a very poetical way of expressing the writer's (Tennyson) foreseeing that, at some future date, the nations will ply

their commerce in the air, and wage wars in air ships, the blood of the contestants dripping to the earth beneath. I think Lord Tennyson must have stretched his imagination considerably in supposing that such a thing will ever happen; yet it is not impossible.

Wordsworth prophesies that the poet will make science poetical when science has grown more familiar to man. A poem setting forth some principles of science may do some good those of a literary turn of mind would read and profit by it; but to the average man it would be of no use whatever. A person would hardly waste time to read five hundred lines of pentameter iambic which enters into the details of the principle expounded, when he can read in a page or two of an ordinary book the same thing in substance if not in form.

A narrative poem written for the enlightenment of its readers in some question of science would, if care be taken in its construction, do some good to the world in general. But a didactic poem on the Edison electric lights would probably be hissed out of existence. In verse reference can be made to science very profitably; but if these allusions are continuous they do not strike one as when a metaphor or a simile looms up and nearly takes our breath away.

Science, in some cases, can inspire poetical ideas, and enable the poet to produce a good poem; whereas, without this inspiration, he would have been lost. But poetry is not to be the vehicle that will convey science down the ages, through "the corridors of Time."

Tennyson, in his first "Locksley Hall," has tried to influence men to believe in a scientific millenium; in his "Locksley Hall Sixty Years After," he refutes all these ideas. Science cannot be exposed by poetry; it must be left to the scientists.

F. THORN.

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During the course of ages the study of literature has run parallel with that of science, and not unfrequently has intermingled with it. They have naturally clung together. The fruit of the union is material for thought. Much depends on the ability of the poet. Scientific *facts* clothed in harmonious words, judiciously inserted in poetry are admissible and even desirable. Suppositions in poetry are abominable. In verse, least of all places, should scientific hypotheses be made. Thoughts of any kind should be carefully weighed and examined before they are put into poetry.

Science is by no means poetical; although thoughts suggestive of science may be poetic. Poetry, to be pleasant and effective, must be true to nature, otherwise it misses its mark. Why do we admire Shakspeare? Is it not because each and every one of his characters, be they in poetry or in drama, are true to nature? The answer of the literary world, no doubt, is emphatically "yes!"

Poetry as a vehicle in which to convey scien-

tific truths to readers unfamiliar with them (as are many lovers of poetry) seems practicable and efficacious. Why should the poet enter the field of science for material? Are there not other pastures in which he can more profitably graze? Is it possible to travel where nature does not speak to us? No, the beauties harmonies and sublimities of nature are everywhere. If we coast the shores of the Pacific, measure the vastness of the Atlantic; if we inhale the temperate breezes of the Mediterranean or drink the odors wafted by the winds over the Arabian Sea; encounter the snows of the North and the ices of the Antarctic Ocean—everywhere we behold nature clad in her garment of loveliness. Conjectures relative to the size, nature and qualities of the stellar bodies and their inhabitants are idle in the extreme. We know nothing concerning them. What is the use of indulging even in the shadow of a supposition? Even the earth is still in its youth. The hand of culture is daily improving upon the works of nature. It is clearing the formerly untouched forest, utilizing the broad and expansive bodies of water, and mining the many treasures found beneath the surface of mother earth.

Let the poet sing of those wonderful improvements and developments of nature; let him proclaim in verse the beauties, harmonies and sublimities of nature, and leave philosophical researches to him who by his nature is better qualified for the task—the scientist.

R. C. LANGAN.

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Much has been said by able critics pertaining to the affiliation of poetry and science; but a definite conclusion has not been attained. It is argued whether poetry should contain scientific facts and allusions. That poetry was originally intended to afford pleasure, and at the same time to convey an indirect moral to the reader, is evident. Homer, Dante and Milton furnish admirable examples of this quality of poetry in their sublime epics. The mind perusing those masterpieces is delighted; one is aroused to noble deeds, and his thoughts are elevated.

The poet's dream was rather to appeal to man's sympathetic nature, to the imagination. When one seeks enjoyment and, having arrived at the source, he is disappointed in encountering some object which mars his expectation; so in poetry, where recreation for the mind is sought, one feels deluded upon finding a dull, cold fact of science presented. His first thought is to pass it, not caring to summon any zeal to prove the truth or absurdity of the statement.

Ample means have been afforded to expound facts of science; the text-books are innumerable; hence the subject should be treated within its own sphere. Tennyson abounds in those allusions, and though put in a brilliant and clever manner, one's attention is not so concentrated upon meeting the intimations as it would be were they omitted.

J. A. LEO.

# 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.

## THE NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC contains:

choice Poetry, Essays, and the current Art, Musical, Literary and Scientific Gossip of the day;

Editorials on questions of the day, as well as on subjects connected with the University of Notre Dame;

Personal gossip concerning the whereabouts and the success of former students;

All the weekly local news of the University, including the names of those who have distinguished themselves during the week by their excellence in Class, and by their good conduct.

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J. J. MCGRATH, '92;	B. C. BACHRACH, '92;	F. J. VURPILLAT, '92;

—Mr. Cartier's paper on "Comets," which appears in the present number, must possess more than ordinary interest, in view of the fact that all are looking or, better, waiting, for the arrival, within sight, of the great comet which seems to be hurrying in this direction, and promises to visit us in June at the latest.

—It is a singular commentary upon the fate of men and things that Froude—we would like to say "Mr.," or give at least the initials of his name, but he is better known as expressed—should be appointed to the chair of History (!) at Oxford. His inaccuracy—which is putting it mildly—in matters of history has been shown up time and again. And now the only excuse put forward for such an honor is his mastership of English style! There is a little *subreason*, so to speak,—i. e., to make amends for what we

Americans would call "pluck," when he was up for graduation in days of yore. Well, the Oxons may have him!

## The Remenyi Grand Concert.

Last Monday, the 25th inst., the students were treated to an entertainment given by the incomparable Remenyi. It is with most people an event of a lifetime to have the opportunity of witnessing a performance by the greatest of living artists in his own particular branch. When Remenyi plays, both he and his violin seem each a part of the same personality. The music that is in him, by an apparent spontaneity, wells forth in dulcet strains from the strings of his instrument, as though springing from the depths of the same soul. He becomes identified with his instrument and causes it to give expression to all the sentiments with which his spiritual being is animated. His numbers were received with round upon round of hearty applause. These numbers were interspersed with vocal music, rendered by Mr. Fessenden and Mrs. Rice, of Boston. Mr. Fessenden is a well-known tenor, and the audience were delighted with his singing. Mrs. Rice has a very clear and pleasing soprano voice. The vocal duets by Mr. Fessenden and Mrs. Rice were received with special favor. Their voices blended admirably and produced a delightful effect. Miss Berry is an excellent accompanist. It was much of a disappointment that circumstances prevented her from rendering her piano solo which was one of the numbers on the programme.

C.

## Visit of the Most Rev. E. C. Fabre, D.D.

On Wednesday evening Notre Dame was honored by the presence of Most Rev. Edward Charles Fabre, D.D., Archbishop of Montreal, who, accompanied by the Very Rev. F.L. Adam, arrived at seven o'clock to pay a brief visit to our collegiate home. His Grace had come directly from New York on the Lake Shore fast train, reaching South Bend at 6.20 p. m., and was received at the station by the Rev. President Walsh, who escorted him to the University. After some time given to rest and refreshments—during which Very Rev. Father General Sorin called to greet the distinguished prelate, who expressed his pleasure at the marked improvement in health enjoyed by the venerable Founder—all adjourned to Washington Hal-

where the Philopatrians were anxiously waiting to begin their entertainment. Previous to the exercises of the evening, Mr. F. J. Vurpillat, of the Class of '92, appeared before the curtain and delivered the following address of welcome:

"MOST REV. ARCHBISHOP:

"Though 'out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh, I feel that any words of greeting on this happy occasion are superfluous. Your welcome to Notre Dame this afternoon finds a more natural expression in the warm clasp of the hand and the cordial glance of the eye; and these are worth a thousand labored assurances of distinguished consideration. Yet it is not so much to comply with a mere formality that to me has been assigned the agreeable task of addressing you on behalf of the students; it is rather to give expression to the genuine pleasure which your visit affords us, to acknowledge the high honor conferred upon us by your presence, and to pay a just tribute of praise and respect to an eminent scholar and prelate.

"We desire to assure you, Most Reverend Archbishop, that you have not come as a stranger among us. Several of the members of our own College Faculty—with them our honored President, Father Walsh—look with pride to your archdiocese as their former home, and to one of your schools as their *Alma Mater*. Through their guidance and teaching we have been made to feel the influence of your own wisdom and virtue. We are not unacquainted with your earnest and unceasing labors in the cause of religion, with your zealous and successful efforts in behalf of Christian education. These are known throughout the land; but nowhere have they been a source of greater pleasure and admiration than here at Notre Dame. The many colleges and churches which now grace the Archdiocese of Montreal, and above all the Cathedral of St. Peter, stand as monuments to your devoted zeal in the cause of God and humanity. They evidence an active career well worthy one so eminent in the Catholic Hierarchy of America. With mute eloquence they tell the story of your tireless labors in the episcopacy, of your indomitable courage in your struggle against financial difficulty, and of the success with which Almighty God has deigned to bless your efforts. Though all these material signs of the prosperity of the Catholic Church in the Archdiocese of Montreal redound to your honor, you can look with special pride to an able body of clergymen working with you in perfect harmony, consecrating their lives with the greatest loyalty to the execution of your policy, and to the spiritual welfare of their congregations; and to a people deeply imbued with the spirit of Catholicity, true to the faith of their fathers, and preserving that faith in the purity which was once the glory of France.

"If to have been a leader among men in temporal affairs places one's name in the historical firmament as a shining star to posterity, what must be the eternal renown in heaven of him who, sacrificing the world with all its glitter to be a shepherd of human souls, rises to so great a distinction under the banner of Christ? A life so spent merits infinitely more than mere human praise or earthly reward can bestow.

"In conclusion, Most Reverend Archbishop, we sincerely hope that you may live many more years to continue your good work in your exalted sphere, and that, when you will have returned to your far-off Canadian home, the recollection of to-day's visit may be a pleasure to you and may procure for us many recurring favors of the kind."

Of the entertainment which followed an appreciative report will be found in another column.

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Next morning, at eight o'clock, the Archbishop said the regular students' Mass in the college church. At ten o'clock he was called to the portico of the main building to listen to the

martial strains of the University Band who, attended by the student body, had gathered to greet him. Then some time was spent in visiting the University buildings and inspecting the manifold objects of interest and instruction with which our classic halls abound. And His Grace was pleased to express his surprise and pleasure with the wonderful advantages which Notre Dame possesses from an educational point of view.

The Archbishop dined with the students in the Senior refectory. At one o'clock a full dress parade of the University militia was held in his honor. The companies of the various departments assembled on the parterre in front of the main building, and went through the manual of arms, and the evolutions called for by the tactics, with that precision and exactitude for which they have become famous. After a pleasant visit to St. Edward's Hall—which could not be missed—and to our neighboring sister Academy, St. Mary's, the Archbishop returned to the College and left on the evening train for Chicago.

It is with pleasure we note that Mgr. Fabre enjoyed his visit to Notre Dame. His Grace takes with him the assurance that all here appreciated the honor of his presence, and, with their best wishes for himself and his noble work, hope that in the near future he may find time to repeat the visit.

L.

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#### The Philopatrians.

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It is unnecessary to say that the Philopatrians of '92 have added another laurel of success to the hitherto brilliant career of their admirable organization. Those who had the pleasure of attending their entertainment of last year, certainly expected something grand on Wednesday evening when they seated themselves in Washington Hall. We are glad to say, and with the deepest sincerity, that they were not disappointed. The visitors were shown their seats by the two gentlemanly ushers, Messrs. J. Fitzgerald and F. Carney. It was about 7.30 when the Most Rev. Archbishop Fabre, D. D., of Montreal, Canada, entered the hall, accompanied by the Rev. President Walsh and Faculty. The address of welcome to the Archbishop, in whose honor the entertainment was given, was read by Mr. F. J. Vurpillat. His manner of delivery was easy and graceful, his voice clear, distinct and well-modulated, and the address itself well suited to the occasion.

Then came "The Forest Prince and the Three Bears," an operetta in five acts. The curtain rose on the home of the forest king, and one could not refrain from exclaiming: "How real! how beautiful!" It was a green woodland scene; in the centre was a throne, and in the front, the forest children arrayed in their pretty costumes. The effect was rendered even more pleasing by means of the calcium lights. The *Forest Prince*, personated by C. Meyers, was one of the most beautiful characters among them all. His singing was exceptionally good, and throughout he played his part with such grace and reality as to merit the admiration of all. Mr. F. Chute, as the *Forest King*, wore one of the richest costumes on the stage; his dignified appearance and easy bearing were well adapted to his royal rôle. His voice, though affected by a cold, showed careful training, and more than once he was greeted personally with the applause of the house. The whole scene was a model of beauty, and the singing was simply surprising, and accurate for such a number of small boys.

The second act brought to light *Big Bruin* and his family. Here Mr. E. Schaack certainly appeared to advantage. His deep voice was well suited to the occasion, and with the aid of W. Kegler as *Mammy Muff*, and F. Cornell as *Tiny Cub*, this scene and the fourth were made such as will always be remembered with pleasure. The third act introduced two new characters. Mr. E. Harris as the *Bard*, though not very poetical as some were led to believe, played a very important part in which he displayed his fine tenor voice to perfection. C. Teeters as *Will-o'-the-wisp* had a very attractive part. Undoubtedly this was the most picturesque scene in the whole cantata. In the centre was a mound, and on this the forest children went to sleep around the prince. The variegated costumes were lit up by the calcium lights, and made a grand effect.

The fourth act represented the interior of *Bruin's* home. The forest prince entered alone and finding the porridge fixed out on the table, he tasted each bowl, and then went to the bedroom where, after trying all the couches, he lay down on the third. Here he was found by *Tiny Cub* shortly after, and was made a prisoner by *Big Bruin*. But while they were putting their heads together to determine what to do, the prince escaped, and the curtain dropped, leaving the bears in surprise. The fifth and last act represented the sorrow of the forest children over the lost prince; they deposed the king as faithless, and they put the bard in his place, for the prince had returned with him. C. Mc-

Phee and S. Warner did their parts with credit as also did G. Gerner and J. Miller. The duet in the first act by E. Thome and T. Finnerty, though a little discordant at places, was very good.

When all was over the Archbishop gave a short talk, and the audience departed highly delighted, and expressing words of praise that showed true appreciation of the evening's treat. The choruses were exceptionally good for so many voices. The entertainment reflects the greatest credit upon the President of the organization and upon their musical instructor. "Three cheers for Bro. Marcellus and the Philopatrians!" is the true sentiment of all who witnessed "The Forest Prince and the Three Bears." Q.

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#### Conservatism in England.

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It is a well-known fact that the distinctions between the higher and lower classes of England are more marked than in any other civilized nation. The education of her poorer class, from the birth of those giant twins, Oxford and Cambridge, down to the dawning of the nineteenth century had been almost neglected, and it was most forcibly brought home to the minds of Englishmen in our day when efforts were put forth to break the bonds of this social slavery. Educational facilities which were afforded the noble and wealthy classes continued from Shakspeare's day to the beginning of our century, to the exclusion and detriment of the poor. This is the result of that same conservative spirit which clung to the principles of the Catholic religion in the face of two centuries of persecutions and penal laws of every description; and they would have continued in this obstinacy had they not been lulled to quiet by the belief that they were practising that same religion conducted and administered by Englishmen.

This conservatism is an outgrowth of mediæval feudalism; it is an unconscious adherence to feudalistic principles; but these principles, when put into practice, are, unfortunately, "below par"; hence the poor in the days of lord and vassal were much better off in many respects than the masses of to-day. With the bonds of common interest and even disinterested friendship, which characterized feudalism, compare the heartless indifference of the wealthy to the miserable masses of London to-day. This semi-unnatural state of affairs was brought about by that intense love, inherent in the English breast, for the letter of the law even

after they have lost all idea of its spirit. The upper classes hold to the letter, like Shylock, and have no idea of that mercy which

"Droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven."

Owing to this conservative spirit of her legislators we have such statutes as "The Poor Laws," "Parish System" and diverse other penal codes until we behold in the city of her kings, the world's capital, a mass of miserable beings eking out an existence amidst poverty, ignorance and vice. If we can with pleasure point to numerous organizations, societies and systematic endeavors put forth for the bettering of the people, it is owing to the fact that the barriers of selfish conservatism have been overthrown, and the representatives of the masses have appeared at the bar of the nation's legislature. The representatives of the masses have now assumed an attitude which makes that selfish, prejudiced policy of adherence to old usages tremble to its very base. They have become the most powerful element in the political, civil and religious world of London; and this was an inevitable reaction produced by the misgovernment of the past. It has now come to that crisis in political events in which it seems that the people—the lower classes—will rise from a nonentity to possess the power of the state, unknowingly renewing that great crisis in France when the "Tiers Etate" emerged from a non-representative body to the possession of all the power.

Again, like their predecessors, the inhabitants of the coast counties, and such rustic peasants as "Wessex Folk," situated far from the seat of government, are uneducated to the novel principles of reform. They shall not be called upon, as were the brave Vendéans and the peasants on the banks of Loire, to abandon the beloved priests whom they cherished more than life, and in their stead receive the complaisant minions of the new order. It is impossible to pass on without remarking here the influence exercised by the Catholic religion over the ardent hearts of the Breton peasantry. They believed, and rose in defence of the belief, that the religion which they loved more than life was the true religion, unchangeable, living through the centuries which saw the birth and ruin of innumerable false religions, the rise and fall of nations and of institutions.

The English peasantry have not this noblest of principles to defend; but were they called upon now to forsake their old-established principles, they would rise in defense of these antiquated ideas without stopping to consider

that these principles were no longer applicable to the times in which they live. If their brethren of London have awakened to a social political change, it is owing to the modern, practical, sensible ideas which prevail outside of themselves and which roused them to a sense of their danger. But the most powerful exponent in the origin of this happy change is the Catholic religion, to whose bosom the English are now returning; and it is left for us to see fulfilled the prophecy of that remarkable commentary on the words of De Maistre: "Mirabeau prophesied that the nineteenth century would open with the declaration of 'the rights of man,' but it will close with that of the 'rights of God.'"

W. H.

#### One Phase of Journalism.

No one who has not earned his bread by this kind of labor can have any idea of the crowd that hangs upon the outskirts of professional journalism—a crowd not seeking to enter the ranks of the regular newspaper men, but hoping to pick up the crumbs that fall from the table which appears to them so abundantly loaded. To be a professional journalist in America a man must, in nine cases out of ten, begin as a reporter. He must possess other qualifications besides those of the literary man. He must have a good knowledge of shorthand writing, and a knack for the popular style. He must have an iron constitution and untiring nerves. He must be able to sit in a crowded room under the glaring gaslight and write out his impressions at an hour when ordinary people are in bed and asleep. He must possess that brazen assurance which sensitive men of taste rarely have; for he will be called upon to interview all sorts and conditions of men when they least expect it, and generally when they least like it. He must have a keen instinct for business in order to outwit and outrun his competitors in the pursuit of news. Ever on the alert, he must not dwell upon the recollections of yesterday, lest they twine themselves into the reports of to-day. Altogether, the commencing journalist must be a remarkable being, and most remarkable for a set of qualities which are not only useless to the writer of books, but which, if the latter possessed them, would notably hinder his success. There is no such thing as amateur journalism possible within the precincts of a great newspaper's offices, whereas the outer doors are besieged by amateurs of every known and unknown description.

In the critical and literary departments, the dilettante is the cruel enemy of those who are driven to write for bread, but who lack either the taste, the qualifications, or the opportunities which might give them a seat within, among the reporters' desks! Cruellest of all in the eyes

of the poor scribbler is the well-to-do man of leisure and culture who is personally acquainted with the chief editor, and writes occasional criticisms, often the most important, for nothing. Then there is the young woman who has been to college, who lacks nothing, but is ever ready to write for money, which she devotes to charitable purposes, thereby depriving some unfortunate youth of the dollar a day which means food for him, to whose support the public is not already taxed. But she knows nothing about him, and it amuses her to be connected with the press, and to have the importance of exchanging a word with the editor if she meets him in the society she frequents. The young man goes on the accustomed day for the new books. "I have nothing for you, this week, Mr. Tompkins," says the manager of the literary department, as politely as possible. The books are gone to the Vassar girl or to the rich idler, and poor Tompkins must not hope to earn his daily dollar again till seven or eight days have passed. His only consolation is that the dawdling dilettante can never get all the work, because he or she cannot write fast enough to supply the demand. Without the spur of necessity it is impossible to read and review two volumes a day for any length of time. It is hard to combine justice to an author with the necessity for rushing through his book at a hundred pages an hour. It is indeed important to cut every leaf, lest the aforesaid literary manager should accuse poor little Mr. Tompkins of carelessness and superficiality in his judgment; but it is quite impossible that Tompkins should read every word of the children's story-book, of the volume of second-class sermons, of the collection of fifth rate poetry, and of the harrowing tale of city life, entitled "The Bucket of Blood, or The Washerwoman's Revenge," all of which have come at once and are simultaneously submitted to his authoritative criticism.—"*The Three Fates*," by F. MARION CRAWFORD.

#### Books and Periodicals.

THE REASONABLENESS OF THE PRACTICES OF THE CATHOLIC CHURCH. By Rev. J. J. Burke. New York, Cincinnati, Chicago: Benziger Brothers.

This work forms the complement, the perfection, we may say, of the reverend author's previous work on the "Ceremonies of the Church," to which we called attention in a recent number of the SCHOLASTIC. Both works are popular, but complete expositions of subjects that have an important bearing upon faith and practice in matters of religion. They, therefore, serve a double purpose: that of a guide to the non-Catholic, and a monitor to the faithful, who, at times, may need to have at hand a reminder of those truths and principles which were infused with the saving waters of Baptism. Father Burke in the present work uses the

word "Practices," so as to include not only the devotions which form an integral element of the Catholic religion, but also other observances that have an immediate reference to the sacraments and holy things, as well as the relationship existing between the clergy and the laity. The subjects are treated clearly, concisely and in a manner to bring home to the heart of every reader the truths inculcated.

—*Scribner's Magazine* for May opens with the second article in the series on "The Poor in Great Cities," in which Jacob A. Riis, the author of "How the Other Half Lives," repeats his first success which has gained him such wide recognition. This time he finds a most congenial subject in "The Children of the Poor" in New York—a phase of life to which his sympathies strongly attract him. Mr. Riis knows the gamin at first hand, through his many years of newspaper work at police headquarters. The result is that this article is filled with incidents and stories illustrating the life of the children—its humor and pathos, the element of good that is always manifested in them, and the methods which have so far proved most efficient in developing it. There is nothing farther from professional philanthropy than the spirit of Mr. Riis's article, and it appeals strongly to all right-thinking people by its humanity. The many illustrations in the article are made from photographs taken by Mr. Riis of actual characters and scenes referred to in his text.

#### Personal.

—Dr. M. F. Egan lectured in Chicago on Monday last.

—Mrs. G. Gillam, of Chicago, paid a pleasant visit on Thursday last to see her son, Austin, of Carroll Hall.

—Rev. F. L. Adam, Rector of the Sacred Heart Church, Montreal, accompanied His Grace, Archbishop Fabre, on his way to Chicago, and was a most welcome visitor to Notre Dame on Wednesday and Thursday of this week.

—It is with pleasure we note the recovery of our attending physician, Dr. J. B. Berteling, '80, who has been ill for several weeks, owing to overwork in our neighboring city during the winter season. His appearance with us on Thursday last was greeted with many expressions of congratulation.

—Prof. William Hoynes, Dean of the Law Department, has been spoken of by a number of papers as a possible candidate for the Lieutenant-Governorship of the State. We have reason to think that the Professor would decline the nomination, if made; but we may well say that a better selection could not be made.

—Rev. President Walsh will assist at the dedication ceremonies of the new Notre Dame

church in Chicago, to-morrow (Sunday). The congregation attached to this church is the only French congregation, but one of the largest in the city, and has had a long and prosperous existence. It was established in 1861.

—Hon. T. E. Howard, '62, of South Bend, has been nominated on the Democratic ticket for a Supreme Court Justiceship of the State of Indiana. The party has honored itself in putting forward a candidate so eminently well qualified to fill such an honorable and important office. Within collegiate halls, Professor Howard enjoyed the esteem of his confrères in the work of teaching and the respect and devotion of the pupils entrusted to his direction. The gifted mind and worthy heart that called forth this reverence and confidence have not failed to exert their influence in the walks of political life upon which he has since entered. The various offices, municipal and state, with which Prof. Howard has been entrusted have been filled with an ability and satisfaction rarely met with in the political world; so much so that all who know him, irrespective of party, must sincerely wish him success in his new candidature.

#### Local Items.

- Remenyi is great.
- Music holds the fort.
- 'Rah for the Philopatrians!
- Is it possible to taboo *coughing*?
- The *mis-en-scène* is a good thing to have around, after all.
- The old bear's costume was realistic. And thereby hangs a *tail*.
- The game in the second nine resulted in favor of Captain Corry. Score, 16 to 10.
- Nearly all the diamonds on the Carrolls' campus have been improved during the week.
- The *Blues*, of the second nine, won the last game they played, defeating the *Reds* by a score of 10 to 7.
- The Carrolls, thanks to their numerous friends, are fifteen thousand stamps ahead of their rivals.
- The fourth nine specials suffered a defeat recently at the hands of Captain Lane & Co. Score, 11 to 10.
- The Carrolls' third nine crossed bats with the Minims Thursday. The score has not been returned as yet.
- Captain Yeager, of the third nine, succeeded in defeating, by hard play, Captain Cheney by a score of 26 to 16.
- Those who indulge in base-ball should remember that the *Umpire* is constituted sole judge of the game.
- Captain Rend's men were victorious in Thursday's game. Falk's pitching was an important factor. Score, 11 to 4.

—The "Invincibles" played a practice game with the young men at the Seminary grounds. Score, 3 to 2 in favor of the former.

—It is said that the little *Cub* showed by his perfectly awful conduct that *Big Bruin* and *Mammy Muff* were American bears!

—Captain Cheney's of the "Lone Stars" won a game from a visiting team lately. The score on both sides was too large to print.

—We regret very much that, owing to an oversight, several lines in Mr. Frost Thorn's translation from Virgil were deprived of their proper feet.

—Many who contribute stamps are not aware that to put them in water for the purpose of ungumming them injures their commercial value by running the colors together.

—Can people be convinced that when they attend a public entertainment, there may be trying moments when a cough out-doors would be worth 40,000,000 within the hall?

—In the fourth nine luck has returned to Captain Janssen. An exciting and closely contested game was begun Thursday last, and finished the following afternoon. Captain Janssen won in the end. Score, 31 to 11.

—The devotions of the month of May—the month consecrated to the Blessed Virgin Mary—will be opened this (Saturday) evening. After an appropriate sermon Solemn Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament will be given. During each week of the month there will be special devotions every evening.

—We unite with the many friends of Col. William Hoynes, Dean of the Law Department, in congratulating him upon the victory just achieved as solicitor in a very important and difficult chancery suit in Chicago. The case presented several issues bearing upon the title to a large and valuable tract of land in that city, and we are glad to be able to state that the Colonel won upon all of them.

—An interesting game was played by the Junior first nines on Monday last, under the captaincy of J. Rend and W. O'Neill. Everything seemed to be in favor of Captain O'Neill, who allowed none of his opponents to cross the plate until the 6th inning, when a throw to first missed by the baseman gave Martin time to score the first run for the *Reds*. The *Blues* made no runs during the last five innings. Score, 8 to 7.

—On last Tuesday evening the St. Boniface Society held their sixth regular meeting with a full attendance. The minutes of the previous meeting were read and approved. "A short Visit to Notre Dame" was the title of Mr. Rothert's essay, which received abundant applause. Mr. Maurus read a composition on the "Church at Notre Dame." The meeting closed with a very interesting speech by Rev. Father Klein.

—The "Ave Maria Press" issued very neat programmes for the Philopatrians' entertain-

ment. Our great and most highly esteemed contemporary will forgive the childish ebullition of feeling which greeted the substitution of the new term for the old, long-standing—in fact more than twenty-five years' standing—"Scholastic Press." Time—the most convenient chap to lay the blame upon—brings changes on men and things. It is true, as people say, that for twenty-five years the "Scholastic Press" has borne the responsibility of all college publications, good, bad and indifferent. We are told that we may go back even further—go back to the days of the little hand-press, way up in the garret of the old college building—and speak of the programmes "set" and printed by the students themselves. But we must refrain—How happy we would be were we a poet now to put in the proper refrain.

—At the entertainment given last Wednesday evening by the St. Stanislaus' Philopatrian Society of the University, complimentary to the Most Rev. Archbishop of Montreal, the Operetta, "The Forest Prince and the Three Bears," was presented on an unusual scale of magnificence. The characters were taken by the following:

Forest Prince.....	C. Meyers
Woodland King.....	Fred Chute
Bard.....	E. Harris
Big Bruin.....	E. Schaack
Mammy Muff.....	W. Kegler
Tiny Cub.....	F. Cornell
Faithful.....	G. Gerner
Frailty.....	J. Miller
Lightfoot.....	E. Thome
Airy.....	T. Finnerty
Pages.....	{ C. McPhee
	{ S. Warner
Will-o'-the-wisp.....	C. Teeters
<i>Forest Children:</i> H. Yingst, G. Bixby, C. Reedy, G. Eunke, J. Hagus, H. Miles, K. McLeod, C. Cullen, A. Harding, R. Slevin, O. Bergland, H. Hargrave, E. Dorsey, J. Marre, J. Yeager, W. Gerdes, M. Levi, W. Evans, G. Zoehrlaut, F. Wagner, G. Brown, W. Girardin, S. Dixon, J. Brown.	
<i>Guards and Soldiers:</i> W. E. Bates, A. Gillam, J. Hack, H. Cheney, H. Bearss, W. Foster, G. Sweet, F. Grote, G. Johnson, V. Washburn, B. Weaver, P. Dion, L. Garfias, E. Brennan, P. Stephens, W. Sullivan.	

### Roll of Honor.

#### SORIN HALL.

Messrs. Ahlrichs, Bachrach, Brady, Carney, Combe, Cartier, L. Chute, F. Chute, Coady, Carroll, Dechant, J. Fitzgerald, J. R. Fitzgibbon, T. Flannery, M. Hannin, Howard, Joslyn, Langan, Lancaster, P. Murphy, H. Murphy, Monarch, Maurus, McAuliff, McGrath, Neef, O'Brien, Quinlan, Rothert, Schaack, Sullivan, E. Scherrer, C. Scherrer, N. Sinnott, R. Sinnott, F. Vurpillat, V. Vurpillat.

#### BROWNSON HALL.

Messrs. Ahlrichs, Arts, Ansberry, Burns, Brennan, J. Brady, Brinin, Chassaing, Corcoran, Corry, Crawley, Cassidy, Chilcote, W. Cummings, Crilly, Castenado, F. Cummings, Cherhart, Coady, Colby, Delaney, Doheny, Dinkel, Devanny, Egan, Ferneding, Foley, Frizzelle, Fardy, R. Harris, Hesse, E. Harris, Henly, Houlihan, Heer, Hagan, Hennessy, Hermann, F. Kenny, Krost, Kléekamp, Kearney, W. M. Kennedy, Kelly, Karasynski, Krembs, Kintzele, Kearns, Kunert, Libert, S. Mitchell,

McFadden, Monarch, Moxley, D. Murphy, McErlain, F. Murphy, McCarrick, McCullough, Murray, Nockels, Nester, O'Shea, Powers, Pulskamp, D. Phillips, Perry, Patier, Quinlan, M. Ryan, J. Ryan, G. Ryan, Ragan, E. Roby, Stanton, Schopp, Stace, Vinez, Vurpillat, Welsh, Whitehead, Wilkin, Zeller, Zeitler.

#### CARROLL HALL.

Messrs. Ashford, Bauer, Bixby, Ball, Baldauf, J. Brown, Byrnes, Brennan, Bergland, Bates, Casey, Curran, Connell, Cullen, Cheney, Cochrane, Dion, Dix, DuBois, DeLormier, Duncombe, Dillman, Delaney, J. Dempsey, Dorsey, Edwards, Fleming, Finnerty, G. Funke, A. Funke, Foster, Fitzgerald, Falk, Girsch, Grote, L. Gibson, N. Gibson, Griffin, Gerlach, Gillam, Garfias, Girardin, Gerner, Gerdes, Hill, Hagan, Hilger, Hoban, Hagus, Hargrave, Hittson, Hack, Janssen, Johnson, Joseph, Kauffmann, Kreicker, Kindler, W. Kegler, A. Kegler, Kerker, Levi, Lowrey, Luther, Lawlor, Lane, Mills, Martin, Mitchell, J. Miller, W. Miller, Meyers, Marre, Marr, Miles, Moss, McPhee, McDowell, McCarthy, McLeod, Medalie, W. Nichols, H. Nichols, O'Connor, F. O'Brien, O'Rourke, W. O'Neill, Payne, Peake, Prichard, Pope, Rupel, Rogers, Ratterman, Renesch, Rumely, H. Reedy, C. Reedy, Ryan, Sullivan, Strauss, Sparks, Sedwick, Shimp, Scholer, Sweet, Slevin, Sheuerman, Smith, Stephens, Thornton, Thome, Teeter, Thorn, Tobin, J. Tong, Vorhang, Washburn, Walker, Weaver, N. Weitzel, B. Weitzel, Wellington, Wells, Wagner, Warner, Yeager, Yingst, G. Zoehrlaut.

#### ST. EDWARD'S HALL.

Masters Ahern, Ayers, R. Brown, Burns, Blumenthal, V. Berthelet, R. Berthelet, Ball, Bopp, Cornell, Corry, Curry, E. Christ, Curtin, Chapoton, J. Coquillard, A. Coquillard, Croke, F. Christ, Cross, Crandall, B. Durand, DuBrul, Dugas, L. Donnell, S. Donnell, F. Emerson, W. Emerson, Everest, Elliott, Egan, Finnerty, Fossick, N. Freeman, E. Furthmann, C. Furthmann, Girsch, Gregg, Gavin, Gilbert, Graf, Hoffman, Howard, Holbrook, Hilger, Healy, Roy Higgins, Ralph Higgins, Hathaway, Jonquet, Jones, Kinney, Krollman, Kern, G. Keeler, S. Keeler, Kuehl, W. LaMoure, E. LaMoure, Londoner, Lysle, Lawton, Langley, Langevin, Lowrey, McPhee, McIntyre, R. McCarthy, G. McCarthy, E. McCarthy, E. McCarthy, McAlister, McGinley, McGushin, Maternes, Morrison, R. Morris, F. Morris, Nichols, Ninneman, O'Neill, Oatman, W. Pollitz, H. Pollitz, Pratt, Pieser, Purcell, Peck, Ransome, Repscher, Rose, W. Scherrer, G. Scherrer, Swan, Stuckhart, L. Trankle, F. Trankle, P. Trujillo, Wilson, White, Wolf, Wilcox.

### 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.

## St. Mary's Academy.

*One Mile West of Notre Dame University.*

—The first botanical expedition of the season was undertaken on last Saturday by the Graduates, who, tempted by the balmy atmosphere, spent several hours searching the windings of the ravine for wild flowers, and returned laden with specimens of hepaticas, anemones and cardamine.

—Very Rev. Father General's devoted children at St. Mary's hear of his steady convalescence with unfeigned pleasure, and eagerly look forward to the bright May days, when they hope again to welcome him, as of old, at their reunions, which will have an additional brightness if cheered by his presence.

—A large number of shells, exquisite in form and coloring, has been recently added to the collection already in the museum. A considerable percentage of the new invoice comes from the waters of the East and West Indies, Zanzibar, Madagascar, etc., and many of them are veritable curiosities. The admirer of these lovely and fantastic forms have in their study everything that could gratify the taste; while to follow out the train of thought which the sight of them awakens would be a pleasant pastime.

—"A Bunch of Violets" was the pretty and suggestive name of the paper edited by the Minims, and read by Marie Egan and June Dysart at the academic meeting on last Sunday. It proved to be a sprightly journal, and showed that the little ones are close observers; that they speak right to the point, and do not hesitate to take the public into their confidence. Rev. Father Corby expressed the pleasure afforded by their juvenile efforts, in words that indicated the high place which the Minims hold in his esteem.

### Remenyi at St. Mary's.

The event of the week was the coming of the far-famed Edouard Remenyi, in praise of whose marvellous handling of the violin too much can hardly be said. The "Andante" from Mendelssohn introduced him to his audience, whose warmest admiration he soon won. In his hands the violin was not a thing of wood and catgut, but became instinct with life; nay, it was even human, and seemed to run the gamut of all the feelings peculiar to man. Now it voiced a mighty grief; again it was sweetly sad, or, changing suddenly, it seemed to laugh at sorrow. In certain passages, his bow swept the strings with a touch delicate and tender, evoking a sound so faint that, in very truth, it might be said that "nothing lived 'twixt it and silence." The

*maestro* lingered lovingly over the Hungarian melodies, the latter, at times, wild, fantastic and free; and as the martial air rang out, there was in it the tread of advancing armies. The Spanish music, soft and seductive, reproduced the easy grace of the Castilian, while the rendering of the "Carnival of Venice" was piquant and sparkling beyond description. In fine, the exquisite interpretation of Schubert's "Ave Maria" was a prayer without words, and will long dwell in the memory of those who believe in the sanctity of music. The vocalization of Mrs. Rice, who contributed several numbers to the programme, was sweet and pleasing, while Miss Berry proved herself a most sympathetic accompanist. The audience who listened to Mr. Remenyi are deeply grateful for the generosity with which he responded to the frequent *encores*, as well as for the delightful walk which they owe to his intercession.

### Daybreak.

With sombre gray the earth and sky are clad,  
The watching stars have fled, as if released  
From duty. Lo! with faintest flush the East  
Is dyed, and rosy rays, on errand glad,  
Athwart the sky dart swiftly. Now the sad  
And boding, dirge-like sounds of night have ceased  
Before the coming of the day's high priest,  
And joyous nature seems with music mad.

Awake! my soul, from thy lethargic sleep;  
A day eternal yet shall dawn for thee,  
Before whose beauty pale earth's visions bright,  
And griefs that now so oft doth make thee weep,  
In joy supernal shall dissolvéd be,  
When heaven shall burst on thy enraptured sight.

### Gossip.

It is wonderful to note the changes which have occurred in our language since the date of Chaucer. Almost every word commonly used has its several obsolete meanings; but in few instances does the sense seem so radically changed as in the use of the word "gossip." Originally the definition given for this term was "one who acts as sponsor in baptism, or a spiritual relationship conferred on one so acting." There is nothing spiritual in Webster's definition of this word in its present sense; for he tells us "a gossip is a tattler, a chatter-box, while Dryden says "a gossip is one who runs from house to house tale-bearing." Of all the members of the body, that which is oftenest used is the unruly tongue. Why has this adjective been applied to this particular organ? We have only to consider our own personal experience, and we find a very good reason for the

epithet; for how often have we not found our tongue unruly indeed! Somehow the tendency towards idle talk or gossip has come to be ascribed to women, and perhaps the charge is true; for, as a rule, her occupations are such as leave her free to indulge in conversation. Men are generally too much occupied with business matters to find leisure for this kind of pastime, or perhaps they would share with women the reputation for gossip.

The Scripture says "The tale bearer shall defile his own soul and be hated by all." If this awful prediction were taken to heart, how charitable the world would become! Then we might screen ourselves behind Mrs. Smith's portieres during an afternoon coffee, or wear the same bonnet all the year around, certain in all such cases of hearing nothing detrimental to either our good taste or our reputation.

We must pardon our great grandmothers if they sometimes indulged in this pastime, for they had no other way of hearing the events, great and small, of the day. Those means by which we know to-day the events of yesterday, in even the most distant parts of the world, were entirely unknown to them; there was no such thing as the daily newspaper, and telegraphy was not yet known. But we of this enlightened age have the tidings of kings and courts, of Church and state brought to our attention every day; hence we should find other topics to discuss than the idle tales which constitute gossip.

Want of charity seems to be the besetting sin of women. This disposition to judge rashly and make unkind comments on the doings of others seems her greatest obstacle to perfect charity. If all would meditate occasionally on the enormous evil and dire results which arise from this thoughtless use of the gift of speech, how much pain, regret and remorse would be spared the world, and how much happier all would be! A gossip loses the respect and trust of even her bosom friends. St. Francis de Sales says: "The truth that is not charitable proceeds always from a charity that is not true." Those who are most prone to this habit of gossip have acquired the tendency to criticise more through want of thought than through malice; but

"Evil is wrought by want of thought  
As well as want of heart."

No one can ever be termed truly noble who condescends to this petty vice; and everyone will find more than enough to engage her thoughts if she would but tend to that which concerns her. The observance of the Golden Rule is a sure road to perfect charity:

"Judge not, and you shall not be judged;  
Condemn not, and you shall not be condemned."

KATHERINE RYAN.

## Roll of Honor.

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

### SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

Misses E. Adelsperger, Augustine, R. Bassett, Bero, E. Burns, Bell, Brady, A. Butler, K. Barry, M. Barry, Black, Byers, Bogart, Bartholomew, Carico, Charles, A. Cooper, M. Clifford, Crilly, Carpenter, L. Clifford, D. Davis, S. Dempsey, Duffy, Dieffenbacher, Daley, E. Dennison, Dingee, Fitzpatrick, Field, Griffith, Green, Galvin, Grace, Lucy Griffith, Gibbons, Gage, Haitz, Hellmann, Holmes, Hutchinson, Higgins, Hopkins, Hittson, Hunt, Johnson, Jacobs, Kirley, Klingberg, Keating, Kieffer, Kingsbaker, Kelly, Kimmell, Kinney, Lynch, Ludwig, Londoner, Lancaster, La Moure, Lantry, Morse, M. Moynahan, Marrinan, Murison, Morehead, Moore, E. McCormack, D. McDonald, McGuire, A. Moynahan, M. McDonald, McCune, Maxon, Nacy, L. Nickel, M. Nichols, B. Nichols, Nester, O'Sullivan, Patier, Payne, Quinn, A. Ryan, K. Ryan, Robinson, Rizer, Roberts, Russert, Rothschild, Reid, M. Smyth, E. Seeley, A. Smyth, A. Schmidt, Sena, Shaw, Sleeper, Thirds, Tod, Van Mourick, S. Wile, G. Winstandley, Winstandley, Wagner, Wurzburg, Wolffe, Wolverton, E. Wile, Zahm.

### JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

Misses Ahern, Boyle, Berg, Baxter, Coady, Campau, Cowan, Dennison, Crandall, Ford, Field, Garrity, Girsch, Hickey, Hopper, Morris, Nacey, O'Mara, S. Smyth, Scott, Tilden, Wolverton, Wheeler, Williams, Whittenberger.

### MINIM DEPARTMENT.

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

## SCHOOL OF ART AND DESIGN.

### HONORABLY MENTIONED.

#### ELEMENTARY PERSPECTIVE.

1ST CLASS—Misses Kimmell, M. Clifford.

2D CLASS—Misses K. Ryan, E. Dennison. Promoted, Miss K. Charles.

3D CLASS—Misses E. Tod, Hopper, Boyle, Schaefer, E. McCormack, Kasper, M. Burns, Palmer, Pengemann, Doble, A. Girsch, Gage, Garrity, Byers, A. Schmidt, Londoner, Tietjen, Kinney, Berg.

#### PAINTING IN WATER-COLORS.

2D CLASS—Miss M. Fitzpatrick.

3D CLASS—Miss Dempsey.

#### OIL-PAINTING.

2D CLASS—Miss Plato.

3D CLASS—Misses Dieffenbacher, Marrinan.

### GENERAL DRAWING.

#### SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

Misses Robinson, E. Seely, A. Seely, Roberts, Wolffe, Murison, Black, Clifford, Lantry, Byers, Kasper, Wurzburg, Hunt, Agney, Rizer, R. Butler, Jacobs, Kauffman, Rothschild, McColm, Russert, Wile, McCune, Johnson, Higgins, Winstandley, Cowan, Lancaster, Wagner, Hopkins, McGuire, A. Butler, Zucker, Wolverton, Payne, D. McDonald, M. McDonald, Klingberg, Kingsbaker, Dennison, Maxon, S. Ludwig, Kelly, Duffy, Lennon, Shaw, Hammond, Whitmore, Moynahan, Van Mourick, Welter, Daley, Augustine, La Moure, Dingee, Pfaelzer, Crilly, Hittson, A. Cooper, M. Cooper, Reid.

#### JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

Misses B. Davis, M. Davis, Baxter, Coady, A. Cowan, Tilden, S. Smyth, N. Smyth, J. Smyth, M. Field, O'Mara, Nacey, Whittenberger, E. Wolverton, L. Adelsperger, Wheeler, Morris, Campeau, Allen, Meskill, Mills.