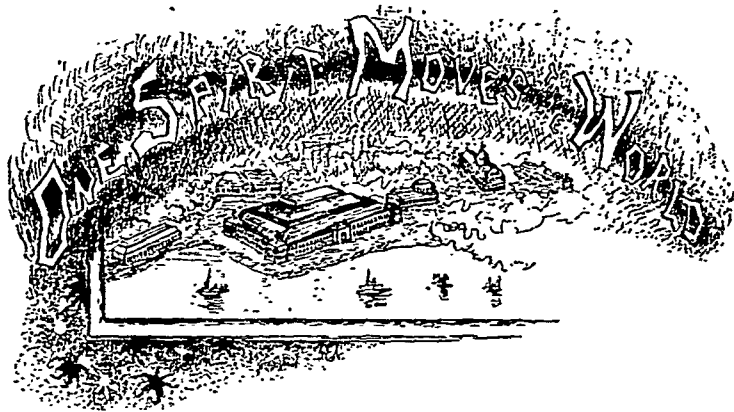


NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.



Dedicated to the World's Columbian Exposition.

BY M. A. QUINLAN, '93.

THOU, parliament of arts that thrill the world
 And wake to wonderment the toil-bound years,
 Why hast thou o'er thy palaces unfurled
 The kindred colors of two hemispheres?
 What silent spirit reigns within thy breast?
 What lofty purpose guides thy artful hand?
 What grace hast thou to win at thy behest
 The boastful pageantry of every land?

Each nation strives to make thee what thou art;
 It lends thee what it has and gives its heart.

Man speaks to man and every soul is stirred,
 Renewed is life in labor's sweet surcease;
 One spirit moves the world, and lo! are heard
 The whispered words of universal peace.

Behold the races rear their temples grand
 Within whose walls the millions meet and scan
 The wonders of the earth; there hand clasps hand,
 And reigns, serene, the brotherhood of man.

A Book I Love.

BY RAYMOND C. LANGAN, '93.



CENTURY ago the essay was the most popular form of literature in our country. About a score of years later Charles Brockden Brown, the first American novelist, began his literary career, and through him the novel came into favor.

In those days our poetry was as yet unsung. Our nation was young. The people were en-

gaged more in the completion of the temple of state than in adorning the shrines of Minerva with literary trophies; for a people's cultivation and appreciation of literature is gradual. It is dependant, to a great extent, on the environments; and certainly the surroundings of an infant nation seldom contribute to the advancement of literary branches. Yet our country from the day of its birth fostered an educational system that, no doubt, best answered the unsettled condition of its people. No class received the undivided attention of the state. Citizenship gave its holders equal rights before her laws. The education of the masses was recognized as a necessity for the welfare of the nation; and after the horizon of state had been cleared of the dark clouds of oppression and the thunder of a Revolution, the sunshine of culture burst forth on a restrained but fertile field. The essay and novel were sought. They were read with much profit. The poem began to receive due attention.

But the full appreciation of a great poem presupposes an intellectual reader. It requires a mind capable of deep reflection—one that can easily grasp its philosophy in order to appreciate it in its full significance and beauty. And especially so where a double allegorical meaning is involved. "The Idyls of the King" is an example. In this epic King Arthur represents the soul, and, knowing that, we can easily group the qualities of the other characters in the poem. In the "Divine Comedy" of Dante the human, political and theological meanings are woven together in a triple allegory, and without either an inkling of the poet's intention or object, or a keen perception of the poem, the sense is no doubt an intricate knot to unravel.

A poem is a study. If it had a nature it would be properly modified by the adjective, *reflective*. And because of the intellectual properties inseparably connected with it, one can but modestly admit that that was the cause of its retarded reception and appreciation in our country.

The reading of a good novel or essay is a profitable way of spending one's leisure moments. Marion Crawford says: "A novel is an intellectual luxury." But certainly he under-

estimates its worth. It is not restricted to the use of writers of fiction. Wallace's novel "Ben Hur" has fanned the spark of religion, that lay smoldering in the ashy hearts of many who once believed in the Word of God, into a flame of love and reverence for Him who died on Calvary. Economists employ this form of literature to disseminate their ideas. Philosophers use it as a vehicle through which their tenets may be most quickly and effectually conveyed to the public. The novel is the most general medium of information. It is a correct criterion of a people's intellectual culture. And, like all good prose, it is a public educator. It is read for pleasure and also for intellectual improvement. For this reason the novelist and essayist were the most popular *litterati* in our country sixty and a score years ago when Washington Irving lived.

Irving was an essayist, and from his many works—for he was a versatile writer—I have chosen "The Sketch Book" for a short criticism. It is the best known work of a much-neglected author. But first a few words about his early life, as the influences of his youthful days are so marked in his writings. He lived at Sunnyside, a beautiful home overlooking the Hudson. Beneath his window the waters of the silent river peacefully glided on, while the lofty summits of the stately Catskills lifted their rugged spires to Heaven as minarets of Nature's temple.

Of a rambling nature, he often in his boyhood days strolled among the mountain woodlands, and along the river banks, viewing the beauty spots with a pleasure so characteristic of a boy who wanders along, half meditating and half dreaming, not knowing whither he is going, and hardly conscious of what he is doing. In after years he immortalized these youthful haunts with his wonderfully clever descriptive pen, and made them, together with quaint legends of Dutch origin, famous in romantic literature.

When about twenty-one his wandering spirit further evinced itself, and he determined on a visit to Europe. He spent much time amid the garden-spots of the Continent. While there he met Tom Moore, and a warm friendship sprung up between Erin's lyricist and America's poetic essayist.

We next find Irving in England collecting material for "The Sketch Book." America furnished him with scenes for description, and England provided him with historical material for expressing pathos. In describing Westminster Abbey, that great tomb wherein lies the dust of so many notable personages, whose

names are carved on the slabs that designate their respective resting-places, he pays a beautiful tribute to Mary Queen of Scots, and a just rebuke to Elizabeth, her cruel oppressor. He says: "Two small aisles on each side of this chapel present a touching instance of the equality of the grave, which brings down the oppressor to a level with the oppressed, and mingles the dust of the bitterest enemies together. In one is the sepulchre of the haughty Elizabeth; in the other is that of her victim, the lovely and unfortunate Mary. Not an hour in the day but some ejaculation of pity is uttered over the latter, mingled with indignation at her oppressor. The walls of Elizabeth's sepulchre continually echo with the sighs of sympathy heaved at the grave of her rival." This is an example of the pathos and delicacy of sentiment so characteristic of his style. Throughout his sketches he arouses the same tenderness of feeling for those whom he describes. Whether they be named or unnamed, he expresses it as effectually.

In "The Wife" we find one of the most beautiful similes in the English language. It is as follows: "As the vine, which has long twined its graceful foliage about the oak, and been lifted by it into sunshine, will, when the hardy plant is rifted by the thunderbolt, cling around it with its caressing tendrils and bind up its shattered boughs, so is it beautifully ordered by Providence that woman, who is the mere dependent and ornament of man in his happier hours, should be his stay and solace when smitten with sudden calamity, winding herself into the rugged recesses of his nature, tenderly supporting the drooping head and binding up the broken heart." Such a figure appeals to the heart of the reader. He suggests more than he can express in words.

Many more beautiful examples of Irving's pleasing style might be quoted. But suffice it to show his characteristics. "Rip Van Winkle" and "The Legend of Sleepy Hollow" are interesting and correct descriptions of the life and legends of the early Dutch of New York. In the former he treats of their quaint humor and old legends in a simple and pure style. "Rip Van Winkle" was a hen-pecked husband who lived at the foot of the Catskill Mountains before the Revolution. Every morning, accompanied by his faithful dog, he was accustomed to take his gun and ramble over the mountains under the pretense of hunting, but really for no other reason than to get out of harm's way. On one of his trips he wandered too far from his home, and night found him still in the moun-

tains. He was much frightened, well knowing that his wife awaited his return with no cordial reception. So he sat down on a rock to console himself. Of a sudden he heard a noise like thunder. Looking up he saw several weird creatures playing ninepins. He was much frightened by the unusual sight. But his fears were soon dispelled by one of the number beckoning for him to come and join in the game. He accepted the odd invitation, and during the game he drank several draughts of the beverage the players had at hand. In a short time he became sleepy, and tying his dog to a small shrub he lay down and was soon in the tender embrace of Morpheus. The effect of the story is when he awoke. He found his gun rusted, his clothes torn and antiquated, and the bones of his dog dangling from a twenty foot tree. And, stranger still, when he went to his home he was recognized only by two or three of the oldest residents. He spoke to the people of King George, and they looked on him as a Tory, for their independence had been won several years before. The sad condition of the old man was all the result of the beverage that had put him into a twenty years' sleep.

"Rip Van Winkle" is no doubt one of the most interesting tales in "The Sketch Book." It is rich in humor, written in a clear style and founded on a weird, fantastic tale of the goblins of the Catskills.

He wrote most of the sketches while in England, but had them published in his native country. The book met with immediate success in England, and also in the United States. It made an immortal name for its author. The paper on "Rural Life in England" forms a delightful essay. Its name signifies its character. "The Broken Heart" is a pathetic tale, delineating a woman's tenderness. It is made all the more interesting by narrating the sad story of Robert Emmet's betrothed, about whom Tom Moore wrote these lines:

"She's far from the land where her young hero sleeps,
And lovers around her are sighing;
But coldly she turns from their gaze, and weeps,
For her heart in his grave is lying.

Oh! make her a grave where the sunbeams rest,
When they promise a glorious morrow;
They'll shine o'er her sleep, like a smile from the west,
From her own loved island of sorrow!"

The above is a short *résumé* of the most interesting sketches in the work appropriately entitled "The Sketch Book." In it we find the many admirable qualities of Irving's style. It is clear, easy, humorous and sympathetic. The only objection that can be offered to his style is the

lack of the lightness of touch that is so popular with the writers of our day. It is the quality that characterizes Andrew Lang, Stevenson, Birrell, and is noticed occasionally in Marion Crawford's works, though it cannot justly be credited to him as one of his distinguishing properties. But Irving can be readily excused for this semi-defect of style, for those authors' pens, after whom he copied, were heavy with the influence of the classics. He did not have Newman as a model.

Irving wrote with feeling. Each of his essays is a gem of American literature. He treated of nature and of the heart, and he mastered those branches as truly as Shakspeare did character. Shakspeare's poetic pen drew back the veil that hides the inner workings of the mind and exposes to view life true and real; his genius cleared our imagination of the clouds that obscured it, and manifested to it nature in the sunlight of appreciation. Irving had a poet's imagination and delicacy of sentiment, a prose writer's clearness and strength of style. He is an author of works well worthy of perusal, and master of a style deserving of imitation. No wonder Charles Dickens said of him: "Why, I don't go upstairs to bed two nights out of the seven without taking Washington Irving under my arm."

Fin de Siècle.

STRANGE is the change that we see!
Each year of the century brings,
A promise of hope and of glee,
While each bell in sweet merriment rings.

Ah! glorious, indeed, are the things
That we see on American ground,
Where no record is kept of old kings,
In the land that Columbus has found.

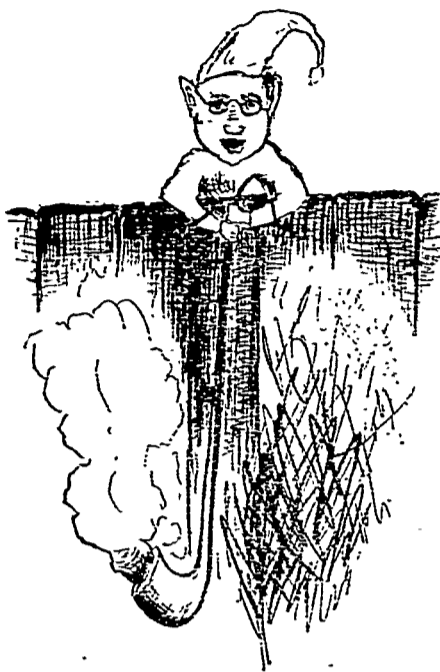
It's the land of the brave and the free;
Where the bird of fair Liberty sings,
And its people are happy to be
Under the shade of his wings.
With pride and with pleasure he flings
His glance as the great world goes round,
And respect with fidelity clings
To the land that Columbus has found.

Our emblems—the hive and the bee!
The sound of our industry rings
All over the land and the sea.
Here life all its best perfume flings;
Here love all her best treasures brings.
By no tyrant's word are we bound,
For the flag of equality swings
In the land that Columbus has found.

Chicago, come play on your strings,
And tell to the earth, by their sound,
That everything beautiful springs
From the land that Columbus has found.

JOHN KEARNS, '94.

Fascinating Fiction.



HE novel," says Marion Crawford, "is an intellectual, artistic luxury." It generally carries with it, we might add, a purpose—sometimes to educate the mind and heart of its reader, more often to deprave these. According to the same author, the purpose-novel is a mistake, an imposition up-

on the reading public; but when we consider what a scanty few of all the novels printing nowadays aim at being merely intellectual treats, it seems the majority of our novelists prefer to ignore this observation. It requires no little genius, and a great deal of clever talent, to produce an artistic "As You Like It"; but the average writer, who feels himself inspired to theorize upon any social, or political question, may find it convenient to put a few characters astride his favorite hobby, and then parade this fanciful creation through so many leaves of the novel.

As I have intimated, this phantom show has very often a pernicious influence over the mind of the reader. If the author were honest enough to preface his voluminous work with a few frank words by way of argument, the unwary reader might be able to judge how ghastly and dangerous a spectre is sometimes hidden under the two hundred or more pages of elucidation which follow. But this scheme, while it gives the cream of a genuine, good novel, would also expose the poisonous dregs contained in a bad one; and for this reason it must be branded as very impracticable by the unscrupulous author and his publisher.

We live in an age that seems to be wide awake to its besetting dangers. The thief of to-day, if he would be successful, must adopt the latest, improved plan in his art, for sad experience has taught even the innocent to be on the alert for him; the quack in any profession is very choice in the bait he uses to draw a lucrative practice; in fact, the shark in every line must pose as the sinner of yesterday, if he cannot rise far superior to his victim by his

cunning deception. But of our younger readers and lovers of this sentimental, dangerous stuff that passes current as "fascinating fiction," how many scan a book as they would a suspicious character? Judging from the freedom and boldness writers of this kind of literature generally manifest, when chatting with their readers, one would say that the more dangerous a book is the larger audience it will draw.

This may at first appear to be a cynical point of view; but were we intimate with the novelist whose purpose is to corrupt, we might find this fact to be the secret of his success. He has made it his business to get a keen insight into human nature, and to understand especially its weak points, to which he may make his addresses. Close attention, too, is paid even to the expression of his thoughts; and, strange to say, his work is seldom wanting in point of literary merit. The style is generally good, the plot sufficiently involved to hold the attention of the reader until the poison has been thoroughly digested, and there is an assumed air of superior intelligence pervading the whole book which makes one instinctively pronounce the author good company for a leisure hour.

Following close at the heels of sensuality in the fascinating novel will generally be found the spirit of infidelity. This might have been expected; for the two seem to have a natural affinity for each other. Many of our readers have become hopelessly muddled in their chase after truth. They will be satisfied with almost any opinion about the "hereafter," provided it gives to their mind some stupefying balm that will allay its present fevered condition. An ideal Elysium must be pictured to them, which may be found by other means than those conscience-scorching torches, morality and religion.

So the novelist is invited to play the scout. He makes a good one, too, for he has covered the ground for himself beforehand. It is usually intimated at the outset, and the hint will betimes be repeated, during the chase, that all musty saws of revealed religion must be laid aside; for to the author's mind there can be no more delusive by-way. And yet he assures us that our search for truth, though we are wandering from it, will be well repaid. Thus religion and morality must be given in exchange for a bad purpose-novel. It is evident that this kind of fiction is a down-right imposition; but a good novel, whose aim is to bring out the nobler sentiments and inclinations of its readers must be considered anything but a mistake.

W. McNAMEE, '93.

COLUMBUS

MESPERIUM rapide properat vanescere litus,
 Herculis apparent nebulis natate columnæ,
 Pallidaque horrendo late micat oceano lux.
 Dum tentant socii placidæ indulgere quieti,
 Stat puppive sedens orat vigilatque Columbus.
 Jam trinæ volitant ignota per æquora naves,
 Nullaque quam cœli nunc obversatur imago.
 Undique terrificant nautas immania monstra,
 Paulatim innumeræ consumunt corpora curæ,
 Debilitatque fames: languescit pectore virtus.
 Dejectos reditus tandem spes deficit ipsa.
 Tunc ægris Patriæ facies mœstissima visa est,
 Quæ lacrimans imoque trahens suspiria corde
 Nititur immensas iterum clamare per undas:

"Quis furor, nati, subito carinas
 Egit? Aut qualis genius deusve
 Vos sinit ponti temerare gradu
 Regna nefando?

"Sistite audaces! Patriamque rursum
 Visere Atlantis jubet imperator;
 Ne brevi cymbas fragiles profundo
 Obruat Orco.

"Nunc enim vester caveat Columbus
 Ne, novas unquam violare terras
 Ausus, immutet patriæ futura
 Fata: cavete!"

Dum pavidi nautæ minitania verba silendo
 Accipiunt, gelidas mentes pius occupat horror.
 Quid faciant miseri? Patriæ mandata nefas est
 Frangere, at eximii contemnere jussa Columbi
 Flagitium: dubitant, metuunt, mox prævalet ira,
 Quum sociorum oculis dux imperterritus astat:
 "Quid magis expectas vel quando somnia finem
 Invenient? Jam nulla mora est nimiumque laboris
 Pertulimus, dubii fato impendente futuri.
 Cur vanæ fidei ducis et mendacibus undis
 Credidimus vitasque tibi commisimus unquam?
 Nulla domi sane valeas reperire sepulchra!"
 Mitigat accensos blanda gravitate Columbus:

"Non mihi fidens volui, sodales,
 Hanc viam Hispanis aperire cymbis,
 Sed novas regno Domini jugoque
 Addere gentes.

"Tres dies tantum peto vos, amici,
 Quippe qui terram video propinquam,
 Ite: mox Christus referet salutis
 Cruce triumphos."

Ut nubes mulcet zephyrus, vox grata Columbi
 Iras pacificat Fideique instillat amorem.
 Ter sol in roseas lucem diffuderat undas,
 Quum puer e malo "Tellus!" exclamat, et omnes
 Mirantur stupidi: resonant nova litora "Tellus"!

THE shores of Spain are quickly growing dim,
 And Hercules' pillar seem in clouds to swim;
 A pale light gleams across the dreaded deep.
 When all his comrades lay them down to sleep,
 Columbus prays upon the deck alone,
 And sees his vessels fly o'er waves unknown.
 Heaven's image only now appears in view,
 When frightful monsters terrify his crew;
 Their weary limbs, with many a care opprest,
 Hunger devours, and courage leaves their breast;
 E'en hope deserts them on the watery track,
 And home and country seem to call them back;
 Their Native land, with many a sigh and tear,
 Cries o'er the waves, and bids her children hear:

"What madness, sons, has driven your ships
 Across the sea in vain?
 What god permits your cursed steps
 To tempt the raging main?

"Stop, stop, ye bold! return again
 To where your fathers dwell,
 For Atlas' Ruler orders thus,
 Or drives your skiffs to hell!"

"And let your leader long beware
 Of laying sinful hand
 On lands unknown—or change the fate
 Of his own native land."

Those threatening words the trembling sailors hear,
 And horror fills their minds with reverent fear.
 What shall they do?—their country disobey,
 Or help the hero on his hopeless way?
 They doubt, they fear, but rage at last prevails,
 And all the crew their leader thus assails:
 "When shall your dreams," they cry, "come to an end?"
 Unmoved he stands, nor anxious to defend.
 "What do you hope for now? the dream is o'er,
 Too much delay, and too much toil we bore;
 To faithless leader and a treacherous wave
 Our lives we trusted but to find a grave.
 Could you not find us graves at home in Spain?"
 Smiling, Columbus speaks, nor speaks in vain:

"My friends, I did not wish to make
 This voyage all for Spain's reward;
 I wished to give, for Jesus' sake,
 New men and nations to the Lord.

"Three days I only ask of you;
 Already land I see is near,
 Go—Christ shall give us safety too,
 His cross is triumph—never fear."

As zephyr calms the stormy cloud, his voice
 Assuages wrath, and makes them all rejoice.
 And now three times the sun his course has made
 Across the wave, dispersing every shade,
 When lo! a boy exclaims upon the mast:
 "Land! Land!" and all in wonder stand aghast;
 "Land! Land!" the shores resound—in glad surprise;

Mirantur: nequeunt oculos satiare tuendo:
Cantibus et lacrimis naves miscentur ubique.
Unanimi ante pedes ducis inspirante pudore
Procumbunt flexis genibus veniamque rogantes,
Sublevat ad cœlum palmas oratque Columbus:

"Fortunata dies totum memoranda per orbem
Qua nomen deceat nos celebrare Dei!
Salve, terra virens, opibus ditissima, Nostri
Jam Salvatoris, nostra vocanda salus!
Scilicet innumeros vitæ hinc, Hispania, fructus
Percipies, tantum si pia jura coles.
Sin corrupta auro foedaque cupidine mater,
Invadent natos vitia cuncta tuos.
At major meliorque brevi gens altera surget,
Quæ libertatem diliget atque Deum.
Artibus, ingenio, virtute, Columbia, crescas,
Aurea florescat pax pietasque simul!
Omnes fraterno populi jungantur amore,
Cœlestemque colat mundus uterque Patrem!"

J. JUST.

They look, but cannot satiate their eyes,
And all the ships are filled with tears and cries!
Before Columbus then the sailors kneel,
And ask his pardon too with reverent zeal.
To heaven he lifts his palms, and thus he prays:
"O happy day! the happiest of our days,
Forever memorable, dear to time and fame,
And fitted too to celebrate God's name!
Hail, verdant land! I bless thy saving sod,
Already rich in all the gifts of God!
O Spain, what fruits of life this land insures
If only right and justice shall be yours!
But if the mother grows corrupt with gold
Her children's crimes forever shall be told!
A greater, better race shall soon arise
In love of God and love of Freedom wise.
Columbia! peace and virtue on you smile,
May art and genius flourish on your soil!
May all the peoples join in bonds of love,
And both worlds worship the great God above!"

L. McGRISKIN.

The Attractiveness of Science.

BY M. JOSLYN, '93.



WITH what a pitying smile does the exalted student of literature regard the poor, demented classmate, who spends hours in the solution of some abstruse problem, or who wanders out on a cold winter night to study the heavenly bodies. The

former gentleman cannot see what difference it makes to him whether the earth goes around the sun or the sun around the earth, whether a body falls sixteen feet the first second or sixteen miles; and how anyone can waste his time tangling up sines and cosines and versines, and every other kind of signs, is absolutely beyond his comprehension. Then, again, out in the world, how many men one meets who regard science, which they designate "dry facts and figures," as nonsense and a great bore, and who look upon its votaries as nothing more nor less than cranks.

With what kind of solicitude does your friend De So-and-so take your arm in his and sincerely hope that you are not going to throw away the

brilliant prospects which await you as a literary genius, and bury yourself in a laboratory, with foul smells and senseless machines; and what a really troubled expression appears in his face when you inform him that you have decided on burial, and that his words will be of no avail to turn you from your course. He insists, however, upon demonstrating to you the advantages of a literary career. Why bind yourself, he says, with the heavy and irksome chains of such a precise and exacting master as science, when you are free to soar aloft in the pure air of literature and art? Surely, he adds, no one can view these two careers, the one strewn with the thorns of disappointment and unrequited labor, the other with the roses of fame and success; the former presenting only an endless sameness of dusty toil, the latter spreading out into green meadows and fresh fields, colored with the flowers of fancy; surely, it cannot be possible that pleasure-seeking man should choose the former!

And his arguments are those of not a few of the literary students whom one meets. The attractiveness of science is something which they cannot comprehend. Indeed, when one comes to consider the matter, why should they? There are three ends toward which the human soul may be drawn: they are the Good, the True and the Beautiful. These three attractions practically balance one another in the majority of mankind who form the men of good common-sense. In some, however, the idea of goodness grows to be much stronger than the other two, and they become priests, ministers or philanthropists; in others, again, the longing for the

Beautiful subordinates all else, and we have our poets, our artists, our sculptors and our *littérateurs*; whilst dominant in a third class is a great desire to know and possess Truth: these men we call scientists.

The individuals attracted by each of these three forces naturally conclude that the one which acts with the most energy upon them must be in itself the most powerful. They, therefore, grow gradually to underestimate the importance of the other two, and to magnify the one toward which they are inclined, until finally they become narrow and prejudiced in their views with regard to the others. Consequently there is little to be wondered at in the fact that the students of art and literature find no attraction in the pursuit of science, and therefore fail to give it its true value.

But for the man who has once opened the the grand Book of Nature, and learned thoroughly the alphabet of Science, there is no backward step; an irresistible force impels him onward; he has found his mission; duty and pleasure point in the same direction. He is proud of his vocation, and why should he not be? For what equals the glory of the scientist in feeling that he did not come into the world to sing or relate the deeds of others, but to do something himself—to hew out the block, not to paint it?

He knows that his life-work will be but as an earthen brick laid on the slow-rising pyramid of knowledge; but he knows also that he is not alone in his labor; that other men will step into his vacant place and continue his toil; that what he has done will cheer their hearts and raise them to a higher level, and that finally when the vast work is ended, when its lofty summit pierces the very confines of heaven, and men attain, in a measure, to the perfection of knowledge, there will still be near its base a simple earthen brick, moss-covered and unpretending, but without which the task could never have been completed. Where in that far-off time will be the paintings and the statues of to-day? Mouldered and crumbled by the hand of time until no longer recognizable. But the work of the scientist can never die; his name will probably be forgotten; but the cause of truth must always be indebted to him. So it is that he feels the nobility of his calling; that he is constantly spurred on to greater achievements in the realms of knowledge.

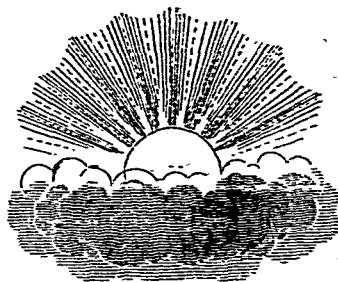
What a field of learning is open to him; his range varying from the minutest beings to the most massive works of nature; one might almost say from a molecule to a universe.

There is no end to his work, no limit to his ambition. He never feels that he has that most tiresome of all labors, nothing to do. On the contrary, his only regret is that life is so short, and that he can, consequently, get so little done of all that lies before him. And this condition of unceasing toil is unquestionably the one which renders man most happy, which keeps his brain in the most healthy state, and conduces in every way to his welfare.

What greater enjoyment is known to mankind than that resulting from a feeling of duty done, of work accomplished? This is the supreme joy of the scientist; this it is which makes him devote himself unsparingly to his vocation, in accord with whose power and majesty his whole being thrills. He exults in his control over the forces of nature which he has enchained; he knows that he is a monarch before whom these tributary powers must do homage; to whom they must give up their most secret stores of wealth. Yet even in the midst of his powerfulness he is the most humble of men; for with the growth of knowledge, with the expansion of the intellect, there is presented more and more forcibly to the mind, the infinite greatness of the One who has created all, who knows all; who "holdeth the universe in His hand."

Hence it is that science, which so many stigmatize as leading men away from God and religion, has the very opposite effect. It is, in reality, the surest path to a deep and comprehensive knowledge of the power and beneficence of the Creator, and consequently to a fuller appreciation of the duties and obligations which we owe to Him who is the Author of our being. For who can view the perfect order and harmony that exists throughout the universe—that ever-present proof of a Supreme Ruler—without drawing nearer to his Maker?

Thus science is not only of benefit in enabling man to pass happily and profitably the short-period of his earthly life, but also prepares him for the time to come. Hence it is with reason that men are drawn toward science, and believe it to be the sovereign remedy for most of the ills of humanity.



Pathos in Literature.

BY ARTHUR V. CORRY, '94.



HERE are in the soul of every man certain chords which are capable of receiving and retaining the most delicate feelings. In life, when these chords are set in vibration by an incidental cause, we enjoy sympathetic reflections. If the keynotes of these chords are

joyous, we feel merry; if sad, they recall sorrowful days; if humorous, pleasant incidents are pictured; if pathetic, we will be affected with a warmth of feeling for everybody.

There are times in the lives of men when each of these, in its turn, gratifies an interior craving. When we are young, and have had but little experience of the dark side of life, our dispositions naturally tend towards the gay and mirthful, and at this time we are also greatly moved by the pathetic. Later in life, one looks more upon the seriousness of human nature, and, in moments of leisure, prefers to read a book which ridicules the "fads" of the rising generation. When all life's battles have been fought, and we stand on the brink "of that bourne, from whence no traveller returns," we naturally take great pleasure in recounting the days of our youth.

Who thinks that the fleeting time of childhood will be so cherished! How vividly boyish scenes are impressed upon our minds! We long to live again those days of innocent youth which were so full of joy. It has been often said of one in old age that he is in his second childhood, and as such is susceptible to the same feelings as youth. During all these stages pathos is the one quality in literature that moves us.

Before the fourteenth century it required considerable labor to make books, as all the work had to be done by hand; consequently, only the rich were able to have them. But in the last two centuries, the facilities for printing have been so increased that books are within

the reach of all. In this there lurks great danger. If the public have no high appreciation of a standard author, but prefers to read indiscriminately, its taste will soon become vitiated, and, correspondingly; its morals will be affected.

As it is with the individual so will it be with the nation. We see what an effect this kind of reading produced in France in the seventeenth century; the people, led astray by the writings of atheists and infidels, set up the cry of "Liberty, equality, and fraternity!" and demolished all traces of government and religion, thus fully carrying out the meaning of these words as understood by Voltaire, Bolingbroke, Rousseau and others. These men all had a fascinating style and the faculty of clothing their pernicious doctrines in the most charming words! Thus the unthinking people were gradually weaned from religion and morals. There would have been a contrary state of affairs in France had their works been true to nature.

We are all bound to assimilate a certain amount of what we read, and to guide our future actions in part by the examples of others. The primary object of literature, like that of history, —pathetic, instead of maudlin and vile—is to teach mankind by experience. All men, however great, acknowledge that their success is mainly due to the influence which some favorite author has exerted upon them.

Shakspeare, the most gifted poet that ever lived, has on this account taken deep root in the hearts of men. He is best known through his portrayal of the passions and natural feelings. His works also contain some of the finest examples of pathos in the English language. In quoting a passage of this kind most of its effect is lost, unless we have been led to sympathize with the subject of the writer. Nevertheless, there are numerous passages in his works which of themselves excite pathetic feelings.

"King Lear" is full of pathos. Take the instance of King Lear immediately after he leaves Goneril's abode. Driven from home by the thousand petty annoyances to which she subjected him, he repaired to his second daughter's home, but found, to his great sorrow, that she was as dreadful and as unnatural. He appealed to them to allow him a certain reservation of men. To this they not only turned a deaf ear, but added insult to injury, tauntingly reminding him of his infirmities and helplessness. His daughters were not satisfied with allowing him twenty-five retainers, they even begrudged

him one, and finally cast him out into the storm where he wanders about, and

"Bids the wind blow the earth into the sea,
Or swell the curlèd waters 'bove the main,
That things might change or cease."

The fool accompanies the king in all his wanderings, and in his great love for his master suggests to him:

"Good nuncle, in, and ask thy daughter's blessing;
Here's a night pities neither wise men nor fools."

Thus King Lear is again reminded of his unnatural daughters and their cruel conduct towards him. He recalls what he did for them:

"I tax not you, you elements, with unkindness;
I never gave you kingdom, call'd you children;
You owe me no subscription; then let fall
Your horrible pleasure; here I stand, your slave,
A poor, infirm, and despisèd old man."

King Lear was brought to the French camp, and shortly after recognized his daughter Cordelia. Lear had cut her off from all inheritance, and had given her portion to her two sisters. He even refused to dower her in order that she might make a desirable marriage. He thought that now as Cordelia had him in her power, she would probably kill him, judging her by the standard of her two sisters. But just the opposite happened. Cordelia forgave and forgot all, being only too glad to see her father alive. In the battle which followed shortly after, Cordelia and King Lear were both taken prisoners, and by order of Edmund were sent to a castle, whither he dispatched a messenger to kill Cordelia. The messenger accomplished his design, but was killed by the king in the act. It is really pathetic to see how the king was affected by her death. Remorse for having treated her so harshly, while the proof of her uninterested love fills his whole being. He takes up the lifeless form of Cordelia in his arms and attempts to revive her; but finding his efforts unavailing, gives vent to his feelings:

"Howl, howl, howl, howl!—O you are men of stone;
Had I your tongues and eyes I'd use them so
That heaven's vault should crack. She's gone forever!
I know when one is dead and when one lives;
She's dead as earth."

Pathos is not only appropriate in poetry, but is equally effective in prose. Among the novelists, Thackeray has undoubtedly achieved the greatest success in this line. In his novel, "The Newcomes" we find his best examples of pathos, particularly, in the death scene of Colonel Newcome. He does not hamper the force of the pathos by entering into unnecessary details, as most authors do. Dickens had this great fault. His "Death of Little Nell" would be true pathos, were it not for this. He carries us beyond the object of the pathos,

describing incidents which have no bearing on the subject. It is like taking one to the top of a mountain that he may see the grandeur of nature, and then build a wall around him, thus excluding the landscape from his vision.

Such is not the case with Thackeray. His style is clear and not strained. The pathos in his works will live always. He depicts the death of an old man—Colonel Newcome—in the simplest possible language. Who will fail to be affected with the sad fate of this man? One who in his early manhood had high aspirations and great success; but Dame Fortune stepped in and shattered his hopes. Bankruptcy and misfortunes of all kinds overtook him. Broken in spirit, he sees nothing but uncertainty and failure threatening his gray hairs. He enters the Grey Friars, and gives the remaining years of life to thoughts of the future. How well he remembers his last visit to this place! His old friend Captain Scarsdale is now no more. Time passes on and others of the community join that great majority. His time is slowly approaching. One day his accustomed seat in the chapel is vacant. He lies on his death-bed, his life slowly ebbing. The sound of merry voices reaches his ear. It is a half holiday, and the boys are having a game of cricket on the green. His whole life is recalled—he joins the boys in their romps and games. His friends gather around the bedside. The little gown-boy is no longer able to please him by his merry ways. His mind wanders more and more; he repeats commands in French and Hindoostanee.

"At the usual evening hour the chapel bell began to toll, and Thomas Newcome's hands outside the bed feebly beat a time. And just as the last bell struck, a peculiar, sweet smile shone over his face, and he lifted up his head a little, and quickly said "Adsum"! and fell back. It was the word we used at school, when names were called; and lo, he, whose heart was as that of a little child, had answered to his name, and stood in the presence of the Master."

In pathos of the highest sort I may mention, too, the deaths of Falstaff and of Cooper's "Leather Stocking."



NOTRE DAME IN 1886.

Two Sonnets.

BY THOMAS J. HENNESSY, '94.

THE DANDELION.

Up there came a flower
The people said, a weed.—*Tennyson.*

WHAT makes vain trifles priceless value bring?
Not use, not beauty, sets their worth so high,
But rather scarcity; is it the die
Stamped on the gold that makes it ring
So sweetly in our ears? Would it not fling
Its charms around without this stamp? And why
Are native flowers despised, while the loud cry
For dear exotics fill the air of spring?

O'er the fields the clouds of April pass,
Up springs the dandelion;—its toothèd leaves
Hedge round a slender stalk crowned with a star
Of gold, that twinkles in the emerald grass;
It blooms from smiling spring until the sheaves
Of Autumn's golden uplands garnered are.

A LESSON FROM FLOWERS.


Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.—*Gray.*

WHAT time fair spring invests the wood and
wold
With life, and on the soft air floats the sound
Of melodies, the streams, till late frost bound
By winter's crystal chains forged with the cold,
Flow onward babbling, and flowers unfold
Their pretty leaves;—the violet is found,
The daffodil—deep cup of mellow gold

Throned on a star. And yet as many flowers
Breathe their brief life away, so sweet so fair,
Hid far within the deep recess of woods;
So rarest virtues bloom in silent bowers,
Where prayer and meditation spice the air,
And pure love brightly glows 'neath mantled hoods.

The American Short Story.

BY JOHN S. SCHOPP, '94.

I have gathered me a posy of other men's flowers, and nothing
..... but the thread that binds is my own.—*Montaigne.*


AN American literature—if it may be called such, since it is practically not more than fifty years old—there is a peculiar form of expression of special interest to us: it is the short story. Nothing is more remarkable than the power which recent writers of fiction have shown in bringing out the latent varieties and the distinctive flavors of life and character in the different parts of the United States. In no other country, not even in France, is the art of

short story writing so rich, so varied, or so successful as with us. In fact, it appears to have become the national form of utterance in the realms of the imagination.

It is quite true that the short story is for most writers a desirable flight before they attempt bolder excursions into the broad regions of the novel, since many short stories are only imperfectly developed novels. Like the lyric, it is a little gem; but only the foolish will take the ponderousness of a book as an assurance of genuine literary excellence. As Hawthorne has told us, there is "no fountain so small but that heaven may be imaged in its bosom"; so the short story can body forth that impression of life which after all is everything that literature can give us. And it can do this quite as directly as the longer novel, and sometimes quite as forcibly. It is also true that a prudent, intellectual workman may well consider if he be studying a proper economy of his resources when he uses a dozen different motives in as many stories, instead of making one serve for a single story in a dozen chapters. But, taking all into consideration, the short story, *par excellence*, has its own virtue, and is not itself an expanded anecdote any more than it is an incomplete novel.

We know that in a well constructed novel, characters move forward to determination until they are fully developed; and whatever intricacy of movement there may be, it is the conclusion which justifies the elaboration. But we do not expect this in a short story; we concede that space for development is wanting; we accept characters made to hand, and ask only that the occasion of the story shall be adequate.

Although the short story, as we understand it today, seems to be only of recent date and to have reached its perfection within the last twenty-five years, still there are no names in the whole range of the brief history of our literature which shine more brightly than Poe's and Hawthorne's, for Poe and Hawthorne were masters of the short story above all else. Where could we find a more delightful volume of stories than Hawthorne's "Twice Told Tales"? The author has chosen his themes among the traditions of New England, the dusty legends of "the good old Colonial times." Truly, many quaint and curious customs, many comic scenes and strange adventures, fit for humorous tale and charming pathetic story, lie all about New England. There is no tradition of the Rhine nor of the Black Forest which surpasses in beauty and interest that of the "Phantom Ship of New Haven" and "The Flying Dutchman of the Cape." The story of "The Great Car-buncle of the White Mountains" shines with no

less splendor than that which illuminated the subterranean palace in Rome, as related by William of Malmesbury. The characteristic quality of Hawthorne's tales is their exceeding beauty of style. It is clear as running water. Indeed, he uses words as mere stepping-stones upon which, with a free and youthful bound, his spirit crosses and recrosses the bright and rushing stream of thought. A calm, thoughtful face seems to be looking at you from every page: now with a pleasant smile, and now with a shade of sadness stealing over its features.

Edgar Allen Poe is even more remarkable than Hawthorne. It was as natural for Poe to construct stories as to think. His stories naturally fall into two divisions,—the stories of quasi-mathematical analysis, with flights into the horrible, the grotesque and the startling; and the purely speculative kind, including the weird, the supernatural and transcendental. Under the former class belong "The Gold Bug," "The Purloined Letter," "The Murders of the Rue Morgue," and the famous story of "The Black Cat." "The Gold Bug" is the most striking of this series, owing to the wonderful and startling ingenuity with which the narrative is constructed. It would be impossible, however, to convey an idea of this species of merit without telling the whole story. "The Murders of the Rue Morgue" turns on the interest excited by the investigation of circumstantial evidence; the interest being sustained wholly by the nature of the evidence. In "The Black Cat" he appears to aim at rivalling the fantastic horrors of Hoffman himself; but one soon observes that the wild and terrible invention in which he is engaged is strictly in support of an abstract idea which it is there to illustrate.

There are no "live" people in his tales; they are the mere mechanical hinges on which the events turn. And despite the vivid interest of Poe's stories, their strangeness, their impressiveness, he never succeeds in imparting the slightest color to them. They are exquisitely ingenious studies in black and white, and that is all. Their construction is, in many respects, as nearly perfect as can be made. This is characteristic of Poe in two ways: it shows his critical over-nicety and love of accuracy, and it proves how absolutely wanting his tales are in what is called inspiration.

Washington Irving has also written some well-known stories, mostly of a romantic character. "The Sketch Book" contains, among others, the world-renowned adventures of "Rip Van Winkle,"—"a stroke of genius," as one of his best critics remarks, "that recreates the world and clothes it with the hues of romance. It is one

of the primal stories; a great picture painted by a great artist on a small canvas." "The Spectre Bridegroom" and "The Legend of Sleepy Hollow" are remarkable tales of their kind, full of weirdness mingled with humor.

THE INNOVATORS.

The stories of the three men which we have just been considering belong to an anomalous period, and should be regarded from the point of view of state rather than of time. Though Hawthorne and Poe have attained a high degree of excellence in the form of literature we are studying, yet neither of them indicates a new departure from established models and precedents. But in due course of time, the hour arrived when a fresh element was to make its appearance. This element presented itself under several outwardly different forms, and can be ascribed to no particular person or event. The new writers themselves have not, perhaps, taught us much; but, in one way or another, our fiction at least has made marked progress in the last twenty-five years.

Francis Bret Harte may be looked upon as one of the first of the Innovators, not so much in point of time as of his marked influence on this new element. The success of Harte's stories was no doubt due in part to the novelty of the scenes and characters that he described. His first five or six stories were his best, since they also contained the essential elements of everything of consequence that he has written later. His canvas was as narrow as it was brilliant. It is difficult to see how they could have been done better, for no word less than genius describes such work as this. The more closely we draw the line about his stories, the more clearly do we perceive what his underlying power has effected. He has taken some well defined and typical figures, and by the constructive force of his genius has built a California of the imagination, peopled it, and given it a destiny. The California of his construction has a romantic relation to the California of geography and history; the men and women are images of classes to be found there, and the life and sentiment are poetic reflections of the real movement. He has annexed a California to romance as certainly as the Forty-Niners and their successors annexed a California to the United States.

"The Outcasts of Poker Flat" is one of the most effective of his short stories, because of the grotesque contrast of the group of queer characters with a terribly tragical situation. It may be read in a few minutes and never forgotten. "The Story of a Mine" gives admirably the turns and twists of legal possession and dispos-

session, in spite of the ineffective conclusion. "The Luck of Roaring Camp," "Miggles," "How Santa Claus Came to Simpson's Bar," "Brown of Calavaras," — these are scarcely inferior in conception and workmanship. Nothing in his plots or characters is conventional; they are pictures of real life collected from all quarters, and one feels that he is living very hard in the world which Mr. Harte has conjured up. When all our criticism is expended, and we have made peace with our judgment, we linger to have another look at the graphic, amusing, and novel sights which he draws with such surpassing skill. They have had their effect, not on our literature only, but on the human heart.

We could scarcely find a greater contrast than that between Henry James and Bret Harte, whose stories we have just considered. The difference includes not only character, training and circumstances, but also literary method and point of view. Yet, we may say that James is an innovator not less than Harte; in fact, his innovations are more radical, because more deliberate and self-conscious. The appearance of "The American" and "Daisy Miller" first brought him into general notice. A large number of his short stories have been collected in volumes under various titles. It is in these that his progress and development are to be traced. After he had acquired some mastery of the technique of his profession, he showed a leaning towards romance in the conception of his stories.

"The Madonna of the Future" is an example of this; although near reality on one side, it is on the other imaginative and ideal. But the fine literary taste of James soon warned him that realistic characters should not be compelled to carry out an ideal destiny. He must either idealize both characters and plot to produce an artistic harmony, or he must make the stories realistic throughout. Gradually he turned towards the latter course, although the "realism" of his characters, the exactness of his descriptions, and his minute analysis of human motives are facts merely incidental. James's real secret lies, then, in the character of the narrative which he gives us. The most commonplace subjects are turned into things of beauty by a few touches of the master's brush.

Many a three-volume novel fails to give us as sharp an outline of London society, or of the American abroad, as is focused into the vignettes which James called "An International Episode" and "Daisy Miller," though we do not quite agree with his description of the character in the latter story. His latest volume of stories, which has been published within the past year, shows

that he has even surpassed most of his earlier stories. All who love Mr. James's talent, his subtilty, his delicate art, cannot but regret to see his skill spent so frequently on British subjects.

The short story, as was said, is for most writers of fiction a desirable beginning before attempting the longer novel. This may be said especially of Frank R. Stockton, who, though a little late in his arrival, should yet be included among the Innovators. Mr. Stockton, more perhaps than any recent writer, has helped to define the peculiar virtues of the short story. "His literary domain is almost as small as it is fanciful; but he is sole monarch of it," says one of his critics. He has shown how possible it is to use surprise as an effective element; and to make the turn of a story, rather than the crisis of the plot, account for everything. Take, for example, one of Mr. Stockton's cleverest stories, "The remarkable Wreck of the Thomas Hyke." The actual release of the imprisoned passengers is not the point towards which the story moves. The righting of that singular vessel is only one of a number of happy turns, all starting from the original conception of a vessel with water-tight compartments, sinking bows foremost, and held in perpendicular suspension. On the other hand, the story of "The Christmas Wreck" disappoints one, for the reason that the occasion of the story is inadequate, and has neither the wit of an amusing situation nor the surprise of an unexpected ending. It may be said, in general, that Mr. Stockton does not often rely upon a sudden reversal at the close of a story to capture the reader, although he has done this very happily in "Our Story." He gives us a caprice to enjoy, while working out the details in a succession of amusing turns.

To return for a moment to that quality in a short story which Frank Stockton has so admirably illustrated in several of his best known stories. If immediate wit independent of definite conclusion lead to success, a fine example of combined success exists in "The Lady? or the Tiger?" We suspect that the people who have spent their nights in guessing the riddle of "The Lady? or the Tiger?" would have wasted their days in trying to account for the barred entrance to the enchanted island in the Pacific. As it turns out, Mr. Stockton himself had no intention of explaining the mystery of the island. He invented it, and he leaves it equally unexplained. The figures in these stories come forward with so charming and innocent a bearing that the reader would be ashamed of himself if he began to doubt at the outset; for the entire absence of extravagance in the manner of the story continues to keep his doubt out of the way. This low key in

which he pitches his stories, this highly reasonable and simple tone which he adopts, is the secret of much of his success. Real genius is shown in the construction of these little stories,—in the reticence, the simplicity and neatness of the workmanship. Stockton has written several excellent novelettes, but it is upon the short stories of "The-Lady?-or-the-Tiger?" type that his reputation rests.

SHORT STORY WRITERS OF TO-DAY.

We have now come to the writers of to-day: to the men and women whose efforts in the department of literature which we are considering. Most of these writers are still in the midst of their labors; while some have only of late come into prominence. Weekly and monthly magazines have increased to such an extent within the last fifteen or twenty years that there are few Americans who are not acquainted with at least one of them. It is in these magazines that most of the short stories of our writers make their first appearance. It is said that Americans have been most prolific in the short story: that they have taken it as their province. Patriotism, to be sure, compels us to blow our national trumpet in many different directions; but in this matter patriotism may be left where Lady Teazle in "The School for Scandal" desired to leave honor. We may rest on our signal merit without any flourish of trumpets.

Great numbers of short stories appear every year, and most of these have attained to a surprisingly high level of merit. On the other hand, the increase in the number of really valuable books is comparatively very small. In fact, it would not be a false estimate to say that one of ten thousand will be heard of a century hence. To give a complete critical analysis of all the clever short stories written of late, would go far beyond the limits of this paper. Let us briefly consider some of the most famous that have appeared within the last twenty years. It will serve our purpose better to divide them into two special groups: (1) the Imaginative and (2) the Dialectic.

I.—THE IMAGINATIVE GROUP.

If we may test the value of a nation's literature in general by the quality of its imagination, we can rightly say that this element has entered as an important factor in the short story. A large part of the charm of works of the imagination is evidently due to the fact that they supply the deficiencies of personal experience. We long for a touch of the unusual; nor do we forego it because of any suggestion of the improbable. We crave for a full measure of experience, and even in this busy, practical,

modern life, we would look upon nature and man from the ancient point of view. We live in many and different worlds in reality: we meet and mingle with each other in imagination.

We could not find a more striking illustration of this element of imagination than in the short stories of Thomas B. Aldrich. He is above all fond of refined, practical jokes, and has achieved the unique feat of executing several excellent ones. "Marjorie Daw," "Miss Mehetabel's Son" and "Mademoiselle Olympe Zabriski" are the sketches in which he perfects the short story, which he has made his own, if he has not actually invented it. We have no difficulty ourselves in choosing "Marjorie Daw" as the best of these three. It is singularly well plotted, and told with a liveliness that almost wholly preserves itself from excess. Nay, it amuses the reader, even while he suspects the conclusion as unlike the real close as anything can be. It is written in the form of letters, a fashion so long discontinued in fiction that it may equally well be called new; for, next to dialogue, it is the most dramatic expression of character. It is curious to observe in connection with our own feelings towards "Marjorie Daw," that, although one knows her to be only a fictitious person, we find it to be intolerable when she proves no person at all. It is a surprise so fine that it must remain unmatched, and at the same time contrived with such skill that every reader, upon discovering that there never was any "Marjorie Daw," felt a pang mingled with a personal regret for the charming creation thus resolved into nothingness.

"Mademoiselle Zabriski" is a person less to our taste; but her story is a very pretty study for those who care to see how much may, without any seeming effort, be made of the slightest material. It is but a fable, which, if vulgarly presented, might make us laugh; yet, by Mr. Aldrich's masterly art, becomes a living thing. The surprise with which it ends is quite as well executed as "Marjorie Daw." "Miss Mehetabel's Son," though we classed it with the stories just named, is as much a study of character as a story with a surprise in it, though not so good as the others. After "Marjorie Daw" he has drawn no other figure so cleverly as that of the heroine in "The Queen of Sheba." This story is more poetically imagined than any other he has written, and it is also the most skilfully wrought. All of Aldrich's stories are charming to read, but without much to retain them in the memory. Yet, after all, he is the most polished and finished of our imaginative short story writers, and has given us nothing that was not as nearly perfect as his best efforts could make it.

For purely poetical creations of fancy the stories of Fitz-James O'Brien are remarkable. They may be ranked with Poe's and Stockton's in their imaginativeness. Some of his tales are similar to Poe's both in conception and style of expression; but the workmanship is not so excellently sustained. On the other hand, they are more highly colored and emotional, and give us a stronger impression of the personal element. They also come nearer in touching the heart than Poe's weird, unsympathetic stories. The elfin charm and strange fascination of O'Brien's have never been contested.

Take the "Diamond Lens," for example, which appeared in one of the first numbers of the *Atlantic Monthly*. The longing of a man of science to penetrate the very mysteries of Nature urges him to consult the spirit of Leuwenhoek, the father of microscopy, through a "medium." In the communication he is told to construct a lens out of a large diamond, and that by this lens he would make wonderful discoveries. He secured the necessary diamond by murdering its owner, and after months and months of patient grinding and cutting, the lens is ready for use. Having focused it upon a drop of water, he discerns in an infinitely small globule—which has the appearance of a vast fairy-like region—a beautiful, living female figure. He falls at once passionately in love with the wonderful *animula*, as he calls it; but finding it plainly impossible to hold any communication with her, it drives him mad. At the crisis of events, the drop of water gradually evaporates; and as he sees the lovely creature vanishing from his sight, in his frenzy he breaks the lens. The appearance of this story was an immediate success. Fitz-James O'Brien also wrote "The Wonder-smith," "The Lost Room," a conception of strange mystery; "My Wife's Tempter," and others equally famous.

We must also mention the name of Lafcadio Hearn as belonging to this group of writers. He has been writing only a few years, but his stories show a highly imaginative and impetuous talent. Mr. Hearn's "Two Years in the French West Indies" has resulted in the production of several remarkable sketches and romances of those tropical Isles. "Youma" is the most characteristic of these. It is the sad story of a West Indian slave; for all novels of slave-days are of necessity sad, as sad as slavery itself. Youma was the *da* in a wealthy Martinique household. In his opening chapters Mr. Hearn rehabilitates the extinct *da* of the French West Indies during the old Colonial times before the Act of Emancipation was passed. She was usually a Creole negress born a slave, respected and loved at once as a foster-mother and a

trusted nurse. Youma was the perfect type of the beauty of the mixed race. Faithful in her trust, pure, undefiled, she was almost divine in her heroic self-denial. The author gives us a vivid picture of the common incidents of that Colonial life which is, to quote his own words, "so full of exotic oddities and of unconscious poetry." Youma herself is as grand in her devotion as are his purpling oceans, his mountains crowned with violet peaks.

With Youma's divided sense of love and duty, her hope of liberty, her affection for the child who called her *da*, and, finally, her noble determination to die with that child rather than to live a craven's life without it,—the story leads to as thrilling and artistic a climax as anything that recent fiction can show. It is glowing with brilliancy of the tropical sun; deeply passionate, and yet elevated above sensationalism by its remarkable development of character. The power of Lafcadio Hearn has been shown in all his work; but he has not before written anything at once so powerful and so artistic as "Youma."

Julian Hawthorne has also written several short stories in the imaginative vein. Of these "The Pearl-Shell Necklace" has been the most successful. It is a mosaic of picked phrases of sentences fitted and well balanced. We are now come to consider the second group of the story-writers of today.

II.—THE DIALECTIC GROUP.

The United States, though united, are far from being homogeneous as regards the character and manners of their people; and often it happens that the distinctive flavors of the life and habits of the inhabitants of one part of the country are still strange to those of another. A class of writers has naturally sprung up within the last twenty years who have with remarkable exactness described life in outlying districts to their countrymen. Generally speaking, these writers are also natives of that section which they have made their special province to bring home to us the manners and dialect of that region. Some of them make a study of negro life and solecisms, as in the child-like simplicity of the apologue in "Uncle Remus" of Mr. Harris. Others have studied the patois of the New Orleans Creoles, such as Mr. Cable has given us in his charming stories; others again, the provincialisms of the mountaineers of Tennessee and Virginia; or again of the Blue-grass Kentuckians. The name *Dialect Stories* is perhaps not always fully suggestive of these writers, but there is none, upon the whole, so comprehensive. It is not our intention to discuss here the intrinsic merits of the dialect story. Suffice it to say, that dialect, if employed with discretion and discrimination, illuminates

character and individualizes the speaker with wonderful effect. The South is unmistakably the most interesting in this group. The personality of the South is enough to make it beguiling. For Southern qualities, surely, are the color, the movement, the instinctive grasping at the picturesque, which make co-mates of Mr. Harris, Mr. Page, Mr. Allen and Mr. Johnston. No less Southern, also, is the sympathy with quick passion or emotion of every kind which these writers display.

Joel Chandler Harris has become famous as the inventor and introducer of "Uncle Remus." The public, highly entertained with the quaintness and queerness of the folklore embodied for the first time in "Uncle Remus," soon discovered that here was a new kind of literature. *Uncle Remus* himself is a plantation darky of the old school, who tells his master's little boy wonderful and fascinating stories, sings the songs and preaches the doctrine of his race, using throughout the negro dialect in all its purity. The success of these sketches led Mr. Harris to supplement them with "A Rainy Day with Uncle Remus" and "Nights with Uncle Remus." All classes of readers, the young as well as the old, are charmed and delighted by these incomparable studies. The critics have praised the artistic skill and literary genius which make the stories masterpieces in themselves.

Mr. Harris has a clear and distinguishing knowledge of the negro; a knowledge in which no other writer has approached him. Whoever wishes to understand the Old South and the New South, the master and the slave, must read Harris's studies in black and white. In "Balaam and his Master" and "Ananias" we have remarkably faithful portraits of fine characters: portraits of slaves painted honestly and directly by one who fought in the slave-owner's army. *Balaam* following the fortunes of his young master to prison and death, and *Ananias* risking both for the fortunes of the old master of whom the war had made him free, are alike only in their faithfulness. They have personalities of their own, as definite as those of the more-out-of-the-way and more sharply drawn "Duncan" and "Mon Bi." Mr. Harris carves in ivory as skillfully as in ebony; and his white folk are admirably realized. One of these stories, "A Conscript's Christmas," is a tale of the mountaineers during the war. Mr. Harris has the wholesome optimism which is one of the most obvious of American characteristics. In all his work he has shown careful and accurate study; and above all, the power of faithful and delicate characterization of his subject.

Still keeping in the South, we come to Thomas

Nelson Page. The names of Mr. Harris and Mr. Page, for reasons not too clearly ascertained, are often spoken in the same breath. They both treat of the South before the war and since the war. They both have to do with master and slave, as any man must who chooses such a subject. In both also is the same strong tendency to drama, which is one of the characteristics that unite the writers of the New South. But here resemblance ceases and difference begins. In our opinion Mr. Page is the more brilliant, the more versatile of the two. "Meh Lady" and "Marse Cham" are two of Mr. Page's earlier stories, the titles themselves being suggestive of their distinctive flavors. In "George Washington's Last Duel" and "P'laskis Tunement" the author holds out to the reader a "beaker full of the warm South." The former of these pieces in particular is excellent comedy, and Mr. Page may be easily forgiven a redundancy of characters for the captivating presentment of "George Washington."

At first glance, perhaps Mr. Page is the most Southern of the four names mentioned at the head of this group; but by a strange contradiction, not unknown in literature, one of his best stories is as Northern in feeling as it is in subject. This little work is "Elsket." He who has read it will forget many other things before the sad and noble figure of the daughter of *Olaf of the Mountains* passes from his memory. *Elsket* is a descendant of the Vikings, who was deserted by her false English lover. Not only is *Elsket* herself a memorable character, but her father, *Cnut* the avenging lover, and *Harold the Fair-haired* who won poor *Elsket's* heart, are admirably drawn. The tale as a whole is told with a cleverness and individuality that are remarkable. Seldom has the story of a broken heart been told with greater pathos or with a restraint more wise. The North has plainly crystallized Mr. Page's talent; for none of his stories at all approach the excellence and distinction of "Elsket."

James Lane Allen, who is of the four writers already mentioned, has chosen his domain in Kentucky. Mr. Page, as we have seen, takes up a claim in Virginia; Mr. Harris in Georgia; and neither of them, it is to be observed, goes far away from the war on one side or the other in point of time. Mr. Allen has won his greatest success in "Flute and Violin," a story that refers its scene of action to a time nearly a hundred years ago. The pathos of this carefully constructed and delicately fashioned narrative is true. Its interest, however, or rather its singular charm, proceeds from the balance and harmony between the flute portion and the violin portion; and especially

from the distinct background, if we may so speak, which is given to both characters and incident. None of Mr. Allen's other "Kentucky Tales" is like this exquisite little work; although the evident care bestowed on each detail of the graceful and pathetic study of master and slave, which is entitled "Two Gentlemen of Kentucky," allies itself to "Flute and Violin."

Richard Malcolm Johnston, the fourth of this group, has given us some charming sketches of Old Dominion life. His Georgia tales are also very curious and interesting. "Ogeechee Cross Firings," one of his best stories, possesses at once a rich humor and a delicate perception of different shades of character. The story turns on the enmities, or cross-firings, as Mr. Johnston calls them, arising between rival lovers, and which are finally adjusted to the satisfaction of the parties concerned. It gives us a faithful picture of Georgia life after the war, together with the oddities of its bright and dark side. Col. R. M. Johnston has told the story in a style both simple and refined, which entitles this as well as his other sketches to an indisputable place in our literature. Speaking of his future work, Col. Johnston says: "In going back to my past life and attempting to make a worthy record of the limited provincial life in the midst of which my childhood days were passed, I have drawn a sweet solace for the sadness of my exile, of being so far from the old places and old friends. The stories are all imaginary, but they are in harmony with what I have seen and of which I have sometimes been a part myself."

We must not forget to mention here the names of Maurice Thompson and Octave Thanet. Maurice Thompson, who is the author of some exquisitely delightful poems, as "Sylvan Secrets," has also ventured into the field of the short story. He has written some dialect sketches of Georgia plantation life. Among these his recent contributions to the *Century Magazine*, "Ben and Judas" and "A Dusky Genius" are worthy of consideration. They are fine examples of Mr. Thompson's delicate sense of humor and his thorough appreciation and knowledge of the negro character.

Octave Thanet, though she is but a sojourner in the South, has written some very clever stories of Southern life. If they are not so much dialectic as analytical studies, still we may review them here. Her "Arkansas Tales" are as fresh as her earlier pieces. In "Otto the Knight," the titular story of her latest volume, the writer has employed all her resources in recounting the struggles and remorse of this infant knight of labor, "this child trying to sin like a man." "The

Conjured Kitchen" is excellent fooling, and perhaps as good a piece of work as she has done.

Before returning from the South to other parts of the country, there are two more writers in this section which demand our attention. One of these is George W. Cable, and the other Thomas A. Janvier. The study of Creole life in New Orleans, with its unique social and political conditions, has furnished the basis of Cable's stories. It is not possible in a brief sketch like this to give an adequate idea of the force and delicacy of Mr. Cable's work; of his close study of Creole character; of his appreciation, remarkable in a Southerner, of the underlying principles involved in the question of slavery. His rendering of Creole English is perfect, and once its key is found it becomes entirely familiar. Cable's frank and manly treatment of the peculiar social problems of his native city has not failed to arouse a certain feeling of antagonism. This, however, is gradually yielding to a recognition of the real drift of his purpose.

The other writer we have mentioned, Thomas A. Janvier, has made a special study of Mexican life. He has opened a new field where an ancient civilization is struggling with the modern. His knowledge of this subject is thorough, and his willingness to color highly is very striking. There are some who might call "St. Mary of the Angels" melodramatic; but there are few, we think, who would not call "San Antonio of the Gardens" graceful, refreshing and simple. In "The Uncle of an Angel," Mr. Janvier does not repeat the triumph of his "Color Studies," but he gives us some good light comedy. Added to their charm of style, Janvier's stories have the great charm of variety, his characters ranging from Dutch journeymen bakers to the sons of all the Biddles. The relationship which exists between the canary fancier and his adopted child in "An Idyl of the East Side," is, perhaps, the most tender and sympathetic piece of work in the line of short story-writing which Mr. Janvier has yet done. He has a rare faculty of adapting his style to his subject, and especially happy is he in catching the tones of alien nationalities. We may, therefore, easily place him in the first rank as a writer of short stories.

The American short story, however episodic by nature, needs no other nation to assist its episodes. Nor does it need the mountains of Tennessee and Virginia, or the Creole past, although it scorns none of these. In truth, it takes its material wherever it finds it. We may remark, too, that an American must have an insatiable craving for cosmopolitanism if he cannot satisfy

it in this broad country of ours. We have not only the dialectic stories, characteristic of the warm South, in the writers we have considered, but we have also sketches and studies of life in the North, as in New York, Pennsylvania, Indiana and other northern states. But we could scarcely call the short story-writers of this section of the country dialectic, since there is no real, distinct dialect spoken in the North, excepting, perhaps, the Hoosier dialect of Indiana, as shown in the novels of Edward Eggleston. The method employed by these writers is more analytical, depending, to a great extent, on persuasive dialogue to portray character as distinctly and vividly as possible. We will consider them under this classification as being more comprehensive of their work.

One of the first that we meet here is Richard Harding Davis. Although one of the youngest among the new-comers, his stories are none the less remarkable. His work belongs to the climate and condition of New York, and this assertion may be confidently repeated, although we are reminded that "Gallagher" ran his race in and about Philadelphia; for Mr. Davis has, in fact, become a genuine Gothamite. The impression of having a coiled-up mainspring of youth in mind or heart, or in both, is no mean gift for a writer who addresses the imagination. It is precisely this impression that Mr. Davis's stories carry with them. This mainspring—if we may continue to use the figure for a moment—is the motor of Gallagher's stolen cab, and of all the other things in this clever, light-hearted boy's story. It surpasses everything else that Mr. Davis has so far written. "Gallagher" is real; he exists, he is observed, he is somebody; he is another addition to our list of acquaintances. While "Gallagher" strikes one as the most successful of Mr. Davis's short pieces, there are others some of which are richer in promise. "Her First Appearance" presents a charming stage-child, and *Van Bibber*, in the character of her protector, as a full-grown moralist. This staid young frequenter of the wings, this excellent youth, who goes behind the scenes mainly to lecture his friend, the hero of the comic opera, must have been somewhat irritating to the "professionals" with whom he came in contact. It would surely have provoked the Shaksperian among them to repeat Falstaff's question on a memorable occasion: "What doth gravity out of his bed at midnight?" *Van Bibber* makes answer in "Her First Appearance," to bring middle-aged men of the world to a sense of their duty as fathers.

With his power of telling a story which includes a quite unusual tact for rapid movement; with

his knowledge of some sides of life and time to learn the others, and with an apparently absolute command of natural and convincing dialogue,—with all these endowments, what may not Mr. Davis do in the future?

Elizabeth Stuart Phelps is as familiar a name among the short story-writers as Mr. Davis's is new. Her latest contributions are mostly in the same direction as her former work, and emphasize the writer's characteristics. Her stories are of a romantic character, seeking to convey their effects by means of the general drift and situations rather than by the development and analysis of character. In "The Madonna of the Tubs" and the "Sacrifice of Antigone," however, the characters and plot are pretty well harmonized. The former of these stories is, of course, not without exaggeration; but its pathos, its tender and true feeling, are as little to be denied as the lack of form and of restraint. It is a proof, as well as a pleasure, to find on another reading, after some time, the fisherman's crippled boy no less appealing now than he was formerly. The other children supposed that he did not lie because he was a cripple; and the point not to be forgotten in the story is his earnest wish to be sure that he heard his father speak the comforting words.

Probably one would have to go far to find a better example of cosmopolitan optimism than Francis Hopkinson Smith's beautiful sketches, exquisite bits of "landscape with figures," vignettes, as it were, which he has called "A Day at Laguerre's and Other Days." Mr. Smith is a skilful painter; he has seen many things, coupled with a strange variety of years of experience. The truth is, he has never lived in a vacuum; his nature abhors it. He has always employed his own eyes and ears. He writes with sympathy and a high appreciation of color. As to his latest short story "A Knight of the Legion of Honor," which appeared in the Christmas number of *The Century Magazine* for 1893, we may easily rank it among the best of the representative American short stories.

(Conclusion next week.)



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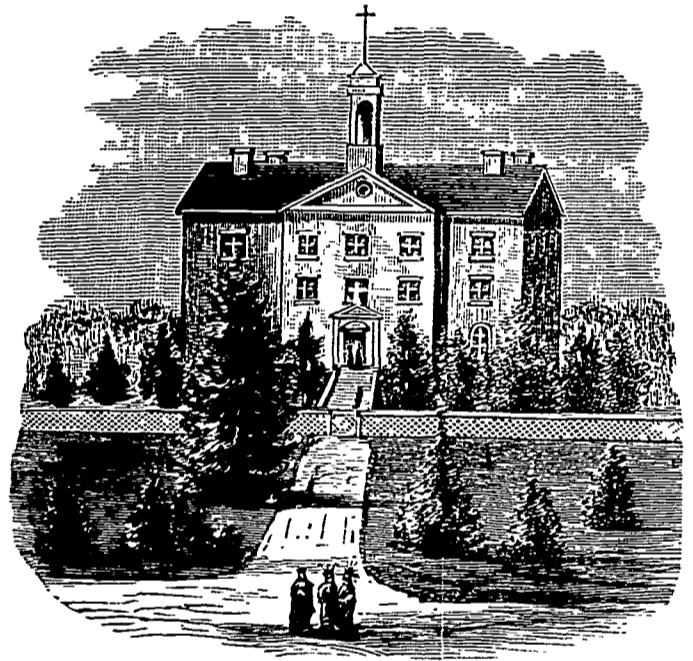


FAIR-FAMED though Notre Dame may be, yet those alone who have visited its enchanting precincts can form an adequate idea of the grandeur of its architectural magnificence or of the indescribable beauty of its surroundings. The University, with its Gothic spires and towering dome, surmounted by the colossal statue of the Queen of Heaven, resplendent by day in their artistic gilt covering and by night made luminous by the grand crown and crescent of electric stars; the imposing church; the stately pile of buildings which surround the main structure; the spacious recreation grounds; the soft shades and inviting walks; the charming lakes and beautiful groves; the College park; the gardens, and the farm itself—all arranged with an eye to the beautiful as well as the useful—present a picture attractive in itself to the art-loving and the religious; all these, too, combined with the existence of well-ordered courses of study and a conscientious and kindly care for the morals, the health and the intellectual advancement of a numerous body of students, furnish unquestionable evidence of the immense advantages to be found in this spot, favored of Heaven, to further the efforts of the young toward the attainment of that complete, mental, moral and physical education which makes the true and perfect man.

And all this greatness is not the work of one,

two, or ten years—it is, under Providence, the quiet, steady growth of over one half of a century, based at once upon the experience of the Christian ages and the ready tact which could adapt that experience to the needs of a new and rapidly developing country.

Notre Dame was founded some fifty years ago by the Rev. E. Sorin, then an enthusiastic young missionary from France, the land of romance and heroism and poetry, of De Bouillon, of Lamartine and Lafayette. In a wretched log hut, among the frozen marshes of Indiana and the leafless forests of the wilderness, this dreamer lifted up his eyes from the dark present and saw in the future an edifice that should count among the glories of the New World. He did more than dream. He worked with his own hands, after the fashion of the monks of old, and won the hearts of the set-

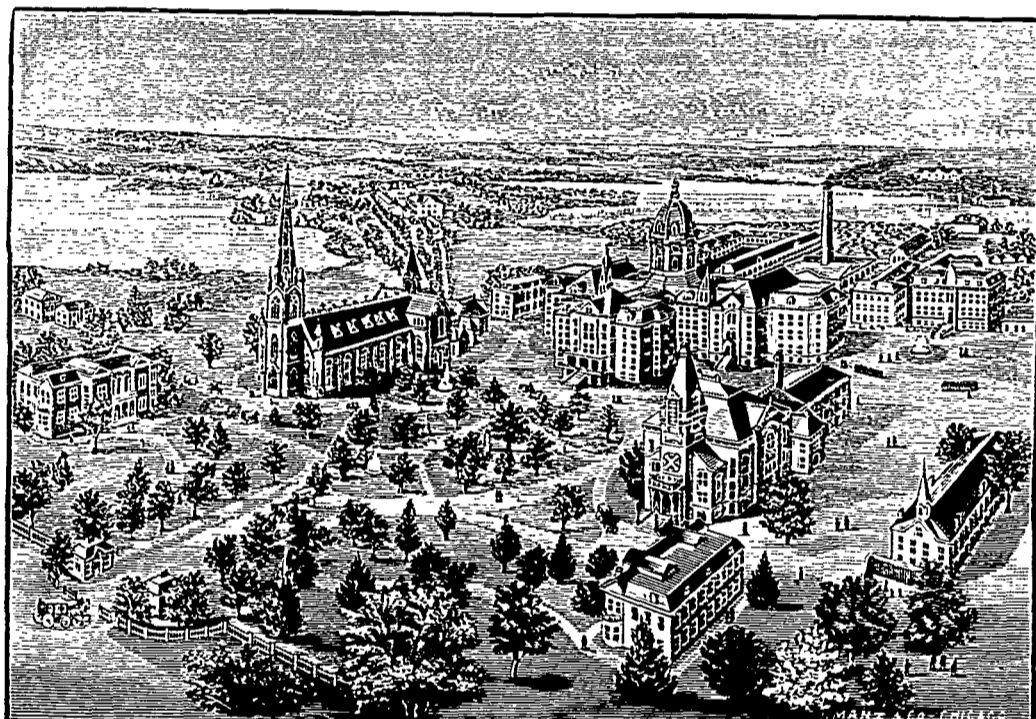


NOTRE DAME IN 1843.

tlers until, separate in creed and nationality, the hardy woodsmen became one with him in sympathy and aims. In one of the College frescoes he is represented, the central figure of a group of Indians, with the white, untrodden snow reaching around them. In the University parlor there is a marvellous portrait which seems about to step from its frame, and which more resembles the venerable figure we meet to-day; white hair, white beard, kind, dark eyes under heavy white brows, and the ready welcome and hearty hand-shake of the pioneer; these comprise many characteristics of the Very Rev. Father Sorin, who is the Superior-General of the whole Order, and the founder and hero of Notre Dame.

And we must not omit to state that the history of Notre Dame's advancement and prosperity shows how the venerable Founder has been

blessed with noble co-workers in the Rev. Fathers Granger, Cointet, Shortis, Gillespie, Dillon, Corby, Lemonnier and Walsh, together with Bros. Vincent, Francis Xavier, Edward, Lawrence, and other members of the Congregation of the Holy Cross who left nothing undone to further the interests of Religion and Science in this favored spot. Not a little of the success and popularity of the institution is attributable to the zeal and energy of professors like O'Leary, Jones, Howard, Tong, Lyons, Stace, Ivers, Edwards, Egan and others. Under the able and efficient management of its present worthy President, the Rev. Father Walsh, Notre Dame has attained a marked degree of efficiency and world-wide renown which, it is the earnest desire of friends, may it long continue to maintain.



NOTRE DAME IN 1893.

May the band of devoted religious, to whose care and direction all the workings of this home have been entrusted, continue to grow and flourish, and in the future, as in the past, be a power in the Church and a benefactor to society! And may the venerable Superior, who laid the first foundation of this vast structure, and who, during the whole of its career, has presided over and directed its destinies with the perfecting wisdom of advancing years—may he live long in health and strength, and blessed of Heaven to continue, for many years to come, the grand and noble work which he inaugurated, and carried on so successfully, and which he has lived to see wonderfully develop into such vast proportions! Long live Notre Dame, its venerable Founder, and the noble army of Holy Cross!

The Man in the Tower.

WITHIN short range of my Tower I might point out three classes of students who represent the different grades of culture we find in the world at large. Our modern Polonius, Lord Chesterfield, by common consent poses as patron for one of these schools. Would you be a devout client, follow his cold, hypocritical doctrine: "Educate the head alone, for therein lies the secret of all material success." Strange to say, there are young men within my hearing who seem to possess plenty of solid ballast, and yet, infatuated by such shallow teaching, allow

themselves to be wafted headlong into infidelity. From the days of Adam that same old machine, experience, has been turning out pitiable specimens of this type. Yes, my dear friends, there are more educated monkeys extant than the world can accommodate with perches.

School the second is equally unfortunate in its results, with its *protégés* perhaps as numerous. Here we learn to believe that the education of the heart alone is, or should be, the sole desire of our being. Hither flock *dilettanti* in the sentimental line, to be grad-

uated as so many inconsistent fanatics. But the happy medium—the healthy development of both head and heart—is what makes a true student and a true man, the noblest work of God. It is gratifying to find amid this bewildering bustle for advancement not a few young men who manage to keep before their mind's eye an ideal aim worthy of earnest endeavor. But it is equally disgusting, on the other hand, to be confronted at all times and in all places by the "specialist," with his garret full of musty trash, who loves to strut about, prattling some meaningless stuff about culture.

Americans, at home or abroad, are always conspicuous for a natural independence of manner, which is actually refreshing to the weak-willed worshippers at the shrines of monarchal

deities. We do not believe in the divine right of kings; but let us hesitate before we jeer at our dreamy foreigner who, in our estimation, is a few years behind the times.

The average native of the United States is free from pretensions; and while we are always ready to eulogize our "immortals," and thank Providence that we have no erratic little king to play the demi-god at pleasure, and tax us for his splendor, let us look around and, perhaps, there may be a flaw in the immaculate shirt front of our national character.

Yes, there is a blemish, and it is analogous to that of the foreigner; but it is a greater and more despicable weakness. We also are worshippers, and our deity is Mammon. His shrine is so crowded with devotees that late-comers must supplicate at a distance. Our great Jupiter sits upon a throne made of the parched bones of misers, whose minds gloated so long upon their treasure that life's wick burnt out for want of nourishment. Around the shrine there hang, as votive offerings, hearts withered in the disappointed struggle for gold, hearts stained with crimes that were committed to increase the shining pile, and some hardened like rocks, petrified when the light of love and virtue were shut out.

Before the shrine a pool of blood continually flows and enlarges. It is the life stream, coming from the very pulses of the people, and drained by the sucking, life-destroying leech, Mammon. What a sickening sight! and yet more awful when we see the army of recruits that are filling up the places made vacant by those who have perished on the shoals ere reaching the distant rainbow. The young outnumber the old in the race for "filthy lucre," and I stop to ask myself: "What will be the outcome of this struggle?"

Contentment is a blessing fast becoming extinct; human nature is hardening, and love's fire is flickering. Selfishness and shrewdness are masters now, and it is old-fashioned to be candid and philanthropic.

Boys, you may think my remarks are *obiter dicta*, but they have a stronger meaning for you than for the man of the world. You will soon leave college to begin your life's work, and the first allurements that will attract you will be the shining dome on the temple of Mammon. If the influence of this deity was felt only in the city marts of trade, the danger would not be so imminent; but this gaunt skeleton of per-

dition clanks his bones over the mosaic floors of private homes, and smirks upon humanity at social functions.

Our people are not aristocrats. God forbid! Our democracy is too strong for that; but, certainly, we are working hard to deserve the miserable name of plutocrats. Let us live for happiness. That is the natural end of man. Riches very seldom afford true pleasure, and often destroy peace where peace reigned before.



—E. G. Graves, '75, resides at San Antonio, Texas.

—Dr. Berteling, '80, continues to make his daily visits.

—James O'Reilly, '68, has a good law practice at Reading, Pa.

—Edward Gerlach, '83, resides at present in Columbus, Ohio.

—Leonard McAtee, '88, is doing well in business at Houston, Texas.

—Dr. R. J. Gray, a distinguished specialist of Chicago, visited the College on Friday.

—Very Rev. Provincial Corby returned on Tuesday evening after a week's absence on an official visit to the Houses of the Congregation in Ohio.

—Anthony O'Reilly, Esq., '68, spent Easter Sunday at the College. He is looking well. He is still in the railroad business with headquarters at Chicago.

—Joseph D. Murphy, '70, was one of the speakers at a meeting of the Young Men's National Union held in Philadelphia on the evening of the 18th inst.

—Mr. Monaghan, of Chicago, lately paid a visit to his two sons of the Minim department. He pronounced the exhibition of the Minim Athletic Club very enjoyable.

—Rev. S. Fitte, C. S. C., our genial Professor of Philosophy, attended Holy Angels' Church, Chicago, on Saturday and Sunday, in the absence of the Rev. Dennis A. Tighe, '68, the zealous and efficient Rector.

—Mr. Edward P. Flynn, who has had charge of the University binding during the past year, has resigned his position and returned to his

home in Kalamazoo, Michigan. Mr. Flynn has the reputation of being one of the best book-binders in this part of the country, and expects to enter the Government printing office at Washington soon.

—Mr. George Nester, '79, and Miss Rose Mary O'Donnell were married on the 19th inst. in St. Mary's Church, East Saginaw, Mich. Solemn High Mass was sung by the Very Rev. Chancellor Loughlin, of the Archdiocese of Philadelphia, a relative of the bride. The nuptial knot was tied by the Rev. R. Van der Heyden, Rector of the church. Among the friends in attendance was Prof. Edwards of the University. Mr. Nester and his amiable bride have the congratulations and best wishes of many friends at Notre Dame.



- “Rec.”
- Colombo!
- Bellee windee!
- The beautiful snow.
- Who wrote “Lalla Loo”?
- Dan is the boss good boy.
- “I don't want to spoil my shine.”
- Have you engaged your sleigh for Sunday?
- “What were you doing down at the lake?”
- Half-past five is the time. Don't begin before time!
- There were none disappointed this time. “Rec” dispelled the doubt.
- Why should a person hide when the ice-cream man comes around?
- Col. Wm. L. Hoynes was in Springfield, Ill., this week on legal business.
- Ed. says the only difference between himself and Tim is a difference of a 'pinion.
- A new large oil-tank is in process of erection in the field north of the Infirmary building.
- It is cruel to keep an Irishman from dancing, while the band discourses “Sounds from Erin.”
- It looks now as though we would have four boat races instead of two during Commencement week.
- Tom wants to know what he has done that he should be referred to as a freak at the other end of the line.
- The annual banquet of the Athletic Association occurred Thursday evening: a splendid repast was served.
- Bro. Hilarion has the cricket enthusiasts

on the campus again, and several are becoming experts in that line.

—Rev. President Walsh returned from Chicago last Monday afternoon, and was warmly greeted by the students.

—Frank denies the statement made last week, and wishes to say that he has not visited the stile since April 1.

—The members of the boat crews are all loud in their praise of the work of the reverend director in their behalf.

—LOST—In rear of main building five dollars. The finder will please leave at the students' office and receive liberal reward.

—More interest is manifested in the boat crews this year than ever before, and the outlook for an exciting finish is very promising.

—Hon. A. L. Brick, of South Bend, has been lecturing to the members of the Law department on “Criminal Law” during the past week.

—Tim wanted to know the relation between a hired girl and her mistress, and one of the law luminaries informed him that she was a(s) sister.

—QUERY: Is there any German element in the joke which vaguely compliments (?) any particular person by saying, “you can't guy him.”

—Magmurph has been doing a good deal of blowing lately. He is learning to play an alto, under the guidance of one of the directors of Poverty Flat.

—LOST—Between Sorin and Brownson Halls, a locket, shape of pocket-book, also an umbrella handle, form of “crook.” Finder please return to the students' office.

—Ludwig's nine was defeated, for the first time, by the Moon-shiners by a score of 17 to 4, Batteries: Ludwig and Brown for the former; Maternes and McPhee for the latter.

—“Grip” informs us that in the vicinity of Moundville the outlook is certainly dull. Landy is still captain of the special nine; T. demurely looks on, apparently in an enviable mood.

—The game of cricket Tuesday afternoon between Messrs. F. Kilkenny, Corry and Crilly against Messrs. D. Murphy, Casey and Kintzelle resulted in a victory for the former by a score of 21 to 16.

—The second nines played their first game Tuesday afternoon, and Captain Brady's Grays nine won by a score of 21 to 11. The batteries were: “Grays,” Brady and Moxley; “Whites,” Kerker and Carter.

—Some say there were five rounds fought, while others say only one, and that in a five-foot ring, London prize ring rules. Anyway, their eyes showed that they had met something stronger than mere light and air.

—Richard informs us that if you step on a nail without your shoes on you are liable to have sore feet for a few days, and also that it is colder before six o'clock a. m. than at 12 p. m. during the summer months.

—The second regular meeting of the Brownson Hall Tennis Club was held Wednesday evening, and N. Graff was admitted to membership. The improvements on the grounds were discussed, and the work will begin at once.

—"Mac" and Fatty inform us that their addresses were impromptu in the "gym" Thursday evening, and could not understand why the boys ran away, when a little instruction on the subject they were talking about would be of special interest to them.

—The second crew of the *Evangeline* is as follows: C. Roby, Coxswain; J. Bauer, Stroke; P. Wellington, No. 5; G. Carter, No. 4; G. Perkins, No. 3; W. Moxley, No. 2; F. Rogers, Bow and Captain. They are out once a day, and are developing into expert oarsmen.

—On Sunday last, the Feast of the Good Shepherd, Very Rev. Father General sent a case of oranges to St. Edward's Hall. The one hundred and thirteen Princes wish the SCHOLASTIC to be the bearer of their warm thanks to the good Shepherd of Notre Dame.

—The University Orchestra is now practising earnestly under its enthusiastic leader, Prof. Paul, for the reception of Mgr. Satolli, who is expected some time in May. It is not yet certain, but is suspected that the Band and Orchestra will give a grand musical *ensemble* on the occasion.

—The membership of the boat house has increased so largely that second crews are being organized this week, and the second crew of the *Minnehaha* is as follows: Coxswain, N. Dinkel; Stroke, J. Kearns; No. 5, J. Corcoran; No. 4, E. Krembs; No. 3, C. Patier; No. 2, W. Foster; Bow and Captain T. Quinlan.

—The six-oared crew of the *Minnehaha* was organized this week and have been assigned positions as follows: F. Murphy, stroke; J. Kennedy, No. 5; R. Corcoran, No. 4; C. McCuddy, No. 3; A. Magnus, No. 2; E. Linehan, bow and E. Roby, captain and coxswain. They have had the boat out on the lake during the past week, and handled it like experts.

—Bro. Augustus spent several days in Chicago recently, and, as usual, returned with patterns and samples of spring styles, "fads," and fancies, sufficient to fill volumes. The genial Brother would seem to grow more enterprising, if that were possible, as the years go by. He has certainly left nothing undone to bring our tailor-department up to the level of the best metropolitan establishments, and we are glad to see that his efforts have not met with inappreciation.

—The following is the programme of the concert given by the University band Saturday afternoon, April 15, 1893:

Overture—"L'Espoir de L'Alsace,".....*Hermann*
 "Killarney,".....Orpheus' Club
 Selection from the Opera—"Bohemian Girl,".....*Balfe*
 "Non E. Ver,"—(Cornet Solo).....Mr. A. Coolidge

Gems of Scotland.....
 "Die Nachtwandlerin,"—(Violin Solo).....Mr. Vignos
 "Sounds from Erin,"—(Medley Waltz).....
 March—"Guelph,".....*Cope*

—One of the best games of base-ball witnessed so far this season was played on the Brownson campus Tuesday afternoon, between the "Whites" and "Blacks," and some very brilliant catches were noticed on both sides. The following is the

SCORE BY INNINGS:—

I	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	
WHITES:—	0	2	3	0	0	0	1	0	1=7
BLACKS:—	0	0	1	3	2	1	0	0	1=8

Base Hits: "Blacks," 6; "Whites," 6; *Struck out:* by Covert, 10; Krembs, 2; O'Neill, 5; *Batteries:* "Blacks"—Krembs, Bauer, O'Neill, and Marckhoff. "Whites," Covert and Flynn.

—A BIG LOAD.—In the students' office, photographs may be seen of the largest load of logs ever hauled in the world by one team. It is called the World's Fair Load, and was transported for exhibition at the Columbian Exposition in Chicago. The logs are each 18 feet long, and the whole comprises 36,055 feet of lumber. The precise dimensions of the load are as follows: Height of load, 33 feet, 3 inches; weight of logs, 144 tons; hauled on bunks 16 ft. long. Nine flat cars were required to transport the logs to Chicago. The load was hauled by the estate of Thomas Nester, late of Saginaw, to the Ontonoga River, on February 26.

—BASE-BALL:—The base-ball season opened Monday with a game between the "Specials" and the South Bend club. The game was one-sided from the beginning. It was reported that the visitors would have the crack Michigan pitcher, Phelan, in the box, and that our boys would be compelled to play a hard game in order to win. Mr. Phelan appeared in the box for the first two innings, and it was noticed that he had what in base-ball circles is known as a "glass arm," and gave way to Peterson, who also failed in his endeavor to keep down the base hits of our boys. The home team played an errorless game, and the team work was excellent. In fact, their playing in the game gave evidence that Notre Dame will rank first among college clubs the coming season. On account of rain the game was not started until 4 o'clock, and only seven innings were played. The following is the result of the game:

NOTRE DAME.		A.	B.	R.	I.	B.	S.	H.	P.	O.	A.	E.
Combe, l. f.,	-	5	3	2	0	0	0	0	1	0	0	0
Chassaing, s. s.,	-	5	2	1	0	0	1	0	0	0	0	0
Hannin, 3d b.,	-	5	3	1	0	2	1	0	2	1	0	0
Flannigan, 1st b.,	-	5	0	1	0	0	6	0	0	0	0	0
Covert, 2d b.,	-	4	2	2	0	2	2	0	2	2	0	0
Keough, r. f.,	-	4	2	0	0	1	0	0	1	0	0	0
Dinkel, c. f.,	-	4	0	1	0	2	0	0	0	0	0	0
Funke, p.,	-	4	2	3	1	0	3	0	3	0	0	0
O'Neill, c.,	-	4	2	0	0	7	1	0	1	0	0	0
Total	40	16	11	1	21	8	0	0	0	0	0
SOUTH BEND.		A.	B.	R.	I.	B.	S.	H.	P.	O.	A.	E.
Bardeen, c.,	-	4	0	0	0	6	1	0	0	0	0	0
Phelan, p. and c. f.,	-	3	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
Dean, J., s. s.,	-	2	0	0	0	0	3	5	0	0	0	0
Bunger, 1st b.,	-	3	0	1	0	6	0	2	0	0	0	0
Adams, 2d b.,	-	2	0	1	0	5	0	0	0	0	0	0
Burns, 3d b.,	-	3	1	0	0	0	0	0	1	0	0	0
Peterson, c. f. and p.,	-	3	0	0	0	0	0	1	3	0	0	0
Mulligan, l. f.,	-	3	0	0	0	1	0	5	0	0	0	0
Dean, H., r. f.,	-	3	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	0	0	0
Total	26	1	2	0	18	5	17	0	0	0	0

SCORE BY INNINGS:—	I	2	3	4	5	6	7
NOTRE DAME:—	I	6	1	3	2	3	*=16
SOUTH BEND:—	O	0	0	1	0	0	O=1

Summary: *Double Plays*—Mulligan, Bardeen to Bunker; *Struck out*: by Funke, 7; Phelan, 3; Peterson, 2.

* * *

LAW DEPARTMENT NOTES.

The Hon. W. P. Breen, of Fort Wayne, was a welcome visitor to the members of the law class Saturday afternoon, and delivered a short address on the need of diligence and perseverance to the students of law, and also of the necessity of a thorough knowledge of common law pleadings.

There is a prospect of a trial by jury of a noted forgery case during the coming month.

Messrs. DuBrul, McFadden and Kelly are the law room faculty this week.

Col. Hoynes' lectures now are "Real Estate" in the morning and "Common Law Pleadings" in the afternoon. The evening "quiz" is devoted to cases on "Corporations."

The students have all been busy during the past week writing the decisions of Smith's Leading Cases in their duty book.

The questions given out during the past week were a continuation of former ones on commercial paper.

Two new Reporters arrived during the past week and may now be found on the shelves.

The duty for this week include forms for a præcipe, summons, declaration, plea, replication, trial notice, judgment and execution.

MOOT-COURT.—The case before Judge Wm. Hoynes of the Moot-Court, Saturday evening, was that of John M. Thornton *vs.* the South Bend Common Friends Association, and the statement of facts read as follows: The society named as defendant herein was organized and chartered under the laws of the State of Indiana on the 5th of January, 1883, and is conducted on the mutual benevolence plan. Each member pays \$25 a year, and his family, or legatee, receives when he dies the sum of \$3,000. The society was organized and chartered, as stated, under a law providing for societies "for the purpose of furnishing life indemnity, or pecuniary benefits to the widows, orphans, heirs, or relatives by consanguinity or affinity, devisees or legatees of deceased members." September 4, 1888, a certificate of membership was duly issued in the name of the society by its proper officers to Thomas B. Spencer. This gentleman had some reason for not wishing to make any of his relatives beneficiaries, so he had the certificate of membership made payable to a friend of his named John M. Thornton. It is admitted that Thornton is in no way related to the family, and was not by consanguinity, affinity or otherwise a relative of Spencer. November 18, 1892, Spencer died. Thornton then demanded the amount due on Spencer's certificate of membership, and the association refused to pay it. A sister of the deceased, his nearest living relative, Margaret Spencer by name, also put in a claim

for the amount, which is \$3,000. Though not admitting her claim, the officers of the society think that she is more entitled to it than Thornton. The position they take is that the certificate never became effective as to the choice of a beneficiary of the bounty of the deceased. They say that as Thornton was not a devisee, legatee or relative of Spencer, he cannot make claim to the money under the law, and that the reference to him as payee in the certificate is *ultra vires*; and in view of these facts Thornton sues for the money. The court complimented the attorneys on their able presentation of the case, and decided it in favor of the plaintiff, citing as authority 120 Ill. 121, and Niblack Mutual Benefit Societies, 9. In the first case it was decided that when a person obtains a policy on his life of his own accord, and pays the premium himself, he may, if he desires, make the policy payable to one who has no insurable interest in his life, and by so doing no rule of law or principle of public policy will be violated. The attorneys were Chute and Corcoran for plaintiff and Sinnott and Kennedy for defendant.

* * *

—BAND CONCERT:—The greatest praise ever bestowed upon a musical organization at Notre Dame, since the time of Father Lilly, was accorded in appreciation of the concert given by the "University Cornet Band" on Saturday last. The occasion had been eagerly looked forward to by students and Faculty for some time past.

The Band is always at its best about this time of the year. One of the greatest obstacles met by the leader of any college organization is that each new scholastic year brings in fresh aspirants to membership, while some of the old and tried always depart with it, and leave vacant places difficult to fill. Among the noble and patient sufferers of this inconvenience is Father Mohun and his "University Band." September generally finds him with about from five to eight of the old players, and sometimes then discovers among them boys who commenced their playing under him only the previous year. All these things are difficulties which have come unbidden in '92 and '93; but partly lose their discouraging aspect in being conquered, and heightening the glory of the present triumph. From the greatest discouragement, however, there may be derived an advantage; and when recruits had been solicited among the different departments a very satisfactory and auspicious beginning was made.

But so well equipped was Father Mohun, and so enthusiastic and earnest were the young musicians—which is modestly and generously said by the reverend band-master to have been spontaneous—that a concert was given before Christmas to send the students home with light hearts. The honest plaudits of interested friends, however, did not blind the leader to the fact that his boys performed better in the Music

Hall when by themselves than at this their first appearance before an audience in Washington Hall. Hence he made a successful effort to inspire them with greater confidence, and gave the concert of Feb. 2, enlisting renewed cheers. It was then that Father Mohun realized he had the best band that had sounded his instruments in years.

The organization now consists of twenty-three members—an increase of ten—and has among its players Mr. Chassaing, B flat cornetist, a talented musician and prominent member of both the Orpheus and Crescent clubs; Mr. Chassaing is the leading support both as an old student and old member.

No pains had been spared to insure the successful rendition of the difficult numbers on the program. The bright instruments towered over each other on the elevated stage, and no useful or desirable accessory was omitted by the stage managers.

The program was fitly opened by the Band with the grand overture "L'Espoir de L'Alsace," which ended in a stirring burst of music strangely significant and strongly suggestive of the sounds of approaching cavalry.

The cornet solo "*Non E Ver*," by Mr. Coolidge, merited the long-continued applause of the audience, and to the *encore* he responded with "Old Folks at Home." Most effective in its rendition was the famous medley from the "Bohemian Girl," and the finest selection consisted in the baritone solo, "The Heart Bowed Down." The medley "Sounds from Erin" was well received by the appreciative audience, for "music brings back thoughts of other years."

Mr. Bolton is not among the new members of the band, but is in a new departure as baritone player. He played first tenor horn during the season of '91-'92, and for his improvement and worth as a musician ably succeeded to the baritone this year. His solo in the "Selections from the Bohemian Girl" was the hit of the evening, securing a deserved demonstration only equalled by the storm of applause at Mr. Chassaing's solo "Killarney" in the "Sounds of Erin." Mr. McCuddy merits special mention for his solo "Then You'll Remember Me."

The Band was kindly assisted by the Orpheus Club and Mr. Vignos, whose sweet voices and instruments came softly in appreciable interludes to the concert which was a veritable sonata, played with expression and effect. It does the critic good to mention something that stands upon its own merits, and we offer our hearty congratulations to each and every member of the Band upon their honors. The pleasure we feel is not entirely unmingled, since we have our regrets that this is the last concert to be given by the Band until their series of farewell concerts given in June. That time must bring about many joys, however, and we are content to wait. All honor to Father Mohun and his Band!

Roll of Honor.

SORIN HALL.

Messrs. Ahlrichs, Bolton, Brown, Carney, Correll, Cummings, Combe, Coady, Crawley, Chute, Dechant, Flannery, J. Fitzgerald, C. Fitzgerald, Hannin, Kearney, Keough, Maurus, Monarch, Mitchell, McCarrick, Ragan, Raney, C. Scherrer, E. Scherrer, Schaack, Sinnott, Schopp, Thorn.

BROWNSON HALL.

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CARROLL HALL.

Messrs. Bergland, Barrett, R. E. Brown, O. Brown, J. Brown, Bennett, Berles, Blumenthal, Bachrach, Bixby, Baldauf, Burns, Brennan, Bacon, Covert, Cornell, Carter, Chauvet, Clendenin, Connell, A. Coolidge, E. Coolidge, Cavanagh, Cullen, Crane, Carney, Chase, Dorsey, A. Druecker, Ducey, Dannemiller, Dillman, Dempsey, Dixon, DeLormier, Dutt, Freeman, Franke, Fossick, Funke, Finnerty, Ford, E. Gilbert, L. Gibson, N. Gibson, Gerding, Gonzales, Gerdes, Hack, Hittson, Hurley, H. Hill, Hoban, Hickey, D. Hilger, Harding, A. Hilger, Heizman, Howell, Jones, Janssen, Krollman, A. Kegler, W. Kegler, Kutina, Kuehl, Kelliher, Kinney, Klees, Lanagan, G. Lee, J. LaMoure, W. LaMoure, Lambka, Lantry, Lohner, Lawler, Langevin, G. Lowrey, Loser, Louie, Ludwig, Lane Lippman, Levi, M. Lee, H. Martin, Maurer, Mitchell, Maternes, Maguire, E. Murphy, L. Murphy, L. Miller, J. Miller, May, Marre, Mills, Marr, Miles, Moss, Moore, Monaghan, C. Meyers, R. Miers, S. McDonald, McPhee, McCarrick, J. McPhillips, C. McPhillips, E. McDonald, Nolan, Nichols, O'Mara, F. O'Brien, O'Connor, O'Neill, Oliver, Pim, Reis, Rumely, Rend, Ruppe, Repscher, Romero, Reber, Roesing, J. Rozynek, P. Rozynek, Sievers, Sweet, Stearns, W. Spalding, S. Spalding, Slevin, Spiegel, Sullivan, Sparks, Schaack, Stephens, Segenfelder, Strauss, Sharp, Schroth, Strassheim, Shillington, Tong, Taylor, Trankle, Thome, Tempel, Treber, Thornton, Wolf, Wagner, Walde, Wensinger, Welty, Walker, H. Wilson, Whitehead, R. Wilson, Washburne, N. Weitzel, B. Weitzel, O. Wright, D. Wright, Yeager, A. Yglesia, L. Yglesia, York, G. Zoehrlaut.

ST. EDWARD'S HALL.

Masters Ayers, Ahern, G. Abrahams, L. Abrahams, Arnold, Ball, Bopp, Bump, Barrett, Bourgeois, R. Berthelet, V. Berthelet, Brown, Crandall, Curry, Corry, Christ, Cross, Croke, Cressey, D. Campau, F. Campau, Corcoran, J. Coquillard, A. Coquillard, Durand, Devine, Dugas, Elliott, Eagle, Egan, W. Emerson, F. Emerson, Engelhardt, Finnerty, Flynn, Freeman, Feltenstein, Girsch, Gavin, Green, Graff, Gifford, Howard, Higginson, Holbrook, Roy Higgins, Ral Higgins, J. Higgins, J. Healy, W. Healy, Ives, Jones, Johntry, Jonquet, Keeler, Kilgallen, Kinney, LaMoure, Lawton, Loomis, Lowrey, Langley, Lohner, Lysle, Maritzen, A. Monaghan, C. Monaghan, Minnigerode, Morris, McPhee, McAllister, R. McCarthy, E. McCarthy, Emmitt McCarthy, McCorry, G. McCarthy, McDonald, McGushin, McGinley, Ninneman, Oatman Otero, O'Neill, H. Pollitz, W. Pollitz, Peck, Pieser, Patterson, Pyle, L. Rasche, Roache, Roesing, V. Romero, Rohrbach, A. Romero, Robb, Ryer, H. Rasche, W. Scherrer, G. Scherrer, Stuckart, Shillington, Swan, Segenfelder, Schneider, Shipp, Trankle, L. Thompson, U. Thompson, Wilcox, Wagner, Wells.