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In the Spring.

TWO SONNETS.

BY E. AHLRICHS, '94.

WITH hoar frost meadows are no longer white,
Now winter, with its dismal days, has fled
And gladsome spring has risen from the
dead;

She lengthens days and bathes the world in light
By clouds eclipsed and hid so long from sight;
She warms the frosty earth, and from its bed
The crocus springs, which once with bending head
Had drooped, as if its soul had taken flight.

Now many smiling flowers star the vale,
The face of nature's decked with green and gold.
Now sweet and balmy fragrance fills the air,
Uprising wafted by the vernal gale,
Now from the throats of birds—as if they told
Of legends strange—comes: "Spring is every-
where!"

AURORA, the fair daughter of the skies,
Sprinkles with rosy light the rippling rills,
While in the woodland at the merry thrills
Of thrush and wood-birds our old dreams arise
Like some lost breath from happy Paradise;
A wafted fragrance steals across the hills,
Its scent the dewy vales and gardens fills,
And wild-flowers bloom with God's love in their eyes.

The lengthened sunbeams mark the day's increase,
And from the stately pines and every tree
The songs of birds that prophesied the Spring
Sound jubilant, since Love at last brings peace.
Yes, peace from winter's merciless decree,
From wintry days, and sweet hopes gaily sing!

No one is so unhappy as to have nothing to
give and nothing to receive.—*An Attic Philoso-
pher in Paris.*

The American Short Story.

BY JOHN S. SCHOPP, '94.

(CONCLUSION.)

WHETHER the incidents of the
story be true or not, it is none the
less charming for all that. Mr.
Smith very delicately depicts a
national trait in the character of
a true American gentleman. The
chivalrous conduct of Bosk toward
the Polish Countess Smolenski,
while travelling in the same car
with her from Rome to Vienna, was
truly that of a knight of old.

When the Countess, in gratitude for his valuable
services to her, a defenceless woman, bound the
gold bracelet to his wrist, she did it as a fair
maid of old would have wound her scarf about
the shield of her victorious knight, or as the
queen would pin the iron cross on the breast of a
hero. It was but too true that Bosk was the first
gentleman the noble Countess had ever met with
during her unfortunate life in her far away, per-
secuted Poland. There is a pure atmosphere per-
vading the story throughout, which both ennoble
and elevates our thoughts above the baser incli-
nations of our nature. That Mr. Smith is a man
of versatility is a well-known fact; for in all his
sketches his vivid word-pictures stand out with
the color and originality of his own inimitable
water-colors.

With Mr. Smith's "A Knight of the Legion of
Honor" we might place John Heard Jr.'s "A
Charge for France" as a parallel story, since
both illustrate, in a vivid and successful manner,

some national characteristics of the true American gentleman. Mr. Heard's "A Charge for France" is the story of an honest, light-hearted young American named Joe Sargent, who, while on his travels abroad, makes the acquaintance of Maurice de Saint Brissac at Paris. This acquaintance soon ripens into a mutual friendship. On his return to the United States, Sargent prevails on his young friend, a noble-souled fellow, a kind of modern La Salle, to accompany him. They spend several years travelling together over the greater part of our country, always sharing in the same pleasures, joys and dangers.

In 1870, when the Franco-Prussian war broke out, a summons reached the French Comte while at New York that France was in peril; that she was in need of strong arms and brave hearts. He must obey the call of his country. With sad mind he breaks the news to Sargent, bids him good-bye, perhaps forever, and embarks for France. The steamer was on the point of leaving the harbor when St. Brissac, who had been indulging in the bitter reflections that "friendship is the same the world over," was aroused by the voice of his old friend, and beheld the smiling face of the man he had just been reproaching. Sargent had decided to follow the Comte to France, to fight for her cause by the side of his friend, and if needs be to sacrifice his own life. There is nothing more touchingly pathetic in the story than the scene where Brissac, in the last charge, falls bravely fighting beside his friend. Sargent, unconscious of what is going on around him, takes up the body of his dear comrade to bear it away from the battlefield. Without realizing to whom he is speaking, he looks up at the commanding Prussian officer to whom he had surrendered, as the only survivor of his company, and asks, in his simple, quiet way: "Can you tell me, sir, where I shall find some water? I am afraid my friend is dying?" There is something so gentle, so absolutely forgetful of self in Sargent's manner that even the officer of his enemy is moved to tears. "You poor boy," he said, kindly, "he is not dying, he is dead." We need make no remarks, for the excellence of the story speaks for itself.

For a remarkable collection of short stories, that have come under our notice in this paper, commend us to Maurice Francis Egan's volume entitled "The Life Around Us." One of these has been noticed with special interest and great praise by the late Cardinal Newman. The title indicates that the subjects and scenes of his stories are taken from our own time and country, which is true of all, except one, the scene of which is laid in France. They all show the

author's wholesome sense, good taste and cultivation. In none, we think, does he reproduce himself, but in each story furnishes the reader with an agreeable variety. There are excellent religious and moral lessons as well as entertainment to be found in the stories, not by way of preaching, but by making faithful sketches of characters and interesting narratives of common place incidents. Mr. Egan shows a lightness of touch and a penetrating observation that is evident in all his stories. He is familiar with many varieties of society, especially in the Eastern States, as he has very masterfully shown in "Philista" and others. "To all these advantages," says the *Catholic World*, "so desirable for one who would paint 'The Life Around Us' so as to accentuate its true bearing on the life that is to come, he adds a thoroughly Catholic feeling and a graceful, un-studied manner of delineation and expression."

We find that we have no space left to speak adequately of Mr. H. C. Bunner who has written some scholarly and humorous stories of life in old New York. His "Runaway Browns," a most comical Odyssey, is rich with a fun which is at once un-failing, delicate and broad. His "Zadoc Pine," possesses the further distinction of being a sketch of character that will be remembered. Nor can we stop to consider at length the stories of Mrs. Burton Harrison. "Penelope's Swains," "Monsieur Alcibiade" and "A Daughter of the South" hold, by their cleverness, the same attraction now that they did when first brought to public notice. There is incident and action enough to make the tales read like true ones, and the author's happy choice of language is well approved by intelligent readers. "Penelope's Swains" is evidently the most characteristic of her sketches. It abounds in play of passion, skilful rendering and interpretation of character. We must also dismiss here, with a few words, the tales of Brander Mathews. Everything in his collaborations "With my Friends" is ingeniously and skilfully done.

It would appropriately round out our remarks upon current short stories to establish some general relationship among them. The Southern writers are alike in ways that we have tried to show; yet each of them has given us some special distinctive flavor in his sketch of life in the South. Most of our short story-writers, it is true, feel now a far stronger obligation, to write with their eyes on the object than they would have felt ten years ago. Another trait is that writers of the dialect story, as well as realists and romanticists, are striving after finer literary methods. As regards the imaginative group, we have seen that perfection has been reached in the stories of Poe, Stockton, Aldrich and O'Brien. They

have at least never been surpassed in their work.

The short story is the department of literature in which we Americans have been most prolific. Numbers of volumes are published every year, and most of them, we may say, are really of great merit. Some of them are a little self-conscious, no doubt; but there is reason for pride if one considers the stories altogether. One of the keenest critics of American life recently remarked that "just now American fiction had most elaborate machinery—and no boiler." The half of this epigram, which seems to be true, does not apply to the half of our fiction which includes the short story. It is no small service to our literature which these writers have rendered, and we must feel that they have laid us under a heavy obligation. They have, no doubt, increased the pleasure which we feel for our literature itself in seeing it made the interpreter of social life and history. They have also enabled us to study the people of the United States in their habits, characters and homes as we could have done in no other way. Of the host of short story-writers that have appeared within the last twenty years, only the few really gifted ones will remain; and then we may hope to witness the rise of a literature which shall be equal in quality with the greatness of the land that gave it birth.

Holmes as a Humorist.

BY E. AHLRICH, '94.



LIVER HOLMES belongs to the witty and humorous class of writers and poets. Humor is the all-predominating flavor of his writings. His poems are at times pathetic, but usually devoid of lofty ideas, and seldom touch the deep chords of the soul. A clever

English writer gives a good estimate of our poet: "Holmes has less intellectual imagination than intelligent fancy." His average is not flight sublime, though sometimes he soars above common sentiments and sings sweet songs.

"Our whitest pearl we never find;
Our ripest fruit we never reach;
The flowering moments of the mind
Drop half their petals in our speech.

"These are my blossoms; if they wear
One streak of morn or evening's glow,
Accept them; but to me more fair
The buds of song that never glow."

Holmes' reputation as a humorist began to be established when he contributed the "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table" to the *Atlantic Monthly*. Before this he had been known as a writer of funny and witty poems for certain occasions.

Holmes' claim to originality in his humor has been little discussed. It is unnecessary to dwell at length upon it. This seems to be certain: his humorous phrases, as well as his expressions, bear the stamp of originality as far as the treatment is concerned. When he puts common ideas into his own words he does it with such skill that the language seems to be born with the thought. Holmes never, or seldom, formed paraphrases of ancient authors unless they had become popular sayings, as for instance, this humorous line: "Mountains have labored and have brought forth mice." Though it is a [free] translation of the famous line from Horace,

"Parturiunt montes nascetur ridiculus mus,"

yet Holmes did not first introduce it into English.

His humor differs from that of other writers. It is not as delicate as Goldsmith's, as refined as Dickens's, as cynical as Carlyle's; nor has it, like Thackeray's, a touch of satire. If Holmes ever shows any satire it is, nevertheless, pleasant and humorous. There is no offense in his reproofs, nor venom in his fault-findings; for instance:

"When berries—whortle, rasp and straw—
Grow bigger *downwards* through the box,
When preachers tell us all they think
And party leaders all they mean,
When lawyers take what they would give
And doctors give what they would take,
And claret bottles harbor not
Such dimples as would hide your fist."

Among American authors we have few writers of dialect. James Whitcomb Riley, whose well-merited fame rests on his humorous poems in the Hoosier dialect is, perhaps, the foremost. Holmes surpasses him in quality; it is a singular fact that one who could write such graceful dialect should not have introduced it more frequently into his poetry:

"But the deacon swore (as deacons do,
With an 'I dew vum,' or an 'I tell yeou,')
He would build one shay to beat the taown
'n' the Keounty 'n' all the Kentry raoun'."

Many have attributed to him the uncommon faculty of combining touching pathos and playful humor. As an example the "Last Leaf" has been pointed out:

"I know it is a sin
For me to sit and grin
At him here;
But the old three-cornered hat
And the breeches, and all that,
Are so queer."

His "Music Grinders" gives an account of "the three ways in which men may take one's money from his purse." It seems that one of the most delicious bits of humor is contained in this poem, the spirit of which is well illustrated in the following lines:

"It's hard to meet such pressing friends
In such a lonely spot;
It's very hard to lose your cash,
But harder to be shot;
And so you take your wallet out,
Though you would rather not."

Some of his earlier humorous poems, the "Last Leaf," "My Aunt," the "Treadmill Song" and the "September Gale" were read before the O. B. K. Society of his *Alma Mater*. Among his other poems, of a character like those above, may be mentioned: "An Insect," "Evening," "Dorchester Giant," "The Comet," "The Height of the Ridiculous" and the "Stethoscope Song."

There is true humor in the works of Holmes. It is not the smirking artifice and vulgar fun which is regarded as humor by some writers of the present day, who write for money and are obliged to turn out a certain amount of work every day; they are funny for the sake of being funny. With Holmes, it is different; he writes from an interior stimulus and is above all natural and unaffected.

The Curse of Kehama.

BY H. LAMAR MONARCH, '93.



ONLY place upon the stage the most dramatic scenes of life and they would seem tame to us. But tinge them first a little with exaggeration that conceals itself, and an intelligent audience is appealed to at once. Let

Sir Edwin Arnold tell of the Buddhists, as with Christian interpolations here and there he opens new fields of thought to you. The mountains,

the storms, the sea, the sky are deified; physical phenomena become manifestations of a god. Symmetry and loveliness are accentuated in the musical interpretation. Dissolute festivity has but a good side to it. Sir Edwin Arno'd takes fancy revelling in extravagance, begetting a tale rich with allegorical beauty, duped reality stamps it with the creed of a nation—and you have poetry.

When the poet, in selecting a theme, rambles out beyond the range of sympathies he makes for himself a serious disadvantage. His poetry then must have some literary value in exquisiteness of expression, fine epithets, or polished rhythmic diction. He must in some way appeal to the linguist or *littérateur*.

Robert Southey's "Curse of Kehama" has this one æsthetic element that gives it grace and charm, and ranks it among the best tales in verse, *i. e.*, he runs his lines in any measure that answers to the current of his thoughts. The Oriental theme probably suggested itself to him, as much as in it he could find scope for his imagination, and wing it out into the ether of poetry. The poem is founded on Hindoo mythology. It is an epic just as the "Iliad" is an epic cast in the mould of Greek mythology. The Hindoos for a long time attracted only the attention of those who had natural tastes for the marvellous. And for the antiquarian there may seem a great deal of poetry in them yet. But to the zealous Christian, seeking to propagate Christianity, we doubt not that their beliefs take on another aspect. Their gods are monsters wholly incapable of self-restraint. Their mythology teems with a confusing mixture of wars, thefts and outrages, with crimes indicating the vitiated propensities of their gods. And we cannot suppose a people better than their gods.

One can conceive nothing more anti-picturesque or unpoetical than the ceremonies and offices of the Bramins. Prayers and penances are not made more valid by the motives or disposition of those who offer them; but they become as "drafts upon Heaven for which the gods cannot refuse payment." Thus one upon earth who maintains closely the rules in offering sacrifices may aggregate his fortune until the "great gods" dread him because of his cumulative store of heavenly power; but yet are compelled to breathe in him the power and discernment of a god. These avatars, or incarnate gods, are most formidable to the supreme deities themselves. This belief, among the Hindoos, that man may control the future as an avatar, and receive at his death heaven as an

inheritance, is the foundation of Southey's poem. It opens with the funeral of Arvalan. Arvalan is the son of the avatar, Kahema. He has been killed by one named Ladurlad who, infuriated by the prince's assault upon his child, Kailyal, strikes the fatal blow. The funeral procession is filing through the imperial city. The streets blaze with torches that illumine the midnight air, blotting out the lights of heaven. On, on it goes amid the blast of trumpets, the roll of drums and the weird dirge of death—

"Master and slave, old age and infancy,
All, all abroad to gaze;
House-top and balcony
Clustered with women, who throw back their veils
With unimpeded and insatiate sight
To view the funeral pomp which passes by,
As if the wonderful rite
Were but to them a scene of joyance and delight."

Kehama follows the Belankeen which bears his dead son, arms enfolded, silent and lost in thought. The victim slaves to be offered in sacrifice follow next and precede the "wretched father and unhappy child" who fostered all the circumstances of Arvalan's death.

At the "Table of the Dead" Kehama calls for his son who appears to him, but, in upbraiding tones, asks if this is all his father's power bids him do to avenge and punish. He tells his father there is naught else to mitigate his lot but vengeance. "Not the stroke that spends itself and leaves the wretch at rest; but lasting, long revenge." Thus his father's pride is stung and his anger too is raised. Kehama calls for the culprits. At his voice Kailyal starts and springs in despair towards a sculptured form of Marriataly, the goddess of the poor, that by chance was "near upon the river's bank." Clasp- ing her arms about it she clings wildly, resisting the guards that would execute Kehama's order. In tugging the statue topples and falls down into the stream. The superstitious band stand aghast in their ignorance, feeling a thousand fates hovering near them, feeling the guilt of sacrilege, trembling, as the flames from the pyre throw their glaring light upon the scene, and dare not follow. Kehama has one solace in holding still the father on whose head he places the curse:

"I charm thy life
From the weapons of strife,
From stone and from wood,
From fire and from flood,
From the serpent's tooth,
And the beasts of blood;
From sickness I charm thee
And time shall not harm thee,
But earth, which is mine,
Its fruits shall deny thee;

And water shall hear me,
And know thee and fly thee;
And the winds shall not touch thee
When they pass by thee,
And the dews shall not wet thee
When they fall nigh thee,
And thou shalt seek death
To release thee, in vain;
Thou shalt live in thy pain,
While Kehama shall reign,
With a fire in thy heart,
And a fire in thy brain;
And sleep shall obey me,
And visit thee never,
And the curse shall be on thee
Forever and ever."

Then, releasing him, they renew their wild dissonance. Ladurlad staggers from the spot unfettered except by the curse which is to unmanacle his body and disfranchise him to be shunned as one who carries a pestilence. Out into the night going he knows not where, he unconsciously follows a something that the stream bears off in sacred pity. It is his child. He rushes out to clasp her, unmindful that the waters part and give way for each stride he makes; they shun him since they know Kehama's spell. He reaches her, and in a transport of joy bears her to the shore. He tells her of the stinging curse Kehama has placed upon his life. Ladurlad then sees the sorrow it causes his child. He determines that the freshness and fragrance of her youth shall not be stagnated in gloomy hours of grief. He determines to leave her. She awakes from her rest to cry in vain for her father. He is gone. She wanders on; suddenly she sees Arvalan cast up before her in corporeal form. She seeks in flight from him a fane of Pollear, the protector of travellers. Exhausted, she falls prostrate in the poisonous shades of Manchineels. The god Pallear has heard her prayer, and sends the form of Arvalan through the parted earth into the molten realms of Yamen.

Just then "One of the Glendoveers—"

"The loveliest race of all heavenly birth,
Hovering with gentle motion o'er the earth,
Amid the moonlight air,
In sportive flight was floating round and round,
Unknowing where his joyous way was tending,
He saw the maid where motionless she lay
And stooped his flight descending,
And raised her from the ground."

Smitten with pity and with love, he bears her up to the throne of "Casyapa, the sire of gods." There Ereenia the Glendoveer pleads that she may roam about in the gardens of Swerga. But Casyapa's fear of the rajah—as Kehama was known to the gods—forces him to refuse. Yet, to alleviate the mournful lot of the beau-

tiful Kailyal, and grant, as near as is safe, the request of Ereenia, he sends them to the head of the gurgling Ganges. Now Kehama completes his sacrifice, ascends to heaven to usurp the imperial seat of Indra, god of the elements. Kailyal and Ladurlad are again placed on earth by Ereenia. They are tormented much by the Asuras—the wicked spirits—who work in league with Arvanal that he may carry out his wicked designs. The father, Kehama, descends to earth to propose that Kailyal and he unite and reign together since it has been decreed by the Fates that he and she, of all mortals, shall alone drink the cup of Amareeta. Kailyal refuses, for which he curses her with leprosy.

Ereenia is overpowered when out from call of his kindred spirits and confined to the prison of a submerged city. Kehama's curse troubles Ladurlad to rescue him. Ereenia implores the Fates to foretell if Kehama is to abuse the quiet of heaven forever. He is directed to carry Ladurlad and Kailyal to the dominions of Yamen which are yet free from Kehama's sway. In a "Ship of Heaven" they are secretly carried to the gates of Padalon.

They scarcely reach Yamen's throne and pay their homage to the immutable monarch, who bids them patiently await the end of fate, when there is a lull, and the voices of lamentation cease in hell.

"In his might and majesty,
With all his terrors clad and all his pride"

comes Kehama.

"Thick darkness, blacker than the blackest night,
Rose from their wrath, and veiled the unutterable fight."

The power of Fate and Sacrifice prevail, and Kehama, victor, is where Yamen, but a short time before, had sat in royal splendor. The footstool near the throne is held by three who are doomed to live and burn, a reddened mass of fire. The Fates have kept one vacant place, men and gods presume not to guess for whom—the Amareeta cup that is destined to be drunk from by only *two* human beings. Kehama, still dallying with his power, holds the cup before he sips, and as his face glows with the red lights of Padalon playing upon it, a demoniac smile envelops his dreadful countenance. He turns upon the three whom Fate has sent to Yamen for protection, and swears Kailyal must be his by the cup of immortality which he is about to take. He drinks; his power is taken from him, for the liquid drunk by the wicked turns to power absorbing poison. He is changed to a molten mass, and is taken as a fourth statue to

support the footstool. Kailyal, drinking from the same cup, is divested of her mortality and taken with her father by Ereenia into Swerga. There they live in peace, and Yamen resumes his reign.

In this way all the trains of interest are drawn to a single issue, and a surprising reverse of movements is met in the end. The Christian idea is plainly eclipsed by this pagan struggle of good and evil. But Southey's power for creating, and then maintaining in his subject reality, shows his master strength. Why this great epic is looked upon as old-fashioned now, at a time when Sir Edwin Arnold's "Light of Asia" is at its height of prosperity, seems not an easy question to answer.

The plot of Kehama is said to be a masterpiece of the simpler species of plot. As a poet Southey is classed with that group who apply lyric rhythm to narrative—Byron, Scott and Shelley. There is a lightness and purity about his poem that makes it attractive. It is free from word-tumbling and all such illusive art that gains the critic's sanction at the present day—perhaps that is why it is thought old-fashioned. But it certainly came into the literary world to be looked upon contemptuously by critics. In Southey's time the idle, pompous style was in vogue and applauded by the same critics who derided his clear, simple manner of expressing himself. There is nothing sententious in his work, but simply crystal thoughts in crystal verse—a kind of coin to pass in purchase of an intellectual luxury for the cultured. Another thing to be considered in reckoning his lack of popularity at the time he lived is the fact that he represented the opposite school to the one which persisted in tyrannizing over the public. And the poets then—surely they introduced the habit which exists in a robust condition among our living poets—imitated each other instead of imitating Nature and allowing their own personal feelings to swing into the measure of their verse. Hence we find that when his poem "Thalaba" came out ignoring the ten-syllabled line rhyming in couplets, critics cut him from every side. In his next poem, however, this "Curse of Kehama," he repeated his experiment, quoting independently from George Wither:

"For I will for no man's pleasure
Change a syllable or measure;
Pedants shall not tie my strains
To their antique poet's reins;
Being born as free as these,
I will sing as I shall please."

Southey is much neglected, but no neglect

can take away the value of a true work. Superficial censure cannot obliterate the artistic beauty of his Kehama. And in making the repugnant Hindoo myths figure acceptably in a simple narrative is to "lend pathos to a monster, heroism to a burlesque being."

Geology.

BY C. W. SCHERRER, '93.

"The alphabet of the huge and mysterious volume of inanimate nature."



IN the whole catalogue of sciences there is, perhaps, none other which offers to the mind so much food for reflection as does the study of our material world—the investigation of the substance which composes it, and of the changes which long ages of existence have witnessed. This study is termed Geology. Its object is to mark out the progress of our planet from the time when it was first given off from the nucleus of the then existing matter called chaos, down to the date when man left his first foot-mark upon its shore, and thence to the present.

Geology shows how the earth at first, as a heated globe thrown from the sun, assumed an orbital motion about the centre of its origin; how it cooled, and by changes, secular and eruptive, the continents were formed; how from the lowest piece of living protoplasm, the order of beings became higher through plants and through animals, till, last of all, man, the lord of the globe, was brought forth from its clay.

Hence we see that Geology may be divided into two parts: descriptive and speculative. The former treats only of the earth's substance, and is thus entirely material. The latter deals only with the theories advanced to explain all the different effects which we observe, and is wholly rational. Descriptive Geology explains many of the formations which play such an important part in the structure of the earth.

One of the leading and, certainly, the most useful of these is the carboniferous formation, commonly called the coal beds. This formation dates back many thousand years to that geological period known from its characteristic feature, as the Carboniferous Age. This epoch was remarkable for the immense growth of vegetation which the atmosphere, heavily laden with carbon dioxide and moisture, promoted.

Lipidodendrids, often reaching the height of fifty feet or more, filled those primeval groves. *Sigillariae* and *Stigmariae*, though much smaller than the *Lipidodendrids*, formed a vegetation denser and greater by far than any which the earth now supports. These monsters of the forest dropped their leaves and their decaying branches from year to year. In this manner a thick layer of vegetable matter was soon formed about the bases of the trees. The waters coming from the ocean about this time overflowed the land and covered the whole with a deposit of mud, sand and other material, which, by hardening, formed a solid rock. The pressure of this deposit, added to the slow decomposition of the plant-substance, gradually changed the refuse and even the trees themselves into beds of mineral coal.

The waters receding left the land again dry, and a new growth sprung up only to be served as before. Hence we see the reason why we find the alternations of carboniferous rock with the strata of coal.

That such is the origin of coal has been proved beyond a doubt. One of the most satisfactory evidences lies in the fact that, even at the present day, trunks, branches and leaves of trees are found abundantly in the coal measures. Many of the trunks extend through the strata of lime or sandstone which overlie the coal, showing that on account of the enormous height of the trees several deposits by the great waters were necessary to cover them.

This kind of coal depends upon the pressure and heat to which it was submitted. Anthracite is much harder than bituminous, because the weight which compressed the former far exceeded that which acted upon the latter. Graphite is only a kind of coal; it differs, however, in this respect, that its formation was accompanied by a very intense heat.

Another formation, closely allied to that of coal, is that of peat, so common in Ireland and New England. It is also of vegetable origin; it is made in swamps from a peculiar moss, called sphagnum; it is, however, much less pure and much less dense than coal, and is usually of a color wavering between black and brown.

Sphagnum, or bog-moss, has the peculiar property of dying at the roots from year to year, while the top constantly appears to grow upwards. In the course of years this loose layer of decaying plant-matter becomes submitted to the pressure of the water and of the plants above, and gradually the whole mass becomes solidified.

Particles of sand, leaves and other substances, driven by the wind, often fall into the swamps, and become compressed within the peat. Shells and skeletons of aquatic animals, and often bones of land animals, are found at times in the formation.

The corals have also contributed in an important manner to the skeleton of the globe. Many islands in the Pacific Ocean were built almost entirely by these minute, progressive workers. The coral is a microscopic animal which lives only in colonies, and secretes a skeleton of hard limestone. Its labor has been going on for centuries. At times the mutinous waves, dashing against the framework, broke it to pieces, carrying portions to where, perhaps, the life of polyps was impossible, and so destroying the little colony, or bringing them safely to a spot favorable to the development of the little animals. Here the polyps continued, and soon formed a new colony, perhaps only to be disturbed again by the waves, or else to continue in their multiplication. The interspaces in the coral become filled with sand and earth which are constantly dashed against them. The polyps always form about an island, and build around it their stony structure. The increased weight causes the island to sink, and, if not already submerged, it will gradually disappear beneath the water. The reef in this manner encloses a portion of the ocean, forming a lagoon. A small entrance is generally left in the chain, and vessels often enter these lagoons where they are free from the immense waves of the open sea. Birds and winds are the means by which seeds are brought to these islands and vegetation is started.

Another very interesting formation is that of chalk, found most abundantly on the shores of England. This chalk is a kind of limestone. It is produced by small animals known as *Rhizopods*. If examined under the microscope it will be found to consist entirely of minute shells, some of them most beautiful in appearance. These are the shells of the *Foraminifera*, and were mostly formed during the Cretaceous Period. A similar formation is, however, still going on in the Atlantic Ocean. By dredging the Atlantic's bottom, it was found to consist of an ooze composed almost entirely of shells similar to those in the English chalk beds.

Another animal which has been very liberal to the rock formation is the *Crinoid*. The skeleton of this animal consists of a stalk, one end of which is supplied with hooks which had been used to attach the animal to a support; the other end is surrounded by a number of long,

radiating arms. The whole is made up of a calcareous substance, and presents an appearance of so many beads arranged side by side. These beads, by forming conglomerations, made up a great amount of limestone. In fact, we find them in almost all the geological ages. They are still in existence, but are far from being as numerous as they once were. Hence the present crinoidal formation is very slight.

The History of a Pin.



WING my origin to England, it may be that this fact has much to do with my popularity in the world. My first form was that of a long brass wire. After sundry cuttings and hammerings, I became as respectable a pin as was ever turned out of a British pin machine.

I was impatient to get out in the world, but was not destined to be useful just then. I was placed in a paper with about two hundred comrades, and sent to a store-room. My first opinion of this world was certainly not an exalted one. I thought a person would do well to get out of it as soon as possible.

I was living a life of idleness and ease, when one day the case in which I was packed was bought by an eccentric old lady who kept a notion store in one of the towns near London. In this little shop I lay on a shelf for nearly a month until the packet to which your humble servant was fastened, was sold for three pence to a flower-girl.

I was very indignant at the price paid; I thought that people had not the correct conception of my true value. However, I could not speak to the shopkeeper as she was very erratic, and would not deign to give me a reply. Through some misfortune or other, the little flower-vender lost the paper of pins, and it was picked up by a ragged urchin who sold papers. It was in his possession that I was separated from my comrades. I was the first one in the

row, and I was taken to fasten a green badge to his coat. I don't know why he wore this mark; he took it off that evening, and I was stuck into the family pin-cushion. My rest here was of short duration. The boy's sister took me off the next morning to aid in reconciling two portions of his nether garments that had been at variance for several days. They were very glad to get together again. They hailed me as a king, and I was foolish enough to believe their idle talk.

My owner was employed in a large dress-maker's shop in the city. I served her faithfully, but she soon discarded me and threw me upon the floor as my services were no longer required. If I was indignant when I was sold, I was enraged now. This seemed like adding insult to injury. I determined to be revenged, so I ran my sharp point into my former owner's knee as she was fitting a dress. She gave a shriek and immediately went off into a swoon. Soon after I found myself comfortably cushioned in the small box of a doctor. I thought it very strange that they should confine me. I conjectured all kinds of explanations for my confinement. Here I was locked up for several days and then the medical man took me out and examined me carefully. I was horrified to find my point red with blood; but my revenge was satisfied. From the conversation I learned that the young dressmaker had since died from the injury which I inflicted upon her person. I lay on the doctor's table for several days, then I was used to fasten a bandage to a young man's arm.

To this young gentleman I owe my trip across the Atlantic to America. Amid the folds of his coat I lay safely ensconced until we reached New York; then I was once more brought into service, but this time to fasten a rose to my owner's coat. I remember well my first sight of New York. Its high buildings, beautiful drives, public parks and public edifices, made a lasting impression upon me. I thought that it was surely the only delightful city in the world. I was eager to get away from my master and get a good view of this glorious country. My fondest hopes were not long in being realized. The young gentleman dropped me in a parlor on Fifth Avenue. I fell on a velvet Brussels carpet, and was not offended as I had previously been at a similar occurrence. I thought that nobody would need such an insignificant thing as a pin in this mansion; but I was very badly mistaken. The servant that swept the floor picked me up and placed me in her mistress' pin-cushion. I remained here a long time until the lady used

me to keep some delicate fancywork together. I could not help feeling proud at this attention, and I longed to get out and tell my friends of it. I next found myself on the person of a tramp. 'Twas quite a downfall, I must admit, but still I proved myself useful to the tramp. I was used to reconcile two portions of his trousers that had been at variance for weeks. But the filth I had to endure shattered my nervous system completely. I gradually grew so nervous that I accidentally ran my sharp point into his lazy frame. You should have seen him jump. He was just preparing to take a nap when the distressing accident occurred. He started as though a policeman's club had struck him. He was angry enough to kill any person who might have come within his reach at that moment. Happily, none came. He took me and bent me into eight or ten different shapes; and with an oath that would put to shame the best efforts of a sailor in that direction, he threw me to the ground. He seemed to be a very humane person, for I heard him remark that no one else would ever be harmed by my point. But the tramp was not a prophet. I lay in the dust and there looked about me, and reflected over my past life and noted the changes that had taken place. Instead of being straight and silvery of body, I now was bent and rusty; my point was dull and I had lost half my head. I wept bitter tears as I thought over the past misfortunes. I was aroused from my reverie by being picked up by a college student. He, like a good Samaritan, straightened my body and rubbed some of the rust off, and I was beginning to think that my happy days had returned. I blessed all college boys and particularly the one who restored me to full life again. While residing in this young boy's jacket I overheard a plot in which I was an unwilling factor. A certain professor, noted for his good humor, had given one of the students a thousand lines to write for misbehavior in class. The boy objected strenuously, but had to write the lines. So he planned revenge. In this detestable piece of business I was the chief accomplice. I was once more bent and placed on the professor's chair. The tutor, little thinking of the danger that lurked in his seat, proceeded to sit down. He barely touched the chair when he was seized with a sudden desire to study the spots on the ceiling. A suppressed laugh broke out from the class as the professor struck the ceiling. He was not slow in coming down, and was still more speedy in giving lines to every member of the class. I had no pity for the boys. All my compassion was lodged with the professor, but he failed to appreciate it. He took me and threw me out of the window on an ash heap, where I expect to pass the remaining days of my life.

JOHN W. MILLER, '96.

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The Philopatrians.

ON Wednesday afternoon the last play of the scholastic year was given complimentary to the Very Rev. Alexis Granger, C. S. C., by the St. Stanislaus' Philopatrian Association. The entertainment was opened with a grand overture by the University Orchestra under the directorship of Prof. Paul. F. Cornell had been deservedly selected to deliver the address on this occasion; and his clear, distinct enunciation and earnest delivery showed that, though young in years and experience, he was not unmindful of the two things that are most essential in all public speaking.

The play was adapted from the French comedy of Molière, *Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme*. For the sake of variety the humorous strain of the comedy was relieved with pleasant interludes of song. But above all, when E. Coolidge, in his clear, silvery voice, had sung the nursery poem "He Wouldn't Buy," the high appreciation of the singing was made evident by the loud applause which he received.

The first act opened with a dialogue between the "dancing master" and the "music master" in the Upstart's house, while E. J. Murphy, the Upstart, entered with all the unconcerned bearing of an actor to open his difficult rôle.

The quadrille, under the direction of the "dancing master," with the rich variegated costumes of the dancing pupils, seemingly iridescent in the tableau-lights, produced a strikingly beautiful effect.

The heated discussion among the masters of the arts which then took place in the presence of the Upstart was ended by the interposition

of the Professor of Philosophy, who sought to calm the excited antagonists with the irrefutable arguments of logic, until a duel between the Philosopher and the fencing-master settled the affair. The second act brought on the stage the interesting characters G. Zoehrlaut as "Doranto," the count; E. F. Jones as "Mr. Jordan, Sr.," J. Sievers as "Covielle," the friend of Joseph Yeager under the mask of "Cleon," and Mr. Gerdes, particularly well chosen for the part of the gallant "Marquis."

The climax of the play was reached with the second visit of "Cleon," the rejected suitor, disguised as the son of the Sultan, with one of his friends under the guise of Mufti, the amber-bearded Turk who was to raise the indiscreet Upstart to the dignity of a Mamamouchi.

The entertainment was closed with the grand chorus "Columbia"; and the incessant bursts of applause from the audience may be taken as a good guarantee of the evening's success. The members of the Philopatrian Society may well be congratulated on their highly appreciated effort on the stage, and we feel assured that under the excellent directorship of Bro. Lucian, C. S. C., the society is already entering upon the Golden Age of its history. Thanks are also due to Bro. Oswald Professors, Liscombe and Neil, who contributed so kindly towards the evening's success.

FREDEMINE.

"A Dream of Lilies."

A REVIEW.



TO the devout and truly educated Catholic who has been brought up with a love for what is beautiful and best in life, and has been taught to appreciate the æsthetic part of religion, science and art, there is nothing more deplorable than the lack of plentiful, good, invigorating, Catholic literature. And, indeed, it is unfortunate. But we must remember that the greater duty is left in our care, and if we complain that there are but a few books which we can really call our own and which are in perfect harmony with our views on religion, art and literature, it is because we not only do not support the few Catholic writers we have, but we are not even enthusiastic over them or give them the encouragement they deserve. Therein lies the trouble, and it is we who are in fault.

The only thing that can give renewed energetic life to a young literature is enthusiasm—an intense love for our favorite authors and a high appreciation and ready acknowledgment of the great books we already have. There is a number of writers who are willing, able and happy to use their pens for us if we will only aid them. We have more and greater books and authors than we think we have. Take "Education and the Higher Life" by Bishop Spalding. Where, in any nation's literature, can one find a more truly ennobling, hopeful, good-instilling, strong and healthful volume? It is a master-work—just what the Americans need, and there is no reason why it should not be called a classic. How many delicately tinted poems, replete with what Matthew Arnold calls "sweetness and light," has Miss Eleanor C. Donnelly given us, and how few of us try to broaden the limits of their pleasant reading? I might mention Christian Reid, James McMaster, Rose Howe, Charles Warren Stoddard, Brownson, Eliza Allen Starr—but why speak of names? We know who they are, and it is our duty to bring them out more prominently before the public and nearer to the hearts of the people by reviewing and making the merit of their works known.

But there is one sweet singer, in particular, who has just given us a most exquisite collection of poems—a great help in filling the gap in our literature—to whom I wish to introduce the readers of the SCHOLASTIC. I speak of Katherine E. Conway. Her latest work, entitled "A Dream of Lilies," is now fresh from the hands of J. G. Cupples & Co., Publishers, Boston. Of the poems I cannot say too many good things, and the name of Katherine Conway needs no eulogy. Her worth is known to us. But if, as our professor of literature says, a great novel is a gift of God, surely such an excellent book as Miss Conway's little volume is one of Heaven's choicest blessings. "A Dream of Lilies" is a collection of poems on different subjects; but, like all the songs of the great Muses, having more frequently for their lay the beautiful themes of love and religion. Everyone of the thirty-five selections is thoroughly enjoyable, and some of them, through their admirable simplicity, almost reach the sublime. Each poem is delightful in itself, and either gives us a beautifully carved figure set with precious gems, and the whole having a pose so remarkably perfect, easy and natural that we are astonished at the exactness of the technique; or it gives us a delicately tinted pen-picture so true to art and nature that we think we even feel the warm fresh atmosphere of spring around us.

They fill us with gladness by their sunlight and brightness, and all of them are full of sweetness, have wonderful expression, portraying a mood with such truth and winsome grace that the reader is truly charmed and fascinated.

The author has a strong, simple style,—musical, light in touch, easy though artful. Miss Conway has a great deal of talent—talent which is akin to genius; and though she is not a great poet, she often approaches in thought and expression the simplicity of Longfellow and the perfect technique of Tennyson. Some of Miss Conway's readers may think that she is a trifle too religious, too refined and even too musical; but these are the very qualities which are making nineteenth-century poets famous. If she is at times a little too careful and artful, yet she makes up for it in the pretty manner in which she dresses the very thoughts and moods which we ourselves have often known and felt. She certainly has the poet's temperament which yearns for expression, and her heart and soul give vent to their finer emotions and sentiments through her pen. Could anything be more strong and touching than these lines in "The Heaviest Cross of All":

"I've borne full many a sorrow, I've suffered many a loss,
But now, with a strange new anguish, I carry this last dread cross;
For of this be sure, my dearest, whatever thy life befall—
The cross that our own hands fashion is the heaviest cross of all.

"Heavy and hard I made it in the days of my fair strong youth,
Veiling my eyes from the blessed light and closing my heart to truth.
Pity me, Lord, whose mercy passeth my wildest thought;
For I never dreamed of the bitter end of the work my hands had wrought."

What perfect technique! The metre is welded to the thought.

An excellent example of the poet's pen-pictures is in some of the lines of "In Sight of Home":

"The shore's in sight, the shore's in sight!
The longed-for lights of home I see!
I sing, for every heart's delight—
And you, my friend, thro' dark and bright,
I know that you are glad for me.

"It was a stormy voyage, friend:
And dare I dream the worst is o'er?
Drear passages of hapless end
Dismay me not; yet Heaven defend!
Ships have gone down in sight of shore.

"I ought to be afraid, I know,
My wayward past remembering;
Yet, calmly into port I go,
Whose 'sursum corda' cheers me so;
How is it I am fain to sing?

"Is it because my Mother stands—
The Virgin-Mother fair and wise—
Just where the waves break on the sands,
Lifting to God her praying eyes?"

"Oh! friend, I'm drifting from your sight—
The home-lights brighten momentarily—
Yet lift once more your signal-light,
In answer to my last good-night,
And tell me you are glad for me!"

This, to me, is poetry. It is exquisite! There is something in it which recalls to us the great Cardinal Newman's "Lead Kindly Light." It is a selection like this which sends a thrill through the lovers of the beautiful and leaves behind it an indescribable pleasure. But what has Tennyson given us which has more grace and delicacy of expression than these lines from "The Christmas Thorn":

"Oh! I mind one Christmas night—
A long ago delight—
When together we smiled or sighed over stories quaint
and old;
And that of the winter thorn
A-bloom on Christmas morn,
Comes back to me to-night as the sweetest ever told.

"Oh! you will not shrink to hear
The word that it gives me, dear,
For the empty house and the desolate heart and the
tears that must have way:
This is the poor thorn's renown,
I made the only crown
That He ever wore on earth, who is Lord of the Christ-
mas Day."

I must not forget to quote a few lines of the "Lotus and Lily." It seems to me the most musical of all:

"Sometimes a dark hour cometh for us who are bound
to bear
The burden of lowly labor, the fetters of lowly care;
An hour when the heart grows sick of the work-day's
weary round,
Loathing each oft-seen light, loathing each oft-heard
sound!

"Loathing our very life, with its pitiful daily need,
Learning in pain and weakness that labor is doom indeed;
And this the meed of the struggle—tent, raiment and
bread?
Oh, for the 'Requiescant' and the sleep of the pardoned
dead!

Oh, the visions that torture and tempt us (how shall the
heart withstand!)—
The fountains and groves and grottoes of the godless
Lotus-land!"

I wish space would permit an extract from "Ye did it unto Me." Its simplicity makes it beautiful. Beside these, "My Father's House," "Chosen," "Not out of Sight," and "A Convent" seem to be the most striking and impressive.

Miss Conway always shows her individuality, and if she is sometimes sad and plaintive, she

is never in despair. Faith and hope always console her. She has the energy, pathos and purity of the true poet, and her sweetest lays are those of God.

The book has a merit and sparkle which is truly fascinating. It is a literary feast and invaluable to one who loves high and noble thoughts and yearns for what is beautiful and natural in art. It seems to be gifted with a soul inspired—strengthened in love, beauty, purity and goodness. It fills us with a love of excellence, sends us in earnest pursuit of higher aims, and shows us in a pretty manner the happiness in true ideals. The work is a literary gem of richest value, and deservedly commends itself to every lover of perfect art and high sentiment in literature.

HUGH A. O'DONNELL, '94.

The Man in the Tower.



AW! Caw! Caw! and down upon my Tower swept a covey of ill-directed tirades. An artistic lapidary is now engaged upon the *Hic jacet* etc.; while I, "the lone historian of the pensive plain," am left to gather a few calm reflections from that unsanguinary engagement. It occurs to me now that I carefully filed in my pigeon-holes some time ago a very good recipe, clipped from an almanac, and which will not be amiss here. It was for the private use of politicians, lobbyists, and public benefactors in general, who make a business of thrusting before the house their pet bill, the "*Pro bono publico*," or maybe for the redress of some imaginary grievance. Among other things the prescription demands that the advocate's "character" must very closely correspond to the following formula, namely, Gravity, 10 grs.; Dignity, sufficient to impress a House of Lords; and Common-sense *ad infinitum*. In case any one of these essential parts is wanting, rest assured conceit will fill the vacancy.

Poor Don Quixote must have had among his valuables a copy of our almanac; for he was lured away by some invisible force to take up arms against *even* inoffensive wind-mills. But to those gallant knights-errant, who imagine that some menacing power forever keeps sentinel about my Tower, I am prepared to promise absolute immunity from any immediate

danger. This staid old fortress never stoops to combat with those who persist in cutting their names or faces around its sacred precincts; nor is there need of apprehension regarding the Tower-man's health. Up here he breathes a pure, invigorating air. The bright, cheering rays of yonder laughing sun from early morn make haste to offer their service at his feet, and then, wrapt in the fond embrace of night, beyond the potent influence of an unkind moon, he dreams of pictures a Cervantes would have gloated over.

In looking over some old manuscripts the other day, I discovered an ancient custom that prevailed among students years ago, and imagine it will interest not a few of the college boys living at the close of the progressive nineteenth century. The custom consisted in simply being a gentleman on all occasions, in private and in public, and especially so in the latter case. One requirement emphatically demanded by the custom was to pay due respect to persons who, by age or rank, merited the respect of all true gentlemen. A feeling seems to be gaining ground lately—but only among a certain class—to guy and mimic persons who labor by the sweat of the brow, who have a peculiar trait of character, or who refuse to pose as walking advertisements for their tailors. The poorly-dressed man does not answer the requirements of our dude's idea of a gentleman. Age is not considered; for what do the old know anyhow?

Our dude, by the way, looks serenely at the world from over the edge of his high collar, and complacently smiles at his superior ideas on the "proper thing"; yet he goes to a public entertainment and insults every visitor around him by his impertinent forwardness. His dear friend, the bully, is generally with him, for ignorance and brute force are twin sisters. The two Dromeos have a striking manner of manifesting their presence at all public affairs. When at the close of a good number of the programme the audience applaud generously, the twin sisters with surrounding toadies begin the Bowery applause act, and with unity of action clap their hands in a manner detestable. I know some of my readers are already wondering what Hall contains such a type. Let it be sufficient to say that the Dromeos and their satellites are not among the *smallest* boys, and the Tower-man hopes that the name of the great man which graces their department will impart to them some of the good sense which made the philosopher famous.

Personals.

—Mrs. Lane, of Rockford, Ill., visited her son of Carroll Hall on Thursday.

—Mr. Brown, of Sheldon, Ia., visited his sons of Sorin and Carroll Halls on Thursday.

—Mr. and Mrs. Wensinger, of San Francisco, spent Thursday with their son of Carroll Hall.

—Mrs. Klees came to pay a visit to her son of Carroll Hall on Wednesday last and made a very pleasant stay.

—The Rev. Dr. Kieran, Rector of St. Patrick's Church, Philadelphia, has been the guest of the University this week.

—Rev. P. P. Klein was in Michigan City last Sunday. Father Klein gave one of his fine sermons on that occasion.

—Mrs. Reis, of Cincinnati, Ohio, arrived on Wednesday to make a short visit to her two sons of Brownson and Carroll Halls.

—Mr. Harry Jewett, '90, visited his brother Edwardo and many friends this week. Hal is always a most welcome visitor to Notre Dame.

—Mr. E. McLaughlin, assistant in the household of the Most Rev. Archbishop Corrigan, New York, was a visitor at the University this week.

—Mr. Joseph McCarrick and his brother George have been spending several days at home, Norfolk, Va. The occasion of their absence being the grand naval review at Fortress Monroe and New York.

—Notre Dame is soon to be honored by the presence of Mgr. Satolli, who is to be in Chicago for the opening of the Fair, and will return this way. We are all anxiously awaiting the time when we may greet the Monsignor and make him our guest.

—Mrs. Wm. Gerdes, accompanied by Miss Irene Krehnbrink, of Cincinnati, Ohio, is spending a few days at the University visiting her son Willie, of Carroll Hall. Master Gerdes' first appearance before the foot-lights is the reason why we are favored with this visit.

Obituary.

GEORGE F. SUGG, '81.

On Tuesday last the sad news of the death of one of Notre Dame's most highly honored sons caused heartfelt sorrow to all who knew him. Judge George F. Sugg was called to his rest last Monday afternoon at 2.30 o'clock. It did not come as an entire surprise, as he had been ill for a long time; but we were hoping for the best when the news of his death reached his friends. He had been ailing, in fact, for the last two years. He was a very ambitious man, and the overwork of years hastened his death. He was born in Chicago thirty-one years ago,

of German parentage. His early education was received in the Catholic Institute of Chicago. In 1877 he came to Notre Dame and here completed the scientific course in 1881. Of his class he was not the only one who has since carried off honors. With him were graduated ex-Congressman Jas. Ward, State Senator J. G. Donnelly, C. F. Clarke, President of the Hibernian National Bank, Chicago, Dennis Hogan, Mayor of Geneva, Ill., Wm. Ball and J. B. Crummey. On leaving his *Alma Mater* George Sugg studied law in an office in his native city, and practised it till, four years ago, he was elected city attorney. Then he was but twenty-seven years old. Two years ago he lost his mother. Last fall he was elected Judge of the Superior Court; but his opportunities to act in this new position were few, being too unwell to attend his office, and consequently his abilities as a judge were never shown to others. Judge Sugg was very popular among his fellow-alumni and all who met him. On entering his last official office his friends manifested their appreciation of his ability and qualities of character by a most cordial and hearty reception. He honored the position of vice-president of the Notre Dame alumni of Chicago. Judge Sugg leaves a wife and three children. With numerous friends, all of Notre Dame's alumni especially, we join in extending our most heartfelt sympathy to those who are bereft of a loving father and son and a devoted husband. May he rest in peace!

Local Items.

- Boom!
- “Bow-wow!”
- Half-past five.
- Can you swim?
- Where did you get that 'at?
- Look out for the kodak fiend!
- “No, sir, Doggie is not dead.”
- Polonius was highly indignant.
- The last number was a fine one.
- Mac took photographs last week.
- “Hold my coat, I mean business.”
- Just the way, Joe, to hitch up a horse.
- Well, they got back in time to go to bed.”
- Our friend John says “that wind originates rain.”
- Did you see Phil's pin-cushion. It's a “beauty!”
- The *Boulevard* is still under the process of *beatification*.
- The winds of March are howling round April's death-bed.
- The new commodore of the boat crews has assumed his duties.
- The “athletes” say they wouldn't go against a sure thing. Too bad!

—The new song “Bow-wow” is destined to become as familiar as “Comrades” and “Annie Rooney.”

—The corner grocery moved his stock Thursday afternoon; and may now be found in the poet's corner.

—“That just reminds me of a story,” and the audience disappeared. They had met the individual before.

—Fatty says that since becoming a member of the band he can play the “American Quick-step” to perfection.

—St. Edward's park is rapidly assuming its summer attire under the guidance of the “botanical gardener.”

—Tim says that the complaint against him was read *vi et armis*, and he can prove an alibi as he only had one arm.

—The “constable” was on duty Tuesday evening, and had to have a *posse* hold his man while he read the warrant to him.

—The various base-ball clubs will be picked out this week, and preparations for the championship games will at once begin.

—Mac tried to dance a horn-pipe while rowing on the lake, and in consequence was unnerved. Somebody spoke of pride having a fall.

—The Brownson Hall boys have challenged Sorin Hall for a series of games and the challenge has been accepted. The games begin next week.

—The Rt. Rev. J. B. Brondel, D. D., Bishop of Helena, Mont., arrived yesterday (Friday) evening, and is a welcome visitor to the University.

—One of the coxswains is reported to have told his men that it is not a question of how fast they could row, but how much water they could throw into the boat.

—W. Wilkins will soon have on exhibition sixty different views of St. Joseph's Lake and surroundings that he succeeded in taking with his kodak on Thursday last.

—Very Rev. Provincial Corby and Rev. President Walsh went to Chicago on Thursday to attend the funeral services of the late Judge George F. Sugg, of the Class of '81.

—The lawn in front of the buildings presents a neat appearance, and everything is being done by Bro. Philip Neri and his assistants to encourage the growth of shrubbery, etc.

—Bro. Hilarion received over 20,000 stamps this week from Bro. Fabian, and has turned them over to Bro. Valerian, who will have over 500,000 on exhibition during commencement week.

—Mac says that the “white caps” on St. Joseph's Lake were so ferocious Thursday that they overturned his boat, but the life-saving crew came to his rescue as he was walking ashore.

—Rev. A. Kirsch, C. S. C., had his canvas out Thursday afternoon, and succeeded in photographing the members of the various base-ball clubs. The photographs are to be sent with Notre Dame's exhibit to the World's Fair.

—The game between the "Grays" and "Whites" of the second nine Sunday afternoon resulted in a score of 13 to 11 in favor of the "Grays." Batteries: "Grays," Linehan and Moxley; "Whites," Kerker and Carter.

—The Philopatrians gratefully acknowledge courtesies received from Messrs. G. Wyman, of South Bend; Bros. Cajetan, Benedict and Oswald; and Professors Liscombe and Neil, and Mr. E. Schaack, in connection with their entertainment of Wednesday last.

—The first nine game, Thursday afternoon, was very interesting to the spectators, although the score shows that the "Blacks" out-batted the "Whites." The following is the

SCORE BY INNINGS:—	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	
WHITES:—	0	1	0	0	0	1	0	0	2	=4
BLACKS:—	4	5	1	1	0	1	0	0	2	=14

Batteries: "Whites," Krembs, and Schmidt; "Blacks," O'Neill and Marckhoff.

—The second nine game Thursday afternoon was hotly contested, and some clever playing was noticed on both sides. The "Grays" were captained by J. Brady, while V. Magnus had charge of the "Whites." Following is the

SCORE BY INNINGS:—	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	
GRAYS:—	2	3	1	1	1	3	0	0	2	=12
WHITES:—	0	3	0	0	0	0	1	1	1	=6

Batteries: "Grays," Brady and Barton; "Whites," Beck and Conger.

—The game on the Brownsons' campus between Captain Covert's "Whites" and Captain Roby's "Blacks" was a hard-fought one, and resulted in a victory for Captain Roby's men by a score of 12 to 10. Following is the

SCORE BY INNINGS:—	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	
WHITES:—	0	1	1	1	3	2	2	=10
BLACKS:—	1	7	1	2	0	1	*	=12

Batteries: "Whites," O'Neill and Markhoff; "Blacks," Krembs and Bauer. *Base Hits*: "Whites," 13; "Blacks," 10. *Double Plays*—Bauer to Roby; Whitehead to Cullen, Cullen unassisted.

—A meeting of the Lemonnier boat club was held Sunday evening, April 23, Rev. M. J. Regan, C. S. C., presiding. An election of officers took place which resulted as follows: Rev. T. E. Walsh, C. S. C., Director; Rev. M. J. Regan, C. S. C., President and Treasurer; Rev. A. Morrissey, C. S. C., and F. Chute, Judges; C. Roby, Commodore; H. Ferneding, Recording Secretary; and J. McGarry, Corresponding Secretary. The Sorin Hall members, after canvassing the situation, decided that they would only act in conjunction with Brownson Hall in organizing a crew for the second crew in the four-oared boat. This necessitated an election of a new captain for each of the boats, and Messrs. C. Roby and N. Dinkel were placed in nomination and unanimously elected, and the contest for the anchor prize now lies between C. Roby's and N. Dinkel's crew. A statement of the finances

of the club was read by the chairman. It is the intention of the club to improve their boat house, so that during the winter months the members can continue their rowing exercises. A portion of the upper floor will be set apart as a reading and sitting room—thus combining business with pleasure. The outlook for gala races at the end of the term is very bright.

MILITARY NOTES.

Cos. A and B held another competitive drill in the Carroll gym Sunday morning, and the members showed a noticeable improvement in the manual of arms since the last drill. Before beginning the joint drill, both companies held company drills. Co. B drilled first, and for over fifteen minutes Capt. Chute tried his men in vain; and noticing that their number was not diminishing as rapidly as was desired began to give "false" commands, and finally reduced the ranks to three—Messrs. Wensinger, Brown and Miller. Miller finally won, and was loudly applauded. Then Capt. Coady brought his men in line and began his drill; and after giving various commands in the manual had to resort to the same tactics adopted by Capt. Chute,—that of giving false commands in rapid succession until he diminished his ranks to three—Messrs. Herman, McVean and Covert; McVean finally winning. Then both companies were placed together, Capt. Chute giving the commands, while Capt. Coady and Lieutenants F. Schillo, E. Funke, E. and C. Scherrer acted as inspectors, and made the men drop out as fast as mistakes were made. It took just twenty minutes to reduce the ranks to four—Messrs. Curran and Weaver of Co. A, and Messrs. Miller and Finnerty of Co. B. Weaver won amid the plaudits of both companies. Another joint drill was called for, and after a short time was won by Reis of Co. A.

The officers of both companies deserve great credit for the skilled manner in which the members handle their firearms as well as execute the different foot movements; and the members themselves should not be forgotten, as it is by their persevering spirit that this adeptness has been reached. Surely Notre Dame points with pride to the military companies of '93 as the peer of any military organization in the United States.

The captains of the various companies are besieged daily by members who wish to gain information as to the time of their trip to the farm, excursions, etc.

The drill of sixteen picked men of Co. B in Washington Hall Saturday evening was the finest exhibition of military movements ever seen here. The members who took part were Sergeants Gilbert, Tong, Hilger, Slevin; Corporals G. Funke, Sweet, Stephen, Marre; and Privates Rumley, Reber, Covert, Kelliher, S. Dixon, Tobin, and Louie. Messrs. Lane and Klees were substitutes.

Roll of Honor.

SORIN HALL.

Messrs. Ahlrichs, Carney, Combe, Coady, Crawley, Chute, Dechant, Ferneding, Flannery, Kunert, Langan, Maurus, Monarch, F. McKee, Mitchell, McCarrick, Powers, Quinlan, Raney, Sinnott, Schopp, Thorn.

BROWNSON HALL.

Messrs. Barrett, Barton, Burns, Brady, Brinen, Bennett, Berggren, C. Corry, A. Corry, Curran, Colby, Cooke, Cullen, R. Corcoran, Crilly, Casey, Chidester, Croxton, Devaney, Donahoe, Dinkel, Delaney, Eyan-son,* Foley, A. M. Funke, A. W. Funke, Foster, Feeney, Freytag, J. Flynn, Flannedy, Guerra, F. Hoffman, J. Hoffman, Hermann, Hennessy, Hoepe, Healy, E. Harris, Hagan, Henley, Hudson, Hunt, Heneberry, Jordan, Kelly, M. Kirby, Kearns, Krembs, Kintzele, Kilkenny, Karasynski, Kuhn, J. Kennedy, Leonard, Libert, Murray, McCuddy, D. Murphy, Meibers, T. Monarch, McCullough, F. Murphy, McCarthy, Magnus, McGarry, McFadden,* Ney, O'Connor, O'Shea, W. O'Neill, Pulkamp, Prichard, Patier, Quinlan, M. Ryan, Reis, E. Roby, Stanton, Shermann, Spalding, Stace, Schmidt, Vinez, Vurpillat, Walker, Wilkin, Weaver, Welsh.

CARROLL HALL.

Messrs. Barrett, R. E. Brown, Bennett, Blumenthal, Berles, Bachrach, Baldauf, Burns, Brennan, Bacon, Carter, Chauvet, Clendenin, E. Coolidge, Cavanagh, Cullen, Crane, Carney, Chase, Druecker, Ducey, Danner, Dempsey, Dixon, DeLormier, Franke, E. Gilbert, L. Gibson, N. Gibson, Gerding, Gonzales, Gerdes, Hack, Healy, Hurley, H. Hill, Hoban, D. Hilger, Harding, A. Hilger, Howell, Jones, Janssen, A. Kegler, Kutina, Kelliher, Kindler, Klees, Lanagan, J. LaMoure, W. LaMoure, Lambka, Lantry, Lohner, Lawler, Langevin, T. Lowrey, G. Lowrey, Loser, Ludwig, Lippman, Lane, Levi, M. Lee, Maurer, Mitchell, Maguire, E. Murphy, L. Murphy, L. Miller, J. Miller, Mengis, Marr, Moore, Monaghan, R. Miers, S. McDonald, McCarrick, J. McPhillips, C. McPhillips, J. J. McPhillips,* E. McDonald, Nolan, Nichols, O'Mara, F. O'Brien, O'Connor, O'Neill, Oliver, Pim, Reis, Rumely, Ruppe, Reptscher, Romero, Reilly, Reber, Roesing, J. Rozynek, P. Rozynek, Sievers, Sweet, Stearns, W. Spalding, S. Spalding, R. Slevin, Sullivan, Schaack, Sparks, Segenfelder, Strauss, Sharp, Schroth, Shillington, Taylor, Trankle, Thome, Tempel, Treber, Thornton, Wagner, Wensinger, Welty, Walker, H. Wilson, R. Wilson, Washburne, N. Weitzel, B. Weitzel, Ward, Yeager, A. Yglesia, L. Yglesia.

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, Emmet McCarthy, McCorry, G. McCarthy, McDonald, McGushin, McGinley, Ninne-man, Oatman Otero, O'Neill, H. Pollitz, W. Pollitz, Peck, Pieser, Patterson, Pyle, L. Rasche, Roache, Roesing, V. Romero, Rohrbach, A. Romero, Robb, Rver, H. Rasche, W. Scherrer, G. Scherrer, Stuckart, Shillington, Swan, Segenfelder, Schneider, Shipp, Trankle, L. Thompson, U. Thompson, Wilcox, Wagner, Wells.

* Omitted by mistake last week.

More Criticisms of Father Zahm's Book.

"'Sound and Music,' by Prof. J. A. Zahm, is an exceptionally elaborate and learned study, taking up in a large volume the entire physical theory, scientific basis and material conditions of musical tones. For many years Professor Zahm has been known as one devoted to this abstruse but most interesting topic of research. He has won distinct repute in an exhaustive study, and well deserves it. This book embodies his lectures in the University at the Capital, and attests his zeal and discernment. It may stand as the best and fairest and completest summary of its subject yet in English, and with few things in its field to rival it for general use in any other tongue. It is history and discussion and experiment condensed from a *savant* in special physics. It merits a place in the library of the musical analyst, and will reward his careful acquaintance. The book is plainly and thoroughly made as to externals. The many illustrations of scientific apparatus and experiments, drawn from the originals with much care, are an eminent assistance and satisfaction."—*The Independent* (New York).

"It is an exhaustive compendium, and more directly valuable to the musician than even the celebrated work of Tyndall."—*Advertiser* (Boston).

"It is a careful, scholarly book of profound interest and great value to the student of music."—*Interior* (Chicago).

"Professor Zahm is a very capable expositor, and knows how to combine solidity of matter and readability of style. His lectures are clear and exhaustive, and are finely illustrated by some two hundred engravings and diagrams. It is a volume to be named with Professor Tyndall's 'Lectures on Sound,' and is even better adapted to its specific public—scientific students of music."—*Literary World* (Boston).

"The book deserves the earnest attention of all who are interested in music. In these days there is much cheap talk concerning different schools and tendencies of music. He who wishes to arrive at a sane judgment by beginning at the beginning should first of all digest this book, the evidence of the learning of Father Zahm."—*Journal* (Boston).

"Following the example of the greatest of all teachers, the author imparts sublime truths in such beautiful yet simple words that not one of those whom he would instruct can fail to comprehend... 'Sound and Music' embraces in detail all the latest results of acoustic research—each chapter being a concise yet exhaustive treatise upon the subject. Teachers and scientists will find it a valuable work; musicians and lovers of music will be fascinated with the knowledge it imparts."—*Scientific Inquirer* (Chicago).

"The general reader can find in these pages a fund of information on a subject of which he is apt to know too little."—*Post* (Boston).



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