

THE NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.

DISCE QUASI SEMPER VICTURUS.

VIVE QUASI CRAS MORITURUS.

VOL. XXVI.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, MAY 20, 1893.

No. 35

The Niobe of Isles.

BY THOMAS J. HENNESSY, '94.

ROBBED of her rights and lashed with whips
of scorn,
Poor Erin stood and saw her children slain
Because they loved her; wild, long cries of pain
Told of her sorrow and her state forlorn:
She pined, but died not; for she knew a morn
Would break upon her night. And now the chain
That held fast her limbs is cut in twain—
And Freedom shall be hailed by the unborn.
Dry thy pale cheek, dear Mother Niobe!
Cheer up; think but of joys; forget old wrongs;
The Faith, which kept thee strong in trials past,
Still shines as thy sure guide when thou art free;
And He who gave thee strength to bear the thongs
Of hate shall prove thy Shield unto the last.

Robert Burns.

BY J. W. RANEY, '94.

"I had only felt some stirrings of ambition, but they were the blind gropings of Homer's Cyclops round the walls of his cave."

IN the above sentence the greatest of the Scotch poets has given the keynote to his whole life. How often is it said, as the boy is so is the man. The spirit of ambition is a restless, turbulent one. It is daring and aggressive, rarely quitting the mind and the heart it has ruled but with the life that has sustained both. It animated Burns. The mind and heart and soul of the man, all kindled at that flame. By the sheer force of his undaunted will he would win his way to intellectual renown. He was a great

genius, not perhaps of the greatest, yet great. For my part I cannot think of him but as of a proud, sensitive soul, overflowing with love and tenderness. Who can read his poems without saying that his was a rough diamond of intellect—an intellect lacking the adornments of classic polish, yet scintillant and of noble lustre.

In forming an estimate of his worth as a poet we must all recollect that he worked at a great disadvantage. His circumstances in life kept him almost continually at hard, prosaic labor. Then, too, his social intercourse and chances of observation were limited. Yet the innate spirit of poetry was there and would, despite all, bubble up. Whatever education he possessed was self obtained. He studied in the hard school of misery. It seems to be the only educational institution that teaches poetry. The muses seldom deign to instruct the happy. Here Burns studied the lessons of lost hopes and ruined plans. In misery's school a dream is often the text, and fancy the commentator. Those who reach the heights of Parnassus will feel both the fire and the frost. In this school Burns had a thorough training. He might have graduated *cum laude dignus*. He often in his letters refers to his "constitutional melancholy."

How long standing this was we do not know. We are inclined to believe that it tortured him into the art of rhyming. He sang to beguile himself. In his songs he ever mixed the beauties of the scenery about him. His sympathy with things in nature was wide and deep. Nothing that could appeal to a man's sense of the true, the tender, or the beautiful escaped his careful eye. He sang of the rude things surrounding him, and of the men and women in his own little world of observation.

His countrymen soon heard and listened to him too. And why not? He had everything

about him to charm those for whom he wrote. The human heart is a delicate instrument, but he could play upon it with the most consummate skill. There were few chords of human feeling that were hidden from his touch. Without any great richness of imagination he addressed himself at once to the feelings of men. His poetry is "all heart, all passion." A bosom capable of strong emotions cannot but be stirred by its overflowing of love and tenderness. All this too while he was triumphing over the rough Scotch dialect—a dialect in his time much vulgarized and which his more polished countrymen studiously avoided.

Though he wrote of Scotland and of Scotchmen, yet the eyes of the English-speaking world were soon fixed upon him. Never in the history of literature flashed a poet so meteor-like before the public. His success was complete, and I dare say has been lasting. He united the keenness of satire with the lightning rapidity of wit. Men revelled in his broad humor and in the rioting flow of his fun and merriment. None could escape being touched by his deep pathos and passion. He had a keen sense of the beautiful. He loved everything—the limping hare, the little bird, the injured violet, the drooping rose, were all objects of his affection. In sympathy for his suffering race his great and manly heart more than overflowed. He saw men by the old custom of class, without merit and solely by the right of birth, standing in regular gradation one above the other. His indignant soul resented the usurpation—the falsity of the position held. He saw too often a fool a "laird," a libertine a baron, while the man of sense and virtue was little above a slave. But that flimsy veil of society did not obstruct his vision. With the utmost good sense and hardihood he saw and said:

"The rank is but the guinea's stamp—
The man's the gowd for a' that."

He saw the eastern horizon of human progress purpling to the dawn of a revolution. To the more discerning there came whisperings of the mighty events that were to be. The world was preparing for a Washington and a Napoleon. He turned towards the humbler classes, if not the pride, at least the stay, of old Scotland. While brooding over their cares and joys he wrote "Catters' Saturday Night," a poem alone great enough to have immortalized any man. Many a poet's fame is grounded on a production not to be compared with "Tam O'Shanter."

But Burns' popularity rests perhaps upon his polished songs. Many of them are his own, many retouched from the works of others.

Nearly all of them are written to old Scottish airs he had heard in his childhood, and which had been for generations circulating among the people. Love is, as a rule, his theme. It is the theme of all poets. From Sappho to Tennyson that passion never changes. Unhappily, he fell through the distortion of this beautiful sentiment; this is a blot in some of his poems. Burns was a lover. He was a lover before becoming a poet.

Of the too many objects of his ardent affection, there was one the earliest and the best. He sings of her often, and his muse is never more plaintive. He loved with all that intensity and tenderness that only finely wrought beings are capable of knowing. This pure and ardent love had a tragic close.

"But, oh! fell death's untimely frost,
That nipt my flower sae early.
Now green's the sod and cold's the clay
That wraps my Highland Mary!"

Burns was then young,—very young—yet in his teens. The great, big, beautiful world was just dawning on the high-souled, sensitive boy, and his rich fancy must have pictured it all truth and goodness, all pleasure and poetry. The cup of sorrow was soon touched to his unwilling lips, and he was forced to say, "farewell forever!" His strong soul was put to the torture. Long afterwards he looked back upon his early dream with a sadness deeper than ever he could express. It is thus that men regard what has seemed the one green oasis in the wide desert of a wretched life:

"That sacred hour can I forget?
Can I forget the hallowed grove,
Where, by the winding Ayr, we met
To live one day of parting love."

The searing effects of worldly care and the providing for a family never obliterated these memories. They were with him still, we can well conceive, when the drama of a sad life was nearly done. This event marks an epoch in the life of Burns, and, no doubt, aided greatly in giving us the poet. For this reason I have mentioned it.

But while Burns sang of love with either a mocking satire, a gay humor, or a plaintive tenderness, he did not neglect other things. His native Scotia is the inspiration of many of his best and prettiest lays. Like his other great countryman, Sir Walter Scott, he would revive her ancient glory. He was proud of the martial spirit of her brave old chieftains and clansmen. The thought of their noble deeds fired his veins with a floodtide of feeling:

"Who, for Scotland's king and law,
Freedom's sword will strongly draw,
Freeman stand, or freeman fa',
Let him follow me!

By oppression's woes and pains,
By your sons in servile chains,
We will drain our dearest veins,
But they shall be free!

Lay the proud usurpers low,
Tyrants fall in every foe,
Liberty's in every blow,
Let us do or die!"

Other poets may be more fanciful, but few, if any, had the same facility for reaching the hearts of men. He is so artlessly simple, and yet in thought and diction so noble and strong. What graceful beauty is in the following! Burns is plowing and has just turned under a daisy. He says:

"Wee, modest, crimson-tipped flow'r,
Thou's met me in an evil hour;
For I main crush among the stoure
Thy slender stem;
To spare thee now is past my pow'r,
Thou bonnie gem!

Alas! it's no thy neebor sweet,
The bonny Lark, companion meet,
Bending thee 'mong the dewy weat!
Wi' spreckl'd breast,
When upward-springing, blithe, to greet
The purpling east.

Cold blew the bitter-biting north
Upon thy early, humble birth;
Yet cheerfully thou glinted forth
Amid the storm,
Scarce rear'd above the parent earth
Thy tender form.

There, in thy scanty mantle clad,
Thy snowy bosom sunward spread
Thou lifts thy unassuming head
In humble guise;
But now the share uptears thy bed,
And low thou lies!"

The poet's mind is truly a wonderful gift, but not more wonderful than his heart. But then the pretty, perfumed, though soulless flower deserved the poet's tribute. God, so good and beautiful, reveals Himself most in the flowers. It was not mightier to make the world and man than to give the daisy its delicate coloring. Burns saw in the little frail thing as much of the Great Creator as he could have seen in the whole universe besides. It is only by coming nearer the things He has made we approach Him who made all. Nearer the heart of nature is nearer the heart of God. Burns, without being a perfect man, without even being free from some vices and many

shortcomings, was yet at heart a man of deeply religious and reverential sentiment. He knew the right, though he did not always attain it. His sentiment, though often indecorous enough, is never mean. He takes many licenses, it is true, but seldom falls below what is noble and just. Whoever says he is immoral is, I dare say, endorsing the opinion of another rather than drawing one of his own. There is a vast difference between speaking bluntly and teaching false morals.

It is prudent to know the grounds of another's opinions before you endorse them as your own. You may thus escape the mortification, when the lie has gone to protest, of finding yourself liable to the full extent of the falsehood.

Burns saw men and women as they are—the steadfast and the frail, the good and the evil. He had too much sympathy and too much sense to become a Juvenal. His keen perception of human nature made him suspect that it contains vastly more than the spoken word or outward action reveals.

"Then gently scan your brother man,
Still gentler sister woman;
Tho' they may gang a kennin wrang,
To step aside is human:
One point must still be greatly dark,
The moving *why* they do it;
And just as lamely can ye mark
How far perhaps they rue it.

Who made the heart, 'tis He alone
Decidedly can try us;
He knows each chord—its various tone,
Each spring—its various bias.
Then at the balance let's be mute,
We never can adjust it;
What's *done* we partly may compute,
But know not what's *resisted*."

The man with such a kindly, benevolent feeling towards his fellow-creatures is a poet in practice, though he may not be one in fact.

Who has ever tasted of afflictions and not felt that perhaps by irresistible streams or in the woody solitudes he might find solace if not sympathy? It seems so sweet to see the sun shining, the flowers all blooming, to hear the birds all singing, and yet what a mockery it may sometimes be! Nature is a kind old nurse; but when the mind is restless and the heart too full, how vain are her efforts to charm us to sleep! The beauties that she spreads before us may wear all her rich livery of splendor and seem never more pleasing or grand; and yet 'tis only the still Voice coming from the blue depths above that can soothe.

"Ye banks and braes o' bonnie Doon,
How can ye bloom sae fresh and fair;

How can ye chant ye little birds,
 And I sae weary fu' o' care?
 Thou'll break my heart, thou warbling bird,
 That wantons thro' the flowering thorn,
 Thou minds me o' departed joys,
 Departed never to return.

Oft hae I rov'd by bonnie Doon;
 To see the rose and woodbine twine;
 And ilka bird sang o' its love
 And, fondly, sae did I o' mine,
 Wi' lightsome heart I pu'd a rose,
 Fu' sweet upon its thorny tree;
 And my false lover stole my rose,
 But ah! he left the thorn wi' me."

There is but one more phase in the character of Burns that I would like to mention. Without levity I may say, he was fond of the "flowing bowl." It may have been a great fault, but none the less under its influence his already large and comprehensive soul expanded. He was enjoying a momentary triumph over misery. We might apply to himself what he says of "Tam O'Shanter":

"Kings may be blest, but Tam was glorious,
 O'er a' the ills o' life victorious!

On such occasions he sometimes indulges in all the riot of bacchanalian merriment. His sentiment has a wild flow of satire or passion. Are the wine-inspired songs of Burns contaminating and to be avoided, and the daily papers accepted without protest? We may not like them all; they may not all appeal to our sense of the beautiful and the appropriate, and yet some of them are deeply illustrative of common humanity's common feelings. The men of toil obscure have few joys; and, whether we approve of it or not, we are forced to confess that the source of one of those is drink. The vice of drunkenness is a different thing. But listen to Burns:

"O Willie brew'd a peck o' maut,
 And Rob and Allan cam to see
 Three blyther hearts, that lee-lang night,
 Ye wad na find in Christendie.

We are na fou, we're na that fou,
 But just a drappie in our ee;
 The cock may crawl, the day may daw
 And ay we'll toast the barley bree.

Here are we met, three merry boys,
 Three merry boys I trou are we;
 And many a night we've merry been,
 And many mae we hope to be!
 We are na fou," etc.

It would not do to enter upon a discussion of the weaknesses of this great man. His faults are his own. It is enough to say that his songs early became a living force with the generation among whom they were first enkindled. They

have since stood the test of time. I think that but few will hesitate to say that Burns was the greatest poet of the century in which he lived. And as a poet is he to be judged, not as a man. He had that real warmth of heart that was wholly lacking in Pope, and but little of the shocking brutality of Swift. The flowers that he wreathed are all pretty and perfumed; what is more, they are natural! Pope had the discriminating ability of a good word-mason. He could build a metrical wall correct and handsome enough; but it had that repelling chill of coldness about it. You could see it was a work of all brain and no heart. Burns was not so polished, so correct; but in all his works there glows the subtle fire of energy and feeling. In Pope you might fancy it is the old Sphinx that is talking, shaking his head and curling his stony lips at all mankind. In Burns you find the real, living human being—a man who bears a deep love to nature and whom nature has nobly endowed. You find a man who from his misery or folly looks tenderly, imploringly up towards his God, neither too wretched to sing, nor too stern to weep. Burns is the lyric Shakespeare of Scotland.

Gravitation.

BY C. B. DECHANT, '93.



Of all the mysterious phenomena in nature, alone excepting the propagation of life, there is none more obscure and, at the same time, more closely connected with the welfare of mankind than gravitation. Gravity holds all of us on the surface of the earth. Falling weights turn the hands of our clocks. A pile driver lifts up a block of iron and lets it drop to come down with irresistible force upon the pile beneath. Hundreds of mills and factories situated upon water-courses are dependent upon the flowing waters for motive power.

But with every good it seems that there is mingled some evil. This is true with gravitation; for, together with its utility, we hear of its destruction and desolation. Were it not for the tides; the waters of the ocean would become

stagnant; were it not for them no helpless victims would be caught upon the beach by the encroaching waters. How beneficial is a refreshing summer breeze; how disastrous a cyclone!

Gravity is called an accelerating force because it constantly increases the speed of a falling body. A ball thrown a few feet upward can easily be caught in the hands; if thrown higher its returning velocity is greater, and if dropped from some lofty structure it acquires so great a velocity that to intercept its flight with the hands would be painful if not injurious. Meteors move with such swiftness that they burn up almost instantly on striking the atmosphere.

The attraction between any other body and the earth is mutual. The earth moves to meet even the smallest falling stone; but because of its comparatively immense mass its motion is imperceptible. A plummet, suspended over the side of a precipitous mountain, deviates considerably from the vertical. By thus comparing the attraction of the earth with that of a mountain—in other words, “by weighing the earth against a mountain,”—Maskelyne ingeniously determined the earth's mass and density.

The force of gravity is not merely a terrestrial phenomenon, the globular form of the sun and planets results from it; but neither is gravitation confined to the solar system. Newton said that “every particle of matter in the universe attracts every other particle.” A drop of rain, or a flake of snow, helps to change the motion of the most remote star.

According to the nebular hypothesis, the influence of gravitation dates back to the first stage in the development of the solar system. Then it was, when planets, satellites and sun were in the state of an immense, intensely heated mass, that gravity began the work of concentration by which it has moulded the sun and all his brilliant array of attendants. At the present time the stability of the solar system depends upon gravitation.

No wonder, when the movements of a planet were explained to a certain old astronomer by a conglomeration of cycles and epicycles, that he should exclaim, in despair: “If I had been consulted at the creation I could have arranged things better than that!” But with the aid of Newton's laws and the Copernican theory the motions of all the planets can be simply and accurately represented; and with the additional assistance of telescopes it has been possible to calculate the exact position in the vast expanse of space at which a new planet can be found from no other data than the perturbations produced by that planet's attraction.

The ancients experienced the greatest difficulty in explaining the movements of the planets. They did not know that the sun was the centre about which all the planets revolved; but they thought that the earth was the fixed centre, and invented theories which gave to the planets exceedingly complicated motions.

About the middle of the present century Uranus was observed to deviate slightly from its computed orbit; this caused astronomers to suspect the existence of a new planet farther from the sun. The amount of the disturbance was measured and, with it as a basis, Leverrier and Adams, each independently of the other, undertook and accomplished the marvellous task of locating the position of the new planet, Neptune. The ancients had no instruments delicate enough to measure planetary perturbations; but what puzzled them was the gravitation of that enormous globe of matter which is whirling around itself with frightful velocities eight huge balls, making them describe their orbits in precise periodic times as if they were fitted in elliptical grooves and were driven by massive engines.

Gravity varies in direct proportion to the masses of bodies, and inversely as the square of the distance between them. A man who weighs one hundred pounds on the earth would weigh only twenty-five pounds four thousand miles above its surface. On the sun he would weigh two thousand seven hundred pounds, a weight sufficient to crush him. While on an asteroid he would weigh about four pounds; here he could jump twenty-five feet high and could throw a stone so that it would go off into space and never return.

Centrifugal force also slightly diminishes the earth's attraction for bodies on its surface. If the earth were to revolve seventeen times as fast as it does, bodies at the equator would be thrown off and would probably form a ring like those around Saturn.

Man can utilize no force unless he has some means of communicating it. Engines transmit power to machinery by belts or connecting rods. But gravity acts without any known intervening medium. Still the invisible cords of the sun's attraction are more tenacious than ligaments of steel, and hold the earth in its orbit as firmly as a stone is held in a sling. The earth deviates from a straight line only one ninth of an inch in travelling nineteen miles; but we can form no conception of the amount of stress necessary to cause this deviation. If our planet's circular motion were to be checked for a single second, it would be drawn into the sun instantly.

As yet scientists, equipped with all modern appliances, have not been able to detect the medium through which this powerful force acts.

At the time of a lunar eclipse the earth passes directly between the sun and moon, and cuts off the sun's light but not its attraction from our satellite. Thus a new difficulty is added to the already unsolved problem, how does gravity act?

When a comet approaches the sun its tail is repelled and follows the head. But as soon as the comet passes and begins to recede from the sun, the tail, still being repelled, swings around with amazing rapidity and precedes the head. This phenomenon has led to the belief that the sun exerts a magnetic influence—a belief that is strengthened by the connection apparently existing between sun spots and magnetic storms on the earth. So gravity brings to us from the depths of space those wonderful celestial tourists, the comets, which, after they have paid due respect to our sun by graceful curves in their paths, probably pass on to traverse other systems and bow to greater suns. Although the sun has such a powerful attraction for the planets, yet in some instances it seems to have an equally effective repulsive force.

It is a well-known fact that one kind of energy may be transformed into other kinds; as heat into electricity and light, or the converse. Another well established fact is that energy is as indestructible as matter. Whenever there is an apparent waste of energy, it is usually only transformed into some other kind. Every falling body can do work which may be employed to generate heat, and then be transformed into other kinds of energy. So can man generate heat; but no man can add to matter more gravity than it already has, nor can he separate gravity from matter.

The attraction between two drops of water is inappreciable because of the overwhelming attraction of the earth. But when the drops are brought very close together, the attraction of one for the other is manifest, although it is difficult to determine whether this attraction is really gravity or cohesion. Hence it seems that gravity and cohesion are intimately related. Adhesion and affinity are very similar to cohesion. Moreover, magnetism and electricity exhibit properties resembling gravitation. All other forms of energy come from the heat of the sun. Animal and vegetative life is dependent upon the sun's heat. Most of the mechanical power comes from the coal mines. And the energy in a lump of coal was stored up from the sun's warm rays by some plant. But whence

comes the heat of the sun? The theory most generally accepted to account for the solar heat is, that it is maintained by the "slow contraction of the bulk of the sun." This contraction, however, is a necessary consequence of gravity. It would be but another step, in the advance of scientific discoveries, to prove that gravity is the source of all energy.

Gravitation moves the mechanism of our terrestrial timepieces and turns the hands of our sublime celestial clock, which has never been wound, although it has kept the correct time ever since the first observation of man. It signalled the dinner hour for Pythagoras, Ptolemy and Newton just as it does for us. One of the hands of this grand clock marks the regular recurrence of the seasons; another hand, with as great precision, divides off the months, and the last, analogous to a second hand, separates night from day.

Truly, gravitation is a mysterious force; and if it be correct that it not only sustains the life of man, but is also the source of all energy, we can admire, although we do not understand, God's infinite wisdom in creating such a force.

A Ballade.

BY J. W. RANEY.

LET poets sing in lofty strain
Of foaming old Falernian wine,
Or wake their tranced harps again
In raptured praises of the vine.

Their joys are naught compared to mine,
When sitting 'neath the maple shade
I'm crooning o'er some favorite line
Which tells of love that shall not fade.

I've poured o'er visions fond and vain,
I've gazed in eyes that sparkling shine;
Love's pleasures I have felt and pain
When kneeling at some beauty's shrine.
But ask me not; I do decline
To tell you where the scenes are laid—
I'm crooning o'er some favorite line
Which tells of love that shall not fade.

'Twas not beside the classic Seine,
Nor craggy heights that bound the Rhine,
Nor where the Tiber toward the main
Its waters roll to meet the brine,
Nor in the cot beneath the pine
I saw this blithesome gypsy maid—
I'm crooning o'er some favorite line
Which tells of love that shall not fade.

L'ENVOY.

Ah! Fancy, where are powers like thine
To soothe a heart that oft hath stray'd?
I'm crooning o'er some favorite line
Which tells of love that shall not fade.

Of a Friend of Mine Named "Pendennis."

BY T. ANSBERRY, '95.



COMPETENT authority has said that the influences and surroundings of one's childhood days are of inestimable value for the formation of a literary character. From this, I think, it follows that to be a good—that is a sympathetic—writer, one must have spent his early years surrounded by influences that would tend toward all that is good and pure, so that one would be taught to value virtue for virtue's sake.

We all believe that first impressions, which we seldom forget, permeate those that follow, and should be characterized chiefly by virtue and purity. These, when traced back to their origin, arise from this home influence, which will always produce fruit that will reflect credit on the parent tree. And no matter what our natures are, they are more or less influenced by early surroundings. As the mass of molten metal takes the form of the mould, so are our young minds shaped by the things with which they come in contact.

One of the very best illustrations of this influence is seen in William Makepeace Thackeray's "History of Pendennis." The hero, Mr. Arthur Pendennis, is introduced to the reader just as he has involved himself in what his mother termed a "disagreeable affair."

As a boy "Pen," as he was familiarly called, was idolized and spoiled by his over-indulgent mother, and his career at college was the natural consequence of this indulgence. It would hardly be just to say that the Miss Fotheringay affair was another direct consequence; but it is reasonable to suppose that Helen, his mother—had she exercised her parental authority earlier—could have induced Arthur to give up the young lady without the aid of the rector or, in fact, any outside assistance.

Although Pen's youth and early manhood were wayward, it must not be supposed that he was wholly bad; far from it, he was not better nor worse than the average young man whose conditions in life were the same.

In his first affair of the heart Pen succeeds, or rather comes very near committing himself, and were it not for the aid of the Major he would have been in a bad way. But fortu-

nately for him Major Pendennis, in accordance with the wishes of Arthur's mother, came down from London, and by a clever stratagem, that would have won for him military laurels if exercised against the enemies of his country instead of the enemies of his family, succeeded in breaking up the entanglement.

The Major, though chiefly characterized by his deference to royalty, has traits of character which show him to be a member of the human race, and not a lifeless puppet moved by wires whose motive power is furnished from behind the scenes.

The affectations and skepticisms of young Pendennis, during the period between his return from college and his going up to London, are admirably handled, and are the work of an artist. The reader cannot help being in sympathy with this bright young man who, after the manner of his kind, blamed himself a little, of course, for his failures and inactivity, but, nevertheless, saw in some one else the primary cause of his trouble.

His life in London and his final success are, I think, a sufficient return for the trouble caused by his boyish folly. Perhaps he owed this success to his friend and adviser, George Warrington, of whom it has been said "one such character as Warrington is worth a wilderness of commonplace excellence called into unnatural life."

The one great aim of Thackeray was "truth," of which he was a lover; and surely no one will contend that his ideal is not reflected in his creations. He himself says: "If my tap is not genuine it is naught, and no man should give himself the trouble to drink it. . . ." His male characters are a trifle better than the usual run of men; but this is probably due to the degeneracy of the race, for contemporary critics pronounced them true to nature.

As one reads Pendennis one cannot but see those touches of nature that make the whole world kin. Even Thackeray himself was surprised at its success. Indeed, this is not the only thing that surprised him, for on one occasion, when discussing his works, he suddenly remarked: "How the dickens did he come to think of that?" he alluded to a part of a dialogue between two of the characters. The dialogue is surprising in its naturalness and direct bearing on the subject at hand.

The ordinary characters that move through the book are in harmony with the more important ones, inasmuch as they are probably no better, and surely no worse, than the people we meet every day. Costigan is an acquaintance

of us all, and as for Miss Fotheringay she, too, is familiar, except, perhaps, that nowadays she does not put her father to the inconvenience of acting as her escort.

Blanche Amory and Laura Bell present quite a pleasing contrast, and, of the two, I think Miss Amory the more interesting, not because she dedicated sonnets to her baby brother, and later on nearly scared him to death with ghost stories, but because her character, composed as it was of so many striking differences, presents a better field for the study of Thackeray's art. What was more natural for her than that, after discovering that Colonel Altamont was her father, she should weave little scenes in which she and the estimable Colonel were presented as victims of the villainous Sir Francis Clavering?

Helen is, on the whole, an ideal mother; and although we can hardly condone the heartless way she treated Fanny Bolton, yet we must remember she was not supposed to be perfect, and her actions under the circumstances followed as a matter of course. Poor little Fanny has good reasons to thank Thackeray; for many novelists would not have treated her with so much consideration. I was surprised that George Warrington did not fling Pendennis out of the window when he so foolishly raved and quarrelled with both Laura and his mother over what he chose to term the intercepted letters.

Truly, these creations of Thackeray have, by their trueness to what we all honor and love in others, won their way into the hearts of many, and made their household names. You who have not yet made their acquaintance are to be envied the pleasant hours you will pass in their society.

The World's Fair.

A SYMPOSIUM.*

The World's Fair, it seems to me, will play an important part in the history of the century. There will be seen the fruits of years of hard study; and the advantage this study has given to the people of to-day over those of a century ago will be made manifest in the material wonders of human ingenuity.

Students and engineers visiting the Fair and studying the works and inventions of others will see how and where they can apply some of their own ideas, and, if possible, they may perfect the handicraft of their teachers.

Artists can study each other's masterpieces, combine the methods of others with their own,

* Half hour symposium written by members of the Composition Class, '96.

and perhaps even surpass the wonderful works of art of a Bougereau or a Gregori.

One can easily derive as much benefit from visiting all the departments of the Exhibition as he could from a year's travel. There will be open to the public inspection sham villages of all the nations of the globe, merely to illustrate, in the most striking way, their habits and modes of life.

Not the least of the many changes and improvements produced by this wonderful exhibition will be those in the language and customs of the American people. The influx of so many people of different nations, having so many different languages and customs remaining here for some time, and some of them permanently, will without a doubt produce its effect.

J. T. KELLY, '96.

* * *

"This is the busiest of all ages, and we are the busiest people of the age," says Bishop Spalding in his "Education and Higher Life." And so it is here. We are making preparations to receive all nations; we invited them to visit a city that will make known to the world how much she has progressed in civilization since the discovery of America. We should receive our visitors with the politeness of the French, and have three policemen to protect every respectable European from the onslaught of some wretch, who wants to take advantage of the stranger's inadvertency, to the pranks of ambidextrous persons.

E. E. BRENNAN, '96.

* * *

The World's Fair has been opened, and it invites people from all parts of the world to visit it. We go there for different reasons, not merely through curiosity, but rather to see the fine art works, and to learn how America has progressed since it was discovered four hundred years ago. But besides helping the education of those who go to see it, I think that the World's Fair will increase Chicago's population, and leave it a greater city after "the surges of a foreign humanity have ceased to sweep through the colossal halls" of the Exposition Buildings.

HARRY L. YINGST, '96.

* * *

Everybody knows that the mission of the World's Fair is to enlighten and educate the people of all nations. Americans have spared neither money nor labor in order to attain this end. If you visit the World's Fair you no sooner come in sight of the grounds then you will become impressed by the grandeur of the architecture. But the enormous buildings deserve only a fraction of the glory if compared with their contents. These magnificent buildings will contain masterpieces from the hands of the greatest artists and inventors; implements used by our forefathers will be compared with those of the present date, and every variety of nature's

products known to man will be on exhibition. I believe that a visit to the World's Fair will be a second education.

R. E. BROWN.

* * *

"To be or not to be" was the question, and it was speedily answered; for the year 1890 witnessed the announcement that Chicago was to be the seat of the World's Fair. New York, of course, objected to this; for she could not see why such great honor should be thrust upon Chicago when she herself was mistress of the Blue Ocean that separates two Hemispheres. But now she has submitted to the people's choice, and a trip to Chicago cannot fail to make the New Yorker feel proud of his submission when he exclaims: "Truly, Chicago must have been built on the former site of Eden's Garden!"

D. THORNTON.

Books and Periodicals.

A MARRIAGE OF REASON. By Maurice Francis Egan, LL. D. Baltimore: Murphy & Co.

Owing to the many improvements in the art of printing and the ever-increasing number of publishing houses, the multitude of books yearly offered to the reading public is something unimagined. No wonder, then, that the task of the reviewer is so frequently a laborious one. Rarely does he run across a book that has the strength of style, or even the passing interest which impels him to do more than simply "skim over" the contents; perhaps, also the best thing he can say of a new book is: "I have read it from cover to cover." But to say this of Mr. Egan's latest publication, "A Marriage of Reason," would be entirely unnecessary. The enviable fame which he has justly merited is so genuine and so widely appreciated that whenever his name is coupled with a novel, or volume of poems, there is always the assurance that a rich treat awaits the reader. Mr. Egan's style is charming. One never feels like skipping the paragraphs devoted to narration or description; and that is one thing that can be said of very few writers. His style, always graceful and easy, is wonderfully clear and strong and, like Newman's, thoroughly Anglo-Saxon. In "A Marriage of Reason" he has given us an excellent example of his powerful, crystalline style, and also of his creation and development of plot. The characters he introduces may seem odd to some, as though they were too worldly, or supporters of too exacting principles; yet no one can deny that they have been made "real live" persons, and are always perfectly consistent with them-

selves. This is a great point scored on the part of the author. He knows just what he can do best, and he has done it. He knows well the relation of castes in "society," and in "A Marriage of Reason" has put that knowledge to the best use. His novel is well worth a careful perusal. The book is gotten out in good style, and it should receive the attention of a wide circle of readers; for it contains some of Mr. Egan's finest bits of writing, and makes us sympathize with a heroine who, sad to say, has few imitators in everyday life.

CHILDREN OF THE KING. By F. Marion Crawford. New York: McMillan & Co.

In a bright little book, published recently, Mr. Crawford has himself endeavored to answer the question: What is a novel? Most of his readers will probably think that he speaks of the novel not as it really is but as it might be. The author who gives us a mere series of interesting incidents can hardly claim any high rank among the workers of the world. If a strong argument were needed against Mr. Crawford's idea of the novel we know not how it might be better furnished than by pointing to Mr. Crawford's own incomparable fiction. As he himself says, almost any clever person who is willing to work hard enough can produce *one* bright novel; the test of the real novelist is in his capability to produce continually. We have already had a number of successful books by Crawford; but probably none of his readers has ever feared seriously that he would "write himself out." The "Children of the King" will be no disappointment to the great body of the English-speaking world who have come to expect a story from Mr. Crawford every year. If it does not permit the "fine writing," which came so naturally in "Saracinesca" and "A Roman Singer," there is compensation in the great, strong, rugged characters that move so easily across his pages. Ruggiero is a character possible only to an author who has spent many years in studying the types of the Italian peasantry. All the qualities with which the character of that nation is traditionally associated are found beautifully blended in the impetuous young man who kills himself and another rather than allow the woman of his love to have part in an undesirable marriage. The pen-pictures of the peasantry in their bright-tinted garments give the whole an air of local color that is delightful to an occidental race. The plot of the story is of absorbing interest; the narrative is well managed, and the whole volume a delight.

NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.

Notre Dame, May 20, 1893.

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

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

Terms, \$1.50 per Annum. Postpaid.

Address EDITOR NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC,
Notre Dame, Ind.

Staff.

FRED. B. CHUTE, '92;	ERNEST DU BRUL, '92;
ROGER B. SINNOTT, '92;	
FRED. E. NEEF, '92;	LAMAR MONARCH, '93;
R. C. LANGAN, '93;	
M. A. QUINLAN, '93;	ALBERT E. DACY, '93;
J. FITZGERALD, '93;	
FROST J. THORNE, '94;	WM. V. MCNAMEE, '94.
JAMES G. HENLEY, '94.	
H. L. Ferneding,	} <i>Special Contributors.</i>
P. M. Ragan,	
J. M. Flaunigan.	

—The essays in competition for the English medal have been assigned as follows:

(1) "The Sonnet in America"; (2) "The Religious Influence in American Literature"; (3) "The Pre-Raphaelite Movement and its Meaning"; (4) "A Pen Picture"; (5) "Greek and English Tragedy"; (6) "The Temperamental Influence." The essays must be type-written, and presented before June 10.

—The Rt. Rev. J. L. Spalding, D. D., Bishop of Peoria, favored the students with a masterly and instructive lecture yesterday (Friday) evening. His subject, which related to the all-important and timely question of Education, was treated with that impressiveness and cogency of reasoning for which the eloquent and learned prelate is so well known throughout the country. Notre Dame was honored by the presence of the Right Reverend lecturer, and his utterances, of which we hope to give a synopsis in our next issue, afforded a rich intellectual treat to all who were fortunate enough to be present.

—One who runs may see that the members of the anti-Catholic organization, known as the A. P. A.'s, adopt a principle, or scheme, for the propagation of their peculiar religious tenets, which is entirely subversive of the Christianity and the maxims of the Gospel which they profess

to follow. The boycotting of Catholics, in social, civil and political affairs, is certainly making use of a weapon of the flesh which is far from being in sympathy with that charity, or brotherhood of man, so fervently inculcated in the Sermon on the Mount. Persecution, whatever form it may assume, was never designed by the Founder of Christianity for the propagation of His doctrines; and those who profess to follow Him belie their name in acting contrary to His teachings. But apart from the religious aspect of the case, the members of the aforesaid organization belie their name of American in the carrying out of their principles. Their principles and their mode of procedure are essentially un-American in seeking to interfere with the religious beliefs of any of their fellow-citizens. Besides, as an incontestable fact, there is no religious communion in the United States more devoted, in word and deed, to the interests and welfare of the Republic than the members of the Catholic Church. In the ranks of the hierarchy, clergy and laity may be found many a *true American*, "to the manor born," Catholics and their descendants, who have proved their loyalty in the jaws of death, who have eulogized their country and sung her praises before the world. But why pursue the subject? Facts, historical and contemporary, are too well known. Let the American public decide where now the rampant bigotry exists, and who are they who would seek to foist upon the nation their narrow-minded and really anti-Christian tenets.

Interest in Style.



WHAT makes the interesting style? Does the secret lie in the brilliancy of ideas, or in artistic expression? This is one of the most important questions that the sphinx of literature can put to the restless thinker of to-day. Is it not strange that we delight in things which savor of antiquity—that we study with such inquisitive pleasure the fantastic pictures which poets have drawn of the amber-bearded prophets of yore? The familiar beings of everyday life present themselves to us in a certain tame atmosphere, and seem to have lost all that refreshing charm which arouses our interest while it recreates our minds. Still, the solution seems simple enough when we remember that there is in us a natural long-

ing for variety, a thirst for something new—something that is beyond the narrow scope of daily life. Monotony is hostile to the mind, no matter if the subject treated by the stylist is meant to afford us pleasure or instruction.

It is essential that the writer should aim to keep up the reader's interest; there are few who will condescend to read tiresome books. The popular author unconsciously follows out this energy-renewing law. He knows the restlessness of the human mind. He is a good judge of the literary appetite of most people, and makes his dry philosophy agreeable to them by spicing it with variety, while he can dish up to them monster theories in a palatable dressing.

We are naturally inclined to follow the law of variety in the choice of our reading. When we have dipped into the philosophical treatise bristling with syllogisms, and have become wearied of the bombastic outbursts in orations, we look for relief in the light conversational essay. But is there not some principle that underlies this peculiarity in our natures in regard to literature? Is there not some way of explaining the interesting style, just as Herbert Spencer explains the clear style with his theory concerning the preservation of mental energy? A way of reasoning that just now suggests itself to me might be this: that interest in style is due to variety measured by the contrastic effects, which are themselves dependent simply on the stylist's selection and arrangement of his paragraphs, sentences, words and ideas. To make my impression of what constitutes the interesting style more lucid I shall try to bring it out in the examination of different forms of literary expression.

After the hasty perusal of many of our modern novels we might be inclined to conclude the interest is wholly dependant on the plot; but this cannot be true, for among the dusty works on our book-shelves, written by authors of fiction, are many volumes that command our appreciation, not so much on account of the development of incidents but rather on account of the masterly treatment they have received from the soul-inked pen of the writer.

What has made "Ben-Hur" a success? It is my firm belief that the whole secret lies in this that in "Ben-Hur" the author has given us such entirely new glimpses of that majestic man, Jesus Christ. One cannot help being struck by the original touch which Wallace has given to these literary pictures. How different are they from the pictures so frequently drawn of Our Lord! The public appreciates something new; the law of variety offers the reason why.

Then, we might ask, why it is that we cannot, without undergoing a severe mental ordeal, read any of the great epics through with enjoyment from beginning to end? Evidently because the mind cannot bear a long continuation in the same strain. I do not doubt that interesting epics could be written. An epic written in varied metre would lighten the burden of the frolicsome mind. I admit that the object of literature is both to teach and to please; but it must please first in order to catch the attention of the reading public, and then it may teach; or better, literature, I think, must please while it teaches. As the law of variety should sweeten poetry to suit our butterfly-like minds, so also it must give a fragrance and freshness to the sterner prose.

Of course, it is clear that variety is dependant on contrastic effects, and that contrast itself is merely the strongest form of variety. The rhetorical figure called hyperbole has for its object the strengthening of an assertion by indirect use of contrast. In fact, all figures are useful to produce the effects of variety by bringing into connection with the main train of thought little unexpected touches of illustration from life and nature around us.

The reason why we can use figures more extensively in an oration than in an essay is because in the oration we lay more stress on the emotion to be produced, and in the essay, on the ideas. Many figures in an essay instead of illuminating the trend of thought, like a group of little lamps, may dazzle us, and divert our attention from the main idea. In an oration it is different, for figures minister to the emotional. Again, figures may produce monotony when they are used too frequently. A bunch of flaring red flowers is not nearly as pretty as one that has some of the green bouquet grass interspersed. It is somewhat the same in the case of figures—we must use them sparsely and appropriately.

In the writing of an oration it is necessary that the law of variety be followed out in every detail much more so than in the light yet logical essay; for it is evident that interest is the first step to emotion. The orator must first catch the attention of his audience and gradually lead them up, round after round, to the emotional climax.

Is the climax to be pathetic, all pathos is to be avoided in subsidiary paragraphs. Is the climax to be fiery, a few touches of pathos will help to bring it out the more effectively.

So it is clear, it seems to me, that there must be variety in style just as well as there should be variety in a picture. "Murillo is a fool," some

might be prompted to exclaim if they could have seen even that great master trying to paint in neutral pink only or rich crimson the curly head of a cherub. Pink or crimson eyes, cheeks and hair—how ridiculous would this be! Still, this very mistake, that seems to be a kind of rare folly in the eyes of the painter, is the mistake most commonly made by the stylist who does not succeed in holding the reader's attention. Let him bear in mind three words—variety, interest, style. N.

Our University Parterre.



ENTERING the College grounds, the visitor cannot fail to note that although the lawn has been only recently planted, the arrangement of the trees, shrubs and evergreens shows clearly that the important principles of landscape gardening are not neglected at Notre Dame. Dwarf evergreens are planted close together in clusters, for that is one of the methods adopted by the experienced landscape gardener to make his lawn appear the more extensive. Trees and shrubs are also placed near the turns of drives and walks to hide, as much as possible, the irregularities in the roads, for such turns and forks are looked upon as a necessary evil in parks. In this way we do away with the old formal style of landscape gardening of which Pope says:

"Grove nods at grove, each alley has its brother,
And half the platform just reflects the other."

The tendency now in planting, or rather in landscape gardening, is to imitate nature as much as possible. For, while the most artistic designs for beds and trees become monotonous and wearisome to the sight when viewed day after day for years, the irregular and natural forms cannot so easily be imprinted on the mind, and for this reason give it relaxation and arouse in it new interest.

Here in the parterre, fronting the Main Building, we observe, first of all, a group of deciduous trees of the *Ulmus Americana* which have been planted near a fountain—appropriately placed; for, how like to the waters that circle from a fountain curve the branches of the graceful elm. The white birch is to be found interspersed among the evergreens to produce a kind of

natural contrast, and to brighten the picture both in winter and summer.

The Æsculus has been planted in the front of Sorin Hall—no doubt symbolical of the ancient character of some of its inmates. This, however, need cause no surprise, as every "old settler" at college knows that we could not get along without a code of jokes half disintegrated by time.

Near the Post Office Building a tree stands near the drive—a beautiful tree whose jagged, glossy leaves turn to a deep crimson in autumn. It is the liquid amber. The Kentucky coffee tree, so much recommended by S. Parsons as making one of the finest trees known both for shade and ornament, stands like a guard near the entrance to the Post Office. Its peculiar trunk and branches and its light foliage make it an interesting study for the Arbor-Day class. Immediately in front of the church is a Camperdown weeping elm which is known to be one of the most picturesque of drooping trees.

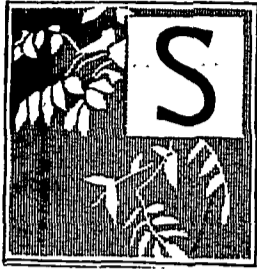
Near the Academy of Music is seen the *Liriodendron tulipifera*, that magnificent native tree with tulip-like flowers and broad fiddle-shaped leaves. Close by is a tree remarkable for its connection with biblical history—the Judas Tree, of which Gerard, an old English gardener who described it in 1596, says that "this is the tree whereon Judas did hange himself; and not upon the elder tree, as is said."

The experienced gardener tries to secure a brightly colored landscape for all seasons, and for this reason he plants evergreens to relieve the monotonous picture of winter, and birches to contrast with the evergreens in spring when the white snow is gone. To the landscape artist shrubs are above all valuable to produce variety. He puts them painter-like in different parts of the great natural picture, wherever there may be a little flatness.

Besides these in our parterre are shrubs beautiful and rare to secure gay luxuriance for all seasons of the year: the gold petaled forsythia viridissima, the azaleas and the cydonia for the early spring; then the lilacs, dentzias, and dier-villas. In June, the rhododendron, the calycanthus, the viburnums, and the different kinds of spiracas, and philadelphuses will heighten the color of the sunlit lawn and announce to the patient student the advent of vacation.

Although the shrubs and trees are not as yet in their full splendor one can reasonably expect to see the golden domed University buildings surrounded by a paradise in a few years; and then the untiring efforts of Bro. Philip to beautify the University grounds will be fully appreciated.

The Man in the Tower.



SOMETIMES the atmospheric currents bear up to the Tower Man rumors of a most interesting nature. During the past week especially the very air has been charged with newsy inklings and prosaic sayings that are of more than common interest to all. One night the breezes carried by my window the vibrations of a deep bass voice, informing me that an enormous bed was being constructed, having six instead of the four regulation posts; that the springs were triple-plated sheet iron and the mattress measured six feet in length, by five in width. How is that for dimensions?

"Give the lucky Jonathan who sleeps in such a bed a wide berth," say I.

"And pleasant dreams attend his extreme slumbers," adds a friend.

Talk of egotism. Here is a sample. I overheard an orator the other day challenge our college talent to compete with him for oratorical honors, and I also saw him place a green-back or two in view of an excited crowd to emphasize his self-confidence. I was not at all surprised to see that no one openly entered the field against this glib-tongued speaker. His overwrought feelings and self-assurance would have experienced a shock that might have been fatal had anyone the impertinence to question the abilities of the modern Hector. He is a gentleman of rare talents, of such a kind we seldom see them adorning any creatures outside the *quadrumana*. He is fully appreciated, for, on several great occasions he has held us dumfounded (wrapt in slumber) by his eloquence.

Some one confidentially whispered to us that the boat club bazaar will be a great success. The prizes are many and elegant; some of them are rare articles and hard to duplicate. All the departments are responding liberally to the demands of the canvassers, and even the Minims, so I hear, are taking their chances with the rest of us hopeful mortals.

The boat club is in a most flourishing condition this season and never had better material for a good regatta. The crews are practising daily for the June races and have already

attained a commendable degree of perfection in the sculling art.

Soon the field day of the spring season will be here, and it is reported that there are one or two dark horses looming up in the distance who will closely press some of our experts for their medals. A most promising young athlete from Cincinnati is practising for the great and exciting mile-race. His speed is marvellous, and they say (?) he is remarkably long-winded. That he will be successful none may doubt. When I tell you that this aspirant for field honors is none other than our popular property man, by name Tim, I feel assured all will encourage the capable young athlete to renewed efforts for success. Please bring no flowers on the day of the races as it is against Tim's principles to accept them.

"Are you a member of the Iroquois Club?" Such was the oft-repeated question asked by a remarkably *brilliant* lawyer to each of his witnesses as they appeared on the stand in a recent law case. How distressing it must have been to receive so many negative replies as we heard echoed in return! Ah! my friend, confine yourself to the letter of the law. Wit and humor are natural, appreciable gifts. Too bad your attempt was not even clever!

 Local Items.

—Who is "Jacques?"

—A snake! a snake! !

—"Oh my! what is it?"

—The form is as we like it.

—Who has the new dictionary?

—Felix says: "Das I-don't care."

—Who is commanding this boat?

—"Jiggers" made a good mascot.

—Rosebuds of many hues are blooming near us.

—The anchors have been ordered for the boat crew.

—W. Wilkin won Co. A's prize drill again Sunday morning.

—Mac says that he always has his rhetoric down by *Hart*.

—Tim says that he has been offered a bribe not to enter the field.

—Ruskin, Jr., has been appointed night watch of Poverty Flat.

—Magmurph says that it is a long "dash" that has no turn.

—Fossie, Judge and Jake have organized a gas company.

—"Do you think you render an impartial verdict in this case?"

—Capt. Yeager, though defeated last Monday ("Cumisky" wasn't with him), still leads the league.

—A new star has arisen in the base-ball firmament. J. LaMoure now "twirls the sphere" for Capt. Lohnèr.

—The pie contest field-day promises to have a large entry list. Tim and Oscar have signified their intention of entering.

—Joseph Cook received from Prof. Egan this week "Books and Reading," by Bro. Azarias, for the best note of congratulation.

—All who intend to enter the field-day sports should hand their names to Bro. Paul at once, as entries will positively close Sunday night.

—Richard celebrated his twenty-fourth birthday Tuesday and made his friends happy by presenting them with his photo and autograph.

—The Messrs. Mills Bros., the reliable fruit dealers and confectioners, of South Bend, have donated a grand gold medal to the student winning the one-mile run.

—On Monday the Carroll Specials defeated the Second Senior Specials in a closely contested game. Score, 9 to 4. Batteries: Brown and Sweet; Whitehead and Krembs.

—Through the exertions of Messrs. Hesse and Kirby the *Minnehaha* received a new coat of paint this week. The *Evangeline* has also been thoroughly overhauled by the carpenters, and looks like a winner.

—Hal Jewett expects to be here May 30, and give an exhibition one hundred yard dash. J.S. Johnson, who made a mile on his bicycle in Independence, Ia., in 1.56 four-fifths has also signified his intention of being present if he possibly can.

—Bro. Valerian, C. S. C., acknowledges the receipt of stamps: Brownson Hall, 81,158; Carroll Hall, 78,048; St. Edward's Hall, 11,348; St. Stanislaus', South Bend, 30,352; St. Patrick's, South Bend, 2000; St. Mary's, Austin, Texas, 54,003.

—Field day is May 30, and the programme promises to be of unusual excellence. Gold and silver medals will be awarded in all events; but to secure them the contestants must equal the common records. Every student that expects to compete for the medals should commence active training at once.

—In the second game between the Carroll Specials and the Second Senior Nine, Captain Brown's men were again victorious. The following is the

SCORE BY INNINGS:—	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
CARROLL SPECIALS:—	0	2	3	0	1	2	1	0	*=9
2D SENIOR NINES:—	3	0	0	0	1	0	0	0	0=4

3 Base Hits: Sweet. Struck out: by Brown, 8; Krembs, 6. Batteries: Brown and Sweet; Krembs, Brady and Whitehead.

—The Band will give the first of their open air concerts to-morrow evening. Following is the

PROGRAMME:

March—"The Colonel's Parade".....	Hume
Overture—"Rays of Light,".....	G. Wiegand
Gavotte—"The Queen's Favorite,".....	Walter
Selection from "Maritana".....	Wallace
Quartette—"Behold the Storm".....	Concone
Knight Waltzes.....	Knight
Dance from "Joan of Arc".....	Carr
Galop "Presto".....	Southwell

—Last Monday the "Reds" and "Blues" of St. Joseph's Hall played their first game of baseball for the championship. It was very interesting and exciting. The features of the game were the batteries of J. Murphy and J. Santer; R. Raymond and L. Durbin. Following is the

SCORE BY INNINGS:—	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
BLUES:—	1	2	0	0	1	1	0	0	0=5
REDS:—	0	0	0	1	0	0	1	0	0=2

2 Base Hits: Case. Struck out: by Santer, 15; by Durbin, 11. Passed Balls: Murphy, 2; Roy, 3. Time of game, 1 hour, 30 minutes. Umpire: W. Macaulay.

—Last Thursday afternoon the "Lawyers" crossed bats with the "Manual Labor Nine," and won the game by a score of 21 to 10. The "Lawyers" were well up to their batting qualities, and found the delivery of Durbin quite easy. Gibson, the "Lawyer" pitcher, was very effective and received good support behind the bat. The playing of the "Manual Labors" was very creditable. Hennessy led in the batting list. Cooke's playing in centre field was good, also the playing of Falvey on second for the "Manual Labors."

SUMMARY: Base on balls: off Durbin, 4; off Gibson, 1. Struck out: by Gibson, 10; Durbin, 5. Passed Balls: Onzon, 3. Batteries: "Lawyers," Gibson and Marckhoff; "M. L." Durbin and Onzon. Umpire: E. Roby.

—BASE-BALL: The third game of the series of games between Sorin and Brownson Halls was played Thursday afternoon, and, from the interest manifested was the best one of the series. The Brownson Hall boys won by a score of 8 to 7. The features of the game were, St. Clair's fielding, Hannin's running catch, Chassaing's double play, and the umpiring by Hugh Dean. The following is a detailed account of the game by innings:

Brownson Hall was first to bat, and O'Neill flew out to St. Clair. Roby made a clean base hit, but was thrown out trying to make second on it. Cullen struck out. For Sorin Hall Combe popped up a fly which was dropped by Funke. McKee hit a fly to Chassaing, who dropped the ball, but threw Combe out at second, and Burns threw McKee out at first. Hannin struck out.

The Second: Chassaing struck out. Covert knocked a fly which was caught after a long run by Hannin. Funke struck out. For the Sorins, Flannigan got first on a fly misjudged by Cullen, and stole second. St. Clair struck out. Flannigan was caught trying to steal third. Thorn struck out.

Third: Maynes flew out to Bolton and Burns was put out the same way by Flannigan, while St. Clair caught Schmidt's long fly. For the Sorins, Bolton knocked a grounder to Covert

and was thrown out at first. Quinlan and McCarrick struck out.

Fourth: O'Neill out on a fly to St. Clair. Roby made a base hit. Cullen hit a bat grounder that bounced over Hannin's head, advancing Roby to third. Chassaing got a base on balls. McCarrick threw a hot one to Hannin, who muffed it, and Roby scored on Hannin's wild throw to Combe. Covert hit to Quinlan who fumbled it, and Cullen scored; Chassaing going to third. Covert stole second. Funke hit to McCarrick who threw him out at first, and Chassaing scored on the play, and Covert scored on a muff by Quinlan. Maynes struck out. Combe for the Sorins hit to Burns, and was out at first. McKee flew out to Maynes. Hannin sent another to Maynes, who muffed it, and was advanced to third on a wild throw. Flannigan got a base on balls and stole second. St. Clair also received a base on balls. The bases were full, but the Sorin boys failed to score. Thorn hitting to Covert who threw him out at first. Score 4 to 0 in favor of Brownson Hall.

Fifth: Burns struck out. Schmidt went out on a foul fly to Thorn. O'Neill got a base on balls. Roby hit to Flannigan who threw O'Neill out at second. Bolton was put to bat for Sorin Hall, and hit to Covert who threw him out at first. Quinlan also hit to Covert who made a wild throw to first. McCarrick struck out. Combe hit to Funke, and was thrown out at first.

Sixth: Cullen got a base on balls and stole second. Chassaing struck out. Covert made a clean hit and stole second, and himself and Cullen scored on Funke's single. Maynes got a base on balls, which advanced Funke to second. Burns flew out to St. Clair. Schmidt filled the bases on a short grounder, but none made a score as O'Neill struck out. McKee struck out for Sorin Hall. Hannin hit to Chassaing and was thrown out at first. Flannigan hit to Burns, but Cullen muffed it. Flannigan again stole second, and was caught trying to steal third.

Seventh: Roby hit to McCarrick who made a wild throw to first, and Roby got to second base on the error. Cullen sacrificed and Roby went to the third. Chassaing made a two base hit to centre and brought Roby home. Chassaing reached third on a wild throw. Covert sacrificed to Bolton, and Chassaing was over the plate before the ball could be returned. Funke hit to Hannin and was thrown out at first. St. Clair for the Sorins, got a base on balls and stole second. Thorn also received a base on balls. Bolton went out on a pop-up to Funke. St. Clair reached third and Thorn second on a passed ball by O'Neill. Quinlan struck out. McCarrick hit to Covert who let the ball pass him, and St. Clair scored. Combe made a three bagger, and Thorn and McCarrick scored. Combe scored on McKee's base hit. Hannin flew out to Maynes.

Eighth: Maynes struck out. Burns hit to Hannin, but Thorn muffed his throw. Schmidt

knocked a hot grounder to Quinlan, who failed to stop it, and Burns was advanced to second. O'Neill struck out, and Burns was caught trying to steal third. Flannigan was the first of the Sorins to make a hit, and stole second. St. Clair struck out. Flannigan stole third and scored on a passed ball by O'Neill. Thorn hit to Funke who threw it to Cullen, but the first base-man dropped it. Bolton made a hit, and Thorn was advanced to second. Thorn went to third and Bolton to second on an error by O'Neill, who was changed to third, and Covert went behind the bat. Quinlan struck out. McCarrick hit to Chassaing and was thrown out at first.

Ninth: Roby made a hit, but did not touch first base and was called out. Cullen hit to Bolton who muffed the ball and was caught trying to steal second. Chassaing hit to Flannigan and was thrown out at first. For the Sorins, Combe made a base hit to Roby and ran the circuit of the bases on wild throws. McKee hit to Maynes who muffed the ball. Hannin hit Chassaing who threw McKee out at second. Hannin reached second on a wild throw. Flannigan hit a foul fly which was caught by Covert but Hannin stole third on the play. St. Clair made a hit and Hannin scored. St. Clair stole second, but Thorn ended the game by flying out to Schmidt.

SCORE:

BROWNSON HALL.		A.	B.	R.	I.	B.	S.	H.	P.	O.	A.	E.
O'Neill, c. and 3d b.,	-	4	0	0	0	0	7	4	1			
Roby, r. f.	-	5	2	3	0	0	0	0	1			
Cullen, 1st b.,	-	3	2	1	1	10	0	0	2			
Chassaing, s. s.,	-	4	2	1	0	0	5	0				
Covert, 3d b. and c.,	-	3	2	1	1	4	2	2				
Funke, p.	-	3	0	1	1	1	12	1				
Maynes, l. f.,	-	3	0	0	0	2	0	2				
Burns, 2d b.,	-	4	0	0	0	2	3	0				
Schmidt, c. f.	-	4	0	2	0	1	0	0				
Total		33	8	9	3	27	26	9				

SORIN HALL.		A.	B.	R.	I.	B.	S.	H.	P.	O.	A.	E.
Combe, c.,	-	5	2	2	0	9	4	0				
McKee, r. f.,	-	5	0	1	0	0	0	0				
Hannin, 2d and 3d b.,	-	5	1	0	0	3	2	2				
Flannigan, s. s.,	-	4	1	2	0	2	3	0				
St. Clair, l. f.,	-	3	1	1	0	4	0	0				
Thorn, 1st b.,	-	4	1	0	0	5	0	1				
Bolton, c. f.	-	4	0	1	0	2	0	1				
Quinlan, 3d and 2d b.,	-	4	0	0	0	1	0	2				
McCarrick, p.,	-	4	1	0	0	0	10	1				
Total		38	7	7	0	26*	19	7				

* Roby out for cutting 1st base.

SCORE BY INNINGS:—I 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9
 BROWNSON HALL:—0 0 0 4 0 2 2 0 0=8
 SORIN HALL:—0 0 0 0 0 0 4 1 2=7

Summary: *Earned runs*—Brownson Hall, 1; Sorin Hall, 1. *Two base hits*—Combe, Chassaing. *Three base hits*—Combe. *Stolen bases*—Roby, 2; Cullen, 3; Chassaing, 3; Combe, 1; Hannin, 1; Flannigan, 3; St. Clair, 2; Thorn, 1; Bolton, 1; Quinlan, 1. *Double plays*—Chassaing to Burns to Cullen. *Base on balls*—By Funke, 4; McCarrick, 4. *Struck out*—McKee, Hannin, St. Clair, 2; Thorn, Quinlan, 3; McCarrick, 2; O'Neill, 2; Cullen; Chassaing, 2; Funke, Maynes, 2; Burns. *Passed balls*—O'Neill, 3; *Wild pitches*—Funke, 2; McCarrick, 1. Time, 2 hours, 10 min. Umpire, Hugh Dean; scorer, P. Foley.

—MOOT-COURT.—The case before Judge Wm. Hoynes Wednesday evening was that of Samuel P. Jones vs. Victor M. Allen. It was an action in assumpsit to recover the price of a suit of clothes purchased by the defendant from the plaintiff. The facts are as follows:

Both plaintiff and defendant reside in South Bend,

State and County aforesaid. The plaintiff conducts an extensive tailoring and clothing business, while the defendant is a hotel clerk. December 15, 1892, the defendant called at the plaintiff's store and ordered a suit of clothes. His measure was taken, and the quality of the goods, price to be paid, time for making the suit, etc., were agreed upon. The cost was to be \$65; the quality of the suit, broadcloth; the time for making it, one week, and it was to be delivered at the hotel in which the defendant is employed. In giving the order the defendant said: "Remember that the suit must give me satisfaction," and the plaintiff said, "Of course you will be satisfied. The work we do always gives satisfaction to our customers." The suit was ready on the 20th of December, and taken to the hotel, and left with the defendant. He went to his room at once and put it on. It seemed to him that it did not fit well, and he sent it back. Thereupon the plaintiff called on him and stated that a better fit could not be made; that one of the best cutters in the State had done the cutting; that his most experienced hands had done the entire work; that he would readily leave it to anyone who might be named to say whether the suit was or was not a perfect fit. "Moreover," said he, "if you will put it on, I will agree to make within the week given me any alteration you may suggest. It shall be done to your entire satisfaction." Nevertheless, the defendant would not take the suit nor agree to any alteration in it. He said: "It is not satisfactory to me and I'll not have it. You were asked to make a suit to my satisfaction, and this is not to my satisfaction." Finding that the defendant could not be prevailed upon to take the suit, the plaintiff exposed it for sale, with his misfit suits, and it was sold for \$35. The plaintiff now sues the defendant for the \$30 thus lost upon the suit.

The case was long and forcibly argued by the attorneys on either side. It was urged by the attorneys for the plaintiff that the defendant's action in not accepting the suit was capricious and that he should have allowed the plaintiff the remaining two days of the week in which to make the necessary alterations. While on behalf of the defense it was maintained that inasmuch as the suit did not give satisfaction when completed, the contract was at an end and the defendant was not obliged to keep the suit. The court, in deciding the case, said that the defendant was the sole judge as to whether the suit fitted him or not, and as to the point raised with reference to the remaining two days the court said that time, as an element of contracts in general, is to be carefully considered, but in this case it is not important. The court gave judgment for defendant, and directed costs to be assessed against plaintiff. The cases cited by the court in support of this decision are *Brown vs. Foster*, 133 Mass., 136; *Savage M'fg. Co. vs. Armstrong*, 19 Md., 213; *Exhaust Ventilator Co. vs. RR. Co.*, 66 Wis., 218. Also *Tallner vs. Dean*, 1 Wash., 57; 43, Hun., 534. The attorneys were M. McFadden and F. Hennessy for plaintiff, and J. Raney for defendant.

Roll of Honor.

SORIN HALL.

Messrs. Ahlrichs, Bolton, Brown, Correll, Cummings, Combe, Crawley, Chute, Dacy, Dechant, DuBrul, Flannery, Flannigan, J. Fitzgerald, Hannin, Joslyn, Kearney, Keough, Langan, Maurus, Monarch, F. McKee, Mitchell, McCarrick, O'Donnell, Powers, Quinlan, Ragan, E. Scherrer, Schillo, Schaack, Sinnott, Schopp.

BROWNSON HALL.

Messrs. Ansberry, Barton, Burns, Brady, Brinen, Bennett, Berggren, Baldwin, C. Corry, A. Corry, Chassaing, Colby, Cooke, Cullen, R. Corcoran, Chidester, Croxton, Devaney, Donahoe, Dinkel, Dempsey, Delaney, Dillon, Douglas Eyanson, Eyke, Foley, R. Flynn, J. Flynn, Foster, Freytag, Groff, Hermann, Hennessy, Healy, Hesse, Harris, Hagan, Henley, Hudson, Hodge, Jacobs, Karter, Kelly, M. Kirby, W. Kennedy, Kearns, Krembs, W. Kirby, Kintzele, Kilkenny, Karasynski, J. Kennedy, Lennon, Murray, McCuddy, McFadden, Meibers, T. Monarch, Maynes, McCullough, Moxley, D. Monarch, F. Murphy, E. Marckhoff, R. Marckhoff, A. Marckhoff, McCarthy, McGarry, Ney, O'Connor, O'Shea, Prichard, Puskamp, Patier, Quinlan, G. Ryan, M. Ryan, Reis, E. Roby, Stanton, Shermann, Stace, Schmidt, Vignos, Vurpillat, Walker, Wilkin, Weaver, Welsh, Duffield, Fox, Henneberry, D. Murphy.

CARROLL HALL.

Messrs. Barrett, R. E. Brown, O. Brown, J. Brown, Bennett, Berles, Blumenthal, Bixby, Burns, Bachrach, Brennan, Bacon, Carter, Chauvet, Clendenin, Connell, E. Coolidge, Cavanagh, Cullen, Crane, Carney, Chase, Dorsey, Druecker, Ducey, Dannemiller, Dempsey, DeLormier, Dixon, Franke, Fossick, Ford, G. Gilbert, E. Gilbert, L. Gibson, N. Gibson, Gerding, Gonzales, Gerdies, Girardin, F. Hill, Hittson, Hurley, H. Hill, Hoban, Hickey, D. Hilger, Harding, A. Hilger, Jones, Janssen, Krollman, A. Kegler, W. Kegler, Kutina, Kuehl, Kelliher, Kinney, Klees, Lanagan, J. LaMoure, W. LaMoure, Lambka, Lantry, Lawler, Langevin, T. Lowrey, G. Lowrey, Loser, Ludwig, Lynch, Lane, Lippman, Levi, M. Lee, Maurer, Mitchell, Maternes, Maguire, E. Murphy, L. Miller, J. Miller, Mills, Miles, Moss, Moore, R. Miers, Monaghan, McDermott, S. McDonald, McCarrick, J. McPhillips, C. McPhillips, J. J. McPhillips, E. McDonald, Nolan, O'Mara, F. O'Brien, O'Connor, O'Neill, Oliver, Pim, Rumely, Rend, Ruppe, Repscher, Romero, Rensch, Reber, Roesing, J. Rozynek, P. Rozynek, Sievers, W. Spalding, S. Spalding, Slevin, Spiegel, Sullivan, Schaack, Stephens, Sparks, Segenfelder, Strauss, Sharp, Schroth, Shillington, Taylor, Thome, Tempel, Thornton, Wolf, Wagner, Wensinger, Welty, Walker, H. Wilson, R. Wilson, Washburne, N. Weitzel, B. Weitzel, Ward, Yingst, York, C. Zoehrlaut.

ST. EDWARD'S HALL.

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

Belford's Monthly,

Now *the Western Magazine*, illustrated and non-partisan, offers a trip to the World's Fair, including a stay of five days in Chicago, free of all charges, to one student in every American College. For further details address, "College Excursion Manager," *Belford's Monthly*, 550-560 Monon Block, Chicago.



NOTRE DAME, INDIANA

THE NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.

VOL. XXVI.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, MAY 27, 1893.

No. 36.

To Signor Gregori.

REGORI, 'tis, in truth, an art divine,
 Thus on the blank and silent wall to wake
 These speaking human features; yea, to take
 The semblance of the spirit's inner shine,
 And touch with daring hand the very line
 That parts unseen and seen: it is to make
 A work most like the dread Creator's!—Ache
 Of eye, nor brain, nor hand, in thy design
 Appears, but artless ease, and life, and grace,
 As if it were the unconscious growth of warm
 Reality; yet ever lurks some charm
 Of art, half-hidden touch, where still we trace
 The seeming presence of the absent face,—
 So canst thou nature's double deftly form!

E.

The Symbols and the Idyls.

BY FREDERICK B. CHUTE.



ANNYSON uses the year to represent all of life's stages in the "Idyls of the King." Each Idyl has its season, and each season is made to follow the other in the order of nature. The first Idyl, appropriately called "The Coming of Arthur," begins the year with the story of this spiritual man's mysterious birth. I call Arthur spiritual, for he knew not the sensual feelings of the flesh, but possessed the sensuous desires of the soul. Love filled his soul when first he saw the beautiful Guinevere:

"Leodogrow, the King of Cameliard,
 Had one fair daughter, and none other child,
 And she was fairest of all flesh on earth,
 Guinevere, and in her his one delight."

In the allegory King Arthur personifies all that is good in man—truth, honor, beauty,—in a word, he possesses the innocence of a child at its baptism, and the dignity worthy of a perfect knight. He desires to be united with Guinevere, not thereby lowering himself, but that he may raise her up and join her to him, imparting to her the qualities before which mere personal beauty sinks into insignificance.

Guinevere symbolizes that which, joined to the soul, makes man. She is the animal, the worldly part, and Arthur is the spiritual, which two wedded as one make what we call marriage of the soul and body. King Arthur to us is no more than an ideal. He expresses the sentiment of immortality. Because he was pure, he was strong; and being spiritual, the world must be made a heaven on earth.

The "Round Table" is the world with its people moving in it. King Arthur made his knights, who composed the Round Table, take the oath of love and purity—to love but one maiden and to fight for her.

Sir Lancelot was the chosen of all the knights. There was no mightier in all the tournaments. Valor and strength won for him the king's costly diamonds; but these very gems—the reward of great deeds—proved to be the ruin of all that the king held good: they bought the honor of Lancelot and the love of Queen Guinevere. As death crept into the world by the sin of Adam and Eve, so also did sin cause the ruin of those who made the Round Table, and for whom Arthur hoped so much.

"Gareth and Lynette" succeeds "The Coming of Arthur." In this we find more symbols than in any of the other idyls. In fact, it is the best of the eleven. Gareth represents the youth who has all the desires and yearnings of one who is qualified for, and feels called to, a great