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St. Bernard to Our Lord.

BY ELEANOR C. DONNELLY.

I.

THEY pierced Thy side that we might have a door,
An open door, to enter into Thee;
made a wound, and in Thy Heart a cleft,
That we therein might safely sheltered be
From all the cares and all the woes that wait
Upon the changes of our sad estate.

II.

Oh! let us then approach that holy Heart,
And enter in with tears and loving sighs;
For there we taste a marvellous delight,
And there enjoy an earthly paradise.
How good it is, how sweet, how comforting,
To dwell within Thy Sacred Heart, my King!

Dryden.

THE RESTORATION of 1660; that wrought so many changes, witnessed the introduction of a new school of English poetry modelled after the Latin classics. Dryden is generally considered the founder of this school, and he is certainly its most representative poet.

John Dryden was born at Aldwinkle, All-Saints, August 19, 1631. He was early sent to Westminster, and there made rapid progress, especially in the classics. While he was yet a student at Westminster he wrote his elegy on the death of Lord Hastings. This is the earliest of his known poems. Having obtained a scholarship, he entered Trinity College, Cambridge, in 1650 and took his degree of A. B. in January,

1654. He continued to reside at the university for some years afterwards, but took no other degrees.

About the middle of 1657 Dryden went to London and attached himself to his kinsman, Sir Gilbert Pickering, who had been one of the judges of the unfortunate King Charles, and who was now lord chamberlain of Cromwell's court. The protector's death was the subject of his first great effort. This was followed by "Astræa Redux," in which Dryden rejoices in the restoration of Charles II. to the throne; and to this he added "A Panegyric to His Sacred Majesty" in his coronation.

The theatres, which had been closed under the Commonwealth, were now reopened, and play-going immediately became the favorite diversion of the people. As dramatic composition was now the most remunerative kind of literary work, Dryden became a writer of plays. Between the years 1661 and 1664 he produced "The Wild Gallant," "The Rival Ladies" and "The Indian Emperor." He assisted Sir Robert Howard in the composition of "The Indian Queen," the most successful play produced since the opening of the theatres. Shortly afterwards he married Lady Elizabeth Howard, Sir Robert's sister. During the Great Plague the theatres were closed, and Dryden retired to the seat of the Earl of Berkshire, and there wrote the "Annus Mirabilis" in which he recounts the events of the year 1666. This poem is much longer than any of his earlier ones, and shows that much labor was spent in its preparation. Of it Hallam says: "Waller's *Panegyric* and Denham's *Cooper's Hill*, the most celebrated poems of the age, are very inferior to it."

During the fourteen years immediately following 1667 Dryden wrote nothing but plays,

and the stage was the chief source of his income. At this time England was deeply agitated by the contending factions of the Dukes of York and Monmouth, and Dryden, who had succeeded to the poet-laureateship on the death of Davenant, was, from his position and talents, best qualified to champion the cause of the crown against the slanders of its opponents. In November 1681 he published "Absalom and Achitophel," a satire directed against all the enemies of the crown but against Shaftesbury in particular. In it praise and blame are so blended as to make his character appear more odious than censure alone could have done. The success of this satire was so great that he was induced by the king to write "The Medal," in which the character of Shaftesbury, as outlined in "Absalom and Achitophel," is more fully portrayed.

A dispute with Shadwell caused Dryden to compose "MacFlecknoe," a satire in which that poet is represented as the worthy successor to Richard Flecknoe—a famous wretched scribbler—in the realms of stupidity. This was followed, a month later, by the "Religio Laici," a defense of the Anglican Church against the Dissenters.

In 1686 Dryden embraced the Catholic faith, and in its defense wrote "The Hind and Panther." The two beasts represent the Churches of Rome and England, and they debate the subjects disputed by the two Churches. The sincerity of his conversion has been often questioned, and much has been written on the subject; but the best critics of to-day seem to agree in the opinion that his professions were perfectly honest. For the festival of St. Cecilia, 1687, he wrote his famous "Ode on St. Cecilia's Day"; and about ten years later "Alexander's Feast," one of the most beautiful lyrics in the English language, appeared.

The accession of William of Orange to the throne necessitated Dryden's retirement from court and his resigning several appointments which were a source of considerable income to him; but he was not discouraged; he resolutely set to work and turned again to play-writing, an occupation which had been so profitable to him. It was at this period also that he made his well-known translations of Juvenal, Persius, Ovid, Homer, Virgil and other classics. Incited by Mr. Pepys he wrote his "Fables," in which he imitates Boccaccio and Chaucer. His useful and busy life was brought to a close May 1, 1700, and he was laid to rest in Westminster Abbey between the graves of Chaucer and Cowery.

Triolets.

BY THOMAS J. HENNESSY, '94.

I.

CHERRY BLOSSOMS.

CHERRY blossoms misty white
Smile upon the smiling May;
Pluck not these, for your delight,
Cherry blossoms misty white:
June will find red cherries bright
Where now, drest in rich display,
Cherry blossoms misty white
Smile upon the smiling May.

II.

THE NARCISSUS.

Standing on the streamlet's brim,
Gazing at its lovely face,
Is the sweet Narcissus slim;
Standing on the streamlet's brim,
Listening to the water's hymn,
Full of freshness and of grace,
Standing on the streamlet's brim,
Gazing at its lovely face.

III.

TULIPS.

Tulip cups of beaded dew
Ope their lips in beauteous May;
Fairies drink from—this is true—
Tulip cups of beaded dew
Breathing fragrance fresh and new;
Smelling sweet as new-mown hay,
Tulip cups of beaded dew
Ope their lips in beauteous May.

IV.

APPLE BLOSSOMS.

Apple blossoms scent the air,
White with pink of many shades,
Making May of months most fair;
Apple blossoms scent the air
Soft and mild beyond compare;
In the blooming orchard glades
Apple blossoms scent the air,
White with pink of many shades.

Ruskin's Poems.

A SYMPOSIUM BY THE CRITICISM CLASS.

It is not a year since the great arches of Westminster echoed with solemn funeral song and ceremony; since the time-worn gates of her treasure-house opened to receive one more of England's glorious bards—the immortal Tennyson. The reign of splendor and greatness is over; the myrtle wreath of the Victorian age no longer adorns the worthy brow, but was laid reverentially upon the hallowed dust.

The glory of our poetry is dimmed. The minor voices chirp on in silence, but the deep,

sonorous organ music of Tennyson is heard no more. The closing years of the century seem destined to be marked by a decline of the divine, poetic spirit. The greatest of those who have made it illustrious have, if we may use the phraseology of the Norse mythology, sought the plains of Nifheim, Hela's gloomy realm where dwell the dead. Tennyson, Whittier and Lowell are gone. Twilight, like that fabled to have overtaken the Scandinavian deities, seems to have fallen upon the poetic race. Among the younger poets we have many who are perfect masters of form; but it is already clear that in the closing years of the nineteenth century we are not to hear such voices as those of Keats, Shelley, Burns, Moore, and Wordsworth, who were the literary fathers of the poets of our century, and marked out the lines which have been followed.

The explanation of this is, perhaps, not difficult to find. Every previous period of great literary glory and activity has been followed by one of comparative decline. With the close of the Augustan Age, which produced such poets as Virgil, Horace, and Ovid, Roman literature passed into a decline, which proved the forerunner of its death. Few recall the names of the successors of Dante, Petrarch and Tasso in Italian literature. Shakspeare and Milton were followed by a nameless crowd. It is, perhaps, natural, then, that Wordsworth, Tennyson and Browning should be followed by the minor poetasters of to-day.

Ever since the death of Tennyson several names have been proposed for the poet-laureateship of England. The best known of these were Aubrey De Vere, Swinburne, Edwin Arnold and Lewis Morris. Doubts were entertained as to which of these would be appointed to fill the place so long and so illustriously occupied by Tennyson. Some weeks ago the English-speaking world was surprised to hear that the choice of Gladstone had fallen upon John Ruskin for the high honor of poet-laureate. Indeed, we may confidently say that few people ever knew that Ruskin had written any poetry. Many comments have already been made upon the new laureate's poems whether they really merited the admiration and distinction of the Prime Minister of England. Lovers and students of English poetry have naturally delved with great interest into the numerous works of Ruskin to discover the beauties of his poems. They have been collected and published in two volumes by William Collingwood.

We find here that Ruskin, like many of our great poets, began to write in verse when very

young. His first poem was written at the age of seven. These youthful poems, if we may call them such, although he thrust them aside afterward for prose in which he could better put the complicated feelings, thoughts and facts he had to tell,—these poems are for that very reason the best introduction to his later and greater works. They give, in the simple and direct terms to which lyrical or elegiac verse is limited the grand plan of his character, the natural turn of his mental development. They bring before us, from year to year, his home and surroundings; his studies and travels,—authentic memoirs of a curiously observant childhood. They also intimate the models upon which he formed his picturesque style; and the reader will find occasionally among these hitherto unknown pieces of youthful effusion some poetical thoughts. They contain many a sonorous line and noble thought; many a genuine feeling and beautiful description. Notice the following from his "Tour Through France," written at the age of sixteen.

"Down, down the torrents leap
Into calm waters, with a rush immense
Like headlong passion, which, appeased, is straight
When it is met by gentle patience."

In many of his descriptions he shows a foretaste of that "moralization" of the landscape which is so characteristic of the author. It is also interesting to observe the precocious power of consecutive thought and condensed imagery by which he rises to a gradual climax. The great redeeming quality of Ruskin's poems is his love of nature. Here lies the greater charm of all his works; to this may be traced whatever merit and beauty is in them, or whatever utility they may possess for us. His poem written "To the Memory of Sir Walter Scott," at the age of twelve, contains a note of sympathy which strikes us as beautiful:

"Cold on his grave may the moonbeams shiver—
The soul of the minstrel is parted forever!"

And the following poetical thought from "Venice," written when he was sixteen:

"How high the marble-carved rocks arise
Like to a lovely thought in dreamy sleep."

With the year 1836, at the age of seventeen, a new period begins in Ruskin's poetical work. The immediate cause of the change was his first love affair, an unrequited attachment to the daughter of his father's Spanish partner. It is to her that he addresses several poems under the title of "Adèle." The "Gypsies" is one of these love poems. In it we find several beautiful thoughts clothed in musical verse:

"A narrow space of velvet glade,
Where sunbeams, through the foliage slanting steep,
Lay like a smile upon the lips of sleep.

The purpled pansies glow beneath unseen,
Like voiceless thoughts within a mind serene."

We do not think that this is intended to allude to the allegorical use of the same flower made by Ophelia in "Hamlet," and Perdita in "The Winter's Tale."

In "The Exile of St. Helena," written at the age of eighteen, there is some martial spirit where he sings of the fates of Achilles and Napoleon, and meditates over the latter's grave. Observe the following touching lines, taken at random from among his many poems:

"O Death, how dread thy sting when not to be
Is the last hope whose coldness can control
The meteor fires that mock and sear the soul!"

It is worth remarking here that the author's religion and moral tone were already more powerful than his romanticism; so that he does not draw upon reminiscences of Scott's descriptions of Gypsy freedom, but anticipates his own doctrines. "Agonia" is a lyrical poem full of sympathy and deep feeling, as may be seen from the following stanza:

"But what shall guide the choice within,
Of guilt or agony,
When to remember is to sin,
And to forget—to die."

"The Old Seaman" shows a touch of Wordsworth, and we may say that it is quite as good as the famous "We Are Seven." In "The Departed Light" there almost seems to be a touch from Tennyson's masterhand.

"And pale, temple columns cleave
Those waves with shafts of light—as though a dream
Of sorrow pierced the memories of loved hours—
Cold, arid, fixed thoughts that will not pass away."

Our attention has also been called to his poem on "La Madonna Dell'Acqua," a worthy tribute to our Blessed Mother from the pen of Ruskin. We may say that it is one of his best poems taken as a whole. We quote a few lines from it here:

"O lone Madonna, angel of the deep,
When the night falls and deadly winds are low,
Will not thy love be with us while we keep
Our watch upon the waters, and the gaze
Of thy soft eyes that slumber not nor sleep?"

Although his poems never reach the sublimity and depth of feeling of a Tennyson or a Longfellow; although he acquired to some degree Wordsworth's quality of aiming at simplicity and achieving simpleness, there are some lines and poems, as we have seen, that really touch the heart. A glowing eloquence,

a splendid and full-flowing music, wealth of phrase, aptness of epithet—all these qualities characterize the prose style of Mr. Ruskin even more than that of his poetry. His similes are daring, but always true. His power of painting is incomparably greater than that of any other English author. He almost infuses color into his words and phrases, so full are they of picturesque power. There is no denying either that his prose writings are always pervaded by a vein of poetical fancy which heightens and enhances the charm of all his descriptions.

J. S. SCHOPP.

There are several worthy candidates among our English poets, who might wear with considerable credit the laurels which Lord Tennyson left behind. The Muse that inspired the "Atalanta in Calydon" can at least equal, if not surpass, the depth of thought and tender pathos we find in the "Idyls of the King," or in "In Memoriam." Tennyson, whose lines are so pure and chaste, would scarcely feel honored in having as his successor such a poet as Swinburne. Aubrey De Vere, a deet singer, though not so sweet might also be mentioned; and the "idle singer of an empty day" would surely not permit the high standard which English song has attained during the past few decades, to fall a whit while he wore the crown of Laureate. But who could ever dream of John Ruskin as the representative poet of our age? It is true that many flashes of exquisite poetry may be found in his prose works, which naturally leads us to expect still finer touches in his verse. And yet this seems to argue even against his prose. We are viewing, for instance, his, not Venice's, wonderful St. Mark's. It has a framework not over grand in construction, and all else in the description that appeals to our sense of the beautiful is the stucco which the artist's vivid imagination has lavished upon it. There's a picture so gaudy, so sensuous and so unearthly beautiful, that it seems Ruskin has made a mistake in not giving to it such a form as the "Earthly Paradise" naturally assumed. His volumes of poetry could not well be more disappointing. In his early days the Muse seems to have been industrious enough in helping him to turn off plenty of quantity with but little quality. And if we compare even the best of his works with the light, delicate word-paintings of his worthy predecessor, so often underrated, it would be hard to drum up an excuse for the publication of a volume of "Poems by John Ruskin."

Think of a matured genius grinding out such

nonsensical doggerel as the "Rhymes for Music" contain. There is some poetic merit in "La Madonna Dell'Acqua"; and one or two other poems of his early life show that he can steer a prosaic thought at times into a smooth channel. It would not be just, however, on the strength of these few, short-lived sparks of the eternal fire, which he happens to strike occasionally, to prefer him for honors to which a host of more deserving poets has a far better claim.

W. MCNAMEE.

The announcement that Premier Gladstone had appointed John Ruskin poet-laureate struck Americans with amazement—especially so when they considered that he was to be the successor of the highly poetic muse of honored Tennyson. Perhaps a better choice on the part of Mr. Gladstone could have been made; but why should we show any disappointment? The only men, including Ruskin, who could possibly be candidates for the honor were Austin Dobson, Swinburne, Edwin Arnold, Aubrey De Vere, Coventry Patmore and James and Wm. Morris. Some of these do not merit the distinction as much as Ruskin does, and as for the others we can easily guess Gladstone's reasons for their non-consideration. It is, indeed, unfortunate that England, which undoubtedly has a number of men greater in poetry than Ruskin is—men of much talent and even of genius—cannot make a choice more fitting for the honor on account of either her religious prejudice to the one most worthy, or among the others she can find none who has remained pure and unspotted in morals.

No doubt the surprise which Mr. Ruskin's appointment gave us was due to the fact that of our young and middle-aged readers comparatively few knew that he was ever accounted a poet, and they only knew it through his recently published statement that he quit poetry-writing at the age of twenty-six. Though it would seem that the offering to him of the laureateship after his forty-eight years of total abstinence from poetry writing is a huge joke; yet less worthy men than Ruskin have enjoyed, with less censure, the distinction of holding that honorary chair. But I must confess it is difficult to resign ourselves to Ruskin's light, soulless and artificial poems after knowing and loving the beauties of Southey, then the sweetness and music of Wordsworth and, above all, after reverencing the tender, sympathetic and perfectly expressive Tennyson. It is by comparing the candle-light of Ruskin to the bright fires of these great muses that Ruskin sinks into insig-

nificance, for he certainly does not approach any of them. John Ruskin is a genius; but not in a poetical way. There is some show of the poet's temperament in his prose, but I never could find any trace of it in his verse.

But to consider Ruskin himself: If he is not great in poetry, he surely is in prose. "Modern Painters," his first work of importance, gave him his reputation, and the "Seven Lamps of Architecture" and "Stones of Venice"—both written to promote a higher regard for the best architecture—by the charm of their style and beauty of expression recommend themselves. Like Mathew Arnold, he has often made strong, vehement pleadings against the Philistines, and asked for a higher appreciation of art, literature and education as a barrier against the intense love men have for the materialism of the almighty dollar and the noise and indifference which go with it. To him, Arnold's idea of "sweetness and light" was a picture of heaven on earth.

As for the laureateship, Ruskin can hold the honor more meritoriously than did Nahum Tate, whose name is synonymous with reproach and ridicule, or even Thomas Shadwell or Nicholas Rowe.

HUGH A. O'DONNELL.

The death of Tennyson last October caused vast excitement in literary circles. In the fullness of years the sweet, noble and pure poet died, leaving to inheritors of the English language a splendid legacy. And although

"The singer of undying songs is dead,"

yet his fine voice still rings out clear. But the excitement produced by his death soon grew less; and the world dried its eyes and turned about in search of a successor. The papers, magazines, and the various other publications discussed from every point the merits and demerits of his contemporaries. Favorites were selected and guesses made. And after seven months' delay a new poet-laureate has been mentioned—John Ruskin.

To say that the majority of people who awaited anxiously the Prime Minister's declaration were disappointed in the choice is not to assert too much. There were many who had read Ruskin's poetical prose, but who had never heard of him as a poet. Nor was he in any wise the strongest man in the field. Indeed in poetic merit he ranked the last. And is not his appointment another confirmation of the saying "the last shall be first?"

Swinburne is undoubtedly England's greatest

living poet; but his earlier poems are so marred by immorality that his genius would both grace and disgrace the laureateship if he were chosen. William Morris the

"The idle singer of an empty day"

is a very sweet, clear poet who comes very close to Swinburne. His "Earthly Paradise" has the Pre-Raphaelite intensity and the Tennysonian simplicity. In fact his style is very much Anglo-Saxon. But Morris is a socialist—and in the eyes of the Queen this was sufficient to debar him from the office.

Aubrey de Vere, the author of "Alexander the Great" is another great poet; but he is a Catholic, and prejudice is still rampant in England. Edwin Arnold, Patmore, Lewis Morris and that rising genius Watson might fairly fill the laureateship.

And these considerations bring the question: Had Mr. Gladstone any ulterior object in view besides merit in appointing Ruskin? I believe he had—he wished to gain a few years breathing time to find a really great poet. Now had he selected any one of the above mentioned the laureateship would most probably be filled for many years.

But by choosing Ruskin, who is at present very old and weak, he gave the office to one who will not, in all likelihood, live very long. And in the meantime perhaps William Morris may drop his socialist tenets; or Watson become a great singer; or some new Tennyson step into the field, and then the next laureate will be a poet worthy of the laurel.

It is a remarkable fact that many very great prose writers did fail comparatively when they tried to express their thoughts in measured language. Swift, the strongest and most pointed writer of the Queen Anne Age, was one of these; so were George Eliot and Thackeray, England's greatest novelists; Macaulay, Faber, and Newman. Now, Ruskin belongs to this class. A great prose writer, very poetical, very picturesque, but as a poet a failure.

Let us glance over Ruskin's published poems and examine his claims to the laureateship. He was a very precocious lad; and he had not seen seven summers before he began to write verse. When sixteen he had written a volume of 260 pages. These poems are generally descriptive, full of color, showing promise of great things to come. He continued writing until about the age of 25, when he turned his attention almost exclusively to prose, seldom trying to court the muse. Of late years he has written what he calls "Stanzas for Music"; but,

verily, they are anything but that. His great fault is, to my mind, lack of strength and concentration. He uses too many adjectives altogether, which weaken the whole. He lacks what Horace terms the "*os magna sonaturum.*" Of his long poems, very few will be able to read them to the end without being very much fatigued. To read one of these, the "Broken Chain" for example, is just as tiresome—if I may use the figure—as spending an afternoon kicking a flabby, half-filled football.

Like Tennyson, Ruskin wrote a prize poem "Salsette and Elephanta." The metre used is the rhyming couplet and shows very clearly that Pope was the model. This was written about the age of twenty, and a pretty fair example it is of his poetic efforts. And, by the way, the influence of Scott and Byron are easily traceable through his verses—more in their metre and mode of expression than in their thoughts.

Were I asked in what poem is Ruskin at his best, I should answer "Madonna Dell'Acqua." Here are a few lines:

"But purple-dyed the mists of evening float
In ceaseless incense from the burning floor
Of ocean, and the gathering gold of heaven
Laces its sapphire vault. . . ."

The "Old Seaman" is a pretty poem, and certainly ranks as one of his best. A stanza will suffice to show its style.

"I cannot rest unless it be
Beneath the churchyard yew;
But God, I think, hath yet for me
More earthly work to do."

These two poems from which I have quoted were written at the age of twenty-five. Two others that deserve mention are "Memory" and "Charitie," the latter is the better, resembling somewhat the "Old Seaman." His "Awake, awake," written in 1865, strikes the keynote of his "Crown of Wild Olives." "Awake, awake," he says:

"For aye, the time of wrath is passed, and near the
time of rest;
And honor binds the brow of man and faithfulness his
breast.
Behold, the time of wrath is passed, and righteousness
shall be,
And the Wolf is dead in Arcady, and the Dragon in the
sea!"

While what I have quoted may be taken as specimens of Ruskin's best, in his published poems there is an immense quantity of trash. And the wonder is that he was not ashamed to place before the public such nonsense. Verily, the editors of many of our college publications would throw many of Ruskin's verses into the

crowded waste-basket were he tendered such by an aspiring Freshman or Sophomore:

"Full of mealy potatoes and marrow fat peas,
And honey and butter and Simmenthal cheese,
And a poor little calf not at all at its ease,
Tied by the neck to a box at its knees."

That wasn't written at the age of *seven* but at the age of *twenty-seven*.

The verses we find under the title of "Stanzas for Music" are indeed ridiculous, coming from a man of Ruskin's reputation. We shall quote a few and let the reader compare them with Tennyson's lyrics—if they will possibly stand comparison:

"St. Peter went to fish,
When sprats were two pence a dish:
But St. Peter went to preach
When sprats were two pence each."

Gracious, how musical! Here is another:

"In the Isle of skye
The girls are shy;
And out of tune
By the crook of the lune
And they can't tell why,
But the balls go awry
And they can't play tennis
Neither Aggies nor Clennies
With the 'Stones of Venice'
Standing by."

Ruskin is no poet; he has written a few sweet verses, but they are few. His prose is far more poetical than his pretended poetry; but it was the considerable amount of verse he wrote that made it such. Were there a *prose*-laureate needed John Ruskin would be the man; but since it was a *poet*-laureate a poet should have been chosen.

T. J. HENNESSY, '94.

The present laureate, John Ruskin, succeeds one of the greatest poets of this century. His predecessor, Lord Tennyson, was one of the best representatives of the poet-laureates that England has ever had.

Comparing the present with the former poet at different periods of their lives we find a marked contrast in the works which each produced.

Ruskin's appointment to the laureateship was a great surprise to a large number of English-speaking people, who considered a few men far superior to him as writers of poetry.

He appears at his best in his prose. It is clear and forcible. He commands remarkable facility in description and his works abound in beautiful scenes and pictures. His poetry sinks into insignificance beside his prose, and were it not for his distinction as laureate, the former would be entirely overlooked.

Ruskin seems to have written poems at a very early age. In this respect he resembles Tennyson, who also had a fancy for writing verse in his younger days.

As yet, though well advanced in age, Ruskin appears to have written very little poetry. During middle life Tennyson produced his best work and has made his name famous as a poet.

Ruskin has an ear for jingle with little true poetry. None of his lyrics amount to anything, and his other poems, of which the "Old Seaman" is most conspicuous, are not of any great importance. His contemporaries and aspirants for his distinction, Aubrey De Vere, Coventry, Patmore and Morris, as poets, deserve greater attention and more consideration.

T. A. QUINLAN.

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We should not despise Ruskin as a poet because we may have read some of the verses written in his early childhood, and even some of his later ones. Read his "Stones of Venice," and then ask if he has any poetry in his soul. When reading his description of St. Mark's, one involuntarily exclaims: "This is not prose; it is poetry printed in the form of prose."

I do not uphold Ruskin as a poet; indeed, in what I have read of it I have not found that true poetic touch and feeling that are so easily discernible in Byron, in Schiller, in Dante or Milton, in Shelley or Tennyson. But if we read his narrative poems we find them, as a whole, pleasing; for example, "The Scythian Guest," "A Scythian Banquet Song." Two of his poems are especially good, "The Old Seaman," and "Agonia:"

"When Love's long glance is dark with pain,"
from "Agonia," and

"The treachery of the deadly mart
Where human souls are sold;
The treachery of the hollow heart
That crumbles as we hold,"

from "The Old Seaman" struck me as being good.

But why Gladstone offered the laureateship of England to John Ruskin is an unanswered question; and yet Ruskin may be capable of producing good work. We shall soon see if Gladstone's years deceived or aided him in choosing the new laureate. We all sincerely hope the latter.

Very little can be said of his poetry, because very little of it has been discovered in the two volumes edited by W. G. Sallingwood in 1891. Here and there, however, we find realistic "bits," as,

"And the jointed toes and the fleshless heel
Clatter and clank in their stirrup of steel";

and

"The chapel vaults are deadly damp,
Their air is breathless all,
The downy bats they clasp and cramp
Their cold wings to the wall;

The bright-eye deft from cranny and clept,
Doth noiselessly pursue
The twining light of the death-worm white,
In the pools of the earth dew."

Let the fair-minded critics judge for themselves; if Ruskin is able to withstand the storm that is now evidenced on all sides, we are willing that he should, and it would be a pity if Gladstone failed in the proper selection of a poet whose duty it is to celebrate England and England's queen, and all that is just, right and in conformity with the moral law.

Time will tell. It is hardly possible to say now whether Ruskin will be a poet or not; but, judging from what he has done in the past I should say that there must be a plentiful lack of poets when Ruskin is chosen as laureate.

Why not Aubrey de Vere? He is a Catholic. Why not Charles Swinburne? He wrote some immoral verses. Why not William Morris? He is a socialist. And why Ruskin? It looks something like the result of narrow-minded prejudice! But of what use is it to object? Ruskin has been named, and if he has accepted it is settled. The only thing we can do is to trust, but scarcely hope, that he will write poetry equal to, if not surpassing, that poetry shown in his prose. FROST THORN.

* * *

The gentlest, sweetest, richest voice that in this age has sung to tuneful souls, the most exact and vivid of artists being dead,—the literary world has for the last few months been conjecturing as to who will wear the laurels that were given to Tennyson "from the brow of him who uttered nothing base." The death of Tennyson opened a large field for the critic; poems and their authors' chances of succeeding to the laurels which Tennyson, Wordsworth, and Dryden laid down, were criticised and discussed. Many admirers named Aubrey De Vere, who is certainly the greatest dramatic poet since the time of Shakspeare and Dryden; others, Swinburne, "The Master of English rhythm"; others Sir Edwin Arnold, on account of the new spirit he infused into English verse; a few, Andrew Lang who belongs to a class of poets called "the innovators"; he is rightfully called "The Master of the English Ballade;" still fewer, if any, named John Ruskin, the choice of Mr. Gladstone. Why Mr. Gladstone has selected John Ruskin as poet-laureate we must judge from his poems. A poet-laureate should be at least equal to the poets of his time, even greater.

Judging from Ruskin's poems, we have read nothing from them as yet that gives him the

right to the office to which Mr. Gladstone has raised him. There is no doubt but that Mr. Ruskin is one of the greatest scholars of our time. His "Stones of Venice" will always remain a study for the library; it is full of deep thought, color and beautiful descriptions. After reading the description of St. Mark's, one seems as if he actually saw it, so minutely are its beauties described—not with the mathematical minuteness of a Dickens, but with the vividness, beauty, and minuteness of a true artist. His artist hand does not adorn for the sake of ornamenting; the ornaments arise from his subject, and in most cases are too poetical for prose and not musical enough for poetry.

In the development of Ruskin's poetic talent we get a foretaste of his afterwork. From his childish poems of seven until he had written the Newdigate prize poem we notice his advancement. In all we find a great deal of effort, so much, indeed, that we do not wonder that this great man took to prose—for poetry placed too much restraint on his thoughts. However, we find one little song that is worthy of a greater poet—"Song to Italy." It is full of the music and charm of Tennyson. In this he seems to break away from himself, and let the dormant, poetic element within burst forth with a kind of pensive tenderness. We find in some of his later poems a great deal of beauty and thought that need only polish and finish to give them the glow of a master. In the poems "Remembrance" and "Old Seaman," we find a touch of pathos, the latter being one of his best poems:

"But I a loveless path have trod—
A beaconless career;
My hope hath been all with God
And all my home is here."

But there is one poem, "Madonna Dell'Acqua," in which we find the best the purest, the most sparkling gem of his poetic imagination. If Mr. Gladstone made John Ruskin poet-laureate on account of his poems, then this one, above all others, is the one that influenced him:

"Around her shrine no earthly blossoms blow;
No footsteps fret the pathway to and fro;
No sign nor record of departed prayer
Print of stone, nor echo of the air,
Worn by the lip, nor wearied by the knee—
Only a deeper silence of the sea;
For there in passing, pause the breezes bleak
And the foam fades, and all the waves are weak."

One cannot help but admire this poem for its sincerity and beauty. In all of Ruskin's work, prose and poetry, we find an intense love of the beautiful and an abhorrence of the ugly. It was but natural for him to take to art; for even in his boyish attempt at verse-making we find that he has expressed the art of painting in

words. But his poems do not reach the heart and fill us with the emotions that those of Wordsworth and Tennyson do. Some of his verses take the lyrical form, but the words do not seem to come together in the soul-swelling vibrations that we find in the true poet. There is an innate something in true poetry that touches the ennobling chords of our souls, and makes us love life for its beauties. The same something that makes us love Tennyson, Longfellow, Keats and Shelley sinks into only a passing admiration for a few of the poems of John Ruskin.

F. A. BOLTON.

* * *

Now that the awarding of the Laureateship is to be permanently settled, we hear on all sides a demand for an analysis of the poetical works produced by the man who has succeeded the last great poet of our century.

Ruskin is widely known through his "Stones of Venice," which is remarkable for its vivid description. Its vividness is due to the flights of the imagination to which the author ascends.

To speak frankly Ruskin is more poetical in his prose than in his poetry; still, anyone who has read the poems of his early manhood must admit that in many of them the essence of true poetry is to be found. He wrote many verses but few poems. He began to write at the age of eight. Perhaps the strongest poem he produced between his eighth and sixteenth years is "Trafalgar." These few lines will suffice to show its merit:

"Upon the Atlantic's spacious breast,
The British ships come on;
Full many a soul shall go to rest,
Ere the fatal day is done.
The waves rose dancing at the prow,
In frowning, sparkling spray,
And each surge was tipped with a crest of snow,
As the war ships cut their way.

Now the Spanish line gave way;
Now the British won the day.
But the Spanish parting volley gave
A naval hero to the grave.
Fearless on the stern he stood,
Looking on the purple flood.
One parting flash, one bursting roar,
Trafalgar's hero rose no more!

Meanwhile the mourning victors bore
Their Nelson to his native shore,
And a whole weeping nation gave
Funeral honors to the brave.
Where was the eye that did not give
One single, bitter tear?
Where was the man that did not weep
Upon Lord Nelson's bier?"

Ruskin, we have said, began to write early. But there seems to be a period when he really wrote good poems. This period is between his sixteenth and twentieth years. After this time he seems to have lost his poetical power, and his after productions are, to say the least, failures. He seems to have aimed at lyrical poetry, as may be seen in several of his poems. Of these there is one which seems to possess some of

the music of Moore, namely, "Remembrance":

"I ought to be joyful; the jest and the song
And the light tones of music resound through the throng;
But its cadence falls dully and dead on my ear,
And the laughter I mimic is quenched in a tear.
For here are no longer to bid me rejoice,
The light of thy smile or the tone of thy voice.
And, gay though the crowd that's around me may be
I am alone, Adèle, parted from thee.

Remember, remember; think those only can know
How dear is remembrance whose hope is laid low;
'Tis like the clouds in the west, that are gorgeous still,
When the dank dews of evening fall deadly and chill,
Like the bow in the cloud that is painted so bright,
Like the voice of the nightingale heard through the night
Oh! sweet is remembrance, most sad though it be,
For remembrance is all that remaineth for me."

If Ruskin is, as a poet, often rather dull and inferior, still there gleam from out the mass of verses which he wrote, poetic gems, whose worth should be recognized and appreciated by the world at large. One of these is, probably, the "Last Smile."

"She sat beside me yesternight
With lip and eye so sweetly smiling,
So full of soul, of life, of light,
So beautifully care beguiling,
That she had almost made me gay,
Had almost chased the thought away,
(Which like the poisoned desert wind
Came sick and heavy o'er my mind.)
That memory soon mine all would be,
And she would smile no more for me."

In this poem, he reached the music of the lyric, a strain to which he seldom attains. In the "Iris" we have another example of this music:

"Hast thou not seen how the Iris is set,
Where the wings of the wind in the water are wet?
On the rush of the falls, where the spray rises slowly;
Glorious and silent, like something most holy,
So fair in its color, so faint in its light,—
So peacefully constant, so distantly bright,—
In the tumult of life or the darkness of woe
Is the memory of those we have loved long ago."

Ruskin's artistic mind leads him, in many instances, to openly admire and praise the beauty of the Catholic Faith; he does this from an æsthetic standpoint, so we are told. These beautiful lines from his "Madonna dell'Acqua" seem to bespeak more than æstheticism:

"Oh! lone Madonna, angel of the deep,
When the night falls and deadly winds are loud,
Will not thy love be with us while we keep
Our watch upon the waters, and the gaze
Of thy soft eyes, that slumber not, nor sleep."

The critics declare that the selection of Mr. Gladstone was a mistake; but still it is not so great an error as it would seem to be at first sight. Ruskin has done much for the advancement of literature and art. He is now in the closing years of his life. Let his country honor him while yet he lives, which will not be long. Cheer the last few years of his life by this tribute, not paid to him simply as a poet, but as a man whose influence on the art and literature of our century has been very great.

JOHN A. DEVANNEY.

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—We are pleased to announce that during the coming week Notre Dame will be honored by the presence of the Apostolic Delegate, the Most Rev. Archbishop Satolli. The distinguished prelate has signified his intention to visit the University on Tuesday next. Due preparations will be made to give him a cordial welcome and a reception befitting his exalted rank. We hope that his stay will be long and pleasant.

The Democracy of Money.

HOW often one is warned of the evil which has come into the world through money! The little child in the public school stands up and lisps, "Money is the root of all evil." The young man is taught that the greatest danger which to-day threatens the American republic is the rapidly increasing power of the so-called "aristocracy of money." It forms, one is told, false rank and privilege, giving its holder a vast and unwholesome influence over his less wealthy fellowmen. Men have ceased to believe in the divine right of kings; but are they not coming to believe in the divine right of money? The man of intellect is crushed beneath the golden car; learning is compelled to bow to lucre; and we are fast drifting into a form of government which is far more subversive of the equality of man than that in which birth alone

decides the rank. In this strain man is ever cursing money and—acquiring it. Our orators condemn our insatiable thirst for gold. We are called the merchants of the world, the poor, uncultured Americans; wanting in all the higher attributes of life.

I see and acknowledge much of all this; but at the same time I firmly believe that most of it is indispensable to such a government as our own. Democracy and the free pursuit of wealth are concomitant terms; in fact, one can never exist without the other. The coining of money was in reality a far greater advance toward liberty and equality than any Emancipation Proclamation which the world has ever witnessed.

All over the civilized portion of the globe, the same ironclad and seemingly unchangeable laws had been in force for centuries. The family was the state. The father was supreme judge, not only in temporary matters but even in those pertaining to the soul and its welfare in the life to come. No more absolute monarchy could exist than that which he exercised over the members of his family. They were completely dependent upon him, almost to the extent of slavery. He it was who owned the family land, the amount of which was the only means of determining the wealth of its possessor. As this land necessarily passed from father to son, and as it was impossible for it to be transferred out of the family which originally possessed it, the inevitable consequence was that a few great land owners soon came to control all the affairs of their respective countries.

Religion taught that their right being derived from the worship which they were compelled to render to their ancestors, now among the gods, was sacred and inviolable; as a natural result they were soon looked upon as entirely different beings from their fellow-men. A sort of caste was thus established, which grew more and more rigid with each succeeding age. The land owners and the people seemed to be two distinct divisions of mankind. Time was only widening the gulf which lay between them. It seemed as though the world were to be enjoyed by the few, and the many were to be ground unthinkingly beneath the iron foot of oppression. But finally money, as we have it to-day, became the common medium of exchange, and a great problem was thereby solved. So gradual was the change, however, so noiselessly did the great motor-power complete its allotted work in the grand task of equalizing men, that it was only after hundreds of years that the secret cause was perceived and appreciated.

Before the age of money, that which a man owned, that is his land, home, etc., was unconditionally and perpetually his own property; while he who was without land could never acquire it. Hence the latter class, which included the great majority of the population of a country, were but little attached to a fatherland in which they had no political freedom, no real home. The sentiments of patriotism was almost extinguished in their hearts. Ambition no longer spurred them on; of what use was ambition when they could acquire nothing? Life seemed of but little value to them. They were the most numerous, but they never thought of freeing themselves.

But with money there came a change. Here was a property which all were free to possess, conditioned only by their own industry, shrewdness or intelligence. Many of the lower classes who possessed no land soon acquired large sums of money. Many of the landed proprietors, on the other hand, became impoverished, and were thus persuaded to part with their patrimony in exchange for the money with which they could once more obtain the necessities and luxuries of life. The new holder of the property had no veneration for the former's ancestors; he knew nothing of the religion from which he had been so rigorously excluded. Hence the sacred character of the landowner was broken into, and the people, now thoroughly aroused from their lethargy by the bright prospects which so unexpectedly burst upon them, were not tardy in widening the breach. One by one, since that time, the strongholds of the old aristocracy have been overthrown, and a careful discrimination cannot fail to reveal the fact that back of each battering-ram has stood the all-levelling power of money. To-day the United States is the freest land on earth; and to-day, also, the possession of money is nowhere more sought after than here in our own country.

I believe that the coining of money, the free use of money, nay even the love of money, are always to be found in proportion to the freedom of those who coin it, who use it, and who love it. The love of money as employed here may perhaps need an explanation. I have used it in a restricted sense, meaning thereby not the love of the money itself, but of the good which may be effected by it. Robert Burns partly expresses it in saying that we seek money,

"Not for to hide it in a hedge,
Nor for a train attendant,
But for the glorious privilege
Of being independent."

That is exactly what money does. It makes man independent; it makes him free.

The dollar of the poor man is worth as much as that of the rich. The pursuit of it causes all sorts and conditions of men to mingle; they grow to understand each other, to see that their seeming differences are all relative, not radical; that they have but to change clothes and the pauper of to-day becomes the prince of to-morrow.

The dollar is the symbol of Democracy. It rests now in the pocket of the millionaire and again in that of the laborer; it journeys from the delicate portmonnaie of the lady of fashion to the soiled leathern bag of the washerwoman; but it is always worth a hundred cents; no more, no less. The observant mind is quick to make a comparison. Man himself is always worth the same; the conditions about him may vary; but in all the noble faculties which distinguish him as the crowning creation of the universe, he changes not.

The dollar may grow old and dirty with hard usage; but below the dirt lies the pure, unimpaird metal, and beneath the scarred exterior of the most abject human being dwells that which places him on a level with his fellow-men. Thus always before the eye is a sensible, material advocate of the equality of mankind. No stronger argument could be brought forward and none so lasting. It appeals to every man alike, and, toiling ceaselessly through the centuries, is gradually, almost imperceptibly, accomplishing its mission of exalting the slave and humbling the master, until some day they shall both come to know that they are but as units in a vast whole, and

"Man to man, the world o'er,
Shall brothers be for a' that."

M. JOSLYN.

The Man in the Tower.

THE grand reality of the military boys' anticipations for weeks past has come in the order of time and gone, like all pleasures, to live only in memory as the most enjoyable affair of the scholastic year. Company *A* never disappoints its many friends; and whether the company entertain on the drill field or in the assembly hall, its efforts are always crowned with success. At the brilliant gathering the other evening there was present the beauty and talent, the grace and charm of our neighboring city's social circles. Our little college world certainly benefits by

such delightful affairs, which come like precursors of the social demands that will be made on each one of us when we leave our *Alma Mater*. The Tower Man votes the reception committee a blooming success, and adds his sincere appreciation to the enjoyable comments of all present on the creditable arrangement of the affair in general which was entirely due to the management of our genial Prefect of Discipline.

* * *

The dreamy month of June is here, and May has fled with but half its promises fulfilled. That it is a month of flowers and pleasant weather the American may not avow, for he has dull experience to back him, and nerves are as susceptible to bad weather as they are to badly cooked food. Will June redeem the pledges of fair May?

Yes, for the first breezes of the month wafted to us the spirit of the "Lotus Eaters," and we dreamt the dreams "knee deep in June."

"Propt on beds of amaranth and moly
How sweet the warm airs lull us, blowing lowly
With half-dropt eyelids still,
Beneath a heaven dark and holy,
To watch the long bright river drawing slowly
His waters from the purple hill—
To hear the dewy echoes calling
From cave to cave thro' the thick-twined vine,
To watch the emerald-color water falling
Thro' many a woven acanthus wreath divine!
Only to hear and see the far off sparkling brine,
Only to hear were sweet, stretched out beneath the
pine."

And who does not enjoy these flights of fancy to cloudy realms where air castles crumble before there made?

Personals.

—Rev. President Walsh went to Chicago last Thursday.

—Mr. C. Meskle, of Cincinnati, visited Father Klein last Saturday.

—Miss Annie Reilly, of Crawfordsville, Ind., was among the welcome visitors during the week.

—Last Wednesday we were pleased to welcome Mrs. Wm. Rend and daughter, Mrs. R. C. Newton, of Chicago.

—The firm of Schwartz, Kirwin & Fauss, jewellers of New York City, was represented at the University by Mr. Fauss this week.

—Mr. Louis P. Chute, '90 and '92, was graduated at the University of Minnesota Thursday. This time he was made a Master of Laws.

—Mrs. M. F. Egan returned on Wednesday last after a prolonged stay in the East, occa-

sioned by the sad death of her estimable sister.

—Mr. Isaac N. Mitchell arrived at the University on Thursday from Edna, Texas. He came to see his brother, Stockdale Mitchell, of Sorin Hall.

—The Rev. J. Delaney, Rector of St. Patrick's Church, and the Revs. Wm. and John Quinlan, of the Cathedral, Fort Wayne, were welcome guests Monday and Tuesday.

—Prof. J. P. Lauth, '67, of Chicago, visited Notre Dame last Sunday and afforded much pleasure to his relatives, and friends at the college by spending the day among them. The Professor is one of the most popular German-Americans in Chicago, and it would not be surprising if some day he should be elected to Congress, or chosen Mayor of the "Fair City."

Obituary.

REV. FELIX VENIARD, C. S. C.

On Saturday, the 26th ult., the Rev. Felix Veniard, C. S. C., departed this life at his pastoral residence in Besançon, Ind. The deceased religious had labored for upwards of forty-two years in the work of the sacred ministry in Canada and the United States, and we may have every confidence that he has received an ineffable reward from Him whom he served so well. The funeral took place from the college church at Notre Dame on Tuesday last. May he rest in peace!

—The estimable mother of Brother Onesimus, C. S. C., the Steward of the University, died recently at her home in Lincoln, Nebraska. The deceased was a lady remarkable for her devout Christian life, and the bereaved family have the happy consolation of realizing that for her death was but the crowning of a well-spent life. May she rest in peace!

Local Items.

—Fine Mars!

—Hurrah for Carroll Hall!

—"And how are 'oo livin'?"

—The champion won again.

—Dark horses were plentiful.

—Can "Bill" beat 11 seconds.

—Tommy made it in 20 (what?).

—He has not "filled 'em up" yet.

—Can you pick the winners in the boat crews?

—Spike avers that the *pun*-ishment was too severe.

—Have you heard of the golden-toothed orator?

—The "dark horse" was in the background Tuesday.

—It is whispered that the Siamese twins are looking for a victim.

—The "Jacques" are longing for a stroll beside the mossy rill.

—Yeager was defeated on Monday last by O. Wright. Score, 17 to 7.

—The presentation of the medal Tuesday morning was a grand success.

—The pie-eating contest was postponed; all the contestants wanted a handicap.

—The opposition blonde declines to have any change made in his physiognomy.

—In the contests for the Co. B medal, J. Miller now leads, having two drills to his credit.

—Ward McAllister, Jr., says it is the fashion to eat ice-cream with a table spoon this summer.

—St. Mary's Lake was literally covered with fishermen from South Bend Tuesday, and all report a fair catch.

—Where did the genial captain and his assistant go was the all-absorbing question Tuesday afternoon.

—The old salt asks: why is a certain six-oared boat at the lake like a bill? and then answers because it needs receipting (reseating).

—"Spike" asks us if we have noticed how Ill-i-nois the boys from the Sucker State make. He says it Texas a long to make out the pun.

—The bazaar to be given by the boat club, will not take place until Saturday afternoon, June 17. About six hundred tickets have been disposed of.

—An embryo philosopher was heard to remark the other day, after he had listened to the mail being read in vain, that it was a sin to allow a young man to go un-check-ed so long.

—Since the return of the Orpheus Club from their excursion, and to hear them relate of their experiences, one could not help thinking of the favorite instrument their Orpheus played on.

—John T. Cullen was the recipient, Thursday evening, of "The Story of John Trevennick," by Walter C. Rhoades, from Prof. Egan for writing the best hexameter couplet in the literature class last week.

—J. O'Connor made a fine record Tuesday, on two hops and jump, having thirty-nine feet ten and one-half inches to his credit. He will endeavor to increase it to forty feet during the coming week.

—The grand Oratorical Contest will take place next Wednesday evening. The orators will be Messrs. M. A. Quinlan, H. L. Monarch, Albert F. Dacy and J. J. McAuliff. Success to each and every one!

—The police are entitled to great credit for their manner of handling the crowd on field day. The marshal of the day was C. Roby, and his assistants were F. Esgen, J. Brady, M. McCullough and F. Murphy.

—The game of ball scheduled here June 8 with the Illinois State University team of Champaign has been declared off by that team, who give as an excuse that they have changed their dates and cannot possible reach here.

—Jim is preparing for his summer's work. He had the scythe out in the Brownson campus, Wednesday evening, and is an adept in that line. A young man from the Buckeye State was his instructor in the mode of sharpening it.

—Wednesday the Carroll sports were continued, the following entries being disposed of: (1st) *Putting 16 Pounds Shot*—P. Walker, 26-9; (2d) *Throwing 16 Pounds Hammer*—G. Gilbert, 70-2; (3) *Throwing Base-Ball*—1st, L. Gibson, 329; second, J. Rend, 318. Several entries still remain on the programme, which awaits a favorable day for its completion.

—Last Tuesday the "Blues" and "Reds" of St. Joseph's Hall played their second game of base-ball for the championship, The "Blues" winning by a score of 12 to 1. This makes the second game for the "Blues".

SCORE BY INNINGS:—I 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9
 BLUES:—0 1 1 3 1 3 1 1 2=12
 REDS:—0 0 0 0 0 0 1 0 0=1

—The following are the averages made in the championship games of tennis by the members of the Brownson Hall Tennis Club. The series will be finished next week:

	Played.	Won.	Lost.	per cent.
F. Barton	18	14	4	.778
W. Freytag	19	10	9	.526
D. Monarch	20	10	10	.500
L. Baldwin	19	9	10	.474
T. Monarch	27	11	16	.407
W. Wilkins	19	6	13	.316

—BASE-BALL: The first of the series of five games to be played between the two first nines, for the championship of the University and also for gold medals, was played Monday afternoon, and a large crowd was present and witnessed the defeat of Captain Roby's "Whites." The "Blacks" three runs in the first inning seemed to have disheartened the "Whites," and the game was one-sided until the seventh inning when the "Whites" made a desperate effort to regain the lost ground, but did not succeed. The game abounded in errors, and out of the total of 21 runs only two were earned. The following is the

SCORE:

	A.	B.	R.	I.	B.	S.	H.	P.	O.	A.	E.
BLACKS.											
O'Neill, s. s.,	6	2	2	0	0	7	1				
St. Clair, l. f.,	3	2	1	0	3	0	0				
McCarrick, p.,	5	2	0	0	1	7	0				
Chassaing, 3d. b.,	4	2	2	1	2	5	1				
Covert, c.,	3	0	1	0	6	2	1				
Burns, 2d b.,	4	1	0	0	5	5	1				
Bauer, c. f.,	4	1	0	0	0	0	1				
Marckhoff, r. f.,	4	2	1	0	0	0	0				
Beck, 1st b.,	3	1	1	0	7	0	6				
Total	36	13	8	1	27	26	11				
WHITES.											
Flannigan, s. s.,	3	3	0	0	1	4	0				
Maynes, r. f.,	5	2	2	0	0	0	0				
McKee, 3d b.,	5	1	1	0	2	4	2				
Roby, l. f.,	5	0	0	1	1	0	0				
Schmidt, c.,	4	0	0	0	8	4	2				
Fuuke, p.,	5	0	2	0	3	8	0				
Cullen, 2d b.,	4	1	1	0	4	3	1				
Thorn, 1st b.,	4	0	0	0	8	0	4				
Flynn, c. f.,	4	1	0	0	0	0	0				
Total	39	8	6	1	27	23	9				

SCORE BY INNINGS:—1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9
 BLACKS:—3 0 5 0 0 1 0 2 2=13
 WHITES:—0 1 1 0 2 0 4 0 0=8

Summary: *Earned runs*—"Whites," 2. *Two base hit*—McKee. *Double play*—O'Neill to Burns to Beck. *Base on balls*—off Funke, 10; McCarrick, 2. *Hit by pitched ball*—Flannigan. *Struck out*—O'Neill, McCarrick, 2; Bauer, Marckhoff, Beck, 2; Flannigan, Maynes, 2; Roby, 2; Funke, Cullen. *Passed balls*—Schmidt, 3; Covert, 2. *Wild pitches*—Funke, 2; McCarrick, 1. Time 2 hours, 30 minutes. Umpire, Hannin. Scorer, P. W. Foley.

Field-Day.

Field day was anxiously looked forward to by the contestants and their friends as the day of days with them. As it approached nearer the interest taken increased until nearly every one had his favorite in each event, and was busy telling wherein his particular favorite had the advantage of his opponents. All were disheartened Monday evening by the restlessness of the clouds; but their fears were dispelled on arising Tuesday morning, and there had not been a more delightful day during the past month than Tuesday. It was an ideal day, and all felt that Notre Dame would hold her place and rank first in college athletics in Indiana, and equal those of any Western college.

The Juniors held their events in the Brownson campus in the morning and made a very creditable showing. At 1.30 sharp Bro. Paul gave the signal for the events to begin, and announced that Bro. Leander and Prof. Neil would act as time-keepers, while Prof. Kivlin would act as judge.

The events of the day where all interest centered were the first 100 yard dash and the 220 yard run, the contestants being Messrs. Sinnott, Healy and Gibson for gold medals. Mr. Healy won both events last fall, but it was necessary to win in the spring in order to secure the medals. The signal was given for the 100 yard dash, and all the contestants came up to the scratch quickly. After a few preliminary strides the word was given, and a thousand voices were shouting: "They're off!" Sinnott was a little slow at the start, but immediately gained the ground lost, and when the fifty yards were reached led his opponents by ten feet and kept it until the finish, making the run in $10\frac{3}{4}$ sec., with Gibson second and Healy third. This tied Sinnott and Healy for the grand gold medal, and after a little rest the word was given that they would contest for the final "go," with Gibson running for second place. When they appeared on the track a look of determination was noted on their countenances, and after a little parleying they went off at the report of a pistol with Sinnott in the lead, and they came down the track like a shot each man straining every nerve to gain the lead; but Sinnott's seven-foot stride was too much for them, who gradually forged ahead, winning in the remarkable time of $10\frac{1}{4}$, which beats the Indiana collegiate record.

The second hundred yard dash had five starters: Krembs, Cooke, Curran, Fortiscue and Keough; they were divided, Messrs. Krembs, Cooke and Curran going in the first race, Krembs winning with Curran 2d and Cooke 3d. Time, 11 seconds. In the second race Messrs. Keough and Fortiscue strove for supremacy and Keough won in $10\frac{3}{4}$ seconds. The winners and seconds in both races were again started, Keough winning, Krembs second and Curran third. Time, 11 seconds.

The next great event was the 220 yard run, with Messrs. Sinnott, Healy, Gibson and Keough for starters. They were sent off together, and Sinnott at once took the lead, and also the pole from Gibson, and they came around the sharp turn at a rapid rate, and as they approached the home stretch it was easily seen that the man from Oregon began to let himself out and came like a whirlwind to the tape line, making the run in $23\frac{1}{4}$ seconds, with Gibson second and Healy 3d. Keough did not get a place, having dropped out at the turn. On account of the sharp turn it is claimed that the track is nearly one second slow. M. J. McGarry was distanced.

The next great event was the hurdle race with R. Healy, F. Rogers, L. Gibson, and R. Sinnott as starters. R. Healy won the race with L. Gibson second and F. Rogers third.

In the mile race there were seven starters; Messrs. R. Healy, M. Quinlan, R. Whitehead, E. Linehan, J. Cooke, P. Crawley, F. Rogers. In the second lap Healy fell out, Quinlan winning, with Linehan second and Rogers third.

In the bicycle race there were three starters, Messrs. Donohue, Covert and Hunt. Hunt's wheel broke on the sixth lap, and Messrs. Donohue and Covert had a close race for first place, Donohue winning.

In the pole vault, M. Quinlan broke the college record which has been 9 feet 2 inches, by jumping 9 feet 4 inches. Mr. Quinlan also secured the Connable all-around medal for the best athlete at Notre Dame. The following are the events and the winners:

One Hundred Yard Dash—R. Sinnott, first; Gibson, second; Healy, third. Time, $10\frac{1}{4}$ seconds.

Second Hundred Yard Dash—F. Keough, first; Krembs, second; Curran, third. Time, $10\frac{3}{4}$ seconds.

Putting 16 Pound Shot—N. Dinkel, first; M. Quinlan, second. Distance, 36 feet 3 inches.

High Jump—N. Dinkel, first; J. O'Connor, second. Height, 5 feet 2 inches.

Pole Vault for Height—M. Quinlan, first; P. Crawley, second. Height, 9 feet 4 inches.

Throwing 15 Pound Hammer—N. Dinkel, first; M. Quinlan, second. Distance, 86 feet 2 inches.

One Hundred and Twenty Yard Hurdle—R. Healy, first; L. Gibson, second; F. Rogers, third. Time, 20 seconds.

Running Broad Jump—E. Krembs, first; L. Gibson, second; J. Ring, third. Distance, 18 feet 3 inches.

Two Hundred and Twenty Yard Run—R. Sinnott, first; L. Gibson, second; R. Healy, third. Time, $23\frac{1}{4}$ seconds.

Running Hop-Step-and-Jump—E. Krembs, first; F. McCarthy, second; L. Gibson, 3d. Time, 39 feet 6 inches.

One Mile Run—M. Quinlan, first; E. Linehan, second; F. Rogers, 3d. Time, 5 minutes 19 second.

Five Mile Bicycle Race—F. Donohue, first; W. Covert, second. Time, 17 minutes 21 seconds.

Throwing Baseball—W. Covert, first; L. Gibson, second; M. Quinlan, 3d. Distance, 326 feet 4 inches.

JUNIOR SPORTS.

Never before in the annals of Carroll Hall was there an enthusiasm greater than that which prevailed amongst the contestants for honors on last Tuesday—field-day. For some time past the boys had been preparing for the sports, urged on by a true love for athletics. In all, the programme contained twenty-two heads of which only nine were then carried out, the rest being postponed. The events of the day were:

I. *One Hundred Yard Dash*—1st heat: 1st, Klees; 2d, Covert. 2d heat: 1st, Hack; 2d, Jones. Final heat: 1st, Hack; 2d, Jones; 3d, Klees. Time, 11 3-5.

II. *One Hundred Yard Dash*—1st heat: 1st, Lawlor; 2d, McPhillips. 2d Heat: 1st, Lane; 2d, McDermott. Final heat: 1st, Lawlor; 2d, McDermott; 3d, Lane.

III. *One Hundred Yard Dash*—(a) 1st, Romero; 2d, Lowrey; 3d, Reis. (b) 1st, Heizman; 2d, Finnerty; 3d, Langevin.

IV. *One Hundred Yard Dash*—1st, Krollman; 2d, O'Brien; 3d, Thomas D. Burns.

V. *Two Hundred and Twenty Yard Run*—1st, Gibson; 2d, Hack; 3d, Covert.

VI. *Three Mile Bicycle Race*—1st, Maguire. Time, 12-37 2-5; 2d, D. Monarch. Time, 12-57.

VII. *Two Mile Bicycle Race*—1st, O'Mara; 2d, Dorsey. Time, 8.

VIII. *One Mile Bicycle Race*—1st, Baldauf; 2d, G. Zoehrlaut.

IX. *One Mile Run*—1st, H. Miles.

Books and Periodicals.

AN OCTAVE TO MARY. By Rev. John B. Tabb, Baltimore: John Murphy & Co.

This is a collection of eight short poems in honor of the Blessed Virgin by one who is well known in the field of poesy. In the gems herewith presented to the public he sets forth, with true poetic expression and religious feeling, the sublime dignity of the ever-blessed Mother of God and her exalted position in the economy of man's Redemption. How beautifully is the expression of the great mystery of the Incarnation intensified in this little stanza:

THE DEBTOR CHRIST.

What, Woman, is My debt to thee,
That I should not deny
The boon thou dost demand of Me?
"I gave Thee power to die."

The work is artistically gotten up in oblong octavo, blue cloth, gilt edges and adorned with a finely engraved frontispiece from Burne-Jones' famous painting, "The Annunciation."

MEMOIRS OF CHAPLAIN LIFE. By Very Rev. W. Corby, C. S. C., Notre Dame, Ind. 1893.

Though much has been written about the history, scenes and incidents of the late Civil War, yet one interesting and instructive feature of army life had been left untouched until the publication of the above-named work. It is not hard to realize that the duties of an army chaplain in active service, together with the intimate relations, which his position brings him into, not only with the officers but also

with the individual private soldier, must, in proportion to the length of his time of service, give a special knowledge of men and motives, and furnish many an incident which will add new material for a comprehensive history.

Very Rev. Father Corby, in his "Memoirs," has done much towards supplying the long existing deficiency in the literature of the late War. His book contains the reminiscences of three years spent in the "Army of the Potomac" under McClellan, Burnside, Hooker, Meade and Grant. The work begins with a sketch of the famous "Irish Brigade," in which he served as chaplain, and with which he was connected during his whole term of service. The commander of the Brigade was the famous Gen. Thomas Francis Meagher, to whose name and fame Father Corby pays a glowing tribute, and, from his own personal knowledge and observation shows how unjust was the epithet of "butcher" which had been applied to that gallant General in those "stirring times."

Following the campaign of the army, the narrative, though centering upon the occupations and duties of a chaplain, enters into many an interesting detail, descriptive of battle scenes and experiences with the wounded and dying, the exercise of the ministry in camp life, which altogether make a very readable and timely volume. Several important chapters in the work are contributed by the Rev. Father Egan, one of the chaplains of the Brigade, and Major General St. Clair A. Mulholland, of Philadelphia, one of the brave and efficient officers in command during the campaign. The work is illustrated with portraits of the Comte de Paris, one of the aides-de-camps of General McClellan, and of the priests of Holy Cross—Fathers Carrier, Cooney, J. Dillon, and Paul Gillen who were chaplains at the same time with the Rev. author. We bespeak for the work a wide circulation.

Roll of Honor.

SORIN HALL.

Messrs. Ahlrichs, Bolton, Brown, Correll, Combe, Coady, Crawley, Chute, Dechant, Flannery, Flannigan, J. Fitzgerald, C. Fitzgerald, Hannin, Jewett, Joslyn, Kearney, Kunert, Maurus, F. McKee, McCarrick, Neef, Powers, Quinlan, Ragan, Raney, C. Scherrer, E. Scherrer, Schillo, Schaack, Sinnott, Schopp.

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Correspondence.

SCHENECTADY, N. Y., May 27.

EDITOR SCHOLASTIC:

My stage ride to South Bend, on the beautiful May morning I left Notre Dame, was an enjoyable one. The exhilarating air, with a gentle breeze, was delightful. Among my happy fellow-passengers was my friend Mr. A., a very promising young lawyer of Brownson Hall. Dressed in his new spring suit, he was on that morning, I must say, the beau-ideal of the University student. Besides we had one of the professional base-ball players of Sorin Hall, and Father M., the pulpit orator of Notre Dame.

At South Bend the same "old go," since the last snow falls of '92; the bustling of passengers, the come and go of teams and pedestrians, all seeming to be in a hurry one more than the other. The advantages of peace and quietness which we enjoy at Notre Dame are only fully

realized by students when they leave there to go out into the world.

Arriving at Detroit at about sunset, the electric lights already illumined the city. I stopped over till the next evening in order not to miss hearing Mass on Sunday. Allow me to say a few words about the city of the Straits. Detroit seems to be a well-built, and a very enterprising city. In size it has a population of two hundred and fifty thousand inhabitants. It was my pleasure to visit its water-works, which are the largest in the New World. To watch its gigantic and powerful engines at work gives a feeling of sublimity. Needless to say that the city has a very interesting history, and that many heroic adventures between the Iroquois and other nations are connected with it. The River Detroit, with its countless crafts, steam boats of all sizes, and for all purposes, plying its surface, both by night and by day, is, without doubt, one of the most beautiful and enjoyable sheets of water in and around the shores of North America.

The interiors of some of the Catholic churches in the city of Detroit are well worth going to see while in the city. That of St. Anne's, in the parish of the Canadians, with its pure Gothic architecture, is the most magnificent. Its very high ceiling with its powerful and melodious sounding organ, accompanied by a rich male tenor voice, made Vesper music, while I was there in the latter part of the afternoon, very delightful. This church was first built in 1701 by the two missionary priests who accompanied Antoine Lamnen de La Moeth Cadillac, the Catholic founder of Detroit, who was then governor of the French colony in that district. The exterior of SS. Peter and Paul's does not correspond to its magnificent interior of pure Roman architecture. The singing there, rendered by a choir of young ladies, accompanied with organ at Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament in the evening, was, I thought, about the most edifying music I had ever heard.

On my way returning to my hotel, whom should I meet but a former student and my classmate of Notre Dame, Mr. Leo Thome, who enjoys the reputation of being one of the best book-keepers in that city, at the handsome salary of fifteen hundred dollars a year. This is not so bad for a commercial graduate of Notre Dame.

I resumed my journey at half-past ten o'clock that evening and arrived at my place of business in the afternoon of the next day. I am doing well with the *Ave Maria* in connection with my other business. I hope the most of the students, when leaving after Commencement, will bring sample copies of the *Ave Maria* with them, and canvass for that most excellent Catholic magazine devoted to the honor of the Blessed Virgin. I hope all the students at Notre Dame are well, and that they will enjoy a splendid vacation.

One of the boys,
R. DELANEY.