

THE NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.

DISCE · QUASI · SEMPER · VICTURUS ·

VIVE · QUASI · CRAS · MORITURUS ·

VOL. XXVII.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, OCTOBER 28, 1893.

No. 8.

Longfellow.

BY D. C.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow was born in Portland, Me., Feb. 27, 1807. It was a singular coincidence that Longfellow, descending from Pilgrim and Puritan stock, should be born not only with a poet's voice and ear, but with an aptitude for letters amounting to a sixth sense, a bookishness assimilative as that of Lamb or Hunt; that he should be reared in a typical Eastern town, open alike to polite influences and to the freshness and beauty of the Northern Sea.

When he reached the proper age at which a youth must needs go to college, he entered Harvard. Here he was to have health, friendship and ease, the opportunity for travel and equal work and fame, with scarcely an abrupt turn or flurry or drought or storm to the very end. Even his duties served in the direction of a literary bent, confirming his mastery of languages whose poetry and romance were his treasure-house. He wrote his text-books at an age when most poets go a-gypsying. At the age of twenty-six he made his translation of the "Coplas de Marnique," a rendering so grave and sonorous that if now first printed it would be caught up with a craze, instead of going to the paper mill. Longfellow's prose tales show us his mental equipment, and give the clew to his well-adjusted life.

Apropos of prose writings we make a grave mistake by neglecting to speak of Longfellow's "Outre-Mer" (1835), in which the young poet's

sketch-book reports his first transition from cloister life to travel and experience. It is a journey of sentiment. All the world was Arcady, a land of beauty and romance; and, caring for nothing else, he found these in the sunny nooks of France, Spain and Italy. "Hyperion" (1839) shows what changes four years can bring about while still the man is young. The atmosphere of this book is that of Germany and Switzerland; but its shadows came from the maker's heart; he had been bereaved.

The opening phrase is a poet's grief that consoles itself with imagery: "The setting of a great hope is like the setting of the sun." Void of real anguish, it still suggested an ideal, a purpose beyond mere book-craft. The sketches, diversified with not too frequent musing, the feeble plot, the daintiness of words, all bear witness that "Hyperion" is the work of an idyllist. The poet's second maxim is found in "Kavanagh" (1849), a tale with less freshness than "Hyperion," but fashioned by the hand of a writer in his prime. It was his nearest approach to a novel. As before, the gist of the tale is in a text, placed, with due regard to convention, at the beginning:—

"The flighty purpose never is o'ertook
Unless the deed go with it."

This bit of wisdom has been deeply considered by the author. Nothing afterward tempted Longfellow from poetic composition, except the illustrations of the "Poetry of Europe," and late in life, the editing of "Poems of Places," and the heroic labor of his complete version of "The Divine Comedy." The "Voices of the Night" (1839), his own first collection, was postponed until after a long experience of translation and prose work. It appeared in his thirty-third year and met with instant favor.

Only nine new pieces were in the book. These, with the translations following, have characteristics that his verse continued to display. Later pieces of these poems show that Longfellow caught the manner of the poet Heine, whose principles he severely condemned.

Prototypes of Longfellow's maturer work are found in "The Reaper," "The Psalm of Life," and "The Beleaguered City," "The Midnight Mass for the Dying Year," against which Poe brought a mincing charge of plagiarism, is as strong and conjuring as anything its author lived to write. The translation deserved very high praise.

His volume of 1841, "Ballads and Other Poems," may be compared with Tennyson's volume of the ensuing year, in that it confirmed its author's standing and indicated the full extent of his genius as a poet. "The Skeleton in Armor" is one of his many greatly esteemed poems. A few others mostly of the sea, count high in any estimate of Longfellow. "The Wreck of the Hesperus," though not without blemishes, is another of his great poems. "Evangeline" (1847), in hexameter, ranks with the great poems of the world. It shows Longfellow's genius as a poet. This poem shows his taste very highly, when he selected hexameter as the metre.

What fine hexameters we have in the Bible: "Husbands, love your wives, and be not bitter against them"; and also in this line: "God is gone up with a shout, the Lord with the sound of a trumpet!" Nothing could be grander than that! Notwithstanding its primitive and loose construction, the verse of "Evangeline" is at times vigorously wrought and sonorous:

"Wild through the dark colonnades and corridors leafy
the blast rang
Breaking the seal of silence, and giving tongues to the
forest.
Soundless above them the banners of moss just stirred
to the music.
Multitudinous echoes awoke and died in the distance,
Over the watery floor, and beneath the reverberant
branches."

In "Evangeline" there is but one figure whom we shall follow, that one the most touching of all—the betrothed "Evangeline" searching for her lover through weary years and over half an unknown world. There are flaws and petty fancies and homely passages in "Evangeline"; but this one poem, thus far the flower of American idyls, known in all lands, I will not approach in a critical spirit.

"Hiawatha" (1855) is written in rhymeless

trochaic dimeter, a measure then practically unknown to English verse. "Hiawatha" is a forest poem; it is fragrant with the woods, fresh with the sky and waters of the breezy north. The Indian traditions, like those of Finland, are the myths of an untutored race. Longfellow's use of the Indian dialect and names is delightful. Very few allusions can compare with those which the poet has recaptured for his episode of "The Building of the Canoe," the death of Minnehaha, and Hiawatha's mystical farewell.

"The Courtship of Miles Standish" (1858) was an advance upon "Evangeline," so far as concerns structure and the distinct characterization of personages. The verse, though stronger, is more labored than that of "Evangeline"; some of the lines are prosaic, almost inadmissible. Among other chief poems are: "The Spanish Student" (1843), "The Golden Legend" (1851), "The Seaside and the Fireside" (1849), "Tales of a Wayside Inn" (1863, 1874), and many others. His sonnets were few but great. To sum up all in a few words the life of Longfellow, would be to say that he was America's greatest poet, one of whom she can justly be proud. Longfellow died at Cambridge, Mass., March 24, 1882.

College Snob Papers.

IV.

CAMPUS BIRDS.

I promised to recall for you my promenade in your campus. Faithful to my word, I will recount the incidents which happened to me there; but I sincerely hope, gentle reader, that we have not met each other in quality of snob *vs.* anti-snob.

Man is a rational creature, philosophy tells us; but really I am often inclined to the belief that he oftentimes sacrifices his rations of wisdom by too frequent outbursts of genius and wit. In the case of Campus Birds, an unfamiliar family of aves, this is strictly the rule. The first of these birds to welcome me within their domain was a most docile swallow, with a lamb-like countenance, as few swallows have, who seemed—judging from the glossy appearance of his head-tuft—to have taken his daily ducking a short while before my coming. I concluded otherwise, shortly after, when he explained to me the excellent properties of cosmetics.

Whilst trying to look deeply interested in all the information he gratuitously diffused, we were accosted by a pair of guinea hens, attired in checkered suits of gray and white, who came chuckling up to my entertainer, the swallow, wishing to be introduced to me. I feigned great concern at meeting them, and pretended to be charmed by their neat demeanor and airy discourse. I was not at ease, however, until they left us to take a drink of water at the pump. I inferred from the glowing condition of their faces that they doubtless needed it.

I found my companion growing very amiable as time passed. With his well-made, brown upper garment (from which chiefly I derive his name), tiny limbs and pinched features, he was a swallow every inch of him. I assert further he spoke like a swallow! He seemed to have gathered together the monosyllabic words of the dictionary for his special utility. Thus, he said to me when I bade him good-bye: "Bye-bye! come back to see me soon, old boy." I would have preferred him to omit the "old boy" altogether! But let me not lose the thread of my narrative. My partner, I remember, excused himself, saying he would return shortly; and flying away, I saw him disappear through the wide door of a building which I soon after learned to be the gymnasium. I wondered what could be his object in leaving me so unexpectedly! Was it a snob trick to plant one in this manner, usual with sparrows? Walking over to a bench near by, I gazed at the various groups of characters around me, meditating the while; when a valiant snob, I might denominate a rooster—a bashaw of the kingdom approached me. He was gaily arrayed "à la fighting cock" in a red jacket and short pants, with stockings to match, his feet encased in light pumps. Seeing the muscular fellow advance, as if bent on a contentious mission, I felt far from assured of my position, not knowing his motive for engaging me. I quickly realized that I had no reason to apprehend for my safety. On the contrary, the valiant rooster bowed, and in a few drawled words gave me to understand that my friend Heyschull (the swallow) awaited me in the gymnasium where he had organized, for my amusement, a boxing bout between himself, the fighting-cock, and another aspiring snob of pugilism. I was pleased and astonished at this; pleased to be furnished with something to further recreate me, and astonished that Heyschull had the influence to provide an entertainment of this description.

I proceeded in company with the rooster to the gymnasium followed by a covey of young, unprincipled Puffins. There I found Heyschull, who ran to greet me, divested of his swallow tail and installed as grand master of ceremonies. I was obliged to be friendly and shook hands with about twenty gay-feathered tooters who twittered on every side of me, until I was fairly *abasourdi* as the French will have it, with the riddles and conundrums propounded, and longed for the contest to begin. The signal was given. My proud champion from cockdom came smiling into the arena which had been made, preceding a tall, red-haired, sinewy fellow, recognized by the chirping crowd under the appellation of "Tit Willow."

A friendly trial of the manly art ensued, in which great interest was manifested throughout. Some rivalry, as is natural between great boxers, relative to which possessed the superior skill, had undoubtedly existed between the combatants.

Encouraged by the presence of a stranger, and the frenzied shrieks from several cockatoo throats near me, each seemed determined to win the victory. The result proved totally indecisive, however; though, I am glad to state, that, further than bleeding noses, no harm was done.

I departed from the scene with my friend Fullred, who had joined me at the close of the bout, taking leave of Heyschull, whom we found engaged in donning his *swallow tail*. He made me the characteristic farewell I have noted above, and we left the grounds, myself feeling like an old lark.

We have spoken in our foregoing paper of a class of snobs found within the boundaries of the recreation yard; "campus birds" they were styled. Would that each of them had the eye of the eagle that, soaring upwards and directing their flight towards the sun, they might wander in space and never more descend upon earth to distract guileless mortals!

But they are not alone! You would discredit me, no doubt, never having suspected it, were I to inform you that a galaxy of stars—luminaries of great import—had abandoned their lofty station in the high dome of the firmament to come down to shine amongst us? Yet such, I assure you, has taken place. Yes, another addition to the college classification of snobdom has to be made. Diffusing their brightness in your noblest ranks, in your various Polite Art Associations, we shall permit ourselves—if the approach is not too dazzling—to study

them in these their special earthly province, recording them as society stars.

Siræus Blewtint is a lovely young man—so refined, so accomplished! You have, doubtless, noted certain students for the application and talent which they display in relation to their studies; but who, taken at a meeting of the “Hardlithær Association,” appear ill at ease and somewhat unfamiliar with the proceedings of the assembly. Siræus Blewtint is totally unlike these: his puissant qualities altogether reverse the scale. Deploring, as he does, such unpardonable lack of true knowledge in the above gentlemen, his success is in the latter, not in the former field of action. He looks forward to the weekly reunions of the “Sansousi Society” with the eagerness of a Tantalus reaching for cooling draughts of water. There and there only he presumes to shine; there he is in his sphere. Fired with a spirit of self-opinion he cudgels his brain for days ahead, figuring the impression he will produce with his new selection, “The Flag for Freedom Waving,” and the way the boys will envy the graceful contour of his figure, apparelled in that “stunning” Prince-Albert with a gross Alaska diamond encumbering a flashy nectie. Whilst at other times he finds it expedient to cater to all tastes and accept the theories of the most inferior scholar, in his hour of triumph, when a meeting of the above-named body is about to be held, none are equal to him. His cervical vertebræ are curved back fifteen degrees, and he assumes the dignified air of a Pasha. With his massive watch chain, borrowed medals and other dangling ornaments, he will pass through the corridors overlooking you imperatively. He sweeps by with a matter-of-fact expression which none but important personages, like himself, are supposed to wear, and rushes up the stairs to seek the Sansousi Society President’s apartment where, knocking frantically at the door, which is quickly opened to his impatient rapping, he may be seen gesticulating in a wild manner apparently delivering his judgment on some supposedly urgent and momentous questions. Assuredly there is no cause for such agitation on his part. Likely enough the weighty matter, if such exists, does not concern him. It is more probably a trivial bubble for which he thus disturbs the president to ask if his thumb should be turned this way or that way, whilst declaiming the line “The thunder roared within the angry cloud.” On being told that this way is proper, he replies: “That’s what I thought,” which is not usually the case at all.

But I am mistaken when I say that Blewtint has no equal. This is perhaps true when attesting the success of his assumptions; but in point of ambition rivals present themselves. Conspicuous among these must be mentioned two twin stars, Castor and Pollux Trihard, who strive with their utmost powers to emulate Siræus in brightness.

Stars, as well as birds, may flock together; hence the reason why, instead of disdaining the presumptuous advances of the Messrs. Trihard, Siræus deigns to recognize them as disciples of his ability. There is policy in this measure.

You may sometimes notice the three congregated in the assembly hall, half an hour before the meeting is called, addressing one another by such fondish titles as “Siræus, old fellow,” “Cast, my boy,” and “Pollux, you trump.” Such hypocrisy! Bitter detestation is between them at heart; yet they unconsciously must bend to the natural attraction and to the influence which each respectively exerts upon the other.

The time for the meeting nears! The lesser stars rotate slowly into the room, gradually assuming their positions. Those beside Siræus appear greatly stimulated. He is likely telling them of the wonderful ardor with which he will beam ere the proceedings are over. Castor and Pollux are also centres of attraction, and have drawn around themselves admiring satellites, not comparable, however, in number nor in elevated aspirations to the attendants of Siræus.

A sudden transition is effected by the call to order, and the assembly enters upon the transaction of its regular business. The literary programme has begun! Glittering orbs are successively observed in varying stages of motion, emitting rays of sublime eloquence affecting all present, and then a change occurs. The exercises are terminated, and the system of assembled bodies is dissolved. Siræus, Castor, Pollux and the others may be seen rambling to their yielding couches to awake the next morning and engage in vain boastings of their previous evening’s doings. Gentle reader, be not a snob, be not a society star.

B. B.

OF all vices the most hurtful to society, of all wrongs the most irreparable, of all crimes the blackest, is certainly calumny.

PARADOXICAL as it may seem, people who are inclined to be fat are often the least inclined to be so.

Irish Literature.

Some would-be wiseacres profess to believe that there is no Irish literature in existence. Others assert that if it does exist it is only a flat, stale and unprofitable imitation of the English. These beliefs and impressions are on a par with the notion that the history of Ireland begins only, as English school books assure us, with the invasion of the Norman—her previous career having been lost, forsooth, in the shadows of a legendary past. These utterly fallacious ideas have been mainly propagated by such Anglo-Saxon historians as Hume and Froude, and by newspapers like the *London Times* and the *St. James' Gazette*. As England has still to a certain extent the ear of the world, these calumnies find general current circulation, and give the public distorted views of the literature and history of Ireland.

In this paper I propose proving that Ireland had in the very dawn of time a literature of her own, and that when most other nations, British included, were plunged in barbarism and moral degradation, Ireland was the home not only of learning, but also of civic virtue and civilization. It may appear strange to some modern minds, but it is no less true that Pagan Innisfail was for centuries a land of poets and lawgivers. Annual games, resembling the Olympic games of ancient Greece, were held on Tara's hill in the County Meath, or in the Place of Carmen, County Wexford. These exercises, which were partly of an athletic and partly of an intellectual character, were frequented and taken part in by representatives from all portions of the country.

The intellectual programme was a very interesting one. Historians read their records or annals; poets recited battle odes and legends; seannachies told fairy tales, and Brehons promulgated laws. Prose and verse were written at that time on stone by the druids in Osham characters, which resembled those of Sanscrit. Of these tablets there are 260 extant to-day, among them being the books of Leinster and Ballymote. Subsequently, as generations passed by, wood, lead, brass and prepared skins were employed for writing purposes. Parchment came into use a short time before the Christian era.

Among the early pagan poets of Ireland were Amergin, the brother of Heber and Heremon, the first Milesian sovereigns of that king-

dom; Hugh, foster child of Queen Tuillte, who flourished 1000 years before the coming of Christ, who knew all the arts and sciences of that day and sang of the glories of his motherland in mellifluous melodies; and Ossian, our Irish Homer, of whom it may well be said that though his feet walked the earth the fancies of his chainless mind travelled among the luminous stars, visiting new worlds of thought and imagination, dazzlingly lustrous as the wonderland of dreams. Ossian's inspirations resounded to the clash and clamor of arms. Listening to their music you could hear the shock or clangor of bucklers on embossed shields, the triumphant cries of the victor, the wail of the vanquished, the groans of the dying and the solemn silence of the dead when the combat is over and the battle flags are furled. In other effusions of his you might well imagine that you were listening to the clear crystal notes of the hunting horn echoing through the picturesque hills and valleys of the land, as the Fenian knights, straight as oaks, tall and stalwart as giants, riding their mettlesome steeds, chased well the hounds, the fox and antlered deer through the forests of Erin. To the battle and chase succeeded the delightful hours when warriors and hunters made love to fair maids, and Cupid's bow and arrow replaced the horn and sword. Some of these old Gaelic love poems are veritable gems of beauty. I cannot better illustrate their fine imagery than by quoting Ossian's lines on the first meeting of Fionn and his lady love:

"Fionn heard the weeping of a woman. She sat on the banks of the lake; there the young damsel wept; her face and her figure were lovely. Her cheeks were redder than the rose; her mouth was like the berries; as the blossom was her chalky neck; her bosom was as fair as the lime. The color of gold was on her hair, and her eyes were like frosty stars."

In those early days, and for centuries afterward, poets were indeed the most privileged individuals in the land next to the kings. They lived on the generosity of the state. 'Twere well indeed to have been a bard in that age of unalloyed gold, when the aspirant to the favor of the masses had not to run the gauntlet with poverty, to starve in an attic, or vegetate, as Thoreau did, on baked Boston beans and pure spring water. Our Irish lyrists of those far-off days sat at the right hand of the king at table, partook of the richest viands, drank the choicest usquebaugh from the goldenest of goblets, and were, in fact, the lions of every feast. On the battlefield, the person of a bard

was as sacred as that of a druid. Even in the shock of opposing armies on the battlefield it was considered a great sacrilege to strike him or wound him. He passed to and fro during the fray among the battalions of his king, striking the chords of his harp to inspiring music, urging the brave to the accomplishment of braver deeds, chiding the laggard, and consoling the weary by the art of his magic melody. The bards, however, fell into disrepute in the course of time, as many of them abused the privileges of their order. Still they continued to flourish down to the middle of the eighteenth century, the last of them all being Carolan, who was born in 1670. Carolan played the harp to the music and words of his own verses, and wandered about from parish to parish, like a poor scholar, enjoying the hospitality of every homestead he entered, for he was most popular everywhere. He composed lively lyrics for baptisms and weddings and the saddest of dirges for wakes. Early in life he became enamored of Bridget Cruise; but Bridget fought shy of his attentions, and they separated. Years subsequently, when Carolan was stone blind, he met his former lady love, and recognized her by the touch of her hand—a pathetic incident which he has immortalized in one of his most passionate poems.

So much for the purely bardic literature of Ireland. Its prose literature was historic or legendary, or a blending of fact and fancy. The scenes of some of these stories were laid in Tirnanog—the fairies' kingdom—others in Hy Brazil, a vanishing island of gold that used to be seen at times by mortal eyes riding on the billows of the Atlantic; but no mortal foot ever trod its mystic ground; for those who attempted to reach it went down in ships to the bottomless depths of the sea. The most interesting literary relics of these early ages are the three tragical stories of Erin—"The Fate of the Children of Lir," the "Fate of the Children of Tuirenn," and that of Deirdre, the latter of which formed the subject of a magnificent epic of the late Dr. Robert Dwyer Joyce. In these tales we behold the subtle, perfervid, rapid, graceful and versatile powers of the Celtic brain, as well as the fertility of its imagination. From the Norman Invasion down to the close of the last century the thought and fancy of the Gael found expression in the Gaelic—a language as softly sweet as the murmured whispers of an Æolian harp, or magnificently sonorous as the ocean's voice when it dashes itself to foam on a shingly shore. At an unfortunate

hour for Ireland the Irish language became practically a language of the past. As the late Rev. Michael Mullen, onetime Professor at Notre Dame, so pathetically put it:

"Through cold neglect 'tis dying now—a stranger on our shore;
No Tara's Hall re-echoes to its music as of yore;
No Lawrence fires the Celtic clans round leaguered Athaclee,
No Shannon wafts from Limerick's towers their war song to the sea.
Ah, magic tongue! that round us wove its spells so soft and clear;
Ah, pleasant tongue! whose murmurs were as music to the ear,
Ah, glorious tongue! whose accents would each Celtic heart enthrall—
Ah, rushing tongue! that sounded like the swollen torrent's fall,
The tongue that in the senate was lightning flashing bright,
Whose echo in the battle was the thunder in its might—
That tongue which once in chieftain's hall poured loud the minstrel lay,
As chieftain, serf or minstrel old, is silent there to-day—
That tongue, whose shout dismayed the foe at Kong and Mullaghmast,
Like those who nobly perished there, is numbered with the past!"

The leading contributions in the Gaelic tongue to the history of Ireland are undoubtedly the "Annals of the Four Masters." This great work had its genesis in the fertile brain of a poor Franciscan monk named O'Clery, who lived in the fifteenth century. During the term of my residence some years ago in Louvain I saw the college, once that of St. Anthony, now a Christian Brothers' Institute, where the great ecclesiastic planned the lines on which that remarkable book was subsequently written. It was in these cloisters, or under the shade of the maple trees in the courtyard, that he sketched out its proportions in his mind's eye. It was in one of these little cells that he often burned the midnight taper in careful study of old Irish MSS. which belonged to the college library. Brother O'Clery was a native of Donegal, and could trace his lineage to the Brehons of Tyrconnell. Learning was the traditional characteristic of his family, and well and faithfully did Brother O'Clery adhere to the family tradition. Shortly after he conceived the idea of the annals, he left Louvain for Ireland, in 1620, seven years before the flag of the Kilkenny Confederation waved from the towers of St. Canice. The learned monk wandered over Ireland, plunging into musty archives, copying antique registries and picking up here and there, in hall, cot and shieling, oral records and traditions of the past.

When he had concluded his researches he retired with two scions of his own family and one of the O'Durgenans of Roscommon to the Friary of Donegal, that sanctuary of Irish lore, within earshot of the billows of the Atlantic, of which McGee sang centuries afterward as follows:

"Whene'er I go a pilgrim
Back, dear holy isle, to thee,
May my filial footsteps bear me
To that abbey by the sea—
To that abbey, roofless, doorless,
Shrineless, monkless though it be."

Here for ten years worked these four masters, with all the enthusiasm of mediæval clerics, over their labor of love. Such, in brief, is the history of the compilation of the annals. Among the other illustrious Irish scholars of that age were Luke Wadding, a native of Waterford, author of "The Annals of the Franciscan Order," and Dr. Stapleton, a native of Clare, who was president of the University of Louvain. In other seats of learning, such as those of the Sorbonne and of Padua, Irishmen held professors' chairs, and ranked high among the literati of Europe.

The last school of Gaelic poetry was the Jacobite one, which came into existence after the final defeat of James II. at the Boyne. The Irish people, curiously enough, were loyal to this dethroned monarch of England, who may have had some good qualities, but who was not by any means the type of a popular hero or a daring and chivalrous warrior.

These Jacobite lyrics were fierce in their denunciation of Shaun Buidhe, or "Yellow John"—a nickname applied by the peasantry to William of Orange—and were at the same time characterized by a flattering laudation of his father-in-law, as they were subsequently of 'bonnie Prince Charlie,' the last of the Jacobite pretenders, who was known as the "little white blackbird," and for whose return to the throne of his ancestors they sighed so vainly and so long. These effusions were, generally speaking, weird as the wailings of a banshee, and heart-rending as funeral caoins. The Irish muse is a reflex of Irish character—it loves extremes. In its hour of triumph it is most enthusiastic; in grief and tribulation, weird and despondent. The sad history of Erin is the reason why so much of her poetry has in its music the pathetic ring of a sorrowing despair. One of these lyrics, translated by Samuel Ferguson, may be given as a sample of Irish loyalty to James. "Drimin Dhu," literally "the

Black Cow," in this ballad is an allegorical figure of Innisfail.

"Ah, Drimin Dhu Deelish! Ah, pride of the flow!
Ah! where are your folks—are they living or no?
They're down in the ground 'neath the sod lying low,
Expecting King James with the crown on his brow.
But if I could get sight of the crown on his brow,
By night and by day travelling, to London I'd go,
Over mountains of mist and soft mosses below,
Till I'd beat on the kettle drums, Drimin Dhu O.
Welcome home! welcome home, Drimin Dhu O,
Good was your sweet milk for drinking, I trow.
With your face like a rose and your dew lap of snow,
I'll part from you never, my Drimin Dhu O."

The era of Anglo-Irish literature dates from the days of Swift and Molyneux, both of whom were patriots of the English Pale, but not Irish patriots in the real signification of the word. Swift's satires and epigrams possessed an Irish flavor racy of the soil on which he lived and of the people with whom he associated. Molyneux's literary style was less biting but more classic than Swift's. It was to the departed spirits of these two Irishmen that Henry Grattan appealed so eloquently years afterward in a speech in the new Irish House of Commons that had just sprung to life from the mouths of the cannon of the Volunteers. Congreve and Parnell—the latter one of the ancestors of the late illustrious Charles Stewart Parnell—were among the first Irish poets who wrote in the alien's tongue. Later on Ireland supplied England with the genius of such intellectual giants as Burke, Richard Brinsley, Sheridan, and Oliver Goldsmith. These writers, however, though Irish in some respects, were English in thought and feeling. It is to "the pleasant Ned Lysaght," as he was called, is due the credit of writing the first really Irish lyrics in the English language. His poems possessed all the fire and spirit of Celtic enthusiasm. He was the Tyrateus of the Volunteer era, the glorious triumphs of which he celebrated in strophes of patriotic ardor. Dr. Drennan of Belfast, a United Irishman himself, was the poet of the '98 movement. He is the author of "Remember Orr" and the "Emerald Isle." In the first quarter of this century Thomas Furlong and J. J. Callanan wrote verses redolent of the purest and noblest sentiments.

The immortal Moore is the central poetic figure of this period, as well as of that which followed. He was the greatest of our Irish poets. His melodies, written as they are to old Gaelic airs, are the most tuneful and soul-inspiring lyrics of this or any other language. He studied Irish history; he drew his inspiration

from the glories of Ireland's past, and made the world weep at the recital of her wrongs and sorrows. Whether it be in doing honor to the prowess of Brian the Brave, in depicting the sufferings of Fionala, in eulogizing the shamrock, "the chosen leaf of bard and chief," or in the many love songs impregnated with the delicious languor peculiar to the tender passion, he fascinates the Irish heart and influences the Irish intellect. He often regretted that, owing to his residence in England, he had no means of familiarizing himself with the Anglo-Irish vernacular as Burns had done with that of Scotland. In his diary he laments the fact that he was born in the city. If he had been born in the country districts, and, like the bard of Ayr, had put his hand to the plough, he might have become the Robert Burns of Ireland. As it is, Ireland is still in search of a laureate peasant poet.

It was not, however, till 1842 that a really national literature budded and blossomed in the land under the auspices of Thomas Davis, Gavan Duffy, and John Blake Dillon. Davis was the prophet or apostle of *The Nation* newspaper, the organ of that literature in the press. Irishmen, then emerging from the forced ignorance of the penal days, were taught in the pages of that high-toned weekly the sublime principles of Irish nationality. Around Davis' editorial chair, drawn to his side by the subtle magnetism of his goodness and intellectuality, gathered a band of young enthusiasts who put a new soul into Erin; thanks to the magic elixir of their pens. These writers, belonging to nearly all the Christian churches, agreed to differ in their religious faith, but their political faith was one and indivisible. Their chief object was—alas! that it should have been only a dream!—the union of North and South, the blending of the orange colors with the green. Week after week the genius of *The Nation* grew greater and more refulgent. Even the premature death of Thomas Davis did not damp the ardor of his followers; for they knew that though the prophet died his doctrines would live. Duffy, who was one of the original founders of *The Nation*, succeeded to the editorial chair in conjunction with the intrepid John Mitchel, and in 1845 that journal had reached the climax of its phenomenal success. Mitchel's fiery and rebellious prose, Duffy's swinging ballads, Denis Florence McCarthy's lighter lyrics, McGee's Milesian legends, Clarence Mangan's weird but powerful poems, his Gaelic translations, as well as those of Ferguson

and Walsh, the humorous sallies and war songs of D'Alton Williams, the love madrigals of Denny Lane, and the impassioned stanzas of the three graces "Speranza," "Eva" and "Mary," illumined the pages of *The Nation*, and made it the leading organ of the land. One of the Young Ireland ballads, entitled "The Irish Chiefs," penned at that period by Gavan Duffy, is, perhaps, the strongest lyric effusion to be found in any language:

"Oh, to have lived like an Irish chief when hearts were
fresh and true,
And a manly thought like a pealing bell would quicken
them thro' and thro',
And the seed of a generous hope right soon to a fiery
action grew,
And men would have scorned to talk and talk, and never
a deed to do!
Oh, the iron grasp, and the kindly clasp, and the laugh
so fond and gay,
And the roaring board and the ready sword were the
types of that vanished day!
Oh, to have lived as Grattan lived in the glow of his
manly years,
To thunder again those iron words that thrill like the
clash of spears!
Once more to blend for a holy end our peasants and
priests and peers,
Till England raged like a baffled fiend at the tramp of
of our volunteers!
And—oh, best of all!—far rather to fall with a blessed
fate than he
On a conquering field than one right to yield of the
island so proud and free!"

The famine and the abortive rebellion of '49 crushed the hopes of the young Irishmen, several of the more prominent of whom were imprisoned, or had to seek refuge in foreign lands. The only surviving stars of the brilliant galaxy to-day are Lady Wilde, Mrs. Kevin Izod O'Doherty and Denny Lane. The poetry of the Fenian era of '65, though thoroughly patriotic, was not quite up to the standard of that of '43-'48, as it had not the proper time to mature. Its chief lyrists were J. K. Casey, Leo and Dr. Joyce. The late lamented John Boyle O'Reilly, who was himself a Fenian, did not become famous as a poet till after years. If I have dwelt so long on the poetry of Irish literature, it is because Ireland has had quite a multitude of bards. Mr. O'Donoghue of London has just published a "Biography of Irish Poets" in which he gives their number as several thousand. Father Prout once said that you could not beat a bush within the four seas of Erin without finding a classical scholar or a poet behind it.

In the department of fiction Ireland can boast of such illustrious authors as Miss Edge-

worth, the Bronte family, Lady Morgan, Charles Lever, Sam Lover, John Banim, Gerald Griffin, William Carleton, and many other equally skilled novelists. Among her historians are the Four Masters, the Abbe MacGeoghegan, Haverty, Mitchel, Mooney and Professor Joyce.

Now a few words in conclusion as to the prospects of the Irish literature of the future. There are at present two Irish literary societies, one established in London, the other in Dublin; the objects of both being the preparation and publication of books written by Irishmen and dealing exclusively with Irish subjects. These volumes will, it is understood, do much when published to foster the spirit of undiluted nationality among the people. The ignorance of slaves is a double slavery. Knowledge is a nation's best friend—a tyrant's most implacable enemy. To qualify themselves for their coming freedom, and to be in a position not to abuse its privileges, the Irish race at home must read and digest the lessons contained in their history; and while imitating the virtues will be thus able to avoid the mistakes of their ancestors. The Irish literature of the future will be one of humanity and of freedom—progressive as science, broad as the universe, and yet at the same time patriotic enough to uphold the principle that, no matter what concessions any British parliament may make to Ireland, that country should never rest satisfied till the cause for which heroes fought and bled and martyrs died is crowned with complete success; till the old flag floats over her towns and towers; till she has an army to guard her emerald shores, and a navy to take charge of her interests on the high seas. Then, and not till then, can Emmett's epitaph be written.

—EUGENE DAVIS in *The Republic*.

The Charm of Poetry.

Poetry should be treated as a rhythmic study of beauty. Poetry is as old as music; both have from time immemorial been invariably connected with religion. King David composed his psalms that he might praise God. The dithyrambic poets of the ancient Greeks wrote verses to be sung during the celebrations of the feasts of Bacchus. After a time, when the beauties of poetry were more fully understood and appreciated, poetry became an art to be cultivated as a necessity for almost every

profession. What is the reason of this? It is this: There is in poetry a certain charm which then as now made an impression on the reader, or hearer, which no prose can ever do, since by the instrumentality of poetry the idea of the writer glides almost unconsciously into the mind of the reader. The effect is the same as that of a sugar-coated pill.

Poetry, indeed, has a certain indefinable something, good, beautiful and lasting, which leaves an impression never to be forgotten. Whence comes this charm? It is impossible to say directly. Rhythm, doubtless, helps to make the reading smooth, to make it flow like the waters of a gentle mountain rivulet, running through the boulders, striking them in its course and leaving the ripples behind to mark the syllables as they glide with easy cadence. The charm of poetry has never been fully defined. It invariably touches the heart; but it is difficult to analyze the sensation produced. The effect is different on different persons, as every one describes it according to his own peculiar temperament. That poetry is a study cannot be denied. Probably all the refinement and polish of the present civilized world is due to its influence. That poetry has at all times been popular is evident from the honor and esteem in which all great poets have been held. It is the foremost art in this and every other age, and is, doubtless, the choicest of intellectual endowments.

C. B.

New Publications.

—*Der Familienfreund*, published by B Herder, St. Louis, is an excellent year book. It contains, in addition to the usual astronomical information, a profusion of beautiful illustrations, choice sketches and stories, and an abundance of other useful and entertaining reading. We commend it to our students of German.

—The *Home Annual* (Benziger Bros.) is now in the eleventh year of its publication, and the issue for 1894 fully maintains the excellent reputation gained by previous issues. Among the contributors are Maurice Francis Egan, Eliza Allen Starr, Eleanor C. Donnelly, Sara Trainer Smith, Anna T. Sadlier, and others. The illustrations are numerous and excellent, and include a beautiful oil-colored frontispiece of Our Lady of Perpetual Help. The *Annual* should be in every family.

NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.

Notre Dame, October 28, 1893.

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

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

The attention of the Alumni of the University of Notre Dame, and others, is called to the fact that the NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC has entered upon the TWENTY-SEVENTH year of its existence, and presents itself anew as a candidate for the favor and support of the many old friends who have heretofore lent it a helping hand.

THE NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC contains:

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

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

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

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

Students should take it; parents should take it; and above all,

OLD STUDENTS SHOULD TAKE IT.

Terms, \$1.50 per Annum. Postpaid.

Address EDITOR NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC,
Notre Dame, Ind.

HOC

NOSTRÆ DOMINÆ UNIVERSITATEM

PRIMUM VISITANTI

Ill. ac KK. Joseph Rademacher, D.D.

WAYNE CASTRENSI EPISCOPO

SUPRADICTÆ UNIVERSITATIS

PRÆSES, PROFESSORES ET ALUMNI

VENERATIONIS, AMORIS PIETATISQUE

EXIMUM PIGNUS

GRATISSIMO ANIMO CORDEQUE VOLENTI

OBTULERUNT.

ILLUSTRISIME AC REVERENDISIME PATER:

Festivis hodie resonant concentibus ædes,
Æthereas late reboant campana per auras,
Undique lætantur viridantia gramina campo,
Mitior et solis facies splendere videtur.
Quin hilaris juvenum vultus subridet, ubique
Gaudia pectoribus regnant statuæque MARIE
In cœlo lumen gestit radiare sereno,
Præsul adest nobis toties quem vota petebant,
Ingenio clarus, mira pietate fideque
Conspicuis, dignisque sacro cognomine JOSEPH.

Hic ubi Romæ loquitur SUPREMUS
PONTIFEX, verbo dociles alumnos
Invenis: nobis etenim LEONIS
Jussa Dei sunt.

Hic sicut Christus colitur fidelis
Præsul, hic pectus juvenum movetur,
Quum bonus PASTOR tenero PARENTIS
Flagrat amore.

Ut quidem eximia "bonitate" cunctis
Emines, simul et pueris amicus,
Te pio NOSTRÆ DOMINÆ studentes
Corde salutant.

Has domos SACRA CRUX Domini tuetur
Ac super mentes vigilant magistri,
Hic cruenta Sacri venerantur omnes
Vulnera Cordis.

Hic Dei Genitrix precibus clientes
Adjuvat: quum tot minitantur hostes,
Alter ut JOSEPH timidos procellæ
Suscipe natos.

Hic labor decus, hic pietas honori est,
Discitur sanæ rationis usus,
At magis juvenes Fidei Deique
Jura docentur.

Sœpius NOSTRAM DOMINAM benignus
Visita, ut præsens stimules juventam
Ad bonas artes, faciasque alumnos
Præsule dignos.

Hic ames dici PATER et PATRONUS,
Hic ames patribus puerisque adesse,
Hic tuam invenias requiem precamur,
Optime PASTOR.

Reception to the Rt. Rev. Bishop Rademacher

The great event of the week at Notre Dame was the visit of the Rt. Rev. Bishop Rademacher on Monday afternoon. The rich decorations on the main building, and the arch beautifully festooned, on which were written in plain white letters embossed on crimson silk "*Alma Mater te salutat, Sacerdos magne!*" betokened that the day looked forward to with such eager expectation had at last arrived. Notre Dame was made to ring with welcome cheers and the greeting tones of her many bells and chime as Bishop Rademacher of Fort Wayne, upon his first official visit, accompanied by the reverend President Andrew Morrissey and others, was escorted up the University avenue by the College Cornet Band. The procession repaired immediately to the church where all assembled to receive the pontifical blessing. After this impressive ceremony the departments out in réception retired to meet together in Washington Hall where a fit programme was presented in honor of our Right Reverend guest. The "Overture Dramatique," rendered by the University Orchestra, was the seemly burst of harmony inaugurating the exercises of the

evening. The worthy prelate was next addressed by Mr. Ernest F. Du Brul, '92, who, in a poetic flow of joyous welcome, in a clear voice, so creditably represented Notre Dame in the "language of the Mass." We publish his address in full in another column. The Philharmonic Club thereupon made their *début* for '93. Prof. N. A. Preston has in class this year the vocal club, and under his management it bids fair to even excel its former reputation. Professor Preston has proven himself to be a gentleman of exceptional talent, and his solo, "Nearer, my God, to Thee," upon the autoharp was magnificent, and he was enthusiastically encored. Under his guidance the Orpheus clubs promise to win higher honors at each subsequent entertainment.

The English address, in the name of the students of Notre Dame, was delivered by Mr. H. Lamar Monarch, '93. He spoke as follows:

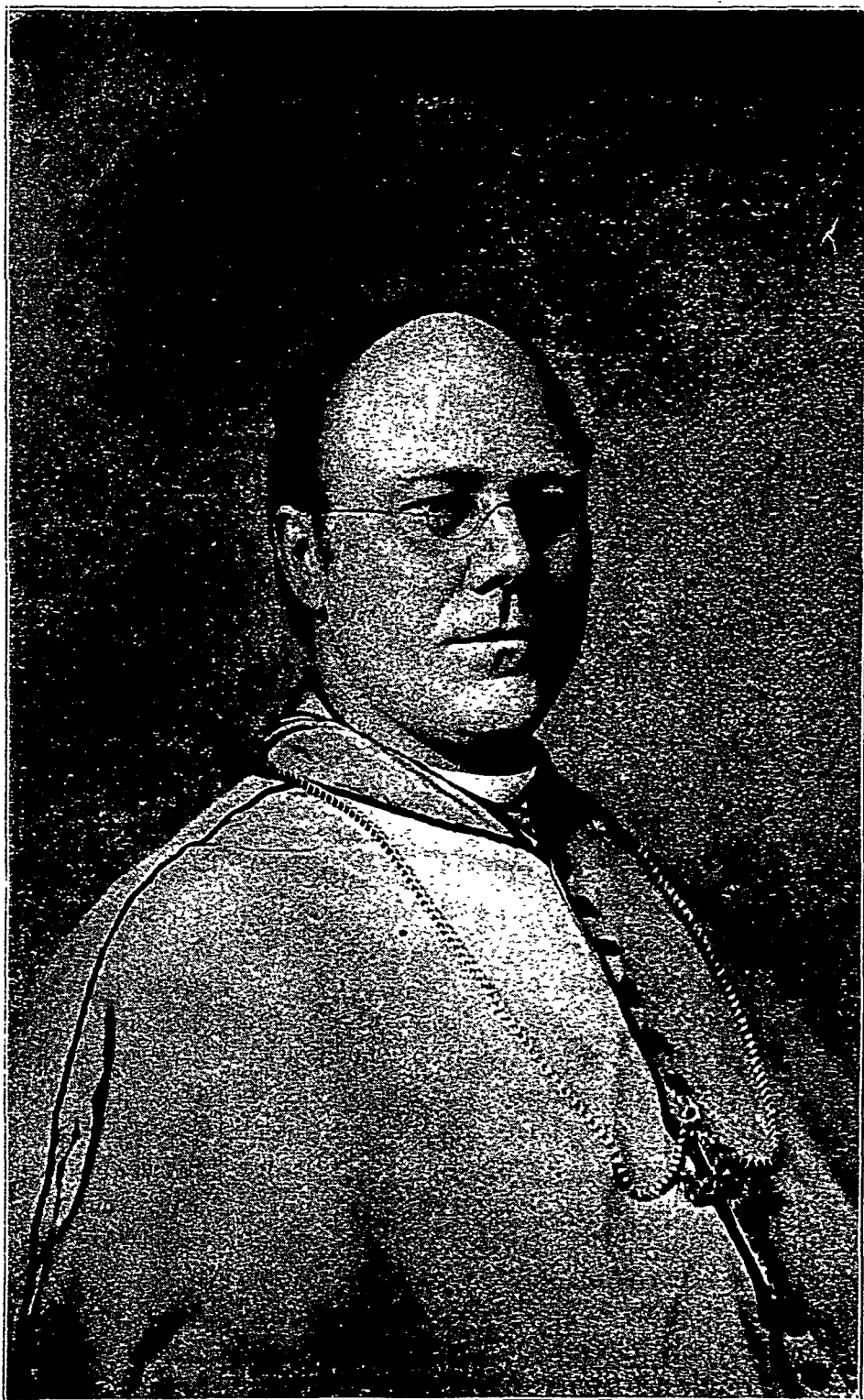
"RT. REV. AND BELOVED BISHOP:

"The Students of Notre Dame with one accord rejoice to-day to bid you a hearty welcome. Your visits to our *Alma Mater* in the past are recalled in many a pleasant recollection, and the expression of the respect and esteem with which your honored name is associated in our hearts you will see reflected on every happy face around you. This moment has been eagerly looked forward to by us during the days that have passed since first we learned of your return to our State as Bishop of the diocese which you once served in a humbler capacity. Most of us know the glowing words of praises and the farewells so reluctantly spoken upon your departure from the Sunny South.

"There your burning zeal, your sterling character, your wide learning and perfect sympathies won you a tender love which made that parting indeed a crown of sorrows; for it was resplendent with the memory of a happy past. And well might they grieve on bidding adieu to one who had spent himself for their good, devoted himself to the promotion of their happiness and the attainment of their eternal salvation.

"Now you are with us, our model, our friend, our Chief Pastor, to help us to what is loyal,

true and holy, and to lend a hand of support and a word of encouragement as we grapple with the vicissitudes of life. We may be enthusiastic in our speech and seem to forget reserve; but we remember what you are and what you represent; and we seek only to give expression to the exultant joy with which our hearts are



RIGHT REV. JOSEPH RADEMACHER, D. D.,
Bishop of Fort Wayne.

filled to-day in that we are privileged to welcome you, to greet you, here upon your first official visit to our quiet college city; to say to you how honored we are to have you stand in the shadow of this great temple of education, and with what deep and gladsome appreciation we realize that now you are brought so near us to be in life our guide, in religion our father,

in the Church our Bishop. Once more we bid you welcome!"

Among the selected numbers were the recitations by Masters James O'Neill, George McCarrick and Mr. Hugh O'Donnell. The "Benediction," by Master J. O'Neill, was delivered in his characteristic manner. It is only necessary to mention his name to satisfy our readers that he did himself credit. Master McCarrick in his first year at Notre Dame carried the Philopatrians' prize medal and the department's honors for Elocution. His selection, "Countersign," was a worthy versification of his pent-up Southern moods. His voice, the custodian of those patriotic feelings, burst forth in boyish strength, and he forgot himself in the poet's effusion of thoughts. Mr. O'Donnell, to whom was awarded the Senior honors in Elocution in June last, held his own as our best speaker. The selection "Trouble in the Amen Corner" was happy and appropriate. From the piping tones of the "pillars of the Congregation" that waited on "Uncle Ayer" to his honest, weak submission to the brunt of fashion's battle of fools, his interpretation was touching and correct.

After the entertainment the Bishop ascended the stage and spoke a few words of congratulation and advice. He said how unable he was to express his feelings of gratitude and pleasure; how profoundly touched on this occasion to greet the students of Notre Dame. His relations had changed to some extent, he said; but the feeling of interest in the welfare of this educational home could never be stronger in him than it has ever been. Now he felt he would receive the co-operation of men with whom he actively sympathized in their zeal in teaching and developing the stimulus to religion and virtue—Christian education. He felt, he said, that the joint work of such men, shoulder to shoulder, would be a great encouragement and help to him in his endeavors to expand the minds and souls of those whom they would have under their charge. The young minds too must grow with them apportioned, each its share of weapons polished in the armory of the brain by the moral training acquired here. "*Non scholæ sed vitæ discimus*" were the eloquent words of the Bishop of Hippo. Ennobling thoughts and purposes high are the sublimating elements of true life. "Remember," says Leo, "that ye are of God's own image and likeness, and should strive to be Godlike" as far as lies in the power of human imitation.

The distinguished prelate was listened to

with rapt attention and his remarks, especially a touching reference to his long friendship and esteem for the venerable Founder of Notre Dame, were heartily applauded.

The Rt. Rev. Joseph Rademacher was born at Westphalia, Mich., on December 3, 1840. His early training was entrusted to the Benedictine Fathers. He made his preparatory studies for the priesthood in the College of St. Vincent, Pa., and subsequently entered St. Michael's Diocesan Seminary—situated near Pittsburg—where he followed a course in theology. On August 2, 1868, he was ordained priest by the Rt. Rev. Bishop of Fort Wayne in the Cathedral of that city. For seven and a half years after his ordination he was in charge of Attica, Indiana, and several smaller missions. He was pastor of Columbia City for eighteen months; thence he was sent to Fort Wayne to take charge of St. Mary's Chapel where he remained for eight years. During this time he performed the duties of chancellor of the diocese,—a position to which Bishop Dwenger had called him. He was next appointed pastor of St. Mary's Church, Lafayette, Indiana. In 1880, the diocese of Nashville became vacant by reason of the promotion of Rt. Rev. P. A. Feehan to the Archbishopric of Chicago. He was succeeded in 1883 by Father Rademacher, who was consecrated by his predecessor on June 24 of that year. Here he labored zealously and efficiently for ten years. Then he was recalled to the scenes of his early labors to direct the work in which he was formerly engaged during the first years of his priestly life. Though Bishop Rademacher has been a priest for more than twenty-five years he is still strong and vigorous, and during his administration of its affairs we feel confident that the diocese of Fort Wayne will enjoy an era of peace and splendid prosperity. His efforts will be ably seconded and his every undertaking encouraged by the competent body of clergy who will be his co-workers; and it is no adulation to say that the priests of the Fort Wayne diocese are justly noted for the spirit of Christian unity that permeates their ranks, and for the zeal which they evince in the furthering of every good work. No one realizes this more fully than Bishop Rademacher, and it will be a source of genuine encouragement for him to know at the outset that his priests appreciate and welcome his coming among them, and that they, by co-operating with him, will lighten the burden of his responsible office.

The Annual Retreat.

The annual retreat for the students will begin to-morrow (Sunday) evening, and we trust that all are thoroughly alive to the importance of making it well. A retreat is a breathing-spell—a time set apart for reflection on matters to which none can be indifferent. Education, when properly understood, is not simply the development of the intellectual faculties of men, but likewise the development of his moral nature. It has well been said that the education of the intellect alone makes us worse than men; but that the education of the intellect and heart conjoined makes us what God intended us to be, something stamped after His own image and likeness. The student lives not on the bread of science alone; in common with all other men, his spiritual nature has wants and longings which proficiency in studies, no matter how great it may be, can never satisfy. It is therefore to minister to these wants and longings, to devote special attention to the education of the heart and the development of the moral nature, that the retreat has become in all Catholic institutions a regular college exercise. That much of the success of the scholastic year depends on the manner in which it is made, on the profit which students derive from it, needs no demonstration. "Unless the Lord build the house," says the Royal Prophet, "in vain do they labor that build it"; so also may we add, unless the Lord bless the efforts of the student, in vain are all the labors which he may impose upon himself. Now a retreat made with the proper dispositions is precisely a means of drawing down on the labors of each and every student the blessings from above without which we know that these labors would be fruitless.

Since the opening of the term, all those who are in any way connected with the management of the College have had only words of praise for the exemplary deportment of the students, and the admirable spirit with which they are animated; the retreat is therefore looked forward to with not a little anxiety, since, if it is entered into and carried out with the proper dispositions, all will feel assured that the year '93-'94 will be one to be long and favorably remembered in the annals of Notre Dame. The time is short: let the most be made of it. No grumbling or fault-finding of any kind, even though, as is generally the case, nothing may be meant by it. Especially no putting off—as sometimes happens—all serious thoughts

about the *business* of the retreat till the last moment.

From the opening exercise it should clearly appear how firmly all are convinced that the retreat is one of the most important events of a college career, perhaps of a lifetime. More particularly for those whose college days are drawing to a close, and who are soon to take their place in the busy scenes of the world, should it be a season of serious and prayerful reflection. They cannot close their eyes to the fact that in this, as in other matters, their example will be powerful in influencing others for good or evil. Besides, they should remember that happiness and usefulness depend on one's occupying the place which Providence has marked out for him. The choice of a state of life will soon be forced upon them. It is, therefore, for them a solemn duty during these few days of retreat to seek the light to guide them in selecting the station in which God wishes them to be, and to deserve the graces necessary in order to discharge its duties faithfully.

B.

The Man in the Tower.

Well, Robin Adair, you are a continual surprise to your many friends. But who that is acquainted with you does not expect surprises in that pleasing temperament you have. One time you appear before us as the great society success; another time you are the crack actor of the college society; again you appear in the realms of oratory, and now you disclose to us, without any friendly warning, the talents of a poet. Robin, what next? The evidences of your rare genius, which you left at the Tower, proved very amusing; and I quote here the choicest tid-bit from the rich collection:

"The clefted clouds drift seaward in the sky;
A silver rain the tangled grasses bend;
A sweet and balmy wind the mountain sends
Within the dark'ning shadows of the pines,
To scatter, as it gently sways the trees,
The scented air. The merry little birds
Are happy as they bathe within the waters
Of the rippling new-made pool. The fields
And clover meadows fresh and sweet attract
The ever-active bee. The babbling brook
Its banks o'errun with gayer, brighter song,
Still murmuring rushes on. All nature smiles."

Milton, arise from your bed of moss, and salute the re-embodied spirit of your genius! Tennyson, awake and place thy mantle on this rising artist of skilled technique! Angel-faced Shelley, appear and gaze on the being who is

in face and form and inspired genius your double! To all the literary world I say rejoice and be glad, a new poet is in our midst, and a renaissance is at hand!

Our local editor tells us that the Field-Day of the Fall season failed to materialize. I wouldn't like to accuse him of being asleep; but where was he when the young Carrollites vied in the foot race and cycling tournament for the honors? Where was he when the ambitious little fellows from St. Edward's Hall contested like little men with an earnestness commendable for the good things in store for the victors? Is it right to say there was no field day because our older and more matured athletes were wanting in ambition and vim to hold up the traditions of the day? Not at all! And I assure the Carrollites and the manly little princes of St. Edward's Hall that they carried off the honors of the day; and let them blow their horns and crow triumphantly until the next field day when the older athletes will have a chance to redeem themselves.

A certain philosopher of our acquaintance, when the poetical vein accidentally shifts into the really abstract domain of metaphysics, becomes the joy of our neighborhood by expatiating at uncomfortable length upon those two pet forces he loves to call Twin Sisters. We usually breathe a fervent prayer, just as this charming geminy seizes upon his vivid imagination, that the goddess of the Nether Gloom would claim him, poetry and all, for her own. Upon my desk, at nine, precisely circles, tails and comets *in potentia* he had planned with clever skill; but, strange indeed it was to find he had failed to note, as usual, the residence of the music of the spheres.

Nettled, rattled does this genius grow when we fail to grasp the 'traction that makes the rooster crow; the neighing of the horse to him means repulsion out-of-doors; and thus from mighty little, oftentimes shaky timbers, will he build his Jacob-ladder from *terra firma* 'way up to that bluish something most folks call the sky. With wonderful dexterity can he read, *per medium* one eye-glass, the mystic meaning in the winks of yonder blinking star. Sure he'd make the shades of old Pythagoras believe it was wandering on some other shore. But to all his poetical deductions I can lend only deaf ears, and now methinks he rates me in

that school which fancies man and beast, the world and all its beauties, to be but plastic clay puffed into being by an ounce or so of yeast. Not so, dear friend! In my tower stands a scope of huge dimensions heading ever upward, upward in degrees, say ninety, maybe more, above the Man up in the Moon; but firm and steady sit I here with my focus fixed on reason leaving dizzy dreamers course like magic gypsies in their tubs of ether away beyond the reach of man.

Personals.

—Mr. Charles Ox, of Findlay, Ohio, visited Noble Groff of Brownson Hall last Monday.

—The Rev. Luke J. Evers, '79, of New York city, paid a very pleasant visit to *Alma Mater* on Thursday.

—The Rev. James Clancy, Woodstock, Ill., delighted his friends at the University by passing a few hours with them on Thursday.

—The Rt. Rev. Mgr. F. M. Boff, Vicar-General of the Diocese of Cleveland, was a welcome visitor to the University on Tuesday.

—Mrs. W. P. Breen, Miss Zetta Cassanave and Miss Claudia Donnelly, of Fort Wayne, Ind., were welcome visitors to the University on Monday last.

—The Rev. S. Fitte, C. S. C., Professor of Philosophy in the University, celebrated on Wednesday the twenty-eighth anniversary of his ordination to the priesthood. *Ad multos annos!*

—Among the welcome visitors during the week was the Rev. James J. Ryan, Vice-President of St. Patrick's College, Thurles, Ireland. Father Ryan is an accomplished gentleman, and made many friends during his stay. He expressed unbounded admiration of Notre Dame and its equipment.

—Welcome visitors to Notre Dame, accompanying the Rt. Rev. Bishop Rademacher, were: Very Rev. J. H. Brammer, V. G., Fort Wayne; Very Rev. Dean A. B. Oechtering, Mishawaka; Rev. John Oechtering, Fort Wayne; Rev. John Bleckman, '67, Michigan City; Rev. E. Koenig, Fort Wayne; Rev. L. A. Moench, Plymouth; Rev. D. Duchmig, Avila; Rev. S. Yenn, Goshen.

—The Rev. Gabriel A. Healy, Rector of St. Bernard's Church, New York city, was a very welcome visitor to the University on Monday. Father Healy is one of the prominent clergymen of the great metropolis, active and foremost in promoting every religious and educational work. We are glad to say he was pleased with his view of Notre Dame, but his stay was too brief for his friends. We hope for the pleasure of another and longer visit in the near future.

Local Items.

- Down!
- Football!
- Who broke that lamp?
- The entertainment was a grand success.
- 'Rah for the Orpheus Mandolin Orchestra!
- "There is no *base* like home," is the ball players' version of it.
- FOUND—An ivory handle pocket knife. Inquire at students' office.
- QUERY: Is it proper for football players to wear mustaches or whiskers?
- The cake would undoubtedly have been a good one, but it failed to materialize.
- Bro. Emmanuel reports his Penmanship class to be in a flourishing condition.
- Rt. Rev. Bishop Rademacher honored the Minims with a special visit on Tuesday.
- Col. Hoynes is now lecturing in the morning to the Law Class on "Admiralty and Shipping."
- The Mozart Symphony Club of New York will give an entertainment in Washington Hall next Thursday.
- A careful and minute study of the construction of the Petrarchan sonnet is being given by the members of the Literature class. They are also analyzing "Hamlet."
- The Handball Association is now in a flourishing condition, and it can boast of quite a large membership. Anyone wishing to join should call on Charles Roby, F. Murphy, or J. Brady.
- The ex-Carrollites promised to play the Carroll specials. The game was to have been played on Monday last; but the ex-Carrollites heard that the Carrolls were too strong for them, and they backed out.
- A public debate is to be given in Washington Hall in the near future under the direction of the Law Debating Society. The subject is not as yet announced. It is supposed that it will refer to the silver question.
- The annual retreat for the Catholic students will be opened to-morrow (Sunday) evening, and will be terminated Wednesday, the festival of All Saints. The sermons will be preached by the Rev. M. P. Dowling, S. J., President of Detroit College.
- FOOTBALL.—The 'Varsity eleven met and defeated the Kalamazoo College team Thursday afternoon. Score: 34 to 0. Owing to the early hour of going to press we are obliged to defer until next week a detailed report of a very interesting game.
- The coat-maker, whose services were recently secured by Bro. Augustus, has the reputation of being one of the finest cloth-artists in the West. Bro. Augustus recently returned from his usual autumn trip to Chicago,

and the "very latest" in fall and winter styles now awaits the dudes.

—The third regular meeting of the St. Boniface German Society was held on last Wednesday. Rev. J. Just, as President, occupied the chair. The chief business transacted consisted in the admission of new members, the applications being very numerous. The officers of the society, elected at a former meeting, are as follows: Rev. Father Morrissey, Honorary President; Rev. P. P. Klein, Director; Rev. J. Just, President; A. Hermann, Vice-President; J. Schopp, Recording Secretary; F. Powers, Corresponding Secretary; F. Pulskamp, Treasurer; E. Maurus, Critic; E. Krembs, First Censor; A. Dannemiller, Second Censor.

—The new church at Mishawaka, erected under the direction of the zealous pastor, the Very Rev. Dean Oechtering, was solemnly dedicated on Sunday last by the Rt. Rev. Bishop Rademacher. The ceremony was very solemn and imposing, and was attended by a large number of the reverend clergy and an immense concourse of people. The sermon on the occasion was delivered by the Rev. President Morrissey of the University. It was a magnificent discourse, masterly in thought and diction, and made a deep impression upon the vast assembly. Among the clergy present from Notre Dame were Very Rev. Provincial Corby, Rev. D. J. Spillard and Rev. J. Kirsch.

—Rev. J. Ryan, Vice-President of St. Patrick's College, Thurles, Ireland, accompanied by his compatriot and friend the Rev. T. Maher, C. S. C., visited St. Edward's Hall on Monday. He addressed the Minims, and in the course of his remarks said, in substance: "Now is the time for you to lay deep and solid the foundation of an education such as this great University gives; an education that will secure to you prominent positions in this grand country. In the number of intelligent faces before me there may be a president, some senators, and many congressmen; but in whatever sphere your lot be cast, I know you can never forget the fostering care and tenderness with which Notre Dame watched over you from Minim to graduate." The hearty applause that greeted the reverend speaker's words showed how fully he is in touch with college boys.

—The case of Clifford *vs.* Groveton was tried in the University Moot-court, Judge Hoynes occupying the bench. Messrs. Kirby and Gibson for the plaintiff, and Messrs. Duffield and Kelly for defendant. The statement of facts is as follows: Clifford owned a large hotel, and being financially embarrassed put the same on auction. Groveton bid \$50,000, and as he was the highest bidder, it was "knocked down" to him. However when the plaintiff wished to convey the property, the defendant refused to receive it. The plaintiff then sold the property to another party for the sum of \$37,000, or \$13,000 less than defendant had bidden for it.

Plaintiff now brings action for this \$13,000, or difference between what defendant had offered for it, and the price he actually received for it from the third party. Judgment and costs were entered against plaintiff.

—At the Entertainment given in honor of Bishop Rademacher's first official visit, the exercises were conducted according to the following

PROGRAMME:

- Overture Dramatique.....*Audran*
University Orchestra.
Latin Address.....Mr. Ernest F. DuBrul
Chorus—"Slumber Softly,".....*Mohring*
University Philharmonic Club.
English Address.....Mr. H. Lamar Monarch
A Night in Florence.....*G. Bellinghi*
"Orpheus Mandolin Orchestra."
Recitation—"Benediction,".....Master James O'Neill
Autoharp Solo—"Nearer, my God, to Thee,"
.....Mr. Newton A. Preston
Recitation—"Countersign,".....Master G. McCarrick
Quartette—"The Chapel,".....*Kreutzer*
Orpheus Club.
Recitation—"Trouble in the Amen Corner,"
.....Mr. Hugh A. O'Donnell
Finale—"Lucia Waltz,".....*F. Bellini*
University Orchestra.

ORGANIZATION OF COURTS.

The Moot-court of the Law Department was organized last week, and the following appointments have been made: Hon. William Hoynes, Judge; John T. Cullen, Clerk; James A. McKee, Deputy Clerk; Ernest F. Du Brul, Prosecuting Attorney; H. Lamar Monarch, Assistant Prosecuting Attorney; Leigh F. Gibson, Sheriff; E. V. Chassaing, Deputy Sheriff; Edward M. Roby, Coroner; Maurice D. Kirby, Bailiff; Joseph Feeney and Richard G. Halligan, Reporters.

The Court of Chancery was also organized, and the following were chosen officers: Hon. William Hoynes, Chancellor; Joseph Cooke, Clerk; James F. Moloney, Deputy Clerk; Leigh F. Gibson, Sheriff; Oscar F. Schmidt, Deputy Sheriff; Jas. J. Ryan, Bailiff; Daniel P. Murphy, Reporter.

Of the Probate Court Martin P. McFadden was chosen Judge; M. J. McGarry, Clerk; C. M. Kriehbaum, Deputy Clerk, and Wm. Burns, Reporter.

A Justice's Court was likewise organized: James F. Kennedy was chosen Justice of the Peace; B. F. Bates, Clerk, and Oscar Lippman, Constable.

A University Court of Appeals was also organized. Its officers are: Hon. Wm. Hoynes, Judge; Roger B. Sinnott, Clerk; Joseph D. McCarrick, Deputy Clerk.

The following were appointed officers of the United States District Court: Hon. William Hoynes, Judge; Francis Duffield, Clerk; A. C. Cuneo, Deputy Clerk; Frank D. Hennessy, District Attorney; William Earl Bates, Assistant District Attorney; T. D. Mott, Jr., Marshal; John G. Mott, Deputy Marshal; Luke H. Mithen, Reporter.

The United States Commissioners' Court comprises Abraham V. Chidester, Commissioner; James C. Kelly, Clerk; James J. Fitzgerald, Deputy District Attorney; Frank J. Onzon, Deputy Marshal.

Roll of Honor.

SORIN HALL.

Messrs. Ahlrichs, Bolton, Carney, Cullen, Crawley, Casey, Du Brul, Devanney, Dempsey, Dinkel, Davis, Eyanson, J. Fitzgerald, Funke, Flannery, Flannagan, Hudson, Kuhnert, Kearney, Keough, Monarch, Maurus, McCarrick, McFadden, H. Mitchell, Murphy, McGarry, Mott, O'Donnell, Powers, Ryan, Scherrer, Schillo, Schopp, Sinnott, Thorn, Walker.

BROWNSON HALL.

Messrs. Brinker, Baur, J. B. Barrett, Beyer, W. Bates, Byrne, J. Brady, Burns, Bennett, Barton, Baldwin, B. Bates, Browne, Cullinan, Campbell, Corry, Crane, Callaghan, Cavanagh, Covert, Colby, Cook, Chassaing, Cuneo, F. Dillon, F. Donohoe, Duffield, Fagan, T. Falvey, Foley, Freytag, F. Falvey, A. Flynn, Galen, Grady, Gordon, Gilmartin, L. Gibson, Groff, Halligan,* Howard,* Hinde,* Hermann,* Hennessy,* Hartnett,* Henneberry,* Hodge,* Hesse, Ilgenfritz, Johnson, Kinsella, Kerndt, Kennedy, Karasynski, Kirby, Krembs, Kelly, Ludwig, Murphy, Markum, Maynes, Moore, Maguire, Maloney, Mott Murray, McHugh, Ney, O'Rourke, O'Connell, F. O'Brien, Oliver, O'Malley, S. O'Brien, Prichard, G. Pulskamp, F. Pulskamp, Palmer, Piquette, Perkins, Quinlan, Rice, Ruppe, Rumely, J. Ryan, J. J. Ryan, G. Ryan, C. Roby, E. Roby, Schwartz, Spalding, Slevin, Sweet, Sullivan, Stace, Sukup, Smoger, Tong, Turner, Tinnin, Vignos, Wilkin, Welty, Walker, Weaver, Yingst, Zeitler.

CARROLL HALL.

Messrs. Alber, Benson, Benz, Bloomfield, Bopp, Black, Burns, Banholzer, Bacon, Clarke, Connor, Cooke, Chase, Cornell, Chauvet, Carney, Cooledge, C. Cullen, T. Cullen, J. Ducey, A. Ducey, Druecker, Doherty, Dutt, Dixon, Dannemiller, Dalton, Davezac, Edwards, Foley, Fennessey, Fox, Farley, Franke, Gausepohl, Gavin, Gonzales, Hurley, Harding, Howell, Howard, Hoban, Hutchinson, Jacks, Jones, Krollman, Kegler, Kasper, Klees, Langan, Lansdown, Ludwig, Lowrey, Lantry, LaMoure, Lohner, Lippman, Maurer, Munzesheimer, J. Murphy, E. Murphy, Massey, Maternes, Monahan, Miles, Mills, J. Miller, L. Miller, Masters, McShane, J. J. McPhillips, McCarrick, Ortiz, O'Neill, O'Brien, O'Mara, Pendleton, Phillips, Pim, Romero, Rockey, Reinhard, Roesing, Reber, Shillington, Swift, Strassheim, Sullivan, Sparks, Schaack, Swigart, Strong, Tuohy, Tempel, Thome, L. Trankle, F. Trankle, W. Treber, J. Treber, Taylor, De Teresa, Walde, Wilcox, H. Wilson, Wensinger, Wigg, Wagner, Weitzel, O. Wright, D. Wright, Wymetal, Whitehead, Ward, A. Yglesia, York, Zoehrlaut.

ST. EDWARD'S HALL.

Masters G. Abrahams, L. Abrahams, Ayers, Allen, Barrett, Bump, Brinckerhoff, Byrne, L. Clarke, A. Clarke, R. Clarke, Catchford, Croke, Corry, Cressy, F. Campau, A. Coquillard, J. Coquillard, Corcoran, Crandall, Clune, Coolridge, C. Dawson, Devine, Dalton, Elliott, Everest, Egan, Flynn, Freeman, Fortune, Finnerty, L. Garrity, Leo Garrity, Gimbel, Greene, Gibbons, Graff, Roy Higgins, J. Higgins, Hershey, B. Hesse, F. Hesse, R. Hesse, K. King,* Kelly, Langley, Lawton, Lohner, W. Maritzen, H. Maritzen, McElroy, Eugene McCarthy, McPhee, Emil McCarthy, J. McCarthy, R. McCarthy, C. Monaghan, Minnigerode, Moxley, Morris, Noonan, O'Neill, Ortez, H. Pollitz, W. Pollitz, Peck, Romero, L. Rasche, Robb, Shipp, Simm, Terhune, U. Thompson, Taylor, Wells, York.

* Omitted by mistake last week.