

THE NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.

DISCE · QUASI · SEMPER · VICTURUS ·

· VIVE · QUASI · CRAS · MORITURUS ·

VOL. XXVII.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, JANUARY 27, 1894.

No. 18.

Ad Fontem Bandusiæ.

HORACE, BK. III., OD. XIII.



CRYSTAL fount, libations sweet
And fairest flowers be thine! 'Tis meet
I sacrifice a kid to thee
Whose growing horns would presage, be
Of many a daring, warlike feat
Wert not thou, blushing deep, to see
His red blood stain thy purity,
O crystal fount!
Thy streams are cool in summer's heat
Offering the panting herds retreat;
The hollow rocks, the shady tree,
Whence well thy babbling waters free,
May later poets long repeat
O crystal fount!

E. CULLINAN.

The Wanderings of Two Disordered Minds.

THE LISTENER: "What! reading again, and Shakspeare, too! I never should have accused you of being a devotee at the shrine of the Immortal Bard of Avon. You haven't, I hope, altogether discarded Laura Jean Libbey and Archie Gunter?"

THE READER: "Well, no; not when it comes to lighter entertainment; but I haven't been reading Shakspeare. The fact is, I just came here to rest a minute, and, seeing Hamlet lying on the table, picked it up, and have merely been wondering what poor Shakspeare would do if he knew of the critical processes to which his works are daily subjected."

L.: "I think, I may venture an opinion, that the critics, in a great many cases, make moun-

tains out of mole-hills in regard to the text of 'Hamlet.' They seem to be always trying to decipher what Shakspeare might have meant rather than making clear what he did mean. But perhaps this is, on my part, a case of 'fools rushing in where angels fear to tread.' However, I am really becoming quite interested in the play, a state of mind which I undoubtedly would have reached before now if I did not continually hear so many persons bent on making plain how much they don't know about Shakspeare."

R.: "That's very like you—the perversity, I mean."

L.: "That's as much as to say I am very human. Have you read Poe's 'Imp of the Perverse?' If you have you will immediately perceive my meaning."

R.: "Yes, and it is because I have always found this admirable 'little imp' so well developed in you that I spoke of it. I call it admirable because it is so widely contrasted with the catering of some to the ideas of others. Do you remember how Polonius always corroborated everything Hamlet said?—although, of course, he did that because he deemed Hamlet mad."

L.: "Well, to plunge into a subject which is rather threadbare from constant handling. I see no reason to suppose Hamlet mad; on the contrary, there seems to me no doubt of his having been perfectly sane."

R.: "You don't? How then would you explain his actions toward Ophelia, concerning which she tells her father in Act II., Scene I.? Or account for the second appearance of the ghost during Hamlet's conversation with his mother in Act III., Scene IV.?"

L.: "To answer intelligently that argument it

is necessary to consider, first, Hamlet's personality, and again to make allowance for his surroundings and the situation in which he found himself. Hamlet was naturally of a delicate and nervous constitution—a man who had spent his life in study, and who had mingled but little with the outside world or the gayeties of his father's court. This mode of life and his physical delicacy combined to make him a man of distinctly introspective habits, from which morbidness is but a step distant. He lived in an ethereal world of his own creation, and each emotion, to which such a person is particularly susceptible, assumed abnormal proportions in his mind. Such being Hamlet's character, it is hardly to be expected that when he is subjected to such shocks as the appearance of his murdered father and the disclosure of his uncle's treachery and his mother's sin he should act in a cold and logical manner.

"The many emotions by which Hamlet was torn, doubt as to the validity of the ghost and his story, the conflict between what he considers duty and his love for Ophelia, and later his loss of faith in all women, and the sacred mission of retribution which he is bound to fulfil, never forgetting the ghost's injunction, 'taint not thy mind,' were certainly enough to make a man of his temperament act in a hysterical manner. Hamlet may even have doubted his own sanity at times, and this possibly may have suggested to him the design of assuming madness before his uncle and the court."

R.: "But why should he assume madness?"

L.: "In order to prevent his uncle, the king, suspecting his intentions, and to enable him to carry out the unformed plans which were but vaguely defined in his mind. Hamlet at times lost control of himself, forgetting his father's command, and gave way to feelings of hate and revenge when aggravated by circumstances. This seems to have been his condition when he reproaches his mother so harshly for her sin. The sudden killing of Polonius by his own hand serves to increase his emotion; and, being wrought to a high pitch of excitement, it is very probable that his imagination should, in a moment of temporary aberration, have seen and heard things that did not exist—the form and voice of his departed father."

R.: "Well, I can see no way in which he hopes to better accomplish his end by feigning madness. I should think that it would only place greater obstacles in his already difficult way. Nor do I think that a man in full possession of

his reason would doubt his own sanity, and you are right: Hamlet certainly does; at least, he admits at times that he is mentally deranged. You know in his apology to Laertes, he says: 'And you must needs have heard how I am punished with sore distraction;' and all through this speech he alludes to his madness. Of course, if you wish to consider Hamlet insincere this may be overlooked; but if so, why could he not have played the hypocrite all through, and feigned friendship, or love, toward the king? I'm sure it would have been much easier for him, and certainly would have allayed all suspicions. However, Shakspeare did not mean him to be so; his conception was of a noble, honest, moral and whole-souled man, whom he endowed with knowledge, wisdom and a depth of thought really beyond his years. He surrounded him with circumstances that could not otherwise than have affected the understanding of a human being; and he, in my estimation, meant that they should affect Hamlet's. Shakspeare was fond, or at least has left many proofs of his having been very fond, of dealing with characters who were either mad or suffering under one of those 'delicate shades' of mental delusion. And I feel sure that he meant Hamlet to impress the reader as one of the latter. I fear that you have thought that I meant him a raving maniac; but I don't, you see. I think his a case of melancholic madness manifested even before he saw the ghost, in his first soliloquy, beginning: 'O that this too, too solid flesh would melt, thaw, and resolve itself into a dew!' And then heightened to some extent by the appearance of the ghost. Heavens! Just think of talking with a ghost! I've read that one either is crazy or becomes so in conversation with ghosts; but I suppose you would enjoy a little chat with some eyrie, supernatural boy."

L.: "Well, the argument now seems to hinge on the meaning you intend to convey by the word madness. If temporary loss of control over the faculties of the mind when agitated by powerful emotions constitutes madness, then Hamlet was certainly mad. Any man, even one of the strongest character, is liable to such conditions, and it is my opinion that the number of those who are not at some period of their lives mad in that acceptance of the term is greatly in the minority. If Hamlet was so thoroughly noble and upright in character as you suppose, why did he so quickly allow his belief in the nobility of others to be shaken? No; I have great admiration for Hamlet's intel-

ligence and learning; but otherwise I do not consider him better than other men, which is saying but little."

R.: "I once made a solemn vow that I would never write anything more or express an opinion concerning Hamlet's madness or his age; both subjects seem to be of so little consequence and so very stale; but here you have, I believe, intentionally drawn me out. All I know is that Shakspeare's characters are all so very life-like that they impress us much the same as do our friends or our acquaintances, of whom we all have somewhat different opinions; therefore, it is quite natural for some to think Hamlet mad while others do not. But to analyze his madness, or the word madness, as used in designating his malady, I shall not attempt."

L.: "Do you know that you are growing positively brilliant? That was a clever comparison and shows that you are a student of that most interesting study, the life around us. 'Hamlet' is no doubt a great play, and the central figure a wonderful creation, at least the critics say so; and I can see that the author must have burned several midnight candles to write it. But it seems to me that it would be quite as interesting as the solution of the problem of Hamlet's madness, to know how much Shakspeare received for the play which has brought fame and fortune to others. It would also be interesting to know whether he wore a dressing gown when he wrote or worked in his shirt-sleeves; whether he smoked a cigarette or a corn-cob pipe, and also to know what Shakspeare himself thought of his work."

R.: "How very kind of you to endow me with the quality we all have so admired in you! And how magnanimous not to be cross at me, after I, knowing well your love for Hamlet, persist in pronouncing him mad. But you needn't think anything that I have said original; I've read it all somewhere. Anyway, old boy, originality, entire originality, is hard, very hard to assume. You've hurt my conscience now; I really feel that I ought to have enclosed all that I have said to you in quotation marks. But take another cigarette—here's a light—you are so material anyway. Who else would ever have stopped to think whether Shakspeare smoked at all or not?"

L.: "Suppose we quit at that and devote all our grey matter, for the time being, to the task of discussing a good dinner downstairs. By George! this club is fortunate in having such a *chef* as Briziollari. If Hamlet could have tasted one of his omelets, it is my opinion that his

intellect would have been restored to its normal condition."

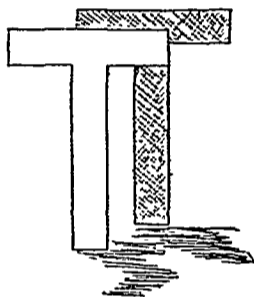
R.: "Capital idea!—best of all; we'll go right down; I'm beastly hungry!"

L.: "Well, that *was* kind of the butler to let us have that old Madeira, and now I propose a toast to the good health of Hamlet and the rest. Who knows but Shakspeare is now having it out with Hamlet and the king in the land of ghosts? So here's to their health! Ah! I hope that made Hamlet feel as good as it "did me:"

R.: In pace requiescat."

FRED. ESGEN, Reader;
J. A. MARMON, Listener.

The Man that Could not Sing.



HERE are many forms of monomania existing in the world that do not appear as such to the majority of people, and least of all to its victims. Some of these manias excite our pity and compassion, while others arouse only our sense of the ludicrous. If there is any one hallucination that tends to produce both of the above effects upon us, it is that of the person who imagines that he is a vocalist of the very highest order. He is always willing to sing; in fact, he is never known to refuse; and for a quarter of an hour at least keeps his listeners (who cannot do anything else but listen) in a state of agony. He is merciless; he never considers that he is trespassing on the rights and sensibilities of others; and when once a person becomes impressed with the idea that he can sing, farewell to all peace and harmony wherever he may go. It is a lasting delusion; and a belief in the existence of it as such, you cannot instil into the mind of the poor, benighted creature. He thinks that it is his duty upon all occasions to unburden himself upon the palpitating air in strains of rapturous melody. And if, in a spirit of brotherly love, you should kindly advise him to go out into the forest and raise his voice in melodious lay to his heart's content, he is only too apt to resent it as an insult. He never seems to imagine, however, that you have any doubts as to his vocalistic abilities.

I once knew one of these monomaniacs. I had met some before, and I have known some since—I know some at the present moment—

but the particular case of which I speak was an aggravated one. His name was Otto Singer. Previous to the time I first heard him warble (with a big W) I had always been told, and in fact had come to accept the statement as axiomatic, that there was something in a name. After Mr. Singer's first appearance in the rôle of a singer I have entertained a great many doubts as to the sincerity of the man who originated the expression. It was quite evident to everyone who ever heard Mr. Singer that his name was a misnomer. But he never for a moment thought that it was. Alas! by reason of such unbelief his friends suffered many hours of great mental anguish and torture.

The young people of the parish had arranged a musical entertainment for the benefit of a new church which was in process of erection, and, of course, Singer would have felt very much slighted had he not been asked to assist on the programme; and so he was asked. Not that it was expected that he could in any way contribute to the success or enjoyment of the entertainment, but more in the interest of peace, it was announced, in glaring letters, that "Mr. Singer will positively appear."

I remember the occasion very well. The house was packed to the doors. Singer came out on the stage, made a profound bow; the accompanist started up, and then our friend launched out. He would first sing tenor, then drop down into the bass. Then he would essay a soprano note, and for several moments he looked as if he would swallow his epiglottis. All in the audience wished that he would. Oh! it was simply terrible the way he mangled the piece. Large pieces of plaster fell from the ceiling, and Singer escaped only by dodging. Upon examination it was discovered that every watch in the hall had stopped. The last note had been uttered, and after another profound bow, Mr. Singer vanished. Did we hiss? Did we hoot? Did we throw eggs that were not fresh, or turnips that would not turn? Ah! no, we did not; for such unseemly actions do not tend to encourage the rising young amateur. What did we do? We simply freighted the air with loud, rapturous applause. This was kept up until Singer (who did not keep us waiting long) reappeared and sang three or four stanzas more. They encored him until he had appeared and reappeared for at least five times. Seeing finally that the sarcasm of the situation was lost upon him, they desisted, and a sigh of relief went up from everyone.

I was speaking to him the next day, and in

the course of our conversation I said to him:

"Singer, that was quite an ovation you received last night."

"Yes," he said, "the people around here are only now beginning to appreciate me. Great genius must always command respect."

"From the first moment that I saw you I knew that you would eventually succeed in having yourself heard in the world."

"The recognition has been very slow, and at times quite discouraging; but I persisted until at last—"

"At last," I said, interrupting him, "at last you have won fame and renown."

I advised him to continue in his career which had blossomed out so auspiciously the previous evening, and I assured him that his singing was the talk of the town. I said "singing" in a sarcastic and bantering tone, which, however, he did not perceive. He then walked away with a regal stride.

The entertainment was a very successful one financially, and it was resolved to give one each month. As the time for the next one approached, I learned that Singer was to give another solo. Several of my friends called on me that afternoon, and we concocted a plan to bring Singer to a realization of the fact that his efforts were not appreciated. Some one hit upon a happy thought which we proceeded to put into execution.

That night we took seats in the front row, commonly designated "bald-headed row," each of the crowd being provided with a large bouquet, to the ends of which was attached a long string. Singer warbled his little refrain, and then made his bow. In the meantime we had thrown the bouquets upon the stage at his feet, but we did not let go the strings. In glancing downward he beheld a bewildering profusion of flowers, and a pleased look came into his face. He reached down for one of the bouquets, and just then we got some action on the strings, and the flowers vanished from his sight. He seemed dazed for a moment, and then looked around reproachfully at us. The import of it all did not flash upon him at once; and when it did finally dawn upon his poor, weak brain he vanished also. This we thought would finish him; but it didn't. He still seemed to have an abiding faith—although it had been greatly weakened—in the belief of the people as to his vocal abilities. He said that at the next entertainment he would surprise the audience, as he intended to render a very difficult piece. We all resolved, however, that we would not be

surprised. Singer's number was the last on the programme. He came out and made several bows, and then started out in a weak, raspy voice. The selection, I think, must have been called "The Frolics of a File." He ended in a wild burst that nearly caused the walls to do the same. At the close he retired behind the wings. Not a sound was made by the audience. The silence was death-like. Singer had often heard of holding an audience spellbound, and he thought that was what afflicted his listeners. But if they were, they never recovered from it. He gave them reasonable time, however, to do so; but when he ventured to look out into the hall everyone had gone; all but the janitor who was putting out the lights. He then went out and bathed his throbbing brow in the cool zephyrs of the night. He wandered about aimlessly for two or three hours and then went home.

The next day we organized a committee to go and inform him of the fact that he could not sing just a little bit. We broke it to him gently, and intimated that perhaps it was the peculiar climatic conditions of the locality that rendered his vocal organs so unresponsive to his will and so inharmonious with his imagination. He was beginning to realize this slowly, he said, and he thought that perhaps some other place would be more congenial to his abilities. We did not care to argue with him on this point, so we fully agreed to all that he said. If he ever made another attempt to sing in public I have not heard of it.

J. JOS. COOKE.

War Songs.



AMONG all peoples, and from the earliest times, war songs have been a most powerful means of infusing into the hearts of men courage and enthusiasm in defense of country.

During the late civil war in the United States many and beautiful were the songs sung by the soldiers on the march, in camp, and even just before going into battle. The soldiers in General Rosecrans's army were accustomed to sing, just before going into an engagement, a very beautiful and touching song entitled: "Just Before the Battle, Mother." The men in General Custer's cavalry always went into battle with banners flying to the

tune of "Garry Owen," a stirring martial air.

Many of these beautiful songs were inspired by the thoughts of the men as they lay in camp before or after a battle. While others, like "The Battle Hymn of the Republic," were written by non-combatants. The story of the writing of the song just named will perhaps be as interesting and as deeply appreciated as the well-known history of "The Star-Spangled Banner," as written by Francis Scott Key.

One night, in the early part of the war, Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, the distinguished writer, while sleeping at an old-fashioned hotel in Baltimore, was awakened by the sound of martial music. She arose and on looking out of the window saw a sight that, she says, thrilled her very soul. A regiment of Union soldiers was marching up the street with the Band playing "John Brown's Body." As the notes of the music fell upon her ears she seemed inspired to write; but the only conveniences at hand for the purpose of setting down the words that were in her mind were an old piece of brown paper and a piece of charred wood from the fireplace. With these she wrote, by the light of the moon, the first three verses of that famous song that has cheered the hearts of many thousands. On awakening the next morning, the occurrences of the previous night seemed to her to have been a dream; but the piece of brown paper on the window-sill soon convinced her of their reality. She immediately finished and perfected the poem in its present form; and within a week from the time it was written it was sung in all parts of the North.

An incident in the life at Libby Prison, that bears on this song, is as follows: Near the close of the war there was confined in that horrible place a large number of Union soldiers. All the news that they were able to obtain in regard to the standing of the two armies was from a few old newspapers published in Richmond. The news contained in these papers was always discouraging, as in their accounts of battles they always spoke as though the Rebel armies were never defeated. The prisoners were consequently thrown into a fever of excitement when they learned one day that a new lot of prisoners were being brought in. They hastened to surround the new-comers, and ply them with questions. Among the new arrivals was a young officer of Sheridan's cavalry who had been severely wounded in the arm. A crowd gathered around this officer to hear what he had to say in regard to the situation. For

answer to their question he raised his injured hand above his head and sang:

"Mine eyes have seen the glory
Of the coming of the Lord;
He is trampling out the vintage
Which the grapes of wrath have stored;
He has loosed the fateful lightning
Of His terrible swift sword;
Our God is marching on."

On the conclusion of the song he simply said: "Boys, the Union armies are everywhere victorious, and Richmond will be taken inside of thirty days." A rousing cheer greeted this; for the words of the song had put new life into the poor creatures.

Another song that was a favorite with the "boys in blue," and aptly tells of their choice of songs, was:

"We're tenting to-night on the old camp-ground,
Give us a song to cheer
Our weary hearts; a song of home
And friends we love so dear."

It is no wonder that the war poetry was beautiful—there was much that was heroic and grand to inspire it. A fitting tribute to the memory of the men who made our nation what it is, is the last verse of a poem on the battle flags. The poet says:

"And for those who set these flags to wave,
Losing never a stripe nor star;
For the living the love of the good and brave,
For the dead who rest in a soldier's grave,
Be the gates of heaven ajar."

CHARLES F. ROBY.

The Literary Expression of our Age.

A SYMPOSIUM BY MEMBERS OF THE CLASS
OF BELLES-LETTRES.

A PROPOS of the difference between a novel and a romance, I think that Prof. Moulton is a trifle arbitrary in saying that when we remember the incidents of a story it is a romance, and a novel when we remember the characters. Now there is Sir Walter Scott; he was a romancer—the very prince of romancers—and "Ivanhoe" comes as near to being a romance as any English tale I know. Yet I will venture to say that if you read "Ivanhoe" and try, a year later, to give your impressions of the book, you will unconsciously pay more attention to Rebecca and the Templar, Rowena and Wilfrid than to the plot of the story, the tournaments, the storming of the castle, or the merry goings-on in Sherwood forest.

"But it is only natural," you say, "that we should recall the actors in the drama when we think of the drama itself." Granted, and your statement proves the absurdity of Professor Moulton's distinction. Do what you will, the real interest in every narrative centres in the actors, and the incidents have interest for us

only when they throw new light on the characters of the men and women of the tale.

You cannot divorce the deed from the doer, nor *vice versa*. Take Thackeray's best-known work, "Vanity Fair," for example. Much as we are wrapped up in Becky and Rawdon, Amelia and Dobbin, and poor old Jos, there are a dozen scenes or more that flash into one's memory when "Vanity Fair" is mentioned. And what would "Vanity Fair" be without those dozen scenes? A gallery of portraits labelled Mrs. C. and Mr. D., all masterpieces; but if there is anything more stupid than a portrait of nobody, I have yet to find it out.

Now, there is Rawdon Crawley. I confess that I had my doubts as to whether Rowdon was a gentleman or not, until that last scene—the most terribly dramatic in all "Vanity Fair"—when Rawdon comes home from the sponging house and finds Mrs. R. and that old villain, Styne, together.

Est modus in rebus, and I think that Thackeray discovered it, and after him, in our own day, Marion Crawford. "Saracenesca" is a romantic novel, and, by the way, it is my opinion that the romance is always a novel. There are but two kinds of novels, romantic and realistic: the romantic deals with heroic or ideal personages, or ordinary people in extraordinary positions, while the realistic considers only matter of fact personages.

D. V. CASEY.

* * *

If the question were asked: What class of books exercises the greatest influence on the moulding and training of the mind, realizing an aim in life and developing social customs, the answer immediately comes—the novel. The philosophical historian traces the rise and decline in a nation through the lines of her literature. In our literature we have passed through two epochs, and have witnessed two forms of expression put forth and become classical.

Two hundred years ago the genius of Shakspeare perfected the drama, and for a hundred years his art held the attention of literary England. But there was only one Shakspeare; when he died no one could take his place. The master spirit had departed and the majestic drama became degraded. The theatres had no patrons, and certainly English writing was at its lowest ebb.

The people had become tired of the rise and fall of dynasties and courtly intrigues; they wanted something else, something nearer and like unto themselves; they wanted to know of the life around them, of the peculiar habits and social customs of their contemporaries.

Just at this time, when literature was nearing its crisis, the genius of Thackeray, Eliot and Dickens showed itself and came to the rescue. The novel appeared; it became one of the greatest social factors, and to-day it is supreme.

Strictly speaking, the novel is a study of the

character, the peculiarities of human nature. The greatest novelist is he who is the best painter of men. Human faults and follies are pointed out and shown in their various forms. We read of good people, notice their actions, and model ours accordingly. The object of the novel should be to teach and elevate, not simply to amuse. To my mind every novel should have an *implied* purpose; one suggested, but concealed by the art of the writer.

What is commonly known as the purpose novel has become a drug and a nuisance. Nowadays, when one has some new theory which he wishes in the generosity of his heart to promulgate to his long-suffering fellowmen, he does not take the lecture platform, neither does he write an elaborate essay. He simply sits in his study and grinds out pages of logical statements in defense of his theory. He makes no pretense to depict character. This production is always a failure as a novel. It certainly is a purpose novel, but not the one that Thackeray and George Eliot perfected.

JOHN FLANNIGAN.

Literary forms change as men change. The epic poem gave place to the drama, while the *trouvère* of northern France laid the foundation of our modern novel—a form of fiction that will remain as long as there is a literature.

Among the countless numbers of beings that have lived, loved and suffered, and afterwards "shared the destiny of all that breathe," how few there are whose memories have survived their death! But to the truly great novelist, the man of genius, who holds up the mirror of nature that reflects back to us our hopes, joys, and sorrows, for him immortality waits; and we ask ourselves why, and what is the value of the modern novel? We answer by going back to history and studying the evolution of literature, the various forms that have enriched our language. And when we have reviewed, criticised and studied all these, we say why we value the novel. It is a history, inasmuch as it gives the customs of the people as a mirror of the times.

Nations are characterized by their literature; and their morality, as is instilled into a novel, we may say, is one of the highest forms of fiction; for literature that is elevating will live, while that which degrades is worthless. We owe to the young girl the morality of our language, as the principal source of amusement is novel reading, and in this way our language is kept pure; while in France the immorality of novels, especially, is so public and sunk so deep in the well of sin that they are read only by the old and hidden from the young. A novel should be a reflection of the times, as some incident where the characters are remembered more than the plot.

When we think of Becky Sharp we cannot but sympathize with her, a poor, unfortunate

creature, always so bold and forward, but perfectly natural, as are all of Thackeray's characters. They live, and why? Because they are always true to nature, never artificial.

FRANCIS MCKEE.

If literature is the personal expression of thought and temperament, it must depend in a great measure for its form and style on the character and social influences of its different periods. If the drama was the exponent of literary worth in the time of Shakspeare, surely the novel has taken its place in the nineteenth and twentieth centuries. To become great in literature it seems necessary to send before the public a decently written novel. Even Wiseman and the excellent Dr. Newman felt this a duty. What Solomon put into a maxim and sage sayings, Shakspeare and his contemporaries put into dramas, and the writers of to-day into novels. If we wish to teach a new theory, bring forth a new view or phase of life, praise a new religion, or ridicule a certain custom, the novel is the only means to attract the masses. This Mrs. Humphrey Ward knew when she wrote "Robert Elsmere"; so did George Eliot when she wrote her novels, and the same holds true with Rider Haggard, Robert Stevenson, Dickens, Marion Crawford, and the great Thackeray.

Great novels are gifts of God; and certainly one must be void of all fine feeling if he can lay down "Ben-Hur," or "Fabiola," or the "Newcomes," or "Dion and the Sibyls" without feeling that his nobler nature has been strengthened and the crosses of life seem easier to bear. Human nature is always interesting. We like to know and to see persons and things like ourselves. If the Lives of the Saints were written as if they were once mortals like ourselves, took the same chances for eternity as we, sinned as much and rose as often, suffered as many trials as we do, and, at last, conquering, died, the influence given by the interest which would be then found in such examples would really be inestimable. And I think this is one reason why the form of literary expression in its greatest periods was that of the drama and novel. We must not depreciate the worth of novels. They are valuable lesson-books, and present to us true models. It is human to err. We all have our faults. The world is by no means ideal, nor is it steeped in evil; for God still reigns. It is only, then, those books which portray characters with many defects and one great virtue—peopled with beings intensely human—that are going to do the most good in the world.

The novel, like the drama, is a great engine of civilization. But you must remember I mean a true novel—one true to life, with characters whose moral natures are neither those of angels nor devils. A story which is a true delineation of life—life as we know it to be—

has a powerful influence for good if it is cleverly written and its lesson pure. A great many men pose as authors and teachers who are incapable of leading the people. This is where the trouble lies. We are usually very credulous of what we read and see in print. The very fact of an article having gone through the intricate machinery of a press seems to be all the approbation necessary for its truthfulness. We should get over this. We must teach the men who wield the pen that they cannot be arbitrary on all points or views of life if they disregard the thoughts and feelings of the people. You see the novelist may have a great ideal. And a man perfectly prepared for the literary profession has no small mission before him.

We often read a novel wherein we make the acquaintance of a character which, morally speaking, is really good, but wholly uninteresting. It never does evil, and it never does anyone else any good. Such a character should not be put into any book. It will teach no lesson good or bad, and is, therefore, useless. The goodness of a such character is what I call *negative*. It neither makes us better nor worse. Men with a great many small faults, but at the bottom essentially good and cheerful and happy, are the ones that benefit us.

HUGH A. O'DONNELL.

Our Professor of Letters in a recent lecture said that the most popular form of literary expression to-day is the novel. Perhaps he is right. Do you really believe, however, that *the* novels—say those of Dickens, Thackeray, Eliot and Crawford—are read and appreciated by the masses. It seems to me that they are not. Of course there are hundreds who read the great novelists and more than enjoy the worth and beauty of their works; but the ordinary man, I scarcely think, does. In the first place, a person of the middle class seldom reads the standard novel. He still holds to the old prejudicial idea of that form of literature. He looks upon the novel as something sentimental, frivolous, the exclusive property of those to whom wealth and time are a burden. For himself to read Thackeray would be sheer idleness. Why this strained opinion should still cling to him is hard to say. It seems strange that a work as interesting, as elevating and as instructive as is the modern novel should not appeal to all classes.

And then again, many people are unable to enjoy the delineation of character, which is the object of the novel. The romance attracts them, for their interest centres wholly in the plot; and therein lies the difference between the novel and the romance. A great novel depends for its success entirely on the characters of a book. A novelist must be a reader of human nature and a pen painter of real life, picturing men as they really live, act and talk. The writer of

romance needs only to be skilful in the construction of his story; the personages he may weave into the intricacies of the plot can be as unreal and as untrue to life as it is possible to imagine; and yet if the arrangement is good, the interest and worth of the story remain. The old Puritanical view of the novel, together with the fact that the ordinary man seems totally unable to appreciate the subtle character delineation, greatly reduces its influence and confines the great novel to a limited number of people—the better educated.

F. CARNEY.

I happened the other morning to catch a glimpse of myself as I passed before my looking-glass—quite accidentally, however,—so I stopped and considered for a few moments how wonderfully sagacious were those men who had so diligently and faithfully worked out the laws of optics (Physics p. 123). And I thought of these laws, and then asked myself if it could be possible that from each microscopic point on my eye to the reflected image in the looking-glass there was, according to optics, a ray of light? And I also asked why, if these rays served to show my reflection so perfectly, should there not be some science that would show the *interior* equally well as the exterior? and I answered—the only answer that came to me at the moment—yes, there must be a science; this science is also an art: the science and art of depicting the reflection of the human heart and soul, in cold, black letters, on the pages of a *novel*.

The novel is a great factor in the life of to-day—not the trash of detective experience, but the intellectual, elevating, and pleasing writing of great authors.

What men want nowadays is to see and know clearly what is the real, true inside life of other men; and this knowledge is to be obtained only by a great character-showing novel. It is all well enough to say that in our everyday life we can easily judge the character of a man; but, don't be mistaken; appearances are deceitful, and in nine cases out of ten we generally arrive at a wrong conclusion. If we want to find out a man's character we ought, and must, read some book of his in which he writes with his own personality, and then we can begin to know him. No man knows another man any more than he knows himself. God alone knows man; but man does not know God. Now, to try to get an example of the typical criminal we should read "Oliver Twist," and note the character of Bill Sykes who is saturated with crime. To gain an idea of the *good* criminal, the repenting one, read "Eugene Aram"; here we sympathize with him. But this is not the usual thing; he was an exception.

If you want to see the man who dreams, I recommend the greatest little book I have

read, a gem in itself, a book of the heart, a book of tears—Ik Marvel's "Reveries of a Bachelor." Among general character novels I would quote "Henry Esmond," "Percussion," "Middlemarch," "The Mill on the Floss" and "Crawford."

F. THORN.

* * *

The epic, the poetic satire and the drama have been replaced by a different style of literature—the novel.

It is the most popular form of our present literature, and may be defined as a reflection of character. The life of the people is expressed, and, as said before, it aims at the reflection of the life and condition of the social world.

The romance is a division of the novel, and in it particular attention is given to the incidents of the story. The scene is generally laid in the Middle Ages, and suggests knights, armor, the supernatural, and the like. At the head of the romancists stands Sir Walter Scott. His "Monastery" is a typical instance of the romance.

William Makepeace Thackeray holds the same position among the novelists that Scott does among the romancists. His "Henry Esmond," the greatest of all novels, is based on the development of character. We are not particularly interested in knowing that the scene is laid in England, but it is to the treatment of the characters that our attention is drawn.

Dickens was a novelist with a purpose, and, thanks to him, many social evils were corrected. It has been objected that a novelist should have a right to shove his social ideas upon us. Marion Crawford has lately written a book in which he objects to such novelists.

That the novel is our best form of literature, needs very little argument to prove. The orators of ancient times would now be useless. Even the immortal Shakspeare has given way before the novelist. This is a state of affairs which should not exist; but unless some new impetus is given to the drama, it will, I fear, remain in its old place.

"Robert Elsmere," though false in its teachings, has reached more people than the most eloquent divine could have done. Those who call the classical novels light literature either do so through prejudice, and still more through ignorance. Surely books, from which many a good moral can be drawn, cannot be called light reading. By the reading of an interesting novel the mind is relaxed; and when it expresses our own thoughts we derive a pleasure in so reading it; our mind is raised to higher thoughts, and the reflections which follow cannot but prove beneficial.

J. M. KEARNEY.

* * *

The undisputed sway the novel seems now to enjoy plainly shows that is the most popular form of literary expression. Any attempt to dispute that the novel is an element in our modern

fiction would be bigoted and unreasonable. The novel takes many forms. Most of the work done in our day is destined to a not very distant oblivion. The novel, M. Crawford tells us, is an intellectual artistic luxury. This definition seems to cover the ground more fully than any we have as yet had. No reasonable man will doubt that as such it cannot but hold an important place in our literature, and its effects cannot be other than ennobling and refining. The novel depends on its development of character. When the character is above and beyond the plot, when the character takes life-like proportions and absorbs our interest, the work is a novel. The romance is more difficult to define. The scene is generally carried back into the Middle Ages, the age of chivalry, and the plot is of more importance than the characters. This will hold good for most romances; still these are mere plots that were laid in the Middle Ages; but the interest depends on the characters. This new school of romance is represented by George Eliot and Marion Crawford, who, by their subtle imagination and deep thought, have founded this school.

The age that gave us Robinson Crusoe and Goldsmith's prose idyll, "The Vicar of Wakefield," marks the turning-point of the English literary expression. Chivalrous manners had been blotted out, bringing in a new order of things and with it practical reading. Manners and customs changed, and with the decline of the school that was highly poetic and dramatic a new school made its appearance—the realistic. Our great eighteenth century novelists hold a high place in the literature of the world. Their humor, dramatic art, acquaintance with human nature, and pathos make them the peers of those who have used the form of verse. They rank in form, not in substance, below the masters of verse. The truly great novelists are few. Thackeray, the great searcher of hearts, Dickens the social reformer, George Eliot, Bulwer Reade, Miss Austin, Scott, Hawthorne, Crawford, Fielding, Goldsmith, and a few others, give a comprehensive view of the whole. The field of the novelists to-day seems to be invaded. Men and women make it an occupation, and the result is that the impression made by the modern novel is about the same as a mild shock of an electric battery; lurid and irregular streaks of the imagination, unreal characters, false situations, unbecoming sentimentality make up the greater part of their work. There is no doubt that genius and subtlety of imagination and talent have thrown their best into the fiction of to-day. And some of it will live; but the greater part is as perishable as the generations whose idleness it has amused. Probably the future will find in these novels new insight into nature, other beauties and charms of the imagination which we are unable to see at present.

FRANCIS D. BOLTON.

NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.

Notre Dame, January 27, 1894.

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.

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Dr. Stafford's Lecture.

ONE of the greatest treats, literary and elocutionary, ever given the students of Notre Dame was Dr. Stafford's lecture on "Hamlet." Dr. Stafford, as is well known, is the Professor of Oratory and Elocution at the Catholic University at Washington; and no one could better treat "Hamlet" than did the Rev. Father on last Wednesday evening in Washington Hall. The lecture was interspersed here and there with selections from the play as only Dr. Stafford can give them. A new light was thrown upon the subject by this most excellent means of graphic illustration. To bring his elocutionary powers into play, to make clear his meaning, the Rev. Doctor gave several of the soliloquies in a most graceful and dramatic manner. The appreciation of the audience was shown by numerous bursts of applause. Following are some of the points of the lecture.

* * *

We take up for consideration this afternoon the most interesting work in all literature—"Hamlet." It is the first we read and the last we understand. We read it as boys, and as

men we meditate upon it. It affords pleasant occupation for an idle summer's afternoon; and as we grow older we read and reread it and never tire of it. It is one of the few books that are exhaustless. It never loses its interest. The greatest actors make it a lifelong study; the greatest readers, after having read it, make it a subject of thorough research. Every line is the subject of much controversy. "Hamlet" must have touched a chord of the human heart never touched before.

As to whether Hamlet is sane or insane, is an old controversy, and one that can be prolonged with endless discussion. Some doctors tell us that Shakspeare has given us in "Hamlet" every phase of insanity. Some critics hold that he was both sane and insane. There is nothing improbable in this, as his sorrow was so great that at times his reason might have become clouded by the tempest that raged in his soul. Hamlet as presented to us is gifted with intellectual perceptions, revelling in thought and dwelling with the immortals. Eloquence was natural to him, and in his speech his tongue but performed its office in expressing the thoughts that could not be restrained. He was also bodily gifted, the observed of all observers; in a word, he was an ideal man. The predominating part of him was his intellect. It was so great that he could forget all human love. He idolizes his mother, worships his father, and delights in the thoughtful days at the University of Wittenberg. There he built the house in which his heart should dwell. He was a loving son, but yet a philosopher. He would have rallied from the shock he sustained at the death of his father, but a greater sorrow came upon his heart. It was the action of his mother that destroyed his life. There is no sorrow in life like losing ideals. There is no wound comparable to that of giving up old associations, old ideals. There is nothing so sad as to cherish ideals, schemes that have become part of our very heart's blood, and like a castle of clouds appearing on the western horizon, only to be dissipated by the first zephyr that blows, we awake to the reality that our ideals have vanished. When we have staked all to lose all, where we have expected nobility to find baseness, to find those we have loved and upon whose character we have rested our own happiness, to find them wanting, to have these ideals rudely torn from our hearts, is the greatest of all sorrows. So Hamlet finds himself. It was not the death of his father, but the conduct of his mother that has given his

heart such a wrench, and though she has ruined his life, he will still obey her because she is his mother. . . .

Solitude is the penalty of greatness—every great heart has looked about for some one to share its joys or sorrows, but the greatest of them have not found it. They are condemned to stand alone. So Hamlet went to Ophelia, and his feelings were so strong that his tongue was paralyzed with emotion. He could only try to look into her very soul for the consolation he felt in need of. She, with her preconceived notion of his madness, misunderstood him, and he realized that there was no human help that he could depend upon, no human sympathy to console him. Realizing that he must die should he carry out his vengeance, not caring for the death of his body, he was much concerned for the welfare of his matchless soul in that undiscovered country. It was his matchless thought on its immortality and the hereafter.

Being a just man, it was not with circumstances, but with himself that he found fault for delay. But the word of a ghost would not be evidence enough to justify him in the killing of his uncle, so he took the players as a means to that end.

Morally speaking, there is more in Hamlet to offend than in any other of Shakspeare's plays. Artistically speaking, it is full of imperfections. It has not the majesty of "Julius Cæsar" nor the action of "Macbeth," but it holds the attention as none of these does. Othello dies and is forgotten; King Lear passes away and we think of him no more; but not so with Hamlet. It is because Shakspeare has manifested himself in Hamlet, and because Hamlet is life.

There is nothing that surpasses the conception of the human mind. We are all sublime in conception, but how miserable is the faculty of realization! The poet conceives thoughts he can never express; the artist has continually before his eyes the most beautiful figures; the musician always hears music sweeter than any ever played; but neither can the poet express his thought in flowing numbers, nor the artist paint the picture he has continually before his vision, nor the musician reproduce the melodies floating through his mind.

This is what Shakspeare would have us understand by Hamlet, that there is something in man that can never be expressed, something that can never be realized.

Du B.

Neal's Courageous Utterances.

THE HON. LAWRENCE NEAL, Chevalier of the Ohio Democracy, delivered a stirring philippic against Apaism and other unpatrioticisms at the Jackson banquet in Columbus. His toast was: "The Proscription of Religious Liberty, the Destruction of the Republic." He expressed the following sentiment, which must ever find a ready response in the hearts of all truly patriotic citizens:

"The right to worship God according to the dictates of one's own conscience is an indefeasible one. He who would abridge this right is not a good citizen; and he who would attempt to destroy it is an enemy to freedom and free government. A secret political organization of any kind is hostile to the spirit of our free institutions."

The adherents of such a bigoted organization recently made desperate efforts to defeat a candidate for the office of mayor of Chicago because, forsooth, of his ancestry and religious convictions. But their opposition happily proved futile, for their sordid aberrations from the probity of good citizenship could not defeat the irrevocable will of a patriotic majority-suffrage. Despite the fact that the bigots were assisted by Know-Nothing sheets, the Hon. John Patrick Hopkins was elected by the people, and the unpatriotic voters were deservedly relegated to their skulking places.

But not to digress. Mr. Neal also said, anent the malicious machinations of those who would fain curtail the religious liberty of a certain class of citizens:

"It (Apaism) may live for a time upon the credulity and prejudices of those who may be induced by the wiles and artifices of designing, unscrupulous, and corrupt demagogues and leaders to adopt its dogmas; but the intelligence and patriotism of the people, when aroused, will reject and destroy it, and the conspirators against public liberty, who, renouncing the teachings of our fathers, that neither creed nor sect shall be considered or recognized in the selection of public officials, have been instrumental in founding such a party, shall, banished from public notice, lost to all influence and power, in disgrace and dishonor, close their ignoble career in ignominious obscurity. *The union between American liberty and religious freedom must be indissoluble. They must stand or fall together. If we are to retain the one, we must preserve inviolate the other.* Our highest duty is to resist, with unfaltering courage, every attempt, insidious or open, to proscribe the political and other rights of any of our citizens because of their religion as a dangerous assault upon constitutional liberty. I speak

not only as a Democrat but as a Protestant, and say that we shall prove ourselves dastards in the Democratic faith if we fail to discharge such duty. Let us, then, one and all, now and here, bearing aloft the banner of free thought, free speech, and religious toleration, and renewing our allegiance to these underlying principles of justice, right and liberty, pledge ourselves and those who are to come after us, to maintain and uphold them until, with universal acclaim, they shall be declared the inalienable heritage of our people."

It would seem superfluous to remark that his speech was received with undissembled enthusiasm, and the adherents of the principles of Jefferson and Jackson tendered him the ovation of an ever memorable evening.

Such sentiments, coming from an illustrious political luminary of Ohio, deserve the praise of all right-thinking men, without regard to party affiliation, religious belief or native country. A nemesis will ere long overtake these religious bigots, and with them will inevitably be given the death-blow to all fanaticism; for "freedom of religion, freedom of the press, freedom of person, under the ægis of the Habeas Corpus, and trial by juries impartially selected—these principles form the lucid constellation which has gone before us and guided our footsteps through an age of revolution and reformation."

MARTYN P. MCFADDEN.

Natural History.

THE description, comparison, and classification of natural objects constitute what is known as Natural History. Hence to study natural history we have to study the "organic" and the "inorganic" worlds. The former is generally spoken of under two heads, namely, botany and zoölogy. The latter is divided into mineralogy and lithology.

The first point which we have to consider is botany, or the natural history of plants, than which nothing can be more interesting and instructive. We perceive in them life without apparent motion. Hence we have to inquire why plants are not made to move in the same manner as animals. We at first do not see clearly why this is; but we come to the conclusion that as the Creator is all-wise He did not make them stationary without some object in view.

In the first place, plants receive all their nourishment from the earth and air; consequently, growing out of the earth, and being

surrounded with air, it is not necessary for them to move. Movement is the result of muscular contraction; hence it would be only a waste of force if plants had the power of motion. However, there is an exception or two to this almost general rule. The plant known as Venus's Flytrap opens and shuts whenever any insect or even a stick happens to touch its fibres. This peculiar plant also has the power of distinguishing between dead and living substances. If an insect be caught by this plant it will press its sides tighter and tighter together, until it becomes completely dry, the nourishment being absorbed by the plant. If, on the contrary, you place a pencil in place of the insect it will close, but in a few minutes will open as if to throw off the pencil.

The study of botany and zoölogy are closely connected with each other, because the lower forms of either cannot be distinguished. By some they are regarded as plants, by others as animals. Also the zoölogical subjects are entirely nourished by the botanical. It is for these reasons that they are generally linked together in our schools and colleges. That is, they are generally commenced about the same time.

In zoölogy we have about the most interesting and the most noble products of life to study. We commence with the *monad*, and ascend to man. Throughout this long course of study, which a man can scarcely complete in a lifetime, we observe a great diversity of forms, and as yet the long sought-for link has not been found. Besides the ill-formed head of the ape, the brain does not show a single resemblance to that of man, either in shape or development. It is, therefore, of great importance to us to study and understand this subject thoroughly, that we may not be led astray by the upholders of the Darwinian theory.

By the knowledge of zoölogy we are enabled to classify objects according to structure, and not as the ancients, who classified animals according to their form, thereby placing the whale among fishes. It is unnecessary for us to say that a whale is a mammal, because every zoölogist is well aware of the fact.

Mineralogy, the next branch of natural history, is the science of mineral aggregates and rocks. If we examine a piece of gold, and determine its chemical characters, its mode of development and its uses, we have its mineralogy. It is therefore very useful to us to know how to determine the value of a particular

piece of stone, because we sometimes find valuable amethysts, geodes, etc., which without the knowledge of mineralogy would be passed by and considered as useless. Lithology is the study of natural beds of minerals, their origin, structure and relation to other rocks—an extensive branch in itself. Hence we see that the study of natural history is one which no single individual can completely master during a long lifetime. One cannot, however, become proficient in one branch without a limited knowledge of the others.

It is often said that natural history is an injury more than a benefit to those who study it. This theory, however, is as absurd as it would be to say that ignorance is preferable to learning; and among the students of natural history we Catholics have a host of men who rank as the greatest luminaries of the nineteenth century, among them Cardinal Wiseman, St. George Mivart, and many others. Even if the student does not obtain a rank equal with those whom I have just mentioned, he can at least satisfy himself in regard to proper and improper theories. G. C.

“American Citizenship.”

THE REV. T. J. CONATY, D. D., the learned, zealous pastor of the Church of the Sacred Heart, Worcester, and President of the Catholic Summer School of America, delivered a scholarly address before the Catholic Club of Harvard College on Jan. 10. His subject was “American Citizenship.” In opening his discourse Father Conaty paid a high tribute to America’s greatest university and to the lofty principles of liberty and patriotism which it inculcated. The thought which pervaded his address may be judged from this succinct statement: “True men and true women make a country’s greatness. They, by their efforts and sacrifices, make our country a fit place to live in. Every good man has in his heart the desire to make his country better. He who toils to develop the resources of his country, to build it up, to make it richer, grander, nobler, is a true man and a loyal citizen. The foundation of our government is honest manhood. Our structure of liberty is not built on nobility, nor on titles, nor on wealth, but on American manhood. The very essence of our institutions is a hostility to every kind of tyranny. The blood of the revolution was shed for the sacred cause of free manhood. Our people had rights

and had the courage and ability to exercise them.”

He sketched with masterly skill the rise and fall of the republics of old, and showed how they failed and crumbled away because they failed to keep up their high standard of true manhood and the liberty and equality of the citizen. “American citizenship,” he said, “is not a barren honor. We should bear intact the proud privilege of our citizenship and preserve it from stain. Water rises no higher than its source. Corrupt the citizen, and you corrupt the state. Every representative government depends upon its individual citizenship. Every citizen under a republic like ours is a king on election day. The free man’s vote is law; it makes or mars the political fortune of the public man. His action rules the city and state and the country.”

The dangers that now threaten our splendid edifice of free manhood were thoughtfully treated by the eloquent lecturer. All the republics of old died not from the attacks or assaults of external foes, but from the treason of their own people. False teachings on economic and social and questions, lax views of morality and obligation are sapping the foundations of our institutions. “There is a danger,” he said, “in divesting ourselves of the religious idea in our education. We are not pagans, but Christians. Our ideal of education is not formed on a Spartan state which held education to be a fitting of men for civil duties. Our ideal is not atheistic, nor agnostic, but Christian. We believe, as a people, that Christ is the true idea of our manhood, and what drives Christ out of our education is destructive of our true character. Our manhood—and our humanity is a manhood redeemed by Christ—and our state and country can hope to prosper only inasmuch as we keep Christ in our public as well as our private life. Destroy or drive out religion, and you are poisoning the waters of citizenship at its source. No man can be true to his country who is not true to his conscience and his God.”

But the greatest danger of all, in the view of Dr. Conaty, lies in the evil combination of wicked men to curtail the liberties of citizens on account of their religious opinions. We quote his strong, emphatic and vigorous denunciation of the A. P. A. as follows:

“Another danger is the bigot also, who would ostracize a man for his race or creed. The true American tests man by his loyalty to his country. ‘Who loves the flag is a man and a brother; no matter what color, what race

or what creed.' The bigot, religious or political, has no place under the flag of freedom. It is not patriotism, for it violates the first principles of patriotism. It is not manly nor American. Like the anarchist, he plots in secret to rob fellow-citizens who have earned their right to citizenship upon every field of battle, and in every circle of human endeavor. Who are they who dare stir up religious and race feuds which destroy the harmony that should exist among all classes? Americans? God forbid! Petty politicians who catch any breeze that may help them into office. Men, many of them, who do not value our citizenship enough to cast off allegiance to a foreign sovereign, and also deceive silly women and weak-minded men by their cries of 'America for the Americans.' So say we, 'America for Americans.' But if the rule were enforced many of them would hide themselves to the lower provinces as their royalist forefathers did in 1775, when the air of Boston liberty was too strong for their Tory blood. Any man who ostracizes his fellow-citizens for race or religious prejudice should be shunned as a pestilence whose foul breath poisons the breath of freedom. As the immortal Washington advised, 'Let us entertain a brotherly affection for one another, for our fellow-citizens of the United States at large, and particularly for the brethren who have served in the field.' Listen to the burning words of Josiah Quincy, addressed to the Know-nothing of long ago, 'The doom of the republic is sealed when the bats take the lead of the eagles.'

Dr. Conaty concluded with a strong and earnest appeal to the Catholic young men of Harvard and elsewhere to be true to the American idea of manhood and free, enlightened citizenship. "The American flag," he said, "is the symbol of liberty. Its stars and stripes tell us that it is the badge of freedom. But there can be no liberty unless the individual has freedom in his heart and responsibility in his mind. Liberty is freedom to serve God, to serve the State, to stand forth and defend the home against the assaults of evil." In conclusion he said: "Let me exhort you, then, to be brave men and true, and to preserve the liberties purchased at such cost of blood and treasure. If duty ever calls you to guard your homes or defend your country, be ready. You may never again hear the drum roll of war, but dangers even greater than war exist and must be courageously met. Do your full duty as American citizens, and then will you realize and enjoy the ideal republic; then will our starry banner triumphantly wave o'er 'the land of the free and the home of the brave.'"—*Republic*.

RESOLUTIONS OF CONDOLENCE.

WHEREAS, It has pleased Divine Providence to remove from this earth the loving mother of our fellow students, Frank and Bernard Roesing; and,

WHEREAS, We deeply feel for them in their sad bereavement; be it therefore

RESOLVED, That we, the students of Carroll and St. Edward's Halls, tender them and their afflicted family our most heartfelt sympathy; and be it moreover

RESOLVED, That these resolutions be printed in the NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC, and that a copy of the same be forwarded to the sorrow-stricken family.

Carroll Hall.

J. V. SULLIVAN,
C. W. REBER,
W. P. MONAHAN,

St. Edward's Hall.

C. GIRSCH,
M. DEVINE,
G. SCHERRER,—Committee.

Local Items.

—Plenty of snow.

—You aren't a bit cold, are you?

—"The 20th is past, and all is well."

—'Tis said of Curb that he is infatuated with Jackson.

—The chief of police seems to have unlimited jurisdiction.

—Hosscar is very attentive to the evening lectures of late.

—How many more ambitious vocalists are there in the woods?

—The Count has parted company with his mustache and side wings.

—The Lambs will reorganize next week with an increased membership.

—Tommy avers that some people must think that he is quite "grouchy."

—The clock in Brownson Hall is not keeping up with the times. (Joke.)

—The Count and the Duke have formed an alliance, both offensive and defensive.

—Mithen has a new Chicago story in his repertoire, and, as usual, he is the hero.

—Three sneezes, one cough, and then say "ski," that is the way to pronounce his name.

—The weather has been very cold recently, and, as a result, the billiard balls were continually freezing.

—FOUND—A purse and a small crucifix. Owner may recover the same by calling at Room 1, Sorin Hall.

—Mr. Cuneo was quite ill during the past week. We are glad to state that he is around again, having fully recovered.

—After the drill on Sunday Mr. C. Reber was appointed 2d Lieutenant, and Mr. J. Klees Orderly Sergeant of Co. "B."

—Miss Alice Quinlan, of Chicago, was a welcome visitor to the College recently, visiting her brother, Thomas, of Sorin Hall.

—Brownson Hall met Sorin Hall on the gridiron field last Sunday, and the latter were victorious, winning by a score of 18 to 0.

—Henry, the original Snowball, has returned to his old love. There will now be intense rivalry in Brownson Hall as there is a pair of them.

—We are pleased to note that Mr. Joseph Cooke's article, entitled "A Strange Adventure," has been very popular with our exchanges. The discriminating *Buffalo Union and Times* and the *Examiner* of Cork, Ireland, gave it a prominent place in their columns.

—We were pleased to see during the week the Rev. L. J. L'Etourneau, C.S.C., the zealous and devoted chaplain of St. Mary's. Father L'Etourneau, we are glad to say, has almost

entirely recovered from the severe accident which he met with some weeks ago.

—The Law Class boasts of an M. D. who is quite a genius in his way. He is a graduate of Heidelberg, Paris, Ann-Arbor, Mishawaka and Granger. He is an expert, and if you do not ask him any questions he will impress you with a sense of his great knowledge of medics, etc.

—Among the oil-paintings in the college parlor is a portrait of the Very Rev. Basil Moreau, Founder of the Congregation of the Holy Cross. It was painted many years ago by the Founder's nephew Eugene, and for a long time adorned the community room of the Professed House.

—At a *musicale* given in Good's Opera House, South Bend, last Monday evening, Mr. B. F. Bates sang a solo entitled "The King and Me." Mr. Bates is a vocalist of no mean ability, being the possessor of an excellent bass voice of a deep compass. His friends rejoice in the fact that the recognition of his abilities is not confined to Notre Dame.

—The members of St. Joseph's Literary Society held a meeting Wednesday evening, the 17th inst., for the purpose of electing officers for the ensuing session. The following were chosen: Bro. Boniface, C. S. C., Director; John Sauter, President; T. J. McCaffrey, Vice-President; J. Cromb, Treasurer; T. McHugh, Sergeant-at-Arms; T. King and J. Barry, Critics.

—The Handball Association of Carroll Hall is once more with us. A meeting was held on Thursday, at which the following officers were elected: President, J. LaMoure; Vice-President, C. Fleming; Secretary, H. Miles; Treasurer, J. Whitehead; Scorers, J. Shillington and J. Ducey; Referee, C. Reber. All outsiders will have a chance for the championship of the University. Games with Brownson Hall will be played in the near future.

—An interesting and amusing game of football was played the other day by the M. L. S. eleven and a team from South Bend, captained by J. Howard. The game went off smoothly, and at the end of the second half the South Benders retired from the field without a single score to their credit. The M. L. S. eleven played an excellent game, considering it was their first appearance this season. With good, complete coaching and steady practice, they will develop into a wonderfully strong team. The score stood, 22 to 0.

—The Athletic Association has purchased a fine large crayon portrait of Brother Paul, which will be placed in the Seniors' reading-room. The work was executed by Messrs. Bonney & Borough of South Bend, and it has given entire satisfaction to all. It is certainly a work of art; and the association owes a vote of thanks to the above gentlemen for the manner in which they have faithfully depicted every feature of the lamented Prefect. The

committee having the matter in charge are confident that it would have been impossible to have the work executed in a more perfect manner. The frame of the picture is of antique oak with gold trimmings.

—MOOT-COURT.—The case pending before the Moot-Court this week is the continuance of the murder trial of the State *vs.* Henry Davis. The prosecution having rested their case, the defense opened with a presentation of their side to the jury. Maurice Kirby, one of the attorneys for the defense, laid before the jury the circumstances leading up to the arrest of his client, and gave a clear and complete review of the case. He developed the grounds of defense in an artistic and masterly manner, and warned the jury against depending wholly upon circumstantial evidence. His remarks were interesting, and every word was closely followed and dwelt upon both by the jury and his fellow-students. At the conclusion of his address the witnesses were introduced. The defense set up is a novel one, and will be reviewed next week. Court adjourned with a wandering pedestrian on the stand.

—The third regular meeting of the Philodemics was called to order on Wednesday, by President Du Brul. After the routine business of the society had been passed upon, the Director, Rev. J. Cavanaugh, announced that the Faculty would like to have the names of three or four Philodemics submitted to it from which number the orator of Washington's Birthday would be selected. The four finally selected as the candidates were Jas. A. McKee, Daniel P. Murphy, John A. Devanney, and Thomas D. Mott. Then the regular programme of the evening was begun with a recitation—"The Gambler's Last Deal"—by Mr. Mead Prichard, given in his usual pleasing manner. The debate of the evening was: "Resolved, That the influence of the 'ex-priest' is not hurtful to the Church." Messrs. Devanney and McFadden ably defended the affirmative, while Messrs. Du Brul and Hugh Mitchell took care of the negative side of the question. There was a slight misunderstanding among the debaters as to what the point at issue really was, but the tangle was straightened out, and the judges—Murphy, Walker, and Eyanson—decided that the more sound and convincing arguments were brought forward by the affirmative. When this decision had been rendered, several of the members made comments on the question, and among them Messrs. Mott, McKee and Fitzgerald brought forward several forcible arguments to show that the "ex-priest" could exert only an evil influence upon everyone with whom he came in contact.

—ESSAYS: The following subjects are given from which selection may be made by the Graduating class in the various courses for their first essay. Said essay must be handed in to the Director of Studies not later than March 1,

Classical Course—(1) "Œdipus in Sophocles"; (2) "Thucydides and Tacitus"; (3) "Horace's Poetry and Philosophy."

English Course—(1) "Why Thackeray's Characters Live"; (2) "The Dramatic Element in Fiction"; (3) "Conversation as an Art"; (4) "Brownson and Emerson"; (5) "Coventry Patmore"; (6) "The Magazine in American Literature"; (7) "The Newspapers judged by Christianity"; (8) "The Finest of Fine Arts"; (9) "What is Success"; (10) "The Decay of Poetry"; (11) "Cæsar, Napoleon, Socrates"; (12) "Becket" (Tennyson), and "St. Thomas" (De Vere); (13) "A Curtain Raiser."

Scientific Course—(1) "Spectrum Analysis"; (2) "Chemical Constitution of the Sun"; (3) "The History of the Dynamo"; (4) "Practical Application of Electricity"; (5) "Synthetic Chemistry."

Civil Engineering—(1) "Surveys for Railway Location"; (2) "Substructure for Bridges"; (3) "Difficulties Encountered in River Improvements"; (4) "The Panama and Nicaragua Canals Considered in the Light of Engineering Science"; (5) "The City Engineer"; (6) "The Civil Engineer as a Benefactor of Mankind"; (7) "Style in Engineering Construction."

Roll of Honor.

SORIN HALL.

Messrs. Ahlrichs, Cullen, Casey, Crawley, Corry, Devaney, Dempsey, Dinkel, Eyanson, J. Fitzgerald, Funke, Flannery,* Flannagan, Hudson, Hervey, Kuhnert, Kearney, McCarrick, McFadden,* McGarry, Mott, Pritchard, Quinlan, Ryan, Scherrer,* Schillo, Schopp, Walker.

BROWNSON HALL.

Messrs. Arce, Amberg, Brinker, J. B. Barrett, Beyer, W. Bates, W. F. Byrne, Blanchard, W. Burns, Bennett, Barton, Baldwin, B. Bates, Browne, Cullinan, Campbell, A. Clark, Callaghan, Cooke, Chassaing, Cuneo, Chirhart, C. Clark, Cochran, F. Dillon, Dorsey, Donahoe, Duffield, Dougan, Egan, Edwards, Fagan, T. Falvey, Foley, F. Falvey, Feeney, Gordon, Gilmartin, L. Gibson, N. Gibson, Garasche, Golden, Halligan, Hinde, Herman, Hennesy, Henneberry, Hesse, Hodge, Harding, Johnson, Kinsella, Kerndt, Kennedy, Karasynski, Kirby, Kelly, Ludwig, Marmon, Murray, Maynes, Maguire, Maloney, Mott, McHugh, Mithen, Murphy, Major, Manchester, Montague, W. O'Neill, O'Connell, F. O'Brien, Oliver, O'Malley, G. Pulskamp, F. Pulskamp, Palmer, Piquette, Roper, Rice, Ruppe, Rumely, J. Ryan, J. J. Ryan, F. Reilly, C. Roby, E. Roby, J. Reilly, Schwartz, Smith, Spalding, Slevin, Sullivan, Stace, Schmidt, Smoger, Stack, Streicher, Tong, Turnar, Vignos, Welty, Walker, Weaver, Wilkin, Wagner, Wiss, White, Yingst, Zeitler.

CARROLL HALL.

Messrs. Alber, Austin, Bloomfield, Burns, Bacon, Banholzer, Black, Benz, Clarke, Connor, Cornell, Coolidge, Clendenin, C. Cullen, T. Cullen, Carney, J. Ducey, A. Ducey, Dannemiller, Dalton, Dutt, Druecker, Davis, Fennessy, Fox, Forbing, Fitzgibbon, Fleming, Franke, Falvey, Gavin, Gonzales, J. Goldstein, T. Goldstein, Gausepohl, Hurley, Howell, Hutchinson, Healy, Hoban, Howard, Jack, E. Jones, H. Jones, Kröllman, Kegler, Kasper, Klees, Lanagan, Lantry, LaMoure, Lohner, Leonard, Lansdowne, Lowrey, Lippman, Maurer, Mun-

* Omitted the last two weeks by mistake.

zesheimer, E. Murphy, J. Murphy, T. Murphy, Monahan, Miles, Miers, F. Morris, W. Morris, Massey, Mills, J. Miller, L. Miller, J. J. McPhillips, J. A. McPhillips, McShane, McCarrick, J. H. O'Neill, J. A. O'Neill, O'Mara, O'Brien, Patier, Pendleton, Phillips, Romero, Rockey, Reber, Reinhard, Shillington, Strassheim, Sparks, Strong, Sullivan, Swigart, Tinnin, L. Trankle, F. Trankle, Taylor, Teresa, Temple, Thome, Tuohy, J. Treber, W. Treber, Wilcox, Wensinger, Walde, H. Wilson, R. Wilson, O. Wright, D. Wright, Wachtler, Wagner, Weitzel, Ward, A. Yglesia, L. Yglesia, York, Zoehrlaut,

ST. EDWARD'S HALL.

Masters G. Abrahams, L. Abrahams, Allyn, Bump, Brinckerhoff, Byrne, Bullene, Breslin, R. Clarke, L. Clarke, B. Clarke, Catchpole, Corry, Cressy, J. Coquillard, Corcoran, Clune, Coolidge, J. Dawson, C. Dawson, Davidson, Devine, Dugas, Durand, Dalton, Englehardt, Elliott, Everest, Feltenstein, Flynn, Freeman, Finnerty, Fortune, M. Garrity, L. Garrity, Goff, Healy, Ralph Higgins, Roy Higgins, J. Higgins, B. Hesse, F. Hess, R. Hess, Ives, Jonquet, A. King, K. King, Kilgallen, Kelly, Lysle, Lawton, McElroy, McIntyre, Eugene McCarthy, Emmett McCarthy, Gerald McCarthy, Justin McCarthy, Roy McCarthy, Moxley, Noonan, B. Nye, C. Nye, Otero, O'Neill, Ortez, Perea, H. Pollitz, W. Pollitz, Romero, H. Rasche, L. Rasche, Ryan, Rohrback, Robb, Roesing, Shipp, Shillington, Swan, Simm, Steele, Schneider, Terhune, U. Thompson, Taylor, Wells, Wagner, York.

An Exciting Adventure Related in Good Dictionary Words.

Being easily exsuscitated, and an amnicolist fond of inescating fish and brogging, with an ineluctable desire for the amolition of care, I took a punt and descended the river in a snithy gale. The water being smooth, I felt I could venture with incolumity, as I was familiar with the obuncous river.

Having brogged without result, I rowed toward an eyot intending merely to quiddle, when I suddenly saw a hackee. Wishing to capture him, I decided to circumnavigate and take him unaware. Landing, I derved myself where I could see the hackee deracinating grass. He discovered me and skugged behind a tree, occasionally protruding his noll.

Seizing a stick, I awaited the caput. When the neb appeared I feagued him. The hackee, which is pedimanous, tried to climb the bole. He seemed sheepish, and I suspected him of some michery, especially as his cheeks seemed ampullaceous. I caught him by the tail and he skirled. Though he was sprack, I held on with reddour, and tried finally to sowle him. The hackee looked soyned and tried to scyle. I belabored him and he cleped, making vigorous oppugnation, and evidently longing for divagation.

Then a pirogue approached and an agricultor landed. This distracted the hackee and I sowled him, but dropped him because he scratched so. I vowed to exungulate him when caught.

Borrowing a fazzolet, I tried to yend it over the hackee's head as a means of oceation. The agricultor aided. He was not attractive, seeming crapulous and not unlike a picaroon. He had a siphunculated dinner-pail, which looked as if he had been battering it while pugging. But with a stick and some string he made a gin and tried to make the hackee bisson. This caused quinching by the hackee, who seized the coadjutor's hallux. Thus exasperated, the agricultor captured the hackee without any migniardise; but he glouted over the bite, and his rage was not quated until the hackee was a lich. Carrying it to the punt, I sank into a queachy spot which delayed me until the gale obnubilated the sky.

While removing the pelage, I found the lich somewhat olid because the swinker had feagued the hackee, and so I yended the lich away, went to market and supped upon a spitchcock, and a hot bisk.—*St. Nicholas.*