

THE NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.

DISCE · QUASI · SEMPER · VICTURUS ·

· VIVE · QUASI · CRAS · MORITURUS ·

VOL. XXVII.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, FEBRUARY 10, 1894.

No. 20.

Rondeau.

(To my Little Sister.)

WHEN Jennie smiles, the sun comes out
And puts the storm-clouds all to rout;
The blackest night seems brightest day;
The robin sings his sweetest lay;
And daffodils and lilies sprout.

'Tis April, darling, when you pout,
December when you frown.—You doubt
My words? No, dear; 'tis ever May
When Jennie smiles.

My muse, I fear, has grown too stout
For rondeaus. Or, mayhap, her gout
Forbids her tarrying to play
In daisied fields. She tells me "Nay,
You need the pen of Father Prout
When Jennie smiles."

D. V. C.

The Evolution of the English Novel.*

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Notre Dame.)

THE novel is the most popular form of expression of our time. Literary forms change as men change. King Solomon put into proverb the wisdom which Shakspeare recognized and put into a play. The epic poem gave place to the drama, and now the novel has succeeded not only the epic, but the drama; and even the poetical satire, so much admired in the reign of the Emperor Augustus and in

that of Queen Anne, has given place to the novel, which aims to be the reflection of character. The romance is a different thing from the novel. People have always liked to hear stories. Our Lord Himself spoke great truths in the most simple and beautiful stories, which in our Douay version of the New Testament are exquisitely preserved for us. It is probable that the story will hold its own until the end of the world. The romance is a story which depends on incident, while the novel is built on the development of character. Sir Walter Scott's "Ivanhoe" is a romance, Miss Austen's "Pride and Prejudice," a novel. It has been often said that in a romance the story is impressed on our memory; in a novel, the characters. This is not entirely true. In "Ivanhoe" and in "Guy Mannering" we remember character and incident too. But in Sir Walter Scott's prose fiction has other claims to be called romance from the fact that the author often goes into the Middle Ages for his material and introduces the supernatural. His "Monastery," which has some spots of bigotry upon it, but which is redeemed by the Abbot, is a typical romance. Thackeray's "Newcomes" is, on the other hand, a typical novel.

The nineteenth century has been rich in great novelists. But in Shakspeare's time may be said to have been founded the modern novel. He was the direct ancestor of our American novelist, Mr. W. Dean Howells. John Lyly, in his famous novel of "Euphues," wrote principally for the ladies, as Mr. Howells does; Sir Philip Sidney wrote a pastoral romance, "Arcadia"; Thomas Nash, picturesque stories, and Dekker, realistic scenes from life. Daniel Defoe followed Dekker, and gave models (1719-28) for modern realistic novelists.

* A lecture delivered at St. Mary's Academy. Copyright, by the author.

Richardson, Fielding, Smollett, Sterne, and Goldsmith (who wrote from 1740-70) are held to be the classical English novelists. "Pamela," by Samuel Richardson, was published in 1740. "Clarissa Harlowe" and "Sir Charles Grandison" followed. Richardson was the champion of womanhood, and he was almost adored by the fashionable women of his time. "Clarissa Harlowe" is considered to be coarse in our time, but in 1748 it was looked upon as most refined and moral. There is no doubt that it was intended to teach the highest morality; it is a masterpiece of sincerity and pathos. Henry Fielding's "Tom Jones" (1749) is pronounced by competent critics to be the best novel of the eighteenth century. Thackeray and Anthony Trollope, the author of "Barchester Towers" and "The Warden," declared its "fable" to be almost unrivalled. It is undoubtedly a coarse and life-like picture of a coarse condition of society. We may thank Heaven that Tom Jones is not a typical young man of our day, and that the brutal Squire Western, who begins to drink at two o'clock every day while his daughter sings until he falls into a drunken sleep, has gone out of fashion. Fielding's "Joseph Andrews" appeared in 1742.

Tobias Smollett published "Roderick Random"; Smollett is coarse, and he exaggerates. Lawrence Sterne's "Tristram Shandy" (1759) is highly praised. Why, it is hard to say, unless it be for the vivid character drawing—vulgar is too mild an adjective to apply to it; in some places it is nasty. Sterne is the author of "The Sentimental Journey." He, it seems, was a man whose heart was hard, but whose eyes were always ready to drop tears. Oliver Goldsmith's "Vicar of Wakefield" is a novel which will never grow out of date. It is a story of simple people, and though the plot cannot be compared in construction with that of "Tom Jones," it is a thoroughly healthful book. Dr. Johnson's story of "Rasselas" appeared in 1759. In 1778, Miss Burney (afterward Madame D'Arblay) wrote "Evelina." Her novel "Cecilia" followed it. These were "society" novels. They are not easy to read now. Mrs. Opie, Mrs. Inchbald, Sophia and Harriet Lee and Mrs. Radcliffe—a name which suggests dark vaults and castle spectres—need only be mentioned. Their day is past. Miss Maria Edgeworth's Irish novels, like "Castle Rackrent" and her delightful children's stories, deserve to live. Miss Ferrier's tales of Scottish society merit the revival they have achieved. But of all English women novelists, Miss Jane Austen most

deserves our gratitude and appreciation. Her books are novels of character in which the highest art seems unconscious. She takes commonplace lives and describes them. Her characters really live. It does not seem strange that Sir Walter Scott praises her novels. He could do the "big bow-wow" business himself, but such impressions of quiet life as she gave in "Sense and Sensibility," "Northanger Abbey," "Emma" and "Persuasion" were beyond his power.

The Romantic school in fiction, was represented in Germany by Goethe's poetic "Goetz von Berlichingen"; in France by the novels of Victor Hugo; in England by Sir Walter Scott, who was influenced by Goethe's romantic tendencies. Scott's "Waverly Novels" practically created historical fiction in English. Attractive as are Sir Walter's novels they are not always true to history, though they can hardly fail to strengthen the taste for the reading of history.

Charles Dickens (1812-70) was one of the most imaginative of novelists; "The Pickwick Papers" (1836) made him famous. He had little education, and this he regretted through all his life. He had assumed "Boz" as a pen-name in some newspaper sketches which he had written in the intervals of his work as a parliamentary reporter. He had agreed to write the text for some pictures. This grew almost imperceptibly into the "Pickwick Papers," the success of which was assured as soon as Samuel Weller appeared. Dickens' characters are not real, though they sometimes have the appearance of being real. And yet his power of description and his humor almost make us forget this. When old Samuel bids young Samuel "beware of widders," we are so much amused that we forget both are caricatures.

The changes in Dickens' style are exemplified in "Oliver Twist," "David Copperfield," "A Tale of Two Cities," and "Our Mutual Friend." Dickens' style is seldom very good. He forces and overstrains words. This overstrain reaches its worst in "Our Mutual Friend" and "Bleak House." He is, from the point of view of literature, happiest in "A Tale of Two Cities," and "Barnaby Rudge." His "Child's History of England" is mischievous trash; his "American" and "Italian Sketches," bits of ignorant clap-trap. His pathos is at its best in the death of Paul Dombey, and at its worst in the death of Little Nell; and in some passages of "Little Dorrit" Dickens is whimsical, grotesque, imaginative, and interesting. His motives are always

good, and his intentions optimistic and humane. His novels are of the school called in Germany *tendenz-roman*, novels with a purpose. He broke up the vile Yorkshire schools by "Nicholas Nickelby," and made the English-speaking world more tender to the poor and more mindful of the feast of Christmas by his creation of Tiny Tim.

William Makepeace Thackeray stands at the head of all English novelists. His rivals are women—Miss Austen and Marian Evans (George Eliot). It is no longer fashionable to compare Thackeray and Dickens. The place of the author of "Pendennis" has been fixed much above the author of "Pickwick." Thackeray was born in 1811, and he died in 1863. He led the early life of a young gentleman of leisure; he was college-bred, and he enjoyed a competence until he lost it by extravagance and bad investments. He fancied that he was an artist, and evidently valued some of the queer drawings with which he adorned his text, more than the text itself. He began to earn a precarious living by writing for *Punch*. In 1847, he became famous through "Vanity Fair." Thackeray had genuine humor. He hated all shams; he loved simplicity and honesty. He had the keenest possible perception, as well as a deep heart. He was a tall man, with genial eyes, which were never pleasanter than when he talked to school children, whom he loved for the sake of his own two little girls left motherless through the insanity of Mrs. Thackeray. He was a giant "with a broken nose." The accident to his nose, about which he often joked, had occurred at school.

Lord Lytton—at one time Edward Bulwer Lytton—has published "Eugene Aram," the sentimental story of a murderer. He is best remembered by "The Last Days of Pompeii," although "The Caxtons" and "The Parisians" are his best novels. He likewise wrote successful plays, "Richelieu," "The Lady of Lyons," and "Money." His historical romances best known are "Rienzi," "The Last of the Barons," and "Harold"—the last very false to history. Lord Lytton's son, who lately died, was known as Owen Meredith, the author of "Lucille." Thackeray did not like the very sentimental tone of Bulwer's "Eugene Aram" and the other fashionable novels, so he wrote "Catherine" and "The Luck of Barry Lyndon" to parody them. But these pale beside the attempt he made in "Vanity Fair" to show that vice and virtue cannot be mixed; and he did show the enormity of lying, intrigue and selfishness. We

do not hate Becky Sharp, who is such a clear sinner, but we abhor her sins; it is the same with Beatrix Esmond. Thackeray never blurs the line between right and wrong; his bells always ring true. Compare, for real pathos, the death of Colonel Newcome, in the "Newcomes" with the long drawn-out agony of Dickens' Little Nell. "The Virginians" is a sequel to "Esmond." George Washington makes an interesting figure in it. "Pendennis," "The Newcomes," "Vanity Fair"—all Thackeray's novels—are examples of realism. Even "Esmond," so true to its time, cannot be called a romance. Both Dickens and Thackeray left unfinished novels—one "The Mystery of Edwin Drood," the other "Denis Duval." Colonel Newcome and Cervantes' Don Quixote are the finest gentlemen of fiction.

George Eliot (Marian Evans) was born in 1819; she died in 1880. Her novel which took the public by storm was "Adam Bede." She had already written her charming "Scenes from Clerical Life" for *Blackwood's Magazine*. Doubt made a sad note in George Eliot's life and art. She was in early life an earnest Protestant; as she grew older, she lost her belief in Protestantism, and lapsed into the saddest kind of doubt. Moreover, she made an alliance with a brilliant man of letters—George Henry Lewes—and assumed his name, though his wife still lived. The tone of her novels is morally pure; but her philosophy is that of one without hope. She is a realist like Thackeray, but not in the evil sense, which means that realism must reflect only the vices in the world. Her masterpiece is "Middlemarch," a splendid gallery portrait from life. Her admirers—some of them—vote for "The Mill on the Floss," which is as good a novel as Blackmore's "Lorna Doone," or Thomas Hardy's "Far from the Madding Crowd." The pictures of child life in "The Mill on the Floss" could only be the work of a genius with a heart. They are immortal, if any literary works can be immortal. "Romola" is an historical novel. We may doubt with reason George Eliot's comprehension of the character of the great Dominican, Savonarola, but the historical environment is noble and true; the character of Tito is masterly. "Daniel Deronda" is good in parts. When George Eliot becomes philosophical, she falls below her genius. This is plain in the second part of "Daniel Deronda."

Charlotte Bronte, the author of "Jane Eyre" and "Villette," Mrs. Gaskell, whose "Cranford" is as much of a classic as Miss Austen's

"Pride and Prejudice," Charles Reade, Wilkie Collins, and Anthony Trollope were contemporaries of the three great English novelists. Wilkie Collins's "Woman in White" has the most carefully constructed plot in fiction. Charles Reade's novels are strong, but at times exaggerated and unnatural. His "Peg Woffington" is delightfully bright and clever. "The Cloister and the Hearth"—an historical romance—and "Put Yourself in His Place" are almost great. Anthony Trollope was the most business like of novelists. He wrote so much copy every day—so many sheets of copy every hour of his working time. He left us one of the best autobiographies in our language. The "Warden" and "Barchester Towers" are admirable, and Mrs. Proudie, one of his characters, will live as long as Becky Sharp or Colonel Newcome.

Thomas Hardy, author of "Far from the Madding Crowd," William Black, author of "A Princess of Thule" and "Macleod of Dare," Blackmore, author of "Lorna Doone," Mrs. Oliphant, author of the "Chronicles of Carlingford," James Payn, author of "Lost Sir Masingbred," Walter Besant, author of "All Sorts and Conditions of Men," still live and write, sometimes well, sometimes ill, unhappily. They are writers of great talent, and their works are generally pure in tone and high in purpose. Rudyard Kipling and J. M. Barrie show promise: "A Window in Thrums" is a new light in literature; but at present there is no sign of a Thackeray or a George Eliot. Robert Louis Stevenson, author of "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" and "The New Arabian Nights," stands in the front rank at present, a little ahead of everybody else. Of religious novels, Charles Kingsley's "Alton Locke" and "Yeast," idyls of a cult called "Muscular Christianity," are almost forgotten. Time cannot steal "Tom Brown's School Days at Rugby" or Canon Farrar's "Eric." Newman's "Callista," Wiseman's "Fabiola," and Keon's "Dion and the Sibyls," hold their own among the judicious though apparently "caviare to the general." Kingsley's "Hypatia," which is a tissue of historical misrepresentations, has fortunately few readers. The author of "The New Antigone," Dr. Barry, promises well. Of the present favorite, Rider Haggard, author of "She" and "Montezuma's Daughter," it may be said that he is lurid, exaggerated, with a touch of sensuality, which, too, spoils W. H. Mallock's novel, "A Romance of the Nineteenth Century." The Romantic school of fiction has had recently a strong disciple in Dr. A. Conant

Doyle, author of "The Refugees," who seems to model himself on the elder Dumas and Fenimore Cooper. The successor of Captain Marryat, as a novelist of the sea, is W. Clarke Russell, the author of "The Wreck of Grosvenor." Charles Lever, the famous author of "Harry Lorrequer," has no successor unless it be John Strange Winter, author of "Bootle's Baby" or our American Captain King.

It is a pity that Miss Yonge's earlier historical novels are anti-Catholic. Her other books are safe, and the "Amourer's Apprentices" may be read with interest and profit. Her reputation was made by her "Heir of Redcliffe."

The Mission of Magazines.



It is said that history repeats itself; but, true as this may be, I much doubt that the history of literature will ever meet with such a reversal. Literature has changed considerably in the past, and it will undoubtedly change somewhat in the future; yet popular tastes will never admit it to retrace its steps and go over the same ground as it has traversed in the centuries that are behind us. There was a time when the reading public would hail with joy the appearance of a ten or fifteen volume novel: such a production to-day would be looked upon rather as a novelty; but ordinary human folk would scarcely take the trouble to learn its contents. Too much monotony in a literary work destroys its good effect. People will not devote much time to one thing. They want variety. They want something that can be taken in at a glance. Terseness of expression, clearness in style, brevity in treatment, in fact, everything that conduces to mental economy—these are the things they want. As it is the principal object of the orator to make himself understood, so, too, is it the aim of the literary man to put his ideas in a form that will best economize the reader's attention. And in this very point lies the foundation and corner-stone of the modern magazine.

By degrees men come to find out what pleases them best; by experience they learn what is suited to their tastes. In literature especially is this true. It took a long time to arrive at the present condition of the press. Slowly, very slowly, has been evolved this method of diffusing ideas. It was a long time before men

realized what course to pursue; but now, that the road is well defined, they are not slow to advance. The last twenty-five years has marked a steady increase in literary work. This is particularly the case among periodicals; constantly are they attaining perfection; day by day they gain a stronger hold upon the people.

With that increase in popularity and perfection many interesting circumstances go hand in hand. A new business springs up, not only giving employment to many, but besides this, giving impulse to a distinct branch of art. The skill required in a press department of any importance is by no means to be disregarded. The reputation of a publishing house has a vast significance to the minds of those who are interested in books. For this is required a degree of skill that men of fame should be proud of. The various engravings that brighten the pages of a book or periodical have reached such a perfection only through artistic press-work. But to the periodicals is due the greater credit; because in them it is the general appearance that most frequently elicits the praise or blame of readers.

But apart from its perfections, the magazine has a special mission to fulfil. The country seems burdened with innumerable monthlies and weeklies, only a few of which ever attain to any importance. And yet such is not the case. It is very unlikely that any man is fool enough to waste money on paper. If the financial standing of the paper is solid, one need not complain. The country is not over-burdened with such superfluities. The publisher is a business man; and if he can make an honest living on six hundred or a thousand subscriptions, he has a right to live that way. Moreover, his journal, or whatever he may call it, exists for a purpose: it has six hundred or a thousand different persons to please; and if they are satisfied, the man has done what can be justly expected of him. And here is a point not to be overlooked. The likes and dislikes of the people must be taken into consideration. There are men who find more real interest in their fifty-cent monthly than they would in the *Century*, for instance, even if they had to pay nothing for the latter. And as for myself, I believe that the loss of our own dear SCHOLASTIC would affect me more than the loss of *Scribner's* and *Harper's* together. There are special ties that bind each one to his favorite publication.

I think that the coming era will find in the magazines of a country the portrait of that country's people. Even at the present time

American character can be readily distinguished from that of the English or French, or any other nationality, by a glance at their representative magazines. The English periodicals seem heavy and philosophical, more devoted to thought than to wit and elegance. In America a different spirit prevails; there is a continual seeking after something new. There is a variety of matter and tone. Here, as in England, are publications devoted to philosophical treatises. Some of them seem heavy enough; yet they are fraught with interest for a certain class of men. They give opportunity for an interchange of ideas, and constitute a school for students of science, art and philosophy. We have periodicals devoted to the political questions of the day, the modern forum, where men learn of the affairs of the nation; and, what is more, they can generally depend upon the truth of what is put before them.

So each has a special place among the others, each is occupied with the interests of a certain class of people, and each, in its own way, conduces to the formation of public opinion, the development of national characteristics, and the preservation of a healthy moral tone. In general, these are some of the effects produced by magazines. But from this it must not be supposed that the people are led blindly. Magazines may be divided into two distinct classes: those that lead and those that follow. There are men who devote themselves to journalism with the view of directing the minds of those who will listen and be persuaded. Others there are who look rather to fame and fortune; according to the end to be attained, each lays down the principles of general management. To the latter class belong the literary magazines, those that try to please, and place before their readers what will interest rather than instruct. Some endeavor to unite both forms—a characteristic of Catholic publications.

Between them all there are points of difference; no two are alike. What one editor would accept, another might reject. Among secular magazines this is frequently the case, and not less so among those devoted to religion. A Catholic weekly could not, without great detriment to itself, publish a novel that would take with the *Century*. An ordinary plot developed in the ordinary way would be more readable to the average Catholic reader—a striking proof that in simple lives still lies the strength of the true Church.

This love of literature is a mark of activity. At no time does literature flourish more than in the heat of some great conflict. Literature is the child of revolution; and if at the present time literature is gaining ground, I would ascribe it to a revolution of some kind—a revolution of ideas. Through literature man becomes a student, and especially a student of humanity. To write well, one must know well himself and observe well the actions of his fellowman. He must be a philosopher, whatever be the form of literature he indulges in; he must meditate on the things around him, and draw his own conclusions. A man who writes much must be a man of deep thought; through his mind pass a multitude of ideas which never, perhaps, are expressed in words. He goes into a garden, as it were, and chooses flowers. This is the inner life of every literary man. He becomes a critic of nature, an observer; he learns to know the truth. He has something with which to occupy his mind at all times. He need never be idle. In his room alone he must think or write; he must be doing something, if it be only to hold an inky pen in his fingers; and the result of his labors, varied as his various moods, can nearly always find a magazine that will accept it, and a class of people whom it will please.

The magazine, then, is the preserver of mental activity. It keeps half the people thinking on what the other half is doing. The magazines of a nation may be looked upon as the nation's calendar whereby to count off the weeks and months. They do what the ordinary book can never do—they give in a nutshell the real or imagined records of the hour. They offer a variety of subjects. They are the best means by which to bring literature to its highest standard; because where there is such a great field to work in and so many workers, competition calls for the best that can be obtained. The lively interest shown by the reading public makes magazine work a financial success, and inspires writers of importance to consider fame as their foremost object. It is a deplorable fact, however, that some of our most noted novelists think that

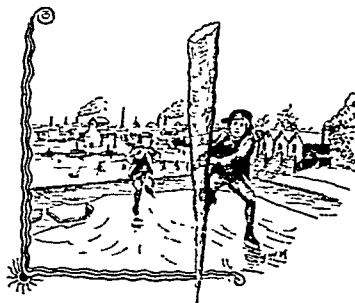
Fame once gained
Is fame retained.

These should remember that the readers of such magazines as we boast of to-day have tastes of their own; that they can appreciate what is good, and criticize severely what falls below the standard; and they will not be imposed upon. Magazines of note are fairly

honest in their verdicts about writers. People rarely buy a new book until they see it reviewed by competent judges; and this is the office of the periodical. Some one has said that an author without a reputation to sustain is happier than he who has one; and it seems true. So also with the magazine: mistakes in the general management, a perceptible falling off in interest, are deadly enemies to the subscription list. The manager of a magazine must be continually on the watch for something that will "take," because he has been instrumental in training his readers up to a point of discrimination that puts him at his wits' ends. Through him the man of a liberal education has become an able critic. Through him it is possible that the verdict of the masses regarding literary matters may finally coincide with that of the best critics.

M. A.

A Narrow Escape.



It was a cold and stormy evening in December 18—. A small party of students were sitting in the almost deserted gymnasium, telling stories. The tales were suited to the season, nearly everyone being associated with snow and ice; after each story the boys huddled closer to the cold steam pipes to try and get a little warmth from them. A young fellow from the South, named Bascombe, who had never experienced colder weather than that of Louisiana, had just finished a Munchausen tale of deep snow and impenetrable woods with grizzly bears in high relief, when I proposed that we take a walk to get our blood in circulation. While we were stretching our cramped limbs preparatory to going out, a sudden gust of wind blew open the imperfectly fastened door, and forced in enough snow and sleet to make even the bravest of us shrink from going out unnecessarily.

"Say, fellows," spoke up a little Canadian, named Pierre Dauvet, "What's the use of going out to freeze? Stay here and I'll tell you a story that will beat any you have heard in a month."

"What kind of a story is it?" asked several.

"Oh, I suppose one of the goody-goody kind. Frenchy is noted for them! But go ahead; anything is better than going out, even a story

from him," sneered a fellow named Murphy, who was noted for his cynical disposition.

Dauvet was evidently hurt. He had tried since the beginning of the session to make friends with Murphy, but the cynic would balk at his best efforts. We all liked Pierre. He was a capital fellow, and was always ready to entertain us with a story. We told him not to mind Murphy, and so he began:

"Last winter I spent the holidays with a cousin who lives in a little hamlet on the extreme northwest shore of Lake Superior. I had a fine time. There was plenty of skating, coasting and hunting. Of course the hunting excursions afforded me the most enjoyment. I had several narrow escapes while coasting, but they were as nothing compared with my adventure on the ice.

"The northwest shore of the lake is indented by a small bay which is almost surrounded by high cliffs. On the unsheltered side the hamlet was situated. The cliffs protected the bay from the wind, and in consequence the ice formed more quickly in the bay than it did on the lake. It was a favorite skating-place for the boys and girls who lived within a couple of miles of the hamlet.

"A syndicate had built several large ice-houses which were operated by steam. It was rather early for ice, as the bay only was frozen; but the company's superintendent had begun work early for fear of not getting the immense houses filled. It was the first time that many of the people in that section had seen steam engines other than locomotives, and there were more skaters there than usual.

"The superintendent ordered the skaters to get off as he wanted to cut the ice. The floe was the only ice left in the bay, and it was connected with the ice along the shore by a little isthmus scarcely thirty feet wide. The jolly skaters, however, paid no heed to the commands of the superintendent, and he, in a fit of anger, ordered his men to cut away the floe. He did not think that the huge cake with its burden would be driven out by the brisk wind which was blowing over the village; he merely wanted to scare the skaters away.

"The wind was stronger than the superintendent thought, and the ice slowly drifted out towards the open lake. Before the skaters realized their danger the distance between the floe and the shore was nearly twenty feet. Three athletic young men jumped and reached the shore in safety. Two others followed, but missed their footing and were

drowned. Their bitter fate deterred others from trying.

"Send us a boat!" a young man shouted. The others took up the cry and with one voice shouted 'Boats! Send us boats!'

"Alas! all the boats were frozen in. The ice around the shore which held them could not be broken soon enough to save the unfortunate skaters. Slowly but surely the immense floe was moving outward. To make matters worse, the ice was beginning to crack. Large cakes were broken off, and soon the unlucky pleasure-seekers must be thrown into the cold water."

"Were they drowned?" I asked, holding my breath.

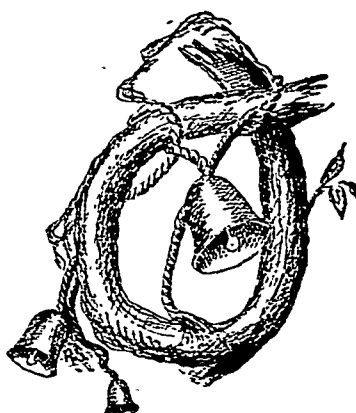
"No," said Frenchy; "they were all thrown into the water, but landed on a sand-bar which was covered by a foot of water. They had forgotten that the sand-bar was there."

"I thought you were in it, Frenchy," said a fellow named Jones.

"Well, I was in it, but only *in my dreams*."

JOHN W. MILLER.

Dryden's "Alexander's Feast."



NE of the last—and, perhaps, the greatest effort—of Dryden's poetic muse is his "Alexander's Feast," an ode in honor of St. Cecilia's day. Amid the infirmities of age and the deepest sadness he wrote this brilliant ode—the lyric masterpiece of English poetry. It has always been considered by critics as exhibiting the poet's highest flight of fancy and the exactest nicety of art. If, indeed, there is any excellence beyond it that excellence has yet to be found. It is said to have cost Dryden a fortnight's labor; and when finished he said that it was the best ode ever written in English. So did the bard realize the saying of his own Sebastian:

"A setting sun

Should leave a track of glory in the skies."

The ode is the most perfect form of lyrical poetry. The lyre is the universal instrument—the instrument which yields its secrets of tone to but few, but which the many master so far as to draw from it a music interpretative of simple experiences. The most familiar and perhaps

the best-beloved poetry is lyrical—the poetry of universal experience, of common hopes, sorrows and joys, the poetry of pure song. But the chief characteristic of the ode is the personal note that runs through and, as a rule, dominates it. The individuality of the poet is stamped upon it. It expresses the feelings of the poet in moments of high excitement with the vividness inspired by present emotion. Lyrical poetry, then, of all others, bears the nearest resemblance to painting. In variety and rapidity of movement, Dryden's "Alexander's Feast" has all that can be required in this respect. Under his regular versification the poet's soul is brought to light; he surrounds himself with brilliant images; he is, when he wishes it, a musician and a painter; he writes stirring airs which thrill and delight the senses even if they do not sink deep into the heart.

The leading note of "Alexander's Feast" is the power of music over the human passions. St. Cecilia, in whose honor it was written, is the patroness of music, the Muse of sacred poetry. She was, according to the legend, a Roman virgin of noble birth, who so excelled in the art of playing upon musical instruments, that one day an angel, enraptured by the divine harmony, came down from heaven to listen. Her beauty and submission, her grand yet gentle heroism, the charm of the child blended with that of the angel, could not fail to influence both art and song. She could not appear in the slumbering silence of the sculptured marble of a Stefano Maderno, in the rich and glowing colors of a Raphael, and be absent from the great mosaic of song.

The story of the ode is taken from the Greek. Alexander the Great, Philip's warlike son, having returned from his victorious expedition to the East, is seated upon his throne with the lovely Thais by his side, and his valiant captives around him. It is a royal feast. The banquet hall gleams with a thousand lights; the fragrance of sweet-scented flowers and myrtle fills the air. But hark! Amid the revelry and mirth, Timotheus, the greatest musician of the age,

"With flying fingers touched the lyre;
The trembling notes ascend the sky
And heavenly joys inspire."

He sings the praises and illustrious deeds of Alexander and his descent from the Lybian Jove, and the strains of his lyre are so eloquent and expressive that

"The listening crowd admire the lofty sound,
'A present deity!' they shout around."

The monarch hears with pleasure the ravishing sounds, and his pride "assumes the god."

"The praise of Bacchus, then, the sweet musician sang;
Of Bacchus ever fair and ever young.

Sweet the pleasure;
Sweet is pleasure after pain."

Moved by these stirring sounds, the monarch recalls to mind his battles and his great victories, and he defies heaven and earth. Timotheus observing his madness, with skilful hand changes his song.

"He chose a mournful Muse,
Soft pity to infuse."

He mourns the death of the betrayed Darius. A sad air depresses the king; then a tender one dissolves him into sighs as he is reminded of "the various turns of Chance below." 'Twas but another step from pity to love. With dexterous rapidity the master struck the sweet and tender chord of love. Then,

"Softly sweet, in Lydian measures,
Soon he soothed his soul to pleasures."

He praises the dazzling beauty of Thais by his side. The king, "unable to conceal his pain," gazes upon the fair, and is vanquished by the power of love. Suddenly the musician strikes the golden lyre again.

"A louder yet, and yet a louder strain,
Breaks his bands of sleep asunder,
And rouse him like a rattling peal of thunder."

The horrid sound has awakened the king from his delightful reverie; and, amazed, he stares around:

"Revenge! revenge!" Timotheus cries,
See the Furies arise;
See the snakes that they rear,
How they hiss in their hair!
And the sparkles that flash from their eyes!"

The mighty master sings of the Grecian warriors that were slain in honorable battle, but who ingloriously remain unburied on the field. The king and his valiant knights are filled with the spirit of vengeance to destroy the Persian abodes:

"Thais led the way
To light him to his prey,
And like another Helen, fired another Troy."

Thus it was that music enthused, exalted, softened, soothed, maddened and mastered the passions of men. But the music of Timotheus appealed to the feelings of the human heart only. It was left for Cecilia to move angels also.

"Let old Timotheus yield the prize,
Or both divide the crown;
He raised a mortal to the skies,
She drew an angel down."

These are a few of the beauties of this brill-

iant ode. It has the rapidity, the mastery of language which belong to Dryden alone. The transitions are animated, the contrasts effective. It is an admirable trumpet blast, in which metre and sound impress upon the nerves the emotions of the mind; a masterpiece of rapture and art. "It deserves its reputation," says Hazlitt; "for as a piece of poetical mechanism to be set to music, or recited in alternate strophe and antistrophe, with classical allusion and flowing verse, nothing can be better." It can be best compared with the great musical symphonies of Beethoven and Mozart. Music and song naturally add to the warmth. They justify, therefore, a bolder and more passionate strain than can be supported in simple recitation. This is the peculiar character of Dryden's ode.

In what, however, does the superiority of the "Alexander's Feast" consist that it is allowed to stand without a rival? Surely, it is not in the sublimity of its conceptions, or the richness of the language—the passage about Jupiter and Olympia alone excepted. But few lines are highly poetical, and some sink to the level of a common drinking song. It must, then, be the sudden transitions, the mastery of language imitating the different effects produced by music, the springiness of the whole manner, which carries us along and leaves so little room for minute criticism that no one has ever qualified his admiration of this noble poem. The measures, too, change in every couplet; there are scarce two lines alike in accentuation, yet the whole seems as spontaneous as the cries of alarm and consternation excited by the bacchanalian orgies described. It only lacks the loftiness and truth of character which distinguish some of Dryden's other poetical works.

JOHN S. SCHOPP.

Trifles Light as Air.

ADVICE.

They say that June is coming—
We are looking for our "dips";
Then let us not be bumming.
They say that June is coming—
We have no time for bumming,
Or for making frequent trips.
They say that June is coming—
We are looking for our "dips."

J. A. MCK.

A CHINA MUG.

That china mug! could I restore
Its Oriental quaintness for
The pleasure of these friends of mine!

Its round-eyed herds of light-blue kine,
Its moon-faced peasant men who wore
Esthetic pigtails, little more—
The boundless wealth of Eastern lore
Upon, in many a waving line,
That china mug!

'Twas thus I let my fancy soar;
Alas! I did the truth ignore:
Would I my tale to fact confine?
I'd only seen the face malign
Of the laundry man outside the door—
That china mug!

E. C.

THEMES SENTIMENTALES.

She writes ev'ry week;
Do I answer? I wonder—
Your question's unique—
She writes ev'ry week—
(And sometimes in Greek
I fear that I blunder.)
She writes ev'ry week;
Do I answer? I wonder!

Just an hour on the train,
But my life for another;
That she liked me 'twas plain,
Just an hour on the train,—
But my efforts were vain,
And I'm now but her brother;
Just an hour on the train,
But my life for another.

D. V. C.

FOOTBALL.

In canvas suits, in stern array,
With straining eyes intent on play,
A score and two of youths stood there
Whose duty 'twas to do and dare,
And wear the stains of mud and clay.

Then slowly down the narrow way
Each team in turn did push the fray,
And pull each other's football hair,
In canvas suits.

But Brownson Hall, so slow were they
That Sorin's rush they could not stay,
Nor could they catch the runners fair
Who reached the goal with room to spare;
And thus the Sorins won the day,
In canvas suits.

S. A. W.

THE MODERN PIPE.

"With pipe and flute the rustic Pan
Of old made music sweet for man;"
But time has flown since Pan was heard
And tastes have changed—so 'tis averred.

"And from Beersheba unto Dan"
'Mong settled men and roving clan,
Who day by day do plot and plan,
We'll find, their souls may still be stirred
With pipe and flute.

The taste that long ago began
For pipes, my boy, ne'er stronger ran.
To the cigar the pipe's preferred;
Hence smokers still with pipers herd
And go through life as best they can,
With pipe and flute.

J. MCC.

NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.

Notre Dame, February 10, 1894.

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

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

Staff.

| | |
|---------------------------|-------------------------|
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| FRANK MCKEE, '94; | M. J. MCGARRY, '94; |
| M. P. MCFADDEN, '94. | |

—Some weeks ago we called attention to the need of an intercollegiate press association in the West. We are glad to learn that such an organization is now in existence; for nothing can further the interests of college journals more than a banding together. The publication of circular letters dealing with the different phases of college journalism is an excellent plan and will be productive of much good.

—The presence of a door-keeper for Washington Hall will become a necessity if certain persons here continue their annoying course of conduct. We refer to those who, not content with always coming late to entertainments or concerts, inevitably make their entrance in the very middle of a piece of music, or at the most inopportune time during a lecture or speech. Why cannot these destroyers of public enjoyment wait until the end of a number to come into the Hall?

—Competitions in the different classes will be held next week. It is very important that everyone should prepare for these monthly examinations, for upon their result depends the grade of each member of the class. They serve the advantage of being reviews, and as such prepare for the final examinations. It has been the custom with some to leave the preparation for these competitions to the last moment, and then to bury themselves in their books until head and heart alike ache. It is needless to comment upon the folly of this method. A systematic course of study is the best preparation for competitions. It should be remembered, too, that honors are determined from class grades.

—At Notre Dame all the suggestions of gloom surrounding the Lenten season were dispelled by the beautiful solemnity of the Forty Hours' Devotion, which was celebrated in our college church with all the pomp and grandeur with which Mother Church surrounds her great feasts. On Sunday after the Solemn High Mass the Sacred Host was carried in procession through the church and placed in exposition on the main altar, which was profusely decorated with choice flowers, gifts of the students, and ablaze with hundreds of burning tapers. Here the faithful assembled, from time to time during the ensuing forty hours, to give homage to their Divine Creator, and in return to receive the graces and consolation so beneficial to sinful humanity. On Tuesday evening the ceremony ended, and its close was made the occasion of another outburst of liturgical splendor.

To the credit of the boys of '93-'94 be it said that they seldom allow opportunities like the above to pass unheeded.

—A letter in a recent number of one of our "esteemed contemporaries" severely condemns the practice of lifting hats to professors as "savoring of servility," "repulsive to the inborn American sentiment of equality" and "opening an avenue to hypocrisy." How very sad! When gentlemanliness and politeness do begin to bring about such a terrible state of affairs they ought indeed be condemned. Lifting one's hat to one's professor is a mark of respect and regard; and if the professor is a gentleman he will return the student's salutation. *The Tech's* correspondent seems to abhor anything savoring of respect for the faculty; and yet the raising of the hat is but the mark of a gentleman or of a man of good breeding. Should that seem rather formal as between men, a simple salute with the hand would answer as well. Far from being a mark of servility, it seems rather a mark of equality. When a student salutes a professor in such a way, and his salute is returned, it shows a feeling of respect as between man and man of one gentleman for another.

—The people of the United States have heard with deep regret of the death of Mr. George W. Childs. For many years he has figured before the public as the embodiment of all that is best in American citizenship, and he had won in a rare degree the confidence and esteem of his fellow-citizens.

Mr. Childs was in many respects an ideal American. He was blessed with a bright mind and a strong will. He was convinced of the necessity of hard, serious labor in the struggle for success, and he possessed a large measure of that determination and energy which acknowledges neither let nor hindrance. He created the *Philadelphia Ledger*; he made it a power for good in politics and morality. Standing as he did at the head of a profession in which it is difficult to avoid antagonizing public men, he has made many friends and few enemies; and this without the sacrifice of either dignity or principle.

Upon Mr. Childs' power as a journalist will be based his claim to a niche in the temple of Fame; but the secret of his strong hold upon the public heart was his love of mankind. His charity was boundless. Most of it was given in secret in accordance with the scriptural mandate; but one who knew Mr. Childs long and intimately declares that over a hundred poor families figured as regularly upon his check-book as if they held salaried positions on the *Ledger*. That his generosity was not bounded even by national limits is seen from a letter received from Archdeacon Farrar while Mr. Childs lay dying.

Honor to Philadelphia's most distinguished son! honor and everlasting peace! May his memory be ever green in the hearts of the poor whom he loved with such disinterested affection.

The Spirit of our Times.

Perhaps the unreflecting man has never been surprised at the spirit of our times. The unreflecting man is seldom surprised at anything. He pursues his happy-go-lucky life with few thoughts of the present, and still fewer reflections on the future. "Nothing comes amiss, so money comes with all." His sole aim and ambition is to make money. He cares very little how glowering may be the horizon of the future if the star of the present is in the ascendant.

But we who have been given to habits of reflection cannot but stand amazed at the tendency of the times. We ask ourselves the question: Where will it lead, and how will it end? In answering let us consider a few points, and possibly we may arrive at a satisfactory conclusion. There is no denying that

"Times have all gone wrong, and woeful plight
That we were ever born to set them right."

There is a disposition on the part of men to ignore certain facts and principles which are the foundation of all good order in the social and political life—that disposition on the part of men to eradicate all idea of a God, and to set up Mammon as their idol.

In the early days—those trying times of our young republic—when the republican form of government was an experiment, the men who guided the ship of state were men noble in character, honorable in their ambition, and proud even in their poverty. With them morality and citizenship walked hand in hand. They were men who believed in God and their country; men who brought up their families in the school and the Church as citizens of an earthly and a heavenly kingdom.

But these good principles are now looked upon as foggy ideas. They were all right then; but we live in a *progressive* age. That we have progressed, no one can deny. We have progressed in racing, in prize-fighting, in our lust for public office, and finally we have progressed so far that the spirit of infidelity is rampant. We no longer run horses for pleasure; we maintain stables and run them for money. We not only run them for "purses," but, not content with this, we bet on them; we gamble on them; we pick winners; we bribe jockeys; we bribe judges, we cheat. Then comes the final dissolution, we lose all and end our own lives. And this is *progression*. Yes, progression to a grave which closes in on an ill-spent life.

Not many weeks ago the world was electrified with the news that an international battle was to be fought. It was England *vs.* America. The people in the backwoods were aghast at the direful news; but they were reassured by the intelligence that the battle was to be only a "mill." Corbett and Mitchell were the actors. Much space was given to reports as to the meals Corbett could consume, how much Mitchell could eat; what they did take, etc., *ad nauseam*. We were told how many times Corbett could punch the bag, how Mitchell burst, not a blood vessel, but only a bag, and nothing more. Newspaper men had a "good nose for news."

Boxing as a manly art is, perhaps, a thing to be condoned and looked upon as an accomplishment. But prize-fighting is an abomination. What is it but a test of brute strength and endurance? To be sure there is science in it; but it is that kind of science which carries us back to the gladiatorial combats in the Roman amphitheatre when men fought like brutes against

one another. Prize-fighting is a relic of barbarism, and yet it has a strange fascination for a so-called enlightened people. *We boast of our enlightenment.* Just imagine two men trained to pommel each other. They do this for that trash called lucre. Here are two men gifted with human shapes. They go at each other like brutes. They strike to wound, and often kill. Prize-fighting in general is a disgrace to the laws of society and an insult to the individuality of man. Pugilists seldom have the law on their side. The majority of men aim to have the law on their side; but prize-fighters never fight more viciously than when the law is not on their side.

We come to another phase in the spirit of our times, and it is the lust for office on the part of our public men. There is undoubtedly some occult fascination in the holding of office which not everyone can understand. No sooner was the announcement of Cleveland's election made than myriads of eager aspirants were around pleading with their friends, or with those whom they supposed possessed influence, to present their names as candidates for this, that, or the other position. Men who have only to prosecute some legitimate calling to advance to competency or wealth are ready to surrender all independent plans of life to fill some position whose tenure is short-lived at best, and whose possession interrupts any intelligent and successful career. The lust for office is abroad in the land. Of office-holders themselves Jefferson wrote: "Few die and none resign." They are in some way perennial, and only an election is necessary to make them spring up.

It is a sad picture that can be drawn of the social aspect of our times. We see vice and venality on every hand. Youth and age alike are not insensible to the influence of corrupt practices. Wild oats must be sown, and they are being sown with a vengeance. Eternity will reap the harvest; but, "Eternity, thou pleasing, dreadful thought!"

Surely there must be a remedy for these evils. The remedy lies in a nearer approach to true manhood, to loftier aims. "Let the things thou aim'st at be thy country's, thy God's and truth's." Our manhood and womanhood should be like Brutus' wife, above suspicion. Religion should be the guiding star of man's existence. As the mariner upon the waste of waters scans the horizon for *his* guiding star, so, too, should the mariner on life's tempestuous waves seek solace and admonition in religious tenets.

VERITAS.

Athletics at Notre Dame.

It was a very wise move on the part of the Athletic Association to call a meeting last Thursday. It revived the interest in sports, and will tend to keep up the enthusiasm which was given such a great impetus last fall by football. It was a good move in another direction also. The constitution and by-laws need revision. The old ones were good enough when adopted; but that was several years ago when baseball was the great college game and football was hardly thought of. Then, too, there are a great many defects in our organization that should be remedied. It is not enough to have only two meetings a year. It would not be a bad thing to have a regular meeting during the winter months. At this time of the year, when it is so disagreeable out of doors, there is always a lull in athletics; the interest in football has about died out for the present, while baseball and other spring sports are dormant. Although it is next to impossible to do actual work at this season of the year, yet we should strive to make the way clear for sports when the time will come for them.

A great advancement was made in college sports last fall, and this gain must not be lost. We must keep on advancing with the times and not lag behind contented with what we did last year or the year before. We are too apt to be inactive and to drop back into the same old rut, and too willing to rest on our laurels. This spirit of idleness must be overcome; and the sooner it is overcome, the better it will be for athletics at Notre Dame.

Now, if this spirit of inactivity had not pervaded college for the last four or five years we might now boast of the finest football eleven in the West. As it is, we compared very favorably with the best of them; and all this we accomplished in one year, while other colleges have been working for years to bring their team out. It was in '87 or '88 that Ann Arbor came down to teach us the game. In '89 we played the Harvard School of Chicago and the Northwestern University; but since then we have done nothing to speak of. Until last fall football was hardly known here. We were compelled to learn the game over again, and that we did, and did well enough to leave the balance on our side.

But now comes the question: Are we to have any sports next spring? The baseball team

should begin work as soon as practicable. The captain of the 'Varsity team should have been chosen before this. Then there is the field day—one of the greatest athletic days we have. There have not been enough men entering the contests. Everyone can do something in the line of athletics, and everyone should strive to make the field day this year the best one in the history of Notre Dame. Of course, it is a little early to start the ball a rolling, but the sooner it is set in motion the more speed will it gain by spring. The Athletic Association could do nothing better than to appoint a committee to take charge of and to arrange the events for field day. In fact, it would not be a bad thing to appoint or elect a board to control the entire association. This is the way athletics are controlled in other colleges, and there is no reason why we should not adopt the same plan. The trouble with us is that we have had no good, substantial athletic organization. The right spirit was shown in the meeting Thursday, and it is to be hoped that from now on we will have a permanent athletic association that will control all our sports.

R. B. S.

The Mendelssohn Quintette.

The Mendelssohn Quintette Club gave an excellent concert in Washington Hall last Saturday. The club is accompanied by Miss Juel, as prima donna. The concert was classic and of high artistic merit. Of the various numbers on the programme nothing but praise is to be written. Mr. Hoffmann, the 'cellist, and Mr. Roodenburg the flutist, both showed themselves masters of technique. Mr. Ryan played one of his own compositions; but though so well done it was almost too much of a good thing. Mr. Ryan has played that piece so often here that we almost doubt his playing any other. He, at least, has never played any other here in all his numerous visits.

Miss Juel's numbers were excellent. They were well received, and doubly so as she was the only one of the troupe that favored the audience with an encore. The masterpiece of the evening was Mr. Verdier's violin solo. Mr. Verdier proved himself a master of his instrument, and our only regret was that we could not hear more of his playing. This, in fact, was the only thing to mar the pleasure of the evening. Mr. Ryan, the director of the Club, alleged a rather strange excuse for not respond-

ing to encores. He said that lack of time forbade such responses; and he even took the liberty—for such it was—of dropping out one of the best numbers of the programme.

In omitting Gregh's "Murmure de Bal," an unpardonable fault was committed. It would seem that a concert company should come with time enough on their hands to give a full programme, and also a few encores when their music is appreciated as much as the Mendelssohn Quintette's music was. Had Mr. Ryan done so, he would have left a much better impression behind.

Du B.

Debating Societies.—A Suggestion.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SCHOLASTIC.

An article in last week's SCHOLASTIC dealing with our literary societies recalls to my mind a suggestion which my insuperable modesty has long prevented me from offering. I have attended many debates at Notre Dame, and I can't say that they have all been specially delightful. Even in the case of the Philodemics, who are undoubtedly the best debaters that we have, there is often much needless wrangling arising from the fact that the contending parties disagree as to the particular point which is to be debated. Then follow endless definition and explanation, and so much time is given to promiscuous skirmishing that no single point in the debate is thoroughly explored.

It is therefore suggested that for every debate a moderator be appointed whose duty it shall be to state, clearly and positively, what is the exact point at issue, and to compel a rigid adherence to that point. This course would further a rational conclusion of the debate and render it decidedly more agreeable to the audience.

NINETY-FOUR.

Personals.

—W. S. McDonnell, '89, is in the Peoples' Savings Bank, Des Moines, Iowa.

—M. T. Burns, '83, is connected with the U. S. Senate Post-Office Department.

—George W. Meyers, '87, is in business with his father in Dubuque.

—Pierce Murphy, '92, passed a very creditable examination at West Point. He ranks first in mathematics.

—J. W. Wabraushek, '86, is at the head of

an important commercial establishment in Manistee, Mich.

—Mr. P. Culliny, New York, and Mr. and Mrs. Jos. Corby, St. Joseph's, Mo., were among the welcome visitors to the University during the week.

—George E. Boyles, '67, familiarly known to the boys of the '60's as "Michigan," spent a few days at the University. He has just returned from an extended tour around the world.

Obituary.

—With feelings of the deepest regret we chronicle the death of Claude Riopelle, '63, of Detroit. Whilst a student he was noted for his genial disposition and sterling Christian character. After leaving Notre Dame he engaged in the practice of law, and was at one time a member of the legislature of Michigan. We offer our sincere sympathy to his bereaved family and pray that his soul may enjoy eternal peace.

Local Items.

—Lent.

—No more sleighing!

—Polo has many devotees.

—Next Wednesday is St. Valentine's Day.

—FOUND—A gold ring. Call at students' office.

—The scene-shifter was evidently not up in his lines.

—Several new reporters have been placed on the shelves.

—The pool table is up for repairs. Long may it remain so!

—Games of basket ball for pie—table against table—are now in order.

—The bicycle men are preparing their program for spring excursions.

—Competitions will be held in the various classes during the coming week.

—Prof. George Clark's lectures on Advocacy have proven to be very interesting.

—The thaw has spoiled the excellent skating which the students were enjoying lately.

—LOST—A copy of Dunlap's abridgment. Finder will please return to Jas. T. Tong.

—LOST—History of England (Burke). Finder please leave with Prefect of Brownson Hall.

—B. A. now presides at the Carroll training table and reports that they are all tea-totalers.

—John P. Barrett, Jr., is spending the winter in Denver. We hope to see him with us soon.

—Rev. Father Kirsch is delivering a series of very interesting lectures on Medical Jurisprudence.

—FOUND—On or about January 1, a purse. Owner may have the same by calling at students' office.

—The Carroll eleven lost two good men: J. Walde and F. Dutt were suddenly called home last week.

—The regular games of handball were not played on the 4th inst., owing to the illness of two of the team.

—Rev. President Morrissey commenced the examination of the classes in St. Edward's Hall last Wednesday.

—Mr. F. Barton was called home suddenly by the illness of his mother. We are glad to hear that she is recovering.

—There were no cases up before the University Moot-Court last Wednesday, as the attorneys were not prepared.

—The Ottumwa cigars proved excellent. They could not be otherwise, as they came from Manchester. Many thanks, Ed.

—Professor Egan has resumed his weekly lectures in St. Edward's Hall. His last lecture was on Dante, the greatest of all poets.

—The morning hour in Law is now being devoted to lectures on Constitutional Law. The afternoon lectures are on Contracts.

—The Carrollites are having some good practice games of handball with Brownson men prior to their accepting a challenge from a Chicago team.

—There are a great many "dark horses" now in training, preparatory to the spring field day events, and also with a view to a place in the first baseball nine.

—There are three vacancies in the Carroll football team and seven aspirants for the positions. There seems to be no lack of material or talent on their side of the house.

—The genial director of the tailoring establishment has received samples of the latest styles, and is now prepared to offer his patrons the newest spring fashions. Go early to avoid the rush.

—This office has been enriched the past two weeks by some very handsomely executed calendars. We notice particularly the neat calendar of the University of Notre Dame.—*Pittsburgh Catholic.*

—The latest addition to the athletic gallery of Brownson Hall is a photo group of the football team of the Virginia Military Institute, Lexington, Va. It was kindly donated by Philip Harding.

—The Thespians are working very hard getting their play into proper shape for Washington's Birthday. There have been several rehearsals, and everything is favorable to the success of the entertainment.

—It is about time that some definite action be taken with reference to the play to be given by the Columbians on St. Patrick's Day. As yet we have heard nothing that would lead us to believe that anything is being done in the matter.

—Tim is out as a candidate for re-election to his old position in the Athletic Association. There will be some opposition to him, but he may be sure of the support of all those who are acquainted with his valuable services of last year.

—Those having aspirations to shine as baseball lights during the coming season should apply to the "Never-Sweat" Association. Anyone having any talent whatever will be taken charge of and put into as fine a condition as will be necessary to gratify his highest ambitions.

—The Philopatrians have chosen the following officers for this session: 1st Vice-President, E. Franke; 2d Vice-President, S. Dixon; Recording Secretary, J. Shillington; Corresponding Secretary, O. Wright; Treasurer, J. Temple; Marshal, C. Fleming; Censor, L. Healy; Historian, T. Lowery; Librarian, J. Ducey.

—A meeting of the Notre Dame Athletic Association was held last Thursday in the Brownson Hall reading-room. The president appointed a committee of five to draft a new constitution and by-laws. The meeting then adjourned, to convene next Thursday, when the report of the committee is to be acted upon.

—If there is an intention on the part of the 'Varsity Eleven to play any spring games of football it is about time to go into training. Why not do this and have a game with Staggs' Eleven? In the light of the excellent showing made at Tattersalls on New Year's Day, by our team, it is safe to say that with a little training we would have difficulty in defeating Chicago on our grounds.

—The following cases have been given out for trial in the Moot Court: *Richard Farmer vs. Michigan Central, R.R. Co.* Attorneys for plaintiff: J. Kelly, R. Halligan; for defendants, F. Hennessy and J. Moloney. *Brown vs. Anderson.* Attorneys for plaintiff: T. D. Mott and P. White; for defendant, E. Roby and E. Chassaing. *Crawford vs. Harrington.* Attorneys for plaintiff: F. Duffield and J. G. Mott; for defendant, Jas. F. Kennedy and J. Tong.

—The eleventh regular meeting of the St. Cecilians was held Wednesday evening. On account of the illness of Mr. Jones the regular programme could not be carried out; but the members were entertained with a declamation by Mr. Miller and a story by Mr. E. Murphy. The regular business being attended to, a debate was engaged in. The subject was: "Ought competitions be abolished?" It was decided in favor of the affirmative side. The Rev. President made a few remarks concerning the

preparation of the programmes, and the meetings adjourned.

—The Lambs met in regular weekly session last Thursday at their Hall. While the attendance was not such as it should have been, still it was enough to justify the transaction of the regular business of the Club. The members went into executive sessions, and all reporters were excluded. It is not definitely known what transpired; but that it was something with reference to the consolidation of the "Rosebuds" and the "Lambs," is evident. The Lambs hesitate in taking the initiative step in the matter; and until the Rosebuds are heard from, no action will be taken. It is to be hoped that the two clubs will come to some understanding, as untold benefits will result from the consolidation.

—The memory of their beloved friend, Very Rev. Father Sorin, is still fresh in the minds of his Minims. They pray for the repose of his precious soul before the Blessed Sacrament every morning, and have requiem Mass said for him on the 30th day of each month in St. John's Chapel. Had it pleased God to spare Father General he would have completed his 80th year on the 6th inst. The Minims did not let the anniversary pass unnoticed: they assisted at a requiem Mass, received Holy Communion and prayed to our dear Lord to grant that their departed Father might celebrate his birthday in heaven.

—The eleventh regular meeting of the University Law Debating Society was held Saturday. The chair gave out as the debate for the next meeting the following: "Resolved, That the Government should take charge of and operate the railroad and telegraph lines of the country." Messrs. B. Bates, W. Bates, E. Chassaing and A. Chidester, were named as disputants. Owing to some misunderstanding, the debate for the evening was not taken up. In its stead a general discussion on the following question was participated in: "Resolved, That the policy of President Cleveland is responsible for the present condition of our country." Had President Cleveland been present, he certainly would have felt highly flattered at the commendation his policy received from such an intelligent body.

—The fourth regular meeting of the Philodemics was called to order by President Du Brul on the evening of Wednesday, the 7th of February. The roll-call showed two of the members absent, and the Sergeant-at-Arms was sent in search of them. He reported that they refused to come, pleading extra work, letters to write, etc.; but such excuses the society refused to accept, though it was powerless to punish the delinquents. The constitution of the society had hitherto been an unwritten one; but now it was evident that there was need of a formal code of laws to govern the society. An old constitution was resurrected, and the members had a chance to discuss it. The Presi-

dent then appointed a committee, consisting of Messrs. Murphy, Casey and McFadden, to re-draft the constitution and submit it at the next meeting.

The regular programme of the evening was then proceeded with. The debate was: "Resolved, That co-education is a success," and Messrs. Fitzgerald and Eyanson for the affirmative, and McKee and Scherrer for the negative, were the debaters. The time was too short to finish the debate. It was postponed until the next meeting, when every member will be expected to give his views *pro* or *con*.

—The Mendelssohn Quintette Club gave an excellent concert in Washington Hall last Saturday. The following is the

PROGRAMME:

- Quintette in C, op. 29.....*Beethoven*
Allegro Brillante.
Caro Nome, air from Rigoletto.....*Verdi*
Miss Lila Juel.
Fantaisie for Flute.....*Demmersemann*
Mr. Johan Roodenburg.
Tema con Variazioni, from the Quartette in D minor
.....*Franz Schubert*
Caprice Hongrois, Solo for Violoncello.....*Dunkler*
Mr. Ludwig W. Hoffmann.
Fantasie for Clarinette.....*Ryan*
Mr. Thomas Ryan.
Murmure de Bal.....*Louis Gregh*
Composed for Quintette.
Fantasie for Violin, on a Russian Romance
.....*Vieuxtemps*
Mr. Andre Verdier.
Song—For all Eternity.....*Mascheroni*
Miss Lila Juel.
Rondo Hongrois (Gipsy Rondo), from the Piano Trio
in G.....*Haydn*
Arranged for Quintette by Mr. Thomas Ryan.

—The Total Abstinence Society held its regular monthly meeting on Sunday evening, the 4th inst. The organization now consists of over one hundred members, and, judging from the interest manifested by all the members in its affairs, it bids fair to excel all the other college societies in point of entertainment as well as profit. It has among its members the representative students of the University; and its efficient President, Father French, takes care that the time spent in meeting is not wasted. Last Sunday Father Klein, the popular Director of Sorin Hall, in the forcible manner for which he is noted, addressed the members, and impressed upon their minds the evil of intemperance. He is strictly opposed to the custom of "treating," which is so prevalent in this country, and says that every drunkard's first glass was a social one. He told the members that if they were to fight intemperance they should begin by a staunch opposition to "treating." The loud applause which followed Father Klein's eloquent address was an indication of the enthusiastic appreciation with which his views were received. In token of the favor which he conferred on the society he was tendered a vote of thanks. Mr. Hennessy drove dull care away by singing a song, which was accompanied on the guitar by Mr. Harding of

Brownson Hall. Mr. Cuneo and Mr. J. Murphy of Carroll Hall entertained the members for a short time—the former in reading a carefully-prepared paper on intemperance, which was well received, and the latter in the delivery of a well-selected recitation equally well appreciated. The meeting then adjourned.

Roll of Honor.

SORIN HALL.

Messrs. Ahlrichs, Casey, Crawley, Corry, Devanney, Davis, Eyanson, Funke, Flannery, Hudson, Hervey, Kearney, J. McKee, F. McKee, H. Mitchell, McCarrick, McFadden, Marr, Murphy, McGarry, O'Donnell, Pritchard, Quinlan, Ryan, Schopp, Sinnott, Walker.

BROWNSON HALL.

Messrs. Arce, Brinker, Baur, Beyer, Byrne, Brennan, Burns, Baldwin, B. Bates, W. Bates, Browne, Cullinan, Corry, Crane, Covert, Cooke, Chassaing, Cuneo, Conway, F. Dillon, F. C. Donohoe, F. J. Donohoe, Duffield, Dougan, Esgan, Edwards, T. Falvey, Foley, Feeney, Grady, Gordon, Gilmartin, L. Gibson, N. Gibson, Garsche, Golden, Halligan, Herman, Hennessy, Hennebry, Hesse, Johnson, Kinsella, Kerndt, Kennedy, Karasynski, Kirby, Krembs, Karter, Kelly, Lawlor, Loser, Murray, Maynes, Moore, Maguire, Moloney, Mott, McHugh, Mithen, Markum, Murphy, Manchester, Montague, W. O'Neill, O'Brien, O'Malley, G. Pulskamp, F. Pulskamp, Piquette, J. Ryan, C. Roby, E. Roby, J. Reilly, Spalding, Slevin, Sullivan, Stace, Smoger, Streicher, Turner, Welty, Walker, Weaver, Wiss, White, Yingst, Zeitler.

CARROLL HALL.

Messrs. Austin, Bloomfield, Burns, Bacon, Banholzer, Barry, Benson, Black, Benz, Clarke, Connor, Cooke, Cornell, Coolidge, Clendenin, Chauvet, C. Cullen, T. Cullen, Carney, Corby, J. Ducey, A. Ducey, Dannemiller, Druecker, Dalton, Davezac, Davis, Foley, Fennessy, Farley, Fox, Forbing, Fleming, Franke, Falvey, Gavin, Gonzales, J. Goldstein, T. Goldstein, Gausepohl, Howell, Hutchinson, Howard, Jack, E. Jones, H. Jones, Krollman, Kegler, Kasper, Klees, Lanagan, Ludwig, Lantry, LaMoire, Lohner, Lee, Leonard, Lansdowne, Lowrey, Lippman, Maurer, Munzesheimer, E. Murphy, J. Murphy, T. Murphy, Monahan, Miles, Miers, F. Morris, W. Morris, Massey, Mills, J. Miller, L. Miller, J. McPhillips, McShane, McCarrick, McKenzie, J. Naughton, D. Naughton, J. H. O'Neill, J. J. O'Neill, O'Mara, O'Brien, Ortiz, Patier, Pendleton, Pim, Phillips, Romero, Rockey, Reber, Reinhard, Roesing, Shillington, Strassheim, Stearns, Sparks, Strong, Sullivan, Swigart, F. Trankle, Taylor, Teresa, Temple, Thome, J. Treber, Tuohy, W. Treber, Wilcox, Waters, Whitehead, H. Wilson, R. Wilson, O. Wright, Wachtler, Wagner, Weitzel, Ward, Wigg, A. Yglesia, L. Yglesia, York, Zoehrlaut.

ST. EDWARD'S HALL.

Masters G. Abrahams, L. Abrahams, Allyn, Brinckerhoff, Byrne, Bullene, Breslin, L. Clarke, B. Clarke, R. Clarke, Cross, Christ, Catchpole, Caruthers, Corry, F. Campau, Cressy, A. Coquillard, J. Coquillard, Coolidge, C. Dawson, J. Dawson, Devine, Durand, Dalton, Everest, Egan, Flynn, Freeman, Fortune, Finnerty, M. Garrity, L. Garrity, Gimble, Green, Goff, Graff, Healy, Ralph Higgins, Roy Higgins, Hershey, B. Hess, F. Hess, R. Hess, Ives, Jonquet, A. King, K. King, Kilgallen, Kelly, Langley, Lohner, Lysle, Lawton, McGinley, McPhee, McElroy, McIntyre, Eug. McCarthy, Em. McCarthy, J. McCarthy, R. McCarthy, Morehouse, Minnigerode, Moxley, Noonan, B. Nye, C. Nye, Otero, O'Neill, Ortey, Perea, H. Pollitz, W. Pollitz, Peck, Romero, H. Rasche, Robb, L. Rasche, Ryan, Rohrbach, Roesing, G. Scherrer, W. Scherrer, Shillington, Swan, Steele, Simm, L. Thompson, Taylor, Terhune, Wagner, Wells, York.