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In Hope.

JOSEPH D. M'CARRICK.

IN winter when the skies above are gray,
And winds rage high, and snow falls thick and fast,
A gladsome sunbeam brings to mind the past,
And wakes new hopes to make the sad heart gay.
O doubts of youth! O clouds, on tireless wing,
Hide not the past, yet still deep shadows cast
Upon the future, will you always last?
Shall dreary Winter not give place to Spring?
O yes, the flowers of May will bloom again;
There is no life without its flush of dawn.
The day must come when hope shall conquer fear,
Foul doubt is not for strong, God-trusting men.
For as there is no rose without a thorn,
So every human heart must have its tear.

Novel vs. Magazine.

JAMES J. FITZGERALD.

The novel is the accepted literary expression of our time, and it is a matter of interest to study a literary form that has become so popular. There is no pleasure of the horticulturist so great as the enjoyment of seeing a flower-bud, that he has carefully tended, bloom out its richness and perfume. To the *littérateur* the novel of to-day is the bud of the horticulturist in all the fragrance of full bloom, and, like the full-blown flower, may it not be near its decay?

I question; for to assert the downfall of the novel would perhaps be considered bad taste at the present time. The novels of Howells and Crawford are the best of our day, and yet what is there in any of them that promises a future existence?

We live in an age when Father Time and Progress are companions in the race for the goal, and our brains throb in the whirl of rapid innovations. All things are affected by the spirit of the century. We have ceased to wonder at the marvellous, and accept all things as coming in the regular course of events.

The novel in its rapid evolution is a constant surprise to the literary world. It is so popular that writers, literary or scientific, theological or philosophical, realistic or idealistic, all use the form to clothe their ideas in order to reach the mind of the people. So popular is this kind of literature, that when the name of some living *littérateur* is mentioned one almost invariably hears the question asked: "What novel did he write?"

When the epic created the greatest enthusiasm by its rhythmic tale of some noble hero, its very popularity was the premonition of its downfall. Active literary minds were seeking new forms, and the drama was the result. It flourished, still exists, but has given way to our novel. What next?

Yes, I wonder what expression of literature could possibly weaken the hold of the novel sufficiently to take its place? That a change will occur, there is no doubt. It is inevitable. Tastes change quite enough in a few decades to require something new, and a form of expression or combination of literary forms immediately arise to cater to the popular desire. The novel has too fixed a hold on the public interest to be thrust aside for a literary rival, yet the greatest harm done to it can be traced to the novelist; for when the writer, not satisfied with the legitimate possibilities of the novel, seeks new means to catch the public eye, either by sensational methods or sensual colorings,

he is tearing down the standards raised by Sir Walter Scott, Jane Austen, Thackeray, and the host of great writers who never swerved from the true purpose of the novel.

In France the popularity of the novel is on the wane. Dumas' thrilling stories are neglected; Victor Hugo is read, but not by the multitude that once found pleasure in his well-told plots. With the other writers it is the same story, and there is a cause for it in the new school of writers—the realists with the uncrowned immortal Emile Zola at the head. So strong an influence has the new school wielded that all France is tinged with it, and beliefs of centuries give way before the alluring but debasing doctrines it teaches.

American novelists have as yet steered clear of questionable theories and doctrines, and are quite satisfied to divide themselves into the schools of idealism and realism in the conventional sense of propriety. No harm is done either if one writer tells us that a novelist should be a professional man, and another remarks that a novel should have a moral. All these opinions are with good result, and give strength to the different schools. What our writers must beware of are the unhealthy literary moods that Amelie Rivers gives expression to; the questionable theology of Mrs. Humphrey Ward; any sympathy with the French naturalists, and writing for money.

The magazine is an offspring of the review; but in its short existence has made marvellous strides to popularity and has become a fixed literary institution. It is a combination of all the favorite forms of expression in literature, and it seems quite plausible that it will eventually become the periodical for the masses to the exclusion of the novel as the popular form of literary expression. It has every advantage—variety of subject, diversity of matter, brevity in treatment—to satisfy the most exacting.

The average reader is one who reads for amusement, information, improvement in equal quantities, and the magazine offers such a programme. The greatest strength of the magazine lies in the multiplicity of contributions, and something will surely please; while in the novel the author may advance a view questionable in its soundness, teach false theories, picture life in the lurid light of sensuality, and the reader either leaves the book with disgust, or reads it with dissatisfaction.

Our best novelists now write their stories for the magazine and bring them out in book form afterwards, a sure indication that the growing

popularity of the periodical commands a wide scope in the world of literature.

Every family with any pretension to education takes some magazine, and each member of the household finds in the monthly number his special literary taste gratified. For some time past the cultured East was the home of the magazine, but now the Far West boasts of several periodicals. We hear of the *Midland Monthly* and *Southern Magazine*, and it is but a question of time until the States will have a population of literary people reading magazines representing their own sections of the country.

The magazine represents the people of the country where it is edited, and it is but the expression of their taste and love for literature. As a factor in the world of letters it is young, but it holds its own with the novel. So promising is its future, and so satisfactorily will it fulfil its mission that the people judging its merits may not recognize the case as I see it of the novel *vs.* magazine contesting for popularity, but rather see in the novel an aid or means to further the work and usefulness of the magazine.

A Few Words on the Drama.

BY FROST THORN.

It is wonderful what progress has been made in the drama, both in characterization and stage-craft, since Thespis went around delivering his poetic eloquence from the bed of a wagon. The *cothurnus* is a thing long forgotten; the *persona* a thing never more thought of. Of course, later on the dramatic methods of the ancients became more perfected. How do we really know whether they did not have actors and actresses equally as good as our own—how can we tell? We read of some of their actors, but we have not enough to read of them; and, in consequence, are at a loss to make a just and true comparison. But the actors or actresses who could have equalled, or excelled those of our own day, must have been very clever geniuses.

But to go on: Euripides, Sophocles, Aristophanes, Plautus, began, one might say, the drama in Greece and Rome (in those days the Romans admitted nothing but Rome; to them even Greece was peopled by barbarians); and little by little, it has reached its perfection. Aristotle laid down the laws of the perfect

drama. His fundamental principles were, unity of time, unity of place, unity of action. These rules were observed by the French dramatists until Hugo made a revolt against them. Corneille, Racine, Molière, the classicists of the French school, followed out the rules of Aristotle. Their comedies and tragedies are works of art, and to-day we read them with a keen appreciation of the clever talent of the authors (perhaps it is genius). But they are plays for the closet, not for the stage.

The drama written by an author who always keeps in mind the three unities, time, place and action, does not suit the modern public. Suppose the first act of some play takes place in March 1834, and the second act of the same play is laid in the June of 1837, would the modern theatre-goers be willing to go and see the first act? then, after three years have elapsed, go and see the second? I think not—I know not. We all have patience, yes; but there can be too much of a good thing; and our modern audiences would either utterly annihilate the producers of the play, or they would not go to see it at all; of which alternatives one is about as bad as the other—viewed from behind the scenes. And so the plays, modelled according to classic models, were written, until the lurid, intense Hugo wrote "*Hernani*!" We all know *Hernani*, the bandit chief, and *Dona Sol*, and *Don Carlos*, and the other characters of this fiery tragedy. Hugo did away with the old rules, and made his plays as best suited him. He wanted full freedom; he did not care to be kept within the narrow limits by which his predecessors had been restrained. And, as a result, we have a tragedy of wide range and free scope. From his time French play-wrights have abandoned Aristotle, and his ancient Greek rigidity.

The French are, undoubtedly, the most brilliant dramatists; their quickness of action, their sparkling conversation and ready wit, and their wonderful staging abilities place them first. But, to be sure, we have our own writers: Bronson Howard comes nearer than any to the French excellence in comedy.

The theatre-goers now do not care so much for plays of the old kind; yet many old plays still hold the stage. Shakspeare commands his audiences; "*The Rivals*," "*She Stoops to Conquer*," "*Richelieu*," and many others are received with pleasure by the public. But what men want nowadays is the society play—the play that shows us the life of those around us;

the play that depicts human emotions under present circumstances, the play, in a word, that is true to society life; and play writers are eager to supply the ever-increasing demand, and authors are plentiful. To-day we have Ogier, Dumas, Feuillet, Sardou, Sandeau, in France; Fulda, in Germany; Ibsen, probably first of all dramatists, and Björnsterne, in Scandinavia; Jones, Grundy, Pinero, and Oscar Wilde, in England; Bronson Howard, Potter, and a few others, in America. These, the greatest, are our play writers of to-day. The opera is an all-moving force in Italy, Sicily, and, in fact, in all Europe. Thomas, Verdi, Gounod, Massenet, and hosts of others, have written and composed operas.

Let us give the names of some of our modern plays. First, we have "*Hernani*" and "*La Tour de Nesle*" of Victor Hugo leading the movement against the classic drama; "*Camille*," by the younger Dumas; "*Daniel Rochat*," "*Théodora*," "*Cleopatra*," "*La Tosca*," by Victorien Sardou; "*Mlle. de la Seiglière*," by Jules Sandeau; "*Les Lionnes Pauvres*," by Emile Ogier; "*Ghosts*," by Henrik Ibsen; "*The Second Mrs. Tanqueray*," by Arthur Pinero; "*Lady Windermere's Fan*," by Oscar Wilde; "*Aristocracy*," by Bronson Howard; "*Sheridan*," by Potter; and there are others we could mention; but from what has been said it is easy to see that the drama is not degenerating. True, tragedy and some of the older plays have generally been given up; but that does not indicate degeneracy. Old authors live in our hearts if not in our eyes. I think many of us like the old-fashioned things, there is something so simple and delightful in the old society ways and habits. And we like those old plays of Goldsmith and Sheridan because they show us the life of the times; any play or story with a touch of human nature in it appeals to us directly, and we are quick and ready to appreciate what deserves appreciation.

There is a certain period of life when we can enjoy melodramatic effects, such as the "*Span of Life*," plays where the hero arrives on the scene just in time to snatch the heroine from the hands of the villain. At this period also comes *Beadle's Half-Dime Library*, where we read of "*Buffalo-Bill, the Road-Agent*," "*The Bucket of Blood*," or, the *Washerwoman's Revenge*," etc. This kind of trash (for it is nothing else) is the delight of the elevator-boy, the bell-boy, and the young boy who has never seen, perhaps never heard of the romances of Walter Scott, or the life-true novels of Thackeray. But as one grows older, sees more of life,

and becomes more associated with things higher than "The Red Devils of the Prairie," one's taste for the refined and genteel becomes more apparent, and soon asserts itself. I do not say that *all* change, not only their literature, but also their thoughts, tastes and habits; I speak of the majority. The world is every day becoming more artistic, more appreciative; it is more earnestly cultivating its higher faculties.

Stage realism is one of the essentials of the melodrama. It is nothing now to see a pile driver, a running brook, a fire engine and horses, a saw-mill in operation on the stage; but this is only half-dime novel realism. There is as much difference between melodramatic realism and the realism of the best plays, as there is between Zola's "Human Brutes," and Howell's "A Modern Instance." One is low, the other is high; one impure, the other pure. When real tea-sets were first put on the stage, and when real water ran from a pump, people thought it a very great thing; but this was soon "run in the ground"; and now we have the delicate realistic effects of modern plays. I don't mean to say that real water on the stage is bad realism; I speak of the melodramatic, blood-curdling realism, where the hero commits suicide, or rescues the lovely heroine from the dark depths of the Chicago river, *par exemple*.

A few years ago I think the general impression was that public taste was degenerating. But this is not true; certainly, it is true that the plays of Shakspeare, and several other tragedies and comedies have not the success they formerly had. Why? because the old actors were the great masters of those plays; and there are now but few who are capable of playing them in a way to compare with the magnificent personations of Edmund Kean, Macready, or Edwin Booth. Give us their equals, and the American public will welcome them cordially.

The saying that tells us not to change the old actors for the new holds good here. Theatre-goers, as a rule, like the old and well-known so much that they are loath to receive new ones; but if a new actor shows himself deserving, the public readily and willingly acknowledge his merit. In fact, the public now are looking for new actors. I think they want the old plays back again, and are waiting only for capable actors. If the public be once disappointed they hesitate at again running the same risk; that is the reason why the old plays are not so well patronized. Unworthy actors have essayed the parts which even the greatest

played with difficulty, and the consequence is that theatre-goers can spend their time and money much more profitably than in losing several hours and several dollars by witnessing a bad performance. To-day there are really few first-class actors, and as few first-class plays before the public; but we hope soon to have a new "galaxy of stars." There are some now who are just rising into fame, and who before long may eclipse predecessors. The grand tragedies of Shakspeare and of the old writers should be revived. They seem to be dying out, and when our present actors are gone they will go too. Only one young actor is trying to bring Shakspeare again into prominence—the talented young Walker Whiteside. More effort should be made; there is plenty of metal, good metal, that needs only to be tested.

Caledonia's Bard.

M. P. M'FADDEN.

"For of all sad words of tongue or pen,
The saddest are these—'It might have been.'"

On reading the foregoing couplet one could deeply muse on the checkered life of Robert Burns, the Ayrshire poet. He was rarely endowed with the gift of song, which diffused itself from his soul like the aerial freedom of the skylark's lay; yet, sad to relate, he yielded weakly to unrestrained passions; these eventually led to his downfall and brought him to an untimely grave.

One of Burns' biographers remarked that great men, great events, and great epochs are enhanced in our estimation as we recede from them; and the rate at which they grow in the estimation of men is in some degree a measure of their greatness. "Tried then," says his biographer, "by this standard, Burns must be great indeed."

On January 25, 1759, in a neat, clay-built cottage in the vicinity of the kirk of Alloway—made famous in "Tam O'Shanter"—and near the banks of the purling Doon, which was destined to enter one of the poet's sweetest songs, Robert Burns was born. On his birthday a bleak, wintry storm prevailed, blowing asunder a portion of the frail house in which the young mother lay with her first-born. In after years the poet remarked: "No wonder that one ushered into the world amid such a tempest should be the victim of stormy passions." Indeed, it appears that there was

something in his advent into this world which was sadly prophetic of his after-life.

The lyrical bard has given us a pen-picture of his father in "The Cotter's Saturday Night":

"He wales a portion with judicious care;
And 'Let us worship God,' he says, with solemn air."

His mother, a bright and intelligent woman, much younger than her husband, was the light and joy of the family; and while at work with her domestic cares she lilted the old familiar songs and ballads of which her mind was a rich repository. Thus, although penury often threatened them, there were contentment, cheerfulness, and genuine affection pervading the home circle.

When but five years of age Robert was sent to a school at Alloway Mill, and a little later his father, who considered education to be highly important, co-operated with some neighbors to hire a teacher for their children. From his seventh to his eighteenth year, Burns tells us, he worked like a galley-slave; and with him the family led a life of arduous toil and self-abnegation, in order to save the roof that sheltered them from the grasp of a very exacting landlord. Nevertheless, the cloud of poverty enveloped itself more closely around them. The father, worn out by early hardship, was unfit for further labor, and upon Robert and his brother Gilbert devolved the task of working on the farm. Despite all this, Robert, but sixteen, found moments of leisure for a venture into both love and poetry, and the poem "Handsome Nell" was the result of this boyish passion. From this time, like the great German poet, Goethe, love and poetry were blended together in Burns' life.

At this juncture the peasant poet, becoming embittered by a disappointment, left home, and went to a small seaport town, called Irvine. From now on the hot-headed, heavy-hearted youth gradually became a blind devotee and slave at the shrine of unholy passion.

Once the young delinquent was compelled, according to the custom then prevailing in the rural parishes of his natal heath, to perform publicly a penance in a Calvinistic kirk. Encouraged by the materialistic spirit which surrounded him at Irvine, he impetuously plunged himself into the tumultuous tempest of religious controversy. Under this high pressure of feeling he hurled with potency many poems of a satirical nature at the pet theories of his opponents, such as "The Holy Fair," "The Ordination," and "Holy Willie's Prayer."

In the meantime he had tried his hand at husbandry with his brother at Mossiel; but, like our forest born Demosthenes—Patrick Henry,—he proved a failure. But during this time the hidden genius within him began to assert itself. Hitherto his life had been barren of an aim, but now he determined to seek a niche in the temple of Scottish minstrelsy. The period between 1784 and 1786 saw the production of some of his best works, such as "The Cotter's Saturday Night," "The Mountain Daisy," "Halloween," "The Vision," and many other poems, among them the musical

"Flow gently, sweet Afton, among the green braes;
Flow gently, I'll sing thee a song to thy praise."

His favorite time for composing was while he was at the plough. In July, 1786 a little volume containing his poems made its first public appearance, and was well received not only among the rich and erudite, but also by the humble peasantry. Departing from Mossiel for Edinburgh, his journey was like a triumphal-march. He was destined to interpret the innate soul of the Scottish peasant in all its moods, and everywhere his country people crowded along the route to hail him as their poet-laureate. About this time appeared his poem, "Address to the Unco Guid."

"Then gently scan your brother man,
Still gentler sister woman;
Though they may gang a kenning wrang,
To step aside is human."

It was at this time that he married a young peasant girl named Armour. The visits of the muse were few and far between. But his poetical genius was still there, for it shone forth, ever and anon, replete with all its wonted lustre. It sometimes breathed signs, of despondent regret, as in "To Mary in Heaven," and of homesick longings as in that ever popular household gem, "The Banks of Doon." In 1789 appeared "John Anderson, my jo, John" and "Highland Mary," and in the following year the inimitable "Tales of Tam O'Shanter," which Burns regarded as his masterpiece.

"Kings may be blest, but Tam was glorious,
O'er the ills of life victorious."

But pleasures are like poppies spread,
You seize the flower, its bloom is shed;
Or, like the snowfall in the river,
A moment white, then melts forever."

The lofty principles of sterling patriotism which pervaded his soul inspired it to find expression in his "Wallace's Address" and "Bannockburn." A few years later appeared "Honest Poverty" with its famous refrain, "A man's a man for a' that:"

"A prince can make a belted knight,
A marquis, duke, and a' that;
But an honest man's aboon his might,
Guid faith he maunna fa' that."

Erin's bard recalls sweet memories of bygone days in his "Oft in the Stilly Night," and Burns recalls fond reminiscences of old friends in his touching and expressive "Auld Lang Syne."

Poor Burns! Sickness and suffering gradually enervated him, and on July 21, 1796, he breathed his last. He was a benediction to his country. Before his appearance, the glorious old spirit of Caledonia was nigh extinguished, and her literary men were averse to making use of her quaint vernacular. Cherishing the traditions of Wallace and Bruce, he descanted his lyrics and lays in the dialect of his people. Thus he was in touch with the people, singing their simple joys and sorrows and domestic life with an intermixture of sincerity and tenderness hardly equalled. He rekindled patriotic pride, and revived emotions whose dormancy sadly needed the vibrations of the lyre's chords for the infusion of vitality.

No other poet was as much beloved by the Scottish peasantry and people in general as Robert Burns. Erin had a Moore to give her his soul-inspiring "Melodies" and the sweet "'Tis the Last Rose of Summer"; Columbia, her John Howard Payne to compose "Home, Sweet Home"; but Scotia reveres her Bobby Burns for producing "Bonnie Doon" and "Auld Lang Syne." Wherever our language is spoken, "To Mary in Heaven," "The Banks of Doon," "Afton Water," "Highland Mary," and other exquisite poems are domestic pearls. Future generations will linger wistfully on "The Mountain Daisy" and "The Cotter's Saturday Night."

"The Reveries of a Bachelor."

A REVIEW.

BY M. J. M'GARRY.

The "Reveries of a Bachelor" is a book that has been written for the shelf. By this I mean that it is one we can lay aside for a few days, and resume reading without being aware that its perusal had been interrupted. It is a book brimful of deep thought and solid reflections. The "Reveries of a Bachelor" treats of sentiment, but does not appeal to the maudlin passions. It does not plunge the reader into violent extremes of grief and joy; but it takes him by the hand, like some gentle lover, and softly

plays on the chords of feeling and affection. The "Reveries of a Bachelor" is a book that one can read and reread, and always find in it some new beauties—some hidden gem that he had failed to bring to the sunlight.

The author muses before the open fireplace and, as the flames increase or diminish, he receives new inspirations. Indeed, it may be pithily said that smoke and flames and ashes have given the author his inspirations. He first draws a fanciful contrast between the careless, easy life of an unmarried man, and the care-laden life of the married man. It is not so much the winning of a wife he rails at as it is the wife's "sisters, her cousins and her aunts." But suddenly the dying embers in the grate burst into a flame, and doubt vanishes with smoke, and hope begins with flame. The author experiences in every change of flame a change of sentiment.

In the chapter titled "Ashes"—signifying desolation—the author exhibits to a wonderful degree concentration of thought and observance of details which a less careful man would overlook. But it is just such attention to details that makes the ripe author.

Young men who are easily captivated by a pretty face, whose owner possesses no womanliness, should carefully read the chapter entitled "Sea Coal," in which "flirts" are treated without any sentimentality. They will find a mine of thought from which they can draw logical conclusions.

In the chapter captioned "Anthracite" the author truthfully says, "A man without some sort of religion is at best a poor reprobate, the football of destiny, with no tie linking him to infinity and the wondrous eternity that is between; but a woman without it is even worse—a flame without heat, a rainbow without color, a flower without perfume."

When *cigars* cause the author to soliloquize in the following chapters he portrays schoolboy love in a very entertaining manner. "Morning," "Noon" and "Evening" are the most charming parts of the book. How cleverly the author describes the childish simplicity of Paul, and the angelic disposition of Bella! How innocently Paul and Bella travel their flower-strewn path of childhood until Paul leaves for college! The author imparts good advice to parents when he says: "Let the father or the mother think long before they send away their boy—before they break the home ties that make a web of infinite fineness and soft, silken meshes around his heart, and toss him aloof into the

boy-world, where he must struggle up, amid bickerings and quarrels, into his age of youth." The author describes school-life in a very graphic manner.

Then comes the time when Paul has crossed the threshold of youth and is a man. We find him on the broad expanse of ocean, intent on making a tour in Europe. Those who have trod the decks of our Atlantic liners will understand and appreciate this part of the book. It is on the ocean that Paul meets a young lady, Carry, who is destined to weave his fate. All this time Bella, his cousin, dreams of Paul and follows him in spirit. A little while and Paul is in the Fatherland, strolling along the green by-lanes and scenting the hawthorn in April bloom.

The scene changes and Paul is in sunny Italy. A charming maiden engages his attention; Enrica appears on the scene, and sheds a ray of sunlight for Paul to bask in. We are willing to forgive his seeming indifference if he will only wed Enrica. She is certainly charming, modest and full of naïveté. But once more we find him resuming his travels. He visits the Apennines. Here we have a touch of the author's descriptive powers; the description is perfect word-painting. After a time the wanderer returns to the scenes of his boyhood; "but the little joys that furnished boyhood till the heart was full, can fill it no longer," for Bella is dead.

The old home is home no longer, for with her half the world died: every sunshine blotted out, every hope extinguished. His old school-mates have separated never to meet again. A packet of letters from Bella had been given him, and he turns to them for solace and relief; he, too, had kept up a correspondence with Bella, and had recounted to her all his adventures. He had told her about the meeting with Carry on the ocean, and of their subsequent meeting. He had described how he had met Enrica, and had spoken of her with tender words. In Bella's packet of letters we have perhaps the finest touch of the author's pathos. He is exquisite, and never fails to arouse the best feelings of the reader.

Bella describes her tender, watchful care of her father in his declining days. How she had stood by his bedside and saw him grow weaker and weaker. And when it was all over, and "the golden bowl broken," she too became very feeble. Then she tells him that she shall write but little more. She longs for him to return and speak the word unspoken. With a dying benediction for him, and a last hope

that he will return, she gently passes away. She was too pure, too tender a flower for this cold world. No one can read these letters and not feel a nobler sense of manliness within him. Ah, the gentle influence of a good woman!

Then comes evening. Paul turns to Carry. He had loved Bella as a cousin, he had admired Enrica; but Carry he loved with a manly love. We will not follow in detail the fluctuations of his heart, nor the uncertainties that wellnigh distracted him. We will rather go with him to his home where the evening of his life is spent; and where the twilight is sinking into a peaceful and silent night. His home is a cottage near that where once Bella had lived. There is a little Carry and a Paul to make childish music. But there comes a time when little Paul's boyish prattle, his rosy smiles, his artless talk are lost to them forever. A year goes by, but it leaves no added sorrow on the hearthstone; Bella's gentle spirit is the guardian of Paul's home.

Trifles Light as Air.

TRIOLET.

In fancy's little niches
We find the triolet—
A measure fraught with riches—
In fancy's little niches.
Its music e'er bewitches,
Its tones we'll ne'er forget.
In fancy's little niches
We find the triolet.

F. A. B.

THE POWER OF MUSIC.

King Solomon was proof against the art
Of all the beauteous women of the East,
Until luxurious music turned his heart
And made an angel's wisdom serve a beast.

E. C.

A gift Divine for dull mankind,
To gladden hours of weary pain;
Revealing beauties past the mind:
A glimpse of Heav'n faint, yet plain.

J. A. M.

A NEW PAN-OUT.

The ancient Pan, whom Greeks adore,
Is now, as Dobson says, a *bore*,—
Which *augurs* ill for modern taste.
We think of stocks, of pork, of haste,
(Is not, sometimes, this pork a *boar*?)
And lust of wealth has locked the door
Of hearts where once in state was placed
The ancient Pan.

The secrets deep of gourmet lore
Than classic art are studied more:
Men know what tracks Yo Tambien graced;
But ask where Pegasus last raced,
And seek the cook if you desire
The ancient Pan.

E. C.

The Blessing That Came at Last.

T. D. MOTT, JR.

"Pshaw!" said my friend Jim to me one day as we were tramping through the country, "this idea of one generation seeking to regulate the heart affairs of the succeeding one is all nonsense!"

James Lawrence, or, as I familiarly called him, "Jim," had been my best friend at college; but since our graduation, nine years ago, I had not seen him until now that he and his wife were honoring my household with a visit. I remembered him as a boy of a decidedly positive character and strong convictions, one whom it was easier to move by entreaty than by threats. He was, too, a lover of nature and of poetry, and an admirer of art; in short, I remembered him as a boy of esthetic tastes.

"Yes, it is all nonsense," he continued. "Why, there's Nellie and myself; we have been married nearly six years now, and during that time nothing has occurred to make us, even for an instant, regret the moment when we linked both our lives into one. This is one case at least," he said, with a chuckle and a puff at his cigar, "in which the parties immediately concerned proved to have a better knowledge of their own hearts and a better idea of whom they loved than their elders. By the way, I have never told you, Dick, the story of my courtship and marriage, and since we have grown reminiscent, I do not mind telling you how it came about."

"I have heard something of it, Jim; but I know that the report scarcely did you justice; but here's a fresh cigar to revive your memory."

"Thank you! I'll take the cigar, if it's not one your wife gave you," Jim laughingly remarked, and then continued more seriously, "but I assure you I need nothing to stimulate the memory of my luckiest and happiest move. The game was too bold and the prize too high for it ever to fade from my mind. Well," he went on, lighting the cigar, "you remember how at college I used to spend many a happy moment in writing rhymes which I called poetry, and singing the praises of sky-blue eyes and golden locks, and how when we wandered through the fields and forest and heard the warbling of the birds, it would recall to my mind some tune which I declared the prettiest of throats had sung? Don't you remember, Dick, how you often thought me foolish and senti-

mental, and hinted that my time would be better employed in thinking less of what you called the 'romantic' and more of the useful? Ah! your turn was to come later, old man; that little thing in your left breast was not always to remain quiet and leave you in peace. You were to wake up one morning with the knowledge that there was a void in your life which only one person could fill; and I see she has dark eyes and raven hair; did you think of me then, Dick? Did it occur to you that you had become foolish and sentimental even as your friend Jim?

"Ah! I remember our graduation day and your words of parting; how you grasped me by the hand and said: 'Success to you, Jim, in whatever you undertake,' and then added, with a laugh, 'and may you find the eyes as blue and the locks as golden as ever!'

"Well, Dick, I did—only much more so. The girl had grown into the woman, and an increase of charms marked the change. She was such a woman, Dick, as any man would be proud of. It is true she had not travelled, and had not been brought up in a brown-stone mansion with servants to do her bidding; she had no costly dresses to attract the admiration of the men and excite the envy of the women; no rings but one; no necklaces, no jewelry—her father could not afford it. But, Dick, instead of these artificialities she was richly gifted by nature. No need of a costly dress for that shapely figure; no need of rings for that hand or a necklace for that throat; and above all she had a soul so pure, a heart so innocent, kind and gentle that one could not help loving her.

"As you know, my mother had died whilst I was still a babe, and being the only child and a son I was indeed the apple of my father's eye. He had great hopes and high ambitions for my future; he wished me to enter politics and win a name for myself, saying that he had earned the money and wanted me to earn the fame. As an auxiliary step he recommended an alliance with a young lady whose father was a power in politics, a senator whose wealth was counted in seven figures.

"The girl was pretty and accomplished, but there was only one girl in the world for me, she whom I had loved for years, whose memory had lightened the tasks at college—Nellie, whom I had for years pictured as the mistress of all the castles that I had built.

"Imagine my father's consternation, and, I may add also anger, when, whilst speaking to me on this subject one morning, I made known

to him my love for Nellie: how we had known each other since childhood, and could never be happy apart, and how we intended to get married soon.

"My father stormed: 'Impossible!' he cried. 'What can you gain by such an alliance—what power? what influence? what riches? Miss Harper—or Nellie, as you wish to call her,—is a nice young lady, but—'

"'But I love her and cannot be happy without her,' I said. 'After all, power, influence, riches, what are they? Can they buy me happiness?'

"My father threatened; but I was unshaken. He entreated, but I still remained firm. At length, being unable to move me, he sought by separating us to cause us to forget each other. With this end in view he handed me a few days later a check for ten thousand dollars with the remark that a tour in Europe would be an excellent finish to my education.

"Like a great many others born with a silver spoon in their mouths, I was more or less dependent upon my father, and when he handed me that ten thousand dollars to spend in travelling, I saw my opportunity and availed myself of it; I accepted the check, and a few days later set out on an ostensible tour of Europe.

"I arrived in New York in due time, and immediately hunted up Will Howard, whom you may remember as one of our class at college, and who, as I knew, had succeeded to his father's business on the latter's death a few months previous. I offered to buy an interest in Howard's business; he accepted, and I became a full-fledged broker instead of a gentleman of leisure travelling in Europe. Now, I know, this was not the most honorable thing to do. I fully realize that I was guilty of disobedience; but the temptation was so great that I yielded without a thought of the sin.

"But I tell you, Dick, things moved terribly slow at first. Perhaps it was my inexperience and enthusiasm that made me hope for too much; but certain it is that the reality fell far short of my expectations. But I never once lost hope, and I made up my mind that if others had succeeded I would too.

"Well, we had an elderly and wealthy customer named Lanning, who had been an old friend of Howard's father, and who had quite a reputation as a shrewd speculator. One morning he came in and placed a large order for the purchase of 'Northwestern,' and drawing Howard aside gave him a 'tip' as a friend of his father's to buy on our own account. As his friendship could not be questioned and his

integrity was unassailable we did not hesitate to follow his advice. We bought the stock. 'Northwestern' went up, and a few days later we made a large 'turn.' This drew attention to us; customers became more numerous, and our commissions began to pile up so that at the end of the year over and above my capital in business I had more than \$15,000 in bank. I drew my check for \$10,000, added the interest since my leaving home, and sent it to my father with a letter of thanks, saying that since I had not gone to Europe and was going to marry Nellie in a few days I could not keep his money.

"I had already written to Nellie, and arrangements had been completed for her to visit her aunt in New York. She arrived next day, and three days later there was a quiet wedding. I sent my father a telegram informing him of my marriage to Nellie. But no answer came either to my letter or telegram, and for many months I heard nothing from my father. It was quite evident I had incurred his displeasure.

"As I returned home one evening after a hard day's work, about eight months after our marriage, Nellie met me at the little garden gate as was her custom; her eyes seemed to sparkle more beautifully than usual, and a happy smile encircled her lips; evidently she had good news in store for me. 'James, this is St. Valentine's day and I have a valentine for you,' she said, 'only it is so heavy that I left it in the parlor; come and see it. Don't stop to talk,' she insisted, pulling me by the hand as I stopped to thank her and pay her some compliments, 'don't stop, but come and see what I have for you.' I followed her into the parlor, and, Dick, there sat my father. He was the valentine Nellie had for me. No need to tell you what occurred, Dick; but no home in all New York, nay, even in all the wide world, was happier than ours as we sat down to dinner that evening—Nellie and I, with my father as our guest. As we arose from table father gave us his blessing and remarked that it was all folly anyway for one generation to seek to regulate the heart affairs of the succeeding one. That is the story of my marriage, Dick."

Our walk ended with Jim's story, and as we entered the house two persons greeted us: one was my wife, the other Nellie. As I cast my eyes upon the latter instinctively the thought came to my mind: "Truly, she looks to be a noble woman and every way worthy of Jim's kindness."

NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.

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Staff.

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M. P. MCFADDEN, '94.	

—The *American Ecclesiastical Review* devotes its entire March number to a series of articles on the Book of Genesis by Father Zahm. Following, as they do, so closely upon the Holy Father's encyclical on the Scriptures, and coming just at a time when this first book of the Bible is exciting renewed controversy, their appearance is timely and they are a valuable addition to Biblical exegesis.

—The present issue marks a change in our method of reporting local news. Much of what has hitherto found its way into the "Local" column will be arranged under more specific heads. News of the lecture halls and laboratories will be found captioned "Department Notes," whilst society reports will be placed in a special column. We feel certain that the change will meet general approval.

—We have just learned that the Herbarium presented to the University by Rev. Father Carrier, C. S. C., has merited for the generous donor a medal and a diploma from the World's Fair of Chicago; and that it had been previously honored in the same manner by the directors of the Provincial Exhibition held last year at Montreal. The University therefore feels proud to be made the custodian of a collection of plants that has received such distinctive and appreciative attention. The numerous friends of Father Carrier, who for many years was Professor of the Physical and Natural Sciences at Notre Dame, will be glad to learn of the distinction their old friend and professor has met with.

College Students and Political Questions.

The eyes of the world are directed toward Europe, eagerly watching the events that have taken place, and expectantly awaiting future developments. Never before in the history of the world have nations been so near the crisis of internal disputes and international difficulties. The war cloud seems spread over Europe, ready to burst at the first favorable opportunity. Its rumbling is heard, as if impatient to start on its journey of ruin and destruction. The limit has been about reached, and war will be the outcome, unless means be taken to calm the minds of men awaiting the opportunity to seize upon any pretext that their thirst for revenge and blood may be satisfied. This is what we are led to believe by the newspapers; and although the reports are undoubtedly exaggerated, there is still sufficient truth in them for us to credit the fact that Europe is on the verge of some important crisis.

The dissensions between the House of Commons and the House of Lords is the momentous question disturbing England. At last the English people have been aroused to question the right of the lords to reject measures approved by the commons—a body elected by and representing the people. They have even gone so far as to advocate the dissolution of the House of Lords, and leave their concerns in the hands of men whom they shall select. Such will be the case, unless the lords see their folly and agree to act in a less arbitrary manner. The Americans, in their characteristic manner, are highly amused by this quarrel, as being a chance to return the criticisms the English have made upon our own government.

Bankruptcy stares Italy in the face, and it is owing to her large military force that rebellion has not taken place. The financial affairs are in a desperate condition with little prospect of solution. Her people are on the verge of famine, many being absolutely destitute of the means to live, or even of an opportunity of receiving employment. This condition may be attributed to the insane desire of Italy to be ranked as a powerful military country. Her ambition to belong to the triple alliance has led her to arm and enlist more men than the finances of the country would allow. France has become used to anarchistic depredations, dissolutions of the cabinets, and such trifles, and is now clamoring for some new sensation to

whet her appetite for excitement. Germany and Russia look upon the others like eagles eager to swoop down and grasp whatever may fall into their clutches.

The bettering of these conditions is the problem that is confronting the European statesmen, and an enormous problem it is. The difficulties that are arising every day, both domestic and international, cannot do otherwise than throw the nations of Europe into a condition from which they can be rescued only by war. The young American should make it a duty to form some idea of these matters. European politics is an immense and difficult question, too deep for many; but at least an intelligent idea can and should be formed.

The study of politics is necessary to all who wish to be good citizens and to preserve our country from the broils that infest Europe. It is a more practical question than formulas and rules, and it is a question which many of us will be called upon to settle either by vote, as private citizens, or as officials. But when we think of the thousands that are ignorant of our own Constitution, we can imagine what little chance there is of expecting them to become interested in European affairs. This should not be the case; and it rests with us, as college students, who in years to come will be called upon to lead, to inform ourselves of the knowledge necessary for public men. We should extend our study beyond our own country that we may know the defects of other nations, and profit by their costly experiences. If higher motives do not move us, at least the desire of knowing the important topics of the day should prompt us to read what every well-informed man should know, and be able to give an intelligent opinion concerning them.

"No more vital truth was ever uttered than that freedom and free institutions cannot long be maintained by any people who do not understand the nature of their own government." True and prophetic have been these words with past governments; and such will be the fate of our own republic, unless the people know the Constitution and the regulations that govern our country. The public can never understand these matters unless our public men teach them the use of the ballot—the channel through which our liberty can be preserved and our rights vindicated. In this age of vice and corruption politics is often used as a cloak for the purpose of fraud and deceit. No more do we see men imbued with the old patriotic motive of sacrificing themselves for

their country's welfare. To make the most out of their office is the incentive that prompts the present politician, and boodling and bribery are carried on with hardly a pretext of concealment. To prevent such abuses is the bounden duty of patriotic citizens, and the coming generation are the men who will be expected to do so. Let us look at Europe and be taught a lesson that will save our country from such a deplorable condition.

J. M. KEARNEY.

The Philharmonic Club.

The latest concert was given by the New York Philharmonic Club last Monday. The club is one of the best concert troupes on the road. Only one of the organization's members had appeared before the Notre Dame students, and that was Mr. Sol. Marcossou, the violinist. Mr. Marcossou was here last year with the Mendelssohn Quintette and left a very good impression. His reception this year showed that he had not been forgotten. Miss Weed, the mezzo-soprano, who accompanied the club, was also very well received. She touched the strain most liked by the students in her singing. Her songs were simple and sweet, but very effective. The great applause that followed her numbers was convincing proof that she had given the boys just what they wanted. Mr. Elkind's double bass solo was the first ever played on our stage. It is seldom that one hears a double bass solo anywhere, and it was a novelty. Mr. Elkind's instrument is large and bulky, but he handles it easily and gracefully. His number made a hit. Mr. Marcossou's "Fairy Dance" was as popular as ever with the audience. It shows to advantage his skill with the bow. One needs but to contrast his playing with that of the "acrobatic" school of violinists to prefer the style used by Mr. Marcossou. It is a pleasure to see him play as well as to hear him.

Czibulda's "Liebstraum" was the piece that took best, though really "The Mill" was the best number the club played. Mascagnis' intermezzo was also much enjoyed, as was the "Impromptu Serenade" by Gillet. The Philharmonics are to be congratulated on their success in reaching the students as they did. The music was all of high grade, and yet not so classical as not to be appreciated by an audience that has had no opportunity to study and understand the extremely heavy pieces played by many concert companies.

E.

Sunshine and Shadow.

EDITOR SCHOLASTIC:

Two communications apparently in sympathy with each other, concerning the disappearance of shade trees from the banks of St. Joseph's Lake, appeared recently in the SCHOLASTIC. Your first correspondent sounds an alarm that there is a "species of vandalism that threatens to wipe out the last trace of natural beauty from Notre Dame forever." Then, in plaintive strains, he tells us how those who lived here in the sixties speak of the beauties of the native forest. His strains are almost as pathetic as the tones of the musician of Venice, who is said to have so excelled in his art as to be able to play any of his auditors into distraction.

Your second correspondent makes a laudable effort to console the first, and to dispel his gloom by telling him that "it is kindness to sacrifice some trees to save others. In every direction," he continues, "misshapen, scrubby, or half-dead trees are using the light, air and soil needed for better specimens which would last a century if given a chance to grow. Hence judicious pruning and cutting are necessary." Could those already condemned by self-elected judges be more fully vindicated?

A few years ago a gentleman who has travelled through our country from ocean to ocean several times remained a few days at Notre Dame. He is a great admirer of both nature and art; and one evening, while walking around the lake, he stopped on reaching Calvary, and inquired why we did not cut the forest to the edge of the banks and enjoy a refreshing breeze all the way to the seminary. Any person can easily realize the truth of this on any hot day in summer by seeking the dense shade that still exists north and west of Calvary. Such a one, however, will quickly fly to some open space where he can breathe the balmy air that passes through the trees that have been pruned and preserved for both health and comfort. Both of your correspondents agree, however, that "the highest point of beauty among trees is the one whose branches almost touch the ground." This may or may not be the true conception of art; but certain it is that this style will meet very little favor on the banks of St. Joseph's Lake. Notre Dame has always been the faithful and watchful guardian of those entrusted to her care, and she has always been ready and willing to sacrifice both art and nature for the happiness and health of her students. Therefore those having charge of the grounds are determined that the light and sunshine of heaven shall illumine at least exteriorly all those who visit the shades and walks of her cherished precincts.

There is a court directly north of the college and west of the infirmary for which nature and art have done absolutely nothing, at least not

since the forties. It lies about ten paces west of the matchless park in front of St. Edward's Hall, and strangers must find it difficult to believe that it is a part of the beautiful premises of Notre Dame. I call attention to this fact thinking that, as your correspondents are lovers of nature and art, and as it is rather early in the season to go looking for the amount of shade that may be expected in the summer, they might condescend to raise their voices against this spot which appears to be the dumping-ground for the *débris* of the tract of land belonging to the University.

We have gravel pits in every direction, and could we not at least afford a gravel walk from the college to the ice-house instead of the unsightly cinders that at present form the only walk to the lake. I will not mention all that nature and art have done for the trees along this walk as they must be seen to be fully appreciated. I can imagine the long and lingering looks of the lovers of art as they pass them by but never speak.

NOT ONE OF THEM.

Department Notes.

ENGLISH.

—The Literature class began a study of present American writers; W. D. Howells' farce, "A Letter of Introduction," is being read. Spare time is devoted to scanning "Miles Standish." The lecture this week was on Dante, and led to a discussion on the difference between Dante's teaching and that of Goethe.

—The Belles-Lettres class spent the past week in considering the style and method of Sir Arthur Helps. For the purpose "The art of living with others" from "Friends in Council" was the subject of their analysis. Next week Richard Doddridge Blackmore's description of "Glen Doone" will be taken up for review and criticism. Last Saturday Dr. Egan gave a talk on Emerson. The Professor thinks that Emerson is not a great nor a strong writer; but he was a man who had a great ideal and did all in his power to reach it. His only desire was to be a great author. We are still to judge what his merits really are. Emerson had no particular religion though he believed in God. It seems he had much of the same temperament as Matthew Arnold and considered that literature and æstheticism were the only things in life. Though his style is not exactly excellent, still it is inspiring, full of enthusiasm, and each sentence gives the reader plenty of food for thought. The Tuesday lecture was on our American poet, Whittier. Mr. Egan believes that the good old Puritan poet is greatly misunderstood by Catholics on account of his religious views. Whittier was not a cultured or even an educated man; but the natural sweetness, virility and fire

of his poems make up for what he lacked in art and technique. A discussion on the "Morality of the Modern Drama" filled up the extra hours of the week.

SCIENCE.

—The class in General Biology has just finished the discussions on matter and energy.

—The private Laboratory of the Professor of Biology is a wonderful den, and the reporter entering there was bewildered. Some other time he will tell what he saw.

—A new gas furnace of the latest and most approved pattern has been placed in the Metallurgical Laboratory, which with the other furnaces afford the class of assaying special advantages in their work during the present session.

—The class in Botany has just completed the study of plant tissues and their grouping. Last Tuesday the study of the structure of the various types of stems in plants was begun; the lecture was illustrated by means of the stereopticon.

—At present the Bacteriological Apparatus is temporarily located in the general laboratory, and of course want of room greatly interferes with the work. However, there are two rooms standing idle in the Science Hall and would answer well as a Bacteriological Laboratory. It is to be hoped the Bacteria will find their way down there soon.

—The principal work in the Photo-Micrographical Laboratory consists in making negatives of objects used in illustrating the lectures of Botany and Zoölogy. Sometimes one uninitiated enters this Laboratory of Photography, and wonders how objects four million times smaller than the pictures are photographed. It is easy enough to explain—but then to do it!

—In the class of Zoölogy this week, the study of reptiles was completed and that of Amphibians begun. The plan of work is to give the student a general survey of the classes and orders of animals, and to illustrate by means of charts and prepared specimens. During the months of May and June a type of the various classes of animals will be studied more particularly.

—The members of the first class of Physics are rapidly becoming experts in minute measurements of time and weight and magnitude. What is the smallest fraction of a second of a milligramme of a millimetre that can be accurately determined experimentally? These are questions which are not only fascinating ones, but which are fast becoming to them questions of great practical importance.

—Mr. Frank Powers, who is to graduate this year in the Biological Course of Science, has just begun his original investigations on the blood of animals. It is his intention to have a complete series of microscopical preparations,

illustrating all the forms of blood in animals. He has adopted the method of Dr. Ehrlich of Berlin in the study of the variously formed elements of the blood, and for that purpose uses Ehrlich's Neutrophile and Chenzinski's Eosine Methelene Blue.

—Nature, as our young physicists have learned, is not only something of a sphinx, but also something of a coquette, and is not disposed to answer questions when first put, or when put unadroitly. And this is another discovery which they are daily making—the sphinx-like, coquettish character of Dame Nature who will tolerate neither gaucherie nor lack of interest, but demands from all her votaries intelligence and enthusiasm as the *sine qua non* of success. She does not spontaneously disclose her *arcana*; they must be extorted from her. It is only those who are persistent in research, who have "learned to labor and to wait," whom she rewards with the privilege of entering into the sanctuary of the temple of science.

—It is surprising the number of discoveries the class of experimental Physics is making. In repeating the experiments of Galileo and Torricelli they fondly imagine that they have caught the great Florentine and his illustrious pupil napping; but after more careful work and repeated trials of the same experiment, they always wind up by making a counter-discovery, *i.e.*, that the great founder of mechanics was right and they were wrong.

Another discovery of prime importance they are continually making, and that is, that patience and extreme care, together with a certain experimental instinct, which is developed only by accurate work and long practice, are absolutely indispensable in the determination of physical laws and in the correlation of facts and phenomena.

ENGINEERING.

—Flexure of beams under vertical loads is at present occupying the attention of the students in Mechanics of Engineering.

—The class in Mahan has just finished the discussion of Dam and River improvements. They expect to take up the subject of Hydraulics the coming week.

—The fair weather we are enjoying at present promises the Civil Engineers an early opportunity of resuming field work. They contemplate cross-sectioning, and computing *cuts* and *fills* of a railroad line run last fall.

—Of late the atmosphere has been very favorable for astronomical work. The "stargazers" have observed many beautiful objects through the telescope, the most noted being the Crab Nebulæ, in Taurus, the fine multiple star Theta, (θ) in the sword of Orion, the Nebulæ of Orion, also the magnificent star cluster of Gemini, and the coarse cluster south of Sirius, besides many fine double stars; which required a keen eye and steady nerves, not to speak of

the high powers used in the telescope to resolve them.

ART.

—R. Fox has added a very difficult drawing of Mary Magdalen to the case.

—H. Strassheim has just finished a very pretty crayon drawing of an Indian girl.

—The staff artists are hard at work on drawings for the Easter number of the SCHOLASTIC.

—Frank Wagner and one or two others of the mechanical department are making drawings of Baldwin Engines from one of that company's tracings.

—Professor Ackermann has lately introduced diluted India ink drawings. The genial professor is ever on the outlook for something new; and it is because of his efforts that the class has reached such a high standing.

—The drawing class has nearly eighty members. They are doing good work in all the branches but especially in Crayon and India Ink work. The latter branch was only inaugurated last year; but it has become a fixture. Messrs. F. Sullivan, P. Foley and J. Miller have been doing the best work in that line.

LAW.

—Messrs. M. McFadden and J. Ryan have gone to Chicago for a few days.

—A number of new desks were put in the law room this week. The Law department is now the largest in the University.

—The Law Debating Society did not meet last Saturday evening, owing to the fact that the bulletins were being read in the different departments.

—Moot-Court was not held last Wednesday. A number of statements of facts have been given out lately, and the students are busily engaged in their preparation for trial.

—The Seniors and Juniors are now undergoing a quiz in Blackstone. Realizing that June is not very far off, the Seniors have determined to put forward their best efforts in order to make a good showing at the examinations.

—The case of *Brown vs. Anderson* was decided in the Moot-Court, Feb. 28, in favor of the defendant. The suit was brought on a note given in consideration of the failure to deliver a quantity of wheat as per a parol agreement. The amount of the note was the difference in the price of the wheat at the time the contract was made, and at the time the wheat was to be delivered. The theory of the plaintiff was that the note was in consideration of his forbearance to sue on the parol agreement. But the court held that the defendant was not liable, there being no consideration for the note, as the parol agreement was within the statute of frauds and should have been in writing; consequently it could not form the basis of valid consideration for a note.

The attorneys for the plaintiff were T. Mott and P. White; for the defendant, E. Roby and E. Chassaing. Notice of a motion for a new trial has been filed in the case of *Farmer vs. Michigan Central RR. Co.*, decided last week in favor of the plaintiff. Defendant alleges in his motion that certain evidence sought to be introduced on the trial should have been admitted. He also says the damages awarded were excessive. Suit was begun in the Moot-Court yesterday by Geo. Cushing against Wm. King for the value of a quantity of sand. It appears that King contracted to do the excavating for a building Cushing was going to put up, and when the work had been completed a quantity of the sand was deposited on an adjoining lot. Nothing was said as to how the sand was to be disposed of, nor to whom it was to belong. Cushing sought to use the sand for building purposes; but King objected, claiming the sand as his. Cushing now brings suit to recover the value of the sand—\$300. Messrs. McFadden, and Conway, are plaintiff's attorneys, and Messrs. Kirby, and Ryan for defendant.

Local Items.

—The celebration of St. Joseph's Day, March 19, has been postponed until April 3.

—The Rev. Director of Studies read the bulletins in the respective Halls last week.

—The entertainment given in Washington Hall last week was the best of the season.

—LOST—A gold ring. Finder will please return to the owner, T. Smith, or leave it in students' office.

—The officers of Co. "B" feel about two inches taller since they have received their chevrons and straps.

—St. Joseph's Literary Society did not meet Wednesday night as the monthly bulletins were read on that evening.

—The delightful weather which we are having is enjoyed by all, and very few are found indoors during the recreations.

—J. Sullivan, who has just recovered from a long illness, left for his home on Wednesday. He will return as soon as his health permits.

—Tommy: "I hear that our friend the tenor has been arrested." Curb.: "What is he charged with?" Tommy: "Murder on the high C's."

—The bicycle club have enjoyed the fine weather which we have had of late and have taken advantage of it to go out in exploring parties.

—A select "few" of the Carrolls had a banquet which was even more stomach destroying than that of the "Lambs." The Menu was too long to be printed.

—The "orations" given at the little school-

house last Wednesday by a party of rambling logicians were simply excellent; nothing better has been heard for years.

—The impromptu open air concerts given on the campus during the last few evenings, have been a source of great pleasure to those that were so fortunate as to hear them.

—There is some talk about organizing the "Invincible" baseball team among the Carrolls, as there is so much talent there that the "Carroll specials" can only absorb at best a fraction of it.

—M. Gonzales won the drill for third corporal on the 4th inst. On Thursday, March 8, Peter Carney won the drill. The companies will make a very creditable showing, if the weather permits, on St. Patrick's Day.

—Though it caused him many a heart pang to part with those trifles, he found, alas! that his present was not appreciated. He may have twined his affections round ancient pipes and rusty buttons, but he found it hard to persuade another to do the same.

—Through the kindness of B. Fabian, B. Valerian received about 30,000 cancelled postage stamps, collected by the students of St. Columbkille's School, Chicago, Ill. This school is conducted by the religious of the Holy Cross, under the direction of Bro. Marcellinus, C. S. C., for many years professor in the University.

—On Monday the Carroll baseball played their first game. Rain prevented the completion of the game. The score at the end of the fourth inning was 6 to 5 in favor of Captain Carney's side. There is some good baseball "stock" in Carroll Hall, and if the men practise, they will have a special team which will eclipse the old "Invincibles."

A POET'S PLIGHT.

"Woodman, spare that tree!
Touch not a single—"

DOG (approaching): "Bow!"

WOODMAN:

"Goll dum it! that dog's got out agin.
You'd better spare your skin."

POET (from the tree tops):

"O welcome tree!

Now shelter me.

My pants are torn
And I forlorn."

—The first two baseball games of the season were played on the 4th inst. The interest in baseball is beginning to wax strong, and it is unnecessary to state, judging from the good work being done now, that when the time comes for the selection of the men for the different teams, there will be very good material to pick from. The only thing to be feared is the great interest manifested in baseball now may subside and possibly vanish altogether before the season fairly opens. Such a thing would be regretted as it would mar the prospects of a successful season.

—Through the kindness of our Rev. President, and also of Father Fitte, the members of the Moral Philosophy and Logic classes were given a half day free on Wednesday in honor of St. Thomas Aquinas. The afternoon was spent in rambling through the woods and surrounding country. At 4.30 everyone sat down to a special banquet which was served in the Seniors' refectory. In addition to the students the following graced the occasion with their presence: Revs. J. French, S. Fitte, J. A. Zahm, Profs. Wm. Hoynes, M. F. Egan, J. F. Edwards and M. J. McCue. It was a very enjoyable affair, and the members of the Philosophy and Logic classes join in expressing their thanks to Fathers Morrissey and Fitte for the rare treat afforded them.

The following programme was presented by the New York Philharmonic Club last Monday:

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|---|---|--------------|
| Sextette, Op. 80, | - - - - - | S. Fadassohn |
| | Intrata—Notturmo. | |
| Violoncello Solo, "Tarantella" | - - - - - | D. Popper |
| | Mr. Carl Barth. | |
| { a. Intermezzo, | - - - - - | P. Mascagni |
| | From the Opera "Cavalleria Rusticana." | |
| { b. Serenade—Impromptu, | - - - - - | E. Gillet |
| | N. Y. Philharmonic Club. | |
| Canzonetta "La Capinera," | - - - - - | J. Benedict |
| | Miss M. S. Weed. | |
| Violin Solo { a. Romanze, | - - - - - | J. Svendsen |
| | { b. Fairy Dance, | A. Bazzini |
| | Mr. Sol. Marcossou. | |
| Quartette, "Die schöne Müllerin." Op. 192. | - - - - - | J. Raff |
| | { a. Erklärung (Declaration). | |
| | { b. Die Mühle (The Mill). | |
| | Two Violins, Viola and Violoncello. | |
| Flute Solo { a. Andante from Concerto Op. 98. | - - - - - | Hofmann |
| | { b. Allegro, "Columbus, American Rhapsodie," | A. Terschack |
| | Mr. Eugene Weiner. | |
| Liebstraum ("Dream after the Ball," | - - - - - | A. Czibulka |
| | N. Y. Philharmonic Club. | |
| Double Bass Solo, Op. 5. | - - - - - | S. Elkind |
| | Mr. S. Elkind. | |
| { a. Flowers, | - - - - - | Th. Bradsky |
| { b. One Spring Morning, | - - - - - | E. Nevin |
| | Miss Marion S. Weed. | |
| Bilder aus dem Süden (Scenes of the South), | - - - - - | J. L. Nicodé |
| | N. Y. Philharmonic Club. | |

—The Lambs met in regular weekly session last Thursday morning, at their usual rendezvous; that is, at least a few of them did. The roll showed that there were a great many members absent, having no doubt failed to recover from the effects of the banquet the week before, and upon the faces of those present there was a look that indicated the presence of despondency and a general air of melancholy. What the cause was, no one could say; but it was doubtless owing to the remembrance of good things that were past and gone, and of which they were to be deprived for another year at least. It was found that the Cuspidor Rejuv. had not been ransomed and was still held by the caterer as a surety for the payment of his bill. Unless the caterer, out of the kindness of his heart, relents, it is feared that the unfortunate creature will never be released. The President then announced that a prize would be given for the best original

poem on the Lambs. These productions are to be handed in to the secretary at the next meeting when they will be passed upon by a competent board; and it is expected that there will be a great deal of competition as several Lambs have the true poetic fire; their eyes can be often seen "in fine frenzy rolling." The following debate was then given out by the President: "Resolved, That the interests of the society would be subserved by the presence of a lunch counter in the annex." It is to be feared that no one will be found willing to take the negative side, not so much for lack of arguments on the subject, but for purely physical reasons. The meeting was then adjourned, without any further business being attended to.

Roll of Honor.

SORIN HALL.

Messrs. Casey, Crawley, Corry, DuBrul, Devanney, Dempsey, Dinkel, Eyanson, J. Fitzgerald, C. Fitzgerald, Flannery, Hudson, Hervey, Kuhnert, Kearney, H. Mitchell C. Mitchell, McCarrick, McFadden, Marr, Murphy, McGarry, Mott, Pritchard, Quinlan, Ryan, Scherrer, Schillo, Schopp, Thorne, Walker.

BROWNSON HALL.

Messrs. Arce, Brinker, Barrett, Beyer, W. Bates, Byrne, Brennan, Blanchard, Burns, Bennett, Barton, Baldwin, B. Bates, Brown, Cullinan, P. Campbell, A. Clark, Corry, Crane, Callaghan, Cavanagh, Cooke, Chassaing, Cuneo, Chirhart, Conway, Cochrane, A. Campbell, F. Dillon, Delaney, Dorsey, F. C. Donohoe, Duffield, Dougan, Esgan, Edwards, Fagan, Foley, A. Flynn, Gilmartin, Grady, Gordon, L. Gibson, N. Gibson, Golden, Halligan, Hinde, Herman Hennessy, Hennebry, Hesse, Harding, Kennedy, Karasynski, Krembs, Kelly, Kortas, Ludwig, Lawlor, Loser, Maynes, Maguire, Moloney, Mott, Murray, McHugh, Mithen, Markum, Manchester, Montague, O'Brien, O'Malley, H. O'Neill, G. Pulskamp, Palmer, F. Pulskamp, Perkins, Roper, Ruppe, Rumely, J. Ryan, J. J. Reilly, Smith, Spalding, Slevin, Stace, Schmidt, Smoger, Streicher, Spangler, Tong, Tinnin, 'Vignos,' Weaver, Wilkin, Wagner Wiss, White, Yingst Zeitler, Kirby.

CARROLL HALL.

Messrs. Alber, Austin, Bloomfield, Burns, Banholzer, Barry, Benson, Benz, Clarke, Connor, Cornell, Coolidge, Clendenin, Chauvet, C. Cullen, T. Cullen, Corby, A. Ducey, J. Ducey, Doherty, Dannemiller, Dalton, Dilger, Druecker, Dixon, Davezac, Davis, Foley, Fennessy, Farley, Fox, Forbing, Falvey, Gavin, Gonzales, J. Goldstein, T. Goldstein, Gausepohl, Hutchinson, Healy, Hoban, Howard, Jack, E. Jones, Krollman, Kegler, Kasper, Lanagan, Ludwig, Lantry, LaMoure, Lohner, Lowrey, Lippman, Maurer, Munzesheimer, J. Murphy, E. Murphy, T. Murphy, Monahan, Miles, Miers, F. Morris, W. Morris, Massey, Mills, J. Miller, J. McPhillips, A. McPhillips, McShane, McCarrick, McKenzie, D. Naughton, Naughton, J. J. O'Neill, Ortiz, O'Brien, Patier, Pendleton, Phillips, Romero, Rockey, Reber, Reinhard, Roesing, Shillington, Strong, Sullivan, Swigart, Trankle, Taylor, Teresa, Tempel, Thome, Tuohy, J. Treber, W. Treber, Wensinger, Waters, Whitehead H. Wilson, R. Wilson, O. Wright, D. Wright, Wachtler, Wagner, Weitzel, Wigg, Ward, Wilcox, A. Yglesia, L. Yglesia.

ST. EDWARD'S HALL.

Masters Allyn, Bump, Brinckerhoff, Breslin, B. Clarke, R. Clarke, Curry, Cross, Catchpole, Caruthers, Corry, Cressy, F. Campau, A. Coquillard, J. Coquillard, Crandall, Corcoran, Clune, Coolidge, Davidson, Dugas, Durand, Englehardt, Everest, Egan, Feltenstein, Flynn, Fortune, Finnerty, L. Garrity, M. Garrity, Gimble, Green Goff,

Graff, Healy, Roy Higgins, J. Higgins, Herschey, B. Hess, F. Hess, R. Hess, A. King, K. King, Kilgallen, Kelly, Langley, Lohner, Lawton, McPhee, McElroy, McIntyre, Eug. McCarthy, E. McCarthy, R. McCarthy, G. McCarthy, J. McCarthy, McCorry, McGushin, Minnigerode, Noonan, B. Nye, C. Nye, Otero, O'Neill, Ortey, Perea, H. Pollitz, W. Pollitz, Peck, H. Rasche, L. Rasche, Romero, Robb, Ryan, Rohrbach, Steele, G. Scherrer, W. Scherrer, Shillington, Swan, L. Thompson, U. Thompson, Thomas, Taylor, Wagner, York.

List of Excellence.

COLLEGIATE COURSE.

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French—Messrs. C. Fitzgerald, Jewett, Palmer, H. Mitchell, J. O'Neill, Barry, LaMoure, Lanagan; *German*—Messrs. D. Murphy, Druecker, J. Treber, Zeitler, W. Treber, Tierney, Duffy, Costello, Loser, F. Hesse, B. Krueper, Marr, H. Wilson; *Drawing*—Messrs. Kunert, C. Fitzgerald, Correll, E. Scherrer, Wagner, Rumely, Fox, Strassheim, Foley, J. Miller, C. Mitchell, N. Gibson, Vignos; *Phonography*—Messrs. Walker, Brennan, Hart, Browne, J. Tong, Healy, E. Falvey, J. O'Neill.