

# THE NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.

DISCE·QUASI·SEMPER·VICTURUS·

·VIVE·QUASI·CRAS·MORITURUS·

VOL. XXVII.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, MARCH 17, 1894.

No. 25.

## Washington Hall.

LOOK on these walls, and ask their stoical frame,  
Unbending now from silence deathly deep,  
To tell their tales of life, to laugh and weep  
In sympathy with each faire knight that came  
And strutted proudly on yon stage, to name  
With gladness those who up the rocky steep  
Have climbed, to whisper low of those who creep  
Along the dusty way, nor taste of fame.

For every cycle—be it day or year—  
Is full a lifetime in the one great life  
Made up of smaller sweeps of Father Time.  
And each one daily suffers joy and fear,  
Ambition dulled and hopes brought low; the strife  
Goes daily on with confidence sublime.

J. A. MARMON.

## A New Nation's Literature.

FRANK A. BOLTON.

A hundred years ago we find America a young and rapidly rising country, society continually in uneasy movement, and shifting westward. In New England, with the prolonged struggle of the colonists, and the severe puritanical spirit that cramped their intellectual growth, culture had an unfavorable start. Elsewhere all less pressing considerations were sacrificed to the irresistible struggle to move on and become richer. Poor men with their "way to make" were heavily handicapped, and strained every nerve to hold their own. The minds of all were absorbed in the interests which lay nearest to their hearts. The only literature that could really excite or interest them was either political, industrial, or financial. We find

people from all nations flocking to this country, and in the breasts of all the struggle for the material was rampant. The intellectual seems to have been forgotten or lost in this Babel of mixed races. It was but natural for these people to look to their mother countries for their intellectual sustenance, whilst they struggled hard here to satisfy their bodily wants. Such a people, divided in languages, nationalities and temperaments, naturally lacked individuality in thought. Men were engaged in the completion of the temple of state rather than in adorning their language with rich intellectual trophies. A people's cultivation and appreciation of literature is gradual. It is dependent, to a great extent, on its environments; and certainly the surroundings of an infant nation seldom contribute to the advancement of literature. After the horizon of state had been cleared of the dark clouds of oppression, and the thunder of a revolution which had molded these people of almost every nationality into a distinct nation had passed over, the sunshine of culture burst forth, and a people of new temperament and character gave vent to their individuality, and literature began to take root and grow.

Our mental vassalage outlasted our political subjection. Not even our minds, still less our life and manners, were deemed worthy of recognition. Imitation held the place of creation. We justly date from the successful authorship of Brockden Brown the era of our literary independence; and we trace to him the first declaration of that independence. Brown's novels indicate the adequacy of strictly American subjects to a place in the higher walks of literature. He complained of the anglicanism of American writers and readers, and dwelt

strongly on the development of our own intellectual resources with the elements of our material growth. Our writers before Brown, with but very few exceptions, might as well be European. They think after European models, drawing their stimulus from European books. They fashion themselves according to European tastes, and their tones are anything but American. This certainly had a tendency to denationalize the American mind. The voice of Brown was as that of one crying in the wilderness; his lungs were strong, and his will good, but his tones unmodulated and discordant. But with all his shortcomings it must be confessed that he made the move towards a distinctively American literature.

There is no doubt but that the revolutionary period was rich in its speeches and declarations, often elevated in sentiment and massive in thought; but they were saturated with partisanship, and necessarily lacked the repose and balance that belong to true literature. Up to this time we accomplished less in literature than in any other branch of human effort. That intellect which chose its field of work with so much success in commerce, in manufacture, in invention, in science, in politics—things necessary to the development of our country and the furthering of our people's interests—might have, under settled conditions, achieved triumphs in literature.

A national literature is the growth of time and leisure, and its evolution is due to the change of the nature and tastes of the people. In all forms of literature we are, in some indefinable way, drawn into the atmosphere of the age. We feel the life and spirit of its locality. We become acquainted with the peculiarities that climate and social environments have produced in them. Every man who has read, and read much of the works of the brilliant coterie of men that have lived in New England, is acquainted with New England, knows its life and its people, and cannot help but long for its pure and enlivening atmosphere.

Irving was the first to cultivate literature for its own sake. He was the first to discover the true native vein, and in his "Knickerbocker Tales" and Catskill legends he worked it to admirable effect. Cooper chose the Indians who now have become almost extinct. Melville, in a fascinating manner, told of sea life in peace. Then Emerson, Hawthorne, Longfellow, Lowell, Holmes and the rest arose and proclaimed our literary emancipation.

Hawthorne has given us our best romance,

"The Marble Faun." Its plot is laid in Italy, yet through it all we breathe the fresh and invigorating air of New England. There is something remarkable in the fact that all our great romances, English and American, take their scenes from continental Europe. We find a great many critics censuring our writers for doing so. Hawthorne says that romance and poetry, ivy, lichens and wall-flowers need ruins to make them grow. Every great romance seems to verify his statement. George Eliot goes to Italy for her scenes, labels her characters with Italian names; but are they Italians? No: they have the manner and vigor of Englishmen; they are Englishmen. Even Shakspeare laying the scenes of his best tragedies and comedies in France and Italy, cannot shake off the atmosphere of the Avon. It is evident that our country is not old enough, has not that enchanting mysteriousness that lends the charm to the romantic. Hawthorne did much for it in his "Scarlet Letter"; but there has not existed since his day such an original force. His pictures have all the warmth and color of life. He sees human figures, hears their voices and witnesses their joys and griefs. He knows their names, faces and habits; for they are the people—not of his imagination, but people imbued with New England life—the people he knows.

Ralph Waldo Emerson is a great and original force in the literature of America—a type of pure human innocence. He seems to have been an inhabitant of sub-cœlum rather than a creature of this nineteenth century.

Oliver Wendell Holmes adds a new flavor to this New England life. His character-drawing is graphic; he penetrates as far into human nature as common-sense, sympathetic intelligence and learning can take him; and the result is to simplify and brighten our conception of men and things. It is in the current of everyday life that he allows himself to be carried along willingly; for he wishes to study its changes. Nothing morbid attracts him. He watches everyday occurrences, characteristic traits, and comments on them with a humorous accuracy.

Longfellow, Whittier and Lowell have roamed through our gardens, picked the fairest and most delicate beauties of nature, and presented them to us with becoming grace.

Up to this time we find that our literature has been confined to New England. Then, as the West grows up, Bret Harte draws for us the unconventional pictures of the Californian miner; the lives of men who have left civilization behind them—men sometimes barbaric,

sometimes chivalrous. Mr. Harte's success is due to the novelty of the characters and scenes he describes. Cable has given us pictures of creole life in the South. Eggleston shows us the life of the frontier, but not the romantic and barbarous life Harte describes. Howells gives us Americans—conventional Americans—men and women with whom we meet every day. It is his contemporaneity that makes him popular. He takes his camera and photographs us, and his pictures are so true that one recognizes every shade and contour as being natural. Page gives us short tales of negro and country life.

For the most part our literature is yet confined to the East. It is but natural that our literature should be mostly Eastern as all the great publishing houses and all our great magazines are Eastern. But our literature should not be confined to New York and Boston; it should be as large and broad as the best thought of the nation. Western and Southern writers do not care to have their work judged by Eastern critics, for they dread a lack of sympathy. This has a tendency to keep down writers who would write as they feel, and describe life as they see it. They write within a space narrowed by their section, and limited to their provincial magazines.

England's criticism of American life and literature has been too severe. Things peculiarly Western, or showing some sort of eccentricity, have met with tremendous applause in England. Such examples of literature which are pointed out as noteworthy examples of our life and social condition by the English, are generally the sort of "prairie stuff" we find in the "Beadles." Thus it is that people of refinement and culture in the West have to endure the humiliation of being represented by men who have neither culture nor refinement. The West and the East are peopled by the same kind of men and women, and the barrier that critics would raise between them is in name only.

To-day the short story seems to be absorbing the attention of our best writers. American life seems to be but a series of episodes. There has been no such thing as a fixed condition of society—a society not subject to change and capable of furnishing a foundation for the novel. The novel is not an episode, nor is it an aggregation of episodes. It is an analysis of character and a description of life. It seems as if we were not ready for the novel. Our nature demands something lighter and more delicate. These stories have never been equalled by any

writers; they are not the highest form of literature, but such as they are, they show a delicacy of touch that is truly wonderful.

The greater part of our modern fiction is unworthy of the paper on which it is printed. Men and women have made writing a business, and the result is, our literature has become somewhat stagnant. The increase of really good books is probably very small. The demand for books is great, and the supply still greater. The laws of mortality will soon include them, and then we may expect the rise of a literature which shall be as great as our rise in invention and science—a literature as truly strong and broad and startling as the new nation which sprang from the wilderness, and which holds the admiration and respect of the whole world.

---

The Author of "Dream-Life" and "Reveries."

BY FRANK L. CARNEY.

---

Realism is the literature of to-day. All our modern writers have been influenced more or less by the French school. The realistic tendency is to be noticed not only in American fiction, but our drama and even our poetry have felt its touch. From the sweet, simple, earnest Hawthorne and the picturesque, poetic Irving, we have turned to the coarser, materialistic school of naturalism. To paint nature as one really finds and knows it is now literary art. Our literature is flooded with the demoralizing fiction of this school. It is to be found everywhere. Americans are an exceptionally notional people—impulsive, eager, ever willing to accept on trial anything and everything; and realism—a distinctively new element in our writings—has found rapid favor.

The realistic influence cannot last, however. It has come to us merely as an experiment, and already it has proved itself a failure. We have granted it the liberty of our literature, and it has overstepped our confidence. From the pure realistic school, which gives us life, true and simple, it has led us unconsciously to the pernicious, materialistic school of Zola. Immorality, even coarseness in literature, is repugnant to the American taste; and when realism degenerates into the mere painting of animal man it naturally must cease to be American.

But realism has reached the height of its

popularity. It has lost the public favor through its suspicious tendency; and its waning power plainly shows us the popular taste. Already are we turning from the shallow, debasing writings of this materialistic period back to the invigorating, cheering atmosphere of our own true American literature. We have grown weary of the coarse frankness and moral weakness so characteristic of the times, and again we long for the pure, the sweet, the beautiful in life; and I know of no one who can better satisfy this thirst for the true, the human in man's everyday life than Ik Marvel.

The author of the "Reveries of a Bachelor" is a natural man, and his works are as near to life as he is true to nature. He is a delightful writer—pure, simple, musical, he touches the sweetest chords of the human heart. His knowledge of our affections and our mind is such that his writings seem personal to each of us. He tells us just what applies to our own life, or what we have realized by our own experiences, and he whispers to us all these little truths so naturally and so gracefully that he pleases us as much by the manner as by the matter of his writings. He is not, it is true, sublime or powerful. He is no Hercules of thought, but rather the graceful, delicate, dreamy painter of the fire-side. We find in his pictures none of the bold carelessness of Hawthorne, nor the poetic force of Irving. He paints only the gentle, the pathetic and the beautiful. The sobbing heart of a mother, weeping over the grave of her son of fifteen summers; the soft step, gentle voice and hidden agony of a husband, stealing into the death-chamber of his young wife; a love scene between a youth and maiden, where sentiment breathes itself into a dreamy mist, encircling both of them and softening their outlines to our vision until they melt away in a cloud of peaceful happiness—these and similar subjects Ik Marvel depicts.

Simple, keen and varied, he is ever recalling our own experiences in the most unexpected turns of expression. Now dipping into the human heart, and now skimming the fields of fancy, his imagination carries us back to those good old years, dear to every one of us, when life seemed as careless as the happy murmur of the old familiar stream, as it patiently crept through the quiet mill pond and slyly stole its way down past the little country school house.

Ik Marvel is a natural dreamer. He has dreams within dreams. He pictures his own life and the lives of those in whom he is interested in an endless chain of reveries. He is

at times vague and unfinished. The panorama which he carelessly passes before us, however, takes us captive. We love to dally with the sweet thoughts which he whispers, and to taste again the joys of years ago. He draws for us the misty lands of sentiment and beautiful stretches of charming meditation. He paints the love and sorrows in life with a soft, gentle, almost feminine touch, and he picks up the common, everyday triflings of the world, and entwines them around our very lives. He seems to cling to those good old days of happy youth, before the breaking of our air castles and the shattering of our hopes.

The "Reveries of a Bachelor"—"a contemplative view of life from the slippered ease of the chimney corner"—is delightful. If one loves beauty and grace and naturalness of style, one must surely be charmed with this work. It gives us the best example of Ik Marvel's peculiar style. He is a very impressionable man, and the "Reveries" naturally grew out of the dreamy pensiveness of his sensitive mind, "even as one bubble piles upon another from a pipe out of which young breath blows them into bigness." Dream-like, the "Reveries" are poorly arranged in the book—the chapters are rambling and disconnected,—but in it there are some tender, life-like pictures which it does one good to study. Melancholy is the keynote of the book; but it is subdued and richly toned. No querulous wailings or loud laments, but rather soft and gentle minor notes of a harp, over which sweeps a summer wind, laden with the breath of flowers.

The Bachelor dreams—perhaps the dreams of disappointment and of failure—but he turns even these into a melancholy pleasure. He plays on the chords of tenderness, beauty and pathos, and by the gentle murmur of his poetic muse he unconsciously creeps into the very secrets of our hearts; he softly whispers to us, and what he tells, cheers and pleases us.

Ik Marvel is, above all, pure. His writings are free from everything low, mean or morally unhealthy. His style is clear, expressive, natural, full of grace and beauty. His word pictures are charming. Like most American authors of the sentimental school, his model is Washington Irving; and he could scarce have one purer or better. We find Irving's influence all through Marvel; he has much of his rounded gentleness in construction and the same remarkable picturesqueness. His writings are marked by subtle imagination, curious power of analysis and exquisite purity of diction. He

studies the human heart and mind, and he is ever exploring the secret depths of emotion. The "Reveries" and "Dream Life" are remarkable for their originality and suggestiveness, and are characteristic of his almost feminine delicacy and gentleness. His humor is not boisterous, but is mellowed into a rich and delicate hue which makes all his writings lively and interesting. There is no purity or grace or depth of feeling in his books that does not belong to the man. Simple, modest, frank, manly, the gentle influence of his dreamy mind sweetly and unconsciously leads us away from the fretful triflings of earnest life, back to the realms of careless fancy. He leads us on by his natural eloquence, which gushes forth from the very depths of his large and generous heart.

Ik Marvel cheers, encourages and consoles. His grief glimmers like a twilight, soft, hazy and indistinct, and the tender feelings of a heart in sorrow are drawn with quiet precision. His keen insight into our very lives makes him a true and loving friend. We turn to him, always sure of finding cheering comfort and earnest aid. Ik Marvel has endeared himself to the American heart, for he has increased the joys and lightened the sorrows of countless homes. After reading his "Reveries" and "Dream Life" one cannot but love him; and once knowing him, I am sure no one will deny him a friendly corner in one's library. He certainly merits our affectionate remembrance.

---

Recollections of Picturesque Ireland.

BY M. J. M'GARRY.

---

It was the writer's good fortune, whilst making a tour in Europe, to visit Ireland in company with his father and mother, through whose kind indulgence the tour was made possible. Most of the famous places in Ireland were seen, and in reviewing them he will ask the reader to accompany him in spirit as they pass before his mind. It was in May, 1890, that this particular trip was made.

Instead of being whisked rapidly from place to place by steam, an Irish jaunting car was engaged. To Americans, accustomed to four-wheeled vehicles, an Irish jaunting car is a curiosity, and their riding on them is a doubtful experiment. Those "low-backed" cars are a novelty that one first laughs at and then grows used to. It is more than probable that

the tourist, who in Ireland is at their mercy, ends by liking them; yet it must be confessed that the preference for the car is an acquired taste. You sit on the wheel-house facing the fences and hang your legs over the side of the car. Your companion sits with his back to you, and the driver, whose heels are over the nag's tail, forms the third side of a hollow square. Then you dash along over the smooth Irish road. You have an irresistible inclination to hang on to somebody or something; but practice makes perfect, and you end by becoming self-supporting.

On this particular day we left Dublin in the morning and sped along the hard road towards Kingstown. The scenery was picturesque, and every now and then we were favored with a glimpse of the Atlantic and sniffed its ozone. The scenery between Dublin and Kingstown is charming—a veritable Eden. On either side of the road are to be seen beautiful homes, with green lawns, shrubs and flowers. The lawns are well kept, and will bear comparison with the most pretentious in America.

Kingstown is about one hour's drive from Dublin, and is a city of residences rather than of business. It has one of the finest harbors in the world, with a breakwater stretching for about a mile on either side into the Atlantic. The piers, as they are called, form a fashionable promenade, and here during the summer months open air concerts are given.

From Kingstown to Bray is about another hour's ride. Bray itself is a popular place for summer residences. It is picturesquely situated, and the prettiest nooks are in the vicinity of Dargle. Indeed the prettiest glen or ravine is the Dargle, and it certainly has attained to greater celebrity than others. The ravine is of great depth; the hills on either side are dotted by gigantic trees and covered by underwood out of which protrude bare and rugged rocks. The thick foliage provides continual screens, so that the river, though heard, is often unseen; but a step or two in advance and its full glory meets the eye.

After we left Bray our course led us to the residence of that one-armed patriot, Michael Davitt. His dwelling is called Land League Cottage, and was presented to him by his admirers. It is a pleasant nook and a charming retreat for a man fatigued with the cares of political life.

After leaving Land League Cottage our objective point was the Wicklow Mountains. To picture adequately half the beauties of



Wicklow would require a large volume. It is indeed a rich bouquet which nature has provided for the tourist. Wicklow is the garden of Ireland. Its prominent feature is sublimity—wild, grand and refreshing. Among its high and bleak mountains there are numerous rich and fertile valleys, luxuriantly wooded, with the noblest of rivers running through them and forming a series of cataracts. The chief attractions of Wicklow are its glens, through which the hill torrents have burst. Down the sides of each the perpetual dripping of moisture has nourished the growth of trees and underwood. It is impossible to imagine a scene more sublime and beautiful than one of those ravines, of which there are so many. Descending from any of the hills, the moment the slope commences, the prospect becomes charming beyond conception. Trees of every form and hue, from the lightest and brightest green to the most sombre brown, are there with their grassy base, which Dean Swift called "frieze mantle fringed with gold lace." As we ascended, mountains surrounded us on all sides but one, which was left open to the sea, where, beyond Bray Head, the island of Dalkey gladdened the bosom of the ocean. Farther off, to our left, was Powerscourt manor. A short distance from that is Powerscourt waterfall, one of the prettiest imaginable. It looks like a broad silver band upon the dark mountain side. It turns and plunges into a vale, and away it goes to make other miniature waterfalls.

From the Wicklows we went to Glendalough, and incidentally called at Avondale—the residence of the late Charles Stewart Parnell. Avondale is an ideal country home—spacious dwelling house, lawn in front, large, umbrageous trees in the back-ground, ample barns, etc. It is really the only residence that carried us in memory back to America. But to describe Glendalough and convey to the reader a faint idea of its silent beauty would be exceedingly difficult. The absence of trees is felt as an evil far less at Glendalough than elsewhere. It is mainly indebted to fame for its naked grandeur. The shadows that fall upon the lake from the bare mountains that so completely environ it give it a character of peculiar gloom. Churches stand unroofed and crumbling; oratories are levelled to the height of humble graves, and standing high above them all is the mysterious round tower. Of the original seven churches but one remains, which is in a wretched state of preservation. This one has the walls and windows yet, but

there is not enough of it left to console you for that which is gone forever; and there is too much of it gone to permit you to forget the magnitude of your loss. It is like a torn volume of history, or a broken statue of a saint. The chapel is full of shadows, crowded with weeds breast high, with the ivy folded about the windows like a mantle. Of the other six there is nothing remaining of their former strength but their stone foundations. St. Kevin's bed is in the side of one of the mountains. It is a hole in a rock, quite a distance up from the surface of the lake. The ascent is exceedingly difficult, and somewhat dangerous; for a slip would inevitably precipitate the adventurer into the lake below. The cave is low, and in entering it a crouching posture must be assumed. The rocks are covered with inscriptions and names. What strange feelings of awe come over a person as he thinks that it was here that St. Kevin lived and raised his voice in prayer.

From Glendalough we went to the Vale of Avoca, where the Meeting of the Waters begins. The genius of Moore has immortalized the spot; but those who approach it with imaginations excited by the graceful and touching verses of the poet will be disappointed unless they bear in mind that

"'Twas not the soft magic of streamlet or hill"

which gave enchantment to the scene; but it was the fact that "the friends of his bosom were near." The Meeting of the Waters is not without beauty, far from it! but its attractions are small in comparison with those of other places. We paused awhile on the pretty bridge under which rolled the blended waters of the Avonbeg and Avonmore. Before us lay the opening to a scene of exceeding loveliness—"a valley so sweet" as scarcely to require the poet's aid to induce a belief that nothing "in this wide world" can surpass it in grandeur and beauty. With this charming scene before our minds I close the description, hoping that the reader may some day see and appreciate it as I have done.

---

IF there is any point which, in six thousand years of thinking about right and wrong, wise and good men have agreed upon, or successively by experience discovered, it is that God dislikes idle and cruel people more than any other; that His first order is: "Work while you have light"; and His second, "Be merciful while you have mercy!"—*Ruskin*.

Trifles Light as Air.

CRITICISM.

"Conceal your dagger in a velvet sheath!"  
The editor unto the critic cries,  
"I cannot stab, sir, while the steel beneath  
The pleasing texture of the velvet lies."

Du B.

APRÈS LE BAL.

I stepped on her toes,  
Will she ever forgive me?  
She gave me a rose,—  
But—I stepped on her toes,  
And now everyone knows,  
And the tale will outlive me.  
I stepped on her toes,  
Will she *ever* forgive me?

D. V. C.

MUSIC.

Ah, music is delight! my brain  
Goes mad with strains so gay;  
What can be gayer?  
But now I gnash my teeth in rage,  
And plot the man next door to slay—  
A trombone player.

J. A. M.

"BABY FRED."

Baby Fred's our sovereign lord,  
Though his father rules the fleet,  
With his epaulettes and sword.  
Baby Fred's our sovereign lord;  
In obeying, all on board  
Admiral to ship-boy meet;—  
Baby Fred's our sovereign lord,  
Though his father rules the fleet.

E. C.

A REMINISCENCE.

"Sub rosa," the maiden who's the dearest  
In all the world to me, once whispered low.  
I didn't note it then, but 'twas the queerest  
Mistake—we were "beneath the mistletoe."

D. V. C.

A COMMON FATE.

They bite the dust, their tale is told—  
So fared the ancient warriors bold—  
And then some minstrel sang a lay  
And praised their deeds; but, sad to say,  
Ye lady loves were ne'er consoled.

But come, some newer tale unfold,  
This one has really grown so old  
That whiskers, ah! excuse me, nay,  
They bite the dust.

Why, e'en in buying fruit that's sold  
On corners, smelling rank with mold,  
Just notice, 'fore you turn away,  
That when the venders get their pay,  
If they're not sure the coin be gold,  
They bite the dust.

F. W. E.

AFTER THOUGHTS.

How sad it was the line to try,  
And there to meet a solid wall;  
But sadder still to hear the cry,  
"Four downs," and you have lost the ball.

Du B.

Merely an Incident.

DANIEL V. CASEY.

Carleton came to Fairmount when I was in my Freshman year. He entered the "Prep" department, and if I had been loyal to Freshman principles I would have seen very little of him. He was such a queer sort of a chap, though, and my fellow townsman at that—we were both from Indianapolis—that I couldn't help taking a lively interest in his doings. He was not at all ill-looking; but beauty is so seldom associated with red hair, worn rather long and parted precisely in the middle, that poor Guy was set down at once as the homeliest "sub" in college. They did not call him Guy—in fact, I don't think they ever knew his first name—he was "Reddy" from the very beginning, and within a month he had added "the plunger" to his official title.

He was a good fellow at heart, but pitifully weak in some ways, and utterly regardless of consequences. You know what the temptations of a college town are, and you can easily guess how Carleton killed time that session. To make matters worse, Fairmount had no dormitories; the students were scattered through the town wherever they chose to settle themselves, and there was not even the shadow of restraint put upon their actions.

It was Carleton's first plunge. He had been kept in leading strings all his little life, and his reputation at home was something to marvel at and wish for one's own; but with his first taste of liberty, a reaction began, and long before Christmas he knew more about "full hands" and "Extra Dry" than he did about Cæsar and simultaneous equations.

I tried a dozen times to reason with him, but he was obstinate and even more unwilling to break with his friends, the fastest set at Fairmount; and so one day when my "sermon" had been more than usually prosy, we quarrelled outright and agreed to disagree. More than once I was tempted to write to his mother—Mr. Carleton had been dead for years—but I have always had a horror of outside interference in family affairs, and I don't think she would have believed me if I had written.

We had been living—Guy and myself and two Sophomores—at the old Holmes' place on Water Street, about fifteen squares from the college. Shortly after my last little talk with Guy I had a chance to take a room much

nearer, made vacant by the departure of a home-sick "sub," and I moved in at once.

There was another student rooming in the same house, a "sub"—John Roberts was his name—and one of Guy's classmates. He was rather old to be in the "Prep" school—he must have been quite twenty-five—and a bit unsociable; but we soon became fast friends. Such good friends, indeed, that even when he told me one day, while we were making mutual confidences, that he was a professional gambler, it did not make me dislike him any the less. Of course, I tried to persuade him to drop gambling—I was something of a prig in those days, and I was great in the converting line,—but he only opened his eyes very wide and asked me how he would live if he did. I suggested book-keeping, and he turned the conversation to the comparative merits of double and single entry methods, and we never returned to the gambling question.

He knew Carleton; he had met him once or twice at class "blow-outs," and he rather fancied the fellow. Many a talk we had about poor Guy while that innocent young fool was out with his "crowd" setting the pace for it, and paying more than his share of the reckoning.

The short autumn days slipped by unnoticed, and almost before I knew it the holidays had come, and I was bidding Roberts and the rest of the fellows good-bye. Then home and father and mother and all the folks, and no time to think of Fairmount.

A day or two after Christmas I was down at the Capitol with a cousin of mine, showing her the sights; and there, of all men the least expected, we met Roberts. "Oh, I just ran over for a day or two," he said, when I took him to task for not calling, "to keep from dying in a blue funk. Knoxville is insufferably dull, and all the fellows have gone; so I packed my bag, and, behold, I am here!"

That was quite a speech for Roberts—he generally talked like a phonograph, full of very short quotations and very long dashes,—so we carried him home to dinner. All the folks, from father to Maggie, the cook—she was also the butleress—were delighted with him and pressed him to stay with us, but he could not. Our friend Guy had met him before I saw him, and he was promised to them for a week. Mrs. Carleton was kind enough to ask my cousin and myself to dinner, and it was easy to see that Roberts had won her heart—an easy task for anyone who was a friend of Guy's.

We went back to Fairmount together—Rob-

erts and I—and we talked about the Carletons all the way. "Honestly, old man," he said, "it makes my blood boil to think how that young scamp is deceiving that gentle little mother of his. I never had a mother's care myself; if I had, God knows I might have been a far different man; but I will not see any woman imposed upon. Guy spent nearly three hundred dollars last session, and I know their whole income is not more than eight. It would break her heart to know that he gambled and drank; and, by George! she shall never know it if I can help it. Guy has sown the last of his wild oats!"

Carleton came back a week later, and for a time all was well. He cut Foster and all his old friends, and settled down to study; but the old leaven was in him still, and it came out on the eve of Washington's Birthday. The 22d is a *fête* day at Fairmount and the students generally "celebrate" the night before, and plead guilty and pay their fines the morning after. Guy was out by himself that night and Foster met him and persuaded him to join the old crowd "just for the evening." After the first bottle Guy was the wildest of the lot. Fate led them to Brown's, the one faro room in Knoxville, and Guy began to play. Everyone was betting on favorite cards or combinations; but Guy, after the manner of amateurs, played only the high and low. He lost on every turn; first his own ready money, then all that Foster and his friends had with them. Curran, one of the fellows, offered him a draft for two hundred which he had just received from home, but Guy refused it. When the case was emptied he rose from his chair and stood idly watching the dealer as he shuffled the pack and began again. He saw the high win again and again, five, six, seven times in succession. "It must come low the next time," he thought. "Give me that draft," he said to Curran; but the card was turned already, high again. "Two hundred on the low," he whispered to the dealer, and dropped the draft on the table. The first card uncovered was the nine of spades, the second the jack of diamonds, and Guy fell to the floor in a dead faint.

He did not come to chapel in the morning, and when I went to see him I found him delirious. The doctor looked grave when he called. "I'm afraid it has gone to his brain," he said; "you had better send for his mother." She came that afternoon, and how Roberts kept from her the knowledge of what Guy had done, I cannot tell. Guy pulled through, but it was a month before he was able to be out. Then Mrs. Carleton left, and Curran and Foster and the



rest called to settle up their little account. I was with Guy when they came in, and I thought the boy would faint again when they asked him how soon he could pay. He kept his nerve, however, and said, "Give me a day or two, boys," and they marched out and he broke down completely. "Two hundred and eighty-four dollars!" he sobbed, "why, I haven't that many cents, and I can't ask mother for that much." I tried to comfort him, but it was of no use. Then I thought of Roberts; perhaps he could do something for him. So I left Guy alone and went and told him about it. "All right," he said, "I'll go to see Guy, and I'll come and have a talk with you afterwards."

I waited till ten o'clock for him, but he did not come, and I went to bed. I was hardly dressed when he knocked at my door the next morning. "How did you leave Guy?" I asked.

"Oh! Guy's all right," he said. "I came in to bid you good-bye for a day or two. I've got to go to Indianapolis on business, so if you have any messages I'll take them gladly. You can't think of anything, eh? Well, good-bye, old fellow, and take care of yourself while I am gone, and keep an eye on Guy too. I've got to catch that seven-three, so I must go. Good-bye," and he wrung my hand and hurried out.

I was digging away at my Virgil that afternoon, and, oddly enough, it was the departure of Æneas from Carthage that I was reading, when I heard a knock at my door. "Come in," and Guy entered as merry and happy as I had ever seen him. "Hello, old man, how are you?" he almost shouted as he dropped into the chair I offered him. "What do you think," he went on, "I won over two hundred and eighty dollars last night, playing poker." "Two hundred and eighty dollars!" I gasped. "Why! how did you do it?"

"Well, it was just this way. Last night I was feeling horribly tough and I was just on the point of writing to mother and making a clean breast of the whole business, when Roberts dropped in. We got to talking, and I told him what I was thinking of doing. 'You must never do that, Guy,' he said; 'it would kill your mother to hear that you gambled and drank. Whatever you do, she must not know.' Then he asked me about my pocket-money and my extra clothes and things; but all my stuff wouldn't bring a hundred dollars, and I told him so. 'Oh well, never mind,' he said; 'we'll not build our bridge till we come to the river.'"

"There was a pack of cards lying on my table,

and he picked them up, and began shuffling them. 'Let's have a game of poker,' said he, and I was willing to do anything but think. We played penny ante at first, but he soon raised the limit. I was winning, and I did not care. I never had such a run of luck—straights and flushes and fulls every time, while his hands were hardly ordinary. All his money was gone within an hour. I tried to stop the game then; he insisted on having his revenge, and we kept on. He began to make I O U's. His luck never changed, and when we quit playing some time after eleven I had his notes for two hundred and sixty, and nearly thirty dollars in bills. He wrote me a check on the Citizen's; I cashed it to-day, and paid Curran and the other fellows. I'm awfully sorry it was Roberts, but he did it all himself."

In the evening mail I received a letter post-marked Chicago. It was from Roberts. "My dear old fellow," it ran, "you will never dream how hard it was for me to leave you this morning. I suppose Guy has been to see you before this, and you know how it was. I would have given anything to finish at Fairmount, but it was not to be. I have gone back to my old business and my name is Roberts no longer. You need not write; your letter will never reach me. Good-bye, old man, and God bless you. Good-bye."

---

Scribner's Magazine.

The March number opens with the second article by Joel Chandler Harris on "The Sea Island Hurricanes," this one dealing principally with the relief work which is being conducted by Miss Clara Barton and the Red Cross Society. Two articles of practical interest to dwellers in American cities are entitled "The High Building and its Art" and the "Cable Street Railway." A travel article of peculiar interest at this season is a description of "Sub-tropical Florida," illustrated by Chapman. The special frontispiece this month is Tito Lessi's "Milton Visiting Galileo," which is accompanied by a brief notice of the work of Lessi with his portrait. The fiction of this number is notable, containing the first installment of a four-part story, "A Pound of Cure," a tale of Monte Carlo by Wm. Henry Bishop. The first of Octave Thanet's Sketches of American Types is published under the title of "The Farmer in the North" with illustrations by A. B. Frost. The third installment of "John March, Southerner" by Cable is good.

# NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.

Notre Dame, March 17, 1894.

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

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

Terms, \$1.50 per Annum. Postpaid.

Address EDITOR NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC,  
Notre Dame, Ind.

## Staff.

ERNEST F. DU BRUL, '92; THOMAS D. MOTT, '95;  
JAMES J. FITZGERALD, '93;  
HUGH A. O'DONNELL, '94; FROST THORNE, '94;  
JAMES A. MCKEE, '93;  
FRANK A. BOLTON, '94; JOHN M. FLANNIGAN, '94;  
DANIEL V. CASEY, '95;  
FRANCIS L. CARNEY, '94; JOSEPH M. KEARNEY, '94;  
J. JOSEPH COOKE, '94;  
FRANK MCKEE, '94; M. J. MCGARRY, '94;  
M. P. MCFADDEN, '94.

—The annual recurrence of the Feast of St. Patrick is always a gala-day at Notre Dame. The religious character of the celebration is attended with all the pomp and grandeur of the Church's ritual, whilst the exercises in Washington Hall are usually of a high order. Our early going to press prevents us from giving a report of to-day's celebration.

—"The NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC, which is decidedly the best of our college papers, has recently published many bright original specials from student contributors. Evidently the institution, which the SCHOLASTIC so well represents, is experiencing a literary infection."—*Catholic Citizen*.

The "Staff" bow acknowledgment to the *Citizen*, but beg to say that a "literary infection" does not come to Notre Dame at intervals, but is present here all the year round.

—Announcements of the courses offered at the Catholic Summer School for the session commencing July 14, show that the standard will be as high as ever. The list of lecturers includes some of the greatest of our American Catholic educators. It is to be hoped that the School will be well attended. Such opportunities for combining learning with pleasure are seldom offered. Lake Champlain is one of the garden spots of the country, and nowhere could a better site for such an institution be found. The whole region thereabouts is impressive. The very surroundings are conducive to earnest work and healthful recreation.

—Notre Dame has received awards for every department in which she was represented at the World's Columbian Exposition. In addition to the diploma of merit "For original drawings, paintings, publications, literary and scientific class work and mechanical engineering," special awards were made to Bishops' Memorial Hall and to the Catholic Archives of America. For his zeal in collecting and preserving the paintings, relics and documents, which make the Hall and the Archives here so valuable, Professor Edwards has received a special diploma of merit. The medals which should have accompanied the diplomas will be received later.

—The late meetings of the Athletic Association made plain the need of perfect unity among the members. If Notre Dame is to boast of her athletic season of '94 there must be a generous disposition on the part of each one to sacrifice personal interests to the good of the body. The formation of cliques is ruinous to any organization, and the captains of our teams would do well to hold aloof from all parties, and to use their own judgment in selecting their men. No good can be effected by foisting into prominence any class or hall. It will only cause rivalry, and rivalry of an unwholesome kind. It begets childish contention—a lesson taught by last year's championship series. Let it be the aim of everyone to put the best men in their proper places!

—The Very Rev. Andrew Morrissey, President of the University, has received the following communication from Mr. Augustin Daly:

"DALY'S THEATRE, LEICESTER SQUARE W.,

"LONDON, Feb. 23.

"It is very generous of the trustees to select so unworthy a person for this most distinguished and distinguishing honor. I am without words to properly thank them. Whatever I have done in the past to make them believe me a fitting subject for the presentation of the Lætare Medal that I hope to continue to do in the future, so as not to discredit their choice.

"I shall not be back in New York until August. I will be in Chicago in November next. I close here in May. I shall then make a brief visit to Spain and Italy. Now you know my whereabouts and whatabouts, and you may determine either to reserve the Medal until I am near you, or send it to me as above."

It has been decided to await Mr. Daly's return to New York, when the Medal will be formally presented to him. The Most Rev. Archbishop Corrigan will read the address on the occasion.

"Sowing Wild Oats."

It is unfortunate that young men about the age of twenty and ready for graduation in some of our colleges are so slow in making their superiors confidants in their doubts and troubles. It certainly would save them a great many mishaps in after-life if they would be less backward in asking practical questions when they have the opportunity. "Experience is the best teacher," they argue; and yet they hesitate in seeking advice and a bit of wisdom from the long-learned lessons of hoary-headed men. Recently we noticed in a neat little pamphlet by Mr. Edward W. Bok, entitled "The Young Man in Business," an answer to the question—whether for a young man to have a broad view of life, it is wise for him to see every phase of it, including the darker side—the side of it where he meets men and women who are different from those who visit his father's fireside? or can the theory really be proven true that it is best for a man to "sow his wild oats" in his young manhood days?

It is difficult to imagine a question like this coming from a student who has passed through a collegiate course. Why should anyone—much less a student and a young man—seek to know this "darker side of life"? No matter how many pleasures and comforts we enjoy, what station in life we hold, or what education or culture we have, or how broad may be the view of the world we take, the span of life is short and narrow; and, try as we will, we cannot always live in the bright sunshine, and often we get more of the "darker side" than we bargain for without our ever hunting for it in the dens of our cities.

The darker side of life will furrow our brows soon enough. It comes without our seeking it. It is, in a greater or less degree, a part of the lives of us all, and the good Lord knows that the less we have of it, the more is our gain. A liberal education does not mean that in order to know anything we must see and experience it. The very thought is absurd and contrary to common-sense. Education is the development of the good that is in us—to give the mental eye a great range of vision. To have a broad view of life does not demand the actual knowing, seeing and feeling of everything by our senses. By merely observing some of the surface details in the meanest life around us it is easy to guess what the rest may be; and this is suffi-

cient for anyone. There are a great many things which we can accept by inference as existing in the world without our going any farther.

It is deplorable that so many of our young men seem to have an unquenchable thirst for wickedness; not that they wish to take part in it, but simply to see it. The thousands of men who have never known it have never felt that they have suffered any loss. And, indeed, they have not. They consider themselves fortunate. The young American, as a rule, has too little respect for sacred things, for age and goodness. Surely, it does not raise him to a better plane of thinking and believing, nor does it make him more many-sided, manly or nobler in morals, or in any other way, to come in contact with certain men and women who have degraded themselves and who have dimmed the image which God impressed on their souls.

If there is any time that a man should form high ideals it is when he is young. That is the most impressionable time, and the mind is then most plastic. As the poet says:

"The thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

And since women have so much to do in the influencing of the lives of men, the young man cannot do better than make his loftiest ideal that of true womanhood. After all, "good teachers make good scholars, but it is only *mothers* that form men." Bancroft tells us that all that which we are pleased to call distinctively American we owe to the genius, the activity and the character of woman. You see how important her influence is. If we could keep in our minds the beautiful memories of our good mothers and sisters we would not wish to peep into a darker world. The best that our noblest fancy can give when we are young will be none too high for us in after years. To be true to ourselves and our friends is to follow the right dictates of our better selves, and live as earnest admirers of, and believers in the best qualities of womanhood. Why should we desire to know any other than the better type? We will not be acting more wisely, and will we be happier?

Now, as for the need of "sowing wild oats." A physician once said every man was completely insane one hour out of every twenty-four. If so, let us in charity hope that the first man who framed that saying must have done it in his distracted hour. Each of us may be persuaded to do good or evil by an angel of brightness or of darkness; but a young man with two or three of the latter kind in him is

surely possessed and ought to be exorcised. The so-called "sowing of wild oats" is nothing other than sin, and means self-degradation to anyone. What good can it possibly do us? Instead of a broad and cheerful, we get a sad, discolored view of life. It wrecks the physical constitution, destroys conscience, scatters morals to the winds, and brings darkness and ignorance where "sweetness and light" might have been. It unmans a man. There is no such thing as an investigating period in a man's life. At all times the obligation to act according to the best principles of the moral code is binding; and if we do anything that is contrary to them we will only regret it when it is too late.

We all can say with Ulysses,

"I am a part of all that I have met;"

and it is for us to see that what we meet is good. Ignorance is sometimes even better than bliss. The inquisitive few who must needs be drawn into dens of iniquity "only to get a broader view of life" will find when they come out that they have been in foul air, that their vision is blighted and their souls tainted and nothing gained! Instruction is always good; but let us be careful in drawing the line. Our self-respect, our strength of will, our manhood is our own, and it rests with us to keep it as far as possible like unto Him who gave it to us.

HUGH A. O'DONNELL.

#### College Journalism.

A most important factor in modern life is the profession of journalism. It is connected with every occupation. Not a trade, not a profession that has not a press of its own devoted to its peculiar interests. The college world is no exception to this general rule. It has its press; it has its journals. Like the greater world outside of college walls it has its reviews, its magazines, its newspapers. It has quarterlies, monthlies, weeklies and dailies. Its press reflects the college life, the college thought, the college spirit.

There is a difference, however, between the college press and the regular press. This difference is not only the result of less experience on the part of the student editors and contributors, but lies in the very nature of the publications. A college paper represents the general interest of the place it hails from; a newspaper or magazine represents the private interest of the editor or publisher. The latter

is issued for the pecuniary profit of one or more men, while the former is printed, not from a money motive, but to bring one body of men into closer relations with others like themselves. This being the case, when one judges the merits of college papers one must apply somewhat different rules to his criticism than when he considers the public press. The latter, representing only the men who publish the papers, are responsible to no one for their standard of excellence or for the matter they contain. It is different with college papers.

A tree is judged by its fruit, and the college is judged by the work done under its roof. The best example of this work is to be found in its paper. One can tell from the tone of the paper whether or not the education the editors are receiving is worth having. One can tell if they have a foundation of knowledge on which to rest their superstructure of accomplishments. One can judge from their articles how they are trained to think; and this is the real province of education. One can estimate the value of their literary training by examining into their style. One may be reasonably certain in his conclusion; for never does an inferior college put out a good paper. It is an impossibility. When the student knows not how to think or how to express his thought, when he is never taught how to do so, the fact is apparent in his writing. When a paper is found to be full of such articles one must come to the conclusion that the course of training received at the institution where they are written must be woefully defective in that regard.

The life, the surroundings, the faculty, the students of a college—all influence the character of the college paper. For instance, in reading the local columns of some of our college papers we find them full of trash. We find the private business of the students displayed to the world. We find personal affairs made the butt of jests. We find nonsense without end. Now this is a department that concerns the general student body more than it does the editors of the paper; the mental capacity of the editors is to be judged from the editorial and literary departments. Perhaps such stuff is printed because demanded; then we pity the editor who is forced to do so. If he prints it from his own volition we pity him still more for his lack of taste and lack of brains. In either case it is a reflection on himself and on his college. Such a thing is a disgrace to both, and admits of no excuse.

The mission of a college paper is to give

opportunity for comparison with other colleges. It serves to exchange ideas and to bring the colleges into closer touch with one another. It shows the work of the college as nothing else does. Of course, one cannot expect finished work from the students, or work that has the polish which comes only from experience and practice. One might reasonably expect decent English, however, even though it have not the elegance or strength of Newman's. One cannot expect the deepest thought in a college paper; but one does hope to see the beginnings of such thought. How many college papers show these qualities? Very few indeed. If they really show us the life, the spirit and the thought of the colleges they come from, the standard of education in many of them is deplorably low. One wonders if they are colleges or universities except in name—and that by the grace of the legislatures that chartered them.

ERNEST F. DU BRUL.

---

Another Communication.

---

MR. EDITOR:

Some three weeks ago, I addressed you a letter, in which I called attention to the steady disappearance of the fringe of forest encircling St. Joseph's Lake. I characterized it as due to a "species of vandalism." Two correspondents, through your columns, have attempted to undeceive me. The first read me a long lecture on arboriculture, and assured me that what I thought "vandalism," was only artistic decimation. The second, who assumed responsibility for the work, was candid enough to admit that the motive was not artistic, and bold enough to affirm that it was sanitary necessity. In view of this latter and apparently authoritative explanation, I will commit No. 1 and his learned theories to the risibles of your readers. But first I wish to say a few words to him in reply.

He spoke of Central Park, New York, and of the arboreal wonders there. And he was imaginative enough to believe that they were making a Central Park of the environs of the lake. Now, as far as my own tastes are concerned, I am opposed to any such attempt. I am opposed to it for two reasons. First, I don't think that a park at the lake is desirable. And, second, if it were desirable, I don't think that the attempt, at least at present, could have artistic issue. Why? Let me briefly tell you why.

Walk around the lake, and note, as you go, the scalped shrubs, the unsightly stumps, the hedges "trimmed" here to the very roots, and there on one side only, the fire-scorched trunks of

trees; and then look up at what were once noble forest oaks—oaks that were old and wrinkled and majestic before Notre Dame was founded—look at them with their hacked and haggled stubs of branches, and melancholy tuft at top, reminding one of date-palms in the Sahara! Go along further—but let me be more specific. Yesterday, along the upper walk, I came upon a tree that stands so gaunt and ghostly amid even its spectral fellows, that its description will fully illustrate the prevailing "arboriculture." It is a young cedar, and is situated about midway between Calvary and the Novitiate. At the top, are *four* forlorn and withering branches; while, along the trunk, I counted the stumpy remains of *seventy-six* once vigorous limbs. As a specimen of sanitary "pruning," it will well repay a visit. For whose "health and comfort," however, this sickly sapling has been "pruned and preserved," I have been unable thus far to conjecture; but perhaps Critic No. 2 will kindly inform me. These, dear friend, are reasons why I say I don't think the attempt to make a park out of that grove, if there was such an attempt, could have an artistic issue; and I believe that most of the SCHOLASTIC's readers will agree with me.

\*\*\*

A word in reply to Critic No. 2. After devoting a couple of paragraphs to obscure and watery diatribe, he tells us that

"A gentleman who has travelled through our country from ocean to ocean several times... while walking around the lake, 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."

He then goes on to explain that they have been working, and working faithfully, on that suggestion ever since. This reminds me that George Francis Train once proposed to cut down all the trees on Boston Common. His idea was that they merely obstructed the sunshine, stifled the sea-breezes, and gathered the city dust. From the Critic's description of the "gentleman," and from the remarkable coincidence of the two ideas, I think that at least a suspicion of their authors' identity is warranted. Heaven help us, however, if the vagaries of an irresponsible globe-trotter are to determine the fate of our woods!

The Critic's picture of a man, on a "hot summer day, flying from the dense shade of Calvary to some open space, where he can breathe the balmy air," is too unreal, too ridiculous, too puerile, to merit serious notice. It is on a par with his statement that the thinning out of that grove is conducive to the "happiness and health of the students of Notre Dame." A little elementary botany and physiology, not to speak of experience, would have taught him better. But when he asserts that the ideas presently prevailing in the management of that grove, are to prevail forever, I beg leave respectfully to dissent. I have sufficient faith



in the wisdom and æsthetic instincts of the authorities at Notre Dame to believe that further devastation will not be tolerated. I believe that the Critic's own communication must have made certain to everybody, much more clearly and emphatically than mine, the folly of the present system. I am persuaded that Notre Dame's still beautiful woods—the woods that the great sympathetic heart of Father Sorin loved so well, the woods in which he had forbidden even a bird to be killed—will not be permitted, ere the grass is green upon his grave, to wither away before a policy as senseless as it is admittedly inartistic, and which could end only with their extermination.

A LOVER OF NATURE.

#### Societies.

—The Philopatrians met last Thursday evening. The parts for the play to be given in April were distributed.

—The Columbians met in their room, in regular weekly session on Wednesday, March 7, with Rev. Father French presiding. The secretary read the minutes of the preceding meeting, and upon motion they were adopted. The eligibility of the members was next decided upon. The constitution and by-laws of the society were then read, and adopted. The president stated that a corresponding secretary was to be elected. A vote was taken, and Mr. J. J. Cooke was declared elected. The following committee on credentials was then elected, with the first named as chairman: R. Slevin, J. J. Feeney and F. E. Duffield. There being some misunderstanding with regard to the programme for the evening, it was not given in full. Mr. P. White, Jr., gave Judge Storey's celebrated oration, "The Destiny of America"; Mr. White has considerable oratorical ability and pleased his hearers greatly. Mr. N. Groff, gave a humorous selection.

—The Law Debating Society met in weekly session last Saturday evening. The minutes of the preceding meeting, and the critic's report were read and adopted. The following subject was then given out for debate after the other questions were disposed of: Resolved, "That litigation would be simplified and the ends of justice be enhanced by the codification of the laws." The disputants appointed were Messrs. J. Feeney, F. Hennessy, J. Kelly, and C. Kreighbaum. The subject of debate for the evening—"Resolved, That the public interests would be subserved by the levy of an income tax"—was then taken up. W. Conway opened for the affirmative, and in an able way supported his contention. R. Halligan and Leigh T. Gibson treated their side of the question in a conclusive and eloquent manner. P. White,

Jr., then continued the argument for the affirmative. He was unable to finish, however, but will close at the next meeting. The meeting was then adjourned.

#### Personals.

—Fred J. Madden, '88, is in the mining and ranche business in Montana.

—Frank Krapsar, '69, is superintendent of the railway line at Clinton, Iowa.

—John Keating, '88, is associated with his father in business at Portland, Oregon.

—E. J. Blessington, '80, is connected with one of the foremost law firms at Clinton, Iowa.

—R. Brannock, '90, represents the Studebaker Wagon Co. in the capacity of agent in Oregon.

—Edward Hiner, '86, is general agent of the Ohio Southern Railroad at Lima, Ohio.

—Philip Pascal, '87, is the draft and exchange clerk in the Citizens' Bank at Council Bluffs, Iowa.

—M. M. White, '88, is the senior member of the law firm of White & McGuire at Holstein, Iowa.

—James T. Brennan, '88, is holding a responsible position in a prominent safety-boiler firm in St. Louis, Mo.

—D. F. O'Connor, '86, as a member of a flourishing insurance firm at Lima, Ohio, is occupying a niche in the pinnacle of success.

#### RESOLUTIONS OF CONDOLENCE.

WHEREAS, It has pleased Divine Providence in His infinite wisdom to remove from this earth the brother of our classmate, Mr. Michael Ryan; and,

WHEREAS, We deeply feel for him in his bereavement; be it, therefore,

RESOLVED, That we, the Class of '95, tender to him and his afflicted parents our heartfelt sympathy;

RESOLVED, That these resolutions be printed in the NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC, and that a copy of the same be forwarded to our bereaved classmate.

F. W. DAVIS, A. P. HUDSON,  
D. V. CASEY, D. P. MURPHY,  
T. A. QUINLAN,—Committee.

#### Local Items.

—Erin go bragh!

—'Rah for the Band!

—To-morrow is Palm Sunday.

—Look out for the field-day programme!

—How about the 'Varsity yell? What is it?

—"Go west, young man," does not apply to bicyclists.

—Prospects are very good for an excellent baseball season.

—Who will donate medals for field day? Speak up, everybody!

—There will be competitions in some of the classes during the coming week.

—The "Way Down Yonder in the corn Field" chorus should discontinue their refrain.

—The play to be given by the Columbians this afternoon is entitled, "More Sinned Against than Sinning."

—The organ in the church should be attended to. Nearly every Sunday it breaks down, to the great discomfort of the choir.

—Lost—A copy of Genung's "Rhetoric" and "Rhetorical Analysis." Finder please leave at the Library or the students' office.

—Very Rev. Andrew Morrissey, President of the University will lecture in Chicago to-morrow evening on "St. Patrick's Legacy to the Irish People."

—The Band is busy practising for the concert on Easter Monday. The concert will be one of the best that the students have heard for many months.

—Has any one seen the real gold in the ribbons we sport as college colors? Mr. Ernest Du Brul has the best specimen of the real color. He received it from Philadelphia.

—What has become of the Rosebuds? They have not been seen or heard from for many a long day. Perhaps they have sought, and are now resting in the quiet shades of oblivion.

—McDonald, the photographer of South Bend, took a photograph of the 'Varsity eleven last Monday. On Wednesday another photograph was taken of the men while actually playing.

—The executive committee of the Athletic Association passed upon the challenges received from Oberlin, Albion, the Universities of Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois. It was decided to play the last four if suitable dates could be arranged.

—The Rev. Cornelius Delahanty celebrated the forty-second anniversary of his ordination to the priesthood on last Monday. The Reverend gentleman received the congratulations of his many friends who promise to assist in the grand celebration of his golden jubilee.

—The office of fourth corporal of Co. "B." will likely remain vacant. On Sunday three drills were held for it, but each winner declined the honor. This assures a very hard contest for the gold medal. Captain Scherrer will have his company begin drilling for it next month.

—B. Valerian desires to thank the following young gentlemen for the assistance which they rendered in collecting the large consignment of stamps recently received from St. Columbkille's School, Chicago: Thos. and Jos. Higgins, Michael Gethins, Bernard Larkin, Jos. Cavanaugh and Michael Meaghan.

—Mr. Jeremiah G. Fennessy, of Boston, has presented to the Irish National Collection established at Notre Dame a magnificently

bound quarto volume relating the history of the Irish in Boston, together with a biographical sketch of noted men and women profusely illustrated.

—The Director of the Bishops' Memorial Hall returns thanks to Prof. M. F. Egan for a large imperial photograph of the Right Rev. Bishop of Buffalo, and to Mr. J. Francis Smith, of Dubuque, Iowa, for a life-size painting in oil of Most Rev. Archbishop Satolli, Apostolic Delegate to the United States.

—A communication to the *Goshen News* strongly sets forth the eminent fitness of Col. Wm. Hoynes for representative in Congress. It speaks in glowing terms of his learning, his oratory, his patriotism, his amiability and his untiring energy and industry, and contends that he is by far the strongest and most available man whom the Republicans could nominate. —*South Bend Times*.

—The students in the Engineering department wish to remind our readers that the sun enters the sign Aries, March 20 about 11 a. m. On that date the days and nights will be equal. The sign Aries, commonly called the First of Aries, or the Vernal Equinox, is the intersection of the plane of the earth's equator with the ecliptic. This point in the heavens marks the place from which astronomers reckon longitude and right ascension. The sun on that morning will rise exactly in the east, and this circumstance will enable you to locate the cardinal points with precision and mark them for future reference. So do not forget to take a look at him on that day—Tuesday, March 20.

—The Carroll specials crossed bats with the "Lone Stars," Brownson Hall's second nine, on the 11th inst. Only eight innings were played; and as the Carrolls had three more chances at the bat it was very doubtful if they could be retired "in order" in the remaining 45 minutes. The "Lone Stars" deserve great credit for continuing at the game as long as they did. Mr. Steinhaus officiated in the box for the Brownsons, and was enthusiastically encored in the dining-room after the game for his phenomenal work. The battery for the Carrolls were: J. LaMoure, pitcher; A. Carney, catcher. They did very good work; but the team needs more practice to get into good form. Messrs. Fleming and Lannigan became rattled once or twice, and, as usual, found it to be an expensive luxury. Mr. Shillington, too, occasionally loses his head. Cornell, the new man, played centre well, taking care of all that came his way. The score at the finish was 25 to 5 in favor of Carroll Hall.

—The following programme will be presented in Washington Hall this evening:

Overture—"Echoes from Ireland," University Orchestra  
Chorus—"Come Back to Erin," .....  
..... University Philharmonic Club  
Oration of the Day..... Mr. J. F. Kennedy  
Overture..... University Orchestra

## AFTER PROLOGUE.

Cornet Quartette.... Messrs. E. Chassaing, A. Coolidge.  
J. Marmon, J. Vignos

## AFTER ACT I.

"Irish Medley".....Orpheus Mandolin Orchestra

## AFTER ACT II.

Song—"Sweetest Time for Dreaming"—University  
Quartet—Messrs. Cuneo, Du Brul, Schillo, Bates

## AFTER ACT III.

Overture.....University Orchestra

## "MORE SINNED AGAINST THAN SINNING."

(An Original Irish Drama in a Prologue and Three Acts.)

## Cast of Characters.

Squire Hilton, of an illustrious family.....B. Bates  
Marmaduke, his son, commonly known as "The Duke."

.....A. Cuneo

Alphonsus Belhaven, a land agent.....E. Duffield

Dick Harvey, an unscrupulous villain.....R. Slevin.

Major Lookout, a jolly good fellow, "ye know," C. Roby

Teddy O'Neil, a rale sprig of the ould sod.....J. Kelly

Captain de Balzac, a remnant of the Empire.....J. Cook

Andy } J. McVean

Tom } smugglers. { T. Cavanagh

Joe } A. Galen

John Jemison, an aristocratic servant.....E. Callahan

A sergeant in Her Majesty's service.....F. O'Brien

—The Lambs met as usual on last Wednesday in their Hall. As the President called the meeting to order it was to be seen by all that he was very angry at something; but what it was no one could exactly determine. His brow was contracted into a frown, his eyes flashed fire, and his shirt bosom heaved with suppressed resentment. The usual jokes concerning the President's much-cherished, but still embryonic and imbecile mustache and side wings were unuttered, and a hush of expectancy fell upon all. The President then stated that he had labored long and faithfully during the entire past week upon a poetical production, eulogistic of the society of which he gloried to be a member—a production which he thought would bring honor and fame both to himself and to "The Lambs"; that just as his genius had triumphed and the immortal poem was finished, some profane hand had entered the sacred precincts of his study, and stolen it. He said further that it was not so much on account of the loss to himself that he grieved, but because the "Lambs" had suffered an irreparable loss. As the President has a penchant for boasting of his own abilities this statement was not as startling as it might be, and did not have much effect upon his hearers. It is highly probable that the poem was taken by one who intends to take part in the competition for the prize which is to be awarded for the best original poem on the Lambs. The President said that he would be on the look-out for it, and if it were handed in he would claim it as his own. The prize was to have been awarded this week; but the committee having the matter in charge did not report. The poems meriting the prize will be read at the next meeting. The committee on credentials reported the name of a new member who was admitted with the usual ceremonies. As there was much private business to dispose of the

meeting went into executive session, all reporters being excluded. There is some talk of a banquet on Easter Day, but whether or not it will reach any definite shape or form remains to be seen.

## Roll of Honor.

## SORIN HALL.

Messrs. Ahlrichs, Correll, Cullen, Casey, Crawley, Corry, DuBrul, Devanney, Davis, Eyanson, J. Fitzgerald, Flannery, Hudson, Hervey, Jewett, Keough, J. McKee, H. Mitchell, McCarrick, Marr, Murphy, McGarry, Mott, Powers, Quinlan, Ryan, Scherrer, Schopp, Sinnott, Walker.

## BROWNSON HALL.

Messrs. Arce, Barrett, Beyer, W. Bates, Byrne, Blanchard, Burns, Barton, Baldwin, B. Bates, Brown, P. Campbell, Cullinan, Crane, Callaghan, Cavanagh, Coolidge, Cooke, Cuneo, Chirhart, A. Dillon, F. Dillon, F. C. Donohoe, Duffield, Delaney, Eschen, Edwards, Fagan, Falvey, Foley, A. Flynn, R. Flynn, Feeney, Gordon, Grady, Gilmartin, L. Gibson, N. Gibson, Golden, Haligan, Hinde, Herman Hennebry, Harding, White, Hesse, Johnson, Kinsella, Kerndt, Kennedy, Karasynski, Kirby, Krembs, Kelly, Kortas, Ludwig, Maynes, Maguire, Moloney, Murray, McHugh, Markum, Manchester, Montague, O'Connell, O'Brien, Oliver, O'Malley, H. O'Neill, G. Pulskamp, F. Pulskamp, Piquette, Roper, Ruppe, J. J. Ryan, C. Roby, E. Roby, Smith, Spalding, Slevin, Sullivan, Stace, Smoger, Stack, Streicher, Spangler, Tong, Turner, Vignos, Welty, Weaver, Wilkin, Wagner, Wiss, Zeitler.

## CARROLL HALL.

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

## ST. EDWARD'S HALL.

Masters G. Abrahams, L. Abrahams, Allyn, Bump, Brinckerhoff, Byrne, Bullene Breslin, B. Clark, R. Clark, L. Clark, Croke, Crandall, Cross, Christ, Catchpole, Caruthers, Corry, Curry, Cressy, F. Campau, D. Campau, A. Coquillard, J. Coquillard, Corcoran, Clune, Coolidge, C. Dawson, J. Dawson, Davidson, Devine, Dugas, Durand, Dalton, Englehardt, Elliott, Everest, Egan, Feltenstein, Flynn, Freeman, Fortune, Finnerty, Girsch, M. Garrity, L. Garrity, Gimble, Green, Goff, Healy, Ralph Higgins, Roy Higgins, J. Higgins, Herschey, B. Hess, R. Hess, F. Hess, Ives, Jonquet, A. King, K. King, Kilgallen, Kelly, Langley, Lohner, Lysle, Lawton, McPhee, McCorry, McElroy, McIntyre, Eug. McCarthy, G. McCarthy, J. McCarthy, R. McCarthy, E. McCarthy, McGushin, Morehouse, Minnigerode, Moxley, Noonan, B. Nye, C. Nye, Otero, O'Neill, Ortez, Perea, H. Pollitz, W. Pollitz, Peck, H. Rasche, L. Rasche, Romero, Robb, Ryan, Rohrbach, Roesing, Shipp, Steele, G. Scherrer, W. Scherrer, Shillington, Swan, L. Thompson, U. Thompson, Terhune, Thomas, Taylor, Wagner, York.