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Music.

ELMER J. MURPHY.

HEY'RE God's best gifts, those strains so sweet
and low,
That turn my mind from dreary earth away,
And cast my thoughts far back to that bright day,
When my dear soul was spotless, white as snow.
They make a spark of friendship; cast a glow
Upon the heart; make drooping spirits gay;
Subdue the fiery passions; hold a sway
O'er savage beasts; force evil thoughts below.
Of all that God has made, the one most high
Is man; and he with gifts divine is blest;
So he by music gains the love of all,
And drives away the melancholy sigh,
And puts the weary, troubled mind at rest
In all God's creatures, either great or small.

Studies from Robert Browning.

HIS THOUGHTFULNESS.

THE intention of this paper is to give simply my own impressions of Browning as received from a repeated, though not critical, reading of his works; and to prove, what at one time seemed doubtful to me, that this singular poet can be enjoyed by others than the very learned. Before speaking of his works in general it may be well to consider briefly two special classes of his poems—the lyrics and those dealing with renaissance subjects. To me, and I think to most others, the latter were particularly interesting and effective.

The Italian renaissance, as is well known, took its rise from the fall of Constantinople in the fifteenth century, when the seat of polite literature was transferred to the West. Suddenly a zeal for Greek letters seized upon the men of the time; education became pagan, and culture and art were made idols, while too often the restrictions of the moral law were forgotten. Under these influences men became as perfect mentally as earthly means could make them, but their refinement was not the refinement of Christian training. Browning delights in casting himself into the life and spirit of this state of society. In a hundred lines of monologue he studies a character of the period with the accuracy of genius, showing judgment and dramatic power in the unravelling of his plot. Whoever has read "The Last Duchess," "Cenciaja," "A Forgiveness," can easily understand why many of Browning's admirers think him nearly equal to Shakspeare. If he does not equal the author of "Othello," there is a great resemblance between the two. Browning must be compared to Shakspeare because no other English poet is at all like him.

The comparatively few lyrics among his writings are very often unmusical. In "Garden Fancies," however, there are lines which compare favorably with some of the best passages in English song. To cite one instance from the above-mentioned poem:

"What a name! Was it love or praise?
Speech half asleep or song half awake?
I must learn Spanish one of these days
Only for that slow, sweet name's sake."

Other stanzas of equal merit can be found here and there among his poems.

Browning has none of the characteristics of

the present literary age. Perhaps he judged our technical skill unworthy of imitation and too effeminate for his strong, masculine nature. His lines often halt and jar upon the ear—a serious fault, even in works of a ruder age, and altogether inexcusable in a writer of the nineteenth century.

The chief fault of Browning, however, is not his want of music but his want of clearness. At times he is very obscure. These seemingly unmeaning passages may be intelligible to a favored few, but the average reader is annoyed and puzzled. It is likely though, that the poet is obscure because he cannot help it, and not at all from mere affectation. He seems to have had the creative faculty without the gift of adequate expression. Moreover, he makes too frequent use of technical terms of all kinds, together with broken, colloquial, unnatural constructions. This adds much to the difficulty of comprehending him.

It is not to be supposed from these remarks that every sentence of his is so obscure. He is plain enough to afford one pleasure without the use of dictionaries and encyclopedias at every page; and a thorough study of him without the desire of becoming a specialist, would not require so very much deep research.

There is a circumstance which I noticed in reading Browning, and which I do not remember to have seen elsewhere mentioned. Whereas many parts of Shakspeare stick in the memory long after hearing them and become so trite that they cease to mean anything, the thought of some of Browning's poems remains with us, while perhaps we can repeat not one single line. *Bishop Blougram*, *Mr. Sludge*, the medium, *Andrea del Sarto*, the perfect painter, become to us real persons; almost as real as *Hamlet* or *Iago*; but after even a second reading it is difficult to repeat a few verses from one of those pieces from Browning. Read "Hamlet" once, and whole soliloquies are remembered almost word for word.

This is the reason why there are not many popular quotations from Browning, while the words of other poets are known to everyone. Even as it is, he should be better known, and would be were there not a general belief that no man of ordinary intelligence can enjoy him. Time will correct this mistake. Browning's verse indeed sounds harsh in comparison with the music of Tennyson and Swinburne to which we are accustomed; but his manly tone, his independence, his originality, make up for his unskilfulness. The writer's real poetry

must please any reader with an eye to merit outside the forms, without the distinguishing qualities of the present time. A great poet, Robert Browning is probably neither equal nor next to Shakspeare; but he has real merit; and later, when the future shall have revealed his worth more truly, he will be given his proper exalted place in English literature. We are yet too close to see him clearly.

EUSTACE CULLINAN.

* * *

HIS MUSIC AND DRAMATIC POWER.

Much has been written and said of Robert Browning. Yet of all our greater poets, he seems to be least understood. What is known of him by the few is widely contrasted with what is thought of him by the many. Even the critics are undecided concerning his rank; but he should not be judged as other poets; he stands in a sphere of his own—distinctly original and apart.

His father, a man of cultivated taste, took great pains with his son's education: he was instructed by private tutors, and after traveling extensively abroad, preparing for the literary career he was to follow in after-life, he finally settled in Italy.

The productions of Mr. Browning are many, running through some twenty volumes which, no doubt on account of his obscurity, are more neglected than any other English art.

In speaking of his poetry, some one has said that his was a music intended rather to awaken the god Mars than to serenade a slumbering princess, and no doubt it was; for a god's apprehension is certainly above man's. At any rate, Browning's poems are no more meant for serenades than were Wagner's compositions intended for lullabies. He pays us a high compliment, though, in merely giving us such a poem as "Sordello"; for in supposing us to be able to read and understand it, which he surely did, he endows us with an acumen that is really Godlike.

Elizabeth Barrett strikes nearer the mark when she terms Mr. Browning's a "medicated music," for this is true in more senses than one. There is something unique about that epithet; it seems so appropriately adapted, so suggestively fitting; it at least explains for us our natural aversion for his poems. None of us question their intellectually wholesome effect any more than we question the soothing and restoring properties, or physically wholesome effect of medicine; yet our antipathy for it is

general. No, we do not turn to Browning naturally; we lead ourselves, and I have heard of instances where some have even driven themselves to him; but they were rewarded.

The very fact of his being unpopular proves that his poetry does not go *straight* to the heart as does Longfellow's or Tennyson's. It reaches there, sometimes touching the inner soul; but being so long detained in forming its impression on the intellect, it loses that suddenly overpowering force and attractiveness. Not so, however, from an intellectual standpoint—pleasures of the mind are great just in proportion to the amount of thought aroused. If the seat of affection were changed from the heart to the intellect he would stand probably first among the poets in our esteem; for the mental is certainly the strongest motion of his poetry. His poems are truly "intellectual luxuries."

But the general disfavor in which he is held shows, moreover, that he is not musical, that is, not *musically* musical; for this quality of itself we see when analyzing our admiration; for such poems, for instance, as Poe's have great attractive powers. However, when we consider the rhythm as related to the meaning—to the thought to be conveyed, Browning is musical. His music depends entirely upon the character of the poem.

In that ballad, by which he is best known, "How They Brought the Good News from Ghent to Aix," beginning,

"I sprang to the stirrup and Joris and he;
I galloped, Dirck galloped, we galloped all three,"

we can almost hear the measured clatter-teclatter of the horses' hoofs upon the road. His music, as everything else in his poetry, is strictly his own. Often it seems to be more in the accent he means to place on some words than in what we usually know as music. In the "Grammarian's Funeral," how stately, solemn and measured, or rather labored it is! How symbolical is the whole style of this poem! It corresponds exactly to the slow and labored movement of a funeral train up a hill.

He had a great love for music and was well educated in it. Music and art were his idols, and of the latter he has left us much. "A Toccata of Galuppi's" shows his love and knowledge of music as plainly as "Old Pictures in Florence," or more delicately, "My Last Duchess" shows his admiration and fine conception of art.

In this latter he has given us a small world of poetical abundance. With the slightest touch of his brush he paints this stern old duke;

with the least breath we feel his cold demeanor and see the heartless pride of him who, with merely an artistic eye, gazes upon the picture of the wife whose death he had caused. This is a work of art much to be admired. Browning is dramatic, charmingly dramatic, down to his smallest lyrics.

That Browning is obscure, no one may deny. That obscurity is a fault, and his greatest fault, all will admit. It is not the object of this paper to find fault with Mr. Browning's poems. If such were the case "Sordello" might, as usual, have been made the first point of attack; for this surely contains all of his faults. But it was one of his first productions, and, like the first part of "Locksley Hall," should not form the standard of our broader judgment. Neither should admiration blind us to his faults.

Bacon once said that there was an element of strangeness in all the highest beauty, and this is offered by many of Browning's admirers as an excuse for his obscurity. However, our sense of beauty may differ. If economy of the reader's energy is held for aught, there should be little or no obscurity in writing; but since we cannot change what is, there only remains for us to make the best of it, and at least appreciate the life endeavors of the man.

Almost everything that is really worth having is hard to get; and since Browning's poems are obscure, it applies nicely to the pleasure to be derived from them. Of course, upon the reader's taste and appreciation depends the remuneration he may receive from repeated readings and a closer study of his poems. We rarely get by one single reading all the beauty from any poem; our love increases with our knowledge of it; and just as far as this is true of other poems it is doubly so of Browning's.

His plays, though full of dramatic power, have not that special quality that would adapt them to the stage. They might have been more theatrical had he been in closer relation to the theatre, as Shakspeare was; the personations and suggestions of the actor would certainly have added much; but such was not his desire. Nevertheless, some of his creations are charming, though not as human as Shakspeare's. We love and sympathize with poor *Mildred*, for instance; but it is not the same love nor the same sympathy we feel for *Ophelia*.

Though Mr. Browning's genius was more intellectual than emotional, he has given us some pathos that is truly searching. The last part of "The Blot on the 'Scutcheon" is indeed pathetic; and in that pretty little poem, "Eve-

lyn Hope," or, better still, in "Any Wife to Any Husband," the pathos is real and touching. Of humor he was destitute. The English might, and, no doubt, do claim for him a delicate sense of it; but it is entirely too delicate for Americans to recognize.

He is best known by "The Pied Piper of Hamelin," "The Lost Leader" and "How They Brought the Good News from Ghent to Aix," although "The Ring and the Book" is considered his best dramatic poem.

It is evident throughout that Mr. Browning made no attempt to catch the passing eye. His poems are strictly objective. He did not embellish them with pretty figures that glide so smoothly along with our own thoughts and fancies; when reading Browning we cannot dream and smile with that delightfully passive feeling which music, with her soft caresses, so readily arouses in our willing souls. The faculties must be wide awake; the mind thoroughly subjective—willing to follow if he lead, ready to search when he indicates; for he does not go with us through his poems, he introduces—sometimes accompanying us a short distance, but he rarely explains.

FRED W. ESGEN.

A Few Thoughts After Reading "Van Bibber."

BY J. M. FLANNIGAN.

When you, my dear fellow-student, go down to your box and find therein a package of mail, perhaps the first thing you see is a letter from home, which you will immediately read and, I hope, answer. Further down, your hand brings up two newspapers—one you find to be the little patent inside sheet of your native town, its columns devoted exclusively to the people in your community. There is a distinct home flavor about it, and gazing upon its humble face you greet it as a friend and give it the best of treatment. The other journal you find to be a celebrated New York daily, a paper which makes a specialty of giving the general news of the world; things that have happened yesterday in foreign countries are minutely described; a number of great artists and writers make up its staff; everything about men's daily doings is found recorded in its columns. Now, my dear friend, which paper do you read first? If you are the average man, your little country newspaper will receive your first attention.

It is the same with respect to books. Every man knows his own locality best. Describe for him people and places he knows, he will relish your work; but place before him characters he does not understand, and you will fail to excite as keen an interest in him: in all probability he will throw up your book in despair, saying: "I do not know the people you talk of; their life has no charm for me; give me my friends and fellow countrymen whom I love and cherish." Hand to an old grizzled "forty-niner" Bret Harte's "The Luck of Roaring Camp," or "The Twins of Table Mountain," and the old man will cry out in ecstasy: "That man knows us, our habits and peculiarities." On the other hand, give him "Van Bibber" and the chances are he will get no farther than the frontispiece.

Mr. Howells and Mr. Cable are popular because they write of the people around us—those with whom we speak, whom we know. We have all seen a Marcia and have met occasionally a Bartley Hubbard. We have become tired of seeing "that sweet little English girl." We wish to see the girls that Mr. Wiles and Mr. Reinhart paint; we know them and want to see them in print.

This want our modern American novelists and short story writers are endeavoring to supply; whether they do it faithfully or not, I will not say; but for their efforts they deserve our sincere thanks. We are just now becoming individualistic; our writers find that our own affairs are more interesting than those of strangers. The romance of medieval times is no more. The little love story of Lord So-and-so and Countess Somebody we do not want to hear; it is left for their own people. We call for plain Hiram Smith and Martha Jones; we know these and are interested; we have their manners and customs, and our sympathies naturally go out to them.

In the novel a study of character is made, the story counts for nothing. We look to a novel for information. A good novel should be a perfect picture of the social customs and habits of the times. It is an easy matter to judge a people by their novels. One does not need to go to France to know the people; he has only to read a few of her good novels to understand the French. The novel, as I have said, makes a general study of life; but there is one thing that our novels cannot cover, and that is the episode.

This is only a little incident that occurs in everyday life. It has no weight and causes no

anxiety; it passes away from our minds as fast as it came. In itself it is nothing, only one of the little things that make up our everyday life. To write one of these incidents or episodes requires more genuine talent and art than to write an ordinary novel. The writer must have a keen sense of wit and humor; his style must be graceful and easy—if he is labored he is a failure; an idea of feeling must be expressed in a few lines. Any man who is a good short story writer can produce a creditable novel; but because one may write a good novel it does not follow that he can write a good short story.

This department of literature is fast becoming in our country a "fad." Our newspapers and magazines are full of it. I can honestly say that many of these things deserve our mercy rather than our condemnation. After one of these authors has passed over "Marjorie Daw," he exclaims: "How simple! I think I'll write myself." He tries it, and that is all he does.

Among our writers of the episode I think one of the best is Richard Harding Davis. His stories, from an artistic standpoint are exquisite little gems, little pen-pictures of a great painting. From the great picture of life, our author makes an ivory miniature which you can take up and become familiar with. You compare it with the original and find it to be exact and true in every detail. Nothing is left out. The least things are noticed. From a little incident a delicate and interesting plot is woven. Mr. Davis follows the rules of the short story exactly. He knows how far to go, and when to stop.

I have just laid aside the last of the "Van Bibber" papers, and must admit that I have been delightfully entertained. I think I shall make a closer study of Van. Men like him may live in all their splendor in New York, but I am afraid they would die anywhere else. Van must be really a king in his class; I doubt very much if many exist like him. But there is one incident that happened to Van that I think overdrawn. One evening, while walking down the Bowery, he heroically protected a young woman from a black-mustached villain. The streets were deserted, but Van was not a bit afraid. The villain raised his hand to the harmless maiden, whereupon our hero swung out his right arm; the poor black-mustached one succumbed. Now I would like to rise up and remark that if this happened in real life, Van's chances of hitting that villain were about one in a hundred.

When I read how he tried to "practice econ-

omy," I really felt sorry for the poor young man; he actually thought of eating outside the sacred precincts of Delmonico. Poor Van! his funds were getting low, that is, his allowance was overdrawn. Once I thought, perhaps, his business was going badly, but how absurd! He belongs to that class of society which ignores anybody who is in "trade" or connected at all with business. It is really too bad that we have not the "army," like "dear old England," for the sons of our aristocratic families; but they would have to show more activity than they did at the breaking out of our civil war. It is the prevailing opinion that many of our blue-blooded families and those of "aristocratic stock" sojourned in Europe from '60 to '65. When they returned, they shed tears because "society" had been ruined; but they heroically went to work to restore it. Indeed, according to their account, our country owes a debt of gratitude to this class of citizens for the great zeal and active interest taken in the welfare of the nation. They are of the class that care not to vote for the president; but rumor says they are greatly in favor of Mr. Reed, because he is called "czar." I do not say that Van Bibber is such a man, but that many of his acquaintances are. Nevertheless, with the faults and absurdities of that class of people, Mr. Davis has certainly woven around some of their actions a charm that makes them interesting and amusing. His humor is delicate and refined; his situations pleasing. By one false move or one word he could ruin a whole story; but this he never does. He has a facile and artistic pen, which should be used unsparingly. The mind is given recreation when reading his short stories. Men like him make us individualistic, and give us a literature of our own.

Trifles Light as Air.

A MOOD.

I stood in a tower, three hundred feet high,
And gazed on the fields and the trees and the sky;
I felt the soft breezes caressing my face,
And a sense of my smallness in that lofty place;
There life seemed a vision, no sound or a sigh.

My fancy, it roamed as the winds passing by,
With no object or aim, ah! I longed then to fly
Far away on the clouds in their soft sweet embrace
To revel in dreams and all memory erase
Of the grossness of earth and the pleasure that die.

J. A. M.

MY VIS-A-VIS.

Across the street she sits and sews,
Wild March's sunshine softly glows

In rich warm tints upon her hair,
Gold-brown—and ev'ry strand a snare
For Master Cupid's luckless foes.

I wonder if she really knows
How o'er all things her beauty throws
A spell—ah, me! I can but stare
Across the street.

If I were but a poet—prose
Is all too weak—if she but chose
To smile, to nod, I'd toss dull care
And books away; I can't prepare
A lesson since I first saw Rose
Across the street.

D. V. C.

MUSIC.

When heaven sent a recompense
To gladden souls on earth,
She gave to us a god-like sense,
And then gave music birth.

F. W. E.

When music sounds no thoughts remain
Of earthly dross, of pride, of hate,—
Though all the other arts be vain
To ope the heart's unmoving gate.

J. B. B.

THEN AND NOW.

The ancient stage was once the place
Where those who entered in the race
For riches, honors, rank and fame,
Before the public laid their claim.
'Twas always great, and never base,—
The ancient stage.

The gods were shown there, face to face,
And by their advent left a trace
Of grandeur. It was never tame—
The ancient stage.

But such at present's not the case;
For, drawn by horses slow of pace,
On roads that lead to Notre Dame,
Not "Æschylus," ah, no! the name
Of famed "P. Sheekey" now doth grace
The ancient stage.

Du B.

A Clincher.

ERNEST F. DU BRUL.

"Who's there?"

"That's right, growl! Open the door."

"I'm busy."

"Don't try to give me such a story. Come on, open up."

"Well, wait a second."

"Why on earth do you have that spring-lock on your door? Very inhospitable, it strikes me."

"Self-defense. There used to be too many keys to my door for comfort. I came in one night from the theatre and found my room 'turned.' It was the most thorough job you

ever saw. Everything in the room, from the carpet on the floor to the pictures on the walls, lay in a heap in the middle of the floor. I didn't sleep that night, and it took me all the next day to straighten things up. That's why I have this lock."

"I forgot—you are busy. What were you doing?"

"Lying on my bed, day-dreaming."

"I thought as much. You have a good place to dream in too. What made you put all those things around here? Your decorations are tasty enough, but rather miscellaneous it seems."

"I don't think so. There's an oar, a racket, snowshoes, skates, a gun, a rod and a foot-ball. They are harmonious enough. Then most of them bring old memories back. I was just looking them over and thinking of the scenes they bring to mind."

"And the persons? Don't deny it. That racket probably reminds you of the fair maiden you played tennis with. Of course it does. That's the oar you pulled in the crew last year, I suppose. What interest has that football for you, to have it hanging there from the ceiling in such a conspicuous place?"

"That's the ball we used all last fall in every game, and which we carried to victory every time."

"It is a precious relic, then, I must say. What are those horsechestnuts festooned on the wall for?"

"Don't you know a chestnut when you see it? You'd be a good subject for a circus clown to operate on; or a minstrel show might number you among its patrons without difficulty. Why, man, those are buckeyes, emblems of the grand old State of Ohio."

"That's a fact,—you are a 'Buckeye.' They ought to string you up too. That rod, I imagine, reminds you of the whales, sharks, porpoises and other denizens of the briny deep you have taken with it."

"Not quite, though I have killed some big fish with it. There is a very singular episode connected with that rod."

"There is? Let's hear it. No fish story now!"

"It is an actual fact, neither fish nor fishy, except as being connected with the rod. It happened last summer in Canada. I was staying at a little village on the St. Lawrence where we had some excellent fishing. The river was a good place for muscalonge, while a smaller stream near by afforded some of the best bass fishing I've ever seen. There was an old dam in this little stream, about fifteen or

twenty feet high. The water swirled over it at a great rate, falling on the rocks below and making an ideal pool for bass. You could stand on the dam, cast your minnows down into the plashing water, and pull out as many fish as you wanted. Big fellows they were, and as gamey as only black bass are. Why I've taken them there, weigh—"

"Hold on. No fish stories, remember."

"That's so. Well, I was fishing there one morning, standing on the dam, with the water running swiftly over the edge, almost carrying my feet from under me in spite of the spikes in my boots. I had caught a few fish and had just thrown a fresh minnow into the pool when I heard a little scream behind me. I turned, and saw a canoe bearing down for the brink. It held a young woman who was frantically trying to paddle ashore. The current was too much for her and was carrying her down the stream in spite of her efforts. I jumped for the place towards which the canoe was heading and stopped it just in time."

"Very heroic! But what of the girl?"

"No interruptions, please. I saw that she was both pretty and frightened. I tried my best to get the canoe ashore; but the current ran too swiftly and I had to keep the thing "head on." To get the fair passenger on dry land was a puzzle. She could not walk; for it was all I could do to hold my feet with the assistance of the spikes. The only resource was to carry her; so I took her in my arms and bore her with some difficulty to the bank of the stream. The canoe went over the dam and was smashed on the rocks below. When I reached the shore I found that the young lady had fainted, but a little water soon revived her. She—"

"Opened her eyes and said 'I'm yours forever,' or words to that effect, and you will marry her and live happily in *sæcula sæculorum*. That's the way all these rescues turn out."

"That's what you get for interrupting. It happened that she was already married."

"I plead guilty. It is indeed a very singular episode, especially the *denouement*. I almost believe the tale. It is strange enough to be true. Just to clear up my last doubt tell me what you did with that fishing-rod all this while."

WHENEVER the arts and labors of life are fulfilled in a spirit of striving against misrule and doing whatever we have to do honorably and perfectly, they invariably bring happiness to the nature of man.—*Ruskin*.

Books and Periodicals.

AN EXPLANATION OF THE GOSPELS OF THE SUNDAYS AND HOLY DAYS, Together with an Explanation of Catholic Worship. By Rev. L. A. Lambert, D. D., and Rev. Richard Brennan, D. D. New York: Benziger Bros.

The need of religious instruction in the home circle is being felt more and more. The work of the priest in the pulpit must be continued by the parents. Every father and mother must be a preacher if the rising generation is to be influenced by religious lessons. Never was there a greater need than in our own time of works giving a clear and simplified explanation of the lessons contained in the Sacred Scriptures and an able exposition of Catholic worship. This work will answer all requirements. The form of question and answer employed peculiarly adapts it for instruction at home, and the engravings liberally scattered throughout the book amply illustrate the text. Parents, therefore, will hail this book with joy.

SMITH'S ELEMENTARY ALGEBRA. Longmans, Green & Co.: New York.

This is the revised edition of a work that has been long recognized as a standard text-book. Teachers and students alike found in the old edition sufficient merit to make it a handy and reliable text-book; but the author has since made so many additions and improvements that it would be hard to find a more desirable treatise for the class room. In the arrangement and treatment of the subject-matter the author has displayed considerable skill and experience, and has succeeded in economizing both the time and the mental power of the student. The unique method observed in the Resolution of Expressions into their Factors is especially worthy of notice, and may be taken as a sample of the logical, simple and easy explanation used throughout the whole work.

—*Scribner's Magazine* for April opens with the second of Octave Thanet's sketches of American Types, "The Farmer in the South." This is a character of whom she can speak; for it is her custom to spend every winter on a plantation in Arkansas. A very different type of character is described by H. C. Bunner in his "Bowery and Bohemia." A group of clever artists is described by Arsène Alexandre in "French Caricature" of to-day. He is well-fitted to write on such satirists as Caran d'Ache, Forain and Cheret. In "Life Under Water," Gustave Kobbé gives the amusing and stirring adventures of a diver as related to him by a veteran. Thomas Nelson Page contributes a short story, "The Burial of the Guns," and George W. Cable and William Henry Bishop, have installments to their serials. The illustrations in this number are the work of Fröst, Chapman, Clinedinst and others.

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Staff.

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M. P. MCFADDEN, '94.

—We have received too late for publication a lengthy communication referring to the criticism in our last issue of the Columbians' play. The writer complains that a "grave and manifest injustice" has been done by "one who had some personal grudge against the participants." We can scarcely believe that our reporter would so far forget himself as to use these columns "to vent his spleen." His report may not have been as complimentary nor as lengthy as it should have been; this was probably due to his inexperience. We regret that any wrong was done to the Columbians, and beg to assure them that we shall always be ready to do them justice.

—The action of Notre Dame, in conferring the Lætare Medal upon Mr. Augustin Daly, has called forth many favorable comments from both the Catholic and secular press. The *Boston Investigator*, however, takes exception to the reason for the award. With a logic that is remarkable it would show that because the medal was awarded to Mr. Daly for services done to the Catholic American public by conducting a theatre which is the home of pure dramatic art, Notre Dame judges that only a theatre con-

ducted by a Catholic can be such a home. In the mind of the *Investigator* this follows as a matter of necessity. Well, well! And it is said that the editor has seen more years than seven!

—Many of our graduates in the literary course will, on leaving college, seek positions on the staffs of our newspapers. For all such we would advise a course in shorthand. There is a constant demand for writers who can give a good report of an address. The public are desirous of knowing just what was said; and as it is impossible to give the speaker's own words when the reporter can write only longhand characters it is absolutely necessary that he should have a knowledge of phonography. There are several systems of shorthand in use, and the young reporter may be at a loss to make a choice. We think the Pernin system the best for all practical needs, and especially for reportorial work. There is no shading required in this system—a great advantage when one considers the haste with which the characters must be written.

—The harm wrought by cigarettes has become so alarming that nearly all the states have enacted laws forbidding their sale. Notwithstanding these prohibitions young men still find means for procuring them. Recognizing the hopelessness of trying to keep their charges from these deadly little monsters by legislation, the teachers of the New York schools have organized a crusade against them by appealing to the better nature of those who are victims to the deadly habit. They ask a promise that the young man shall not touch a cigarette until he has reached his twenty-first year. It is certain that if he resists the temptation up to that time he will never desire a cigarette. It is needless to comment upon the injury cigarette smokers are doing to themselves. Not only do they dull their intellects and ruin their lungs, but they do immense harm to their souls. No young man who is addicted to this habit can long preserve delicacy and modesty. Every package of cigarettes contains a picture which he should feel ashamed to have his mother or sister see, and it is known that the more indecent the representation, the greater has been the sale of the "brand" which advertises it. Let all young men join in the crusade against this habit.

"The Light of America."

"We have here in America a great work to perform in the interests of religion and for the good of the people; but we can do nothing unless we can send out into the field men fully equipped by knowledge to meet all the objections which the science of the day may suggest against religion and to take a leading part themselves in the investigation as well as in the defense of truth."

These words of wisdom were recently pronounced by the eloquent and apostolic Archbishop of San Francisco, the Most Rev. P. W. Riordan, D. D., at the conclusion of a Lenten retreat given in the cathedral, by the Right Rev. J. J. Keane, D. D., Rector of the Catholic University. In the discourse from which they are taken the Archbishop made one of the most stirring appeals in behalf of the Catholic University which, so far as our knowledge extends, has yet been made. He forgets for the moment himself and his diocese and pleads for the great work of the University and for the interests of higher education, especially the higher education of the future levites of the Church. "Let the people of the archdiocese, therefore, give without hesitation and without stint, having no reference to me nor to the wants of the diocese; none will be the poorer, neither the Archbishop nor the people, for having been generous in such a cause."

Words like these have the ring of the true metal and exhibit the character of the man who uttered them. There is no *arrière pensée*, no half-heartedness here. On the contrary, to judge from his words, one would fancy that the zealous prelate was interested in nothing else in the wide world but the welfare of the University, so urgent and so eloquent is his appeal in behalf of an enterprise which should be close to the heart of every American Catholic.

The warfare in which the Church is engaged is no longer one against the errors of paganism or Mohametanism, or Protestantism, but is one against the agnosticism, the materialism, the atheism, which are now so rife and which threaten to sweep everything before them. "We cannot," as the distinguished Archbishop truly observes, "successfully cope with our learned enemies, unless we send forth to meet them a clergy endowed with the highest education, their equals and their superiors, and a laity possessing the most profound knowledge of our holy Faith."

These words deserve pondering. The one who hopes to achieve anything in the intellectual arena must realize once for all that the days of sciolism and sham are past—and gone, we hope, never to return. Knowledge is the sole power recognized to-day in the world of intellect—not indeed knowledge which is superficial and scattered, but knowledge which is profound and systematized. The trend of contemporary thought is in the direction of higher education, and it is folly to imagine for a moment that we can have any standing in the world of science and letters unless we are in the van of the intellectual movement which is sweeping onward with such impetuosity. Drones and laggards in the domain of thought have always been a byword and a reproach; but they are more so to-day than ever before. In the world of intellect, as well as in the world of animal and vegetable life, it is only the fittest that survive. In the contest for intellectual supremacy which is now waging reactionaries and charlatans have no more chance of prolonging their useless existence than has the blind, hapless fanatic under the car of Juggernaut.

It will avail naught to close our eyes to the impending danger. This is to imitate the fatuous ostrich which imagines it can escape its pursuers by poking its head into the sand and cutting them off from its vision. Our only hope is boldy to face the inevitable, and prepare ourselves as best we may for a conflict which is sure to prove disastrous to those who shall be unprepared.

Men like Archbishop Riordan and Bishop Keane realize this; and hence their herculean efforts in preparing for the fray which is now imminent. They realize too that we now no longer live in the days of slings and javelins, but in an era of Krupp guns and dynamite; that the arms of our predecessors are useless to those who would join battle against men who are equipped with all the latest implements of war and destruction. But with such competent and valiant leaders as the enterprising prelates, Archbishop Riordan and Bishop Keane, we have nothing to apprehend as to the final result of the contest.

In the hands of such wide-awake, self-sacrificing men, the future of the great University at Washington is assured. Its growth may be slow, but it will be certain. It will not shoot up like some rank annual plant and die, but will live on the life of some sturdy perennial—a beauty and a joy for ages to come. Like the

giant baobab, or the widespreading banyan, it will be the pride of the land which produced it, and the glory of the people in whose midst it flourishes.

"Very soon," said Mgr. Satolli, in referring not long ago to the Catholic University, "the Catholics of the country will look toward it as the sailor points to the North Star. It will be the light of America, and the glory and pride of the Catholic Church." These words—who can doubt it?—are prophetic of what cannot long be delayed; of what must in the very nature of the case be realized in the not distant future.

Success to Bishop Keane in his grand undertaking! God's blessing on those who, like the noble metropolitan of the Golden Gate, are so ready to bear a portion of the great burden and to carry on the brilliant enterprise to triumphant completion!

From its inception, Notre Dame has had the deepest interest in the welfare of the Catholic University of America, and wishes it God-speed from the bottom of her heart. It is the great need of the Church in our country; the necessary complement of our Catholic colleges and seminaries; a *sine qua non* in the mighty struggle which we have already entered upon against the forces of error.

Of Archbishop Riordan Notre Dame has always been proud—proud of him as a favored alumnus; proud of him as one of the ornaments of the hierarchy; proud of him as one of the glories of the Church in America. She fondly hopes and prays that Providence will spare him to the Church for yet many years to continue the apostolic work in which he is now engaged and in which he has achieved such signal success.

J. A. Z.

The Art of Thinking.

Thinking is an art. If day-dreaming—that act of the mind in which thought roves at random, purposeless and without effort—is thinking, then even the idiot thinks in his poor fashion. There are no rules applicable to this kind of thinking. It is an indisputable fact that much indulgence in this kind of dreamy thinking weakens the mind and begets a mental laziness that is fatal to progress. It benumbs all but the purely animal faculties and instincts. It is, therefore, to be deprecated in the strongest terms. It has proved and will yet prove the ruin of many a promising youth.

That kind of thought which strengthens instead of weakening the mind, is what we mean when we speak of thinking as an art. This kind of thought is the pleasant labor rather than the luxurious ease of the mind. It is only perfect when under complete subjection to the will. When the mind is well trained to habits of reflection, impressions are easily received and retained. Every man we meet, every book we read, every picture or landscape we see, every tone or word we hear, leaves its image on the brain. These traces, which under ordinary circumstances are invisible, never fade, but in the intense light of cerebral excitement start into prominence and silently influence us.

It is true that the art of thinking is an acquired art; but it is not easily acquired. Some from a paucity of ideas, lack enterprise and become torpid, being unable to see the utilities of proper undertakings; while others, overwhelmed with a vast conception of what is to be done, sit down in the inaction of despair. Others there are who begin with earnestness and hope, but, lacking perseverance, are intimidated by the first difficulty, and accomplish nothing. The want of method and habit in early life is largely answerable for this evil. Those accustomed in youth to regular thought and reflection will seldom lose such habits in after life. Impulsive emotions may produce magnificent deeds; but without system and habit and strength of will, but little that is permanently useful will ever be accomplished. Our natures are so constructed that it is only in the cultivation and improvement of all our faculties that we can properly employ any of them to real advantage.

The first great thing in learning, is to bring thought under subjection to will. Too much stress cannot be laid upon the fundamental importance of perfect command over thought. How many a student finds a lack of this power the chief hindrance to progress! How many a page must be read and reread; how many a lesson conned over and over to compensate for lapses of thought! In the possession or absence of this power over mind lies the chief difference between mental strength and mental weakness.

When this command over thought has been acquired through the long exercise of resolute will, the power to arrange ideas and to think systematically will come with it; and no thinking amounts to much unless it is systematic. The power to classify and arrange ideas in proper order is one that comes more or less

slowly to even the best of minds. In proportion as this faculty is strengthened, desultory and wasted effort diminishes. Concentration and system are then seen to be the chief elements of the art of thinking. To secure the former constant watchfulness is necessary, and the exertion of the will should be vigilantly exercised to keep the mind intent on its work. To secure the latter the practice of analyzing and considering the different parts of a subject, first separately, then in their relation to each other, is a discipline to which every young mind should be subjected.

The mind is the glory of man. No possession is so productive of real influence as a highly-cultivated intellect. But why do so few young men of early promise, whose hopes, purposes and resolves are as salient as the colors of the rainbow, fail to distinguish themselves? The answer is obvious: they are not willing to devote themselves to the toilsome culture of thought which is the price of success. As the magnificent river, rolling in the pride of its mighty waters, owes its greatness to the hidden springs of the mountain nook, so does the wide-sweeping influence of a man of thought date its origin from hours of privacy, resolutely employed in efforts of self-development. The invisible spring of self-culture is the source of all good achievements. Every man should remember that he has in himself the seminal principle of great excellence, and that he may develop it by cultivation if he will apply himself assiduously to the task. Those who have finished by making all others think with them, have usually been those who began by daring to think with themselves.

M. J. McG.

The Band Concert.

The members of the band are to be heartily congratulated on their brilliant success Monday evening. The occasion had been looked forward to with a great deal of interest by the faculty and students. The band had promised something unusual; and the applause that greeted each number spoke for its success.

The members, under Prof. Preston's guidance, labored hard to make the concert a success, and deserve much credit. No pains had been spared to insure the successful rendition of the difficult numbers on the programme.

No desirable or useful accessory was omitted.

The members presented a very attractive appearance in their new uniforms, and their neatly polished instruments presented a grand sight on the stage. Nothing was left to be desired, and the success of the concert was mainly due to Professor Preston's untiring efforts. The members of the band, in recognition of the interest taken in them had prepared a surprise for him. When the curtain was raised, Mr. F. Bolton, in the name of the band, presented him a baton. The Professor was taken aback, but responded with a neat speech of thanks.

The programme was fittingly opened by the "Grand Contest Fantasia the Champion," which was decidedly the finest number on the programme. The most effective in their rendition were the trombone and euphonium solos from this piece, by Messrs. Cullen and Bolton. Mr. Schmidt's piccolo solo "Through the Air" was the hit of the evening, securing a demonstration equalled only by the storm of applause which greeted Mr. Chassaing's solo in the "Relief." "The Advance and Retreat of the Salvation Army," and "The Trials and Tribulations of a Band Leader" — humorous selections — were well rendered, as was evidenced by the smiles of enjoyment on the faces of all present.

Mr. Hugh A. O'Donnell, during the intermission, favored the audience with a selection from Richard III., and after prolonged applause he responded by a selection from Henry VI. As Professor Preston stepped upon the stage to direct the band in the second part of the programme, Mr. Sinnott presented him with a fine gold-headed cane, in the name of the Athletic Association. The second part then opened with the "Postilion." The bugle solo by Mr. Coolidge with the jingling of the sleigh-bells, the whip and the deep tones of the bass, by Messrs. Schillo, Steinhaus and Hennessy, for accompaniment, produced a remarkably realistic effect. The clarionet solos by Messrs. Harding, Kerndt, Forbing and Karasinski, in the "Patrol" were very well rendered. Messrs. Barton and Kegler deserve special mention for their solos in the "Postilion." The programme was ended with the grand descriptive war piece, "The Relief." The rush to arms, the advance and the grand march *en route* were strongly suggestive of an army going to battle. The battle and triumphant march captivated the audience. On the whole, it was a fitting ending to a good concert, and the members of the band well merited the generous applause with which their efforts were received.

An Afternoon with Mr. Salo Ansbach.

AN INTERVIEW.

As a part of the Lecture Course of the University, the faculty and students on last Thursday afternoon were treated to a rather rare amusement by Mr. Salo Ansbach, an artist in prestidigitation. It was a happy diversion, and was heartily appreciated. Mr. Ansbach is certainly a delightful entertainer.

There was positively no fault to be found with the performance, and the clever Professor, with seemingly the greatest ease, kept the audience in an almost continual roar of laughter. Every number on the program was really interesting. It was doubly enjoyable to see some of the older students and even the professors who had been called on the stage for assistance fooled in such a gentlemanly manner by the skilful trickster. The whole entertainment was presented in a finished manner. Parts of it were actually wonderful, appearing to be bits of magic and mystery, and most of the tricks were done in such a way that the quickest and sharpest eyes were baffled in detecting the "how" to them. Mr. Ansbach nearly proved that acting was quicker than seeing, and for nearly two hours he kept the audience guessing in the test of the conjurer's art.

Baskets of roses and bushels of eggs were produced apparently from nowhere; an ordinary hat was made capable of holding scarcely less than a car-load of paper, cards, and even a large five-year old white hen; spots on cards seemed to change in full view of the audience, and, as a climax, a big frightened rabbit showed up as the producer of innumerable hen eggs. Mr. Ansbach is a master in his profession, entirely different from the ordinary magician, and far ahead of anyone we have seen for a long time. He makes himself in a genial way almost a part of his audience, and he has neither confederates nor mechanism to help him. Often during the afternoon, the Professor commented on the origin, popularity of conjuring and the superstition with which the art is so much attended. Beyond its power of amusement for pastime sake, this accomplishment affords us much instruction; for it is worth seeing by what simple means wonderful results can be obtained.

Immediately after the entertainment, the SCHOLASTIC'S ever ready reporter asked the

privilege of an interview of the Professor. He received the scribe in a very gracious manner, and kindly introduced Mrs. Ansbach. Both did all they could to please the representative of the University journal. To the reporter's questions Mr. Ansbach replied:

"I am a German. For twenty years I have practised my profession, and have been in America for nearly twenty-five years. I first studied law, but found later more money and attraction in this specialty."

"How did you happen to take up this art?"

"Well, when I was young, a woman gave an entertainment in the school I attended, much like the one I have given you this afternoon, and it deeply interested me. She taught me my first trick. It was something like this. She tore up a card into six pieces and laid them out on the palm of her hand, and said that she could blow five of them off, but always cause one to remain. But for my sake, the one of the six that I would wish she would cause to remain on her hand. Thereupon I foolishly pointed out one that I thought would be hardest for her to keep from blowing off if she blew hard enough for the other five to go. She then put her finger on the one I had pointed out and held it to her hand, whilst with one breath she blew the five others away. No, I never had any teacher. Most of my tricks I have thought of myself, although I traveled for a number of years with Robert Keller, and he helped me out in a great measure."

"Are you often interrupted in your performances by questions of persons who think they see the trick?"

"Yes, very often. But that is part of my art. I draw them on, then fool them on their first question, and for the rest of the evening they are willing to at least keep their queries to themselves. Yes, Mrs. Ansbach travels with me; she also performs, and our travels together are very pleasant. You know much, indeed most of our work, is done in parlors and before fashionable clubs. There is a great deal of money in the business. We are now located in Chicago, and expect to be there until September, when we are going on a tour through Europe."

"How did we like Notre Dame? It is a magnificent place, and I have received a very kind reception. We have visited most of the great colleges of the country, but this is certainly the largest and grandest of the boarding schools. I trust I will have the pleasure of coming here again. Did you ask how the

tricks are done?" asked the Professor, smiling. "Well, they are very easy, but always require great presence of mind. The doing of them does not require so much quickness or practice, but it is all in knowing the trick itself. I give lessons in the large cities, and I find nearly all of my pupils very apt. A great many want to learn how to play them, for it is a pretty and new way to entertain friends. Yes, the sleeve helps some, but professionals do not make much use of it; they depend more on their vest for hiding things. Then, besides, nature must be good to you in the forming of your hands; they must be large and well developed so that you can work your fingers to suit all occasions."

Mrs. Ansbach at this juncture insisted on showing the reporter some of the souvenirs they had received from admirers during their travels; also a great many interesting testimonials written in French, German and English. Among them our scribe noticed a note from the Cardinal and a few from bishops both in the United States and Canada.

Mr. and Mrs. Ansbach are a good-looking couple, refined and well educated. They speak German, French and English excellently, and even a bit of Latin. As the Vice-President of the University was waiting for their readiness for supper—and we knew they must be hungry, for the professor seemed very nervous and anxious—our representative withdrew having thoroughly enjoyed his little visit.

Societies.

—The Law debating Society did not meet last Saturday evening, as usual. The next question that will be debated in this society is: "Resolved, That the Government should take charge of and operate the railroad and telegraph lines of the country."

—The Philodemics met in regular session on the evening of Wednesday the 28th with President DuBrul in the chair. Through some misunderstanding the first two numbers of the programme, an essay and a reading, had not been prepared; but the debate made ample amend for all shortcomings in other lines. The question was the old one of Negro Suffrage, and Messrs. Devanney and DuBrul upheld it, while Messrs. Prichard and Fitzgerald argued against it. Mr. Prichard opened with a red-hot arraignment of the negro as he is to-day in the South, and drew a startling picture of what he would do before the end of the century. In arrangement and delivery, his speech was the

best of the evening, and his apponents found it rather hard to answer some of his arguments. Mr. Devanney followed with a clear, though somewhat disjointed, statement of the case for Negro Suffrage. He was ably supported by his colleague, Mr. DuBrul. Mr. Fitzgerald closed the debate with a brief resumé and refutation of his opponent's arguments, and the debate was left to the judges. After rearguing the question among themselves, they decided in favor of Messrs. Devanney and DuBrul. Altogether it was a very interesting debate, and both sides are to be congratulated on the excellent showing made.

—Last Thursday evening the Columbians held a meeting, the first in several weeks. Father French presided as usual. The minutes of the preceding meeting were read and adopted. The critic's report was then read. The committee on credentials reported the name of Wm. Conway favorably for admission into the society. He was admitted by a unanimous vote of the members. The programme of the evening was then taken up. M. Bates opened by delivering "The Curse of Regulus." This he did in a very forcible and natural manner, which elicited much applause. He was followed by Mr. E. Callahan, who read an essay on the scenery and mechanism of the stage. This was a very interesting paper, and the knowledge it conveyed, combined with the happy style in which it was written, proved to be very entertaining.

A debate was next on the programme; but, owing to the illness of one of the disputants, it was postponed until next week. Mr. Chas. F. Roby then volunteered with a selection, "Uncle Ned's Tale," which was a story of a battle in verse. His excellent reading increased the pleasure obtained from hearing it. The programme committee then prepared and reported a programme for the following week, and the meeting adjourned.

Department Notes.

LAW.*

—A written quiz on pleadings will follow the quiz on Blackstone.

—It will take the most of next month to finish the lecture on contracts.

—A much-needed addition to the Law room is a jury box. One has been placed in position and it gives the Law room the appearance of a court.

—The case of Crawford vs. Harrington came up for trial last Wednesday. A jury was waived and the case went to trial on an agreed statement of facts. The facts are as follows: In

* Received too late for publication last week.

May, 1892, Alfred Harrington obtained from Henry Bristow, an adjoining owner, a parol license to erect upon the land of the latter a building to be used as a pleasure house, gymnasium, etc. The building was completed in June, and in October Bristow mortgaged his land to Francis Crawford, who had received no notice of the prior license and knew nothing of the arrangement existing between Harrington and Bristow. The mortgage became due October 20, 1893, but Bristow received an extension until January 4, 1894. Harrington knew nothing of the mortgage and occupied the building during the summer of 1893. Bristow could not pay the mortgage, and Crawford foreclosed and bought in the premises himself at sheriff sale. Harrington was not made a party to foreclosure suit, and when he learned of it he undertook to remove his building. Crawford forbade its removal; Harrington, nevertheless, removed it, claiming he had a right to do so, as it was his property. Crawford now sues for \$2000 damages for its removal.

The attorneys for the plaintiff contended that inasmuch as Crawford had no knowledge of the arrangement existing between Harrington and Bristow at the time the mortgage was executed, nor subsequently, he was warranted in presuming that all the buildings on the property belonged to Bristow. They contended also that the parol license was revoked by the mortgage, in that a license, being nothing more than a permission to use, did not vest any right in the license; and accordingly, only operative as between the parties to it. Crawford further contended that the building was a fixture attached to the reality, and as such passed with the land. On the other hand, the defense claimed that the mortgage did not operate as a revocation of the license, the defendant not having knowledge of it.

Nor were his rights affected by the foreclosure suit as defendant was not made a party. They maintained also that the building was a personal chattel and was so considered at the time it was erected. In fact they said it was evident from the nature of the building, it being used only for a pleasure house, and not as a necessary adjunct to the reality. The court held that the building was personalty, determinable from its nature, and inasmuch as there was no positive evidence to prove that it was substantially annexed to the freehold the court must regard it in the same light as a wagon or any other chattel left on the premises. The court, in deciding, explained a license as distinguished from an easement, and upheld the contention of plaintiff in that respect, but refused to sustain him in the position that the mortgage operated as a revocation of the license. The court said that the main point and the one on which the case turned was

whether the building was a fixture or not.* Judgment for defendant. The case was ably argued by the attorneys on both sides and was very interesting. The attorneys for plaintiff were F. E. Duffield and J. G. Mott; for defendant, Jas. Kennedy and J. Tong.

Personals.

—M. Weaver (*student*), '81, is a prominent physician at Miamisburg, Ohio.

—A. B. Hennessy (*Com'l*), '91, is engaged in the produce commission business in Chicago.

—M. Bailey (*student*), '82, is in command of the Videttes, a Military Company in Columbus, Ohio.

—Alwin Ahlrichs (*A. B.*), '92, is the manager of father's extensive business establishment at Collman, Ala.

—A. Victor Magnus (*student*), '93, has a lucrative position in his father's business concern at Elgin, Ill.

—Julius H. Kerker (*student*), '93, is associated with the Eastern Iowa Inspection Bureau at Davenport, Iowa.

—W. V. Cummings (*student*), '93, has a fine position with a prominent wholesale purveying company in Chicago.

—Judge John J. Ney (*B. L.*), '74, of Independence, Iowa, has been chosen to fill the chair of Law in the State University of Iowa.

—Mr. Charles Cavaroc (*Com'l*), '86, was a welcome visitor to the University on Thursday last. He was accompanied by his wife.

—Hon. William J. Onahan (*LL. D. in honorem*), '76, was tendered a congratulatory banquet on Thursday evening at the Columbus Club in Chicago. The honor which was recently conferred on Dr. Onahan by the Pope was the reason of the gathering. Many dignitaries, both lay and ecclesiastical, were present.

Local Items.

—That Band concert was simply *superb*!

—LOST—An ivory paper cutter. Finder will please leave at students' office.

—The Boat Club will open up very soon with appropriate ceremonies.

—A very queer combination of spring suits and ulsters is seen on the campus now.

—The conventionalities have been observed. March is surely asserting its leonine proclivities in its dying days, with a vengeance.

—For the first time in the history of the oldest inhabitants has the saying, "A green Christmas, a white Easter," been fulfilled.

—It is very rare that a class of higher

* Greeg vs. U. P. R. R. Co., 48, Mo. App. 494, Leonards vs. Armstrong, 58, Han 627, 19, Ny. Sup. 831.

mathematics shows much poetical genius; but this year's trigonometry class certainly does.

—We are pained to announce the death of one of our brightest Carrolls. He made his untimely demise while cracking an antiquated joke.

—Basket ball still continues to be the popular indoor amusement with the Carrolls, and "hot" games are to be seen in the Carroll gym every night.

—Let us keep the storm windows on a little longer. The suggestion to have them taken off last week was perfectly proper; but March is now going out, *ergo*—

—B. Hilarion desires to thank those who have so materially assisted him in collecting cancelled stamps, especially Mrs. A. Shimmel, of New York city, through Mr. A. Cuneo, and Mr. J. Hinde, of Brownson Hall.

—The intended drill between Cos. "A" and "B" was not held on Easter. Two of the former Co's men were absent, and Capt. Quinlan desired to have it postponed until some future date. The postponement gives both companies more time to "drill up," and this will make the contest all the more exciting.

—On Easter evening the gaily decorated play hall of the Minims was the scene of the first athletic entertainment of the year. The first part consisted of calisthenic exercises; the second in jumping, bar exercises, club swinging, wrestling and building pyramids. Masters Gimbal, Corry and McPhee distinguished themselves by club swinging, bar exercise and jumping.

—The Engineering class was asked to lay out the new diamond for the 'Varsity team. Some members of the corps took charge of the work and set grade stakes to guide the men in levelling the infield. The captain is anxious that this should be done according to the laws of exact science, as he intends that the 'Varsity of '94 shall play ball on scientific principles. By having a level infield the angle of *incidence* will equal the angle of *reverberation*. If the players bear this principle in mind and act accordingly, the corps will guarantee a scientific victory every time.

—Among a series of interesting portraits given by Mrs. M. Shirland to Professor Edwards for the Catholic Historical Collection of America we noticed a life-size painting in oil of Mr. Alexis Coquillard, whose Indian trading post has developed into the flourishing city of South Bend. The picture represents Mr. Coquillard sitting in a chair and holding in his hand a scroll, upon which is written: "Chiefs and warriors come to council and listen to what your Great Father has to say." The artist's name is J. H. Van Stavoren. There is also a portrait of Mr. Coquillard's wife, *née* Frances Compaet, through whom, as interpreter, the Indians of Southern Michigan and Northern

Indiana made their confessions to Fathers Badin, De Seille, Petit, Sorin, Cointet and Granger. Another interesting painting is a life-size three quarter length portrait of Mr. Compaet, one of the early French traders and pioneer Catholics of Fort Wayne. There is also a portrait of Mr. Coquillard's son.

—Holy Week this year at Notre Dame was observed with all the devotion and solemnity becoming this holy season. On Passion Sunday the history of the Passion was solemnly chanted in parts. This was also done on Good Friday. On Wednesday night the office of the Church, called *Tenebræ*, was chanted by two choirs of priests and seminarians under the leadership of the Reverend P. P. Klein. A double quartette sang the last Lamentation and the *Benedictus*. Their singing was beautiful and solemn. The same was done on Thursday and Friday nights. On Thursday, after the Mass, the Blessed Sacrament was carried in solemn procession to the repository in the large chapel of the Sacred Heart, in the rear of the church. The removal of the repository from the side chapel gave a better chance for decorations and afforded the faithful more opportunity to satisfy their devotion. The altar of the Rosary was a mass of lights and flowers. The light of the tapers reflected from the gold background produced a grand effect, whilst the flowers around the altar made it a beautiful spot for the resting-place of Our Lord. The procession returned to the sanctuary, and the altars were then divested of their ornaments. In the afternoon the Very Rev. Wm. Corby officiated at the Mandatum, commemorative of the time our Lord washed the feet of the twelve Apostles. On Good Friday and Holy Saturday the liturgy and ritual of the Church were strictly observed.

—TWO LITTLE THOUSAND COOL.

A Brownson gazed on a manuscript he had toiled o'er
many an hour;

A Carroll asked him the reason why he looked so sad
and sour.

"Come, listen," he said, "I will tell you, lad, how once I
acted the fool:

I skived one day, they caught me dead, and I got two
thousand cool.

REFRAIN: Two little thousand cool, lad,
Two little thousand cool.
They were watching,
We were skiving,
It's always the way at school.
One little thousand lines, lad,
I've written in toil and pain;
I begged the Brothers
To take off the others,
But pleading and tears were vain.

This bundle here is a thousand lines—the first that ever
I've penned.

We thought we were smart, and we took the risk—my-
self and a gay young friend;

We fancied at first they would pardon us, but we found
it was the rule

That whenever a fellow took a skive, he got two thou-
sand cool.

REFRAIN: Two little thousand cool, lad, etc.

—ATHLETICS.—The outlook for a successful baseball season is, indeed, favorable. As soon as the diamond has been properly fixed, the men will begin practice in the field. The work in the gymnasium has been well done, and tends to show that the contestants for positions on the 'Varsity nine are alive to the fact that only the best trained will be chosen. But there is one thing that many disregard: that is, smoking. This will prove a serious drawback; it will be found that those who indulge in it must, of necessity, be poor base-runners. The foot-ball games developed the fact that the poorest sprinters were the heaviest smokers, and that cigarettes were deadly enemies to gaining wind. Of course, when the season properly opens the captain will take his men in charge and see that this expensive luxury is moderated. But may it not then be a little late? The proper time for correcting the abuse is now.

As soon as the snow disappears the daily runs around the lake should be resumed. Their advantage cannot be overestimated. Would it not be well for all contestants to take part in them? Not only are they the proper training for base-running, but they are a decided benefit for us in our studies. Healthy exercise for our bodies brings bright, alert minds to the class-room.

It is a little too early to guess at the make-up of the 'Varsity nine. The contest for the battery has narrowed down to Stack and McCarrick for pitcher and Schmidt and Sweet for catcher. Stack is speedy and shows good control of the ball, but his playing at critical points has never been tested. McCarrick seldom loses his head, and while not so swift a thrower has the advantage of being able at all times to command the ball. It will be difficult to make choice of a catcher. Both contestants for the position are good. The absence of the men on the field make it impossible to forecast the occupants of other positions.

The captain should appoint certain level-headed members of his team to act as coaches for base-runners, and have it distinctly understood that the other players must occupy their bench when not in the field. This will have the effect of keeping the loud-mouthed and scatter-brained element from acting like howling dervishes or yelling Iroquois, and oh! for public peace and comfort let the very small boy with the fish-horn be sent to bed before a game.

The Executive Committee should arrange games with the clubs of Elkhart and LaPorte. Both cities have good teams, and the expense of getting them would be very small; and, then, there is the benefit to be derived from playing them before we meet the college clubs. South Bend has lost her baseball spirit; the clubs she now sends out are not worth meeting.

Whilst the weather is so favorable and cool why does not the captain of the 'Varsity eleven get his team out to practice? It would make it easier for him at the beginning of the coming season. This is the custom at Yale, Harvard,

and the other large institutions. No set games need be played; all that is necessary is a practice in throwing, falling on the ball, tackling, etc. Above all, let there be practice, and much of it, in running low and in punting.

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