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St. Francis of Assisi.

EUSTACE CULLINAN.

INTO the temple of the heart,  
When the altar fires burned low  
And the holy place was a common mart,  
Did the blest St. Francis go.

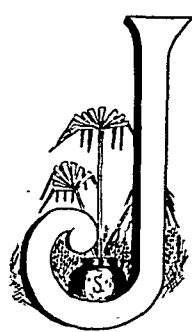
He swept it clean for the Lord's return,  
And the besom he used was love;  
Till the soul of the sinner began to yearn  
For the higher things above.

Prometheus stole the flame of old  
As a boon for the human race;  
But St. Francis put fire into hearts long cold,  
And quickened men's souls with grace.

A Glimpse at Austin Dobson.

JOSEPH A. MARMON.

"I only glanced  
In passing; but, entranced,  
I paused and went no further."



JUST now the critics are trying to make us believe that we are in the "twilight of the poets." In fact, it is tacitly admitted that degeneration is the present tendency in all the finer arts. I do not think that this is true. Men have come to act in a less obtrusive way; to regard things in a quieter, though more appreciative way than formerly. Consequently genius takes its place with little ostentation, without commotion or the blaring of trumpets. Nowadays recognition comes to genius easily, gracefully and with

certainty—not formally ushered in by powdered footman and bowing lackeys.

In our day also the number of those who can lay claim to intellectual distinction is so great that no one man stands alone, marked by his very isolation. At any rate, the number of our clever men is, in my opinion, great enough to compensate us for the lack of one giant mind which overtops all others—a Dante or a Shakspeare. Mr. Austin Dobson, with whose verses most of us are familiar, is practically without a rival in the peculiar school of poetry to which he belongs. He has brought a new flavor into English literature. His poems, for the most part, have all the spirit of their French models without any of their sentimentality; yet they retain the sturdiness and healthy heart-interest which are so distinctively English. In them we find the acme of technical grace and airy lightness, which serve but as a foil for the beauty and humanity underlying.

I do not like to think of Mr. Dobson as a writer of *vers de société*. My reason for such a feeling is not a logical one, but simply an unreasoning dislike for the spirit implied by the term. However, Mr. Brander Matthews assures us that Dobson's work does not, like that of Mr. Locker, come under the head of "society verse"—that he goes beyond it. This is perfectly true; for at the very outset he leaps all such narrow bounds. Modest as are some of his poems, they possess a beauty and broadness of thought which is often lacking in poems more pretentious.

It is an eloquent testimonial to Mr. Dobson's genius that, notwithstanding the almost numberless imitators of his verse, who have sprung up wherever the English language is spoken or read, he still stands supreme and unequalled.

Mr. Dobson's style of writing has been termed "easy verse," which is distinctly a misnomer. Although his poems, at first glance, may appear exceedingly simple, yet upon closer study, one quickly realizes that they are exquisite structures, most carefully and artistically wrought—an elaborate simplicity, and a simplicity of elaboration. This is especially true of the French forms of verse which Mr. Dobson has taken from their native clime and made to flourish in an alien land. These exotic forms include the ballade, the rondeau, the rondel, the villanelle and the triolet, all of which have now become familiar to English readers.

The ballade is the most important and the most elaborate of these metres. By many it is considered equal, if not superior, to the sonnet. Certainly in capable hands it may be made extremely strong and beautiful.

The rondeau, too, although somewhat more cramped, admits of great effects. It is one of the sweetest and most picturesque forms we have. Great injury, I think, has been and is being done to the rondeau by writers who insist upon bringing into the verse a sort of circus trick, a play upon words, a difference of meaning contained in the refrain of the last stanza as opposed to the two preceding ones—a performance which approaches dangerously near to that most unpardonable thing, the pun. This is simply charlatanism; and in nearly every case it lowers a lovely thing to the level of literary horse play. The most regrettable feature of the matter is that men who are presumed to be competent judges uphold the opinion that such is the perfect rondeau. It is true that the French form is so constructed. But when Mr. Dobson brought it into our language, it was born again, and threw off all dependence on the French. Why, then, should we ape the original, when its modified form is so much more beautiful? In this connection it is well to remember what a shrewd American observer has said in regard to the writer who insists upon being funny and later attempts serious things: "The people at first laugh *with* him, and then *at* him."

But I have strayed from the immediate subject, which was the discussion of the fitness of styling Mr. Dobson's poetry "easy verse." A much more appropriate name was given it by him who first called it "familiar verse." This seems to be a happy title. Mr. Dobson takes one by the arm in a friendly manner and talks with an ease and grace that charm at once, and speedily find their way into one's affections.

Dr. Holmes says that "every person's feelings have a front and a side door by which they may be entered." The same may be said of the emotions as concerned with beauty in anything. And if such be the case, the author of "Good Night, Babette," and the "Ballade of Bean Brocade" must certainly possess the key to a great number of these side doors. I might add that this talisman is not often brought into use, for the chains are usually unloosed at the singer's approach and the occupants stand ready to welcome him with friendly words and affectionate hospitality.

In the admirably written introduction to the American edition of the poet's works—"Vignettes in Rhyme"—Edmund C. Stedman says: "Mr. Dobson, more than other recent poet, seems not only to gather about him a concourse of fine people, but to move at ease among them." Although I may be too impressionable to be a critic, it seems to me that this statement is too cold and is not so comprehensive as it might be. True, his characters are, without exception, gentlefolk, but not, as one might infer, of that sordid and ridiculous body known as "*society*." After all, I am inclined to withdraw what I have said, and accept Mr. Stedman's opinion; for gentlefolk do not necessarily belong to society, and even they have hearts as well as others.

Apropos of this, it is a question whether or not many poets do not make a grave mistake when they insist upon discarding that portion of humanity which has the misfortune to be well dressed and have a fair idea of its mother tongue for the shabby, vile smelling person who talks a language radically different from that used by the cultivated world. Such persons undoubtedly have their romances, their sorrows, joys and loves. But does the dirt and vulgarity with which they are surrounded render them so charming that photographs from that alien world should be continually forced upon us?

Mr. Dobson possesses not only the quality of touching the emotions, but also, in an equal degree, that of refreshing and soothing the mind. But this is only the natural consequence of his broadness. No person can incessantly harp in the same strain without becoming tiresome. In some of his poems we are given delightful pictures, not so painfully exact and sharp in outline as to be disagreeable, but rather a well-executed pen-and-ink drawing as "An Autumn Idyl" or "A Virtuoso." The latter is cold, selfish and cutting, but highly artistic and with much dramatic force.

Some resemblance may be noted between this poem and Browning's "My Last Duchess." Both have, for their theme, a cool selfishness and seeming absence of human sympathy. In both events of grave human importance are treated as subjects worth only passing notice; while the central figure dilates upon the merits of a work of art. After refusing, in a half cynical and wholly indifferent manner, an appeal for aid in behalf of the suffering, the "Virtuoso" concludes:

"Nay, do not rise. You seem amused;  
One can but be consistent, sir!  
'Twas on these grounds I just refused  
Some gushing lady-almoner,—  
Believe me, on these very grounds.  
Good-byé, then. Ah, a rarity!  
That cost me quite three hundred pounds,—  
That Dürer figure,—'Charity'."

In the six dramatic sketches gathered together under the head of "Proverbs in Porcelain," is found an abundance of life and color. "Good Night, Babette!" seems to me the most charming of the six. Its blending of playfulness, sunshine and sadness is perfect, while the dialogue renders it doubly effective.

The objection has been made that these poems offend art by assuming a dramatic form without possessing the action necessary to render such a course warrantable. This may be, and most likely is, true when judged by the critic whose perspective is based entirely upon rules of theatrical effect. But none will for a moment deny that any violated rule of art is more than atoned for by the additional charm and force which the dramatic form gives to it. The dramatic or conversational form seems to be Dobson's special favorite; for he continually uses it, and, almost without exception, with happy results.

Under the heading "Vignettes in Rhyme" are found some of his most delightful and characteristic verses. In "The Drama of the Doctor's Window" is sketched an *ensemble* entirely bereft of light or color, calculated to give an impression of intense dreariness; yet it is raised above the commonplace by the poet's inimitable art. In contrast with such a background, the fleeting glimpse of human love, passion and suffering, although but in miniature, takes on a color and interest which in the hands of another might be wholly lacking.

How artistic and lifelike is "Tu, Quoque!" While reading one can almost hear at a moment when the music of the dance grows softer, the momentary quarrelling and jealous reproaches of a pair of lovers ensconced in some darkened

corner, and surrounded by tropical plants with their heavy, languorous odor. From beyond comes the rustling of the silken skirts and the low murmur of the dancers as they sweep by the conservatory door to the strains of Strauss.

It is interesting, too, to note the construction of the poem itself. Although written before Mr. Dobson had essayed any of the French forms, it is almost identical with the villanelle; it differs only in being cut into dialogue, while the number of stanzas is greater than in the prescribed form, and each one has a refrain. It is, in a way, a prelude to "Proverbs in Porcelain." "Dorothy" shows us a poet in whose eyes things the most trifling have a hidden meaning; to whom "the primrose by the river's brim" will never be unsuggestive.

The "Romaunt of the Rose" is a truthful sketch from life—a curious mixture of the pathetic and the cynical. The true Christian philosophy shown in "The Unfinished Song," is neither passive nor aggressive, but a golden mean between the two. "At the Convent Gate" brings forth a certain worldliness which, however, is far from the material kind. "The Sundial" once read, will long be remembered. What could be more charming than the picture of the young girl in the garden:

"And round her train the tiger lilies swayed  
Like courtiers bowing till the queen be gone."

"The Idyl of the Carp" is full of subtle imagery.

Among the forms taken from the French, the rondel "The Wanderer" is one of the sweetest and quaintest bits of verse to be found in the English language. "With Pipe and Flute" is probably the best known of his rondeaus; but personally I prefer the one called "On London Stones." It voices that oft-heard plaint of men who from necessity are bounded by the limited yet infinite horizon of sun-scorched buildings and crowded streets, but who sometimes feel that longing for the quiet and rest of the country where they may draw in a full, free breath and cry out for no reason at all other than sheer delight in doing so.

The ballade "On a Fan that Belonged to the Marquise de Pompadour" is delightful, with its fanciful recollections of an epoch of grandeur, of queens and courtiers, of loves and intrigues, and of great names:

"Ah, but things more than polite  
Hung on this toy, voyez-vous!  
Matters of state and of might,  
Things that great ministers do."

[There is but one way, however, in which any

one can do justice to all the beauties of Dobson's verses, in which their faint suggestiveness at times, and again their broad portraiture, may be realized, and that is to read them.

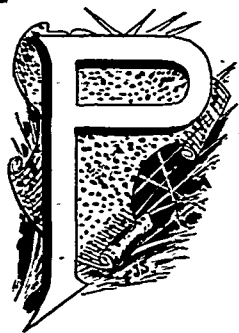
Dobson's chief qualities are, I think, his humanity and knowledge of life, and his ability to put before us a picture clear both in detail and *ensemble*. But above all he possesses that true mark of greatness—simplicity. His attitude toward his art is summed up in the concluding lines of a "Nightingale in Kensington Gardens":

"But 'art for art,' the poet said;  
'Tis still the Nightingale  
That sings where no men's feet will tread,  
And praise and audience fail."

Of Mr. Dobson's personality or life I know little or nothing beyond the fact of his nationality. But from his poems I have drawn a likeness with all its surroundings which, whether true or not, will always remain with me. Should I ever meet him and find that my fancy has led me astray, I shall try to forget the Mr. Dobson of flesh and blood and remember him only as the dreamy, half-sad, half-playful, but wholly tender-hearted poet of the "Vignettes in Rhyme."

#### A Study in Bacteria.

FRANCIS J. POWERS, '94.



PERHAPS there is no more interesting study than that of nature's phenomena. Whether we devote our attention to the mechanism of the heavenly bodies, or turn to contemplate the smallest creatures of the lower realm, our minds are equally bewildered. While the telescope reveals to us the wonders of the firmament, and even penetrates into the confines of space, the microscope gives us an additional sense, by which we are brought into closer relations with the world of the infinitely small. During recent years no other instrument has been so extensively used as a means of investigation.

When Pasteur discovered the nature of the disease of the silk-worm by means of the microscope he saved France from ruin; for it is said that the losses caused by the Franco-Prussian war were not so great as those occasioned by this malady. Had it not been for

the microscope of Pasteur, the nation might still have to sustain this great burden. Not only is the microscope useful, it is also instructive. It shows to us that in a single drop of water thousands of little creatures are produced and have their being; it proves to us that the gigantic coal beds of the world are the remains of an ancient forest; but, above all, it is to the microscope that we owe our present knowledge of the nature and causes of contagious diseases.

There is, indeed, an immense group of organisms, so small as to tax the highest powers of the microscope, which until within a few years were entirely unknown to man. These are the Bacteria.

It was while the plague was raging in Italy in 1656 that Father Kirchner came to the conclusion, after examining the pus of afflicted subjects, that the disease which then prevailed was due to minute organisms that produced decay. Thus we see that as far back as the seventeenth century Kirchner suspected and made known a doctrine which only in our own day has found its most rigid and scientific demonstration. But perhaps the real discovery of Bacteria was not made until 1683, when Anthony Von Leeuwenhook, while examining some of the tartar from the teeth of a patient, found minute bodies which, according to his description, were evidently Bacteria. He made known his discovery in a letter dated September 14, 1683, to the Royal Society of London, in which he describes four different kinds of animalcules which are very like the four fundamental forms of Bacteria. Until 1786 they had been studied only as a matter of curiosity; but during this year Otto Friedrich Müller, of Copenhagen, began his researches, and he was, in reality, the first scientific investigator of these beings. He examined them as to their form, locality and biological phenomena, and classified them all under the head of Infusoria. In 1838 Ehrenberg attempted a scientific grouping of them, and proposed a number of species distributed under four distinct genera. It was not until the year 1853 that the mistake of thinking them animals was corrected; for it was only then that the lower forms of algæ and fungi were particularly studied by naturalists. The discovery of motion in many of the transitional stages of algæ and fungi led them to believe that spontaneous movement was not a distinctive characteristic of animals. The animal nature of Bacteria began to be questioned, but it has only recently been definitely decided that they are plants.

In 1857 Pasteur published his investigations on spontaneous generation, and showed that fermentation depended upon the presence of living organisms in the matter affected. After proving that the souring of wine was due to organic beings, he commenced his studies on the disease of the silk-worm. His discoveries caused great dissensions among scientists, and prominent among his opponents was Bechamp, who by his researches arrived at conclusions directly opposed to those of Pasteur. Pasteur's theory that decay and fermentation are caused by a specifically different Bacterium has been found to be correct. About the same time the action of carbolic acid upon living bodies was first noticed by Lemaire, a French chemist, and his discovery attracted much attention. His experiments were remarkable, and his conclusion still more so; for he found that by adding carbolic acid to any organic substance he could prevent decay, confirming, in another way, the theory of Pasteur. Foremost among those who studied the experiments of Lemaire was Lister, of Scotland, who gave to surgery one of its most important practices—the disinfection of wounds. About the year 1866 Haller of Germany began his studies on the polymorphism of fungi. It was his opinion that the various forms of disease were produced by intermediate stages of fungi. This conclusion he based upon his experiments with yeasts, which, he was satisfied, were the reproducing spores of moulds; for whenever he cultivated these spores he invariably obtained moulds. It was shown, later on, that his mistake in considering the moulds the product of the germs was due to the fact that he could not secure pure cultures.

Though the cause of disease had been ascribed to Bacteria, no one had as yet found a case which could be directly traced to the development of these organisms in the tissues. Ferdinand Cohn, in his "Investigations on Bacteria," overthrew the theory of polymorphism by announcing a specific Bacterium for every specific affection in the various contagious diseases. The result of his studies was a classification which, though not the most perfect, has proved the most useful. Cohn classified all the lower organisms into one group under the name of Bacteria. He then divided them into four tribes, namely: Sphærobacteria, Microbacteria, Desmobacteria and Spirobacteria. He was the first to place them in the vegetable kingdom. He made some remarkable experiments concerning the mode of nutrition in Bacteria,

and distinguished between the pathogenic and saprogenic forms—those which do and those which do not produce disease. In short, it was Cohn who first laid a solid foundation for the study of Bacteria, and he may be truly called the father of Bacteriology.

In general, Bacteria are unicellular organisms so small that no idea of their sizes can be formed except by comparison. They commonly measure about .001 M. M. in diameter; and as a means of showing their comparative size it may be said that if a thousand were placed side by side they would scarcely cover the period at the end of this sentence. They vary considerably in shape, but in general they are either spherical, cylindrical or filamentous. Under the microscope they appear to be pale translucent bodies, made up of a granular substance—which may, in rare instances, be colored—surrounded by a somewhat denser yet scarcely perceptible membrane, the cell-wall. This cell-wall in the vegetative or active condition is very thin and flexible, but when dormant it is thickened and gelatinous, furnishing the intercellular matrix of the zoogloea state. Minute granules and oily substances, whose nature is not yet known, are found in the protoplasm; and in some Bacteria a granular substance resembling starch has been determined, but as yet no nucleus has been discovered in any Bacterium.

As a class, Bacteria are found in all localities in nature, in all natural waters, in the soil, in all vegetables and plants, and even in the mouth and digestive canal of man; in short, wherever dust can find access, there, in greater or smaller numbers, are found Bacteria. They are divided into saprophytic and parasitic plants; the former are those which live on dead organic matter; the latter, those which subsist on living material. The conditions necessary to the growth of the parasitic kinds are very complex, and they live, for the most part, upon the organs of men and animals.

Closely following these little organisms by means of the microscope, we are conscious that the movements vary with the species we are observing. But we must not forget that many Bacteria pass through different stages of development, each stage having a distinct movement. While the majority have the power of motion, there are some, as the leptothrix, which do not move. Others swim about very rapidly by means of cilia. The bacillus, which is a filamentous form, moves in a slow, graceful, wave-like manner, and by means of its whip, or flagella propels itself through the water very easily.

Under conditions favorable to their growth Bacteria increase with extraordinary rapidity, and it is wonderful to see the number that may be formed in half an hour. The simplest and most common mode of reproduction is by cell division. With proper nutrition the cell elongates, and is then divided into two equal halves by the formation of a septum. The two Bacteria thus formed may remain joined together for some time, but eventually they separate. The process is then repeated, except that in this second case, the Bacteria are liable to adhere to each other, thus making a long filament. These filaments break up and each segment divides and redivides until thousands are formed from the first Bacterium. Of all the peculiar phenomena exhibited by Bacteria, there is none, perhaps, more curious than the phase called the zoogloea, or resting state. This is a condition which is brought about when a number of new-formed Bacteria collect in one place. Their cell-walls become softer, and they form themselves into a sort of matrix. Thus they remain until conditions are favorable for growth, when they become active and move about, distributing themselves in the surrounding medium, there to grow and multiply as before. Though reproduction generally takes place by means of cell-division, there is yet another method quite common among many forms by means of spores. This is possible in two ways. In some the spores are the minute segments into which the cell has broken up; and in others the spores form as minute granules just within the protoplasm of the vegetative cell. These granules by their own energy enlarge and take from the cell the protoplasm, and secrete a dense protective envelope. It is then a ripe ovoid or spherical spore, very minute, and lies loosely within the mother cell. Generally only one spore forms within a cell, where it is capable of germinating at once or of remaining dormant for months and even years, enduring desiccation, heat and cold. When the conditions are again favorable the spore may complete its germination in a few hours. This is effected by the swelling and elongating of the spore, and the contents grow into a cell, which develops into a cell similar to that from which it was derived.

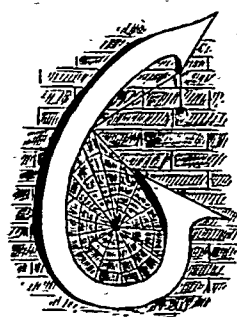
The majority of people, nowadays, associate with Bacteria the idea of the destroyers of human health and life. It is true, indeed, that a great many of our contagious diseases are caused by Bacteria; yet it is equally true that they are indispensable to many human industries.

As the foes of mankind they present themselves to us in many and varied forms, some producing consumption, others diphtheria and still others cholera. The germs which cause disease are now being extensively studied by scientists, who have traced their origin and development in man, and have succeeded in a great measure in preventing their evil effects.

It is well known that the rich flavors of butter and cheese depend entirely upon the development of a certain Bacterium. Again, they are almost indispensable in the human body, not only to assist in the decomposition of tissues, but also to act upon the food and thus aid in digestion. But, above all, perhaps the greatest function they serve in nature is the renewal of the energy of plants. Animals live on plants; but plants cannot, without the assistance of Bacteria, live on animals. When an animal dies, Bacteria at once develop in it, causing decomposition. The organic elements of the body, which are of no use to plants are acted upon by the Bacteria, and reduced to the simplest combinations suitable for the nutrition of plants. And so we might go on and enumerate many other qualities of Bacteria, but space forbids. Without them, it is true, we would not have our epidemics, but without them our existence and the existence of the animal and vegetable world, upon which we depend, would be impossible.

#### A. Great Italian Novel.

RICHARD D. SLEVIN.



REAT works of art or literature possess some characteristic which makes them better or worse than others of their class. And this is especially true of novels; for what class of literature has a wider field than that which takes for its all-important theme the life of man? And in our own day, when everything tends towards realism, one is better able to judge of a work of this class.

Why is it that we all find enjoyment in reading the "Reveries of a Bachelor"? The reason is obvious. It is because we find in it human nature so truly represented; because in it our own thoughts are expressed in language better than we have been able to use ourselves; in a word, because it appeals both to the mind



and to the heart. All of us realize that the less of artificiality there is in a work, the more we love it. Experience has taught us this.

Nor is it different with a novel, which is merely a reflection of human life as seen by the writer. With even an insignificant plot, the novelist endeavors to create a group of characters, living and real, to his readers. If they are true to nature, he has succeeded; if they are not, he has failed.

The first quality, then, that a novel should have is that the characters live and breathe. Although not essential, it is still very important that the story be of itself of sufficient interest to hold the reader's attention. It is evident that the novel possessing these two marks in the highest degree of perfection, is the one which is worthy of the most praise.

There is one novel in particular which seems to me to rank very high in character drawing, if we may so call it, and this is "The Betrothed," a book too little read by the English students of our day. The story itself, though a simple one, is yet very beautiful. It is not, however, for the story that I most admire this work, but rather for its beautiful descriptions, and most of all for the accuracy with which every character is drawn and shown to the world in its true light. The first chapter of this excellent work opens with a description which at once attracts the reader's attention, and almost forces him to believe that the story must be true.

But the description does not delay us long. In a short time we are introduced to the curate, Don Abbondio, the character which seems to me to be the most unreal in the book. Cowardly from the first, he gives one the impression of a weak woman rather than of a man. Throughout the entire story he makes such an evident display of this cowardice that even when circumstances favor his speaking like a brave man, we are so disgusted with him that it were better if he were silent.

But why delay here when there are so many more admirable characters for us to consider? Father Cristoforo is a man who is natural in every respect, and who, by his very manner, wins the admiration of all; a man whose highest aim is to aid his fellowmen. And how gloriously he succeeds! He dies in trying to lessen the agony of the poor creatures stricken by that terrible plague which visited Milan in 1648.

What a description Manzoni gives us of that plague! How real he makes it appear! It is certainly one of the greatest pen-pictures of its kind ever written. Through four successive

chapters we are led about the streets of once prosperous Milan, and while we read Manzoni's words we almost feel the terrible sufferings of its inhabitants. We trace the pestilence from its origin to its end. We see with what untiring energy the authorities endeavored to check the plague in its onward course. On the same page we read how it battered down these barriers and swept over the country like an invading army. The scenes about the city are terrible; but they shrink into insignificance when we visit the poor creatures who were dragged by a law, which seemed good to those who made it, to the lazaretto, there to meet an almost certain death.

The description of Milan during the plague seems to me to be amply sufficient to obtain for "The Betrothed" a permanent place among the masterpieces of literature. This wonderful piece of work may be compared with De Foe's picture of the plague in London, Charles Brockden Brown's of the cholera in Philadelphia, and to some scenes in "Barnaby Rudge."

There is still another man in "The Betrothed" who deserves special mention as being admirably drawn, and this is Cardinal Federigo. He bears a strong resemblance to Father Cristoforo; and, though a brave and holy man, I think his actions are not so praiseworthy as those of the friar, who heroically gave up his life in the performance of his works of charity.

But in the meantime we have forgotten two of the most important characters in the entire story—our hero and heroine. In reading Manzoni's story one cannot fail to notice the strong resemblance between the troubles and sufferings of Renzo and Lucia and those of Gabriel and Evangeline, and this resemblance becomes even more striking when we find Renzo tracing his way to Milan in search of his lost love. And how we pity him when he learns that Lucia, stricken by the plague, has but lately been taken to the lazaretto, the horrors of which he but too well knows!

When we consider Renzo apart from his companions in the drama of which he is the foremost figure, I am sure that we can all conceive him as living and acting in the nineteenth century. Manzoni does not intend Renzo to be a perfect man—far from it! Renzo has his faults; but they are not grave enough to condemn him forever in the mind of the reader. On the other hand, his virtues are not so heroic as to make us look up to him as an example of all that is good and holy. No: he is merely

a young man with his faults and his good qualities, and he is more to be admired on account of his sincerity and perseverance than because of any supernatural virtues which, fortunately, our author did not bestow on him.

For the same reason that a person finds enjoyment in reading the "Reveries of a Bachelor" he should take pleasure in following the course of a young man to whom all his sympathies are attracted as to a comrade in a common cause, the struggle for success. Everyone who has read "The Betrothed" knows that Renzo's actions did not always meet with the approval of even his friends. But where is the man who has always been able to please everyone? All history is full of examples showing us that no matter how good or noble a man may be, his actions are often tainted by self-interest, for man is but human.

And thus, while we condemn Renzo's conduct during the riots in Milan and his hastiness of temper, we willingly overlook these faults, when, after going deeper into his character, we find that he has a true heart and wise intentions; and it is this mixture of good and evil, this contrast of virtuous and bad actions, that makes Renzo so true to nature.

Lucia, the innocent cause of all Renzo's troubles, is an interesting person to study. She is the hinge upon which the entire story turns. Mild and gentle, she is, from the first, a victim of circumstances; and when the plot thickens she is no longer left to act as she wills, but is entirely the creature of fate. To some Lucia may at first appear to be a weak character, unworthy of the love of Renzo; but the last few chapters of the novel will serve to erase this impression. She was as constant to her lover through all the long months they were separated as was that ideal of all faithfulness—Evangeline.

As a novelist the greater part of Manzoni's success seems to me to rest on the intense individuality of his characters. From the hero to the lowest servant in the story, not one passes by who does not, by some word or act, display his true self. And yet they are all so different that one is justified in saying that "The Betrothed" was written after long years of study and observation. In fact, what may be said of one may be said of almost all of Manzoni's characters—they are admirable examples of the great skill which he possessed in painting human nature and in showing his personages to the world, stripped of all ornaments which would only conceal their true character.

### Trifles Light as Air.

#### HAPLESS DAYS.

Men dread the throes  
And agonies of war, the leaden cloud  
That makes one canopy for friends and foes,  
The soldier's shroud,  
The dark unrest  
Of wailing wives, weeping the while at prayer;  
But why averse to strife? Each life at best  
Some ills must bear.

Unending peace  
Is not for us in this sin-tainted sphere;  
Were all the discord of the world to cease,  
Then, would I fear  
Were mankind free  
From those chance cares that fill the mind, I know  
The dead monotony of life would be  
A greater woe.

'Twere sweeter far  
To lead a life half-dipped in clouds of grief  
And wait the gleaming of a lonely star  
That gives relief;  
To wait and pray,  
Sad for awhile as one who suffers loss;  
For worthless is that ill-spent, hapless day  
That brings no cross.

M.

#### HIDDEN FLOWERS.

On the lawn is a velvety verdure of grass;  
On the hillside the crocus blooms meekly unseen;  
There the oak hides his branches in fluttering leaves,  
And the cradle of fledglings awaits its fair queen;  
The unfettered, deep river moves calmly along,  
While the murmuring rivulets dance as they flow;  
But the beauty of nature seems rarest of all  
In those lone shady spots where wild flowers grow.

In those sweet, pleasant nooks there are charms for the heart,  
When affections are drawn by the lowly, but fair;  
For the soul in its innocence blooms like a flower,  
And like sweet-scented blossoms makes fragrant the air:

The aroma most prized by the Father above  
Is the fragrance of prayer in the hearts of the meek;  
And the soul that is dearest to Him is unknown  
To the proud ones who loudly their own praise bespeak.

Q.

#### BELLES, BALLS, BABIES, AND—!!!

The weekly ball is on to-night,  
The *belles* are present, smiling bright  
As they are *told* with hard learned grace,  
Which wins kind looks from every face,  
How fair they are: each dazzling wight  
Whispers his confidences light  
Behind his partner's fan of lace  
At the weekly ball.

The staid mammas are full in sight  
In gorgeous costumes grandly dight;  
But all the while papa doth pace  
His room at home is sorry case;  
For baby too holds—well, not quite—  
A *weakly* bawl.

E. C.



## The Wood-Thrush of Amesbury.

FRANCIS W. DAVIS.



HEARING or reading anything about New England, there comes into our mind a feeling of reverence, of homage, due to a region which has been so many times identified with our nation's history. We picture to ourselves the quiet hills and valleys from which have arisen men prominent in public affairs, and in the more quiet walks of life. The very name New England carries with it a peaceful air, and no wonder; for we worship at the shrine of a dozen poets whose birthplaces were in New England.

In the person of John Greenleaf Whittier we have one of her greatest sons. On the little farm near Haverhill, Massachusetts, he was born at the beginning of the present century. It was a strong and poetic nature that lived for eighteen years in the lap of Quaker influences, the future poet dabbling at odd times in shoe-making, "choring" for neighboring farmers, and going to the district school, when possible, during the winter months. All these years he was drinking in the traditions and legends which are so graphically brought out in his poems. Picking up a copy of Burns' poems one day, Whittier wrote an imitation of one of them, and from that time the young man composed bits of verse which were printed in the weekly newspaper. Step by step he arose, and in 1829 we find him in journalism in Boston, and afterwards in Philadelphia and Washington. His strength of mind now began to show itself in his opposition to slavery. It is in his abolitional lyrics that we find best exemplified his ardent spirit. He believed that this cause was inseparable from that of justice. His muse was dedicated to the new movement. It was not a spirit of affectation that brought Whittier into the front rank of anti-slavery leaders, but his deep sense of right and wrong, which pervaded every line he wrote for *The Freeman*—a journal then published for the advancement of anti-slavery principles.

"Voices of Freedom" are poems of great strength, fiery and earnest. While Whittier realized that a certain calm and repose is necessary to the poet, and although he had a certain ambition as a man of letters, yet he made his greatest gift subservient to the interests of

humanity. There seemed to be no *high* aspirations in Whittier: he did not care for fame or for the opinions of posterity. His convictions ruled him; and instead of polishing every line, writing and rewriting it to give it a perfect finish, Whittier was ready at all times to turn out his fiery verses, which accounts for their crudeness at times.

It has been said that his object was not that of an artist—to make the occasion serve the poem, but rather the reverse. We may say that it was a fault of Whittier's to eulogize obscure people in his poems; but he thought it but right that anyone of his friends should have a claim upon his muse. Considering the excellent opportunities he had to win fame as a poet with his pen, we should honor him the more for his firm convictions, if for nothing else.

Whittier's earlier poems, "Mogg Megone" and "The Burial of Pennacook" keep alive the Indian stories of his native hills, and give us many beautiful descriptions of New England scenery. "Snow-Bound," appearing immediately after the war, received a warm reception. It ranks next to Longfellow's "Evangeline," and has been honestly called "a winter idyl." Whittier, in this poem, took a subject with which he was perfectly familiar, and admirably depicted for us a typical New England winter scene. "Snow-Bound" had no prototype in English literature and it lives a poem without a rival. Another delightful bit of verse which has been very popular is "Barefoot Boy." In "Maud Muller," the poet has drawn two characters which to us seem hardly typical, more particularly the Judge. Even admitting this, the sweet simplicity of the narrative pleases us.

Among his best-known poems we may mention "Among the Hills" and "The Tent on the Beach," while "Barbara Frietchie" is familiar to every schoolboy. It is spirit-stirring and full of fire. We may have produced poets who have given evidences of greater genius, men whose verses show marks of a higher art; yet so inseparably linked with our nation's history have been Whittier's poems that they will ever live in the hearts of the people.

A disposition like Whittier's should be cultivated by every one of us. He lived an ideal life, and devoted himself to the task of helping others in misfortune. Young writers never received harsh criticism at his hands; on the contrary, he took a deep interest in them. What more can we say of him than that he was a true friend? Certainly he was the worthiest poet of New England.

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—The announcement that the Oration of the Day at the closing exercises is to be delivered by the Right Rev. John A. Watterson, D.D., Bishop of Columbus, has been received with general rejoicing. The Bishop is one of the leading orators among the American Hierarchy, and a distinguished publicist as well. His published speeches prove him to be a deep thinker and a close student of the questions of the day. The Right Rev. orator will find at Notre Dame a large and appreciative audience who are prepared to hear something above the ordinary.

—The invitations for the Fiftieth Annual Commencement of Notre Dame, which will take place on June 21, have just been sent out. They are artistically executed, printed in Van Dyke brown. Upon the invitation page proper is shown a birdseye view of Notre Dame from a new drawing. The engraving is superior to the ones commonly found upon invitations, and gives a good idea of the general appearance and arrangement of the college buildings. E. A. Wright, of Philadelphia, by whom the work was done, is to be congratulated upon the appearance of the invitations—they are models of the printer's art.

—The SCHOLASTIC Staff for '94-'95 is now organized, and the new editors will make their introductory bow in the next number. The retiring editorial force place the greatest confidence in their successors, and can assure the friends of our journal that it will be in good hands. Through the courtesy of the new editors the Staff of '94 will appear once more before the public, and then make their exit with best wishes for the success of those who come after them. The following gentlemen compose the new editorial board: James J. Fitzgerald, B. L., '93, Law, '95; James A. McKee, A. B., '93, Law, '95; Daniel V. Casey, Lit., '95; Thos. D. Mott, Law, '95; Daniel P. Murphy, Clas., '95; Eustace Cullinan, Clas., '95; Samuel Walker, Clas., '95; Michael Ryan, Clas., '95; Joseph Marmon, Lit., '95; Arthur P. Hudson, Lit., '93; Hugh C. Mitchell, C. E., '95; Nicholas Dinkel, S., '95; Michael J. Ney, S., '97.

—The athletic editor is silent this week; but while Field-day is still fresh in the minds of all, we would like to make a suggestion to the coming generation. Medals are all very well in their way; but when it comes to giving them for third and fourth places and even for second, it is time to draw the line. Why not make up two athletic teams, one from each of the Halls, and let them go into the contest, not for the medals, but for the honor of the Halls they represent. Except for baseball and football, athletics are dead at Notre Dame, because there is no incentive to train for the events on Field-day. Of course the best thing to do would be to have an athletic team at the inter-collegiate contest; but as that seems to be impossible, the Sorin and Brownson teams would be the next best thing. The scheme may sound Utopian; but we are confident that there is enough spirit and pride in every student to make him want his Hall to win. It will be an honor to represent his fellows, and there will be no lack of candidates to make up the team. We commend our plan to the Executive Committee; if it were adopted there would be no more worry or anxiety over the money to pay for the medals, there would be more competition at our annual games, and there would be more records smashed on Field-day.

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We shall publish in our next issue the college yell to be used on occasions of games, etc.

## The Choice of a Profession.

THE young man about to choose a profession should consider well the prerequisites necessary to succeed in the different vocations open to him, and adopt the calling best suited to his taste, ability and attainments. It is true that all professions, except those of a mechanical nature, are overcrowded to such an extent that when visiting any considerable city one must wonder how the myriads of doctors, attorneys at law, and aspirants to literary honors eke out an existence; but no matter how crowded the lower walks of these professions may be, there is always room at the top for the young man of ambition and ability.

A furtive glance into the private life of many would-be professional men reveals dire distress; their domestic environments lack even many of the luxuries of the ordinary bread-winner. It is certain that most of these men have adopted the wrong calling; nature intended them for blacksmiths, carpenters, farmers, mechanics and shop-keepers; but for want of proper advice and judgment they have injudiciously entered a mistaken calling, and imagine that there are laurels awaiting them in the rose-tinted future.

Certain men are created, with sufficient mental endowments, to fill the rostrum, the forum and the cabinet; while others are intended to follow the plow and wield the mechanic's hammer. There are countless failures occasioned by men adopting the wrong vocation. No better argument can be advanced in support of this than the fact that in the ranks of Coxey's "Army," which is now plodding on to Washington, foot-sore and heart-sick, on a fruitless mission, there are scores of disappointed professional men, far past that period of life when they should have a competence laid by for declining years. In many cases the failures of these unfortunate men may be traced directly to injudicious advice on the part of parents: many mothers and fathers insist that their dear boy shall be a minister, a doctor, or a lawyer, whereas the lad may have a head as hard as a rock, a mind as stagnant as the Chicago river, and an aptitude for driving a milk wagon, or running a saw-mill.

That homely old adage "you can't make a silk purse out of a sow's ear" may be used in this connection with peculiar significance; for unless a young man has an innate aptitude,

and the requisite ability for a profession, he will never succeed in it, no matter how much he may be coached by his parents, or caressed in the lap of fortune.

No: we were not all born to be great divines, great medical men, eminent jurists, or United States senators; some of us must take care of the mechanical arts. But there appears at the present time to be a popular prejudice entertained by young men against entering upon the mechanical pursuits. The average young man despises the soiled hands of the artisan, and regards such an occupation as degrading; he labors under the vain delusion that such an employment is too ignoble for him to engage in. After wasting the golden days of youth in search of mythical glory, he finally awakens afar down the stream of time, becomes sensible of his untenable position, steps down and joins the horny-handed sons of toil.

The mechanical pursuits are in nowise overcrowded. All skilled workmen are very well paid, and in fact there is at the present time a scarcity of competent mechanics. It is to be hoped that with the dying knell of the nineteenth century will also expire this preposterous tendency of young men to rush into and swell the already overcrowded ranks of the professions to the utter abandonment of the mechanical pursuits.

Almost every young man is biassed in favor of some one of the long list of occupations, and that one he should follow, no matter how menial it may appear to others or how lightly it may be spoken of by them. If he has a tendency to be a fiddler let him follow that calling. If he sets his mind upon the highest position in the universe let him persevere to the attainment of that place; but let him bear in mind that the life of a well-fed shoe-cobbler is more acceptable than that of a half-starved doctor. Whatever calling he adopts, let him recollect that there are two mighty factors, known as self-activity and perseverance, which have helped more men to reach the goal of success than all the natural talent they ever possessed.

Success may be personified as a coy maiden whose sweetest smiles are finally won by a sincere and assiduous lover; but she is one of those rational darlings who sit like the sphinx and disdain the insincere motives of the trifler. In a word, *honesty of purpose*, *self-activity* and *perseverance* are the true elements by which a young man may hope to accomplish any undertaking, and without these he need not

expect to be successful; to look for a favorable outcome when these essentials to success are wanting would be as rational as to seek daylight in the darkest corner of the Wyandotte Cave.

M. J. NEY.

#### The Solemnity of Corpus Christi.

SUNDAY was certainly a day of days at Notre Dame. It looked as though the Ages of Faith had returned again. It was the day set apart for the First Communion, and at eight o'clock the old *Bourbon* rang out as the procession, led by the University Band and made up of the students of the four Halls and the three military companies, escorted the reverend clergy and the class—about twenty in number—from the college parlor to the church. It was a solemn and impressive scene, and brought back to everyone the memory of that other day, the happiest of his life, when he received for the first time his Lord in the Holy Eucharist.

Solemn High Mass was celebrated by the Very Rev. President, with Fathers French and Regan as deacon and subdeacon. After the Gospel, Father French addressed the Communicants, and his sermon was one of the most touching we have ever heard. Always a heart-stirring preacher, he outdid himself on this occasion, and it would be hard to say which was the more moved the speaker or his audience. And as the Holy Sacrifice went on and the choir took up the strains of the "Hosanna," the Mass seemed more solemn and grander and more thrillingly beautiful than ever before. And when these "little ones" of Christ ascended the altar-steps and received the Body of their Lord for the first time, the eyes of many of the students were wet with the tears of sweet remembrance.

The Mass was *Coram Sacratissimo* it being the Sunday within the Octave of Corpus Christi; and after it was ended Benediction was given, and the first of the day's events was over.

The sun had smiled upon the First Communicants, but it was not so kind to the pilgrims from St. Hedwige's Church, South Bend. They had determined to honor by a pilgrimage the Blessed Virgin, the "Queen of Poland," the country without an earthly queen. Even by half-past nine, an hour before the time set, fully a thousand Poles had assembled in front of the church; but it was not until after ten that the

greater part of the pilgrims arrived. Led by their good pastor, Father Cyzewski, to whose zeal and devotion the pilgrimage was due, they marched up from the city in a body, singing hymns, chanting the Litany of Loreto and reciting the rosary. There must have been three thousand men, women and children in line, and when they were all in the church they filled it right up to the sanctuary rails. Solemn Mass was celebrated by Father Cyzewski assisted by Revs. A. M. Kirsch and T. Corbett as deacon and subdeacon. Father Raczynski preached a sermon of Her in whose honor the pilgrimage was made. The Mass was sung by St. Hedwige's choir and the music was very beautiful. After the close of Mass the pilgrims streamed homeward, but it was quite three o'clock before the last of them had left the college grounds.

All the morning, in spite of the threatening weather, busy hands had been at work erecting arches and decking altars for the Corpus Christi procession of the afternoon. There were three repositories—one on the porch of the main building, one at the Novitiate and a third on Mount Calvary. The first was that of the students—their own—and it was fairly banked with flowers. The splendid red of the peonies, the pale gold of the Marechal Niels and the delicate pink of La France roses formed a background that was strikingly beautiful. The porch was draped with costly stuffs, and palms and calla lilies filled all the space about the altar. Leading the repository the steps were banked with ferns and palms.

Thither, at four o'clock, the procession took its way. First came the students, preceded by the cross-bearer and acolytes, then the Brothers, the Military, the Band and then, a guard of honor to the clergy and their Lord, the First Communicants. Under a canopy of cloth of gold, the Very Rev. Provincial bore the ostensorium with the consecrated Host. As they left the church the Band took up the strains of the "Pange, Lingua," and with bowed heads and uplifted hearts, the throng moved on. After the canopy came the Sisters and the people of the Congregation. The first stop was made at the college altar. Benediction was given, and while the Sacred Host was raised on high to bless the kneeling multitude a peal of guns rang out a solemn salute to the King of kings. The procession then wound about St. Joseph's Lake; it stopped at the Novitiate, proceeded to Calvary, returned to the church, and the day was ended.

## Field-Day.

FIELD-DAY has come and gone. It was eagerly looked forward to by aspirants to recognition in field athletics. Taking into consideration the adverse circumstances under which the different events took place, it remains a noteworthy fact that the Field-day of '94 has been a decided success.

All the contestants suffered, more or less, from the deleterious influence of a raw and chilly day. No records were broken, but the different events recorded have set a standard that will seemingly be as hard to raise as it was unexpected by those who took into consideration all the circumstances of the different events. Long before the hour set down for the commencement of the feats of skill and brawn, visitors began to arrive, and were soon a part of a brilliant picture of animation. Students in gala attire thronged the velvety sward, some extending cordial greetings to their visiting friends, others warmly arguing over the respective merits of some of the competitors. The threatening aspect of the sky, while it deterred many lovers of manly sport from attending, had no effect on the spirit of the different contestants; nor did the enthusiasm of the spectators abate one iota. The officials of the day showed a laudable desire to do everything that might tend to bring about the condition of affairs which all true lovers of sport hoped to see. To their efficient management was attributable the smoothness and rapidity with which the events were disposed of. A number of ladies, friends of the competitors, from South Bend, Niles, Laporte and the neighboring cities, graced the points of vantage and added to the gala air of the occasion. Their enthusiasm and graceful encouragement did much to nerve the contestants to victory.

A nipping northeast gale that defied the mellowing rays of the sun was not enough to chill the enthusiasm of the aspirants for field-day honors. The events were scheduled for 1.30; but it was long after that hour when Starter Jewett sent Krembs ( $10\frac{1}{2}$ ) and Sinnott off, in the first trial heat of the 100 yards, Handicap. The cheering of the crowd was deafening when Krembs crossed the tape, in 10 2-5, four feet in front of his opponent. This put Sinnott, the scratch man, out of the race. In the second trial heat Gibson (scratch) was pushed hard by Keough (8) and won in 10 4-5 by two feet. The trial heat of the handicap, between Gibson and

Krembs ( $6\frac{1}{2}$ ) was the most interesting event on the program. Krembs was off first, and led until the 50 yards mark was reached; here, Gibson closed up rapidly, but his efforts were of no avail; for Krembs rushed out and won easily in 10 1-5. It took some time to get the novices off in proper shape for the first trial. From the crack of the pistol, Cooke led the field by two feet, winning in 11 1-5; Coolidge, second; Clark, third. In the second trial heat, Dinkel got off first, and won in 11 seconds, beating Campbell out by two feet; Ryan a poor third. In the final heat of the novices' Hundred Yards Dash Dinkel won easily in 10 2-5; Campbell, second; Cooke, third.

The next event on the program was throwing the baseball. The entries were not many, but the contestants were men of no little ability. The fact that they were compelled to throw against a strong wind is undoubtedly the cause of such a poor showing. Gibson won, throwing 296 feet, 7 inches; Schmidt, second, 281 feet; Stack, third, 280 feet 6 inches.

In the 220 yards run Dinkel was put back two yards in his eagerness to get off well. Everyone expected Sinnott to break the track record, but the turn seemed too much for him. He covered the distance in 23 3-5 seconds—remarkably good time, considering the day; Gibson, second; Dinkel, third.

Interest began to grow intense when the five contestants in the five-mile bicycle race were slowly pushed up to the tape by their respective starters. The report of the pistol was soon heard, and from hundreds of throats came the cry "They're off!" Thorn fell at the start; but hastily remounting, he started after the flying leaders. Clark went to the front, setting a fast pace; he misjudged the turn and went off the track, badly injuring his wheel and retiring from the race. Campbell now went to the front, and it seemed as if he had the race at his mercy. Thorn fell again in the seventh lap. But Oliver had his eye on the flying leader, and in the remaining seven laps gradually closed up the large gap with Grady a hard hanger on; Blanchard bringing up the rear. In the last lap Oliver made a spurt and overtook Campbell in the last half, winning easily in 17 minutes 36 seconds; Campbell, second; Grady, a close third; Blanchard, fourth, Thorn having dropped out in the ninth lap.

In the mile run, the time was slow; but Fitzgerald finished strong with plenty up his sleeve; and if he had been pushed, no doubt the time would be lowered by many seconds;



Foley, second; Gordon, third; Maguire dropped out in the last lap. Time, 5 minutes 35 seconds.

For the ninth event, the attention of the spectators was drawn from the track to the centre of the field to witness the Putting of the Shot and Throwing the Hammer. Dinkel won both events. In the former he put the shot 33 feet 11 inches; Covert, second, with 32 feet 9 inches; DuBrul, third, with 32 feet 4 inches. In the latter event, Dinkel threw the hammer 73 feet 1 inch; Chidester, second, with 70 feet 5 inches; Schillo, third, with 70 feet 1 inch.

In the 440 yards run Starter Jewett sent off a field of four with an excellent spurt. Dinkel went to the front as a pacemaker, passing the 220 yards in 28 seconds. Sinnott gradually closed on him, winning easily in 54 seconds; Dinkel, second; Gibson, third.

In the hop-step-and-jump, the contestants were somewhat handicapped by an arrangement which, though, according to the rules, was something new to the boys. Burns won, making 38 feet  $8\frac{3}{4}$  inches; Vignos, second, 38 feet 4 inches; Dougan, third, 37 feet 9 inches.

The Running Broad Jump was awarded to Krembs who covered 18 feet 4 inches.

The 120 yard hurdle race was one of the best events of the day. Gibson equalling the time made last year, going the distance in 18 seconds without knocking down a hurdle; Keough, second; Coolidge, a close third.

The pole vault (for height) was somewhat poorer than the previous events—due, no doubt, to the tired condition of the men. The stock of poles became exhausted, and the men were compelled to vault with short or broken poles. Krembs, first, 8 feet 4 inches; Beyer, second, 8 feet 2 inches; Chidester, third, 8 feet.

Messrs. O'Mara and Pendleton gave a clever exhibition of fancy and trick bicycle riding.

In the evening the lucky contestants assembled in the Brownson reading-room to receive their well-merited rewards. As each fortunate competitor's name was called, he shyly stepped forward to receive the result of his well-earned effort. Miss Clara Katzski, of Chicago, pinned the medals upon the stalwart bosoms of the knights of the field, and Field-day was ended.

\* \* \*

The high jump, which was postponed last Wednesday on account of the lateness of the hour, took place on Friday morning. Dinkel added another to his many victories by jumping 5 feet 2 inches; Walker, second, with 5 feet  $1\frac{1}{2}$  inches; Vignos, third, with 5 feet. After the contest, Walker and Dinkel jumped for a

record, Walker going 5 feet 3 inches. The following is a summary of the games:

*One Hundred Yards Handicap*—Won by E. Krembs; L. Gibson, second; R. B. Sinnott, third. Time, 10 1-5 secs.

*One Hundred Yards Dash (Novice)*—Won by N. Dinkel; A. W. Campbell, second; J. J. Cook, third. Time, 10 2-5 seconds.

*Throwing Ball*—Won by L. Gibson, with a throw of 296 feet 7 inches; O. Schmidt, second, with 281 feet; R. Stack, third, with 280 feet 6 inches.

*Five Mile Bicycle Race*—Won by Burton Oliver; A. Campbell, second; W. Grady, third. Time, 17 minutes, 36 seconds.

*Two Hundred and Twenty Yards Run*—Won by R. B. Sinnott; L. Gibson, second; N. Dinkel, third. Time, 23 3-5 seconds.

*One Mile Run*—Won by C. Fitzgerald; P. Foley, second; J. Gordon, third. Time, 5 minutes 35 seconds.

*Putting Sixteen Pound Shot*—Won by N. Dinkel, with a throw of 33 feet 11 inches; G. Covert, second, with 32 feet 9 inches; E. DuBrul, third, with 30 feet, 4 inches.

*Throwing Sixteen Pound Hammer*—Won by N. Dinkel, with a throw of 73 feet 1 inch; A. Chidester, second, with 70 feet 5 inches; F. Schillo, third, with 70 feet 1 inch.

*Four Hundred and Forty Yards Run*—Won by R. Sinnott; N. Dinkel, second; L. Gibson, third. Time, 54 secs.

*Hop-Step-and-Jump*—Won by W. Burns, with 38 feet  $8\frac{3}{4}$  inches; A. Vignos, second, with 38 feet 4 inches; R. Dougan, third, with 37 feet 9 inches.

*Running Broad Jump*—Won by E. Krembs, with a jump of 18 feet 4 inches; W. Burns, second, with 17 feet 6 inches; A. Campbell, third, with 16 feet 6 inches.

*One Hundred Twenty Yards Hurdle Race*—Won by L. Gibson; F. Keough, second; A. Coolidge, third. Time, 18 seconds.

*Pole Vault*—Won by E. Krembs with a jump of 8 feet 4 inches; H. Beyer, second, with 8 feet 2 inches; A. Chidester, third, with 8 feet.

*Running High Jump*—Won by N. Dinkel by a jump of 5 feet 2 inches; S. Walker, second, with 5 feet  $1\frac{1}{2}$  inches; A. Vignos, third, with 5 feet.

#### Local Items.

—It didn't rain a drop on Thursday.

—LOST—Bunch of keys. Return to R. Dougan.

—Triple competitions will begin next week.

—The boat-house is being set in order for the races.

—The number of Poles here last Sunday was prodigious.

—Curley is an industrious and persevering barker, to say the least.

—The contest for the Elocution medals will be held on the 13th inst.

—It is time for the Sorins to arrange for Commencement badges.

—June opens out with very favorable prospects for fair "rec" days.

—The Hoynes' Light Guards held a dress parade on Memorial Day.

—Straw hats and overcoats were in picturesque contrast all the week.

—Only three weeks more, boys. Brace up and pass good examinations.

—The great advantage of tanned shoes is that they require no blacking.



—Business is rushing at the shops. Our genial tailor has his hands full.

—Lost—A valuable knife. Finder please return to W. Kegler, Carroll Hall.

—A man who would refer to Leo as a rat-dog is plainly no judge of dogs or rats.

—The new style of coats are tell-tale. But there's no telling where the tail will end.

—The Varsity team will play the University of Minnesota team here next Friday, June 8.

—We hear that the cross on the steeple of the church is to be framed with electric lights.

—You never saw a prettier colt than one they have at the farm now. The proprietor feels big over him.

—The Carroll and St. Edward's Hall field-sports were held Friday, but too late to report in this issue.

—The weather prophets, of whom there is a large number at Notre Dame, have been under the weather themselves.

—Keep off the grass, darling, keep off the grass. In other words, stray not from the cement walks as you pass.

—It did not rain, for once, notwithstanding the fact that all the wiseacres had predicted it. Possibly that is the reason why it didn't.

—The crews are training hard for the annual regatta. In addition to the work done on the lake, the men take long runs every morning.

—Yesterday, the Feast of the Sacred Heart and the first Friday of the month, the Catholic students received Holy Communion in a body.

—The medal for the "red-hot" contest has not yet been awarded. The decision of the referee is awaited with a great deal of anxiety by all concerned.

—The Professor of Biology has been taking out-door photographs. No one has a keener eye for beautiful bits of scenery than Father Kirsch, and his work is unsurpassed.

—The essays in competition for the English medal must be handed in to the Rev. Director of Studies by next Wednesday, the 6th inst. They must be type-written.

—The "Never-Sweats" will hold a meeting next Thursday morning in the reading-room, at which all members are requested to be present. Business of vital moment to the Association will be transacted.

—Wednesday morning the Carroll Specials played a game of ball with the Varsity "Antis." The last inning was not finished on account of dinner. At the end of the eighth inning the score was 14 to 8 in favor of the Carrolls.

—One of the finest arches ever seen on Corpus Christi at Notre Dame was erected opposite the Professed House. It was a veritable arch of triumph, and reflects great credit upon the artistic skill and devotion of Bro. Alphonsus.

—The cemetery never looked so well as now,

with its new iron fencing, well-kept walks, and flower-strewn mounds. Our God's Acre is an ideal spot. It catches the last rays of the setting sun which seem to linger as in their waning.

—Miss Grace Garrity, of Chicago, presented the First Communion class with a cake, excellent in quality and abundant in quantity. The members declare it was angels' food, and rested lightly on their souls. They return sincere thanks for the kind gift.

—The Oratorical Contest will take place next Wednesday, June 6. The following have entered, and will speak in the order named: Thomas D. Mott (Sorin), Law, '95; Hugh A. O'Donnell (Sorin), Lit., '94; M. J. McGarry (Sorin), Law, '94; James J. Ryan (Brownson), Law, '95.

—The Carroll baseball team is composed of the following men:

J. La Moure, p. and capt.	
A. Carney, c.	J. Lannigan, 1st b.
A. N. Davis, 2d b.	C. Fleming, 3d b.
J. Shillington, s.s.	A. Druecker, l. f.
O. Wright, c. f.	F. Cornell, r. f.

Captain La Moure is now ready for business, and does not intend to toy with any club. St. Joseph Hall and the so-called "Anti-Specials" had better look to their laurels.

—The Carrolls beat the Brownson Hall men in football last fall, and later on, in handball, showing them that they were not novices at the game. It only remains now for other clubs to play a series of baseball games with them to show their superiority in this sport also. Will the Brownson men accept this challenge?

#### A NEW STYLE "TANK DRAMA."

They are gone. No loss so keenly felt, so hard to bear, and we are hopeless of recovery. They were but boxes of sheet iron, 'tis true, upholstered in white lead and pencil marks, with here and there a dash of crimson ink, by gentle courtesy called water tanks, but guiltless of the liquid purity that shines and shimmers by the boat-house pier. They filled them once, traditions say, when first they came fresh from the tinner's hand, untouched by paint or Fabers No. 2; but of the *aqua pura* they contained no one did care to drink. 'Twas bitter, they averred, as hemlock juice, or as the powder cruel doctors give when one has too much eaten. And so they stood—those patient water-tanks—for many weary days and nights and never-ending months, unnoticed by the crowds that hurried by, or scoffed at by the heartless multitude; but rescue to the patient comes at last. One evening, just at half-past nine, the while the lights of 16-candle power were dwindling to the dimness of the fire-fly's lamp, a youth with curly locks and freckles huge, and eyes fast fixed upon the prefect's door, did lift one of those unoffending water tanks from its pedestal of half-inch pine and cast it down the rubber coated stairs.

And as the thunder of the theatre doth roar

when "supes" are extra-muscular, the rumble of that tank did sound through Sorin's learned halls. Forth from their rooms the half-clad scholars rush, and ask with bated breath "who dumped it off?" and back again, for steps are on the stairs and notes to be avoided. Their laughter was not loud, but deep in secret session with fast-bolted doors. And ere the noon was come again the tanks were gone, vanished from off the earth, and quiet reigns.

—A gentleman who numbers a host of friends was the happy owner, a short time ago, of a box of unadulterated nigger-heel Virginia stogies. The box was an immense one, and he counted on many a pleasant post-prandial whiff. His friends on previous occasions, when he was fairly well stocked with the weed, were remarkable for their flocking propensities, and had a happy way of paying him a visit when he was not at home; and on such calls they patronized his boxes. Their devotion to him was strong while his stock lasted, and he was not in. He determined to out-wit them by securing a brand that would warn off all trespassers on his bounty; and so he secured the stogies. He had fortified *himself* against nausea by liberal doses of tannic acid and asafoetida until he was able to stand even wagon jack. Stogies were to him a delight. Whilst inhaling their fragrant odor he pictured a brilliant future for a *magnum opus* he is about to perpetrate upon the public, and invented new designs for tables and book-cases and inkstands to assist him in his labors. Stogies were his solace and comfort. He thought their quality a sufficient guarantee of their safety; but he has discovered, to his sorrow, that he reckoned without his Damon. Among his friends was one who by long practice on twofers had lost all taste for tobacco, and welcomed anything that burned and gave smoke. This individual scented the stogies afar; and one night, when the owner was absent and nothing was heard but the mournful cry of the frog chanting a lullaby to the mock-turtle, in company with a confederate, he pounced upon the unsuspecting weeds, filled his hampers and ignominiously fled. Emboldened by his first robbery, he returned again and again to the poor Virginias. But he was detected at last. Had he kept far from the haunts of men and taken to the woods when smoking the villainous narcotizers he might have escaped conviction; but in an evil moment he dared to puff within the confines of civilization, and for this there was no mercy. The aroma that pleased him so much was bitterness and burned rope to his associates, and they had no pity upon him. He was placed in solitary confinement, but escaped and is now at large. Beware of him! He issues occasionally from his hiding place and forages for supplies. Keep your Maduras and Havanas in a strong box; he has the power to go through iron and steel in search of "sedatives."

### Roll of Honor.

#### SORIN HALL.

Messrs. Ahlrichs, Crawley, Corry, Devanney, DuBrul, F. Eyanson, J. Fitzgerald, J. Flannery, H. Mitchell, C. Mitchell, McCarrick, McFadden, Murphy, J. McGarry, Mott, F. Powers, Pritchard, T. Quinlan, Ryan, Scherrer, Schopp, Walker.

#### BROWNSON HALL.

Messrs. Arce, Brinker, Barrett, Beyer, W. Bates, Burns, Barton, Baldwin, Browne, Cullinan, P. Campbell, Corry, Crane, Callahan, Covert, Cooke, Chassaing, Coolidge, F. Dillon, A. Dillon, Fagan, Foley, Feeney, Gordon, Gilmartin, N. Gibson, L. Gibson, Garesche, Golden, Halligan, Hinde, Herman, Hennessy, Harris, Hennebry, Hesse, Johnson, Kerndt, Kennedy, Kirby, Karasynski, Kelly, Kortas, Ludwig, Maynes, Moore, Maguire, Moloney, Mott, Murray, Marmon, Mithen, Markum, Moxley, Manchester, Ney, Oliver, G. Puls-kamp, F. Pulskamp, Palmer, Perkins, Ruppe, Roby, Smith, Spalding, Slevin, Sullivan, Stace, Smoger, Spengler, Turner, Tinnin, Welty, Weaver, Wilkin, Wagner, Wiss, White, Walker, Zeitler.

#### CARROLL HALL.

Messrs. Alber, Austin, Arnold, Bloomfield, Burns, Bacon, Banholzer, Benson, Benz, Clarke, Connor, Cornell, Coolidge, Clendenin, Chauvet, C. Cullen, T. Cullen, Chase, Corby, J. Ducey, A. Ducey, Dannemiller, Dalton, Dilger, Druecker, Davis, Foley, Fennessy, Farley, Fox, Forbing, Fleming, Franke, J. Goldstein, Hurley, Howell, Hutchinson, Healy, Hoban, Howard, Harding, Jones, Krollman, Kegler, Kasper, Lanagan, Ludwig,\* Lantry, LaMoure, Lohner, Lee, Lansdowne, Lowrey, Lippman, Maurer, Munzesheimer, J. Murphy, E. Murphy, T. Murphy, Monahan, Miles, Miers, F. Morris, W. Morris, Massey, Mills, J. Miller, L. Miller, John McPhillips, McShane, McDermott, McCarrick, McKenzie, McCord, J. Naughton, D. Naughton, J. H. O'Neill, J. J. O'Neill, O'Mara, O'Brien, Patier, Pendleton, Pim, Phillips, Romero, Rockey, Reinhard, Roesing, Swift, Strassheim, Stearns, Sparks, Strong, Sullivan, Swigart, Tinnen, Trankle, Taylor, Teresa, Tempel, Tuohy, J. Treber, W. Treber, Wilcox, Waters, Whitehead, H. Wilson, R. Wilson, O. Wright, D. Wright, Wachtler, 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, Cross, Christ, Catchpole, Caruthers, Corry, Curry, Cressy, Cassidy, F. Campau, D. Campau, A. Coquillard, J. Coquillard, Corcoran, Crandall, Clune, Coolidge, C. Dawson, J. Dawson, Davidson, Devine, E. Dugas, G. Dugas, Durand, Dalton, Englehardt, Elliott, Everest, Egan, Feltenstein, Flynn, Freeman, Fortune, Finnerty, Girsch, M. Garrity, L. Garrity, Gimble, Green, Goff, Graff, Healy, Ral Higgins, Roy Higgins, J. Higgins, Hershey, B. Hess, R. Hess, F. Hess, Ives, Jonquet, A. King, K. King, Kilgallen, Kelly, Langley, Lohner, Lawton, McGinley, McPhee, McCorry, McElroy, McIntyre, E. McCarthy, Eug. McCarthy, G. McCarthy, J. McCarthy, R. McCarthy, McGushin, Morehouse, Moxley, Minnigerode, Noonan, B. Nye, C. Nye, Otero, O'Neill, Ortey, Perea, W. Pollitz, H. Pollitz, L. Rasche, H. Rasche, Romero, Robb, Ryan, Rohrbach, Roesing, Shipp, Steele, W. Scherrer, G. Scherrer, Simm, Schneider, Shillington, Swan, Terhune, L. Thompson, U. Thompson, Thomas, Taylor, Wells, Wagner, York.

\* Omitted by mistake last week.