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## The Contest.

### I.

#### *Francis and Poverty.*

**P**RIDE glared before him, clawing at the earth,  
And Avarice sucking life from Italy;  
The beasts that Dante saw—the horrid three  
That barred his path, and others of vile birth—  
Were rampant near St. Francis; no sweet mirth  
Was heard from those he loved in poverty.  
His dearest poor were hopeless—slaves, yet free  
To curse and die; their lives had little worth:  
“Christ gave Himself, and thou thyself must give,”  
Said the Low Voice to Francis. “Give thy all;  
Not richest silks, nor pearls and gems that shine,  
But all thy soul and body—that may live  
The poor who perish; hear thy Lady’s call!”  
And Francis answered, “Lady, I am thine.”

### II.

#### *Frederick and the World.*

Rose-light and perfume and the flash of gold,  
Most splendid raiment and the metred song,  
And Lady Luxury and a venal throng  
Of cringing courtiers, easy bought and sold,  
Yet glib with Eastern lore. The curved sea rolled  
Beside the marble terrace, while along  
Danced sirens singing for the thronèd Wrong,  
Sicilian Frederick, subtle, sensual, bold.  
“Wealth rules the world, and rules the world with me;  
Knowledge is mine, and learning deep is power;  
Ah, Galilean! I will grasp thy part.”  
Thus spake the Emperor of Sicily.  
The fight is done; the world and culture’s Flower  
Were vanquished by St. Francis—and a heart!  
MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN in *The Catholic World*.

PATIENCE and kindness are most meritorious virtues, based upon the love of God, and characteristic of the perfect man, the follower of Christ and the saints,

## Pathos in Literature.

JOHN S. SCHOPP, '94.

### II.—CONCLUSION.

In our previous remarks we have considered the various conditions under which effective pathos may be evoked. It may be well now to illustrate the peculiar quality of which we have been treating by a few choice examples from the treasury of human wisdom and knowledge.

The epic poem is the most dignified and, at the same time, the most difficult in execution. Of all poetical works Homer claims our first attention, as he is the father of epic poetry. The distinguishing merits of Homeric poetry are its fire and simplicity. He has drawn with singular art such delicate characters as Helen and Andromache. Homer never introduces Helen without making her say something to awaken our sympathy, while he carefully contrasts her mixed and frail nature with that of the virtuous, chaste and tender Andromache, the wife of Hector. How admirably has not Homer described the parting scene between Hector and his wife and child! The father silently looks on his boy, and smiles; Andromache in tears clings to her husband, and makes a pathetic appeal to him not to expose needlessly a life so dear to her and the child. She adds the touching words which Pope has made so popular:

“But while my Hector still survives, I see  
My father, mother, brother, all in thee.”

If the excellences of the “Iliad” are simplicity and fire, those of the “Æneid” are elegance and

tenderness. Virgil is less animated and sublime than Homer; but he has shown greater variety and more dignity and refinement. He was, above all, endowed with an exquisite sensibility which made him feel the affecting scenes he describes. By a single touch he knows how to reach the heart. In the second book, where Æneas relates the fall of Troy, Virgil seems to have expended the whole strength of his genius. The burning and sacking of the fated city are skilfully mingled with pathetic and touching incidents. The despairing words of Panthus, the comrade of Æneas, have a pathos which has made them well known to all classical readers. No English idiom could express with equal brevity and force the Latin "Fuimus Troes":

"We have been Trojans—Troy has been;  
She sat, but sits no more a queen."

What a beautiful picture, too, has not Virgil given us in the fate and death of the unhappy Priam. The old king with useless sword totters forth to meet his foes; while the ruthless son of Achilles drags him to the altar, and mercilessly slays him.

Dante's "Divina Commedia" is too full of symbolism to admit of such beauties as pathos:

"The philosopher of poets, he is the poet of  
philosophers."

A passage may be found occasionally which has the quality I speak of. The embracing of Paolo and Francesca, related in the "Inferno," makes the scene pathetic.

The most sublime of the world's great epic poems is Milton's "Paradise Lost." In this quality, perhaps, it excels even Homer; for it possesses more of a calm and undying grandeur, while the "Iliad" warms and hurries us along. Still, we find scattered through the "Paradise Lost" occasional glimpses of the tender and the touching. The remorse and contrition of Adam and Eve after their fall and their consequent expulsion from Paradise, are very affecting. Yet, even when tasting the first fruits of bitterness, as they had of bliss, their tears are "such as angels weep." The pathos here is of a mild and contemplative kind, which arises from the thought of the inevitable fate.

Tragedy, considered as a means of depicting character, is the noblest idea of poetry. It is a direct imitation of human manners and actions. No sort of writing has more power to raise the strongest and deepest emotions. Its great end is to affect the heart; and the heart judges more delicately than the imagination of what

is probable. To paint passion so truly as to strike the reader with full sympathy is a power of genius given to few. It requires a deeply sensitive nature. There is no possibility of speaking properly the language of passion without feeling it. It is always plain and simple. The Greek tragedians, Sophocles and Euripides, are very successful in this part of literature. In their pathetic scenes we find no unnatural refinement. They set before us the simple and direct feelings of nature, and therefore they seldom fail to touch the heart. Nothing, for instance, can be more affecting than the address which Medea, in Euripides, makes to her children, when she had determined on putting them to death. There is nothing more natural than the conflict which the poet describes her as suffering on that occasion. The female characters of Sophocles are perhaps worthier of admiration than those of his rival; but the hand that created an Antigone, Dejanira and Tecmessa drew ideal heroines; that of Euripides painted human beings, creatures with strong passions, yet stronger affections, with a deep sense of duty—women who may be esteemed and loved, sharing heroically, sympathizing tenderly, with the sorrows of their fellow sufferers. We may mention here the affectionate and pathetic farewell scene in "The Death of Ajax" by Sophocles. Turning to Nature, to the familiar plains of Troy, Ajax breaks forth in the most tender words, as the sweet and bitter memories of the past crowd upon him—his promises of glory are so soon cut short, the hopes of vengeance entirely frustrated. His heart is melted within him at the sight of his innocent child and the appealing address of his wife Tecmessa. Yet it was in vain. Ajax has gone forth to take one last look at the sunlight. Falling upon his sword, he puts an end to his life.

That the pathetic is the soul of tragedy, Shakspeare has evidently shown in the soul-stirring dramas of "King Lear" and "Othello." "King Lear," on the whole, is the one drama which best illustrates the measure of Shakspeare's genius. The character of Cordelia is the most tender and touching in Shakspeare's plays. It is against the original grain of her nature to talk much about what she feels and what she intends. Where her feelings are deepest, there her tongue is most silent. She "cannot heave her heart into her mouth," for the simple reason that she has so much of it. And there is a virgin delicacy in genuine and deep feeling, that causes it to keep in the background of the

drama; to be heard rather in its effects than openly and directly. It is in this remoteness, I take it, this gift of presence without appearance, that the secret of her power mainly consists. The uses of the proper language of the mind when, bending over her child-hang'd father, she invokes Restoration to "hang his medicine on her lips;" or where, kneeling before him, she entreats him to "hold his hands in benediction o'er her." Here, again, "her mouth is too narrow for her heart." I know of no one with whom to compare Cordelia. "Formed for all sympathies, moved by all tenderness, prepared for all suffering," we seem almost to hear her sighs, as she hovers, like a ministering angel, over her reviving father. The vision sinks sweetly and quietly into the heart to be treasured up and never to be forgotten.

In herself, Desdemona is not more interesting than several others of the poet's women; but perhaps none of the others is in a condition so proper for developing the innermost springs of pathos. In her character and suffering there is a nameless something that haunts the reader's mind, and hangs like a spell of compassionate sorrow upon the beatings of his heart. His thoughts revert to her and linger about her, as under the mysterious fascination of a pity which he cannot shake off, and which is only kept from being painful by the sacred charm of beauty that blends with the feeling while kindling it. Deep and intense as is the feeling that goes with the heroine, Othello fairly divides it with her. The virtues and sufferings of each are so managed as to heighten the interest of the other. When he approaches the dreadful task he does it in the bitterness as well as calmness of despair. Well may we ask with Coleridge: "As the curtain drops, which do we pity most?"

The inquiry has sometimes suggested itself to me: what is the most pathetic figure in story? The fate of Evangeline, the Acadian, always seemed to me the most piteous of all that I knew. The wofulness of the finding of her lover too late has always been impressive. The continued disappointment, the hope not crushed and ended, but continually revived only to be the "hope deferred that maketh the heart sick"—this seemed to me the pity of it. And when we turn to Chaucer, and read his story of patient Griselda, who would not be touched by the pathetic passage where the poor mother meekly suffers the supposed loss of her "children twain?"

"Pray, do not mock me!  
I am a very foolish old woman,  
Four score and upward."

But there is pathos that moves the intellect rather than the source of tears; and to this faculty it has sometimes seemed as if we had meditated on the mournful possibilities of human fate, that nothing can be more sorrowful than the destiny of Tithonus, the Moon's aged and immortal lover, as Tennyson described it:

"The woods decay, the woods decay and fall;  
The vapors weep their burden to the ground.

Me, only, cruel immortality consumes."

Spenser's poetry, unlike Chaucer's, was not active. He is the most poetical of poets. At times he becomes picturesque from his intense love of beauty. His pathos, however, is not that of immediate action or suffering, but that of sentiment and romance, which belongs to distant and imaginary distress.

We admire the works of many poets; but if there be one which all love it is "The Deserted Village." It creates in our mind a vision which existed only in the poet's imagination. It never allows the melancholy of its nature to take too deep a hold on the reader. The glimpses of happiness—even though it be of happiness past—are sufficient sunshine. If there be some deep shadows there are more half tones, and so sweet is the pathos that he who reads the poem wishes to be

"Where is the melancholy guest, and where  
The human beings that once were there.  
Far, far away, thy children leave the land."

The poet alternates between scenes of the past and the gloom of change.

We are all inclined to the pathetic, and may be induced to prize Burns for much of his piercing, and sometimes almost intolerable, pathos. His songs of tenderness—which are exclusively devoted to the gentle affections—are good examples of this. We give precedence to "Highland Mary." Notice the last stanza:

"O pale, pale now, those rosy lips,  
I oft hae kiss'd sae fondly;  
And closed for aye the sparkling glance  
That dwelt on me sae kindly;  
But still within my bosom's core  
Shall live my Highland Mary."

We feel this to be admirable, fresh from the heart. The sadness of love and sorrow, so beautiful and sincere, deter us from whispering a word of aught but sympathy and reverence. It would go beyond the limits of this article to mention all the songs of Burns which are entitled to our consideration. Who does not

know the imperishable verses of "Auld Lang Syne," or "A Perfume to the Violet?"

The style in which Moore excels is where simple tenderness of feeling is expressed with the simplest language without any attempt at ornament. He possesses sensibility, and often succeeds in giving expression to it in a very touching manner, as in the following lines:

"Has sorrow thy young days faded,  
That even in sorrow were sweet?"

Wordsworth, too, has given us some models of songs, examples of deep feeling. There is a beautiful poem of his representing the widowed heart seeking relief in a removal from the scenes of departed happiness, and finding that the softened sorrow of insincere affection is the only enjoyment in a return of those objects which remind it of what it has lost:

"Beside yon spring I stood,  
And eyed its waters till we seemed to feel  
One sadness, they and I."

Among the novelists who have been masters, Thackeray stands pre-eminent. Dickens has overdrawn most of his pathetic scenes and spoiled their effect. Thackeray knew the secret of this quality. There is an anecdote told of him when staying at the Ticknors', his friends, one New Year's eve. He took up a glass of sherry in his hand and, as the twelfth hour struck, arose and said in a trembling voice: "May God protect my motherless daughters and all who have been good to them!" Fiction affords no more beautiful page than the concluding scenes in the life of Colonel Newcome. The description of this good man's death is simple and sublime.

The loss of the pathetic element in literature would be great. With it we lock the door of escape from unendurable compassion; we forbid ourselves ever to contemplate pain without actually sharing it. We lose the medicine for many a sick mind; the spell that recalls without its bitter memory; the mediator that teaches us compassion for many a hated foe. We lose that refuge from the presence of individual sorrow, which is so little the discovery of a civilized age, that the singer, whose words most recall it, is the earliest known to our race, telling us how the obsequies of a hero released the tears they did not cause:

"His loss the plea; the griefs they mourn, their own."

Nor let it be thought that we speak of a merely sentimental loss!

We must at times put sorrow far from us, and contemplate suffering through the soften-

ing medium of thoughts that blend it with hope. What effective pathos is in literature, resignation is in life. Against the vulgarizing tendency of, our age we would gladly see a strong and conscious effort toward the pathetic, being certain that it would encourage not only those circumstances which make literature emotional, but also that it would add to the source of all true humor—as much the friend to true pathos as it is the foe of its vulgar caricature.

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#### An Unanswered Question.

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FROST THORN, '94.

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We have now to consider one of the most difficult questions in literature, namely, what is the difference between Classicism and Romanticism? Many will say: "Pshaw! that is easy to answer." I would like to have that answer. To begin with, the term "classic" is generally applied with reference to ancient times. Is this application correct? It was related to me that a gentleman took his son to an art gallery, where all the charms of Venus were displayed on canvas; the gentleman called the paintings "classic." At his home he had a cigar box with the same Venus on the inside of the lid; but he disdained to look at the picture because, he said, it was not classic. Both the Venuses (allow the anglicized plural) were copies of the same painting. Why was one called classic, the other merely vulgar?

Aristotle laid down three rules, the rules of the three unities of *time*, *place* and *action*. These applied, it seems, to the drama. If the writer observed these unities he wrote classically. But, then, again, the theme must treat of gods, of heroes, of things above the ordinary spheres of life. Passion and strong feeling have no part in a classic drama; the characters must be dignified and reticent; they must be cold, and it was considered as putting them beneath their rank to instil passion and emotion into their souls. Being above mortals they cannot, consequently, feel the same as mortals; they move in a sphere of their own, and are governed by laws too great for the people of earth. If a novel or a drama be written with close consideration of these principles it is classic. Euripides, Sophocles and Æschylus are called classicists. One need but read their dramas to see that they do not adhere to the classic rules.

Homer is called classic; but here, again, the rules fail. Where, then, are we to look for classicism proper—the real classicism, the classicism of Aristotle? Corneille and Racine in the seventeenth century followed closely the rules of Aristotle, as did also the other French dramatists of that time. Voltaire looked on Hamlet as a savage, because Shakspeare had written the play of “Hamlet” with no regard for the three unities. But Victor Hugo did not believe in this way of writing—to be restrained, to keep within certain bounds—consequently, when he wrote he began a revolt against the classic school, and since then classicism has been on the wane, except for a few plays which still hold to the rules. Hugo believed that if a person felt, his feelings should be expressed; and his play was the first to deal openly on the stage with things that had hitherto been universally concealed, and that in a manner that astonished the disciples of Corneille and Racine.

What is the representative classical novel? I should say there is none. At least, if there is, I have never seen or heard of it. It seems that fiction is divided into romances, romantic novels and novels proper. In a romance the incident is the main thing; in a novel, character is to be developed; and in a romantic novel it is six of one and half a dozen of the other.

But after thoroughly sifting the composition of novels, can we not reduce all of them to one class, and call them realistic? Of course, they are not realistic after the manner of Howells, but still, there is something in a great novel—in any work that appeals to humanity—that has, and must have, a natural touch. Scott is called a romance writer, because he dealt with the Middle Ages and chivalry; but would his novels be so popular, so widely read, if they were wholly untrue to nature? Isaac of York corresponds well with our general notion of his race, and Ivanhoe is certainly not all imagination. To write a novel the author must have an understanding of human character, and unless he shows character, and represents the feelings of persons, his work will be neither great nor popular. The rules of Aristotle hold in no instance. When I said that Corneille and Racine were classicists I meant that they were so, as far as *form* is concerned; but they are romantic in spirit. Pope, Addison and Goldsmith were imitators of men who imitated the classicists. Pope's lines are thoroughly classic; but is his spirit classic? And so for Scott, and for all the

others. Keats has the romantic form and the classic spirit. Madame de Stael said that the word romantic had been introduced from Germany, simply as a term of convenience; and *on prend quelquefois le mot classic comme synonyme de perfection*, and it is true classic means more polished, more finished.

In music, Wagner is romantic; Beethoven is classic. In classic music the composer pays more attention to harmony than to melody, else he would be romantic, as are the Italian operas. But even here, is any composer thoroughly, faultlessly classical?

We conclude that the terms romantic and classic are simply arbitrary; that they have been introduced, as it were, by rhetoricians to classify works that simply defy this classification. Idealism and Realism are better terms; but in one we find traces of the other, and so at every point our definitions fail. Zola is not a realist; he is a naturalist who paints nature in its worst possible colors, concealing from us whatever good qualities there may be under the cloak of vice and corruption. The naturalist goes to the very end, and displays humanity naked. The realist is different; he lays a veil over the coarser things, bringing out the redeeming characteristics of his personages, and covering up the glaring defects of sin and filth. Compare Howells and Zola, and it will be easy to see what I mean. Howells is pure, while Zola revels in dirt and all that is revolting to our better natures. But, nevertheless, we cannot strictly define one school of writing. If we try to define realism we find after examination that there is in it a touch of idealism, and so with the other terms. So we can but conclude, as before, that these terms are only arbitrary, not necessary. But the more reasonable and natural terms are idealism and realism, because what is not real in literature we generally find to be ideal. If we try to separate conclusively the four terms—idealism, realism, classicism, romanticism—we soon find ourselves in the puzzling midst of a maze, the outlet of which is still more difficult to find than the definitions of the terms just mentioned.

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IN this vale of tears we need not seek for crosses. They come to every man, to the rich and the poor, to the palace and the hovel. The patient Job tells us: “Man, born of woman living for a short time, is filled with many miseries.”

## A Recluse of the Rockies.

BY MICHAEL J. NEY.

One fine afternoon last July, accompanied by two companions, I arrived at the little hamlet of Hernando in Old Mexico. The sultry weather had made life burdensome in the city, and we came prepared to pass a few days hunting and fishing along the picturesque banks of the Rio Grande. Having consulted some of the experienced hunters as to where we could find a suitable camping place, we set out the next day and pitched our tents on the brow of a pretty cliff overlooking the beautiful Valley of the Conchas. The weather was delightful; the majestic pines swayed gracefully in the summer breeze and threw their long black shadows into the cool depths of the cañons. Success crowned our piscatorial efforts, and we landed many a speckled beauty upon the mossy banks of the Rio Grande.

It was on the third day of our pilgrimage that occurred the incident which is to form the subject-matter of this narrative. About midnight we were suddenly aroused by the loud trampling of hoofs. Half awakened I sat up in bed, thinking I was in Chihuahua, and that the regulation bull-fight was taking place in the arena; but the exclamation: "A herd of deer!" from one of my companions, made me sensible of the fact that I was in the wildest part of the Rocky Mountains. It was a moonlight night and my first impulse was to cinch my saddle tightly upon the back of my broncho, seize my winchester, and pursue the deer. In a few moments my companions and I were mounted and galloping rapidly after the fleeing herd.

The moon, just emerging from a fleecy nest of clouds, threw her silvery radiance over mountain and glen, but soon disappeared behind the giant form of Mt. Catherine, leaving us groping in darkness in the valley below. The sound of hoofs clattering through the stony cañons ahead told us that the deer were not far in advance. We spurred on our bronchos and soon came to the bank of a mountain stream. Here our progress was impeded; for bronchos have a traditional aversion for running water, and no means of persuasion or force could make them cross the stream. We then decided that it was best for one of my companions to return to the entrance of the cañon and watch for the approach of the deer,

while I and the other were to go toward the Snowy Range—the direction the deer had taken. After saying "Good-bye, old boy, we'll meet you at Antelope Creek about noon to-morrow, with half a score of deer in the bag," we galloped off toward the range.

An hour's ride brought us in sight of the deer. They were on a small cliff; some lying down after the long chase, and the others browsing on the mountain sage. I took as good aim as was possible by the pale moonlight, and brought down a noble stag. The herd immediately took flight, and were soon lost to sight in the defiles of the mountains. We rode to the wounded stag, finished him with another bullet, and again started in pursuit of the fleeing herd.

When day began to break we found that we were in a wood which skirted the shore of an extensive lake. A trip of a few miles in either direction brought us to deep gulches, jaggy cliffs and yawning chasms burned red by the suns of ages where evidently the foot of man had never trod.

To add to our bewilderment our compass had been broken during the ride, and we had no way of telling the direction except by the rising of the sun. To get an idea of the lay of the country, we decided to climb a lofty mountain near by, and having reached a point about two hundred feet from the base sat down to rest. While seated, talking, we were surprised to see an old man, bent by the weight of years, with long flowing hair and beard, emerge from a passage way in the rock. He seemed to be much exercised by our presence, and as we walked toward him he evinced an inclination to retire; but when we spoke and showed that we were disposed to be friendly he seemed assured, and became quite communicative. His voice seemed much impaired by long disuse, and when we inquired as to the locality he informed us, with great effort, that we were not far from Antelope Creek—the place we had appointed to meet our companion. "Have you seen our friend?" asked my comrade. "Friend!" said the recluse, "there is no such thing as a friend. In your hour of prosperity, friends will gather about you like gnats around an electric light; but in your season of adversity they will desert you like a sinking ship." "For five and twenty years," continued he, "I have dwelt in this deserted cave, and yours is the first human voice that has broken my solitude."

Becoming curious about the old man I ventured to ask why he had quit the haunts of



men to become a hermit in the wilds of the mountains. "Well, young man," said he, "I will tell you, and I trust that my experience may be as a danger signal upon the rocks which have wrecked so many ships upon the great ocean of life. Whatever is your position in life, and especially where the safety and welfare of others are concerned, be to your duty as true and constant as the northern star; in a word, be faithful to your trust."

"Twenty-five years ago the bloom of youth nestled on these cheeks just as it does on yours to-day. Life seemed full of promise, and the future was aglow with a roseate hue. I had had the advantages of a business education, and was an expert telegrapher. In the spring of '69 I applied to an Eastern railway company for employment, and was assigned to an office in western New York. My hours were from seven o'clock in the evening until five o'clock in the morning. The duties were light, and I had much spare time to take evening walks along the shores of a pretty little lake that lay in the suburbs of the city. I had not been long in my new position when I made the acquaintance of Nellie, the postmaster's daughter, a bright and pretty girl of seventeen. Her father had given her a cat-boat and she had learned to handle the little craft quite skilfully. Many a ride did I take with her, and you may be sure that I enjoyed them very much. On the eighteenth of August I made the usual arrangements to go sailing with Nellie in the evening; but shortly after going on duty I had received an order from the train dispatcher to hold train 67 until the "extra East" arrived. Train 67 was due at 8.30, and would pass the station without stopping unless the semaphore was turned "red." Were my mind not so occupied by Nellie and the yacht, I would have attended to my duty by turning the semaphore and arranging the switch at once; but in five minutes after giving "O. K." to the dispatcher, I had carelessly thrown the order aside, lighted a cigar, and was enjoying the local column of the evening paper. Not another thought occurred to me about the responsibility in my hands, and at eight o'clock I locked the office and strolled off toward the lake to join Nellie. The evening was beautiful, with just enough breeze to make sailing delightful. We were half way across the lake when I heard No. 67 whistle for the station. Oh, heaven, that whistle! It still rings in my ears; it was the death knell of every soul on that train as they swept on to eternity. I knew it would meet the "extra"

upon a sharp curve, where the engineers would not have a moment's time in which to reverse their engines, or jump for their lines. An inquiry from Nellie revealed to me that I had grown extremely pale and nervous. I asked her to steer toward the shore, and, having bid her good-bye and told her of my fatal negligence, I left her in tears, went to the station and heard a dispatch going over the wire to the general superintendent conveying the intelligence that No. 67 and "extra East" had collided on the curve; that both engineers and firemen were killed, and that the dead bodies of twenty-five passengers lay buried beneath the wreck. According to the law of the State, I was, by my negligence, guilty of manslaughter in the first degree. I felt that I could never face the world after such a flagrant breach of trust, and after writing a farewell letter to my mother I left the little station in the dead of night, to become a wanderer. Travelling incessantly day and night, I soon came to the Atlantic coast where I shipped as a deck hand on a vessel bound for Panama. From there I drifted on into the wilds of Mexico and finally into this solitude, where I subsist by fishing and hunting, and where I am content to spend my few remaining years, away from the well-merited censure of mankind."

After bidding the old man good-bye, and thanking him for his advice, we hunted up our companion, loaded the deer, and started for our camp by the Rio Grande. We discussed the queer character we had met, and resolved to be always "faithful to our trust."

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#### Book Reviews.

BIBLE, SCIENCE AND FAITH. By the Rev. J. A. Zahm, C. S. C. John Murphy & Co.

There are few fields of research that possess the attractiveness of what may be called Biblical Archæology. Science, in its inquiries into the origins of man, has, within the last century, given us many facts relative to his material life in the past, and its votaries have been busy building theories to account for these origins. Adopting, as the majority of them do, a position of indifference to the dogmas of Christianity and the traditional views on the early history of our race, where they have not assumed an attitude of hostility to them, they have, often, by the views advanced, startled and even dismayed the unlettered believer.

For those who would wish to read a careful and full statement of these opinions and a candid and, on the whole, satisfactory criticism of them from a Christian standpoint, the work of Father Zahm can be heartily recommended. It consists of three distinct essays, dealing with the general question of creation and evolution, and the special questions of the Noachian deluge and the antiquity of man.

Any extended examination of this work would be beyond the limits of our space, and we confine ourselves to a few remarks general in their nature on the questions of the deluge and the age of man, that are brought out by our reading of Father Zahm's treatment of the questions.

The traditional views that have prevailed on these points hold that a period of time varying from 6000 to 8000 years marks the extent of man's life on earth, and that at a period about 2000 years after his creation, the race, with the exception of Noah and his family, was destroyed by a great deluge that o'erwhelmed the inhabited earth, so that from Noah and his sons did all mankind come. We may premise that it is not obligatory, as we see it, to accept the statements thus made by traditional interpretation of the Bible narrative, in case indisputable facts, drawn from other sources, force us to modify them. Father Zahm, in his treatment of the questions, considers such modification necessary. As to the age of man, he says: "I incline to a liberal but legitimate interpretation of the version of the Septuagint, and am disposed to attribute to man an antiquity of about ten thousand years. It may be a little more, or it may be a little less." As to the Deluge, he says: "What the extent of the flood was cannot be determined; but it seemed almost certain that it was comparatively limited, both as to the amount of territory submerged, and to the number of the human race destroyed."

Yet we question whether the greater portion of the evidence brought to maintain these positions can support the weight of the theories built upon them. For our part, we could throw out of court the greater number of witnesses summoned, their testimony being of such nature as not to be worthy of acceptance. Take, on the antiquity of man, the testimonies adduced by geology on the one hand, and philology on the other, as necessitating a lengthening of the age of man. The unsolved and, in our opinion, insolvable problems of geological and philological time, and the open questions that meet us at the threshold of our queries, as to the proper

criteria to be applied in their solution render the appeal to them, one to witnesses, dumb, if truthful, and to be rejected if they, with their lack of anything approaching real knowledge, speak. If such witnesses alone can be summoned, the cause, in our opinion, is not worth the pleading. The only reliable witness as to man's past is history, written and traditional; and by its testimony alone can be determined the facts, if such there are, which can in the mind of any candid inquirer—unspoilt by theory and uneager for novelty—modify the views long held by Christians as to man's past. The worthlessness of the so-called testimony of geology, philology and archæology, exhibited in the attempted assaults on the two positions under discussion, is equalled by them in other problems connected with the past of man.

It is doubtful, with our reading, as to whether any facts have been brought forward that would necessitate a revision of the traditional views; and we are inclined, as long as the matter is not proven, to hold fast by the old moorings, and not allow ourselves to be sent adrift on an uncertain and unsettled sea whose currents in the end may but return us to the olden harbor whose shores have so long been known.

We would but note that in the essay on the Noachian Deluge, the most interesting of the three discussions, Father Zahm did not make all of what, to our mind, is the strongest passage in Genesis, showing the existence after the deluge, of Cain's descendants, and limiting the destruction of the deluge to the race of Seth, the chosen one. It is the genealogy of the Cainites in Chap. 4. Coming down to Lamech, who was of the generation of Noah, it says of him: "Who took two wives, the name of the one was Ada and the name of the other Sella. And Ada brought forth Jabal, who was the father of them that dwell in tents and of herdsmen. And his brother's name was Jubal; he was the father of them that sing on harp and organs."

—That the advantages resulting from the introduction of the Natural Method into our system of teaching are undeniably great has been clearly evidenced by the experience of these latter years. The improvements suggested by Pestalozzi with regard to the manner of imparting knowledge cannot fail to meet with more universal adoption as time speeds on and the excellence of the famous pedagogue's reform becomes more widely known. This neat little volume is published by I. Kohler of Philadelphia.



—We have received Part I. "Elements of Music," and for clearness and simplicity, combined with a good methodical progression, it is a very useful book for beginners.

—*Scribner's Magazine* for September is as good as usual. The frontispiece is one of Philip Gilbert Hamerton's selections from types of contemporary painting. It is an engraving by F. S. King of Ulpiano Checa's painting, "An Unlucky Meeting." The first page is given to a poem of Harriet Prescott Spofford, entitled "Trumpets in Lohengrin." The poem should suit those who hold that the beauty of verse is more in the music than in the thought. F. Marion Crawford contributes an article on Bar Harbor, with illustrations by Reinhart, and Thomas Nelson Page follows with the first half of a story, "Little Derby." A poem called "Transition," by Melville Upton, which suggests Browning; a description of Tarahumari life and customs, and a story by Herbert Laws Webb follow. Octave Thanet begins a series of sketches, which she calls "The People of the Cities," illustrations by A. E. Sterner. Mrs. James T. Fields writes an article which will be of special interest to lovers of old books. Some information about New World Tapestry; two chapters more of Cable's novel, "John March Southerner," and a dialect tale by Gaston Fay conclude the number.

—Of the numerous works brought into the market with a view to piloting our student of German through difficulties of composition, none, perhaps, can lay greater claim to superior excellence than a booklet recently published by Longmans, Green & Co. This volume, drawn up by J. Ulrich Ransom, is in every way adapted to impart a knowledge of the rules upon which should be based a faultless system of German composition, and a careful perusal of its contents will place at the command of the student correctness of style and facility and grace of expression in that most difficult of modern languages. The exercises offered for translation are arranged progressively; and such care has the compiler taken to proceed methodically that the learner will in a short time find himself able to translate with ease and elegance. The suggestions offered by the author are calculated rather to stimulate the mind to original thought than to bridge over difficulties. Again, the selections, most of them excerpts from the writings of the English and American classics, have this benefit that they acquaint the student with

the differences between English and German idioms, and give him an insight into the mode of writing of such celebrities as Irving and Emerson, Goldsmith and Macaulay. We strongly recommend the work to all students of the German tongue.

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Heinzelmannchen.

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*Tempo di Marcia:*

I sat silent and motionless after the music had ceased, and this is the picture that immediately came into my mind clearly and distinctly, yet not with such sharp outlines as to destroy the suggestiveness—a grand audience room furnished in the French style of the eighteenth century. The objects which line the room and adorn the walls are arabesque and antique, and the coloring is exquisitely delicate. The lights, which are unseen, are turned low and throw a softly mellow light over the scene, rendering any sharpness of outline indistinct.

The music begins so softly as to be but a murmur; the curtains in the great doorway opposite are thrown noiselessly back and in troop the ladies and cavaliers. The former wear gowns of delicate blue or pink, with trains, while the latter are dressed in knickerbockers with lace at the throat and sleeves, their feet encased in low shoes with silver buckles. Their costumes, which are of silk and satin, are also delicate in coloring; all wear powdered hair. They enter noiselessly two by two and hand in hand with a gliding motion. Their bodies sway with a sensuous, rhythmic grace: now backward, now forward, in undulating sweeps. No word is spoken, but the eyes gleam with a strange yet subdued light. Now they reach the centre of the room and form into fantastic groups. The music becomes more intense; the dancers move more quickly, and their frames sway with new passions; their eyes gleam fantastically. The trumpets have joined the violins, the flute, the cello, and the scene is at its height. Gradually the music decreases, the dancers' movements become slower and less passionate, and they move toward the curtained entrance. The melody has again sunk to a whisper; the figures, still in silence, continue their motion forward in the semi-darkness, and as each couple disappear beyond the curtains, they lean back and cast over their shoulders a glance into my face. The cello breathes once more so softly as to be almost unheard and the vision has disappeared.

J.-A. M.

# NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.

Notre Dame, September 22, 1894.

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The attention of the Alumni of the University of Notre Dame, and others, is called to the fact that the NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC has entered upon the TWENTY-EIGHTH year of its existence, and presents itself anew as a candidate for the favor and support of the many old friends who have heretofore lent it a helping hand.

*THE NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC contains:*

choice Poetry, Essays, and the current Art, Musical, Literary and Scientific Gossip of the day;

Editorials on questions of the day, as well as on subjects connected with the University of Notre Dame;

Personal gossip concerning the whereabouts and the success of former students;

All the weekly local news of the University, including the names of those who have distinguished themselves during the week by their excellence in Class, and by their good conduct.

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—If a subscriber fails to receive the SCHOLASTIC regularly he will confer a favor by sending us notice immediately each time. Those who may have missed a number, or numbers, and wish to have the volume complete for binding, can have back numbers of the current volume by applying for them.

The Editors of the SCHOLASTIC will always be glad to receive information concerning former students and graduates of the University.

—Now that the classes are well under way, the organization of the college societies should begin at once. In fact, the first session being so short, this should have been attended to at the very outset in order that the holidays may

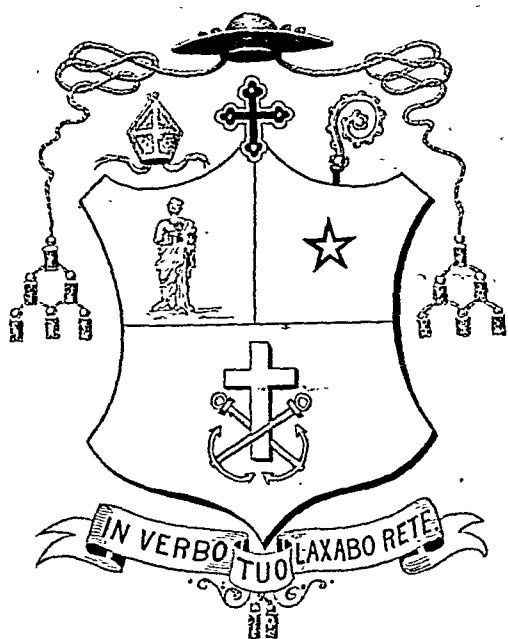
find all the societies in good form and doing earnest work.

Notre Dame has always pointed with pride to her college organizations, many of which are as old as she and time their growth with hers. Like her, they have but become better with age, and have no precedent other than that of thoroughness in work and of unity and fellow-feeling among the members.

—We have headed the article on the consecration ceremonies with a representation of Bishop Hurth's coat of arms. The shield is emblematic of the courage which the bishop puts on going to his new field of labor. At the right hand side is the picture of St. Peter, whose name Bishop Hurth received at Baptism, and whose words: *In verbo tuo laxabo rete*—"At Thy word I will let down the net"—he has chosen for his motto. These words bespeak the bishop's implicit trust in the guiding hand of Divine Providence. On the left hand side is placed a lone star, the emblem of the State in which the good bishop had worked so energetically for Church and country during the last decade. On the lower part of the shield is placed the arms of the Congregation of the Holy Cross.

—Where young men are thrown into such constant companionship with one another, as is the case here at Notre Dame, they cannot but be influenced greatly by example. This mutual influence would always be for the better, if the students were uniformly good; but, alas, such can never be the case! In spite of the utmost vigilance on the part of college authorities, students with low ideals, or none at all, will gain admission, and the amount of harm done by such is sometimes great indeed.

Many an honest, well-meaning lad has been led on to his ruin by the false and foolish idea that he must measure his conduct by that of his companions. The great trouble with such a young man is that he has set up an absurd standard of conduct. He does not stop to think. He weakly imagines that unless he goes the pace set by those about him, he will be looked down upon and despised. There never was a greater mistake than this. Even the most reckless of college boys in his heart secretly admires the student who does his duty to himself and to his superiors, and who lives strictly within the college regulations.



Bishop Hurth's Consecration.

The consecration of the Rt. Rev. P. J. Hurth, recently elected Bishop of Dacca, India, which took place at Notre Dame on the 16th inst., was by far the most impressive ceremony ever witnessed within the portals of the University. Not even the solemnities of the Priests' Eucharistic Congress, august and beautiful as they were, equalled in religious grandeur the rite of consecration as performed here last Sunday in the college chapel. There is, indeed, no more imposing ceremony in the ritual of the Church than the raising of a priest to the dignity of the bishopric. Even the conferring of the Pallium, or the Cardinal's hat, is of less significance. And when, as in this case, the priest is surrounded at the moment of his exaltation by the men with whom he has been associated all his life, there is lent to the occasion a new and a brighter splendor.

The propriety of holding the consecration at Notre Dame is easily apparent to all who have read the sketch of Bishop Hurth which appeared in our last issue. It was here that he labored and studied in his youth to lay the foundation of his brilliant future; it was here that he began a career which has been signalized up to the present by a long series of splendid successes; and it was but fitting that this place also should witness his latest and greatest triumph—his elevation to the episcopacy. Aside from this, Bishop Hurth very well knew that whatever would be done for him at Notre Dame would be a work of love. And in this place it is but just to mention the zeal and energy displayed by the Very Rev. Provincial and our Rev. President, together with their

efficient corps of assistants, to make the occasion a worthy one. The result is itself a commentary at once of their good-will and their executive ability.

At an early hour on the morning of the consecration, the immediate preparations for the approaching ceremony were carried out, and by the time appointed everything was in readiness. The main corridor and the large parlor presented a busy scene. Priests and prelates, vested in their different garbs, stood waiting the coming of the ministers of the Mass from the sacristy, while the acolytes and the large body of students formed ranks and filed down the front porch to the place set for beginning the procession. Presently the master of ceremonies gave the signal to start, and the long line—headed by the college band, which discoursed appropriate march music the while—wended its way around the parterre to the front entrance of the University Church. Here the numerous throng of visitors, who had gathered together to witness the exercises, divided, and fell back on each side of the wide Gothic doorway to allow the procession to enter. It was a beautiful sight to see! The banners carried by the students, the gorgeous vestments of the priests and officers of ceremony, and the rich purple of the assisting bishops, made a picture that will live in the memory. Inside the church, the distinguished organist, Bro. Basil, took up the strains of the band outside, and played in his usual happy manner until all had taken places in the sanctuary.

The Rt. Rev. consecrator, Bishop Rademacher, then ascended the throne and vested himself in pontificals, while the bishop-elect and the assistant consecrators repaired to side chapels to don their robes. At a sign from the master of ceremonies the consecrating prelates seated themselves before the main altar and the recipient of episcopal orders came forward for the

#### PREPARATORY CEREMONIES.

Rev. President Morrissey, who acted as notary to the consecrator, next ascended the altar and read in a clear, distinct voice the brief of His Holiness, Leo XIII., appointing Monsignor Hurth third incumbent of the Episcopal See of Dacca. After this brief had been accepted by the consecrators, the bishop-elect knelt and pronounced the oath of allegiance to the Church of Rome. This was followed by a categorical investigation, consisting of twenty or thirty questions touching the bishop's private life and his acceptance of the doctrines of the Church.

## THE PONTIFICAL MASS

was then begun by Bishop Rademacher, the Ordinary of the Diocese. Bishops Richter, of Grand Rapids, and Swebach, of La Crosse, acted as assistant consecrators. The other officers of the Mass were as follows: Provincial Corby, assistant priest; Rev. S. Fitte and Dr. Linneborn, Deacons of Honor; Rev. J. French, Deacon and Rev. J. Cavanaugh, Subdeacon. Father Johannes assisted the bishop-elect as Chaplain, while the same office was performed for Bishop Swebach by the Rev. A. M. Kirsch, and for Bishop Richter by the Rev. P. J. Fransiscus.

The music for the occasion was furnished by the college choir, under the direction of Prof. Preston, and, it is needless to say, was of a high order of merit. The different psalms and responses were chanted by Fathers Klein and Lauth. Just before the epistle the consecrator seated himself in front of the tabernacle, and reminded the newly-elected bishop of the awful duties of his office. The bishop-elect then prostrated himself in the middle of the sanctuary, while the attending clergy chanted, in alternate choirs, the Litany of the Saints. The grandeur of this scene was heightened when the consecrating bishop and his two assistants extended their arms and blessed their prostrate brother three different times. After the Litany the officiating bishops touched with their hands the newly-consecrated one, saying: "Receive the Holy Ghost." This laying on of hands, together with the anointing of head and hands, which followed immediately after, is the essential rite by which the episcopal power is conferred. Henceforth the candidate is looked upon as having all the prerogatives of a bishop, and this was shown soon after, when the pastoral staff, pectoral cross, mitre and episcopal ring were presented with appropriate prayers and ceremonies.

## THE SERMON

was delivered by Bishop Foley, of Detroit, who took for his text the last two verses of the twenty-eighth chapter of St. Matthew. In the first part of his discourse, the Rt. Rev. speaker considered the mission of the Apostles and the continuity of the episcopacy of Peter in the See of Rome. He spoke very effectively of the part the Church has played in the civilization of the world. He showed how she has fulfilled the command of Jesus Christ to teach all nations, and how she can never have any other object than the education and betterment of

mankind. He pointed out that during all the long centuries that have intervened between Pentecost and to-day, the mission of the Church has been one and the same; and that now more than ever she is succeeding in bearing truth and grace to every people. The bishop's sermon was, above all else, eloquent. He has been heard at Notre Dame frequently before, but never to better purpose. He had all his usual grace of elocution and more than his customary earnestness. He spoke to the heart as well as to the head. Always distinct and clear, and never pompous, he sometimes rose to the very height of oratory. His rare power as a speaker was particularly evident toward the last part of his discourse, and we cannot forbear here from quoting his peroration. He said: "Here, then, to-day, in this grand chapel, with the same ceremonies that were performed by the pontiffs, when they sent forth the first missionaries to different nations, and by those missionaries consecrated their successors; here, to-day, is consecrated a bishop of the Roman Catholic Church, who comes by the voice of Peter to preach the Gospel. Here, to-day, is raised to the dignity of the bishopric another apostle, another Peter, whose mission also it is to teach all nations. . . .

"Rt. Rev. Bishop, it is my part to offer you the congratulations of your confrères who sit around this altar and pray for you that you may receive the blessing of Almighty God. You have been elected for the high position of bishop by the choice of Leo XIII. You have taken upon yourself the responsibility of the high position that is imposed upon you, and you have, doubtless, taken it upon you in fear and trembling. Nevertheless, bear in mind that Almighty God Himself has called you to this high position; for your life has been a preparation for it. Here within the walls of this grand old University you received your training. Here was received the imposition of hands that made you a priest of the living God. Here you exercised the ministry to which you were chosen to the glory of God and the satisfaction of your superiors. Here you exercised the responsible position of Master of Novices. Then, again, when you were sent forth to other missions you have fulfilled with exactitude the high duties imposed upon you. In the wilds of Texas you taught the same truths that were taught by the Apostles; and you gathered around you the beautiful flowers of that noble State, that you might offer them to Almighty God. There in the home of

solitude there came the voice of Peter, bidding you leave the quiet of sacerdotal life and take up the burden of the episcopacy. You, who have so well performed the duties of your various positions, are now called by the voice of God, through the Pope, into a far-distant land to bear the tidings of the Gospel. It is a subject of rejoicing on our part that you are called to this dignity, and in the name of the bishops, reverend clergy and people, I ask you to receive our heartfelt congratulations. And be assured that when you are in the distant regions of India, preaching the word your predecessors have preached and teaching the truths they have taught—be assured that there will be in the hearts of your fellow bishops earnest prayers that you may prosper. *Ad multos annos!*"

The Mass then proceeded as far as the Offertory, when the newly consecrated bishop, accompanied by the assistant consecrators, came to the foot of the altar and presented to the celebrant his canonical offerings for the Sacrifice. These latter consist of two lighted torches, two loaves of bread and two small barrels of wine. After these gifts had been accepted, the consecrating prelate invited Bishop Hurth to accompany him through the Mass, and thus, standing at the main altar and attended by his two seniors in the episcopacy, he pronounced the words of the Holy Sacrifice simultaneously with the celebrant. This was a very solemn part of the ceremony, and was only surpassed for significance and picturesqueness by the enthronement and the formality called *Ad multos annos* which occurred after the Mass. At the closing of the exercises, and during the chanting of a solemn *Te Deum*, the new Bishop, escorted by the assistant consecrators, walked down the aisles of the church and imparted his blessing to the people.

A noticeable feature of the exercises was the smoothness with which they were conducted. From the beginning to the end of the consecration there was not a hitch. Everyone was perfectly familiar with the part he was to perform and accomplished it in the best possible manner. This is saying much when it is considered that the rite of consecration is extremely complicated, and requires considerable study before it can be gone through with any degree of satisfaction. It must be remembered, also, that this is the first ceremony of a like character ever performed in the college church. The credit of bringing everything off in such an acceptable manner is due, in a great measure,

to the untiring efforts of Father Spillard and his assistants, who labored unceasingly to make the liturgical part of the day's exercises the pronounced success it was.

During the services there were present in the sanctuary Bishops Watterson, of Columbus, Horstmann, of Cleveland, and Dunne, of Dallas, together with a numerous body of visiting clergy. The attendance of the laity was also very large, and the great church was unable to seat all who had assembled for the functions. The deep aisles were crowded far down into the nave and the various chapels were thronged; even the available space in the organ loft was occupied; this, too, notwithstanding the early hour set for the ceremonies. The presence of so many people may be accounted for when it is known that a great number were visitors from distant cities. Some of these were intimate friends of the new bishop, while others came to enter students at the University. South Bend and the neighboring towns were well represented too, and altogether the attendance was larger than had been anticipated.

It may not be generally known that Bishop Hurth is the second professor chosen from among the former professors of Notre Dame to fill the Episcopal See of Dacca, Mgr. Louage having been the first. This is a distinction which is highly appreciated by all connected with the institution, as it shows with what respect her men are looked upon abroad. The selection of Dr. Hurth for the vacant bishopric of the Bengal missions, however, was no surprise to those who knew him. He has always held offices of trust in the Community of which he is a member, and the creditable manner in which he ever performed his duties made him known and respected as a man of superior worth. His sterling qualities were recognized by Catholics and Protestants alike, and his popularity is evidenced from the fact that he was recently tendered the chaplaincy of the Texas State Legislature. Bishop Hurth is now on his way to the field of his future labors. He will be accompanied as far as Rome by the Very Rev. Provincial Corby, from which place he will be escorted by a company composed of members of the Congregation of Holy Cross destined for work on the foreign missions. Needless to say, Bishop Hurth carries with him the best wishes of all at Notre Dame, and the SCHOLASTIC particularly entertains the hope that he will be even more successful in the labors of his new dignity than he was in the simple ministrations of the holy priesthood.



## Personals.

—Mr. James Tong, '94, South Bend, has taken a position with the Coquillard Manufacturing Company.

—Mr. James Connor, '62, Rock Island, Ill., has presented several valuable books to the Lemonnier Library.

—Benjamin Lair, a student of '90-'91, is doing a prosperous business in the manufacture of artificial ice at Georgetown, Ky.

—The Ittenbach Brothers, '78, Indianapolis, are listed among the largest store and building contractors in the State of Indiana.

—Rev. Aiden Ryan, C. SS. P., of Rockwell College, Cashel, Ireland, was a guest of the University for a few days last week.

—George Ryan, a student of '91-'92, from Russellville, Ky., is now freight agent for Louisville and Nashville at the above said place.

—Mr. John J. McPhillips, '94, has entered business with his father at Mobile, Alabama. We wish John success in his new field of work.

—Marcellus Joslyn, who was graduated in '93, receiving the degree of Bachelor of Science, is now pursuing the study of law in Woodstock, Ill.

—Will Wabraushek, '86, is with the Manistee Furniture Manufacturing Co. God has blessed him with a most estimable wife and two bright little daughters.

—Father McGlaughlin, Niles, Michigan, one of the judges in last year's elocution contest, made a pleasant call upon his friends at Notre Dame last Sunday.

—Charles Scherrer, a member of the graduating class in the scientific course of '93, has sole charge of the extensive real estate business of his father's in Denver.

—Joseph McGarry, one of the Staff of last year and also a graduate in the law course, is contemplating the formation of a partnership with one of the leading lawyers of Los Angeles, California.

—Captain George A. Quinlan, of Dallas, Texas, was a most welcome visitor on last Sunday. He is a personal friend of Bishop Hurth's, and came in his private car from Dallas to be present at his consecration.

—The members of the Faculty had a short but enjoyable visit from Father Robert, the popular Passionist Missionary. He was accompanied by Father Joseph and the Very Rev. Provincial of the Passionist Order.

—Fred Curtis (Com'l), '84, is married and living at Traverse city, Mich. He and his father-in-law conduct an Insurance Agency. His brother, Clair Curtis, also of '84, has removed from Adrian, Mich., to Traverse city where he is engaged in mercantile pursuits.

## Local Items.

—The Indian summer will begin soon.

—Don't fail to join the Athletic Association.

—No: there are no steam pipes in the bottom of the lake.

—The Literature class is reading the "Merchant of Venice."

—Students taking twilight walks must not become "too stilish."

—Lost—A gold watch charm. Finder, please leave at Students' office.

—He didn't want to study algebra because he didn't believe in signs.

—"Yes, professor, I have time to study Thursdays and Sundays."

—Tennis is the favorite pastime of many students during this fine weather.

—Mike says there are plenty of things easier to do than rolling off a log(arithm).

—A curious friend wonders why all the "iron dogs" at St. Mary's are headed east.

—The Carroll armory seems deserted since the dispersion of the "happy quartette."

—The warning "look out around the corner" sounds familiar, but then it's trying—very!

—The subjects for the first themes of the Criticism Class were given out last Wednesday.

—Father A. M. Kirsch gave several lectures on Medical Jurisprudence last week to the senior law students.

—Some one has said that the report of a cyclone having blown down a house and killed the occupants should be headed "A Sad Blow."

—Bro. Lawrence took the bicyclists out for a ride last Sunday. With the exception of one or two break-downs, the trip was enjoyed very much.

—John P. Barrett, a member of last year's Varsity Eleven, has entered the University. No doubt, he will make a valuable acquisition to the team.

—Have the aspirants to positions on the football team seriously considered the need of daily runs around the lake? It is about time to raise the wind.

—STUDENT: "That Stuff kills people by inches." BRIGHT BOY: "It would take a long time to kill him of the auburn locks and mighty limbs in that way."

—The Director of the Lemonnier Library is indebted to Rt. Rev. Monsignor Seton, D. D., for Marion Crawford's "Saracenesca," "Sant Ilario," and "Don Orsino."

—It is expected that the Sorin Hall reading-room which is now undergoing repairs will be opened up about Oct. 1st. By that time the new billiard table will be in position.

—As a result of the announcement of *Das*

*Kind*, the young Herr Most, that it is his intention to remove his entire outfit to his new quarters, his neighbors wear long faces.

—The Carroll rugby Specials were chosen during the past week with F. B. Cornell as captain. The team has been practising and will soon be ready to do valiant work.

—Since the arrival of the Water Commissioners there has been a great flurry in the water market. Those who have experienced sea-sickness are sending in their orders for life-preservers.

—Bro. Hugh is making many improvements on Brownson Campus; the hilly places on the football ground are being levelled and the low places filled up. The baseball diamond is also receiving attention.

—There was a game of baseball played on Carroll campus on the 16th between two picked nines captained by J. Maternes and W. O'Brien. It resulted in the defeat of the latter by a score of 14 to 10.

—Studebaker, last year's full-back, was up from South Bend on Monday afternoon looking over the football material. He seemed to be very favorably impressed with the earnestness and playing of the boys.

—Almost every evening the table steam pipe acrobats give their grand free exhibitions. Since the steam pipe flew up and hit one of them, it would puzzle the best phrenologists to account for a certain bump on his head.

—Challenges to play our Varsity Eleven have been received from Purdue, Albion, Olivet, Chicago Athletic Association and Champaign. Hillsdale and Chicago University are yet to be heard from. The Executive Committee have the challenges under consideration.

—On last Wednesday evening the class of '96 held their first meeting. The following officers were elected for the ensuing year:—President, Frank Eyanson; Vice-President, J. A. Marmon; Secretary, J. A. Murray; Treasurer, Frank Barton. They hold another meeting to-night to complete their organization. Success to them!

—Persons knowing of the whereabouts of old students, or having other news which they think would prove interesting to the readers of the SCHOLASTIC, will find in the Students' office, on the right hand side of the door, near the telephone, a box in which all communications of such nature may be placed. The box is labelled NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC. Let us hear of the "old boys" whom you chanced to meet during the past summer!

—The Philopatrians reorganized on last Wednesday, and, judging from the large attendance and enthusiasm shown at the meeting, we shall hear good accounts from them in the course of the year. They elected the following officers: Vice-President, William P. Monahan; Treasurer, David S. Wright; Recording

Secretary, John W. Forbing; Corresponding Secretary, John R. O'Meara; Sergeant-at-Arms, Jacob Maternes. A programme was arranged for the next meeting, when the remaining offices will be filled.

The St. Cecilians held their first meeting last Wednesday evening. The object was to elect officers. Those chosen are — Very Rev. A. Morrissey, C. S. C., Hon. President; Rev. Jas. French, C. S. C., President; Bro. Alexander, C. S. C., Promoter; Jesse Lantry, 1st Vice-Pres.; Jos. P. Sullivan, 2d Vice-Pres.; Frank Cornell, Rec. Sec.; Herbert A. Miles, Cor. Sec.; Leo Healy, Treas.; Thos. Lowery, Hist.; W. W. O'Brien, 1st Censor; Jno. B. Ducey, 2d Censor; and Geo. P. McCarrick, Sergt.-at-Arms. After some remarks by the Rev. President in regard to attendance, etc., the meeting, by motion, was adjourned.

—The prospects for a first-class Varsity Eleven could not be better. Since Captain Dinkel so thoroughly explained the rules the new recruits have picked up wonderfully. This could be seen especially in the game of the 16th inst., which was participated in by Dudley M. Shively of South Bend, who, judging from his skilful exhibition, would greatly strengthen the team. In the last few days so many of the competitors for positions have shown up well that it would be a difficult matter to pick the team at the present writing. The only thing that could be suggested to the players is to line up more quickly; for in a regular game this will prove a great advantage. And, then, the players should consider the need of daily runs around the lake. This practice for wind was one of our best aids in last year's games. Let the captain see to it!

—On Sunday evening, prior to his departure for Europe, Very Rev. Father Corby was met in the Chapter Room of the Presbytery and was addressed on behalf of the Community by Rev. Father Morrissey. In response to the informal speech of the Rev. President, Father Corby thanked all present for their cordial wishes, and assured them that in his trip through Europe he would make a special remembrance of all at the various shrines which he should visit. At the close of his remarks the assembly knelt to receive his fatherly blessing. The President and some members of the Faculty accompanied the Provincial and Bishop Hurth to the train *en route* for New York. The party sailed on the *Teutonic* Wednesday.

—As the constitution calls for the first regular meeting of the Athletic Association on the last Thursday of September, it was deemed advisable to call a special meeting of the association for the purpose of making the time earlier in the year. Nearly all the colleges have already formed their associations, and are arranging their schedules, so that if we desire to play football at all this year it is necessary to have an acting Executive Committee.

Accordingly a few enterprising young men, who thought that the football season should be started with a rush, had a special meeting called. At 1.30 p.m. Colonel Hoynes, the worthy President, rapped the meeting to order. S. A. Walker acted as temporary secretary. Mr. E. V. Chassaing, in his suave way, notified the members of the proposed amendment, and without doing anything else the special meeting adjourned.

In about five minutes the regular meeting was called to order, and the amendment to the constitution was brought up and carried unanimously, making the first Thursday after Sept. 15 the regular meeting day of the association. After the worthy President had spoken a few words of encouragement to the members in his pleasant way, he called for the nomination of officers. The following were elected without opposition: Rev. Fathers Moloney and Burns, Directors; Bro. Hugh, Promoter; Col. Hoynes, President; James A. McKee, Vice-President; Eustace Cullinan, Recording Secretary; Thomas Cavanagh, Corner Secretary.

The President, however, stated that whilst he was only too eager to serve the members, he begged them to reconsider his election. Since, in his opinion, far more capable persons could be found. The boys would not listen to him and he was forced to accept the office. The first contest was for Treasurer. James Kennedy and James Ryan were nominated. After a sharp skirmish between the different clans, Jas. Ryan was elected, as some say, on account of his experience in collecting plumbing bills. J. A. Marmon was elected Field Reporter by acclamation.

Now came the tug of war. Those who desired to be on the Executive Committee scattered all over the room and started to rally their friends. Voters who had left the hall in search of fresh air and a rest were hastily summoned back. The excitement was intense.

As soon as all were settled, the name of Thomas D. Mott was proposed. Half a dozen jumped up to second the nomination. It is thought by many that our stalwart centre was the lucky one who caught the eye of the chair; and Mr. Mott's name was ordered to be written on the black-board. Messrs. Daniel P. Murphy, Daniel V. Casey, Edme V. Chassaing, Richard G. Halligan, James F. Kennedy and Francis M. Keough were nominated with lightning-like rapidity, seven in all and only five to be elected. Of course the election agents had to get along without cider or iced tea, and their labors were on that account the more arduous; but they worked like heroes, as election agents should, and did their duty manfully. Then came the balloting. Every man deposited his fateful list with feverish haste. And a sharp-eyed gentleman, who is noted for being a-wake, saw that no man cast his vote an unseemly number of times. The teller read the ballots in a loud, firm voice; no quaver in it betrayed the emotion

excited by the great interests at stake. Messrs. Chassaing, Casey, Mott, Murphy and Halligan were the five lucky ones. It's all over now, and those who favored one candidate or the other are all alike satisfied with the Executive Committee of our Athletic Association for the Fall of '94.

#### Roll of Honor.

##### SORIN HALL.

Messrs. Burns, Barrett, Barton, Cullinan, Casey, Devanney, Davis, Dinkel, Dempsey, Foley, Funke, Hervey, Hudson, Kennedy, Keough, J. Mott, T. Mott, Murray, D. Murphy, J. Murphy, Marmon, Mitchell, McKee, Marr, Pritchard, Pulskamp, Powers, Quinlan, Ryan, Stace, Slevin, Vignos, Walker.

##### BROWNSON HALL.

Messrs. Arce, Arnold, Alber, Atcherton, Ainsworth, Adler, Baird, Brown, Barry, Byrne, Boland, W. P. Burke, Brennan, Brinker, Bennet, Baldwin, Blanchard, Clarke, Coleman, Colvin, Coyne, Cunnea, Corry, Corby, Crane, Craft, Campbell, Chassaing, Covert, Carney, Cavanagh, Costello, Delaney, Davis, Dowd, Dougan, Finnerty, Fallen, Fagan, Falvey, W. Flynn, A. Flynn, L. Gibson, N. Gibson, Gilpin, Gilmartin, Galen, Golden, Halligan, Hengen, Henry, A. Hanhauser, G. Hanhauser, Hamilton, Harrison, Herman, Howley, Hindel, Hierholzer, Hesse, J. T. Hogan, J. J. Hogan, Hodge, Jones, Kortas, Kegler, E. Kaul, J. Kaul, F. Kaul, Karasynski, King, Kinsella, Lawlor, Lauda, Ludwig, Monarch, Mathewson, Murphy, E. McCord, J. McCord, Medly, McHugh, H. Miller, Moore, Mulrone, Moran, Mapother, Moxley, J. Miller, McPhee, McKee, McGinnis, Masters, Montague, Manchester, Ney, O'Malley, O'Brien, Oliver, E. Pulskamp, Palmer, Quimby, Rowan, Reardon, Rosenthal, J. Ryan, R. Ryan, Roper, Schulte, Smith, Sheehan, Scott, Schultz, F. Smoger, C. Steele, S. Steele, Stack, Sullivan, C. Smoger, Salladay, Stevens, Spalding, Streicher, Thornton, Turner, Voorhees, J. White, G. Wilson, Walkowiak, H. Wilson, P. White, B. Weaver, R. Wilson, Wensinger, Ward, Wilkin, Wright.

##### CARROLL HALL.

Messrs. Ayer, Adler, Arnold, Bloomfield, Ball, Bartlet, Burns, J. Barry, R. Barry, Cornell, Campau, Clune, Cannell, Connor, Jos. Corby, J. A. Corby, Corry, Cypher, Ducey, Druecker, Dannemiller, Dalton, Dixon, Davezac, Erhart, Eytinge, Flynn, Forbing, Farley, Fennessey, Franey, Fultenstein, Foley, Fitzgerald, Fitzgibbons, Fox, J. Goldstein, T. Goldstein, Girsch, Gimbel, Gauspohl, Gainer, G. Higgins, E. Higgins, Howard, J. Hayes, A. Hayes, L. Healy, W. Healy, Harding, Hoban, A. Kasper, G. Kasper, F. Kasper, P. Kuntz, J. Kuntz, Keefe, Konzen, Krug, Kirk, Lechtenwalter, Long, Lantry, Langley, Leonard, Lutz, Lowrey, Miles, Morris, Maternes, Miller, Massey, Maurer, Monahan, Moran, Monarch, Murray, McShane, McPhillips, McCarthy, McKenzie, McPhee, McGinley, McCarrick, D. Naughton, T. Naughton, O'Mara, O'Brien, Plunket, Pendleton, Pim, Rockey, Reuss, Ranch, Reinhard, Roesing, Sachs, Speake, Spillard, Shipp, Shiels, Stuhlfauth, Storey, Sheekey, Shillington, Sullivan, Stearns, Strong, Smith, Thompson, H. Taylor, F. Taylor, Tong, Tetman, Tuohy, Tempel, Underwood, Whitehead, Ward, Waters, Wigg, Watterson, Wallace, Wright, Zitter, Zwickel.

##### ST. EDWARD'S HALL.

Masters Allyn, G. Abrahams, L. Abrahams, Bullene, Bump, Brinckerhoff, Breslin, Brissenden, Clarke, Curry, Cressy, Campau, E. Dugas, G. Dugas, Dalton, Elliott, Eitzgerald, Finnerty, Goff, L. Garrity, M. Garrity, Hershey, Hart, L. Kelly, C. Kelly, Kasper, Lawton, Leach, Morehouse, Moxley, McIntyre, R. McCarthy, E. McCarthy, G. McCarthy, McCorry, Noonan, B. Nye, C. Nye, O'Neill, Paul, W. Pollitz, H. Pollitz, Roesing, Ryan, Spillard, Sontag, Swan, Strauss, Steele, Thompson, Waite, Welch.