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Hope.

THE night is dark and still, but darkly clear;
The earth seems wrapped in silence too profound
To reign where once the harsh and busy sound
Of man's inventions struck upon the ear;
A sacred spirit seems to hover near,
And draw her veil of silence to the ground,
Till from the East, with steady flash and bound,
The bright sun rises on another year.

We gladly part with each succeeding age,
We call the new year glad; but when 'tis past
We find that every day was not so sweet
As we had hoped. We gaze upon life's page
To find that hopes are all too good to last,
And that the future holds but vain deceit.

RICHARD S. SLEVIN.

"The Marble Faun" and the Church.

DANIEL P. MURPHY, '95.

It is a rather curious and noteworthy fact that the two novels, by American authors, to which most of our critics have assigned the highest rank are both tales of modern Italy. The contrast between them, however, is very great, and it is decidedly interesting to read them together in order to compare their writers' opinions on Italian life and customs as viewed from different standpoints.

In "Saracinesca," Mr. Crawford treats of a people with whom he is intimately acquainted. He has passed the better portion of his days among them, and thoroughly understands their temperament, their manners and their institutions. He knows all their practices and usages, as well as the origin and signification of each. As he is himself a Catholic, he is in sympathy with the religious sentiments of a vast majority of this people, and, it must be remembered, he judges them in this light.

Until the appearance of "Saracinesca," some few years back, Hawthorne's "Marble Faun" was generally recognized by the American public as the greatest of our novels. It is a work worthy of any pen, and it tickles our national pride immensely to be able to claim the man who produced it as our own. Now, popular opinion seems to be very nearly evenly divided between Hawthorne and Crawford; but, I rather think, the hearts of most still cling to the older work, and all admit that Hawthorne is worthy to be crowned the laureate of American novel writers.

Although himself one of the purest and noblest characters that ever lived, Hawthorne rarely touched a subject unless there was some taint of sin connected with it. "Evangeline"—the sweetest poem that our American literature possesses—would have been lost to us, if there had been but one stain in the life of the gentle Acadian girl to which he could have turned his peculiar genius. His "Romance of Monte Beni" is no exception to the rule; crime, with its grim shadow, has darkened the lives of two young and light-hearted creatures. The book is a psychological study intensely interesting in its nature. The love of Miriam and Donatello, the Faun, sealed by the murder of a human being, as related by Hawthorne, is one of the best lessons in morality to which any literature can point. There is something strange and weird and almost preternatural about this book; but it is not the preternaturalism of his tales of New England life. As a work of art it is perfect in every detail. The style is simply inimitable. There is a wonderful

profusion of beautiful and most exquisite descriptions. But, besides its literary value, a point of especial note to us is the attitude he takes toward the Catholic Church as expressed in this novel.

"The Marble Faun" is a romance of two Americans removed from their own to a Roman atmosphere. Its author was of a type exactly opposite to Mr. Crawford. A descendant of a long line of Puritans, he inherited all their virtues and, naturally, some of their prejudices. Those severe old Dissenters, who, in spite of all disasters and dangers, chiselled a sustenance from Plymouth Rock itself, have had a remarkable influence on the thought and growth of our country. Born in the early years of the present century, Hawthorne was reared midst surroundings almost as stern as those of the original Puritans themselves. The turn of thought in New England at that time was particularly towards the moral and the useful. All its writers of any moment were those who dealt with religious subjects. The æsthetic had as yet found no place in its literature. The community in which he was raised was very similar to the one in which Franklin learned those eminently practical maxims to which he gave expression in "Poor Richard's Almanac." Even after he had immortalized his birthplace, many of his fellow-citizens of Salem looked upon Hawthorne merely as a queer sort of a fellow; a recluse by day, who might be found in any nook or corner of the city by night.

The principles which animated him could not fail to be the same as those of his fellowmen. His religious sentiments he breathed in with his native air, and they were firmly rooted in his breast as he advanced to manhood. The education which one receives as a child determines one's character, and the associations formed when just leaving the uncertain period called youth have a greater influence upon one than those of any other time of life. Instructed in this school of Puritan ideas and thought, and clinging to his belief with all the ardor and tenacity of his nature, it is not surprising that there should be many points on which a Catholic cannot agree with him. But, while we may disapprove of many passages to be found in his book, still it would be sheer folly, on that account, to think of dropping him, or to underestimate his ability as an author; I do not think him half so bigoted as many Catholics consider him. There are many points in his favor, and, we must remember, he always had an implicit faith in everything he wrote. We must not be so harsh upon him for expressing his true convictions, which a noble and honorable man always does. If a Catholic writer should speak of the Protestant faith as Hawthorne does of ours, I am inclined to think those persons who now so severely blame the latter would not imagine the one of their own way of thinking as at all bigoted. I have no doubt that there are many local religious customs in Italy which an American Catholic would look upon with wonder; what then can be expected from our Protestant countrymen!

But while there are many who vehemently criticise Hawthorne because of his attitude towards Catholics, there are others who claim that he, although not a member of the Church, still believed in some of its fundamental tenets and dogmas. In my opinion, these radicals of both parties are equally mistaken in their judgment. It has ever been very noticeable that the æstheticism of the Church has appealed strongly to writers who have held religious principles exactly opposed to its own, and even to those who have avowed no convictions whatever. The grand ceremonies, the various symbols and what they denote, the Divine Allegory of the Mass—all these have made decided impressions on the sensibilities of those who have never once thought of accepting the teachings of the Church.

And so it was with Hawthorne. When he went to Italy, he turned his back on the relics of Puritanism to meet on every hand evidences of the Catholic. religion. He became conversant with a Catholic people and the Catholic forms of worship—and, naturally, many prejudices, which he may have, before, held against both, were insensibly worn away. He recognized good wherever he saw it, and became enthusiastic in its praise. We should not, however, let this mislead us, as what might have appeared to him to work good for others may not have seemed able to do the same for himself.

One of the prettiest pictures to be found in "The Marble Faun," is the description of Hilda's dove-cote and of that gentle girl tending the lamp placed before the Virgin's shrine. To my mind, this fair young Puritan maiden is, beyond comparison, the most real and the most perfect of all Hawthorne's characters. Of all his women she is most womanly. There is less of the preternatural about her and more of the human. She appeals powerfully to everyone who has lisped the name of mother or of sister. She is the sweet, shy, modest

creature whom we have so often imaged forth in our mind as the ideal of her sex. She is the tender, twining plant that must have some support to sustain it, and yet she has enough strength of character to cut herself off from her only friend, in a foreign land, when she witnesses her terrible crime. Still, in her heart of hearts, she retains the warmest spot for her poor stained and fallen Miriam. She has the woman's temperament, the woman's sympathies and the woman's love.

This young artist has left her home in cold and bleak New England to pursue her studies in Rome. She may be taken as the counterpart of Hawthorne, himself, having been born and reared under the same conditions. We may glean from the words which he places on her lips what his true sentiments in regard to the Blessed Virgin were. Miriam, Hilda's friend, discovers her feeding her flock of snow-white doves, with the lamp trimmed and brightly burning. "I should not wonder," she says to Hilda, "if the Catholics were to make a saint of you, like your namesake of old; especially as you have almost avowed yourself of their religion by undertaking to keep the lamp alight before the Virgin's shrine."

"'No, no, Miriam!' said Hilda, who had come joyfully forward to greet her friend. 'You must not call me a Catholic. A Christian girl—even a daughter of the Puritans—may surely pay honor to the idea of divine womanhood without giving up the faith of her forefathers.'"

As Miriam is about to bid her friend goodbye, half in jest, half in earnest, she asks her:

"Hilda, do you ever pray to the Virgin while you tend her shrine?"

"'Sometimes I have been moved to do so,' replied the Dove, blushing and lowering her eyes. 'She was a woman once. Do you think it would be wrong?'"

And again, when Kenyon, who loves Hilda devotedly, so poetically describes her tower home with these words:

"It soothes me inexpressibly to think of you in your tower, with white doves and white thoughts for your companions, so high above us all, and with the Virgin for your household friend. You know not how far it throws its light—that lamp which you keep burning at her shrine! I passed beneath the tower last night, and the ray cheered me, because you lighted it." Hilda quietly replies:

"It has for me a religious significance, and yet I am no Catholic."

It does not seem to me that Hilda regards the Blessed Virgin as we Catholics do. She pays "honor to the idea of divine womanhood." She reverences her because God so particularly distinguished her. She views her in the same light as she does the mother of any of the world-renowned men, only she pays her an infinitely greater honor and respect. She has been moved to pray to her, but still she never does. I think she would have indignantly denied that she believed the Blessed Virgin would or could make intercession for her with the Divine Son whom she bore. It cheers and soothes her in her lonely tower to see the rays of the Virgin's lamp streaming out on the pavement beneath. The statue which she attends to reminds her of her own mother sleeping in the hillside graveyard of an old New England town. When the burdens of life become too heavy for her she must repose them in some one else; and to whom should she turn rather than to that Mother whom she so greatly reverences? Was she not once a woman? It is thus that Hilda looks upon the Blessed Virgin. I have no doubt that Hilda never once thought of the Catholic doctrine regarding that Mother whom she has adopted for her own, much less does she admit them as true. Hawthorne has summed up his views on this subject in one little paragraph. It is after Hilda's great sorrow has come upon her. When the secret of Miriam's guilt is gnawing at her heart, and she must share it with some one else, Hawthorne says:

"When she trimmed the lamp before the Virgin's shrine, Hilda gazed at the sacred image and, rude as was the workmanship, beheld or fancied, expressed with the quaint, powerful simplicity, which sculptors sometimes had five hundred years ago, a woman's tenderness responding to her gaze. If she knelt, if she prayed, if her oppressed heart besought the sympathy of divine womanhood afar in bliss, but not remote, because forever humanized by the memory of mortal griefs, was Hilda to be blamed? It was not a Catholic kneeling at an idolatrous shrine, but a child lifting its tear-stained face to seek comfort from a mother." This does not look as though Hawthorne believed in the Catholic doctrine in regard to the Blessed Virgin. He very clearly states that Hilda only wished to share her griefs with one who had known greater sorrows herself while still on earth.

The other disputed question is as to whether Hawthorne really believed in auricular con-

fession. Those who claim he did, base their assumption on the fact that he makes Hilda go to confession when her heart is bursting with grief and sorrow over Miriam's downfall. This supposition rests on no solid foundation. Hilda, overcome by the terrible secret which she has in her breast, longs with an unutterable longing to have her dead mother with her that she might confess it to her. She has no peace of mind night or day. The dread thing is wearing away her life. She fears her reason may give way under it, and she knows of no one of whom she may make a confidant. In this frame of mind, she one day wanders among the vaults and arches of St. Peter's. She observes what an infinite relief it has given to a poor, sinful woman to make known her transgressions to the priest, and, almost before she knows what she is about, she is kneeling on the penitent's bench. She has taken no thought about it; she acts on the spur of the moment, and finds the relief she sought. It is on this incident that some base their claim that Hawthorne believed in confession. That it is entirely groundless is shown by the words of Hilda herself:

"'Absolution, Father?' exclaimed Hilda, shrinking back. 'O no, no! I never dreamed of that! Only our Heavenly Father can forgive my sins; and it is only by sincere repentance of whatever wrong I may have done, and by my own best efforts towards a higher life, that I can hope for His forgiveness! God forbid that I should ask absolution from mortal man!'"

She does not view the priest in the confessional as the minister of God who absolves her in His name. She sought for advice, for comfort, for consolation, and she knew not whither to turn. The reason that moved her to make a confession may be best learned from her own words:

"Father, I am a poor, motherless girl and a stranger here in Italy. I had only God to take care of me and be my closest friend; and the terrible, terrible crime, which I have revealed to you, thrust itself between Him and me, so that I groped for Him in the darkness, as it were, and found Him not—found nothing but a dreadful solitude, and this crime in the midst of it. I could not bear it! It seemed as if I made the awful guilt my own by keeping it hidden in my heart. I grew a fearful thing to myself. I was going mad!"

This was the impulse that she followed—she told her miseries to another, and her burden was taken from her heart.

Hawthorne looks at the human side of the Church alone. He does not view it as a great means for the saving of souls, but only thinks of the convenience which it affords man in this life. He does not examine the divine principles upon which it is founded, but only observes its workings in relation to this world. It supplies all the spiritual wants and cravings of man, and, in a word, he imagines that it must be extremely comfortable to be a Catholic. His opinion of the Church is summed up in the following paragraph. "Our poor Hilda was anew impressed with the infinite convenience—if we may use so poor a phrase—of the Catholic religion to its devout believers. Who, in truth, that considers the matter, can resist a similar impression? In the hottest fever of life they can always find, ready for their need, a cool, quiet, beautiful place of worship. They may enter its sacred precincts at any hour, leaving the fret and trouble of the world behind them, and purifying themselves with a touch of holy water at the threshold. In the calm interior, fragrant of rich and soothing incense, they may hold converse with some saint, their awful, kindly friend. And, most precious privilege of all, whatever perplexity, sorrow, guilt, may weigh upon their souls, they can fling down the dark burden at the foot of the cross and go forth to sin no more nor be any longer disquieted; but to live again in the freshness and elasticity of innocence!"

James Russell Lowell.

SAMUEL A. WALKER, '95.

One of the greatest and noblest men the nineteenth century has known was James Russell Lowell. It is doubtful whether any other man of the last fifty years has left a deeper and more lasting impress on the pages of our history. Poet, humorist, essayist, scholar, diplomatist, statesman, and citizen—all these were combined in him, and in few of them was he surpassed by anyone. Born at Cambridge, in 1819, he was the youngest of that famous group of New England men of letters, which counted among its number Longfellow, Hawthorne, Emerson and Thoreau.

At an early stage in his life, his father, a Congregational minister, sent him to Harvard where he was graduated with high honors, when only nineteen years of age. At the exercises

attending his graduation, he read the class poem, which was regarded at the time as one of the best productions of student literature.

The next two years were devoted to the study of law, and at their expiration, like Bryant, Longfellow and Holmes he became an attorney. He soon discovered that he had mistaken his calling, and accordingly he adopted literature as his profession. Though he is renowned both as a poet and a prose writer, yet his rank as an author rests chiefly on his poems. He was not born a poet; for what he accomplished in the literary line was the result of long training and arduous, unceasing labor. In serious and sentimental verse, there are not many equal and few superior to him; but in range of thought and variety of expression he is surpassed by none. Clear in perception and powerful in comprehension, his mind fitted him especially for his chosen profession. His appreciation of the beautiful in both art and nature was highly developed and very keen.

It would be almost impossible for anyone to read his poems without being very much interested both in them and in the man who wrote them. They are, with a few exceptions, valuable not alone for their strength and delicacy, but for the vast influence which they have exercised and still exercise over the minds of the people. So popular is he becoming, year by year, that nearly everyone acknowledges that a great part of his verse has become a part of the literature that never dies. He was inspired not only by love of his art, but also by love of his country. No other American author gave such encouragement, both public and private, to the literature of his native land.

Mr. Lowell's style has many and striking characteristics. The principal one is its suggestiveness, which must be ascribed to his abundance of allusion, flowery phrases, and fanciful way of treating every important thought. To read and thoroughly understand him one must have a liberal education; for he wrote not for the unlearned, but for the more cultivated and intellectual class of people. His poems and, sometimes, his prose have single lines and passages that flash into one's memory and are never forgotten. This, however, is not the result of inspiration, but rather of hard work. Nowhere does his attractiveness display itself to greater advantage than in his sonnets, which he called "the firstlings of my muse."

Mr. Lowell's first venture, "A Year's Life," was a small volume which contained all the poems he had written up to the time of its publication. Many of them were of little account, and in a revised edition the author omitted a great number of them and altered others. A short time afterward he set about the publication of a magazine, *The Pioneer*, which received contributions from the pens of such able men as Holmes, Hawthorne and Poe. This enterprise failed miserably and three numbers only made their appearance.

During the next few years Lowell spent most of his time in writing short poems, and especially sonnets, in opposition to slavery; and there is no doubt but that he, as did Whittier and many other writers of the New England school, exerted a great influence in the abolition agitation before the war.

It was not till 1848 that he made his reputation as a poet. In that year appeared his three greatest poems, and it is on these that his fame largely depends. What is more remarkable is that they are as entirely different in style and subject as poems well could be. They are "The Vision of Sir Launfal," "The Fable for Critics," and "The Biglow Papers." The first is a romance; the second, a criticism, and the third, a political satire.

"The Vision of Sir Launfal" is by far the greatest and most finished of Lowell's poems. It is an allegory of good deeds, and the story itself is a beautiful one. Perhaps the best-known and most widely-quoted passage in all Lowell's work is the "Prelude" to "Sir Launfal." Everyone knows it; but its music is so subtle and sweet that I cannot refrain from quoting it:

"And what is so rare as a day in June?
Then, if ever, come perfect days;
Then heaven tries the earth if it be in tune,
And over it softly her warm ear lays;
Whether we look, or whether we listen,
We hear life murmur or see it glisten;
Every clod feels a stir of might,
And instinct within it that reaches and towers,
And, groping blindly above it for light,
Climbs to a soul in grass and flowers."

This is a poem of religious import. It has a great hold on us on account of the beautiful descriptions of summer and winter contained in it. The narrative throughout is a good example of an exercise of fancy, as contrasted with a work of imagination.

The next in order is "The Fable for Critics," which is remarkable for the clever manner in which it sets forth, in smooth-flowing verse, the characters of the leading writers of the time, himself included. Though Lowell made this characterization in a humorous manner, yet it

is exact and just, and all that he said of the younger authors has been amply verified. This poem for the first time made Mr. Lowell a popular author by directing public attention to "The Vision of Sir Launfal." It also gave him a reputation in England, though English readers at a later date discovered that he was something more than a humorist.

"The Biglow Papers" was the third and last of his great works published in this year. They are a collection of poems in the Yankee dialect by "Hosea Biglow," prepared for the press, and provided with absurdly learned comments and prefaces by "Homer Wilbur, A. M., pastor of the First Congregational church in Jaalam." A twofold benefit was derived from the publication of these poems. The local expressions peculiar to New England are preserved for a posterity that could not afford to lose them. The second, but not the least, benefit was the great influence they exerted by means of their stinging satire against the further extension of slavery. These papers have given him a prominent rank among the greatest satirists and humorists of the age. To his many other accomplishments, Mr. Lowell added that of a well-versed philologist. His accurate knowledge of this branch of literature displays itself to great advantage in "The Biglow Papers," in which he so amusingly uses the Yankee dialect. Throughout, these poems deal strong blows at corruption; still they cannot in any way be called refined.

After making an extended tour of Europe—lasting four years—Lowell returned to America, and succeeded Longfellow in the chair of modern languages at Harvard. At different times he was editor of the earliest and best magazines of this country—*The North American Review* and *The Atlantic Monthly*. His critical and other essays, which had appeared in these periodicals, were finally collected into two volumes, "Among My Books" and "My Study Window." These books, which have undoubtedly placed Mr. Lowell in the front rank of American critics, are a very agreeable and charming mixture of wit and wisdom. They are the outcome of extensive reading made clear by his quick, penetrating perception. Indeed, his critical writings have a great and enduring value. He wrote them with a thorough knowledge of the best literary productions of the world and after long reflection upon their different characteristics. So experienced did he become as a critic that he could detect the least counterfeit and perceive the empty expressions at a glance.

His work as a man of letters did not hinder him from seeking fame in other directions. In 1877 he was appointed Minister to Spain, and, three years later, was transferred to the Court of St. James. During his term of office, Mr. Lowell did not do much literary work, but he delivered many addresses, one of which, "Democracy," has become famous. Some time before his appointment he brought out the second series of "The Biglow Papers," which were influenced a great deal by the result of the war. It was, however, at the close of the Rebellion that he recited his greatest and most beautiful poem, "The Commemoration Ode," a tribute of respect to the Harvard men who fell on the field of battle. It is very strong and rich, and from beginning to end it is a combination of brilliant gems of thought.

Lowell was a much stronger writer than Longfellow; but he did not possess that exquisite grace, sympathy, and simplicity which characterize the latter's work. It was his aim to become a poet of the people. How far he succeeded is evidenced by the popularity to which his "Biglow Papers" have attained. His brief stay in England, as representative of our Republic, served, in a great measure, to do away with the prejudice existing in the English mind against the American people.

It is chiefly to him that we owe the International Copyright Law. As President of the American Copyright Association it was his duty to carry on the campaign for the protection of writers. So great were his persuasive powers that it took him a comparatively short time to convince Congress that the law was a necessity.

Before its passage the progress of our American literature was checked by the ease with which our publishers could buy English literature for little or nothing. This was the crowning work of his life, and truly may it be considered an end befitting a career spent in so much usefulness and endeavor to elevate his fellow-men. His sad death in 1891 was mourned alike, on both sides of the water, as that of one of our most distinguished citizens and representative men of letters.

KNOWLEDGE inaugurates us into the office of superintendent and director of the elements and all their energies. By means of knowledge they may be made ministering servants for our profit and our pleasure.—*Thoughts for the Young*.

Varsity Verse.

A PREFACE.

"A rose by any other name,"
Great Will of sunny Stratford said,
"Would smell as sweet." We trust the same
You'll say, when you've this column read.

Another year, and other bards
To write the "Trifles" of to-day.
We hope, we'll try—'tis on the cards—
To make our "Verse" as bright as they.

D. V. C.

A RONDEAU.

With pipe and bowl when day is done,
And all my cares gone with the sun,
And fires are lit and candles shine,
I sit alone,—the world is mine,
Though battles may be lost or won.

I care not for the vapid fun
Of clubs or routs,—mankind I shun;
For solitude is most divine
With pipe and bowl.

How sweet the smoky minutes run
Scarce note I time when I've begun.
Give me my punch and take your wine,
For France's brands I do not pine,
Nor envy richest port in tun,
With pipe and bowl.

C.

TO IRELAND.

Thine ancient glories still reflect a ray
Down through the cycles of departed years;
Thy valleys still are verdant with the tears
Of Patrick, shed ere that auspicious day,
When he returned t'evangelize for aye
Thy people. Firm and strong thy faith; thy fears
Were few, e'en when the bigots' pointed spears
Struck with a force that Hector would dismay.

Why slumber now, thou emerald crownèd queen?
Thy heroes' shades exhort thee to awake.
Let warring factions lulled forever be,
That thou again may'st be what thou hast been.
Arise! Shake off thy lethargy and break
Thy chains! Again let nations hail thee FREE!

J. B.

IN DAYS OF OLD.

In days of old, ye gentle knight,
Yclad in helm and armor bright,
In joust and tourney sought sweet fame,
He won himself an honored name,
And to his lady proved his might.

As, after darkness, comes the light,
The modern day has banished night;
They would have thought us all insane
In days of old.

For things have changed their aspect quite;
The modern youth in jacket tight,
Now suffers ache and every pain
To win the annual football game;
Ah! never was there such a sight
In days of old.

A. W. S

"In the Wilds of Texas."

HUGH C. MITCHELL, '95.

In the most civilized regions of the world we find districts in which nature still reigns supreme, and where animals and plants thrive in their primeval simplicity. And so, in Texas, though civilization has long claimed her as its own, outside the wide swath cut by progress are wild stretches of country, of timber and prairie, where nightly are heard the yell of the panther, the wail of the wild cat and the howl of the wolf.

In such a district, several years ago, it was my good fortune—or bad, if you wish—to spend two days and nights; days marked by walks of great interest, and nights by the serenades accorded us by hungry wild cats and moon-struck wolves. We left home one bright morning, when the sun was a blaze of dazzling glory in the East, but a presage of what is commonly called a "scorcher." Before we had reached the edge of the brush, the "scorcher" had made its presence apparent; and when the senna and mesquite had cut off from us the last whiff of breeze, it felt as though the mercury in the thermometer had suddenly acquired wings, and gone up on a cloud-exploring expedition. Then the mosquitos came. True, we had had some with us all the way, but their number was limited. Now it seemed as if all the mosquitos in the State were there in a body to welcome us. There were few or none of the big Jersey species; but they were like the Texas horses, small, tough, and irresistible. They could go through anything, and would not stop until they got what they wanted.

Tormented by these we made rather lively progress through the brush. Game was plentiful, and when noon had come it took but a few shots to secure enough snipe, plover and prairie chickens for dinner, which we cooked on the bank of a small creek, made famous by a legend that at its mouth, near a triple tree, were buried the treasures of the great Gulf pirate, La Fitte. In the smoke of the camp fire we found a temporary relief from the mosquitos that surged around the fire and smoke, but dared not enter.

Dinner over, it took us but a short time to get once more on the way. As we pushed through the high weeds, myriads of grasshoppers, awakened from their noon-day nap by

our horses, rose up in the air, making the dry brush crackle as they passed through it in endless swarms. Proceeding down the creek hundreds of cranes and many other varieties of fishing birds, disturbed by our appearance, took to their wings and lost no time in getting out of the way. Occasionally, an alligator would sink from sight beneath the muddy waters of the creek.

In the bare and sandy spots, seemingly enjoying the warm rays of the sun, lay coiled rattlesnakes without number; their wicked eyes closed and their rattles silent. Every dead tree, nay every dead limb, had its quota of buzzards, and, strange to say, we saw several perched on the leafy branches of a small thorn-bush. Now and then we would pass a bull-bat squatting on a low mound or small stump, and requiring close observation to distinguish it from a clod of earth or a rotten knot.

It was in the middle of the afternoon that we arrived at "The Brush," and located our camp in a semi-clearing about a mile from Point Comfort on Lavaca Bay. As the nights were clear we dispensed with the tent, thinking that it would be more serviceable in softening our rather hard beds than in keeping off imaginary rains. We did not, however, all continue of this mind. Some time after supper, when we were all trying our very best to woo the goddess of sleep, the silence was suddenly broken by a wild cat's shrill cry in a thicket about six hundred yards off. Long and shrill came his notes like the wail of a child in great agony.

When he had finished the first number on his programme there was silence in the camp for a few minutes; then my little cousin, Henry, who had accompanied us, broke it with a whisper, gradually raising his voice, as, reassured by its sound, he grew bolder: "Let's put up the tent," he said, "I's th-th-ink it's a-a-a-going t-to rain!" "Never mind," answered my brother, "if it does rain we'll get under the wagon." "But," said Henry, "I'll be asleep, and you won't be able to wake me, and I'll get soaking wet." Then dissatisfied with the answer which he received, he covered up his head and was heard from no more until morning.

Meanwhile the cat had commenced the second number, and was steadily advancing along the line of thickets; about three hundred yards off the thickets ended, and there the cat stopped, raised his voice in a grand *finale* and retired. We did not shout *encore!* We soon fell asleep and did not awake until the morning sun made our unshaded couches too warm for comfort. Immediately after breakfast, Henry and I started out on foot towards Lavaca Bay, taking with us a shot gun, in the hope that we would see some grouse or snipe. We were proceeding in Indian file along an old cow trail, when Henry, who was behind me, cried: "Look out! There's a rattler." I glanced back at him, and caught sight of a huge rattlesnake asleep on the left of the path and not more than six feet away. He was soon placed on the list of harmless snakes, and we quietly continued our tramp. We saw little on our walk at which to shoot, or of other than ordinary interest to us; and when we returned, empty-handed, to the camp, we found my brother, who had gone in another direction in search of larger game, giving a glowing description of a pack of wolves, which he had surprised, and which had so surprised him that it was not until the last one had disappeared from sight, that he thought of the Winchester which he was carrying, and commenced blazing away at the hole in the copse made by the last wolf in going through.

The afternoon was spent napping in the shade of some low-spreading bushes, and that night once more we made our beds on the sun-baked ground, and waited for the evening concert to commence. It soon began. A cat to the north of us opened up in high C; then one on our left joined in, and we were having a first-class duet when there came from the right of the clearing a succession of growls and short barks from three or four wolves that were evidently holding a family reunion over a bone. This stopped the duet, and family matters having been amicably adjusted, silence soon reigned supreme.

It was about one o'clock the next morning when a sharp poke in the ribs woke me; I glanced up and saw Henry sitting up in bed, with a look on his face that startled me. The moon was full and had not yet crossed the meridian. It shone on his blanched face and gave it a ghastly appearance. His gaze was riveted on something apparently but a few feet to his right. I followed his gaze, and saw, glistening in the moonlight, what I at first took to be the upper coil of a large snake. A second glance showed that it was only a tan shoe. When I got up and moved the shoe, Henry sighed and sank back in a dead faint; the strain on his nerves was too great. He soon recovered; but even now, when he sees a pair of tan shoes shining in the moonlight, or in the

shadowy corner of a room, I think I see his cheek pale and his eyes glisten; but he steadily denies being at all affected, and tells me that my imagination is playing a trick on me. The next morning we broke camp and returned home, glad of our outing, glad to be home again.

Book Reviews.

—October is the month of the Rosary, and Father O'Neill, the Editor of *The Rosary*, has made the current number of his magazine worthy of the occasion. The poetry is much above the average—Mr. Norris' "Our Lady's Roses" is really beautiful—and the fiction is unusually good. Jerome Trant's "A Friar, Nothing More" is the touching story of a heroic life, strongly told. It is safe to say that all who read Mr. Trant's sketch will look forward with eagerness to the serial from his pen, promised by the editor. The life of Mother Drane is concluded, and it was with real regret that we read the last chapters of the life of this saintly daughter of St. Dominic. The Very Rev. Thomas Esser has a timely and carefully written paper on "Our Lady's Rosary," and the Rev. Reuben Parsons discourses learnedly and at length on that puzzle to philologists and ethnologists, "The Gypsy Race." In the "Children's Department "Louise's Trial" is full of tenderest pathos, while "Tony Redpath's Educated Pig," by Edwin Angeloe, is utterly bad. It has neither plot nor clever character drawing to recommend it, and is, on the whole, a very amateurish piece of work. It is a serial, however, and its author may acquire experience enough to manage the tale better in the last chapters. The "Notes" by the editor are interesting and valuable, and, in spite of "The Educated Pig," *The Rosary Magazine* was never better, which is saying much for the October number.

—In *McClure's* for October, Mr. Edward P. Mitchell writes pleasantly and wittily of his chief, Mr. Dana of *The Sun*. Mr. Dana is certainly the most interesting personality in American journalism and Mr. Mitchell has caught much of the spirit that animates the great editor. And it is as a journalist that he treats him. We have but rare glimpses of his private life, and we do not learn—nor do we care to—whether Mr. Dana takes oatmeal or rolls, coffee or chocolate for his breakfast. But when we have finished Mr. Mitchell's article, we know more than a little of the man who was, as Assistant Secretary of War, "the eyes of the Government at the front" in "the sixties," and is, to-day, *the* American editor. Mr. Dana was born a newspaper man, and the interests of *The Sun* are always uppermost in his mind. Mr. Mitchell relates an incident that well illustrates "Mr. Dana's indifference to disturbing elements, except as they may be useful for newspaper purposes. One night, in the early times of *The Sun*, the city editor rushed in from the outside room. 'Mr. Dana,' he exclaimed, 'there's a man out there with a cocked revolver. He is very much excited. He insists on seeing the editor-in-chief.'

'Is he very much excited?' replied Mr. Dana, turning back to his pile of proofs. 'If you think it worth the space, ask Amos Cummings if he will kindly see the gentleman and write him up.'"

Mr. Augustin Daly, too, once had an experience with Mr. Dana. He had called to remonstrate against a savage criticism of Miss Rehan's acting in a certain part.

"I found no difficulty," says Mr. Daly, "in getting an audience with Mr. Dana. He glanced up from his work and asked, cheerily, 'What can I do for you, to-day?'"

"'Mr. Dana,' I began with great firmness, 'I have called to try to convince you that you should discharge your dramatic editor. He has —'

'Yes, I see,' he interrupted, all sauvity and smiles. 'Well, Mr. Daly, I will see Mr. Laffan about this matter, and if he thinks that he really deserves to be discharged, I will most certainly do it.'"

And here is another story—this of "a clergyman of considerable eminence and sensational proclivity who once volunteered to write anonymously for *The Sun*. His first article came. He had made the amazing blunder of trying to adapt himself to what he supposed to be the worldly and reckless tone proper to a Sunday newspaper. Mr. Dana chuckled quietly as he sent the manuscript back, indorsed in blue pencil, 'This is too d——d wicked!'"

But Mr. Mitchell's is not the only article in *McClure's* for October, Conan Doyle's "Sweethearts" is a story full of tenderness, and Robert Barr's a "Deal on 'Change" is a striking story, cleverly told. Bret Harte, too, contributes a story, "Young Robin Grey"; but Mr. Harte is evidently losing his grip, or the fates were not propitious when he began "Young Robin." It is quite the poorest thing in the number.

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—To-morrow Rosary Sunday, which in devotional character is similar to the Feast of the Portiuncula, will afford students an opportunity of charitably remembering those asleep in the Lord. Let each one pray in particular for our dear departed President, and also for the many others who, like him, have sacrificed their all in the interests of education.

—We insert in this issue a sketch of the Rev. J. C. B. Carrier, C. S. C., who was for year intimately associated with the University and its progress. While here he labored assiduously in laying the foundation of what has since become one of the best-equipped scientific laboratories in the States. For all the old students—and for them the article is especially reproduced—it will be a source of pleasure to learn that the Rev. Professor of "ye olden times" has not allowed his zeal for the cause of science to diminish; but, with his characteristic energy and devotion to his favorite persuit, has won for himself a place among the very best scientific scholars of the Western World.

—The reports from the various classes are to the effect that the students are doing good work. This is as it should be. Nothing gives more pleasure to the President and Faculty than this announcement; for it is an assurance that the pupils are co-operating with them.

In carrying out the plans laid down at the commencement of the school year, well begun is half the struggle won. And young men desirous of attaining with any degree of success in June their ideals of September should remember that much, in fact all, depends upon their own individual efforts. To throw the blame of the failure upon others is on its very face a self-reproach; for, to use a trite comparison, only a poor student, like a poor tradesman, finds fault with his surroundings. The live student on the other hand, utilizing the advantages and facilities at his disposal, achieves for himself much honor at college. And though this good repute is a desirable quantity with every hard-working student, still it gives not as much personal satisfaction as the consciousness of duty well done.

—Next Saturday is Founder's Day. What reminiscences does not the mere mention of that day arouse! It brings back to every student and admirer of Notre Dame that shining light which, for more than two score years and ten shone around a spot which, through its magnetic influence, has become one of our country's greatest shrines of religion, science and literature. And though a merciful Providence has transferred this guiding spirit to another world, yet we, who mourn his loss, feel confident that he is ever keeping vigil with us, aiding us by his kindly influence. And in compliance with what would undoubtedly be the interpretative wish of the departed, the programme of the day will be very much the same as that which characterized the October fêtes of former years. For this reason we advocate a full round of sports. Let the college colors be seen in all their glory.

It is almost needless to mention that the day will open with appropriate religious ceremonies, and though the figure of our Patriarch may be missed from his accustomed place, it is hoped that those who gather around the sanctuary on that morning will not fail to breathe a prayer for the peaceful repose of the soul of the Pioneer Educator in the West, the venerable Founder of Notre Dame—Father Edward Sorin.

—"The distinguishing characteristic of our age, aside from the eager pursuit of the almighty dollar, is the intense ardor it displays in the cultivation of the natural and physical sciences," writes the Rev. J. A. Zahm in *Donahoe's* for September. Yes, our age, if anything, is scientific. Nowadays science is

presented to us in so many dresses in the magazine, the newspaper and the novel that even the uppish society-man is wont to discuss its latest theories with flippant familiarity over his havana.

The spirit of scientific inquiry and research is indeed abroad, and a very irreverent spirit it is. For, not content to pursue its investigations where they would be perfectly legitimate, it invades the domain of religion, and rampant infidelity is too often the result. Concerning this trend of science Father Zahm writes: "The issue is now between Catholicity, on the one hand, and agnosticism in its various phases on the other. And this issue, let us bear in mind, is not one which has arisen from theological controversy nor philosopical speculation, but one which has originated in the multifarious scientific discussions which have followed the investigations and discoveries of modern inductive science."

After thus putting the matter at issue in a clear light, Father Zahm goes on to moot the measures by which this tendency of the "zeitgeist" may best be opposed, and proposes a "strong, healthy, intelligent faith" as the saving antidote. "I lay special stress on intelligent faith, because this it is which is often, alas! so sadly lacking. If our people were better instructed in the errors and methods of the dominant teachings of the day they would not be so exposed as they now are. Forewarned, it is said, is forearmed, but forewarning in the present crisis is not sufficient. We must arm those who look to us for help and guidance with the helmet of faith and the shield of impregnable truth. We must meet the enemy on their own ground, and assail them in their chosen coigne of vantage. *A priori* reasonings and metaphysical argumentations, which are good enough in their place, and with those who are capable of appreciating them, must yield to discussions conducted on a different basis. The geologist, the biologist, the archæologist and the astronomer, we must meet on their own ground, and turn their own arms against them. This has been done before; it can be done again. We must show to the world that there is, that there can be, nothing in true science—not sciolism or fantastic theory—which is opposed to faith, or the explicit declarations of the Inspired Record. We must evince that physical science, in the language of Bacon, is, of a truth, 'the voice of God revealed in facts.'"

The reverend writer now proceeds to grapple the problem of spreading this so desirable "intelligent faith." Its solution, in his opinion, lies in interesting the clergy more widely and deeply in matters scientific. Accordingly, he makes a most eloquent plea for a more thorough study of science in our ecclesiastical seminaries.

Father Zahm's article is able and earnest, abounding in cogent reasoning, and will, we are sure, be both pleasant and profitable reading to anyone at all interested in present-day topics.

An Old University Professor.

Perhaps one of the most noted scientists of America, and one whose reputation as a scientist is synonymous with that of pastor, college president, writer and philosopher, is the subject of this sketch. The soul of gentleness, he was among the first to offer his services to the Government during the late Rebellion, and remained for two years ministering to the spiritual wants of the soldiers, until finally recalled by his superiors to a position of trust in the great University of Notre Dane, Indiana,

Joseph Celestine Basile Carrier was born in France in the year 1833, and was the youngest of a large family. His parents were distinguished for their intelligence, probity and piety. He was taught the elements of the French, Italian and Latin languages by a private tutor of great repute and learning, and at the age of nine years he entered college, carrying from the start all the first prizes, and graduating at the age of seventeen. Soon after he accepted the professorship of theological sciences in his *Alma Mater*. His early training gave him a peculiar fitness for the arduous duties of after life, while his association with the most distinguished scholars and savants of the day enabled him to acquire that wonderful facility of research which has enabled him to accumulate the vast stores of knowledge for which he is so justly famed, and from which so may have benefited. At the age of twenty-one he resolved to come to this country, with the intention of becoming a missionary; but unwilling to become a secular priest, he made application and was received into the Congregation of the Holy Cross at Notre Dame, Indiana. The following year he made his religious profession and was raised to the priesthood. His first appointment was that of Professor of Classics in the University of Notre Dame. From there he was installed as Pastor of St. Patrick's Church, South Bend, Ind.

In 1863 at the urgent request of Mrs. General W. T. Sherman, whose sons were at that time attending Notre Dame, Father Carrier was sent by his superiors to visit the Federal Army then invading Vicksburg, where General Sherman and two brothers of his wife were in command of an army corps and brigades. While there he was offered the official position of U. S. Chaplain, which he accepted and held for two years until finally recalled from the seat of war and appointed Assistant Superior to the late Very Rev. Edward Sorin, at that time President of the University of Notre Dame. In 1866 he visited France in the interests of his Community, and while there was received in private audience by the Emperor Napoleon III. for whom he had dispatches from the French Minister at Washington. The Emperor, at parting, presented him with many valuable gifts for the University; among others was a magnificent telescope and a colossal ostensorium. While the Empress Eugenie gave a gold chalice of exquisite workmanship and a crown studded with precious stones for the statue of the Blessed Virgin which had just been placed in position on the dome of the main building of the University. Father Carrier relates the following incident of his visit to the Emperor: "On arriving at the entrance to the palace I was met by one of the guards who demanded to know my business: 'I wish to see the Emperor,' said I. 'Are you a soldier?' asked the guard. 'Greater than that!' I responded. 'Perhaps you are a lieutenant?' 'Greater than that!' said I. 'Can it be that you are a General?' 'Greater than that!' said I, drawing myself up to my full height.' 'Are you a prince?' questioned the guard. 'Greater than that!' I again replied. 'Surely you are not a king?' said the mystified guardian. "Ah! far greater than that!' I replied. 'Pray, who are you?' asked the much puzzled man. Looking him square in the face, I answered with all the dignity I could command: 'I am a citizen of the United States!' It is needless to say that I was soon piloted into the private apartments of his Majesty, and that, later on when I related the joke I had played on the guard, he enjoyed it almost as much as myself.'"

In 1867, in addition to his professional duties, he was appointed Superior of the Scholasticate and Director of the Scientific Department of the University of Notre Dame, which position he held until 1874. During this time a number of young men who have since risen to great prominence were his pupils. Among them may be mentioned the scholarly Rev. J. A. Zahm and A. M. Kirsch of the University of Notre Dame, and the accomplished editor of the *Ave Maria*, the Rev. D. E. Hudson, and the late Rev. John O'Connell, all of the Congregation of the Holy Cross. In 1874 Father Carrier was appointed President of St. Mary's College, Galveston, Texas, where he remained for two years, and his health failing, he was recalled North, and for the last seventeen years he has taught in St. Laurent College, near Montreal, Canada, where he organized the Scientific Department, prepared the way to affiliation with Laval University, taught the physical and natural sciences and higher mathematics, besides founding one of the largest museums and libraries to be found in the Dominion.

Father Carrier is a member of a number of learned societies both in this country and in Europe, and is a Master of Arts and a Licentiate of Science, besides being entitled to write a string of letters after his name which would puzzle the ordinary student to understand. He has published numerous scientific lectures and essays, besides contributing many articles to different French and English magazines. He was awarded a diploma of honor and a medal by the World's Fair Commissioners for an Herbarium which is now in the University of Notre Dame. He was also awarded a medal and a diploma at the Provincial Exhibition held in Montreal in 1892 for a classified collection of Canadian plants.

In appearance Father Carrier is above the general height, with keen, piercing blue eyes, a splendid physique and martial bearing. In appearance he has been likened to Von Moltke. He retains all the suavity, diplomacy and politeness of the Parisian, and in addition glories in the fact that he is a citizen of the United States. He is still a close student, and when not actively engaged in class duties is to be found delving with all the enthusiasm of a novice into the scientific problems of the day. "There is so much to be learned," he says, "and as yet I am only on the threshold of that vast storehouse which contains all the wisdom and treasures of the universe!"

His students of to-day are as active and energetic as those of earlier years and never weary of listening to his learned dissertations. Above all, he is the true priest, the counsellor of the young, the thorough religious with whom the service of God is the chief affair of life; all else is subservient to this. A walk of ten or

twelve miles does not bother him in the least, and it not unfrequently happens that those students who accompany him on his rambles for specimens find themselves exhausted, while their instructor is as fresh as at the start. He is a man easy of access, a brilliant conversationalist, and thoroughly in touch with the times.—B. O. *in The New World.*

Exchanges.

In the management of our columns this year we shall adopt a course, which, we flatter ourselves, will make them of real interest to our readers. Anything worthy of note found in the columns of our contemporaries, and which has more than a local bearing, will be commented upon in this department. Our Exchange columns will thus be used for the interchange of opinions on questions that are of general import in the college world. We feel safe in saying that the vast majority of a college journal's patrons care little for the news, that its contemporaries have pretty covers, or idiotic illustrations, or mathematical exactness in their make-up. No: they desire to find out the current of thought in college circles; and for this it is to the Exchange column that they should turn. There is a real benefit conferred upon them by giving them such information; for a knowledge of the way subjects are treated will aid them much in forming an estimate of different institutions. We feel certain that our policy will meet general approval.

We extend our most cordial greetings to our confrères. To the new members of our profession, especially, do we offer a hearty grasp of welcome. They will find the old chaps agreeable companions, who are not half so gory as they are sometimes painted. A common interest has bound us together for this year—for many of us our last in college journalism. There should, in consequence, exist the most amiable feeling among us. May we all attain the success for which we long!

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Those secret organizations that bear the name "Fraternities," and which are usually considered circles of culture when they have two or three Greek letters to title them, have received rather rough treatment at the hands of the faculty in many of our colleges. The *Breeze* tells us that they are banished utterly from Blair Hall; and everyone knows that the fathers of Northwestern have sounded the death knell of such organizations among the Academy students. This is as it should be. A clash of interests—and this is of frequent occurrence—leads to a clash of arms: this, of course, means college rows and college disgrace. Were stronger associations of the different classes, there would be no need of college fraternities.

***

The *Daily Cardinal* contains the information that President Rutgers, of the Northwestern University, has ordered the general use of caps and gowns among the students. We have failed to verify the report by consulting the *Northwestern*—the University's representative—and can readily believe it is an unfounded rumor. If such a law was passed, not even the reasons alleged for its enactment will save it from the charge of being stupid. The mere desire to spare the less wealthy students the embarrassment of graduating in plain garments, while their more fortunate brethren are decked in purple and fine linen, is not a sufficient reason why all the members of the University should be compelled to adopt a common uniform, which is to be worn at all times. Could not this end be gained by compelling the senior class to array themselves in classic garb only on Commencement day? And the further objection to difference in shades of cloth and cut of garments is really silly. It is, indeed, hard to see how any style of dress will make laggards more studious. No one doubts that the cap and gown is picturesque. We confess to a strong liking for the costume, and should be glad to see its adoption among all the colleges—but to be worn on state occasions only. There are decided objections to it as a part of daily dress. It is a positive discomfort in cold weather, and is far from being an ideal outdoor costume. Strange! isn't it, that while the girls of Evanston sport bloomers, the college dons are compelled to adopt skirts.

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The faculty of Denison College have forbidden the students more than three public games of football this season. The *Denison Collegian* is loud in its complaint against this action. It tells us that the college will be thrown back thirty years. We may suppose that if the three games were prohibited poor Denison College would no longer exist; it would be thrown so far back that even those who contemplated its establishment would be non-plussed.

Local Items.

—Open your mouth and speak in "parabolas," says our literary mathematician.

—Mr. L. F. Gibson had charge of the Law-room last week during the absence of Mr. Kennedy.

—That youth in the third dormitory who sings in his sleep will be invited to a neck-tie party one of these evenings.

—Last week Hon. A. L. Brick, of South Bend, delivered an interesting lecture on "Advocacy" to the members of the Law class.

—A gentleman, noted for his remarkable appetite, is credited with this sage observation: "I could eat more if my mouth were not so small."

—The painters and carpenters are now at work in the Sorin Hall reading-room. They expect to have it ready for occupancy in about a week.

—Father Burns has organized the classes of elementary experimental chemistry. They are found in the laboratory every Thursday morning.

—It is difficult to tell just what might be contained in that innocent looking coffee-can which the Boat Club carries to the lake in the early morning.

—The bright boy, after profound meditation remarked: "Yes, many men of your name have become famous. Coxey's army was made up of *walkers*."

—This evening the first of a series of dances to be given the members of the Athletic Association will be held in the Brownson Hall reading-room.

—Bones says that when a fellow's girl becomes angry and returns that last year's calendar he gave her, its a plain case she has no *time* for him.

—Next Saturday, the thirteenth, is Founder's Day. There should be plenty of enthusiasm and a liberal display of the University colors—old gold and blue.

—The annual retreat for the students will be held towards the close of the present month. An eloquent Paulist, the Rev. Peter J. O'Callaghan, has been selected as the preacher for the occasion.

—For the last few days the members of the Belles-Lettres class have been discussing the development of the novel. At present they are reading Barrett Wendell's "English Composition."

—Those who desire to witness the game with Hillsdale on the 13th inst. should procure athletic tickets at once. Students in Carroll Hall take notice. Apply to any member of the Executive Committee.

—On October 13 there will be a game of football between Hillsdale and our own Varsity Eleven. The boys are hard at work and seem to feel confident that they will win the opening game of the season.

—Since last week's issue the Count seems to have given up the idea of establishing his reputation as a sprinkler. The latest move of the old board has greatly discouraged him. As yet he has not been able to locate all of his chattels.

—Are we going to have any field-sports on St. Edward's Day? If so, the Executive Committee should make some announcement to that effect. Very few of the boys would like to enter any contest without at least a week's training.

—The Class of '96 held their second meeting last Saturday evening and completed the election of officers as follows: Poet, J. A. Marmon; Historian, Richard S. Slevin. Following the example of the senior class, the cap and gown question was debated. As yet they have arrived at no definite conclusion, but, judging from present indications, the caps and gowns are almost a certainty.

—Nearly every night the dreams of those occupying the third flat are disturbed by dull thuds arising from the contact of a wall with the pedal extremities of the tallest man in Sorin Hall. Occasionally the loud hollow sounds of the bass drum are mingled with the sharp shrill notes of his bugle, as, all unconscious of the maledictions showered upon his head, he sleeps the sleep of the just.

—The Carrolls and ex-Carrolls met at last in a game of foot ball last Thursday afternoon. The weather was unfavorable for any good play. A slow, persistent rain kept falling throughout the game, which, according to agreement, lasted only thirty minutes. The score stood 10 to 4 in favor of the Carrolls. The ex-Carrolls, not satisfied with the result, tried to induce their antagonists to continue; but luckily for both sides they did not succeed.

—If persistent and painstaking drilling are the essentials for forming a good military company, then we shall have one to rank with the first. Day after day does Capt. Quinlan assemble the awkward squads for the exercise of the manual of arms, and that his labors are not in vain is seen in the improved appearance of the recruits. And the men appreciate the work he is doing for them. The captain deserves the highest praise for the interest he takes in his company.

—Improvements still continue to be made on Brownson campus. A new gridiron has been outlined east of the old one, and goals erected. The new grounds will be used by the second eleven, and two games may now be played simultaneously. A rope railing has been placed around the old field, and it is to be hoped that students, and spectaters in general, will not, as has been the case at previous games,

retard the progress of the players by crossing the border line.

—According to report, the Manager of our Eleven is not a brilliant success in his work. The men at the training-table complain that he does not see to their wants; and we have a suspicion that he troubles himself little about the runs around the lake. Then, too, several of those in training use the weed more frequently than they should. In fact, smoking is pretty freely indulged in. Well, this is a nice state of affairs: and we shall play Hillsdale in a week! Mr. Manager, stir your stumps!

—The Class of '95 held a meeting recently and elected the following officers for the ensuing year: President, Daniel P. Murphy; Vice-President, S. A. Walker; Secretary, H. C. Mitchell; Treasurer, A. M. Funke; Sergeant-at-Arms, M. Ryan; Historian, D. V. Casey. The question of caps and gowns was discussed at some length, and it was finally decided by the majority of the class to get them. The order has already been sent to a Philadelphia house, and it is expected that they will arrive in time for Founder's Day.

—The reign of our local weather prophets is at an end. No longer will they make life miserable for us by anticipating showers and storms. Their doom is sealed. Tacked up in the office is the "handwriting on the wall." The Professor of Physics daily receives from Professor Willis L. Moore, of the Chicago division of the U. S. Weather Bureau, a weather map, giving the indications of sun, snow and rain for twenty-four hours. And our athletes are happy. They can now announce their games without a fear of doubt. There was a bit of uncertainty about the living voice, which the silent paper scorns to acknowledge. It bears the legitimate stamp of one of Uncle Sam's agents, and, of course, our Uncle is never mistaken.

—The prospects for a good football season are growing brighter every day. Since the training tables have been established the boys seem to take far more interest in their Eleven. All the candidates cannot reasonably expect to get on the team, yet they should stick to the tables, and show that they have the interests of athletics at heart. The success of the Varsity Eleven depends, in a great measure, on the practice given it by the Second Eleven, and if the unsuccessful competitors desert the team we cannot look for a very favorable season. Now that Mr. Morrison, of Ann Arbor, has been secured as coach, let everyone of the players make their appearance on the field at the practice games; for the coach can accomplish far more when all are present.

—Let the lovers of music rejoice, for our Band now numbers twenty-four deep-lunged members, and each no tyro at his trade. Under the able direction of Prof. Preston, these caterers to a music loving public are in daily practice and will soon be prepared for public concerts and serenades galore. If there should be any undiscovered genius let him be brought forth; we want no hidden lights! Our Band leader is ready to welcome all who have talent and capacity. He is determined that Notre Dame shall have a band this year that shall be her glory and her pride, and the members are working hard with him. They will find their generous efforts will meet deserved appreciation.

—A special meeting of the Athletic Association was called Sunday afternoon, Sept. 30, with Colonel Hoynes in the chair. After a few remarks by the Chairman, D. Murphy, '95, described, in a strong and persuasive speech, how hard it was to procure the necessary money. Here we are in October, a team working daily on Brownson field, expecting, of course, to play a few outside teams and only one-third of the members have paid their dues. The remaining members raise their voices against the Executive Committee, charging them with not doing their best in arranging games, etc. Now this cannot continue. The "filthy lucre" will have to be forthcoming, and very soon, too. We must either succeed, or succumb. Come, boys, ante-up, and we will go on with the game.

—The twenty-seventh inst. will mark the fiftieth anniversary of the arrival from France of the second band of religious at Notre Dame. Our venerated founder, the late Father Sorin, finding, during the second year of his work here, that the little college he had established demanded the increase of his small community, sent Bro. Vincent to France to represent the needs of Notre Dame to the Superior-General. The mission resulted favorably, and the good Brother returned with seven religious to assist Father Sorin. All of these seven, save one, have passed to their reward. Bro. Augustus, director of our tailoring establishment, is the only surviving member of the little band. Although he has passed the allotted three score and ten, he bears his age well. He has served the community here in almost every capacity. His stories of the hardships of the religious, and of the early history of the University, are intensely interesting. We wish him many more years of successful work!

—The Columbian Literary Society was reorganized last Wednesday evening. The Rev. Director, Father French, presided; and, after making a few remarks upon the object of the society, called for the election of officers. Thos. T. Cavanagh was chosen temporary Chairman; nominations were made, and ballots taken, which resulted in the election of the following officers for the ensuing year: President, Rev. James J. French; 1st Vice-President, Richard G. Halligan; 2d Vice-President, James J. Ryan; Recording Secretary, Thomas T. Cavanagh Corresponding Secretary, William S. Wilkins;

Critic, Michael J. Ney; Censor, John W. Miller; Treasurer, Fred J. O'Brien; Sergeant-at-Arms, A. G. Herman. The prospects for a successful year were never brighter for the Columbians, and a greatly increased membership is expected. A hearty spirit of co-operation in the well rendering of every exercise exists among the members, and each seems enthusiastically desirous of intellectual improvement. Messrs. Nye, White, and O'Malley were chosen as a Committee on Programme. The next meeting will be informal; but on the following Wednesday evening a debate will be held on the question: "Are students capable of self-government?" Messrs. Brennan and Gilmartin will speak for the affirmative, and Messrs. Brown and Galen for the negative. Mr. Finnerty will give a declamation, and Mr. Crane will read an original essay.

—It has been the custom of several sedate and worthy seniors of Sorin Hall to make incursions into the country, within a radius of six miles from the University. They usually return from their onslaughts on melon-patches and dairies, with paunches well filled and faces serene and smiling. On one of these Thursday afternoon walks they approached the house of a worthy farmer and dickered with him for the purchase of his entire melon-patch, which was four acres square. A bargain was soon reached, and all hands fell to the feast. An eye-witness declares that their performance was simply incredible. Not a single melon was left in the field; they devoured them all. The farmer looked on in astonishment at their gigantic work, and fell to musing on the comparative value of brain-work and brawn-work to whet the appetite. Fancy the good man's consternation when one of the party quietly asked if there were any milk in the house. Well, milk they had, and in abundance, and right *royally were they treated: the farmer bowed* with respect to men who could stow away food and drink like Indians. While they were being entertained, the tallest of their number spied a demure, innocent little kitten, purring in a corner. It was the only creature feminine in sight, and he felt it his duty to make a good impression. He brought all his arts and wiles to bear upon the unsuspecting puss, and finally captured her heart. She surrendered, for nothing can resist our friend! He is a veteran in flirtation. When the men of books took their leave the kitten followed her fate. She seemed to be under a spell; the warm and tender glances of the tall man had done their work, and she was his forever. They proceeded on their journey, the kitten still following, and came upon a number of children accompanied by their school-teacher, a maiden of uncertain age. At sight of a friend in the party, the puss was released from the hypnotic trance that bound her, and she turned from her captor, glad of her escape. But the gentleman was not to be put off so easily. In gentle and seductive tones he called to her: "Kitty, kitty; pretty kitty," then—the school-marm turned upon him, and wanted him to understand that *she* was no cat, and she'd slap his mouth if he wasn't careful! The idea, to attempt to insult her! ! ! Our friend flirts no more.

Roll of Honor.

SORIN HALL.

Messrs. Barrett, Burns, Casey, Cullinan, Davis, Dinkel, Devanney, Eyanson, Foley, Funke, Hervey, Hudson, Kehoe, Kennedy, J. Mott, McKee, D. Murphy, J. Murphy, Murray, Oliver, Pritchard, Powers, Pulskamp, Quinlan, Ryan, Slevin, Shannon, Stace, Vignos, Walker.

BROWNSON HALL.

Messrs. Arce, Arnold, Alber, Atcherton, Ainsworth, Adler, Baird, Brown, Barry, W. J, Byrne, Boland, W. P. Burke, W. J. Burke, Brennan, Brinker, Baldwin, Blanchard, W. Byrne, Coleman, Colvin, Coyne, Cunnea, Corry, Corby, Crane, Craft, P. Campbell, Chassaing, Covert, Carney, Cavanagh, Costello, A. Campbell, Crilly, Chase, Cullen, Delaney, Davis, Dowd, Dougan, Daley, Finnerty, Fallen, Fagan, Falvey, W. Flynn, A. Flynn, Gibson, Gilmartin, Galen, Golden, Guthrie, Halligan, Hengen, A. Hanhauser, G. Hanhauser, Hamilton, Harrison, Herman, Howley, Hindel, Hierholzer, Hesse, J. T. Hogan, J. J. Hogan, Hodge, Hentges, Jones, Johnson, Kortas, Kegler, E. Kaul, J. Kaul, F. Kaul, Karasynski, Kinsella, Landa, Ludwig, Monarch, Mathewson, Murphy, E. McCord, J. McCord, Medly, McHugh, Moore, H. Miller, Mapother, Moxley, J. Miller, McPhee, McKee, McGinnis, Masters, Montague, Manchester, A. McCord, Ney, O'Malley, O'Brien, O'Connell, Pulskamp, Palmer, Piquette, Quimby, Rowan, Reardon, J. Ryan, R. Ryan, Roper, Spengler, Sanders, Schulte, Smith, Sheehan, Scott, Schultz, F. Smoger, C. Steele, S. Steele, Stack, Sullivan, Salladay, C. Smoger, Stevens, Spalding, Streicher, Tinnin, J. White, G. Wilson, Walkowiak, H. Wilson, P. White, Weaver, R. Wilson, Ward, Wilkin, Wright, Wachtler.

CARROLL HALL.

Messrs. Austin, Bloomfield, Ball, Bartlett, Burns, R. Barry, Benz, Cornell, Campau, Clune, Cannell, Connor, J. Corby, J. A. Corby, Corry, Cypher, Cullen, Ducey, Druecker, Dannemiller, Dalton, Dixon, Davezac, Erhart, Eytinge, Flynn, Forbing, Farley, Fennessey, Franey, Fitzgerald, Fox, Girsch, Gausepohl, Gainer, G. Higgins, E. Higgins, Howard, J. Hayes, A. Hayes, L. Healy, Harding, Hoban, Hagerty, A. Kasper, F. Kasper, G. Kasper, P. Kuntz, J. Kuntz, Keeffe, Konzen, Krug, Kirk, Lane, Lechtenwalter, Lantry, Leonard, Lowrey, Lane, Maternes, Miller, Maurer, Monahan, Monarch, Moran, Murray, Minnigerode, Morris, McShane, McPhillips, McCarthy, McKenzie, McPhee, McGinley, McCarrick, McDonald, D. Naughton, T. Naughton, Nevius, O'Mara, O'Brien, Plunket, Pendleton, Pim, Rockey, Ranch, Reinhard, Roesing, Sachsel, Speake, Spillard, Shipp, Shiels, Stuhlfauth, Storey, Sheekey, Sullivan, Stearns, Strong, Schaack, Smith, Thompson, H. Taylor, Tong, Tetman, Tuohy, Tempel, Underwood, Wigg, Watterson, Wallace, Wright, Wells, Zwickel, Zitter.

ST. EDWARD'S HALL.

Masters Allyn, G. Abrahams, L. Abrahams, Bullene, Bump, Brinckerhoff, Breslin, Brissanden, Clarke, Curry, Cressy, A. Coquillard, J. Coquillard, Campau, E. Dugas, G. Dugas, Dalton, Durand, Elliott, Egan, Fitzgerald, 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, Sexton Thompson, Waite, Welch.