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Oliver Wendell Holmes.

NOBLE-HEARTED and manly, tender,  
Humor and pathos in him combined,  
Last rays of that poetic splendor,  
Whose flash enlightened all mankind.

His poems give sweet consolation,  
Wherever read or wherever sung;  
And fame, with heart-felt veneration,  
Around his name has garlands hung.

His life was one of strong endeavor;  
But all his labors now are done,  
And a noble heart is stilled forever;  
A noble life's long course is run.

October's wind the tree strips bare,  
While o'er the ground the leaves are shed;  
And the last leaf has fallen there  
Among its fellow-dead.

W. P. BURNS.

A French-Canadian Poet.\*

BY MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN, LL. D.

We Americans boast that we are less narrow than the English in our sympathies; and yet, in practice, we confine our literary sympathies to writers in our own language. Longfellow was a noble exception to this tendency on our part. While we talk glibly of Ibsen or Zola, and adopt the new Polish novelist—who certainly deserves such an adoption,—we do so on the word of foreign critics. We persistently neglect the literature of our own continent, in Canada, in Mexico, in South America, though it has just as good a title to the name American as

\* Literature of the XIXth Century—a Lecture in Course, before the Belles-Lettres and Criticism classes.

a novel by Howells, or a history by John Bach McMaster.

The presumption of Puritanism, which always assumed that the country was English and Protestant because the *Mayflower* touched an infinitesimal corner of it, may have something to do with our firm belief that the only American is the Anglo-American, rejoicing under the folds of the star-spangled banner, and that there is no American literature other than that in the English tongue. There is not much, comparatively speaking; but there is enough to claim our attention and consideration. The Mexican Prieto is not a Longfellow; the Canadian Crémazie is not a William Watson; but if Prieto and Crémazie wrote in English, and had been discovered in London, we should have adopted them long ago, and laid the deserved number of bay-leaves at their feet, as we always do when the signal is made from over the sea. There are greater poets than Prieto in South America, and greater poets than Crémazie in Canada, and of these is Fréchette, though Lenoir, Le May and Fiset are not without great merit.

The French Canadians are by no means the rude and ignorant race which they have been represented to be. They are, as a class, more polished, more patriotic and cultured, than their English-speaking compatriots. Their political representatives and literary men have not been equalled in number and talent by those born on the soil of English speech. Canadian patriotism and literature have been blighted by the colossal shadow of the mother-country; but the French people in Canada—often forced to assume on their own soil the position of aliens—have preserved that individuality and *esprit de corps* which make minorities great and brilliant. They lose something in the quality of

their character by fixing their eyes too steadily on Paris, and by magnifying local elections into battles of giants, and political squabbles into world-shaking shocks; but, on the whole, they are admirable and worthy of respect. They have produced greater men than their English-speaking brethren, who seem to prefer everything ready-made from England, and who will, it is hoped, develop more backbone after they enter the Union. The names of Aubin, Painchaud, Cauchon, Garneau, Fabre, L'Abbé Casgrain, and others, which any student of Canadian literature will recall, deserve good places in the chapters that the future historian may devote to American literature.

The English-speaking world has come to know more about Louis Fréchette than it ever knew before, although he is by no means a Marsyas, young and inexperienced, in the art of poetry. The Forty Immortals who dwell in Paris, and who occasionally permit a gleam from Olympus to fall on some favored man of the French nation, have cast their eyes towards New France, and have made a new departure. They have set the seal of their approbation on the work of a foreigner, and, in spite of Camille Doucet's apology to the effect that Canada had been French, and was still French at heart, the fact is undeniable that the Academy crowned the work of an American who is a British subject; the Academy which, in spite of the inroads of the Romantic school into its severe and chaste halls, seldom crowns anything that is not what Louis Veuillot calls in derision "ciselé." Fréchette's lyrics and short poems are "ciselé" after the best French models. If anything, he is too dainty in his treatment of themes. In his workmanship he is more like Cellini than Michael Angelo, though he has been compared to Hugo, more, probably, because it is the regular thing to do than because there is any resemblance. In his "Ode to the Mississippi" and "La Voix d'un Exilé," he shows evidences of strength and power which denote that there is a firm and virile grasp at the handle of the delicate tool with which he does his carving. There is a pathetic sadness and tenderness about these verses in "La Voix," which are more natural to him than the indignant and angry strophes which ring out in other parts of it:

"Adieu, vallons ombreux, mes campagnes fleuries,  
Mes montagnes d'azur et mes blondes prairies,  
Mon fleuve harmonieux, mon beau ciel embaumé  
Dans les grandes cités, dans les bois, sur les grèves,  
Ton image toujours flottera dans mes rêves,  
O mon Canada bien aimé.

"Je n'écouterai plus, dans nos forêts profondes,  
Dans nos prés verdoyants et sur nos grandes ondes  
*Toutes ces voix sans nom qui font battre le cœur;*  
Mais je n'entendrai pas non plus, dans ma retraite,  
Les accents avinés de la troupe en goguette  
Qui se marchande notre honneur.

"Et quand je dormirai sur la terre étrangère,  
*Jamais, je le sens bien, jamais une ombre chère,*  
*Ne viendra, vers le soir, prier sur mon tombeau,*  
Mais je n'aurai pas vu, pour combler la mesure,  
Du dernier de nos droits, cette race parjure,  
S'arracher le dernier lambeau!"

It is difficult for us to understand or sympathize with the fiery bitterness with which the French-Canadians throw themselves into political quarrels and hold up offences of politicians, which with us would be only semi-humorous peccadilloes, to be pelted with a volume of epithets. For instance, it strikes us as singular to hear an enthusiastic Canadian making a hero of Fréchette because he was defeated in a contest for the seat of Lévis—"the Brooklyn of Quebec." The struggles of a giant which he sustained against his adversary, the deputy Blanchet, "showed that he was as great an orator as he was a skilful diplomatist, fecund writer and brilliant poet;" and with Crémazie—who, like Fréchette, dabbled in politics, but was at length compelled, through rather a hazy piece of trickery in which promissory notes and the bribery of voters figured, to flee from Canada—he is saluted as a persecuted martyr. His misfortune is laid at the door of his enemies, and the vengeance of the gods called down on everybody but him, as if he had been a Greek sage ostracized instead of a politician fleeing from his creditors. "Yes, if walls could speak, how the pretended great statesmen who, since the departure of the unhappy poet, shamelessly walk the pavements of the capital of our province, their looks proud and haughty, casting defiance, sarcasm, insult and even calumny at those who differ from them in politics, would lower their heads and hide, if the touching drama we have alluded to could be told without injuring the interests or disturbing the peace of certain families! But, patience! History will speak in its grand and terrible voice, and posterity will be convinced that those more guilty than Crémazie ought to take his place, in order, on the sorrowful way of exile which he has trodden, to save certain persons who deserved much more than he incarceration or exile!" The solid assurance which the French-Canadians evidently possess that history and posterity have a microscopical knowledge of their affairs is not only consoling, but gives them a charming freedom of

invective against their political opponents. Our patriots might imitate it, were they not held back by the fear of making themselves ridiculous, which, however, is not characteristic of the French-Canadian. He is refreshingly in earnest; in fact, so much in earnest that it sometimes redeems the triviality of his claims, and gives a dignity to the difference between "tweedledum and tweedledee." Neither Crémazie nor Fréchette was successful in politics; and no poet has been from Dante downwards, notwithstanding M. Darveau's\* grandiloquent effort to prove that poets are the right men to manipulate those wires which are called, in the language of the campaign revivalist, "the destinies of the nation." Fréchette, however, carries poetry into politics with much effect from a dramatic point of view, though it can hardly be thought that his eloquent stanzas had much effect in the Canadian symposia that answer to our "primaries."

The author of "La Voix d'un Exilé" is a poet not without honor in his own country, as the reception he met after his return from Paris, where he had gone to receive the approval of the Academy, proved. "Mes Loisirs," the first notable collection of poems, published by a French-Canadian, appeared in 1865. It was received with an enthusiasm that proved that French-Canadians are honest in their praise of their poet. It is a charming volume, full of freshness and the marks of talent, and more than deserving of the praise which our amiable old poet, Longfellow, gave in acknowledging that he had read it. Later came another collection, better than the first, more mature, freer from crudities and the marks of inexperience. "Pêle-Mêle" contains lyrics that will never die—lovely bits of verse, often too exquisite in their polish; cameos set carefully in frames of the most skilful and delicate work. Sometimes one wishes that his treatment were less "dainty," but he has the great advantage of a reticence which shows reserved force; and though the influence of Hugo and Lamartine is evident, it does not weaken a muse which, singing in measured strains, does not forget the mighty roar of its natal St. Lawrence. Occasionally there is a note that reminds the reader of De Musset at his best, but there is a freedom and freshness about his verse that prevent him from reflecting the worst of De Musset, or the school which had somewhat affected Crémazie, and which Baudelaire founded:

\* *Nos Gens de Lettre.*

"He is," wrote an enthusiastic Canadian in 1873, "one of our men of the future. One of our youngest, and at the same time one of the most versatile, brilliant, and, above all, the best of our poets. Fréchette is to Victor Hugo what Turqueti is to Lamartine; and assuredly he has flown high since he made his first stroke of wing. There is no doubt that he will attain by new efforts the flight of his master. The poetry of Fréchette is of marble and gold, and the muse of the poet must make herculean efforts, which, however, are not apparent, so great is her grace in working this immobile surface. His imagination is a chisel that attacks the soulless block, and with it he easily forms a column or a flower."

In "Alleluia," dedicated to the Abbé Caron, these magnificent lines occur, full of that sudden force, for which dramatic seems too weak a term, and of the truest religious feeling:

"Chantez, êtres criées, sur vos lyres sublimes!

Car le jour du Seigneur est enfin arrivé:

*Le monde a consommé le plus grand de ses crimes,  
Et le monde est suavé!"*

"La Dernière Iroquoise" is a poem of sustained power, and in places it recalls the "Centaur" of Maurice de Guérin. "La Nuit" and "Le Matin" are two exquisite companion-pieces, lightly-cut cameos. Some lines in "Sursum Corda," dedicated to his wife, will give one of those deft and loving touches which are due less to his art than to his talent, which delights in spontaneous and delicate turns and allusions.

(CONCLUSION NEXT WEEK.)

### The Month of the Poets.

BY MICHAEL J. NEY.

One would think that the springtime, with its flowering meadows, rippling streams, and sweet singing birds would be the season most suggestive to the poet, but our best poems have been written during the autumn. It is in spring that Nature throws off the icy grasp of winter, and blooms forth in all her loveliness. Then it is that we may walk through the scented meadows, or take twilight strolls through the woodlands, and see the reflection of the gentle lily in the crystal waters of the placid brook, as it opens its sweet petals and hangs its pretty head in mute salutation to the evening star.

The sublimity and grandeur of such surroundings appeal most intensely to our better nature; they give us a palpable idea of the beauties of an unseen world, and awaken the poetic sentiment within us. We have in our

literature numerous poems descriptive of the beauties of spring. Tennyson's "Locksley Hall" is eminently a pen picture of a May day. In his wailings over the deceit of his cousin Amy, the poet recalls an incident of happier days:

"Many a morning on the moorlands did we hear the  
copses ring,  
And her whisper thronged my pulses with the fulness of  
the spring."

Lord Byron, in his exquisite poem, "Childe Harold," pours forth his sentiments in these beautiful lines:

"There is a pleasure in the pathless woods,  
There is a rapture on the lonely shore,  
There is society where none intrudes,  
By the deep sea, and music in its roar."

There is in these lines the expression of a feeling that is common to every heart—a deep appreciation of the beauty of Nature in her simplest form; a beautiful realization of the impression made upon us by a stroll through the awful, but sweet solitude of the quiet wood, with its green-robed oaks and creeping vines; a description of the effect produced upon us by a view of the sublime landscape, where the blue arch of heaven stretches away into infinity, and the broad ocean leaps against the land, mingling the whispering of its billows with the deep moans of the forest.

Throughout the poems of Lord Byron we find this same quality—the expression of a great soul that saw all the beauties of nature, and was always in sympathy with the human heart. Thomas Moore has shown the effect of the flowery season upon his muse. His lyrics, and even his longer poems, are largely of a sentimental nature, and their scenes are generally laid in some beautiful grove or rosy bower. Never is Moore happier than when, in his greatest poem, "Lalla Rookh," he delineates the beautiful character of Zelika. This poem is replete with admirable descriptions; but the sad experiences of Zelika and her lover Azim are pathetic in the extreme. Of all the admirable lines in the poem I think these the most beautiful:

"That lawn and its roses I never forget,  
But oft, when alone in the bloom of the year,  
I think is the nightingale singing there yet,  
Are the roses still bright by the calm Bendemeer?"

William Cullen Bryant, in his "Thanatopsis," although he has death for his subject, has painted a beautiful picture of spring. He shows the influence of his surroundings in the following lines:

"Go forth into the open sky, and list  
To nature's teaching, while from all around,  
Earth and her waters and the depths of air,  
Comes a still voice."

No other poem in our language contains truer or more beautiful descriptions than Longfellow's "Evangeline." One almost imagines oneself looking at the picturesque fields of Acadia and witnessing the simple lives of the peasants; but Longfellow shows in all his poems a deeper impression from the scenes of autumn than from those of springtime. He thus beautifully describes the burning of Grand-Pré:

"Suddenly rose from the south a light, as in autumn the  
blood-red  
Moon climbs the crystal walls of heaven, and o'er the  
horizon  
Titan-like stretches its hundred hands upon mountain  
and meadow,  
Seizing the rocks and the rivers, and piling huge shadows  
together."

The autumn is as inspiring to the poet as the spring-time, if not more so. It is then that we painfully behold the bloom and beauty of summer fade beneath the blighting frosts of winter. As we walk through the stricken forests, the fallen leaves rustle at our tread with a melancholy sound, and the sad moan of the wind seems chanting a requiem over the death of a beautiful season. We mingle our sighs with the moaning breeze, and compare our lives with the summer's; for is there not a great similarity?

How sad to visit the grave of a dear departed friend at any season; but how much sadder is such a visit when the first winds of autumn, piercing and chill, wither the roses that so much resembled the beautiful form that sleeps beneath? As the memory of by-gone days rises up before us, we brush away the silent tear, and sigh for the lost and beautiful past.

It is this feeling that is described in some of our most popular short poems. "The Rainy Day," by Longfellow, would have made his name immortal had he written nothing else. It is a little etching of a gloomy autumn afternoon, and the mood is so common to all that it strikes a sympathetic chord in every heart.

Robert Burns, in his "Man Was Made to Mourn," describes the same feeling. Standing in the midst of desolate nature, and sadly looking at the autumn sunset, he says:

"I've seen yon weary winter sun  
Twice forty times return;  
And ev'ry time has added proofs  
That man was made to mourn."

This poem is the expression of a soul overflowing with sympathy; its words go direct to the heart, and its soothing qualities are very great.

A most beautiful poem, descriptive of autumn, is the "Death of the Flowers," by William Cullen Bryant. It certainly is a true description of "the melancholy days, the saddest of the year." The poet beautifully compares our short lives to the seasons, and in doing so recalls the death of his young friend:

"In the cold, moist earth we laid her,  
When the forest cast the leaf,  
And we wept that one so lovely  
Should have a life so brief."

The autumn is certainly a season to inspire poetry, and a careful perusal of our literature will prove that our greatest poems were written during that season. Verily, October has been well named "The Month of the Poets."

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#### The Grafton-Podunk Race.

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SAMUEL A. WALKER, '95.  
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Not many years ago, before the wild and woolly West had become fully settled, there were many wide-awake towns along the Missouri River which, to-day, abandoned by their ever-floating population, lie deserted and almost forgotten. For one unacquainted with the early growth of the West, when towns sprang up in a night and as quickly disappeared, it would be no easy matter to form a true notion of the sort of men composing this restless, wandering class. Nearly all of them were of an adventurous, roving disposition, always on the look-out for anything that might better their condition or afford them a little excitement. The least encouraging report from a newly opened country or gold mine was for them a signal to move upon it. Never satisfied with prosperity in one place, their love of novelty ruled them. By such uneasy spirits were these once prosperous towns built up.

While Grafton, one of these cities, was in the zenith of its glory, it was my good fortune to pay it a visit lasting several weeks. In my former travels I had seen many rustling, thriving little towns, but this one seemed to eclipse them all. The people were of a vigorous, energetic class, yet a close observer could see in their characters a deep undercurrent of love of adventure. Not more than seventeen miles to the west stood the flourishing city of Podunk. From the first the citizens of these two towns had borne great enmity towards each other. Continually at war, one used to

oppose the other in any and every contest, from a dog-fight to an election. In fact, to outstrip the other was the dearest wish of each of the rival cities.

During the time of my visit, there chanced to be a foot-race between the champions of the two towns. As was nearly always the case in the early days, the betting fever ran high. When the appointed day came, thousands had assembled from all sides; for the animosity between the two factions was known far and wide, and nearly all had taken sides with one or the other. Soon after dinner the principal street in the town was cleared of the dense crowd of visitors. The runners, encouraged by their followers, made ready for the start. The pistol was fired, and away they darted. In a very few seconds the race was over. The champion of Grafton had passed the wire four feet in advance of the man from Podunk. Amid the mighty shout of the multitude, the victor was carried off on the shoulders of his exultant townsmen, who were overjoyed at having once more defeated their enemies.

After the race was over the citizens of Podunk, crestfallen and considerably out of pocket, started for home. They could not bear to look upon the happy faces of their successful rivals. Time slowly dragged along, but it could not efface the bitterness of their defeat. This overthrow rankled in their breasts till at length they decided to redeem the honor of their fair city at any cost. A mass meeting was called and a committee appointed to devise ways and means of overcoming their neighbors. The report of the committee was awaited with much interest. When the chairman arose in his place the silence was intense. In a brief speech he told them that after much discussion the committee had decided that it was best to have another race. They had won all other contests, and they must not be outdone in this one instance. Accordingly one of the most influential of their number was selected to hunt up a suitable man upon whom they might safely stake their all. After looking around for some time he had concluded to telegraph to Chicago for a sprinter whose fame had reached even to the frontiers. The meeting adjourned, and three days later the professional appeared on the scene ready to do the bidding of his employers.

While these arrangements were being made the shrewd people of Grafton were far from being asleep. Rumor had carried to their ears the intention of their neighbor. Without



delay a conspiracy was formed by several of the most adventurous and enterprising citizens. Three of their number were dispatched to watch the camp of their rivals, and to do whatever they might think best to aid the cause of their infant city. They did their share of the work well—so well, in fact, that the people of Podunk wondered ever afterwards how it was done. By some means or other they gained access to the quarters of the racer without the knowledge of his employers. After introducing themselves the three talked of one subject, then another, till at length one of the committee broached the object of their visit—their man must win the race. They discussed the matter *pro* and *con* with the athlete, and at last induced him to sell the race. Having accomplished this much, the agents started for home fully satisfied that they had done their share of the work.

All this time the runner was giving daily exhibitions of his speed. The citizens of Podunk were delighted at the fine prospect of overcoming their antagonists and retrieving their fallen fortunes. At length, everything being satisfactory, a challenge was dispatched to the mayor of Grafton, asking for a race on the County Fair grounds, located on the outskirts of Grafton. The challengers were considerably surprised when they received an answer by return mail. They expected that at least a week would elapse before their rivals would take any action in the matter.

The day was fixed, and every possible arrangement made to accommodate the large crowds expected from the surrounding country. A one hundred-yard track was measured and put in the best condition. Judges and time-keepers of the greatest integrity were chosen. Lest there should be any trouble between the two factions the local company of militia was called out to preserve the peace. The report that there was to be another contest between the two cities had spread far and wide. Nearly every man, woman, and child within a radius of twenty miles was on the grounds. Some came from even a greater distance. Such an immense crowd had never before come together in that section of the country.

A few minutes before the time set for the contest, the two competitors appeared on the track. While their backers were wrangling over the positions, the runner from Chicago sought shelter from the warm rays of the summer sun under an elevated band-stand.

He had been standing there for only a moment when he noticed a man approaching him from the left. On arriving at a point directly opposite the stand, the stranger looked the racer straight in the eye, and at the same time brushed aside his coat-tail and disclosed the butt of a huge revolver. After this mysterious performance he moved on, and no sooner had he disappeared in the crowd than another person went through precisely the same performance. By this time the object of their gaze was as pale as a sheet and trembling with fear. Before he could recover his self-possession, one of the committee which had arranged with him to throw the race came up and addressed him. There was no time to waste, so he came directly to the point, and asked the racer if he had seen the revolvers. When the tenderfoot replied in the affirmative, the committee man grimly smiled, and told him that he would go down the track and make a mark at about the eighty yard line. He further cautioned him that if he ever crossed that mark he would never cross another.

While the preliminary preparations were being made large sums of money were wagered on both sides. Early in the day the conspirators of Grafton were on hand with their betting fund. In like manner, their enemies from the West brought thousands of dollars with them, so sure were they of making their fortunes. The betting was fast and furious. With the comparatively small sum of two thousand dollars the committee from Grafton covered all the wagers of their antagonists. Whenever anyone from Podunk wanted to bet the conspirators generally managed to have one of their number hold the stakes. No sooner would the trusting citizen of Podunk turn his back than the stakeholder would turn over his money to a member of the committee, who would immediately sally forth to make another bet.

The impatient crowd did not have to wait long before the race was called. The two runners took their places at the mark. When the signal was given both started. The champion of Grafton ran the full length of the course; but the other, after running a few yards, stopped, and made as though it were a false start. The starter would not allow this, and the first heat was given to the champion of Grafton. In the second heat, both left the scratch and ran even for nearly seventy yards. All this time the professional had not forgotten the warning. Within about two yards of the specified spot he stumbled and fell. The second

heat was lost, and consequently the race was given to his opponent.

To guard against any trouble a cordon of troops was formed around the prostrate form of the runner. The citizens of Grafton went wild with joy when they saw that the finishing blow had been given to the pride of their enemies. The excitement was intense. Some of the good people of Podunk had staked their all and lost. It did not take them long to realize that they were sold; but before they had time to recover from the shock, the runner from Chicago was taken away and concealed in a safe place. They organized a lynching party; but soon gave up this notion since the candidate could not be found.

Under cover of darkness, the object of their search was driven to a neighboring city, and there, having received his promised reward, took the night train for the East. Heart-broken, and with empty pockets, the inhabitants of Podunk went home fully convinced that they were no match for their more wily neighbors of Grafton.

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#### Letter-Writing as an Art.

MICHAEL J. RYAN, '95.

The art of letter-writing has done much to make people happy, not alone in our day, but also in the past. There always seems to be a fascination about a social letter which is never lost. Certainly, it affords one great pleasure to read and re-read letters which have been made sacred, as it were, by age. There is a tendency in our day to get at the honest expression of a man's past by having his letters collected and published. Thus his character is shown forth in a new light which, were it not for the letters left behind, the world would never know.

The constant publication of newspapers, nowadays, oftentimes furnishes the statesman, lawyer and student with bits of information, which would make charming topics for cleverly-written letters. See what a part letters have played, in the past, in the literature of all nations. They were used as a means of expressing thoughts on almost any subject; but in our day a letter generally means a familiar discourse between friends at a distance.

It was given to Rome to furnish us the most perfect models of the epistolary art. Cicero's letters are as interesting to-day as when first

written, and they are, by far, the most valuable collection of letters extant. We have nearly one thousand of these letters, some of which were written to the greatest men of his age, and are marked by the purity and elegance of their diction. In some of his letters are contained the most authentic materials of history, and they are considered the last monuments of Rome when still free. Many of his letters were written at the critical moment which threatened the downfall of the republic. Cicero charms his readers not only with his style, familiarity and frankness, but also makes us strongly admire him as he never sought an inopportune time to introduce a moral. His characters all live; and he cleverly changes the scene before we are wearied with the details. In his letter to his friend Atticus, he opens his heart, as a friend to a friend, in a most pleasing manner. All of his letters bear the stamp of extemporaneousness, and in that he was far superior to Seneca and Pliny the younger, in whose letters there are certain evidences of affectation, unsuited to epistolary correspondence.

Strange it is that in all languages very few great letter-writers have appeared; for in all the generations succeeding Cicero we are able to discern no truly great models of this art. In the reign of Louis XIV., however, there lived one who, through her achievements, has justly entitled her and her sex to the greatest praise in this peculiarly charming art. Madame de Sévigné, a descendant of a saintly family of France, was not without some of the good qualities of her ancestors, although she lived through one of the most brilliant, seductive and picturesque periods of French history. Her writings best exemplify the model letter in simplicity, life and flashes of wit, for which the French are so famous. Her letters are off-hand, as we would say, and from the heart.

This clever Frenchwoman, envied though she was, taught her sex how it was possible to unite fluency, wit and friendship in correspondence; indeed her pages are so full of refined wit and anecdote that they will repay reading and re-reading many times.

The fame she has so justly gained comes to her through a series of letters, written to her daughter, who, though absent at school, was not forgotten; and she shows in her letters her intense devotedness and great love for her daughter who, it seems, did not thoroughly appreciate the singular favor bestowed upon her by her mother. After her daughter had been united in marriage to Count Grignon, and

they had removed to Provence, her mother still continued to regale her with letters, in which, perhaps, the sole approach to a fault was her lavish praises of the accomplishments of her daughter; but still we are inclined to look upon these with indulgence when we consider that she was an only daughter, far removed from home. Madame de Sévigné was intensely devoted to her children and also to the customs of the remarkable reign of Louis XIV. But, as too often happens, it seems that her child did not show her the merited appreciation. All through this famous series of letters we remark with what beautiful simplicity, ease and naïveté she composes her sentences. Above all she has proven the equality of woman in the art of letter-writing.

She was not a frequent visitor at the court, and occasionally attended the literary circles so famous in the seventeenth century; but she never allowed herself to be carried away by it. She made these visits the topics of many charming letters, which are valuable not only for a style which has stood the test of the criticisms of more than three centuries, but also on account of their historical utility. They are still held unrivalled as pictures of the men, manners and society of the seventeenth century. She always took the greatest pleasure in pouring out her heart in most delightful budgets to her friends, in whose company she was wont to read aloud her letters.

Like most women, she seemed to know that her success did not depend on writing a letter in a style more becoming a book of serious nature. She was not wanting in variety; for in her letters we are delighted with the "ruses and stratagems, in the shape of lively anecdotes, happy *mots* and most playful allusions" and the remarks made by members of her own family.

She thus unconsciously made immortal her favorite art, so characterized by her truth, wit and spiritedness—the most prominent among the secrets of her delightfulness. She never wearies by false figures, is always true to nature, and to the most delicate feelings of the human heart.

The most celebrated collection of letters in the English language is that from the pen of Lord Chesterfield. It is made up of a series of letters written to his son at college. In many instances these letters appear to be the result of too much study and refinement; but this, perhaps, may, in a measure, be attributed to the attitude of Chesterfield toward education.

What to us seems to be a vain parade of learning, Lord Chesterfield considered it his duty to communicate to his son, who, no doubt, appreciated his letters as a son should. But still we think he could be excused, at times, if he failed in adequate appreciation. Thus goes the history of the art of letter-writing, and who has not experienced the joy of a letter written in a familiar style? Does not one feel inclined to attribute to it a power to deprive distance of its effects, to beguile loneliness, cheer up old age and add new strength to the already firm social ties of middle life? Again, does it not communicate the powerful home influences to the boy or girl at school? These letters and many others enchain the recipients with fetters from which they would by no means willingly be freed. If, then, the art of letter-writing is attended with so many happy results, why is it not cultivated with greater care?

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#### The Habit of Observation.\*

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An observant man is one who sees everything at which he looks. This definition may seem paradoxical, but it is far from being so. There is a difference between seeing and looking, and few men see the one hundredth part of what they turn their eyes upon every day they open them.

Everyone here present fancies, most likely, that he knows something of the different and beautiful appearances which the clouds assume. One who has spent much of his life in the country watching the sky in every phase of her everlasting but changing beauty; who has seen her in the soft, pink robes of the summer sunset; in the delicate, fleecy veil which she wears on moonlit evenings; in the great cloaks of black fur which protect her from the cold and storms of winter, surely must know something of her different aspects. And yet, if such a one will read the chapter on clouds in Ruskin's "True and Beautiful" he will learn so many things of which he is ignorant that he will doubt the accuracy of the description until he will himself verify a great part of it. He will learn how little of the loveliness of nature can be taken in by a superficial glance, and will thenceforth take new pleasure in all that she lays before us with so generous a hand.

So with books and pictures. Read a novel

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\* Read before the Philodemics, Oct. 17.



and form your own opinion of it; then take up a review of the same work done by any well-known critic. See what he has noticed in the plot, characters, style, philosophy of the writer which you have missed. You may have given the book a thorough perusal, while he most, likely skimmed over it with the hasty eye of a reviewer; but he has acquired the habit of observation and you have not.

It is not very uncommon to find people who have subscribed for the magazines for many years; but who have never distinctly become aware of the improvements which make the *Harper's* of Oct. 1894 so superior to the *Harper's* of 1884. They cannot name the artists whose work adorns the pages every month, far less describe or criticise them. They have enjoyed the illustrations, but have gone no further. They have not acquired the habit of observation.

How many can remember the faces of the people who are introduced to them? How many know the shape of a maple leaf, although the avenue outside is strewn with them? You often hear the fallen and dead leaves called yellow, whereas, if you examine, not one in fifty approaches to that color; they are mostly shades of reddish brown.

It would be easy to run through a dozen more such instances. How often is a tree cut down right in front of our window and not missed by us for a week? And yet from this neglected habit of observation spring some important advantages, of which the first is tact.

The observant man studies human nature closely. He catches people when they are off their guard, in their moments of leisure, when they unbend and reveal themselves; and in his relations toward them he instinctively acts upon this knowledge. He knows their likes and dislikes, and he never offends them unwittingly. He has gauged their understanding, and he treats them accordingly. He is possessed of the happy knack of pleasing everyone, and is liked in return as only the tactful man can be. He avoids all the unpleasant friction of life, and gains besides the esteem and good-will of all.

Another, and not the slightest, benefit accruing from the habit of observation, is improvement of conversation. What you have to say becomes original and full of interest; if it is something that has been learned, not from books or hearsay, but from personal experience, you will tell it in language free from the cant and tiresomeness in which second-hand information usually comes to our ears. Besides, when

suddenly called upon to speak in public, you have always at command what will lend freshness and vigor to your remarks. Even the tritest maxims sound true when illustrated by what you have seen yourself.

Moreover, the secret of letter-writing is hidden in this most useful habit. Every one must agree with me that the letters he most enjoys receiving come from correspondents who describe what they see; not from those who write each line with a belief that they have nothing to talk about.

But lest I occupy too much of your evening, I shall conclude with a word or two on how to cultivate the habit of observation. The first and last and only rule is: "Remember what you look at." Captain Cuttle's oft-repeated advice to his friends, "When found make a note of it," expresses it exactly. Practice is the only way to acquire the habit, and every hour brings opportunities of practice. One man whom I remember to have read about used to walk rapidly by shop-windows and then try to recall their contents. I believe he afterward became a famous detective.

Artists and literary men, on account of the constant call on them for new ideas, soon get accustomed to observe. But other men go through life half asleep. "They have eyes and see not; they have ears and hear not," and, as a consequence lose some of the few real pleasures in life.

If they would study a few good engravings, asking why they are considered works of art; whether they are clear; whether the pathos is overdone or the feeling exaggerated or sentimental; whether the figures are well arranged,—their taste would perceptibly improve; they would gain new ideas, new topics for conversation, new means of enjoyment. By degrees the labor of observation would become easier, finally no effort at all.

With all these important inducements to keep our eyes open, it is strange that we are so blind. And yet it cannot be denied that we are so.

EUSTACE CULLINAN.

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WILL you smile and make others happy, or be crabbed and make everybody miserable? You can live among flowers and singing birds if you will. The amount of happiness which you can produce is incalculable, if you will only show a smiling face, and speak pleasant words.  
—*C. Columbian.*

# NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.

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—During the last two weeks the class of civil engineering has been out taking measurements of the premises, preparatory to drawing a ground plan of the University and its surroundings. Would it not be a desirable change to substitute a miniature copy of this plat in the place of the view of the college building which adorns the annual catalogue?

—Our boys met the Hillsdales on the gridiron and broiled them to a nicety. Our expectations in regard to the game were realized. While there were several points to which we could unquestionably object, still it was refreshing to see the Varsity Eleven defeat the visiting team and the umpire.

It is to be hoped that the success subsequent upon the last game will not render our men blind to the necessity of continual practice. If they expect the support and patronage of their fellow-students and of the people of South Bend they must make a good showing. And this cannot be done without practice. It were sheer childishness to imagine that a game can be won without it. Some apparently are living upon the glory of the last victory; but that is a very poor preparation for to-day's game. We admit that the players need perhaps a day's rest after a hard struggle, but after that the regular team work should go on as before. We think this little admonition necessary, because of late we have noticed on the part of

some a decided disinclination to get down to steady practice. If football is to be a live game, if the N. D. U. Eleven does not intend to make a painful exhibition of itself on the field, if it is going to put up something more than a mere practice game for outside colleges—as a snob in a Chicago paper lately intimated—then every man, from captain down, must strictly follow the regulations in regard to diet, smoking and practice.

## Founder's Day at Notre Dame.

Saturday, St. Edward's Day, the feast of our Father-Founder, was a day of mingled joy and sadness for all at the University. A year ago, Father Sorin was with us and we rejoiced that he had been spared to us, as an example and an encouragement; to-day, his place is vacant in the sanctuary; but no other may take the place that was his in our hearts. All Notre Dame speaks of him; he created it, and every stone and timber in the massive and stately buildings bids us remember that a rude log-cabin and a tract of unbroken forest was the Notre Dame of fifty years ago. A long life, and one full of labor for God and his fellow-men, was his, and the University was his life-work. Ungrateful, indeed, would we be, were we to forget him, his trials and sacrifices, his unswerving faith in God and Our Lady, and his joy that he had raised up in the wilderness a monument and a glory to Her name.

The day was most fittingly begun by Solemn High Mass at eight in the morning. The Very Reverend President officiated, assisted by Father French and Mr. Houlihan as deacon and subdeacon. There was no regular sermon—for no one felt himself able to take our saintly Founder's life as a text—but just before the Mass was begun, Father Morrissey, in a few simple words, reminded those who were present of the peculiar sadness of the anniversary. He spoke feelingly of Father Sorin and his love for Notre Dame, and his words went straight to the hearts of his hearers. The Mass proceeded and many a prayer went up that our dead friend might celebrate in Heaven this, his first Feast-Day away from his children.

The choir had been strengthened by the addition of several young voices from Carroll Hall, and Concone's "Messe Sollemne" was a revelation to the students. Too much praise cannot be given to Mr. Preston who began with

very unpromising material, and has evolved a really admirable choir. The singing added much to the solemnity of the occasion, and some of the numbers were a surprise even to the initiate.

#### THE BAND CONCERT.

Mass over, the Band made its appearance and discoursed sweet music on the college lawn. After playing the "Band Union Overture" and the "Manhattan Beach March," they took their way to Sorin Hall, where they rendered "The Royal Dragoons" and "The Hoynes' Light Infantry March," much to the delight of the dwellers therein. The Sorins were liberal in their applause, and as an *encore*, the boys in blue and gold gave the "Jubilee Quickstep." The Rev. Rector, Father Burns, brought out his own "preferred stock," and it was a novel sight to see a young man trying to coax music out of a double bass and smoke a "Henry Clay" too. He succeeded though, and the Band moved off to serenade the members of the other halls. When the rounds had been made, and everyone had satisfied himself that the Band of '94 was destined to be *the* Band of all time, the crowd began to move lakewards.

#### THE REGATTA

was set for eleven o'clock, and after the large crowd had assembled on the shores of the lake it had not to wait before the two four-oared shells were carried out of the boat-house and placed in the water by the stalwart rowers. The crews were made up of the following:

MONTMORENCY—J. G. Mott (*Capt.*), *No. 1*; B. W. Oliver, *No. 2*; Albert Spengler, *No. 3*; Thos. Quinlan, *Stroke*; N. Dinkel, *Coxswain*.

YOSEMITE—Theo. O'Connell, *No. 1*; W. J. Moxley, *No. 2*; Richard Dougan, *No. 3*; J. G. Johnson, *Stroke*; J. A. Marmon (*Capt.*), *Coxswain*.

As the starting point was at the western end of the lake, both crews pulled leisurely in that direction, while the crowd discussed their respective chances of winning. Every possible arrangement had been made, so that there was no time lost in making ready for the start. As soon as the signal was given the light shells started forward, propelled by the brawny oarsmen.

From start to finish it was one of the closest races ever seen on the lake. At first the *Montmorency* led by about a length; but near the goal—so confident were they of winning the victory—they partially rested on their oars. This cost them the race. For before they

could recover, the *Yosemite*, by a sudden burst of speed, quickly forged ahead. When the buoys were reached she led by about half a length, and consequently was given the race. Taking into consideration the state of the weather and the short training this was one of the best exhibitions ever given by the boat club.

#### FOOTBALL.

*Notre Dame, 14; Hillsdale, 0.*

Last Saturday the opening game of our football season took place when the Varsity Eleven met the Hillsdale team on the gridiron field. In the morning the sun came out clear and strong, giving promise of an ideal day. Disappointment followed, however; for the sky became overcast shortly before noon, and a drizzling rain set in which continued until night. At times during the game the drizzle turned into a rain which made it very disagreeable both for players and spectators.

Thanks to the efficient work of Mr. Morrison, the coach the team played with energy and spirit, and the result was a complete victory for Notre Dame. The opening of the season for 1894 was certainly a propitious one, and it is to be hoped that the good work will continue and even greater laurels be gained by our eleven. The work of the men at nearly every point was excellent. The players in the line, although somewhat light, held up their positions in a way which left nothing to be desired outside of their wind, which can be greatly improved. The line-up was rapid. Chidester played a fine game at centre and was always ready to play when the signal came. The guards, Casey and Morse, entirely outclassed their opponents and worked with a will. Morse's presence in the game inspired confidence in the whole team. The tackles, Corby and Mullen, and the ends, Murphy and Zeitler, tackled well. Zeitler seized every opportunity, and probably did the best tackling. The features of the game were the work of the men behind the line and the magnificent interference of Captain Dinkel. It seemed as if the combined force of the Hillsdale team could not stop him. When Dinkel went around either end, with Barrett or Schmidt following with the ball, a substantial gain was sure to follow. Brennan at quarter-back, with the exception of two fumbles which were not entirely his fault, played well and earnestly. For the visitors, Robinson did the best work, managing to get through the line and stop the ball several times. Hillsdale repeatedly attempted the revolving wedge, but without

effect; for our men stopped it without difficulty by falling under it.

The Hillsdale men were the first to appear on the field, and were greeted with applause. A few moments later the Varsity Eleven came on the ground and were received with wild enthusiasm, which showed with what confidence they were looked upon. When the teams lined up they looked to be pretty evenly matched. The visitors were somewhat heavier; but as the game proceeded it was easily seen that they were outclassed. Hillsdale's team contained eight of last year's men, while with the exception of Dinkel, Chidester and Zeitler, our eleven was composed of new men. The bad weather kept away large crowds whose intention it was to attend the game; but the gymnasium windows were filled with visitors, and the students and Faculty turned out in full force. The game was called at three o'clock with a cold rain falling. The line up was as follows:

NOTRE DAME		HILLSDALE
Murphy	Left End	Kitchen
Corby	Left Tackle	Robinson
Morse	Left Guard	Tucker
Chidester	Centre	Holland
Casey	Right Guard	Manus
Mullen	Right Tackle	Keeler
Zeitler	Right End	Falconer
Brennan	Quarter Back	B. Green
Schmidt	Left Half-Back	McDonald
Barrett	Right Half-Back	Synder
Dinkel (Capt.)	Full-Back	G. Green

Umpire, T. D. Mott; Referee, Professor Martin; Hillsdale: Linesman, T. T. Cavanagh.

A brief *résumé* of the game follows. First half:

Notre Dame took the ball, and Dinkel kicked it against Hillsdale's line; but Zeitler was too quick for them, and dropped on it 15 yards away. Notre Dame took the ball, and lost 3 yards. Hillsdale gained it on a fumble. They advanced 26 yards on small gains, and then lost the ball by failure to make the required 5 yards. Notre Dame took the ball, and on the third down had not advanced it. Schmidt went around the right end for 17 yards. The same play was next tried without success. On the third down, with still 7 yards to make, Schmidt again took the right end for 12 yards. Barrett then circled the left end and is credited with 10 yards; Schmidt hit the line for 4 yards; Casey bucked the centre with a gain of 5 yards; Morse advanced the ball slightly, and Schmidt carried it 5 yards farther. The ball was now within 3 yards of Hillsdale's goal. Barrett lost 1 yard on a fumble, and then went around the left and over the line for the first touch-down

fifteen minutes after the kick-off. Dinkel kicked out, but Zeitler failed to make a fair catch, not having properly heeled the ball.

Captain Green then kicked the ball off for Hillsdale, and Casey fell on it 8 yards away. Casey and Morse made gains through the centre. A series of around the end plays by Barrett and Schmidt followed, which again brought the ball close to Hillsdale's line. Barrett struck the centre for 8 yards, and immediately went around the left end, scoring the second touch-down.

Dinkel failed to kick goal on account of the heavy wind which was blowing. A few moments later time was called with the ball in Hillsdale's possession, and the score standing 8 to 0 in favor of Notre Dame.

Hillsdale opened the second half by kicking the ball 30 yards into Notre Dame's territory. Dinkel seized it, and advanced 10 yards before he was tackled. Schmidt and Barrett, assisted by Dinkel, made brilliant runs until their opponents' fifteen-yard line was reached, when Schmidt flew around the right end and made the third touch-down. Brennan held the ball and Dinkel kicked goal. Score 14 to 0.

Hillsdale kicked off, and sent the ball 30 yards where Dinkel fell on it. The ends were worked for 30 yards, when the ball was given to Hillsdale on a foul for using hands. Hillsdale then carried the ball for 30 yards and were driven back 10 yards. At length they reached the ten-yard line and tried hard to work through for a touch-down, but without success. With a desperate struggle they went to the five-yard line where, on the fourth down, time was finally called, and the game ended. Score 14 to 0 in Notre Dame's favor.

#### Exchanges.

To students wishing to keep in touch with the life and thought of institutions other than their own, the elimination of the exchange column from their college periodical must certainly prove a source of much regret. For this column—if properly edited—contains matter, which, we venture to say, cannot be assimilated by the other departments of the paper. And yet, judging from the number of college representatives without the familiar "Exchanges," it is likely to become an exotic in college journalism. But why should it? Has it

outlived its usefulness? No: the cause must be sought other where.

It is beyond cavil that the ex-man's is a burdensome and, at times, a disagreeable task. To do his duty well he must search exchanges after exchanges, and too frequently with only the melancholy satisfaction of finding everything in them on that border-line of mediocrity which deserves neither praise nor blame nor yet comment. Then if he is not a toiler of unswerving steadfastness, he will begin to shirk and to scamp his work. He will content himself with clipping clever bits of verse from the exchanges at hand, interspersing them with comment upon the make-up of contemporaries. No wonder that after a while the exchange column is done away with. If its editors used the pen more and the scissors less, their department would still flourish as of yore.

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From neighboring Ohio comes a rumor which, to save our ideal of true womanhood, we would wish to discredit. At Wittenberg College the Classes of '97 and '98 indulged in a hand-to-hand conflict in which even the young ladies of the classes are said to have taken a prominent part. Alas and alack! we hoped that the *fin de siècle* girl, in spite of misrepresentation, would be another Hypatia, only more human and less pagan; but, we fear, she will be only a common amazon after all.

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At a mass meeting of the Brunonians a committee was appointed to lead the college cheering. The proposed action of this committee is to secure systematic cheering at all the games played on the home-grounds. Could not something of this kind be adopted here? It would do away with a repetition of such abortive attempts at the college yell as were made during our game with Hillsdale.

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Probably nothing is more encouraging to the hard-working editor than to find his editorials copied by his *confrères*. The *Earlhamite* gives us this pleasure in its issue for October fifteenth. This graceful compliment speaks well for the tact and judgment of its critics—it is truly feminine in its delicacy.

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The *Dial* is, without doubt, the most readable exchange upon our table this week. "A Batch of Letters," with its broad humor and bad

spelling is truly Thackerayan in manner. It forcibly reminds us of the pages of his "Miscellanies." We are happy to say that "Not at this College" is a phase of college life that is also outside of our experience. Of course, Father Finn's story, "One of Claude Lightfoot's Birthdays," is the feature of the number. Is there not, however, a little of the flamboyant in "Looking Backward?"

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To *The Record*, *The Mt. Angel Banner*, and *The Campus* also thanks are due for words of praise generously bestowed. In commenting upon the symposium in our previous issue, the exchange editor of the last-mentioned paper takes occasion to say incidentally that: "The SCHOLASTIC has some embryo newspaper men on its Staff."

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Students desirous of consulting the exchanges will find them as heretofore in the Library. Hereafter the arrivals of the week will be placed there every Saturday afternoon.

#### Personal.

—Mrs. Patrick Cavanaugh, accompanied by her daughter, and Miss Minnie Kerwin, two attractive and charming young ladies, paid the University a visit on Founder's Day and remained until Sunday evening. There are none whom it takes more pleasure in welcoming to its hospitable walls than those who are not only connected with it at the present, but have also been identified with it in the past. Father Dillon, the second President of the University was a brother of Mrs. Cavanaugh, and for his valuable services, the institution will never be unmindful of the debt of gratitude which it owes to those who were near and dear to him. That our gentle visitors may soon favor us again with their presence will be a pleasure to be looked forward to by those who have had the honor of meeting them.

Charley Cavanaugh, for many years a student here, who finally received the degree of Bachelor of Arts, as well as the Quan Medal in '91, paid his *Alma Mater* a flying visit on the first of the week. For the past three years he has been actively engaged in pursuing the study of law at Harvard where he was graduated last June. Upon his application for admittance to the bar several weeks ago he passed such a creditable examination that the judges, after questioning him for a short time, admitted him without the long and tedious test usually employed. He has secured a position in the firm of Isham, Lincoln and Beale, and no one will watch with more eagerness nor be more delighted to hear of his success than those who laid the foundation for the vocation, which he has so wisely selected.



## Local Items.

—Notre Dame vs. Olivet next Saturday.

—“Yes, laugh as you will, *rex fugit* means the king has flees.”

—“Rain is nothing more than precipitated dust,” so says the scientist.

—Bulletins will be made out during the ensuing week and mailed to parents.

—The subject for the first essays have been given out in the Belles-Lettres class.

—FOUND—Link cuff-button. Owner may claim it on application at Students' office.

—Col. Hoynes has just completed his course of lectures to the Law class on “Corporations.”

—During the past week, Rev. Father Kirsch has been lecturing to the Law class on Medical Jurisprudence.

—During the week the classes in English held memorial exercises in honor of Oliver Wendell Holmes.

—The “Stubs” of Brownson Hall defeated the Carrolls on the gridiron last Thursday by a score of 10 to 0.

—From the top of the Alps, the Very Rev. Provincial sends greeting to the President, Professors and students of Notre Dame.

—The Philopatrians held no meeting on Wednesday evening, owing to the illness of their President. They will meet this evening.

—One of the training tables was broken up this week. All who were in the habit of staying away from practice were requested to leave the tables.

—The *Catholic News* of New York reprints the poem entitled “Hope,” contained in the SCHOLASTIC of Oct. 6. The author was Richard S. Slevin.

—The drill by the Bicycle Club, announced for Founder's Day, was prevented by rain. The boys say they will appear when the weather is fine—they have laid in a stock of new sweaters.

—The List of Excellence, containing the names of those who obtained first place in the competitions, will appear next week. There is considerable honor attached to having one's name on this List.

When a society is able to conduct meetings as business like and enjoyable as that of the other night there can be no doubt of its utility to the members. Those who participated in the exercises deserve credit for their zeal and ability.

—Mr. Frank Hennessy, a graduate in Law '94, has returned to the University to take a postgraduate course. He spent his vacation on the Hawaiian Islands. While there he paid a visit to the ex-Queen to console her for the loss of her throne.

—Our yell was not heard frequently enough during the last game. A good strong cry,

occasionally, would stimulate the players. Let it be heard loud and often to-day. Remember it:

'RAH, 'RAH, 'RAH! 'RAH, 'RAH, 'RAH!  
NOTRE DAME, NOTRE DAME! 'RAH, RAH, RAH!

—There was a fair showing of the college colors on Founder's Day. The gold and blue looked well despite the rain. Every student should have the colors in abundance and display them at to-day's game. They mark the wearer as an enthusiastic lover of *Alma Mater*.

—The prospects for a good base-ball team next spring could not be brighter. Nearly all of the old players are back, and it is reported that several new ones have entered the University. The captain should look around and make all arrangements now, while he has the time.

—During last Saturday's game the marshals massed together inside the ropes and cut off the players from the view of the spectators. While all appreciate the need of these officers, it is just a bit exasperating to be forced to look over the heads or under the legs of the gentlemen with red ribbons. Some of them are enormously tall.

—In ordering sweaters, the boys should see that the wool is dyed in the college colors. If some enterprising South Bend firm were to lay in a stock of gold and blue sweaters, we venture to say that they would not remain long on their hands. Brennan, our quarter-back, has procured a very neat one. The gold and blue looks well in the sweater.

—A curious Carrollite wonders why all the “iron dogs” at St. Mary's are headed east.—SCHOLASTIC

“Why do the dogs,” the Carroll asked, “here eastward look?”

The wily Brownson sighed: “To mark the angels' nook, Who past those monsters steals, unblessed by ties of kin, Is fired, as Adam was from Eden for his sin.”

—“The Shorties of Sorin Hall” have been laid up for repairs during the past week. Their game last week with Carroll Hall was a hot one. As soon as the two guards recover from their slight injuries, the team will go into training for “The Sorin Hall Lengthies.” To give the “Shorties” practice for this great contest the captain has arranged several practice games with the ex-Carrolls and Carrolls.

—The confidence in our Varsity Eleven seems to have increased a hundredfold since its brilliant success in the Hillsdale game last Saturday. To-day the team plays its second game with Albion. This promises to be an interesting contest; since last year Albion played a harder and a stronger game than any other team that appeared on the home grounds. Olivet was scheduled for Thursday, but for some reason or other they could not come. They play here next Saturday.

—The Philodemics held a very successful meeting on Wednesday evening. The debate was interesting, well prepared and well con-

ducted. After a thoroughly good reading by Mr. Mead Prichard, entitled, "How the Race was Won," and an essay by Mr. Eustace Cullinan, called, "The Habit of Observation," Messrs. Mott and Kennedy for the affirmative and McKee and Eyanson for the negative, debated the question—"Resolved that morality increases with civilization." The decision of the judges was given in favor of the affirmative.

—For the past week our team have not been doing very much in the practice line. It must discourage the coach and the captain to go out on the field and find only a few players in uniform. If we want to make football a success, our special team must have a great deal of practice. There should be enough players out on the field every afternoon to form at least two elevens. When the coach has only fifteen or sixteen men on the field he can accomplish practically nothing, except to teach the signals. Every man who plays football should go out and give the team practice. They cannot possibly expect to win a game unless ample training has been given them.

—Mr. Morrison, our coach, leaves us on Monday. For his work among us certainly he deserves the thanks of all interested in football. He has labored hard to give us a proper knowledge of the game, and to inspire us with enthusiasm for the sport. If our team should be defeated during the rest of the season no blame will attach to him. Never in the history of athletics at Notre Dame has an eleven been better trained. It rests now with the captain and his men to continue practice on the lines mapped out by the coach. Mr. Morrison will go to Hillsdale to train their eleven. We trust he may find time to pay us an occasional visit. He will always find a warm welcome awaiting him.

—An amusing incident occurred Wednesday evening. It happened in this way. Very few of the Eleven had made their appearance on the field in the afternoon and there was serious talk of disbanding. However, matters were satisfactorily arranged, and all the players promised to be out for practice the next day. Just as the hour for study rang, some wag in Sorin Hall raised the cry of "Flannigan! Flannigan! 'rah, for Flannigan!" The yell was taken up by others, and there was a decided rise in football stock. Everyone's hopes were raised to the highest point. With our doughty centre of last year here we should have no fears for our team. But we were doomed to disappointment. No Flannigan came, and we are still in search of the chap that raised the cry.

—The Sorin Hall reading-room opened in a blaze of glory. It is a beauty. The decorations are in the best of taste, and the billiard table and furniture cannot but please the most fastidious. On the tables may be found the daily papers and the latest magazines. Taken all in all, Sorin Hall has now one of the best

equipped reading-rooms in the University. Certainly, Mr. Corbett, through whose energy the improvements were brought about, deserves the highest praise for his work. He is now taking steps to secure the photographs of all who were at any time residents in the Hall. Those who have pictures of the old boys would confer a favor upon Mr. Corbett by loaning them to him in order that copies may be made. Why should not the students in the Hall this year be photographed in a group?

—At the regular meeting of the Columbian Literary Society last Thursday evening several new members were elected and the names of others were referred to the Committee on Membership. The Rev. President occupied the chair and spoke at some length upon the proposed work of the society. As the program for the evening was informal, the chair suggested that the members volunteer recitations, etc. Mr. White responded with a declamation—"Wolsey's Farewell"—which he rendered very ably. Mr. Ryan, in his usual happy manner, read an original poem, and Messrs. Cavanagh and Ney read short selections. The program for next Thursday evening will consist of a debate on the question: "Ought one to make politics a permanent business?" Messrs. Haligan and McHugh will speak for the affirmative, and Messrs. Miller and O'Brien for the negative. Mr. Herman will read an original essay, and Mr. Barry will give a declamation.

—Some bright boy, in an article on the University of Chicago's Eleven, written for the *Chicago Herald*, plays the long-eared beast in a wonderful way. He tells us that Roby, who played on our Eleven last year, knew nothing of football when he entered the University of Chicago. This is remarkable. How does it happen that Charley is regarded as the best player on their team. He must have learned football astonishingly fast in four weeks. This young writer may not know that Staggy folded Roby to his breast and danced a horn-pipe when the latter said he would join the team. But the worst portion of this wonderful piece of information was reserved for the last. With quiet assurance the juvenile author announced that if Chicago found time they might come to Notre Dame for a practice game. Really! Condescending, isn't it! Has Chicago forgotten the game of last Christmas? At its close they didn't have much to brag of. Oh, we know that their line is stronger this year, far heavier than ours! But we'll play them, if we can arrange a regular game. They will find it the hardest practice they ever undertook. Our men are not out of practice for a month now as they were last Christmas, and we'll not be playing in any cooped-up marble alley this time. We ardently desire to meet Chicago!

—Well, our hopes were not unfounded. We downed Hillsdale last Saturday, and sent them home with the unhappy recollection of a third

defeat upon our grounds. But will we treat Albion in like manner? Who can say? The outlook is certainly not the brightest. When we remember our repeated failures to buck Hillsdale, and have in mind the score of the Albion-Michigan game, we have good reason to pause before rashly prophesying victory for Notre Dame. If the Ann Arbor men, with their heavy rush-line, suffered Albion to score twelve against their twenty-six, there is little prospect that we shall have a large margin to spare. Our line is far from being as strong as that of last year, and we all know that we won from Albion last year by only two points. It is true that we are better coached now than we have ever been before; but we feel certain that Albion has not been idle. The issue is very doubtful.

The presence of Anson on the team may strengthen the line. He is heavy and quick, and with practice will make a good guard. But he has played very little football, and it may take a week before he is in proper form to appear in a scheduled game. Of the others who are in training few show to better advantage than those who composed the team last Saturday. Schmidt has retired from half, and Kehoe or Corry will be sent to replace him. The others will play in their old positions unless Rosenthal be sent into the line. He has weight to recommend him and, were he a little quicker, would be an invaluable player.

The decrease of interest shown in the practice up to Thursday is certainly not an encouraging thing to either coach or captain. If we are to have a football eleven it is to be formed by training, and that of the hardest kind. Those who seek their own ease and comfort have no business on the field. When the men are ordered to appear in suits, let them put on the canvas and come to practice willingly. It is the only way to insure victory. We hope that the departure of Mr. Morrison will not mark the cessation of daily practice. We cannot afford to remain idle. We'll rust!

Oh, that some one would take out the men for daily runs! The Captain, Manager, or anyone that has the interest of the team at heart, should see to it. Let some one be appointed who will not shirk his work. The need of these runs is apparent. The blown condition of the players after a short practice is deplorable. They want wind, and want it badly. Our good showing last year was mainly due to the fact that we were not easily fagged by thirty minutes' play. The men must have these runs or we shall be weeping over severe defeats.

Those who are in training but have not been assigned positions on the team should line up daily against Varsity for practice. They will thus be strengthening themselves and can claim much of the credit that comes from their victories. They do much to form the team. Moreover, many of them intend to return to the University next year, and try for positions

on the eleven. It will be much in their favor if they have practised hard this season. Let us help Varsity as much as we can!

### Roll of Honor.

#### SORIN HALL.

Messrs. Barrett, Burton, Burns, Cullinan, Davis, Dinkel, Devanney, Eyanson, Gibson, Hervey, Hudson, Hennesy, Kehoe, Kennedy, McManus, Mitchell, J. Mott, McKee, D. Murphy, Murray, Oliver, Pritchard, Pulskamp, Powers, Quinlan, Ryan, Slevin, Shannon, Stace, Vignos, Walker.

#### BROWNSON HALL.

Messrs. Arce, Arnold, Atherton, Ainsworth, Adler, Alber, Baird, Brown, Barry, Byrne, Boland, W. P. Burke, W. J. Burke, Brinker, Baldwin, Coleman, Colvin, Cunnane, Corry, Corby, Crane, P. Campbell, Chassaing, T. Cavanagh, Carney, Costello, A. Campbell, Crilly, Cullen, J. Cavanagh, Delaney, Davis, Dowd, Fallen, Fagan, Falvey, W. Flynn, A. Flynn, Gibson, Gilpin, Gilmartin, Galen, Golden, Guthrie, Hanrahan, Howel, Halligan, Hingen, A. Hanhauser, 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, T. King, Kinsella, Lingafelter, Landa, Ludwig, A. Monahan, B. Monahan, J. Monahan, Monarch, Mathewson, Murphy, J. McCord, E. J. McCord, Medly, H. Miller, Mulroney, Moran, Moxley, Mapother, J. Miller, McKee, McGinnis, Masters, A. McCord, Manchester, R. Monahan, Ney, Neely, O'Malley, O'Brien, Palmer, Pulskamp, Piquette, Reardon, Rosenthal, J. Ryan, R. Ryan, Roper, Schulte, Sanders, Schauer, Smith,\* Spalding,\* Sheehan, Scott, Schultz, F. Smoger, C. Steele, S. Steele, Schmidt, Stack, Sullivan, C. Smoger, Stevens, Streicher, Schaur, Turner, Tinnin, J. White, G. Wilson, H. Wilson, P. White, Weaver, R. Wilson, Ward, Wilkin, Wright, Wachtler, Walkowiak, Zeitler.

#### CARROLL HALL.

Messrs. Austin, Ayer, Adler, Bloomfield, Ball, Bartlett, Burns, J. Barry, R. Barry, Benz, Cornell, Campau, Clune, Cannell, Connor, J. Corby, J. A. Corby, Corry, Cypher, Cullen, Ducey, Druecker, Dannemiller, Dalton, Davezac, Erhart, Eytinge, Flynn, Forbing, Farley, Fennessey, Franey, Fitzgerald, Fox, J. Goldstein, T. Goldstein, Girsch, Gausepohl, Gainer, Higgins, Howard, J. Hayes, A. Hayes, L. Healy, W. Healy, Hoban, Herraro, Hagerty, A. Kasper, F. Kasper, G. Kasper, P. Kuntz, J. Kuntz, Keeffe, Konzan, Krug, Kirk, Kane, Long, Langley, Lowrey, Lantry, Lane, Miles, Morris, Maternes, Miller, Monahan, Monarch, Murray, Minnigerode, McShane, McPhillips, McCarthy, McKenzie, McPhee, McGinley, McCarrick, McDonald, D. Naughton, T. Naughton, Nevius, O'Mara, O'Brien, Plunket, Pendleton, Rockey, Reuss, Ranch, Reinhard, Roesing, Sachsel, Speake, Spillard, Shipp, Shiels, Stuhlfauth, Storey, Shillington, Sullivan, Stearns, Strong, Smith, Thompson, H. Taylor, Tong, Tatman, Tuohy, Tempel, Ward, Whitehead, Wigg, Watterson, Wallace, Wells, Zwickel, Zitter.

#### ST. EDWARD'S HALL.

Masters Allyn, G. Abrahams, L. Abrahams, Bullene, Bump, Brinckerhoff, Breslin, Brissanden, Barrett,\* Curry, Clarke, Cressy, Campau, A. Coquillard, J. Coquillard, Catchpole,\* Cassidy, E. Dugas, G. Dugas, Dalton, Durand, Elliott, Egan, Fitzgerald, Finnerty, Goff, L. Garrity, M. Garrity, Hershey, Hart, B. Hesse, R. Hesse, F. Hesse, 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, Thomas, Waite, Welch, M. Jonquet, J. Jonquet.

\* Omitted by mistake last week.