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IN MEMORY

OF

The Very Rev. Edward Sorin.

MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.

LET others praise in him the saint—
The champion of our Christ and God;
Let others all his virtues paint
Above the head beneath the sod.

For me, I love the poet best,
Idealist! Idealist!
Who sees beyond the clouds at rest
The clearer space with sunrise kist

Swift as the eagle cuts the air,
His glance went to the heart of things;
Idealist!—and he found there
What the true poet sees and sings.

Idealist! And yet our earth
He often touched, to bound again.
Still higher, where high deeds have birth
And God talks with the souls of men.

Like Michael moulding Peter's dome,
A gem against the mighty blue
Of the great Roof, he built God's home—
Did he build better than he knew?

He knew God willed; he knew God's love;
He knew his strength from day to night;
He saw the golden hope above,
And he would build while there was light.

In all the clouds, he knew the grace
Of Christ incarnate—through *Her* word;
In grief and gloom he saw the place
Where *She* the angel's message heard.

A poet's eye foresaw the work;
A statesman's eye o'erlooked the plan;
A soldier's eye saw dangers lurk
O poet, soldier, priest and man!

Ideas live when all earth fails—
Beyond to-day, beyond to-day!
This poet saw beyond the veils,
And cleared the path and led the way.

Not only with the pen and scroll
Are poems made; the poet's life
Is lived within the poet's soul;
With all sweet hope a-light and rife.

It shines on every heart that gains
A glimpse of Faith beneath the dome
This poet built amid the plains,
Reflecting here the light of Rome.

It lives in knowledge, firm and true,
That turns to awe the bigot's sneer;
Did he build better than he knew?
Who knows? And dare we name him seer?

He was a dreamer of fair dreams;
A doer of great deeds was he,
And hence Our Lady, golden, gleams
Above the oak and maple tree.

And hence She speaks to all the land
That Christ took flesh—this flesh of ours—
And ever stretches forth Her hand
Against the doubt of evil powers.

Poet, whose work can never die
Because his Faith was never dim.
His songs he sings near the Most High—
The songs of poets—seraphim!

His song on earth still lives for us,
A chant of the Most Holy One;
"Be men, know, love" it singeth thus;
"Mind, climb to God!" its burdens run.

Saint, hero, founder, leader, priest,
And pioneer, let others praise,
But I, who come among the least,
Must bring a simple wreath of bays.

For I do best the poet love
In him we know, Idealist;
Compound of eagle and of dove,
Whose eyes saw Light beyond the mist.

Thomas Nelson Page.

JAMES A. MCKEE, '93.

Literature, since the days of Euripides, Sophocles and Æschylus, and even before, has been compelled by the stress of circumstances to accede to the wants and requirements of the masses; or, in other words, it is dependent upon the public for its very existence. If the people be immoral and licentious, the literary productions of that period are necessarily colored by the evil influences which are undermining the very foundations of the social fabric. So we see that what was demanded and required at one time would not be exacted at another period. The wishes and desires, as well as the opinions and tastes of the people, were constantly changing, and letters felt the power of evolution. The iron-clad rules of Aristotle, so strictly followed by the old Greek masters, were entirely disregarded by the greatest of our dramatists. The natural outgrowth of the Crusades was the "Don Quixote" of Cervantes. The novel, under the masterly pen of Sir Walter Scott, was rendered a new and delightful feature in the literary world. Literature, in its attempt to keep astride with civilization, has undergone changes, the natural result of which has been the introduction of new forms into the world of letters. The novel and the magazine are the literary exponents of the popular taste, in the present century. If a writer has anything to say, or a lesson to teach, it is put in the mouth of one of the characters in his novel, which is brought before the public through the columns of the magazine.

It is then an infallible rule that the literature of an age is the exact portrayal of the life, feelings and impulses of the people. One might say that it is the reflection of everyday life in that form of expression most characteristic of the nation. If they are very logical and concise their literature must satisfy the natural exigencies of the public demand. The people of the United States belong to the above class, and it is but natural that their literary forms should be scientific. Economy, then, is the whole secret of its method, and the less energy required of the reader, the nearer does one approach to this ideal. It is a new, but a logical, outcome of this scientific tendency that the short story has arrived at such a state of perfection. Among those who have been

eminent in the accomplishment of such an undertaking, the name of Thomas Nelson Page stands out as one of its brightest luminaries.

Mr. Page is a Virginian by birth, as well as by education. Having finished his collegiate course at Washington and Lee University he decided to study law, for which the University of Virginia afforded ample opportunities. Upon the receiving of his degree and admittance to the bar, Richmond was selected as the place where all his energies should be put forth for the accomplishment of the work which he had chosen.

I can see him, a tall, slender gentleman, with a friendly face and large, gentle eyes, which seem to speak kind and affectionate words to everyone upon whom they rest during his walks in that beautiful and historical old city, the capital of the Confederacy. Yes; everyone likes him; but none more than the little children and the old people, for whom he shows the greatest deference and most profound respect. It is no wonder, then, that in his writings the eccentric old maids, with their incessant babble and chatter, are made most charming and delightful persons. He does not represent them as so objectionable that when they come in the front door one wishes to go out at the back; but from the fulness of his heart, the venerable old ladies, always in their black dresses and lace caps, are presented to us in an aspect so different from that which writers in general attempt to describe them. Malvina Gray is made a most interesting character, and there are very few of us who would object to be associated with her, notwithstanding the fact that she spoke of our grandmothers as though they were our sisters; nor is the old lady rendered disagreeable because she remembers that on a certain occasion some forty years ago her dress was a lilac mull, while her friend's was a white embroidered muslin.

Mr. Page, a true son of the South, has given an accurate description of life as it exists there to-day, and as it was before the war. He is to the manor born—as the English would express it—and does not on that account interpret the actions of a people inaccurately, as George Cable has done. Thoroughly at his ease on all subjects touching Southern life, he has portrayed, without ostentation or pretense, the immortal spirit of the South in adversity and prosperity. He has felt the pulsations of her heart, and has never yet failed to interpret with the utmost precision their meaning.

Some eight or ten years ago the literary world

was attracted by a story "Mars Chan," which appeared in the *Century*, over the name of an obscure and unknown writer; but since the appearance of that article, Mr. Page has taken a position as one of the best story-writers of the age. It may be that birth, temperament, and pride have inclined the mind of the writer to overrate, if that were possible, the ability of Mr. Page; yet, he knows of no one whom he admires more, or whose stories he would prefer to read. When he had finished reading "Mars Chan" it left him in such a state of contentment and satisfaction that he was totally oblivious to everything around him; his mind and soul were almost in a state of ecstasy; he seemed to be in a trance, having an indistinct feeling of something so delightful that all other things were lost sight of entirely.

As I consider this one of the best stories which the author has written, a short synopsis will not, I trust, be too much for the patience of the reader. The story is simple and commonplace, for it represents only one of the sad scenes which occurred during our late Civil War; it was the loss of a dear and only son, fighting bravely for his country. Mars Chan is the hero of the story; and while one admires the chivalry of the son, one's sympathy is with the mother. He is such a son as any mother would be proud of; for everywhere one sees him, whether on the field of battle, or in the parlor, or in performing the ordinary duties of everyday life, he is a thorough Southern gentleman, led on by high and noble aspirations and subservient to nothing save the voice of conscience. He accepts the challenge, because the honor of his family is at stake; but Colonel Chambers is made "a present to his family, for he considered it more honorable to give than to receive." On the morning he rides out to battle, one cannot but anticipate the sad end which is to befall him, and when it comes one thinks only of the pity of it. The scene in which the mother and his betrothed stand by the grave of their hero is one of the finest bits of pathos that I have ever had the pleasure of reading; for so beautifully and touchingly has this been portrayed, that one desires to share a part of their grief and to speak a word of sympathy to these disconsolate beings.

The body servant, the old negro, is so true to nature that one sees in him the characteristics of many old darkies, who have survived the war. His description, to the stranger, of Mars Chan is indeed a beautiful one; and in it one admires especially the honesty and

sincerity of the old darky's words, and the attachment of the slave to his master. In this he has depicted the negro character as no one ever did before; the best that is in him is brought out, and his weaknesses are so gently and tenderly portrayed that one excuses them almost unconsciously. The peculiar relation that existed between the slave and his master, especially a kind one, has been most artistically described, and, notwithstanding the odium which is attached to this kind of bondage, I fear that it will be some time before the question of labor, especially in the South, will be so happily adjusted.

"Meh Lady," "The Burial of the Guns," and a "Gray Jacket" are stories showing the condition of the South during and just after the Civil War. They cannot but awaken in us a most profound horror and dread of such a disastrous war, which plunged the country into bloodshed; making mothers, widows, and children, orphans; causing starvation and want where before had existed plenty. Mr. Page has done more than all the politicians in the land to heal the wound left by the Civil War. He has presented to the North their Southern brethren, not as actuated by sectional hatred and jealousy, but in a manner that cannot but win their admiration, if not their affection and esteem. The harmony and concord which now exist, where formerly strife and dissension were rampant, is cleverly and ingenuously depicted in the pathetic story of "Meh Lady," which binds the North and South into one.

The author has not done so well in "Elsket," and stories of the same nature; because he is not so thoroughly acquainted with the subject as in those touching the study of the life around him. In place of this thorough knowledge he has to make use of other attractions, which do not give to them that sparkle and his individuality. While one admires them for their vividness and the beautiful descriptions which are in them, one cannot help being impressed with the idea that they are a little artificial, and that, sometimes, in a pathetic passage or a vivid description the writer is striving for an effect. After reading "Elsket," one feels as if he had been carried over the Devil's Seat and into the dominion of Harold Hoarfager to see a beautiful young girl, motherless and friendless, and pining away day by day for a man who has deceived her and has caused her life to be blotted in the very springtime of youth—a modern Ophelia.

One of the cleverest studies in negro charac-

ter, as well as in the opinions of the old darkies of ante-bellum days, in contrast with those who were born during and after 1860, is well drawn in "P'laski's Tunament." The utter abhorrence of the old negro for the airs of his son, who is endeavoring to copy the manners of "white folks," as he calls them, is well illustrated in this extract: "Heah come P'laski all done fixed up wid a high collar on, nos' master's, an' wid a creevat! an' a cane! an' wid a sugar! an' he teck off hes hat kine o' flourishin' whun, an' say: 'Good mornin' pa an' ma.' I aint nuver like nobody to gabble roun' *me*, an' I say, 'Look heah, boy, don' fool wid me; I aint feelin' well to-day, an' if you fool wid me, whun I get done wid you, you won' feel well you'self; an' then he kine o' let down his feathers.'"

If any one should wish to understand the condition of the South after the war he should read "Run to Seed" and the "Old Dominion," especially; and, in fact, any of Mr. Page's stories will give a human idea of the dreadful results of our late Civil War.

In conclusion, I will say that while Mr. Page is intensely Southern in every fibre of his being, and writes so beautifully of the culture, refinement and chivalry of the South, yet he is not unfair to the North, nor are his writings calculated to enkindle the slightest spark of bitterness. He only says, with Dante and Tennyson, that

"A sorrow's crown of sorrow is remembering happier things,"—

that sorrow which one feels, standing by the grave of a friend, dreaming of the happy times which shall be known no more.

The Tractarian Movement.

ARTHUR P. HUDSON, '95.

Literature is a reflection of the movements in the minds of men; and, as such, it is the best means we have of knowing how men have thought and acted in times that are past. A great change, one that affects many men in either the civil, political, or religious world, never occurs as a sudden and unexpected outbreak; it is always the result of influences that have, for a long time, weighed upon their minds. Thus it was with the Tractarian movement of the nineteenth century. It was the outcome of the liberal views of religion that Anglicans had

held since the Reformation, and its leaders were influenced by authors who lived even previous to that time.

To understand the influence that brought about this Tractarian movement, it is necessary to know something about the condition of the times. The Anglicans regarded their church as a part of the Constitution, and the Book of Common Prayer as an act of Parliament, which only the disloyal would refuse to accept. There was no spiritual life in the church, and men's views were constantly growing more liberal and material. Religion was considered a social affair, and the country parson was respected merely as a gentleman, who was "passing rich on forty pounds a year." It was thought that the history of early England was a chapter of gloom and oppression; and it was generally conceded that English history really began with Luther and Henry VIII.; for Hume and Gibbon were their authorities on history. Catholicism seemed to be a dying creed. After three centuries of outlawry it was almost extinct, and lingered only in the chapels of a few half-forgotten families that clung to the old Faith.

At this time there arose at Oxford University a group of young men who had learned to think for themselves, and were not satisfied with the material doctrines of the Established Church. John Henry Newman was the leader and moving spirit of this school, and he, with Keble and Pusey, gave its real character to the Oxford, or Tractarian, movement. They had read authors who took them back to the Middle Ages when the Church was dominant, and was a spiritual thing; and they saw that the events of the Reformation were not as Hume had represented them. Sir Walter Scott, the first and best of English romanticists, exercised a great influence over them, and, for this reason, the Tractarian movement is spoken of as an outgrowth of the Romantic School of fiction. From the descriptions of Scott it was seen how far the modern Anglicans had departed from the ancient principles and practices of the Church; and Newman and his followers began to think how wholesome it would be to return to them. And this was the beginning of the Tractarian movement.

John Henry Newman entered Trinity College, Oxford, in 1816. As a student he was looked upon with wonder and admiration, and was known for gentleness of heart, a clearness of intellect and an original force of character, which refused to be moulded by circumstances.

and seemed destined to be a moving power in the world. He was graduated in 1820, and elected a fellow of Oriel in 1822. He became associated with many of the leading men at Oxford, but found that his idea of religion did not agree with the accepted notion. For a few years, life at Oriel was not very pleasant for him. He had no intimate friends, and his time was spent in silence and study. But the authorities were looking upon him with anxiety, and clever men viewed him with curiosity and delight.

In 1826 he became a tutor in Oriel and things changed. He was well known on account of several essays which he had written; and at the University he had preached his first sermon, which was well received. In 1827 he was appointed one of the examiners for the B. A. degree, and from that date until 1841 his influence constantly increased. His pupils admired him, and treasured every word that dropped from his lips. He drew around him a band of young admirers for whom "*Credo in Newman*" was unconsciously the only doctrine. He was also on very intimate terms with Keble, Pusey and Froude.

During this time, Newman was not at rest; Christianity was to him a most important, an all-absorbing question. There was a spirit of discontent rife in the Anglican Church, and Newman was not unaffected by it. He devoted himself to the study of the early history of the Church, and it was his intention to see in what the modern English views of religion differed from the creed of the primitive Church, and to examine the points on which the two were at variance. He believed in his own Church as opposed to all others; but thought there were some changes to be made to perfect its discipline. His sermons of this time are the record of his own mental experience, and they seem to be the result of meditation upon his fellow-men, their duties and responsibilities. "*The Arians of the Fourth Century*" was published about 1832, and was the outcome of his studies in early Church History.

About this time Mr. Newman's health began to fail on account of the great mental strain of his work. He laid aside his college duties, and, in company with Hurrell Froude, started on a trip to Italy. While there he wrote many of the verses that are in the "*Lyra Apostolica*," and they all show that his mind was in a confused and anxious state. "*Lead, Kindly Light*" is the expression of a mood, and it shows the inward feelings of its author better than can

any other words. It is, perhaps, the most popular hymn in the language, and in repeating it all creeds unite in a common prayer. Familiar as the lines are, they may be written down here once more, for they mark the time of a great transition in the Tractarian movement:

"Lead, kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom,
Lead Thou me on!
The night is dark, and I am far from home—
Lead Thou me on!
Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to see
The distant scene,—one step enough for me.

"I was not ever thus, nor prayed that Thou
Shouldst lead me on.
I loved to choose and see my path; but now
Lead Thou me on!
I loved the garish day, and spite of fears,
Pride ruled my will: remember not past years.

"So long Thy power hath blest me, sure it still
Will lead me on
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
The night is gone;
And with the morn those angel faces smile
Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile."

Unable to be content in a foreign land, he felt that there was work for him to do at home. He left for England, and returned to Oxford in July, 1833. When he arrived he found that many of his old associates were conscious of the danger which threatened the Church of England, and were beginning to take steps to avert it. Keble, Hurrell Froude, Perceval and Rose were the most important of them.

Of his own accord, he began the "*Tracts for the Times*," and was warmly encouraged in their publication by Keble and Froude. He realized the supernatural character of the early Church, and it was his intention to lead men back to the old paths of religion, from which they had strayed. It was to be a second Reformation. His great point was to oppose liberalism, whose watchword was "*Down with Dogma*." Basing his arguments on Scripture and the Book of Common Prayer, he intended to show that there exists a visible Church, with sacraments as the means of obtaining grace.

During the early history of the Tracts, the Liberalists made a vigorous assault upon them, and it was at this time that Dr. Pusey joined the Tractarians. His scope of mind and worldly influence made him a most valuable accession, and he filled the much-felt want for one who would give a name and an individuality to the movement. The Tracts continued to appear, and the Liberalists began to accuse their writers of teaching the doctrine of the Church of Rome. In reply Newman wrote the "*Via Media*," in

which he did not deny the charge; but set forth, in defense of the movement, an Anglo-Catholic doctrine which was a compromise between the churches of England and Rome. Such a religion, he said, had never had a real existence; but he hoped that some day it would become popular.

From a group of three or four men, the Tractarians had come to be a great factor in the English Church. Whither they were tending no one could say. The times were ripe for a change, and men were unconsciously following the teaching of the tracts. It was plain to all that the writers were constantly departing from their position as champions of the Established Church, and were gradually conforming to the teachings of Rome. The climax of matters was reached when, in 1841, Newman published Tract XC, which was a synopsis of the conclusions that followed from the other tracts. It declared that the Thirty-Nine Articles of the Book of Common Prayer were in conformity with the teachings of the Catholic Church, and completely reconciled them with Roman dogma. When this tract was published most of his friends and former supporters deserted its author, and a cry of indignation went up throughout England.

It was now only a question of time until Newman should join the Catholic Church. He resigned his position in the Church of England, and in 1843 retracted all that he had said against the teachings of Rome. In 1845 he was formally admitted to the Church, and at the same time, and by his influence, Faber and Manning also entered it. A characteristic aversion for Catholicism, and the gravity and importance of a change in religion were, likely, all that prevented Keble and Pusey from following the example of their broad-minded leader.

For a number of years after his conversion Cardinal Newman was silent, and had disappeared from the eyes of the world. He was called forth, however, to add what may be called the crowning point of his whole work. Rev. Charles Kingsley had questioned the veracity of the Catholic priesthood: "Truth for its own sake," said he, "has never been a virtue with the Roman clergy. Father Newman informs us that it need not be, and on the whole ought not to be." Cardinal Newman replied in a small pamphlet, and Kingsley retorted in "What, then, Does Dr. Newman Mean?" Newman then came forth with the "Apologia pro Vita Sua," which is a personal defense of his own life, and then of the Cath-

olic Church. Kingsley had far underestimated the abilities of his opponent; for he was completely routed in one of the strongest and most beautiful autobiographies that has ever been written. As a model of style, and an example of clear, forcible writing the "Apologia" is not surpassed in the language.

Although it is now half a century since Cardinal Newman played such a prominent part in the Oxford movement, the force of his example is not dead. The number of men who are every year following in his footsteps testifies to the statement that the movement is still going on. To Cardinal Newman and the Tractarian movement may be attributed the present religious liberty in England, and to them is due the credit of having kindled the hope that one day England may again kneel for absolution from the Father of Christendom.

Three Sonnets.

(IN MEMORIAM, OCTOBER 31, 1894.)

A soldier of the Cross, God made you chief
Chosen from out the ranks, to lead a band—
The vanguard of His army—to the land
Beyond the sea, the land of unbelief
In all you held most holy; deep your grief
At parting from your France, and doubly grand
Your Faith in Him who sent you; His command
You heard, and bowed; in love you sought relief.

This was your motto: "Teach Christ's little ones;"
Your life, love's chalice filled unto the brim;
Labor, you found, was joy, pain, ecstasy,
When borne for His dear sake; love never shuns
The trial; and your life was all a hymn
Of praise, and will be, for eternity.

DANIEL V. CASEY.

Who sows a seed where once the soil was bare
Does God's own work,—no creature could do more;
Who plants an acorn on a barren shore
And sends the oak high in the peaceful air,
Who sees it grow beneath his tender care,
Man's gratitude deserves for evermore;
Yet such a one does all mankind implore
To teach the lesson that was learned there.

Revered, beloved by all who saw his deeds;
A man most worthy of the monument,
Which, living, stands to mark his endless zeal;
These are the heroes that the present needs,
From God upon a holy mission sent,
Whose holiness the future shall reveal.

RICHARD S. SLEVIN.

On mem'ry's tablet there's inscribed a name—
Our Father's name—the glorious name of one
We loved, and still do love. His race is run;
But in our hearts his place is e'er the same.

He sought not honor, gold nor fleeting fame;
A noble work was his and nobly done;
For Christ he toiled, and God's own battles won;
A hero great as history can claim.

Dear Father, may our lives be like to thine,
As pure, as chaste, as holy and as kind,
A loving friend to all both low and high;
And may we live with only one design—
To serve our God with all our heart and mind
As thou didst serve, and, like thee, happy die.
ARTHUR W. STACE.

"THY TASK IS DONE!"

Meek, gentle, yielding up his life,
In happy death, true happiness he found—
The narrow way, the toil, the strife
Enhanced his glory as the clouds around
The setting sun.

Selected by a choice divine
To pave a way for weaker feet to tread;
From early morn to day's decline
He labored nobly till the Master said:
"Thy task is done!"

WILLIAM P. BURNS.

Byron's Graphic Description.

MICHAEL J. NEY.

The paramount law in all written narration should be to present to the mind of the reader a description so graphic that he will almost imagine himself witnessing the action. It is my purpose in this short paper to cite examples of what I consider graphic description.

When Lord Byron, under the assumption of Childe Harold, arrived at the historic plain of Waterloo and gazed upon that "place of skulls," he certainly had in his great mind a vivid conception of the scene of that mighty contest which wrested Europe from the grasp of arbitrary power, and struck the shackles from countless millions of slaves. I consider his battle of Waterloo one of the best descriptions in our language, and one of the many great poems written by Lord Byron. There, he tells us, in Belgium's capital had gathered the youth and beauty of a realm to celebrate a great victory. The gallant young officers, freed from the tedium of a protracted war, were pleased to turn their attention from the subjugation of nations to the conquest of hearts. Through the intricacies of the mazy waltz they float down that hall of pleasure, each arm supporting the incarnate essence of feminine loveliness. Bright eyes glance shyly and dimpled cheeks blush swiftly at whispered compliments, while

all are entranced by the sweet strains of the orchestra which is, all unconsciously, playing the funeral march to a nation's grave. What a beautiful description is this:

"A thousand hearts beat happily; and when
Music arose with its voluptuous swell,
Soft eyes looked love to eyes which spake again,
And all went merry as a marriage bell."

The abrupt end of this scene of pleasure, the sudden transition from great joy to lasting sorrow, is described by Byron as only a poet of high genius could depict. The picture is so well executed that one can almost hear the sighs of the lovers as they bid one another a last farewell:

"And there were sudden partings, such as press
The life from out young hearts, and choking sighs
Which ne'er might be repeated: who could guess
If ever more should meet those mutual eyes."

The description of the cavalry men mounting their steeds is, I think, one of the truest and grandest descriptions in the poem. The admirable lines of Byron are so well adapted to the different kinds of motion that they convey a very tangible idea of every move made in this grand action.

What an impetuous grandeur of expression there is in these lines! On reading them we almost see the fiery steed champing his bit impatient for the fray, and the mustering squadron marching forth to the beat of the alarming drum:

"And there was mounting in hot haste: the steed,
The mustering squadron, and the clattering car,
Went pouring forward with impetuous speed,
And swiftly forming in the ranks of war."

Not less meritorious, in point of beautiful and graphic description, is Byron's picture of the thunder-storm in the mountains. I consider this the best description of the sublimity of the elements in our language. It does not lie within the power of rhetoricians to teach such a style of expression as this—it is the gift of God. A writer may give an accurate account of any great action; but unless he has that certain greatness of soul which enables him to notice the grand features, his narrative will in no wise approach the sublime. He must have something grand within himself to see the real grandeur in other things.

What a vivid notion of the crashing thunder and the sublime flash of the lightning do not Byron's lines convey! What a grand realization of the beauties of night is contained in this expression! Whoever has stood on the mountains during a dark night and witnessed a thunder-storm can appreciate the beauty of

this description. It is the outline of a scene of terrible sublimity which fills us with what may be defined as a pleasing fear, and makes us sensible of God's omnipotence. No other words could more beautifully describe the sublime flash of the lightning, as it throws a gleam of gladness over the face of the solitary lake, banishing for an instant the darkness, and disclosing the rippling dimples of her whispering billows:

"And this is in the night—most glorious night!
Thou wert not sent for slumber! Let me be
A sharer in thy fierce and far delight,
A portion of the tempest and of thee!
How the lit lake shines, a phosphoric sea,
And the big rain comes dancing to the earth,
And now again 'tis black, and now, the glee
Of the land hills shakes with its mountain mirth,
As if they did rejoice o'er a young earthquake's birth."

I might point out a thousand beauties in almost every poem that Lord Byron wrote; but it is my intention in this paper to dwell upon the merits of his "Mazeppa." This poem combines the qualities of romance and love with graphic and beautiful description. Mazeppa is a lovely youth who enters the service of Count Palatine as a page. He soon falls in love with Theresa, the count's charming daughter, and the story of Mazeppa's stolen meetings with Theresa is beautifully told. Theresa is a character true to life, and verifies the fact that a prohibited affection is usually the strongest. Mazeppa expresses an universal truth in these lines:

"We met in secret doubly sweet,
Some say they find it so to meet;
I know not that I would have given
My life but to have called her mine,
In the full view of earth and heaven;
For I did oft and long repine
That we could only meet by stealth."

The count, as is always the case, is horrified and maddened when he discovers the feeling that exists between his daughter and his page. In a paroxysm of rage he orders his men to seize Mazeppa, tie him securely upon the back of a fierce wild horse, "that looked as though the speed of thought were in his limbs," and turn the animal loose upon the frozen plains of Siberia. His orders having been carefully executed, Mazeppa begins his fearful ride among the howling and hungry wolves of the desert, in the darkness of night. The description of this awful ride is, I think, the most graphic one relating to motion in our language. The verse is so admirably arranged, and the description so luxuriously grand, as to make one imagine oneself really witnessing the action.

What could better convey the idea of the lunging forth of a frightened horse than these lines:

"Then loosed him with a sudden lash—
Away! away! and on we dash!
Torrents less rapid and less rash."

The abrupt parting of these young lovers and the unjust punishment of Mazeppa for presuming to love the count's daughter is both beautiful and pathetic. Whoever is familiar with the motion of a horse while running, can see the beauty of this description. The poet's thorough knowledge of the motion is grandly expressed in these lines:

"Away! away! my breath was gone;
I saw not where he hurried on.
'Twas scarcely yet the break of day
And on he foamed away! away!"

The description of the frantic horse, dashing through the woods, is not the least happy part of this narrative. The savage wolves pursuing the enraged animal are so real as almost to make one fancy oneself a witness of the action. The "Chariot Race" in "Ben-Hur" may be cited as a good description of motion; but that narrative differs from Mazeppa in that the horses in "Ben-Hur" are under the control of the drivers. There is no passage in "Ben-Hur" that will bear comparison with this:

"We rustled through the leaves like wind,
Left shrubs and trees and wolves behind."

One can scarcely read this graphic description without becoming, in some measure, excited. It always presents to my mind not a mere outline of the action, but the real action itself. I imagine a young man more dead than alive, bound upon the back of a maddened horse, his every effort to free himself only urging the animal to greater speed. Mazeppa speaks soothingly to the horse, but, as is natural, his voice serves only to spur on the wild animal:

"I tried my voice, 'twas faint and low,
But yet he swerved as from a blow."

Now the horse dodges the trees in the forest; now he leaps over a precipice, and the sound of his hoofs on the frozen deserts mingle with the grim howl of the hungry wolves! Now he plunges into the mad river, and the contact with the cold water seems to give him greater speed; for Mazeppa, after swimming the river, says:

"We sped like meteors through the sky."

But the horse is becoming exhausted; he breathes with difficulty; he falters; he staggers; he falls. In the midst of a dreary desert, far from any human habitation, Mazeppa, bound

to the lifeless animal, prays for death as a grateful deliverance. In the sky he sees the expectant raven hovering over him, and then, as he says, he gives

"A gasp, a throb, a start of pain—
A sigh and nothing more."

But he is luckily rescued, by whom he knows not; and when he recovers his senses he finds himself in a palace, and a beautiful Cossack maiden smoothing his pillow and tenderly caring for him. He fully recovers his strength, marries the maiden and becomes ruler over the Cossacks. After many years he returns to Siberia with a formidable army to punish the Count Palatine for giving him that uncourteous ride.

The classics contain many examples of graphic description. All Latin scholars are familiar with Virgil's description of the horse race, and of the Cyclops at work on the anvil; but for graphic and beautiful description among modern writers we must yield the palm to Byron.

Book Reviews.

—*The New Science Review* is the latest addition to the steadily increasing list of periodical publications. The *Review* is a quarterly, and is issued simultaneously in London and New York. It is edited by J. M. Stoddart, late of *Lippincott's*. Its purpose, as professed in the editorial announcement, is to lay before the general reader, in comprehensible form, the best scientific thought, discussion and achievement of the day. It proposes to take up a position midway between the technical scientific periodical and the light magazine, and to clothe the hard, dry, but solid thought-food of the one, with the general attractiveness of the other. The October number—the second—lies before us as we write, and if it may be taken as a fair criterion, the *Review* is a distinct success.

Prof. Dewar, of the Royal Institution, whose recent achievements in liquifying oxygen, nitrogen, and air have made him famous the world over, contributes two important papers. One describes his latest experiments on the conduct of bodies at extremely low temperatures, and chiefly as relates to phosphorescence. The other is a discussion of the latest scientific sensation—the reported discovery, by Lord Rayleigh and Prof. Ramsay, of a new gas in the atmosphere. The facts presented by Prof.

Dewar make it difficult to believe in the new discovery. "The Blood Stains on the Holy Coat" (of Argenteuil) is the subject of an interesting article by Emile Gautier. The author is a clever writer; but chemists would be the first to contradict his statement that chemistry is able to tell us, with absolute certainty, whether any particular specimen of blood is that of a man or an animal. The conclusion of the French analysts, to whom the specimens were submitted, who asserted positively, on the ordinary microscopic evidence, that the spots were due to human blood, may well be doubted. The Cronin Trial is still fresh in our memory. The most eminent authorities do not claim for the ordinary microscopic test for human blood, even when fresh, anything more than mere probability. If this be so in the case of fresh blood, how much less certain must be the test when the blood has stood, as in this instance, for many centuries? Other interesting articles are: "What Electricity Is," "Mental Training," "A Remarkable Book and its Teachings." The *Review*, at the very moderate price of \$2.00 per annum, will be a powerful rival of the older and dearer magazines.

—It is no easy task to write a text-book on a subject as formula-defying as football. It is a game of chess, with every pawn, instinct with life and quick to take advantage of every opportunity, many of which would pass, unnoticed by the mind that directs the game. But a system in football is necessary, and the "Treatise on American Football" of Messrs. Stagg and Williams is unique as the only attempt at formulating the rules that govern the king of our sports. They are both Yale men—the authors of this little hand-book—and certainly none should know more of the game. There is a chapter for beginners, and one for each player on the team. These are carefully done and are invaluable not only to the novice, but to the man who has worn canvas for any number of seasons. There is so much in this little book; it is so full of condensed information, clearly and concisely put, that it would be folly to attempt to give even a brief *résumé* of its contents. There are seventy full page diagrams of plays with explanations, that embrace everything from the simplest "round-the-end" plays to the complicated rushes that carried Princeton to victory last year. The chapter on "Team Play" is especially good, and the "Axioms" are pithy and full of wisdom. This little book will come like a God-send to many a weary captain, for whom a coach is out of the question. It has the approval of Messrs. Hinkey, Bliss, Cumnock, Casper Whitney and many other experts. (D. Appleton & Co., New York, 1894. \$1.25.)

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Staff.

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—Who would not enjoy a Summer in Europe? No one, we are sure. Well, such a pleasure is in store for all the patrons of the SCHOLASTIC. We will start on the "ocean voyage" next Saturday. Our *cicerone* will be one of the most entertaining persons ever met. Procure a SCHOLASTIC and come along.

—Last Thursday morning the spiritual exercises of the annual retreat were brought to a happy close by a Solemn High Mass, at which Father O'Callahan preached on "Loyalty to God." Father O'Callahan's fame as a speaker is so assured and so widespread that words of praise from us would seem indelicate. May we soon again have the pleasure of listening to his soul-stirring words.

—We have received from President Schurman of Cornell University complimentary tickets to the course of lectures to be given in Sage Chapel by Professor T. W. Rhys-Davis, of London, on "The History and Literature of Buddhism." We return him our thanks for his thoughtful invitation, and regret that engagements for the dates of the lectures render our acceptance impossible.

Professor Rhys-Davis opens the course of lectures established in '92 for the purpose of encouraging an intelligent study of religions.

Froude as an Historian.

"It often seems to me," wrote James Anthony Froude, in "The Science of History," as if history was like a child's box of letters, with which we can spell any word we please. We have only to pick out such letters as we want, arrange them as we like, and say nothing about those which do not suit our purpose." No words can better tell the worthlessness to any earnest student of history of the works of Mr. Froude than these quoted from his own pen. None can better show the extent of the evil that can, and has been, wrought by one who wrote as he did, regardless of the truth of the events and the worth of the personages of the historic past.

His style was at once clear and graphic; and his presentment of his subject was vivid, his skill in description being unsurpassed. Brilliant of phrase and keen in analysis, he possessed consummate art in imagery and diction. He was always very much in earnest, and everything to which he set his hand, he did with all his might. Through the beauty of his style, and the earnestness of his presentment he carried his readers along with him. Yet, in all things, did he worship art more than truth.

In all his works, he was the advocate, pleading brief in hand, and not the historian, calmly setting out the march of events and the growth of institutions, and unfolding their historic causation. He is the declared friend or the open enemy of all the personages in his historic pages. Certain of them are with him always right, certain others are always wrong. He held no fixed standard of justice, no unshaken principles of ethics by which he estimated actions as they are in themselves, but he was guided solely by his personal like or dislike of the actors. As an example of his treatment of the morality of actions, take the following extract from his address on "Calvinism," in which he attempted to glorify the austere doctrines and the bitter deeds of the followers of Calvin: "In burning witches the Calvinists followed their model too exactly; but it is to be remembered that they really believed those poor creatures to have made a compact with Satan. And, as regards morality, it may be doubted whether inviting spirit-rappers to dinner and allowing them to pretend to consult our dead relations, is very

much more innocent. The first method is but excess of indignation with evil; the second is complacent toying with it."

In addition to his avowed principle of arrangement of historic facts, to tell the story according to his pre-conceived notions of the worth or worthlessness of historic personages, there must be joined his defective knowledge of all history prior to the sixteenth century. It led him to the commission of most grotesque blunders—to errors in general and in detail. One of the most astounding and ludicrous was his treatment of a letter of De Silva, the Spanish ambassador at the court of Elizabeth. In this letter De Silva told of the judicial examination and the punishment of certain freebooters, who had committed acts of piracy against the Spanish commerce. Standing mute when put on trial, they were condemned to suffer that punishment, known to English law as *peine forte et dure*, which De Silva proceeds to describe to King Phillip. Mr. Froude, with astounding ignorance, laughs at the guilelessness of the Spaniard, misled by a tale of torture which he says, could never have been witnessed in the England of Elizabeth. His blunder drew from a British reviewer of his work the caustic criticism: "It was difficult to believe, considering his ignorance of the civil and criminal jurisprudence of his country, that Mr. Froude had ever seen the face of an English justice."

From his arrangement of the facts of history to suit the purpose of his plea, it was but a short step to the perversion of them, both by suppression and falsification. The most noted instance was that in which he was detected by Mr. Meline, when in attempting to impute bitter and revengeful feeling on the part of Mary Stuart towards Murray, he quoted the exact words of a letter from Randolph to Cecil—a letter, which, it was shown, did not exist. Detected in his forgery, he referred his critics to a letter of Bedford to Cecil, in which the quotation he made cannot be found. As the *London Saturday Review* most aptly said: "Mr. Froude does seem to have fully grasped the nature of inverted commas."

The principle upon which in his writings Mr. Froude seems to have consistently relied was that of the end justifying the means. That we are not unjust to him in so writing, we may in conclusion, quote his words, speaking of Elizabeth in the eleventh volume of his *History of England*: "How she worked in detail, how uncertain, how vacillating, how false and

unscrupulous she could be when occasion tempted, has appeared already, and will appear more and more; but her object in itself was excellent; and those who pursue high purposes through crooked ways deserve better of mankind on the whole, than those who pick their way in blameless inanity, and, if innocent of ill, are equally innocent of good."

J. G. E.

"Notre Dame in the Old Days."

"So you want an interview, do you?" said Mr. O'Connell, one of Notre Dame's "old boys" who paid us a flying visit recently, when the SCHOLASTIC man, pad in hand and heart in mouth, accosted him. "Very well, I'll try; but this is like a first visit to a dentist for me. Oh! no, no, I didn't expect it to be as painful as all that; this is my first experience, and the interview is an unknown quantity to me. And you are a novice, too? I'm glad to hear that; it will help me to recover my nerve. We certainly ought to do something original; we have no traditions or rules to hamper us, and nothing in particular to talk about."

It was an interview! The SCHOLASTIC man will stake his professional reputation on that point; but he has chosen to make it a monologue, and it is thus he presents Mr. O'Connell's reminiscences to his readers.

"Notre Dame in the old days? Yes, it *was* different—much less material, and, to my mind, much more picturesque. Perhaps that is the effect of the distance; for it is thirty years and more since I first saw Notre Dame. Certainly, it was much more uncomfortable, but we were strong and hearty and hopeful, and we rather enjoyed breaking the ice in our pitchers on winter mornings. There is a halo of romance, a mist that softens all the rough outlines and hides many of their sharp angles, about my life at Notre Dame, and I would not have it dissipated for many dollars. I think you younger men miss much of it; but you have advantages to compensate you for the loss. Notre Dame was not a university in those days; it was only the beginning of one. There were three courses, and now you have a dozen or more. Now the lines between the departments are more tightly drawn, but then we were a big family of boys, and we managed to make it very pleasant for one another—and very uncomfortable, at times, for the Prefects. Of

course, they retaliated; but the certainty of punishment, while it made us more careful, rather added a zest to the fun, while it lasted.

"I may be mistaken, and you fellows may have more poetry in your compositions than your brothers of the 60's, but electric lights and steam heat, and the daily papers would have completely demoralized my generation. You are very modern here, and everything works like a huge machine; but an "old boy" can see the wheels go round, and that is always fatal to romance. But who knows what the next three decades may bring forth! You, who are so quick with your questions, to-day, may come back then, and wonder if this is the Notre Dame you knew—your *Alma Mater*. And if you are like the rest of us, your eyelids will quiver, and your voice will falter and die away, when you see a man that was young with you, and has not forgotten your name.

"But, sentiment aside, those were stirring times—my first years at Notre Dame. I was only a Junior—Carrolls you call them now, I believe—but the war was our one topic of conversation. Notre Dame was not quite so cosmopolitan then as now; but we had many students from low latitudes, and our own boys—Hoosiers, New Englanders, Chicagoians and all the rest—were quite as hot-headed as our Southern friends. There was one memorable engagement—Paul Gillen, one of my contemporaries, told the SCHOLASTIC all about it, a week or two ago—and scores of minor ones. We invented all sorts of excuses to account for blacked eyes and bleeding noses—and the hand-ball alley had a terrible record of accidents in those days. After the cloud-burst, though the sky was as blue as ever; in fact, the atmosphere was never clearer than when the principals and their lieutenants were out at the pump, repairing damages. We were only boys; and boys—Irish boys—forgive as easily as they take offence. We saw so much of each other and knew one another so well that it was impossible to 'stay mad' for any length of time.

"Do you know, I think that is one of Notre Dame's chief advantages as an educator. Take a boy in the Minims, a Carroll, or even a Brownson; he meets so many boys, sees so many types, has so many friends, that all the rough corners are rubbed off long before he attains to the dignity of a Sorin. Notre Dame is a little world; and a young fellow acquires a vast deal of experience by hourly contact with so many types. Experience too, that will be invaluable

to him in afterlife; that will give him an insight into the motives of the men of the world, and give him a grip on business methods, which will never fail him.

"Many of the old customs and usages that prevailed when I was a Junior have lapsed into oblivion. One of them, I remember, was the issuing of paper money—'Continentials' we called the bills—to the students who distinguished themselves in class-work or conduct. No; I never was a millionaire, my high water mark was, I believe, two hundred and twenty dollars, but many of the boys could draw their checks for thousands. The money had no real commercial value, but two or three times a year, we had an auction! These auctions were tremendous affairs and were more than enjoyed by all but the penniless. Professor McNally was always the auctioneer, and a rare good one he was. The college supplied many little articles—fancy penholders, portfolios, and books of all sorts—and you may be sure that Professor McNally always received the highest market price for every article. I have a portfolio yet, I think, that cost me one hundred and eighty dollars of hard-earned, very hard-earned, cash.

"Then there was the college paper—the forerunner of the SCHOLASTIC. It was a monthly, manuscript affair; and Professor Tong, whom, perhaps, you know, was editor and publisher. It was an interesting ceremony—the reading of that paper—and the first Sunday of each month was a red-letter day in college circles. After Vespers, we Juniors would take our chairs and march in a body to the Senior study-hall, and there find floor space as best we could. Presently the President and all the Faculty would file in and take orchestra chairs. Then Professor Tong would mount the Prefect's 'throne,' and we would listen to the news of the month. We enjoyed it hugely, and I doubt whether the SCHOLASTIC is so anxiously awaited and so breathlessly received, as was our little college paper, that lived without having advertising rates. I am sorry that I cannot tell you more about it and its contents, but I was never literary. If I had any specialties they were a passion for base-ball and an unconquerable tendency to write lines on 'rec' mornings.

"Baseball had very humble beginnings at Notre Dame. To James Deehan is due the honor of introducing it. One day in September, '69, Jim whittled a bat out of a picket, and we had our first game. He had seen a game somewhere, but he had very hazy ideas as to the number

of players and the positions. But baseball flourished like the Scriptural mustard seed, and we developed many players who have become famous in that line. 'Pap' Anson, who has led the Chicago team to defeat for the last two years, once played on the 'Juanitas.' His brother played centre, and rejoiced in the sobriquet of 'The Elephant,' while 'Pap' covered third, and answered whenever there was a call for 'The Baby Elephant.' There were no curves in those days and the scores we rolled up were huge, occasionally. We had no match-games then; but we loved the game and everyone played—prefects, professors and all.

"The first boat-race, if I remember rightly, was in '67. There were two four-oared yawls and a sail-boat on the lake then, and they were named for the three caravels of Columbus. Then we had tub-races, and swimming races, and all sorts of aquatic sports, and time never hung heavy on our hands. In the fall we went nutting; in the spring picnics and long walks made the time fly, and commencement always came sooner than we expected it. One day, on one of these excursions, I fell into the St. Joe, and, the next time, Brother Benoit, the first Prefect, locked me in the study-hall and left me to reflect on the folly of taking baths at inopportune times. It was late in June and huckleberries were in season. Now, if Brother Benoit had a weakness, it was his fondness for huckleberries. On this particular morning, he had gathered about a gallon, and when he put me in the study-hall, he forgot about his beloved berries. The key had hardly turned in the lock before I had begun an exploring expedition, in search of something to read. Finding nothing on any of my friends' desks, I strolled up to the 'throne' and—spied the huckleberries. Now, I had eaten a hearty dinner two hours before, but it took me only a second to discover that I was hungry—terribly hungry. It was the old, old story of temptation and the weakness of the flesh, and the huckle-berries won. Almost before I realized what I was doing the huckleberries had disappeared, and I began to cast about for an excuse to give to Brother Benoit. But I did not need an excuse. I was deathly sick when Brother Benoit returned. The Infirmarian patched me up in a couple of days, and I came down, trembling to think of facing the owner of the huckle-berries. But he was kindness incarnate, and sent me over, that day, at dinner, a large cut of huckleberry pie.

"Perhaps the most exciting week of all my stay at the college, was the week of the Chicago fire. Father Corby came into the study hall and announced that our big neighbor was burning. It created a sensation. The Chicago contingent was a large one, and, of course, they all wanted to go home at once. The authorities had the greatest difficulty in persuading them to stay, and there was precious little work done that week at Notre Dame. There were forest fires all about us, and once, the report spread that St. Mary's was on fire. There was a wild rush westward, and the nuns must have thought bedlam was turned loose, when they saw us charging down the avenue. Our return was much more leisurely.

"After all, I think we had the better of the bargain. Our life was more countrified, more rough and ready than is yours. Our plays were generally *sans* costumes and scenery, but we had real actors in our day. The kerosene lamps dripped sometimes, and the stoves were not always pleasant neighbors, but the problems we solved and the Latin odes we translated were as well done, on the whole, as they are to-day. And the men of the sixties were just as gentle and tender, as true and honest and patient, as any who claim old Notre Dame as their *Alma Mater* to-day."

D. V. C.

Exchanges.

Of the numerous school journals reaching oursanctum, *The Student*, from Richfield Springs, N. Y., is by far the best. What surprises one most in looking over its pages is the versatility of its youthful editors. "Louis Kossuth," "Immigration," "The Holy Grail," "We, the People of the United States," "Unwritten Music" and well-written editorials on the Corean trouble and on Oliver Wendell Holmes display a horizon of thought uncommon to the mere school. Indeed, were it not for a slight lack of comprehensiveness and firm grasp of subject, these articles would adorn the most grave and stately of college periodicals.

It is quite evident, however, that the editors of this enterprising journal do not read the daily papers as much as they should. Otherwise the authorship of that ingenious anagram puzzle, commented upon as "the genius composition of a member of the class of ninety-five," would not have gone unchallenged. We have been familiar with it for some time. As far as

we can learn, it first appeared in the *Chicago Record* about the middle of September. Since then it has been bandied about by the dailies of both East and West, so that now even the casual reader must have happened upon it.

Although the present number of the *Haverfordian* contains no original poetry, still the essay on Gottfried August Bürger and his work evinces that the contributors to its pages are not wanting in a love of the beautiful in rhyme. In his appreciation of the German poet, Mr. Williams manifests not only a thorough acquaintance with German literature, but wide and critical research in the field of English letters as well. Of Pope and Byron he says: "Pope, the thoroughly prepared poet, whose balanced measures, whose command of language, and whose apt and brilliant pictures of human nature and human understanding always call forth our admiration, never allows us to forget that he knows he is a poet; that everything he writes is written with a view to publication; and that outward form is everything. Knowing nothing of love, nothing of sentiment, he is sneering, cynical, and never forgetful of self. Byron, entirely belonging to the new school, the return to nature, brilliant, thoroughly a poet, never lets us forget his vanity. Among his pirates, his brigands, and his melancholy lovers we are always sensible of the theatrical effect sought; and despite his assertions to the contrary, knowing the man, we never forget the effort and work he devoted to writing the poems he would have us believe mere trifles to him, written between the courses of a dinner or on the way to the opera."

The justice of this criticism can not be questioned. To every one at all deeply read in the works of the above-mentioned poets, the constant self-consciousness of the former and the insufferable vanity of the latter must ever be matters of regret.

Personals.

—Mr. Michael A. Spillard, student '72, and Miss Margaret M. Farley, both of Elgin, Ill., were married in the Church of the Sacred Heart, Notre Dame, on the feast of St. Raphael. The following morning, at the nuptial Mass, both received Holy Communion. This is the fifth brother at whose marriage our Prefect of Religion, Rev. Father Spillard, has officiated. The SCHOLASTIC wishes the happy couple many years of wedded joy.

—The *Chicago Times* states that there is no reasonable doubt as to the re-election of Hon. Frank Scales, Judge of the County Court. Judge Scales is still remembered at Notre Dame as one of the most promising students of his class. As a student he was industrious, courteous and gentlemanly. He had the respect of his teachers and the esteem of his classmates. Although naturally modest and retiring, yet he was well known and exceptionally popular among the boys on the campus. They esteemed him for his generous traits, genial disposition and manly qualities. He was always true to his sense of duty, and never betrayed a trust. His *Alma Mater* takes deep interest in his welfare. At the unveiling of the monument dedicated to the late Prof. Lyons, who was one of his teachers, he delivered a singularly beautiful and touching oration. A year later he received the degree of Doctor of Laws from this University. He is a member of our Law Faculty, as well as Judge of the County Court, in Chicago. We bespeak for him the cordial support of the Notre Dame colony in that city, and trust that the *Times* and *Herald* are correct in predicting his success by a decisive majority. He deserves to be re-elected, being capable, upright and honorable in all respects. We are informed by members of the Chicago bar that he is one of the most popular men on the bench in Cook County.

Local Items.

—The essays of the Criticism class were due yesterday.

—The bulletins for September and October will be mailed this week.

—Last week the subjects for the first essays were given out in the Belles-Lettres class.

—Carroll hall registred, during the week, three new students and two of her old boys.

—There was no meeting of the Philodemics last Wednesday evening, owing to the retreat.

—LOST—On the Brownson Hall grounds a pair of scissors. Finder, please return to Students' Office.

—During the absence of Colonel Hoynes in Chicago, Father Kirsch lectured before the Law class on "Medical Jurisprudence."

—Mr. A. A. Herr, a graduate in Law, '93, returned to the University last week. He intends to take a postgraduate course in Law.

—The game of foot-ball between the Carroll Specials and anti-Specials resulted in a victory for the former. The score was 12 to 0.

—Under the leadership of Prof. Preston the Band will give an entertainment this evening for the benefit of the Athletic Association.

The Carrolls appeared on the campus in new foot-ball suits on Thursday. The uniforms are heavily padded. No danger of bruised sides now.

—On Wednesday Manager Mott received a challenge from Rush Medical School. He has not yet decided whether to arrange a date with them or not.

—**QUERY**—Why do the dogs at St. Mary's look eastward? **ANSWER**: To greet the coming son.—*Echoes of the Chimes*. Why, girls, the above is likely to be misinterpreted.

—Last Sunday the news agent from South Bend disappointed a great many of his customers. He brought only a few papers with him, and all of them were sold before he entered the grounds.

—In *The Detroit Free Press* the Albion correspondent claims that the score in the game with our team should stand 6 to 0 in favor of Albion. He evidently did not see the game, or he would have known better than this.

—On Thursday, October 25, the Carroll Second Specials, captained by George McCarrick, defeated the Junior Eleven of the Chapin Park High School, by a score of 26 to 0. A return game is expected soon.

—Mr. Phil. Foley '96 is completing in water-color a pretty sketch of two opposing foot-ball teams, lined up on Brownson campus. He has also illustrated in colors the front-page of a musical composition, for a New York publishing house.

—The result of the Albion-Hillsdale game is looked for with great interest by the students, since both teams played so well here. Mr. Morrison, who is at present coaching the latter, in a recent letter seems to feel confident that Hillsdale will win.

—The editor of these columns is a man of peace, and is trying hard to use undefiled English; but, lately, he has been receiving "copy" written on both sides of the paper. This provokes him to say things. His friends should do a little missionary work by being more careful.

—It should be remembered that the tables in the Library are covered with all the latest magazines, periodicals and reviews. Access to these are free. Everyone in the University should avail himself of this opportunity. Only in the circulating part of the Library is a small fee charged. The Library is open ten hours every day.

—This last week the practice of our Varsity Eleven has been somewhat broken up on account of the Retreat. But now they are hard at work again. Captain Keough has his men out running every morning before breakfast. At 9 30 they take exercise in the gymnasium. In the afternoon two elevens line up on the gridiron and play a fast, snappy game for about twenty minutes. If this practice is kept up we need have no fear of defeat.

—New steps leading from Carroll yard to Washington Hall have been put in place. The improvement has long been needed. In times

past the audience seated near the door were made uncomfortable by having to sit in a draught, while the students of Carroll Hall filed to their seats. And the performances were delayed while six hundred people entered through one door. The new entrance will, in a measure, do away with these annoyances. The students of Carroll Hall will now enter from their own side of the building.

—The Brownson Hall division of the Archconfraternity of the Blessed Virgin was reorganized on the 25th ult., under the efficient superintendence of Bro. Hilarion. The object of the association is to propagate a spirit of piety and devotion among the student body of the University. A Mass is said every Saturday morning for the Archconfraternity, at which all Catholic students attend. The promoters for '94 and '95 are Charles Steele, Albert Flynn, Albert Galen, Ralph Palmer, Frank Hesse, Wm. Fagan and Bernard Weaver.

—The first regular meeting of the Law Debating Society was called on Friday evening, Oct. 19. A large gathering listened with attention to the remarks of Col. Hoynes, who spoke on the aims and projects of the society. The election of officers resulted as follows: President, Col. Hoynes; 1st Vice-President, James F. Kennedy; 2d Vice-President, Frank Hennessy; Recording Secretary, J. Griffin Mott; Corresponding Secretary, Richard Halligan; Critic, T. D. Mott, Jr.; Treasurer, Theodore O'Connell; Sergeant-at-Arms, T. H. Brown. At the next meeting a debate—"Resolved that the legal profession is a greater benefit to society than the medical"—will be participated in by Messrs. James McKee and J. B. Barrett on the affirmative side, and by T. D. Mott, Jr., and Frank Keough on the negative.

—Last week special meetings of the Athletic Association were held in the Brownson Hall reading room. A great many topics of interest to the members were discussed. The clause in the constitution prohibiting outsiders from playing on our football and baseball teams was repealed. After a thorough discussion of the financial condition of the association, the Manager was instructed to look after suitable coaches. Then the question of playing the Chicago Eleven was brought up. Nearly every one was of the opinion that a game should be arranged as soon as possible. Our Manager has already sent a challenge to Stagg's Eleven, but as yet no answer has been received.

Roll of Honor.

SORIN HALL.

Messrs. Barrett, Barton, Burns, Casey, Cullinan, Devaney, Eyanson, Foley, Gibson, Hennessy, Kennedy, J. Mott, T. Mott, McKee, D. Murphy, J. Murphy, McManus, Murray, Oliver, Pritchard, Puskamp, Quinlan,* Ryan, Slevin, Shannon, Stace, Walker.

* Omitted by mistake last week.

BROWNSON HALL.

Messrs. Arce, Arnold, Alber, Atcherton, Adler, Anson, Baird, Brown, Barry, Byrne, Boland, P. Burke, W. J. Burke, Blanchard, Coleman, Colvin, Cunnea, Corry, Crane, Carney, Costello, Crilly, Chase, Cullen, J. Cavanagh, Delaney, Davis, Dowd, Dougan, Follen, Fagan, Falvey, W. 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, Hennebry, Hanrahan, Jones, Kortas, Kegler, E. Kaul, J. Kaul, F. Kaul, Karasynski, Kinsella, Ludwig, Lingenfelder, E. McCord, Monarch Mathewson, J. McCord, H. Miller, Medley, S. Moore, Mulrone, Mapother, J. Miller, McPhee, McKee, McGinnis, A. McCord, B. Monahan, J. Monahan, A. Monahan, R. Monahan, J. Moore, Melter, Ney, Neely, O'Malley, Palmer, Pulskamp, Piquette, Quimby, Rowan, Reardon, Rosenthal, J. Ryan, R. Ryan, H. Roper, E. Roper, Schulte, Smith, Sheehan, Scott, Schultz, F. Smoger, C. Steele, S. Steele, Stack, Sullivan, Salladay, C. Smogor, Spalding, Schmidt, Sanders, Turner, Tinnen, G. Wilson, Walkowiak, H. Wilson, P. White, Weaver, Wensinger, Ward, Wilkin, Wachtler, Wagner, Zeitler, Thornton.

CARROLL HALL.

Messrs. Austin, Adler, Bloomfield, Ball, Bartlett, R. Barry, Burns, J. Barry, Benz, Cornell, Campau, Clune, Cannell, Connor, J. Corby, J. A. Corby, Corry, Cypher, Cullen, Ducey, Druecker, Dannemiller, Dalton, Dixon, Erhart, Flynn, Forbing, Farley, Fennessey, Franey, Feltenstein, Foley, Fitzgerald, Fox, J. Goldstein, T. Goldstein, Gainer, G. Higgins, E. Higgins, Hutchinson, Howard, J. Hayes, A. Hayes, L. Healy, W. Healy, Hoban, Herrara, Hagerty, G. Kasper, F. Kasper, P. Kuntz, J. Kuntz, Keefe, Konzon, Krug, Kirk, Kane, Long, Lantry, Langley, Lowery, Lane, Miles, Morris, Maternes, Maurer, Maurus, Monahan, Moran, Monarch, Murray, Miers, F. Morris, Minnigerode, McShane, McPhillips, McKenzie, McPhee, McGinley, McCarrick, McDonald, D. Naughton, T. Naughton, O'Mara, O'Brien, Pendleton, Pim, Rockey, Reuss, Rauch, Roesing, Sachsel, Speake, Spillard, Shipp, Shiels, Stuhlfauth, Storey, Sheekey, Shillington, Sullivan, Stearns, Strong, Smith, Thompson, H. Taylor, Tong, Tatman, Tuohy, Tempel, Underwood, Ward, Watterson, Wallace, Wigg, Zitter, Zwickel, Massey.

ST. EDWARD'S HALL.

Masters Allyn, G. Abrahams, L. Abrahams, Audibert, Bullene, Bump, Brinckerhoff, Breslin, Brissanden, Barrett, Curry, Clarke, Cressy, Campau, A. Coquillard, J. Coquillard, Catchpole, Corcoran, Cassidy, E. Dugas, G. Dugas, Dalton, Durand, Devine, Elliott, Egan, Fitzgerald, Finnerty, Goff, L. Garrity, M. Garrity, Hart, Hershey, B. Hesse, R. Hesse, F. Hesse, M. Jonquet, J. Jonquet, C. Kelly, L. Kelly, Kasper, Lawton, Leach, Morehouse, Moxley, McIntyre, R. McCarthy, E. McCarthy, G. McCarthy, McCorry, McElroy, Noonan, B. Nye, C. Nye, O'Neill, Paul, W. Pollitz, H. Pollitz, Roesing, Ryan, Spillard, Sontag, Swan, Strauss, Steele, Sexton, Thompson, Thomas, Waite, Welch.

List of Excellence.

COLLEGIATE COURSE.

Church History—Messrs. Cullinan, Barrett; *Advanced Christian Doctrine*—Messrs. Lantry, Cornell, J. Sullivan, Arce, J. Barry, Costello, Delaney, Halligan, Gilmartin; *Moral Philosophy*—Messrs. D. Murphy, Hudson; *Logic*—Messrs. Mitchell, Eyanson, Barrett, Ryan; *Latin*—Messrs. Hudson, Pritchard, Haydon, Niewland, Schumacher, Walker, J. Barry; *Greek*—Messrs. Slevin, M. Oswald, J. Barry, Costello, Iwaszyewski, J. Sullivan, Stace, Cullinan; *Astronomy*—Messrs. Cullinan, J. Murphy, H. Mitchell; *Civil Engineering*—Messrs. Dempsey, H. Mitchell; *Mechanics of Engineering*—H. Mitchell; *Railroad Surveying*—J. Murphy; *Chemistry*—Messrs. Devanney, Marr, Haydon, Lantry, Kulamer;

Calculus—J. Murphy; *Analytical Geometry*—R. Palmer; *Trigonometry*—Messrs. Crilly, H. Wilson, Niewland; *Geometry*—Messrs. Arce, Delaney, Eytinge, Reilly; *Algebra*—Messrs. Ray, Arce, Cornell, Delaney, Eytinge, E. Pulskamp, T. Reilly, L. Wurzer; *Belles-Lettres*—Messrs. Davis, Cullinan, Marmon; *Literary Criticism*—Messrs. Eyanson, Slevin; *Literature*—Messrs. J. Barry, Haydon, Shannon; *Rhetoric*—Messrs. L. Wurzer, E. Falvey, McKenzie; *Political Economy*—Messrs. Hudson, Davis; *History*—Messrs. Stace, Haydon, L. Wurzer, B. Jesinski, E. Murphy; *Mineralogy*—P. Foley; *Metalurgy*—B. Oliver; *Botany*—Messrs. Murray, Niewland, H. Wilson; *Physiology*—Messrs. Mulrone, J. Barry, Kulamer, Oswald, Rosenthal; *Comparative Anatomy*—P. Foley; *Applied Electricity*—Messrs. Palmer, J. McKee.

COMMERCIAL AND PREPARATORY COURSES.

Ancient History—Messrs. Gallagher, Drejer, W. Burke, J. Wurzer, J. Corby; *Composition*—Cannell, J. Goldstein, Stearns, Dwyer, W. Flynn, Wurzer; *Latin*—Messrs. Dwyer, J. Gibson, Wurzer, Bennett, J. Corby, Harrison, Burke, Baird, Hogan, Wurzer, Streicher; *Greek*—Messrs. McPhillips, Medley, Carroll; *Algebra*—Messrs. Fennessey, Gilmartin, Lowery, P. Campbell, C. Corry, Baird, Langley, Wurzer, Young, Schultz; *Christian Doctrine*—Messrs. Sheils, Guthrie, S. White, Erhart, Monarch, Hutchinson, P. Kuntz; *Book-Keeping*—Messrs. Cunnea, Davis, Gainer, Harrison, Hierholzer, Healy, Kinsella, Scott, Ward, Montague; *Arithmetic*—Messrs. Dannemiller, Miles, P. Monahan, Sheils, Whitehead, Waters, H. Miller, Scott, Schnur, Maurer, Waztalewicz, Hentges, Roper, Dwyer, Ainsworth, Coleman, Rowan, Raczynski, Konzon; *Grammar*—Messrs. Oberly, A. Campbell, J. Smith, Krueper, Walkowiak, Davis, Hindel, F. Smogor, McCarthy, J. Kuntz, Adelsperger, R. Higgins, Raczynski, Waters, Fox; *Reading*—Messrs. Hentges, A. McCord, Tinnen, Waztalewicz, King, Leonard, O'Neill, Hindell, Monahan, Schulte, Ball, Ayers, Monarch, Kuntz, Forbing; *Orthography*—Coyne, Hentges, Gainer, Moran, O'Neill, Singler, Speake, A. Monahan, R. Monahan, Ball, Bartlett, Erhart, Farley, Schnur, Ward; *Geography*—Messrs. Wallace, W. Morris, Pendleton, Adler, Kinsella, J. Flynn, Franey, Druecker, Watterson, Colvin, Hindel, Lindsey, Monarch, Shillington; *United States History*—Messrs. Ward, Wallace, A. Hanhauser, W. Morris, Dowd, J. Hayes, Long, Cypher, Druecker, Stuhlfauth, Watterson, Hindel, Lindsey, Monarch.

SPECIAL BRANCHES.

French—Devanney, Neville, J. Murphy, Ney, Wilson, Wurzer, Fagan; *German*—Brinker, Hudson, Young, Hennebry, Eyanson, Grady, Browne, C. Cullen; *Drawing*—N. Mitchell, Dempsey, Vignos, Palmer, Foley, C. Cullen, Fox; *Vocal Music*—Piquette, Herman, Marmon, A. Flynn, Flynn, Quimby, Massey, Jno. Mott, Jones; *Instrumental Music*—Roesing, Tuohy, Jno. Kuntz, Wigg, Blanchard, Crane, Quinlan, Tong, M. Adler, Johnson, L. Gibson, Gilbert, Reuss, G. Wilson, Dannemiller, McCarthy, Davis.

ST. EDWARD'S HALL.

Arithmetic—Masters Bump, Brinckerhoff, Campau, G. McCarthy, Dugas, Dalton, Finnerty, McCorry, Noonan, R. McCarthy, Bullene, Catchpole, Clarke, Pollitz, M. Garrity, McIntyre, McElroy, Breslin, Morehouse, E. McCarthy, Sexton, L. Kelly, Strauss, C. Kelly, Allyn, Hershey, B. Nye; *Grammar*—Masters Roesing, Bump, R. McCarthy, Curry, Swan, Thomas, Fitzgerald, Kasper, Thompson, Sontag, Paul, E. McCarthy, L. Abrahams, Egan, Breslin, Curry, Dugas, Leach, Morehouse, McIntyre, Spillard, Noonan, Strauss; *Orthography*—Masters L. Kelly, L. Garrity, Paul, Fitzgerald, Kasper, Waite, Goff, Sexton, W. Pollitz, Roesing, Campau, Noonan, Clarke, A. Coquillard, McCorry, Dalton, Finnerty, Curry, Elliott, Egan, Brissanden, Ryan, Durand; *Reading*—B. Hess, Moxley, Sontag, Welch, Ryan, M. Jonquet, G. McCarthy, C. Kelly, Bullene, Egan, Thompson, Morehouse, C. Coquillard, McIntyre, Roesing, McCorry, Spillard, Clarke, Brinkerhoff, J. Coquillard, Catchpole, Noonan; *Piano*—Masters McIntyre, Moxley, E. Dugas, Durand, Steele, Morehouse, Swan, Roesing, Breslin, Clarke, L. Garrity.