

THE

SCHOLASTIC.

• DISCE • QUASI • SEMPER • VICTURUS • • VIVE • QUASI • CRAS • MORITURUS •

VOL. XXVIII.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, FEBRUARY 2, 1895.

No. 19.

A Ballade of Books.

I V'E friends the rarest man could claim,
Their doors to me are ever free;
In storm or sunshine all's the same,—
No hireling hosts they prove to be.
I seek them, when the boiling sea
Of foolish doubts a crash portends,
To calm my senses; for, to me,
My books are all my dearest friends.

In hours when sadness tries to tame
Ambition's wild and champing glee,
With finger pointing out the aim
That, for the nonce, I failed to see,
My friends advance, and their decree
My tott'ring honor quick defends
Against all blame; for, verily,
My books are all my dearest friends.

The hunter tracks his vanished game;
Were I so minded I'd agree
To come with him, for now a name
Is sought where mountain, crag and lea
Afford a field for such as he.
But pleasure on my books depends,
And to my books I bend the knee:—
My books are all my dearest friends.

ENVOY.

Companions mine, be mine the plea
That, ere this fleeting lifetime ends,
You each may say, right joyfully,
"My books are all my dearest friends."

JAMES D. BARRY.

The Light of Faith in Shakspeare.

MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.

It is almost a waste of time to argue the question as to whether or not Shakspeare was a practical Catholic. The phrase could hardly be applied in 1570 in the meaning it has to-day. It was not easy to hear Mass in those days when the amiable Queen Bess had no objection to have the priest who celebrated it drawn and quartered in front of the very theatre in which Shakspeare's plays were performed; and when, in all parts of England, the priest's hiding-place was looked on as necessary in a dwelling-house. Was it not in Lancashire that white linen was spread on the lawns, to signify to the initiated that the priest, proscribed and hunted, was within? It required much ingenuity and tact, and knowledge of men and their ways, to practise one's religion in the reigns of Elizabeth and James. The Church was lenient, as she always is to her children of good-will, tried by the mighty forces of evil; and if we were to discover to-morrow an affidavit made by Judith Shakspeare, to the effect that her father had assisted at Mass regularly in the chapel of the French Ambassador at London, we should have no more reason to believe that he understood the teachings of the faith and loved it than we have now. After all, an author should be judged by his works; God is the only judge of his life. And no form of uncharity has been more developed by Puritanism than the habit of judging the morality of one age by the conventional rules that govern another. We, who are saturated with

In reading, determine on a course and keep to it till you have mastered it. If history, let one book follow and corroborate, expand, or continue the other; only master your books as you read, make your road firm as you go, and keep to a definite aim.

the results of the Council of Trent, would be almost as unjust as Puritanism if we should make our standards of religious practice gauge the lives of men of the Elizabethan epoch.

The more one reads Shakspeare's plays, the more one is amazed at the sympathy one has with his utterances. It is not a mere literary or artistic sympathy, or even the exquisite delight of finding how deep and true his knowledge of human nature is: it is something finer. To us Catholics he echoes, as if he were a shell, sublime sounds from the limitless ocean of theology and philosophy. It is certain that without the influence of the Catholic Church, Shakspeare—the Christian Shakspeare—would not have existed. At the same time the undue worship of the dramas of this great genius should be deprecated. Shakspeare's literary work is uneven; no one defends the vulgarity of the allusions to Joan of Arc in "Henry VI." It is well understood that in these Shakspeare appealed to the false patriotism of the English mob. There are political allusions to the Papacy which are unpleasant; but there are fewer allusions of this kind in Shakspeare than in the works of those devout Catholics, Dante and Chaucer.

Again, Mr. Andrew Lang is right when he condemns the "Taming of the Shrew" as an exaggerated farce. There are patches of bombast and coarseness, even of dulness in nearly all the plays. And we have every reason to thank God that a great deal of "Henry VIII.," especially the fifth act, was written by John Fletcher not Shakspeare, who took the coarse canvas of preceding or contemporary writers and embroidered it thickly with beautiful things. Here and there, as even in "As You Like It"—suggested by Lodge's "Rosalynde,"—we see the rough canvas. One has only to compare Belleforest's "Tragedy of Hamlet" with the greatest of all dramas to discover how Shakspeare changed common vapor into the likeness of the rainbow.

Mr. Percy Fitzgerald and Mr. John Malone have drawn many jewels from the Shakspearean casket, to show what riches of Christian dogma and practice and tradition lie there. Mr. Percy Fitzgerald's "Catholic Jewels from Shakspeare"—now, unfortunately, out of print—contains "infinite riches in a little room."

It is not for the purpose of boasting that we are glad to point out the Catholicity of Shakspeare's works. We have been too long on the defensive against aggressive ignorance. We simply take Shakspeare's faith as a matter of course, and as a consolation and a stimulus.

A man who does not understand the teaching of the Church is limited when he attempts to interpret Dante, Chaucer or Shakspeare. As an example, let us take the first great scene in "Hamlet,"—a scene which has not received enough thought or attention from English-speaking Catholics. If there can be any objection to Mr. Percy Fitzgerald's fine *brochure*, it is that his space compels him to prove the beauty of Shakspeare's belief and ethics by isolated speeches,—jewels indeed, but divorced from their fellows.

There can be no doubt that the ghost of Hamlet's father comes from purgatory. The conventions of the tragedy of Shakspeare's time required that there should be a ghost; but this ghost is not a mere stage spectre. It does not come like a mere mist and dissolve, or stalk across the stage, an ineffective, sheeted figure from nowhere. The King, Hamlet, was a good king from the worldly point of view. He had sinned and repented; again he had sinned, and he had been cut off in his sins—

"Unhousled, disappointed, unanel'd."

Simply, in modern English, without confession, unprepared, without Extreme Unction. A purist once asked why the ghost in Hamlet should allude to the holy oils, since the King had died a violent death. The King, by his own account, had died by poison; but his death had been preceded by an unknown illness. He says:

"And a most instant tetter barked about,
-Most lazar-like with vile and loathsome crust—
All my smooth body."

The grave obstacle in the way of the Christianity of the ghost is that the elder Hamlet calls for revenge. He protests that Denmark shall not be ruled by sin, by incest,—since it was looked on as incest for a man to marry his deceased brother's widow. The Danes were Catholic in the eleventh century, and such a marriage could only have been made valid and righteous by a dispensation from the Pope. But the marriage of Claudius and the Queen was hurried,—hurried, as we learn frequently from the text, in defiance of all propriety. There was no question of a dispensation. Horatio comes from Wittenberg to be present at the obsequies of the King. "My lord," says Horatio, "I came to see your father's funeral." "I pray thee," Hamlet answers, "do not mock me, fellow-student; I think it was to see my mother's wedding."

This haste evidently shocked the whole kingdom. Strange rumors were abroad; portents and dire imaginings filled the hearts of the

people. Why else does the robust soldier, Bernardo, whisper, in a trembling voice, "Who's there?" and wait anxiously until Horatio and Marcellus, the companions of his watch, arrive?

"Tis bitter cold,
And I am sick at heart."

Francisco, in this speech, voices the fear that glooms the whole kingdom. There had been rumors of strange spectres, hints even that his late Majesty of Denmark had met his death by poison; and, then, the hasty marriage of the Queen, and the equally hasty setting aside of Prince Hamlet by the nobles, and the election of Claudius!

But let that pass. The question is: Could the spirit of a Christian father suffering in purgatory incite his son to revenge? The answer is easy: No. Could Shakspeare have shown great art in Hamlet, as well as a knowledge of Catholic belief, if he had made his spirit so inconsistent? The answer seems to be just as easy. Let us note, then, that the ghost—unless we can suppose, as some critics *have* supposed, that it was an evil spirit,—comes not for revenge but for justice. The kingdom of Denmark is ruled by an "adulterous beast." It is threatened by the courageous Fortinbras from Norway. Corruption has spread through the whole Danish court; and if it be not arrested, the punishment of God must fall on the people. No human witness saw the poisoning of the late King, "A serpent stung him," the court gossips say, "as he slept in his orchard, shortly after dinner." The suffering spirit appears, symbolically armed for war, "not in his habit as he lived," to rouse Hamlet to the patriotic duty of justice, not mere human revenge. The murder of a king was worse than parricide; it was a blow at the fabric of the state. The ghost's strongest appeal is that Hamlet will not "taint" his mind. Queen Gertrude has sinned; but the spirit pleads—

"Nor let thy soul contrive
Against that mother aught. Leave her to Heaven
And to those thorns that in her bosom lodge,
To prick and sting her."

If Hamlet fails in his object, it is because he lacks faith, and is unable to rise to a full understanding of the ghost's mission. A volume might be written—as volumes have been written—on the mission of the ghost. A careful examination of the text, made in the light of Catholic teaching, shows that the ghost was not the conventional Elizabethan apparition, but a spirit "cut off even in the blossoms of its sin,—

"Unhousled, disappointed, unanel'd,
No reckoning made, but sent to my account
With all my imperfections on my head.

"Doomed for a certain term to walk the night,
And for the day confined to fast in flames
Till the foul crimes done in my days of nature
Are burnt and purged away."

The Catholic note is visible throughout Hamlet, even in the despair of Claudius, who dares not pray, because he is unwilling to leave his sins. He perceives that penitence is useless without the intention to amend and make satisfaction. He will not give up the Queen and the position which his marriage with her has brought him.

"May one be pardoned and retain the offence?" He knows how to answer this, and he cries out:

"My words fly up, my thoughts remain below;
Words without thoughts never to heaven go."

"And thus," Mr. Percy Fitzgerald says, "The poet leaves but the one remedy to suggest itself—to hie straight to the confessional, without caring to wait for a gust of penitence which may never come."

It is a mistake to imagine that the Catholic view of life was strange to the Elizabethans. If King Philip, in the preceding reign, had been an Englishman instead of a Spaniard, and Cardinal Pole less of an alien, the reunion of England with Rome might have been consummated. The knowledge and the feeling which had made this probable under Mary had not died out in the reigns of Elizabeth and James. Shakspeare, the man of brain and heart, the consummate artist, knew no faith but that which Elizabeth's "hedge-priests" were trying to mutilate. Therefore, surprise seems to be foolish when brought out by the serene Catholicity which is the dominant tone in Shakspeare's serious hours.

Some of Shakspeare's worshippers have a way of rejecting everything that does not reach his general level as an interpolation. This is foolish. It is true that the practice of "gagging," so prevalent among third-rate actors of the present day, was not unknown at the Globe Theatre. An author is practically helpless in the mouths of actors who wish to make "interpellations" of this kind. And the text of Shakspeare has suffered from these bids for a transient popularity. Still, we must remember that Shakspeare was of his time, and of a time which loved puns and even horse-play, in spite of that intellectual elevation which led it to appreciate "Hamlet." One may as well remark in passing, that the Catholic Church in Eng-

land could not have mentally cramped the Englishmen of the sixteenth century, since it left them capable of applauding "King Lear" and "Othello." After nearly five hundred years of a different kind of culture, we find the nineteenth-century Londoner preferring the ditties of the music hall. The Elizabethan audience would not have permitted a woman on the stage, and it adds to our respect for Shakspeare's rare genius to observe how delicate he makes Ophelia and Desdemona and Cordelia; and then dares to entrust the interpretation of these exquisite creatures to boys,—well trained, however, if they took Hamlet's famous advice to the players.

The historical dramas of Shakspeare are especially full of Catholic allusions. Indeed, the Reformation, so far as one can judge from his plays, does not seem to have occurred. There is no speech in all the historical dramas more beautiful or suggestive than that of the Bishop of Carlisle, in "Richard II.":

"Many a time hath banish'd Norfolk fought
For Jesu Christ; in glorious Christian field,
Streaming the ensign of the Christian Cross
Against black pagans, Turks, and Saracens;
And, toiled with works of war, retired himself
To Italy; and there, at Venice, gave
His body to that pleasant country's earth,
And his pure soul unto his Captain Christ,
Under whose colors he had fought so long."

"Why, Bishop, is Norfolk dead?" asks Bolingbroke.—"As sure as I live, my Lord."—"Sweet peace," answers Bolingbroke, "conduct his soul to the bosom of good old Abraham."

Let us remark, by the way, that "Richard II." is laden with scriptural allusions. Shakspeare says nothing of the suppression of the Bible, but calmly makes his good Catholics as familiar with it as if the Reformers had not discovered it, and given it to England and the world in the reign of Henry VIII.!

King Richard, contemplating his deposition, says:

"I'll give my jewels for a set of beads;
My gorgeous palace for a hermitage;
My gay apparel for an almsman's gown;
My figured goblets for a dish of wood;
My sceptre for a palmer's walking-staff;
My subjects for a pair of carved saints;
And my large kingdom for a little grave,—
A little, little grave, an obscure grave."

Gaunt, crying out against the degradation of England, recalls the valor of those kings who fought for the Holy Sepulchre,—the tomb

"Of the world's ransom, blessed Mary's Son."

Shakspeare does not make sin a necessity of life, as Goethe does. He does not hold, with

the new lights of the University of Wittenberg—to which, with one of his usual anachronisms, he sends the young Hamlet—that faith without works is enough. He is as Catholic as Dante in his treatment of sin. It is a cancer; its root spreads in all directions. In "Hamlet" these encircling roots grow and grow, not wisely checked, until the innocent and the guilty alike go down to dusty death. Sin, he teaches, must be forsaken; satisfaction must be made, and contrition must have practical effects.

Modern squeamishness, which is frightened by the unconventional, but which easily forgives the immoral, looks shyly at "Measure for Measure." Mr. John Malone, a Catholic and a scrupulous student of Shakspeare, says of this tragic comedy: "It is a play which may be said to be framed upon the application of the Sacrament of Penance.... The opportunity is seized to contrast the attitudes of men of different classes when subjected to this ordeal of a last ghostly preparation. The reprobate Barnardine is suddenly aroused and told that his hour has come.

ABHORSON: Look you, sir, here comes your ghostly father. Do we jest now, think you?

(Enter DUKE disguised as a FRIAR.)

DUKE: Sir, induced by my charity, and hearing how hastily you are to depart, I am come to advise you, comfort you, and pray with you.

BARNARDINE: Friar, not I. I have been drinking hard all night, and I will have more time to prepare me, or they shall beat out my brains with billets. I will not consent to die this day,—that's certain.

(Enter PROVOST.)

PROVOST: Now sir, how do you find the prisoner?

DUKE: A creature unprepared, unmeet for death, And to transport him in the mind he is Were damnable.*

Mr. Fitzgerald's "Jewels" reflect, as he points out, the light of the teaching of the saints. "How truly Catholic," he says, "is this plea for gentleness in trifles when dealing with others, especially in cases of opposed opinions,

'When we do debate

Our trivial differences loud, we do commit
Murder in healing wounds.'

"Where the remedy often inflames the disease we wish to cure," adds Mr. Fitzgerald, "we should rather

'Touch the sorriest points with sweetest terms,
Nor curstness grow to the matter.'

Any of the great plays of Shakspeare is a lesson in religion. Professor Masson, of Edinburgh, once said that to study a play of Shaks-

* "Measure for Measure," Act IV., Sc. 3.

pere well is to acquire a liberal education; and this education is based on the fundamentals of all education—the ethics of the Catholic Church. Shakspeare was a consummate artist; he never appeared before the curtain to point his moral; he was as impersonal as fate, and as logical to the premises of life. His people act out their parts under that God whom they, being human and not artificial creatures, never forget. Who can escape sin or its consequence? Who that has sinned has a quiet conscience? Who can say “Evil, be thou my good,” and hold the sympathy of the author or his audience? Shakspeare’s postulate is Christianity unmutilated—Christianity that made possible Sir Thomas More and Bishop Fisher and Southwell and his own Norfolk. And yet how he covers with the soft mist of pathos the death of the sinner in whom there were touches of honor! He is as true as Dante, and a thousand times more tender. He has in mind, even in the green forest of Arden, near the melancholy Jaques, who has sinned and suffered, near the dying Falstaff—

“Those holy fields,
Over which acres walk’d those blessed feet
Which fourteen hundred years ago were nailed,
For our advantage, to the bitter Cross.”

“Romeo and Juliet” is replete with Catholic allusions; and note the philosophy of this tragedy, condemned by the thoughtless as merely a romance of love. It shows that inordinate passion, like the limitless jealousy of Othello, works its own ruin. Where the creature is put above the Creator, death and gloom must follow. But of all the plays, “Hamlet” will yield the most to the Catholic student.

Mr. Percy Fitzgerald has done incomparable service in setting his isolated “Jewels” in the purest metal; and the great plays, read with knowledge of the eternal verities, and read as a whole, will arouse to enthusiasm that interest in the Catholicity of Shakspeare’s tone of thought which becomes plainer the more carefully we read.—*Ave Maria.*

“CHOOSE the best books and read them well. An acre thoroughly worked is better than a farm of weeds. It is not how much read, but how much you make of it that tells.”

MAN is not of plebeian origin, but his lineage is from God; and when he asserts and exemplifies the dignity of his nature, royal and patrician titles shrink into nothingness.—*Manu.*

“Trilby” and Society.

JAMES A. MCKEE, '93.

It is strange, but nevertheless true, that those books which the public taste most heartily endorses should in a few years be consigned to oblivion, and ever afterwards looked upon with disfavor. Should anyone be so bold as to maintain that “Ships That Pass in the Night,” “The Heavenly Twins,” and works of the same stamp, would be the admiration of succeeding generations, such a one would be looked upon by sensible people as totally deficient in the power of criticising; and, yet, I have not the least doubt that many, in their unbounded admiration and unlimited praise would inscribe with golden letters the name of “Trilby” high among the immortals of literature. One might ask, why is it that the public makes such grave mistakes in the proper appreciation of a book? Can it be that they are incompetent to pass a correct opinion, or are deficient, either from want of a proper appreciation, or lack the power of discriminating between the good and the bad, both in art and literature? It is due to the fact, I think, that the reading public is very seldom a thinking public; and consequently allow their impulses to get the better of their cooler judgment. A book frequently will command an extensive sale simply because it advocates something new, entirely different from the general order of events—a fad, I might say, for the want of a better word to convey my meaning. This is one of the chief reasons why, I think, “Trilby” has been so popular.

It is with no little hesitation that I attempt to write my impressions of a book which now occupies a prominent place on almost every table, and maintains a conspicuous position on the book shelves of even those who make a slight pretense to literary knowledge. In this humble effort it shall be my earnest endeavor to describe as accurately as possible the pleasure which it has afforded, as well as the dissatisfaction incurred from the false ideas laid down in this otherwise most remarkable book. Should my opinions clash with those who have so far looked upon “Trilby” as a most wonderful piece of art, I trust that in their disapprobation they will not be unmindful of the fact that all do not see the same thing in the same light, and consequently the writer should merit their sympathy rather than their censure.

For Mr. Du Maurier, who has been an illustrator on the London *Punch* for the last twenty-five years, to assume the rôle of a *littérateur* is not less remarkable than it is strange. And the fact that it is without a parallel renders it all the more noteworthy; but, after all, it should not appear so extraordinary when one considers the fact that for more than a quarter of a century he has been intimately associated with the study of a people, and hence should be competent to describe them. However singular it may seem it is nevertheless true that during all this time he has been an analyzer of character, with this distinction, however, that his sketches have intimated rather than portrayed fully the ideas which he wished to convey. His drawings have accurately set forth the national characteristics of a people, and have even succeeded better than words could have done.

So far Mr. George Du Maurier has given two books to the public, "Peter Ibbetson" and "Trilby." While the former was well received, still its reception by the public was but a slight intimation of the popularity which his latter work should win, and what is most peculiar about these two books is that they are entirely different; but as it is the intention of the present article to speak of the more recent, the first will be entirely disregarded. The author being himself an artist it is but natural that the story should have for its principal characters those who are devoted to that profession. So it opens with a description of the studio where our "three musketeers of the brush" are devoting themselves to the study of their vocation, on a "sunny, showery day in April." Here it is that one meets all those individuals who are to figure so conspicuously throughout the work in a manner so natural and pleasing. The description of their studio is so graphic that the author seems to take one by the hand and lead him into the charming workshop.

In Part First—for the writer has seen fit to divide his work into parts—the reader becomes so infatuated with the delightful style of this scenic artist that it is thereby rendered a great pleasure to look with admiration upon the efforts of his pen. So from the very first one becomes interested, nor does the interest ever flag with the various productions of new scenes; and when the last good-bye has been said one lays the book aside with a feeling of sadness that the end should ever come.

The reader's first impression of the prin-

cipal characters undergoes a change, not altogether for the better, before he has dived very deep into the book. Little Billee and Trilby begin to appear as most remarkable personages, and ere long the unnaturalness of these two characters becomes apparent to any one who has had even the slightest acquaintance with Bohemia. Such a Bohemia, I have not the least doubt, had its existence only in the mind of the author; for it is entirely too idealistic to be true. That two such individuals as Little Billee and Trilby could have remained as they have been described seems almost miraculous.

Trilby especially appears to be the most inconsistent. Mr. Du Maurier represents her as a girl living the conventional life of the Parisian grisette; she has not the faintest conception of the wickedness of that life until one day while posing as a model in Carrel's studio, a thing which she had been accustomed to do all her life, Little Billee enters, is horrified at the sight and leaves with an agonized expression on his face. Trilby realizes in a moment the distinction between good and evil. First of all, it does not seem that a person who has lived all her life in the most demoralizing part of Paris, the Latin Quarter, as in this case, could have been so simple and innocent as the author has undertaken to represent. And in the second place, it appears even more absurd that Trilby should understand from the startled look on Little Billee's face, which lasted only a second, the full import of things—not trivial by any means, but the most essential—the full significance of which she had not before the slightest idea. Had Trilby been represented as a girl actually deficient in mental calibre there might have been an excuse, or at least some apology for her action; but instead she is presented to us as an unusually precocious and shrewd individual, conversant with the ways of the world and competent to look after herself and sometimes the affairs of others.

Now, the next thing to be considered is the moral or lesson, for after all this is the most essential part of any work. No novel should be written without attempting to teach, or at least to strengthen, some good and established principle of human responsibility. This should be the chief thing to engage the attention of everyone who reads: for after all, it is the trunk of the tree, while the plot and the descriptions are only the branches and foliage, which beautify and adorn the rough stem. So universal has this practice become that any-

one who advocates, upholds or maintains any new idea in regard to the social problems, embodies his or her theory in a novel and gives it to the people. The public, which is not frequently a thinking public, drinks in these poisonous principles and unconsciously becomes imbued with false notions.

What is Trilby but a direct attack upon this well-established principle: that a man cannot marry a woman who has fallen and maintain his former status.

Little Billee says, when a marriage with Trilby is objected to, "As for her social position and all that, what degrading rot! Her father was as much a gentleman as mine.... besides.... what the devil do I care for her father? I can't *live* without her.... I must have her back—I must have her back! We were to have lived together at Barbizon.... all our lives—and I was to have painted stunning pictures.... like those other fellows there. Who cares for their social position, I should like to know.... or what of their *wives*? *Damn* social position!.... We've often said so over and over again. An artist's life should be *away* from the world—above all that meanness and paltriness... all in his work. Social position, indeed! Over and over again we've said what fetid, bestial rot it all was—a thing to make one sick, and shut one's self away from the world... Why say one thing and act another?... Love comes before all; love levels all; love and art... and beauty—before such beauty as Trilby's, rank doesn't exist."

The book appeals directly to our sympathies and endeavors to array us against such a condition of affairs. It would have us decry one of the barriers—a very bulwark—which society has set about itself for its protection, and have us sanction a union between a virtuous man and a fallen woman. It would have us approve of her introduction into Little Billee's family circle, into the company of a virtuous mother and an innocent sister, there to meet them day by day on a plane of moral and social equality. It is true that while Mr. Du Maurier represents a union as impracticable, it is nevertheless true that, in another way, he argues most strongly against such a state of things. And in doing this he has made use of the means most conducive to that end, by hiding the real object in the interest of the story, while at the same time arguing most strongly in its favor by appealing directly to our emotions. I think that from this standpoint the story is bad; for it has a decided tendency of

decrying against one of the well-established principles of the social fabric.

The trick of mesmerism, although managed very effectually by the author, is false from a scientific standpoint, and has been shown by numerous experiments to be impossible under the same circumstances. It is one of the chief features of the story, and although a fault it is a very happy one.

The sublimated friendship that existed between the Laird, Taffy and Little Billee is the strongest point, and is of itself almost sufficient to counteract the bad influence produced by the hidden motive of the whole book. When the name of Trilby shall have been forgotten, *les Trois Angliches* will still live.

Uranography.

BY H. C. M.

It is seldom that one sees, outside our schools and colleges, that highly interesting little work called "Uranography." To the man of the world it is but a text-book, which he casts away on leaving college, but to the student it is a romantic history,—romantic in itself, a history because it reveals the thoughts of the ancients in so far as they were acquainted with astronomy. Uranography is simply that portion of descriptive astronomy which has for its object the study of the stellar constellations. As everyone knows these constellations were named by the ancients after some animal or object, which they were supposed to represent. Thus Draco took its name from the long winding body and mighty head of the dragon, Pisces from the fish, Leo from the lion, and so on through the entire celestial catalogue.

In studying these constellations, one wonders how the ancients made them resemble the beings after which they named them; for instance, in the case of Ursa Major, which bears about as much resemblance to a bear, as a stage coach does to a locomotive. Either bears have undergone some remarkable transformations since those days, or its godfather had never seen one, or had, after the manner of some astronomers, just taken "something to keep the cold out."

Undoubtedly, the modern imagination is not so able-bodied as that of earlier ages. In order to comprehend the naming of even the simplest group, one must possess a remarkable

imagination (and even then he may miss the mark), or have an instructor who can remedy this defect. Who could guess that Cassiopeia represents a woman, or Cepheus, a man? Who would ever think of forming a dragon out of the stars in Draco, or a fish out of those in Pisces? Were the heavens to-day unnamed and all the star gazers of the world invited to supply the deficiency, the chances are many that not one constellation would receive the name it now bears.

Aside from this, Uranography is one of the most interesting of the common scientific studies; if, indeed, I may call it a scientific study; for, on the whole, it is but the descriptive chapter of astronomy, and its mastery depends more on memory than on reason. Its knowledge is a companion to its possessor. What a satisfaction it is to be able to say what this star or that group is; to feel as if he were amongst friends.

And then what a train of thoughts arises in his mind as he gazes at the starry dome! He sees Cepheus the king, and his wife, Cassiopeia, and by them their daughter Andromeda, with her deliverer Perseus at her feet, and Pegasus, his horse, by her side; whilst to the south, beyond Pisces and Aries stretches the sea monster Cetus, who "had marked her for his own." He sees Orion facing the bull, and the noble Hercules with his foot on the dragon's head.

Gemini, Cancer, and the others remind him of the Zodiac, and of the poetry and wisdom in its twelve signs. Aries which opens spring, when the goat, after its long winter fast, skips about the hills, searching for tin cans and old posters which it may devour. He is followed by Taurus, the bull, king of all the herds, leading his charges to the fresh pastures and green fields. May, spring's last month, is represented by Gemini, The Twins, for in this, the most nearly perfect of all the months, all is harmony, and nature and the elements for once agree.

Summer opens with Cancer, for it is in June that the sun reaches that Tropic and turns back on its path. Then Leo comes and goes, and Virgo ushers in fruitful August. Libra and autumn come in a blaze of glory, then Scorpio reigns, and then the hunting season is presided over by Sagittarius. Winter, dreary winter, opens with Capricornus, when the sun once more turns toward the equator, and then Aquarius and Pisces bring the rainy season and the new year. Thus in twelve short chapters of one word each, the ancients told the history of the year, and this history is set with brilliants in the dome of heaven.

Forgotten Sports.

WILLIAM P. BURNS.

As one enters upon the serious work of life, and as boyhood, with its pleasant memories, becomes part of a past, more remote with the increase of years, the characteristic differences that mark one generation from another clearly manifest themselves. Take, for instance, the pastimes that absorb the free hours of the boy of thirteen or fourteen. Saturday is to him what Sunday is to the working man. The preceding five days with their baffling problems and monotonous compositions are quite forgotten in the day's excitement. But the Saturday of to-day is not spent upon the same sports as the holiday of ten years ago.

Let one take a ramble on a Saturday afternoon, now, through the by-streets of a city—one whose school-days are still vividly remembered—and one will recognize few familiar sports. A decade ago the amusements of the school-boy were without number; now they may be counted on one's fingers. Bicycling and football are the rage at present; and the happiness of the end-of-the-century youth is incomplete without them.

Kite-flying, once a favorite pastime, is wholly done away with. The time was when every vacant lot that gave an opportunity to get a kite above the trees and telegraph poles and house-tops, swarmed with boys, all gazing at the flimsy contrivances of tissue and bamboo that soared high up above them. Passing swallows often lit on the long strings stretching from the kites to their proud possessor, and sometimes the kite would be brought to earth before the feathered adventurer could be shaken off. Occasionally the string was too weak for the strain, and the kite broke loose. Then there was a wild chase to recover it before it could fall into other hands. Telephone wires also played a part in this sport. They usually presented a woe-begone appearance with tattered paper, broken kite-sticks and a Gordian tangle of strings more complicated than the wires themselves. These sad wrecks of the tiny air-ships twisted and turned themselves about the wires with exasperating facility until the owner gave up all hope of extricating the kite, and left it a prey to the winds. All these incidents lent a certain charm to the sport, which, while it lasted, made it a popular one.

Then there was the game of marbles. Nearly every street crossing bore traces of this sport. The show-cases of drug stores contained glass jars filled with "stonies," "agates," "brandies," "commies," and various other sorts of "mibs." And the boy with a nickel in his pocket gravely considered the qualities of each kind before purchasing. This game was played on the way to, and from, school, at recess and after supper. The boy looked up to as the crack-shot of his school strutted about among his companions with as much pride as a Napoleon; and when *he* entered the game the weaker players generally withdrew. Often two, and even three, lads formed a partnership, and nightly, like the pirates of other days, repaired to some secluded spot, there to sum up the day's gains or losses.

Tops were another means of amusement. Here too the street and alley crossings were decorated with indentations and chalk rings. The quick eye and steady aim excelled in this pastime, as was also the case in the handling of the "sling shot." The latter sport, however, was certainly injurious in its results. Birds were shot down in countless numbers; nor was the destruction confined to the marauding little sparrow. Nearly all birds, regardless of species, expiated their crimes of flying and singing; and, as a consequence, worms and other destructive insects ravaged vegetables and plants without molestation.

Then there was "Hop Scotch," "Piggy" and "Shinny." The last named is still played on the ice; but the former interest in it has waned. The first two have passed into oblivion; but now and then when one comes across a stray "piggy" or "block" near some street corner the memory of the games momentarily revives.

"Hide and Seek," "Cross Off," "Tag," "Red Lion," "Run, Sheep, Run," and "Pull Away" were the more exhilarating exercises; but most of them are now forgotten. And the man of to-day surveys the new sports by the light of his own boyhood, and wonders where the present youth finds enjoyment. So it has been with others before him; so will it be with those after him. Meantime the schoolboy continues to amuse himself.

LET your mind, like an alembic, distil the essence from all you read.

MERE knowledge is like a mercenary ready to combat either in the ranks of sin or under the banner of righteousness.

Book Reviews.

HUMAN PHYSIOLOGY, BY JOHN THORNTON. Longmans, Green & Co., New York.

This is a text-book of physiology specially adapted for the use of colleges. It is so entirely unlike the usual text-books of physiology, which are generally very elementary, not to say superficial, and inculcate in the mind of the young a false impression as to the subject of physiology. The author does not give us a so-called popular treatise on physiology, which, by the way, is for many a substitute for real knowledge; but he touches upon the most difficult and obscure questions of human life. When the student has finished the book he has not a mere vague idea of the number of bones in his body and about the heart being a sort of blood pump, but he will understand the structure and function of every organ in his body in a way that will, no doubt, benefit him in after-life; and the ignorance of which is found so prevalent among students of the "three weeks' courses" in this, that and the other thing.

Mr. Thornton does not shirk the difficulties of the science. He rather seems to like them. He is, however, not satisfied with simply calling attention to obscurities, but everywhere his clear and lucid style penetrates to clear up just such questions as the reader would have himself know more about. We can say for the book that it has no rival as yet, and we can speak from personal experience of its good results both in the class-room and laboratory; for we have used it in both these applications with a class of forty-five students.

This book is not perfect. Many things can be improved, others added and even some corrected. Thus, for example, we would call attention to a few serious omissions: There is no chapter on the Motory System, embracing the skeleton and the muscles. We think an illustration of the skeleton and a few others of the various muscles and the relations of these with the bones would not be out of place. Here and there, the author is a little too profuse in his descriptions. These could be easily shortened and place made for the above-named chapter without materially interfering with the bulk of the work.

We noticed a few slips of the pen or press: Thus, on page 217, line 5, *concave* should evidently read *convex*; page 140, line 7, *hydrogen* should read *nitrogen*; and on page 220, in the last line, *interior* should read *inferior*.

In conclusion, we would say that the press-work, as well as the type and illustrations in the text, is well done, and reflects favorably on the publishers. Those, therefore, who are in search of a good text-book of physiology for college students need not look elsewhere for the best guide in the class-room.

NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.

Notre Dame, February 2, 1895.

Published every Saturday during Term Time at N. D. University.

Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office, Notre Dame, Ind.

Terms, \$1.50 per Annum. Postpaid.

Address: EDITOR, NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC,
Notre Dame, Ind.

Staff.

JAMES A. MCKEE, '93; DANIEL V. CASEY, '95;
DANIEL P. MURPHY, '95;
EUSTACE CULLINAN, '95; SAMUEL A. WALKER, '95;
MICHAEL A. RYAN, '95;
FRANCIS W. DAVIS, '95; ARTHUR P. HUDSON, '95;
HUGH C. MITCHELL, '95;
JOSEPH A. MARMON, '96; MICHAEL J. NEY, '97.

—*The Catholic Universe*, of Cleveland, Ohio, has, under the editorship of Mr. Thomas A. Connelly, attained a position of which every Catholic in Cleveland ought to be proud. It represents the interests of the Church with dignity, cleverness and courage. Mr. Connelly's reputation in Baltimore, where he conducted *The Mirror*, was high; he has grown even beyond that in his present place. He is a Catholic college man, too!

—We have received an invitation to the Silver Jubilee of the Reverend Hugh O'Gara McShane, of Annunciation Church, Chicago, Ill., for which we tender him our sincere thanks. Father McShane was a student here in the sixties, and the gentlemanly traits of character that signalized him then have not been effaced. He was always a thorough student, and one cannot listen long to his conversation without recognizing in him the versatile scholar and unpretentious ecclesiastic. The various missions which he has attended during his priestly career and enriched by his zeal, the esteem in which he is held by his present parishioners, and by his fellow clergymen, are more eulogistic than any words of ours could be; and hence, in anticipation, we say, with his numerous friends—*Ad multos annos!*

—The Staff began the new year with a resolution to make the SCHOLASTIC brighter and better and more newsy than ever before. That was a rather large undertaking, for our exchanges have always treated our little weekly with distinguished consideration, and their comments upon our stories and essays and verses have always been words of praise. The Staff is not altogether in despair; it did good work, and much of it, last session, and it will do as much as it can find time for, in the future. But it cannot do *all* the work, and our fellow-students should not compel us to do it. Nine of the eleven editors are of this year's class, and the coming four months will be months of hard work and careful preparation for the "finals" in June. It would be asking too much to expect us, without assistance, to make the SCHOLASTIC what it has been in the past; and so we ask for help, especially in the gathering of news for our "Local" columns.

—The affairs of the Athletic Association are in a dreadful muddle, and nothing short of a miracle—for that the "politicians" of Sorin and Brownson Halls should forget their pride and dignity and all that rot, and think only of the University, would be more than miraculous—will save sport at Notre Dame. It is difficult to say which party is most to blame, and it seems as though both Halls are determined to win, or "smash" the Association. At the meeting called last Thursday, charges of fraud in the election of the members of the Executive Committee were made and a motion to reconsider the election was carried by a very narrow margin. This was not to the taste of Sorin Hall, and when the vote was announced, it promptly withdrew from the Association. This strikes us as savoring a little too much of the kindergarten. If Sorin Hall did not intend to abide by the decision of the Association, it should have withdrawn from the meeting before the matter came to a vote. Meanwhile, neither side will offer the olive branch to the other, and both have the dubious satisfaction of knowing that they were not "dictated to." We sincerely hope that the matter will be settled shortly, and that both Halls will support the splendid Varsity nine which we will be able to put into the field. Sorin Hall and Brownson Hall should not be considered in a question so vitally important to the whole University.

—At this time, when so many of our Catholic writers are devoting their energies to disprove the old charge that the Church is antagonistic to science, it is peculiarly interesting to note any signs of progress that is made by our Catholic colleges outside of the old familiar departments of languages and mathematics.

Unfortunately, it is only too true that many of our colleges have not been as prominent in scientific research as their Protestant or secular rivals; and the reason is not far to seek. Laboratories are not built on mere knowledge, nor may philosophical instruments be purchased from empty purses. Things of this kind demand an immense outlay of money; and thus far it does not appear that it has become part of the *credo* of wealthy Catholics on this continent to endow professorships, much less found colleges, as do their Protestant brethren. And until some religious order is founded with the mission of opening the eyes and purses of our Catholic millionaires to the needs of our colleges, the attempts of these to teach science will always be a most arduous and thankless task.

We are moved to make these remarks by the receipt of two pamphlets, forming numbers 9 and 10 of the series of "Bulletins of the Library and Museum of St. Laurent College near Montreal, Canada."

These bulletins, with the exception of a few pages in each, acknowledging gifts to the library, contain a detailed classification of the contents of the museum under the compiler's care. The work has been done in a truly scientific manner. Every specimen is placed under its proper genus, species and family down to its lowest subdivision, and each individual has received its proper name in Latin, French and English. A work such as this, demanding so much untiring labor and exact knowledge, could have been undertaken only by an enthusiast in the cause of the Natural Sciences, and could have been accomplished only by one thoroughly versed in its various departments. And such a man is the editor of this series, the Rev. Joseph C. Carrier, C. S. C. Father Carrier, though an humble religious, has been known long and favorably as a well-equipped teacher of the Natural Sciences, and in editing his series of bulletins he has made one more claim on the gratitude of the friends of Catholic education. It is to be hoped that he will continue his good work, and meet with the assistance and encouragement he so well deserves.

Singing Students.

No doubt everyone of us, when we are in those reminiscent moods which frequently come over one, will look back on the days—now alas! too short—spent at our college home. Of all the varied experiences we will recall the times when the boys gathered in their favorite nooks and sang, as only college boys can sing, their songs to the accompaniment of, at times, a solitary guitar, but more often to none at all.

These affairs are always anything but formal, and it is certainly amusing to note how they are started. A youth may be humming to himself the refrain of a popular song. Soon someone else is whistling, and rapidly the contagion spreads. By degrees the crowd thaws out and all join in the chorus. Another song is suggested in like manner and still another. In this way the entire collection is gone through; I say collection, but certainly it is a queer one, ranging from the latest to the most ancient, "ditties foolish and melodies grand," all with equal spirit, never failing, however, to conclude with a general favorite which may have even been sung previously on the same occasion.

At such performances, as we all know, no high standard of musical excellence is attained. In fact, the singing is remarkable for nothing perhaps other than its volume, which is always very generous, and for the unlimited freedom taken with the composer's measures. The free interpretation gives a lively spirit to the occasion, and no matter if a man's voice is incapable of producing a succession of harmonious sounds, he takes a real interest, and for a time is carried back, it may be, to home or to something else. If nothing more than this were in the custom, it certainly deserves encouragement.

Another thing which you may have noticed is that these gentlemen with the india-rubber lungs are almost invariably very modest; they never come out in daytime, and it is only when the shades of evening fall that they hie themselves away to their corner and warble. The absence of light casts a halo—if there can be a halo of darkness—over every young man romantically inclined. This may account for the disposition to sing at this hour.

Any ex-college man will remember with pride the particular anthems which once stirred his heart. Every college has its favorite songs, sometimes handed down for years. A more

mention of some particular songs suggests a man's *Alma Mater*. It is a common occurrence for members of the alumni to sing over the banquet tables the old-time favorites which had settled so deeply in their hearts, and never fail to bring a burst of human feeling. We all are familiar with that old story of the English during the Crimean war. Night coming on, the troops lay on their arms awaiting the light of day when the battle would be renewed. A Scotchman on picket duty struck up, in a half-pathetic tone, a few familiar bars of "Annie Laurie." One after another his comrades joined in the old, almost national, love song. Soon the entire army sang as one man, the thoughts of home and dear ones crowding into their minds. Many a dirty sleeve was passed over a powder-begrimed face. Certainly the incident was very pathetic and still it is but an expression of man's mood. So it is with college students, their songs are always governed by their moods. One can always tell the feelings of a crowd of them by the songs they sing.

From such a crude beginning has sprung the modern college glee club—the aggregation of young men who serve to encourage the proper spirit among the alumni. The annual tour is usually made during the Christmas vacation at a time when the glory of the football player is on the wane. Dame Society opens wide her arms to them, and what with receptions, hops and amusements galore, they pass the vacation very pleasantly. The audiences are always composed of the *élite* of the city, and the affair is looked forward to as a society event. Aside from all this, the trip rarely fails to realize a handsome sum for the participants. Last summer a number from Amherst College made a very successful trip abroad, and the clubs from all of the great Eastern colleges have entertained large audiences at every concert. One does not expect a professional performance from a glee club; but certainly the quality of their music is being rapidly improved.

Man's feelings, through singing, flow out; and let us pity him who is not moved by the "concord of sweet sounds;" for the bard has said that such a person is fit for stratagems and spoils. Yea, even more, he is far removed from the world and the affairs of men. Let us encourage the college boys in their pleasure making! Let us cultivate the proper spirit, and let them enter with all fervor and enthusiasm into this custom of merry-making! Often they are the spice of the earth and the fulness thereof.

F. W. D.

The Philharmonic Concert.

The concert given last Tuesday afternoon by the New York Philharmonic Club was an excellent one, and was well received by the large audience which heartily applauded the musicians. The fact that such events are not daily occurrences, no doubt, added something to the appreciation which was felt by music lovers who heard the club.

Mr. Weiner, the director, expressed pleasure, on arriving, that they were to play once more for the Faculty and students of the University. But three members of last year's company appeared this time. However, we were consoled by the presence of Mr. Sol Marcossou, the solo violinist who amply sustained the impression which he created on former visits. It will be remembered that his first appearance at Notre Dame was with the Mendelssohn Quintette. The artists of Mr. Weiner's organization are all virtuosos on their respective instruments, and hold a recognized place in the world of music. The perfect *ensemble* which is so necessary to the rendition of chamber-music was well exemplified in the sextettes and quartette. Some of the numbers were possibly a bit too classical and devoid of color to exactly meet the requirements of those present; but this defect faded into insignificance at the recollection of such taking melodies as Miss Henley's songs and Mr. Haagman's violoncello solo. The concert did not entirely follow the programmes which were distributed, fully half the numbers being different.

Mr. Haagman's 'cello solo and his encore piece were very much enjoyed, and well might they be, for he is a master of that instrument whose tone is so closely likened to the human voice.

Miss Henley then appeared and sang the difficult aria, "Ah, Lo So," from Mozart's "Magic Flute." Her encore piece was much more to our taste. It was one of Meyer Helmund's songs, "Fan-Fooling," and possessed the indescribable swing of the *bolero*.

When Mr. Marcossou arose to play, the audience made it evident that he had not been forgotten by the generous applause it gave him. Aside from his excellence as a virtuoso, Mr. Marcossou is to be congratulated on being free from the disagreeable mannerisms of so many artists—his pose is easy and graceful. This player possesses an infinite amount of feeling,

and, what is of more consequence, the power to express it in his playing.

The next number, a double one, was probably the best received of those in which all the instruments took part. "Sylves des Dance," from Berlioz's opera, "Damnation of Faust" fairly created a picture of the scene which it is meant to represent. This was followed by Czibulka's "Liebestraum," better known as "Love's Dream after the Ball." This is a piece which has often been played; yet at each new hearing it seems to possess an additional charm; it is full of rich melody and sensuous coloring. No mention of it appeared on the concert-bill; but when the first notes were played the audience easily recognized it and evinced their pleasure. Of Mr. Weiner's selections for the flute, his encore piece, a theme by Schubert, was much more acceptable than the one which preceded it. Mr. Weiner's playing in the lower register is a revelation, the tones which he produces having a fulness and richness about them much like that of the saxophone.

Miss Henley's next contribution was one of Arditi's florid waltz songs. The singer's lower notes at times produced a rather disagreeable effect, but this may have been the result of indisposition.

The various other numbers which made up the concert were done full justice to, but did not appeal especially to the listeners. We trust we may have the pleasure of listening to the New York Philharmonic Club at some future time. They will always be welcome to our theatre.

Quite a number of guests from South Bend were in attendance at the concert. The "Shakspeare Club" attended in a body. From the pleasure they evinced it would seem that they heartily concur in his opinion of those unfortunates who are unmusical.

J. A. M.

Exchanges.

Now that the country editors have had their day in New York and have returned home to write knowingly on Parkhurst and Reform, there is on foot another pilgrimage to the Mecca of journalists. This time the pilgrims are the members of "The Association of American College Dailies."

On the last day of last year representatives of *The Daily Cardinal*, *The Brown Daily Herald*

The U. of M. Daily, *The Pala Alto Daily*, *The Pennsylvanian* and *The Harvard Daily News* met in the Fifth Avenue Hotel to discuss the formation of an association of college dailies. At that meeting, as we learn from *The Daily Cardinal*, there was drawn up a provisional constitution stating the object of the Association in the following words:—

To advance the interest in college daily journalism, and to establish a closer relation between the papers in the association, by an interchange of short weekly letters; by an interchange of leading editorials of special interest to the institutions directly affected by such editorials; and by an interchange of such other matter as from time to time shall be deemed advisable.

We have hunted through all our exchanges to find the original of the clipping made by the exchange-editor of *The Bethany Collegian* and beginning, "A smiling young woman of Niger." We have failed, however, in the quest. The object of our search was to expose the literary poaching of which the author of the clipping in question is guilty. Several years ago, before we ever dreamed of becoming exchange-editor of our college paper, we had a *penchant* for glancing over the college periodicals left fortnightly on the library table. It was at that time we first chanced upon the following bit of Latin verse and the appended translation:

"Ad Harlam puella vivebat
Quæ ridens in tigre sedebat
Non redibat in sella
Hæc dulcissima puella,
Quam ridens jam tigris edebat."

"There lived a young lady in Riga,
Who, smiling, rode out on a tiger.
They returned from the ride
With the young lady inside,
And the smile—on the face of the tiger."

A CARD FROM FATHER CORBY.

As the readers of the SCHOLASTIC know, death has taken from me my dear brother Michael. An acute form of Bright's disease carried him off inside of ten days. After devoutly receiving the holy Sacraments, he peacefully slept in the Lord on the 23d instant. In my grief I received overwhelming tokens of genuine sympathy from our devoted community and several letters of condolence from friends. I sincerely thank each one for his or her act of kindness, and would gladly answer all, but the

task is too great—so great, indeed, that I could not accomplish it. I wish, then, to express my heartfelt gratitude in the columns of the SCHOLASTIC. My debt of gratitude is too great to be paid in this way, but I assure our dear community and my numerous friends that I will treasure up in my heart during my life a grateful remembrance of their spontaneous and very generous manifestations of true Christian friendship on this occasion.

Personals.

—James T. Kelly (Law), '94, contemplates locating at Dubuque, Iowa, for the practice of his profession.

—Mr. George Hogan, the Commercial medal man of '81, made a pleasant visit to his *Alma Mater* last week, and left his nephew, Charles E. Hogan, in Carroll Hall.

—Misses Alice and Kathleen Ryan, of Hancock, Wisconsin, paid a visit to the University and St. Mary's Academy last week. They are both graduates of St. Mary's, Miss Kathleen having been valedictorian of the Class of '93.

—Cards from Galveston, Texas, announce the marriage of Miss Sally Trueheart to Mr. Albert Sidney Williams (student '88), February 13th. The SCHOLASTIC tenders the young couple its best wishes for a pleasant voyage through life.

—Mr. Charles H. Sanford, A. B., '90, is practising law with a well-known firm at New Castle, Kentucky. After leaving Notre Dame he studied at the Cincinnati Law School, from which institution he was graduated last year. From all reports, he is progressing very successfully in his chosen profession.

—Mr. and Mrs. Paul Boynton, of Chicago, came to Notre Dame last week on a visit to their sons and friends at the college. Captain Boynton is known throughout the world for his daring aquatic exploits and in connection with his life-saving inventions. He and his father-in-law, Mr. C. C. Connolly, are now at the head of the popular amusement enterprise known as "Shooting the Chutes" in Chicago and other cities.

—We are delighted to learn of the marriage of Mr. Newton Mitchell (student '90), and Miss Mamie Frommie, of San Marcos, Texas, which occurred at that place on Jan. 16. In '91 Newton was one of the most promising students in our Engineering Department, and was just commencing his Junior year, when ill health cut short his college career. He has, however, recovered his lost health, and is, at present, managing a large ranch near Edna, Texas. Whilst at Notre Dame, he gained many friends who now congratulate him on his well-deserved success, and wish the young couple a long and happy life.

Local Items.

—If wishes were couches, Carrolls might sleep.

—Bro. Emmanuel's rapid penmanship class is increasing.

—The Philodemics are rehearsing a play for Washington's Birthday.

—Extemporaneous speeches are always in order at the Brownson gym.

—The Carroll football team had a photograph taken last Thursday morning.

—Several new students have entered the University during the last few days.

—Since the motion to reconsider carried there is no Executive Committee now.

—Two more students have entered Sorin Hall, Messrs. J. Ryan and A. Chidester.

—The baseball players amuse themselves playing catch in the Brownson Gymnasium.

—A great many tickets were sold for the benefit of the Carroll Hall Athletic Association.

—Judging from the material, Notre Dame will have the best baseball team in its history this year.

—Yesterday being the First Friday of the month, the students received Holy Communion in a body.

—The baseball team has already held a meeting and perfected an organization. They are to start indoor practice this week.

—Some time next week the Treasurer of the Athletic Association will be around to see the boys. Everyone should join the Association.

—For the last week the members of the Criticism class have been comparing the styles of De Quincey and Bunyan. The next subject is the Oration.

—When a student said that a certain person was in the lumber business, his friend sarcastically remarked that he was working for his board.

—The question that is at present puzzling our local scientists is the chemical appellation of leather. Spikes says that it is registered in chemical nomenclature as an oxide.

—The band boys are hard at work under the direction of Prof. Preston. We may look for something exceptional in musical circles. The programme for their concert will be published next week.

—The many friends of the Rev. Mr. M. Donohue, vice-rector of Sorin Hall, will be grieved to learn of his serious illness. It is to be hoped that the kind attention and care he is receiving will soon restore him to health.

—Our friend from the West on reading that Superintendent Robeson, of the Boston and Albany Railroad Company, had issued an order to the effect that conductors and brakemen

must shave every day, very innocently remarked, "The culture of the East has descended to barbarism."

—As soon as the weather clears up the ground between Science and Mechanic's Hall will be measured for a large grand stand. At last a long-felt want is to be supplied. This is a move in the right direction. Heretofore in order to see a game of baseball, visitors had to stand, and, to say the least, it was not very pleasant.

—In his speech of acceptance the Sergeant-at-Arms elect of the Law Society brought down the house when he said that he would try to fulfil the duties of his office, and it would be his special care to see that both the gentleman who nominated him and the one who seconded the nomination, were always in attendance.

—The Carroll Hand-ball Association held its first regular meeting last Sunday evening. The result of the election was: President, H. Miles; Secretary, J. Lantry; Treasurer, L. Healy. The remaining offices will be filled in at the next meeting. There are about thirty-five members, and it is hoped that the number will be increased before long.

—The St. Cecilians enjoyed a very pleasant sleigh ride last Thursday afternoon under the direction of Father Cavanaugh. They visited Mishawaka, and it is reported that they painted the town red. But they failed to remark that they received in return a plentiful supply of crystallized water in the form of snowballs; otherwise they had a very enjoyable time.

—A party of the older students of Carroll Hall enjoyed a sleigh ride to South Bend and its suburbs last Thursday. They were principally engaged in clearing their throats by giving the college-yell and in thrashing the street Arabs who pelted them with snow-balls. The St. Cecilians followed them in another bob. If the strength of the members' shouting be any indication of their elocutionary powers that society possesses powerful talkers.

—Capt. Keough has made known his intention of putting the candidates for next year's Varsity Eleven through a course of training during the spring. His reason for doing this is to train some punters. Mr. Dempsey, this year's full-back, will not be here next year and, at present, there is no other reliable punter to take his place on the team. This is a good move on the part of the captain, for when the fall season opens there will be no time to waste in looking for a suitable full-back.

—It was very cold during the week. The heavy frost caused the oil to flow very slowly into the furnaces. In consequence Music Hall was badly heated for the concert Tuesday evening, and coal was burnt on Wednesday. It looked like old times to see the teams hauling coal. A new pump was procured on the after-

noon of Wednesday and placed midway between the steam-house and the tanks. The oil was then forced through the pipes and everybody was happy.

—The Philopatrians held one of the most interesting meetings of the year last Wednesday evening. Masters C. Shillington and J. Kuntz were enrolled among the members. The programme committee had arranged an excellent and varied programme which was listened to with great interest. Everyone who took part deserved to be congratulated. The Philopatrians are steadily improving in their manner of reciting and declaiming. Greater attention is now being devoted to literary work. A debate will engage the attention of the society at the next meeting. Father Hudson, their Literary Critic, will address the members next month. His talk is looked forward to as one of the events of the year.

—Last Wednesday evening the St. Cecilians were favored with a very interesting discourse by Rev. Father Cavanaugh. His speech included the two requisite qualities for success in life, industry and self-conquest. He explained the various benefits derived from societies, and gave several examples of distinguished men which showed that talent more than genius is necessary to succeed in the different positions in life. His talk was greatly enjoyed by the members, who listened with great attention to every word that was spoken. The hour was one of the most pleasant that the St. Cecilians have enjoyed for many a year and they wish to extend their hearty thanks to their Reverend Literary Critic.

—On Saturday evening, Jan. 26th, the Law Debating Society met for the purpose of electing officers for the new session. The election resulted as follows: President, Col. Wm. Hoynes; 1st Vice-President, James F. Kennedy; 2d Vice-President, James A. McKee; Recording Secretary, J. Mott; Corresponding Secretary, F. P. McManus; Treasurer, Peter White, Jr.; Critic, James J. Ryan; Sergeant-at-Arms, W. Galen. After the election an impromptu debate was held on the question: "Are standing armies in Europe a benefit to the different countries." Many strong and convincing arguments were advanced by Messrs. Kennedy, Mott, Hennessy, Herr and other speakers in favor of both sides. An interesting programme has been arranged for to-night, when it is hoped there will be a larger attendance than at the last meeting.

—The Philodemics held their regular meeting last Wednesday evening in the Law room. Mr. Eustace Cullinan read "The Trailer for Room No. 8," by Richard Harding Davis, in a charming manner. An impromptu debate on the question: "Resolved, That the country is a better place for a university than a large city" was then held. Many good arguments were made, both *pro* and *con*. The majority of the speakers, however, seemed to side with the

negative. Messrs. McManus, Cullinan and Devanney were appointed by the President as a Programme Committee. With such an able trio directing the programmes, the meetings of the Philodemics cannot fail to be interesting and instructive. The programme for the next meeting is as follows: Reading, A. M. Pritchard; Essay, James A. Murray; Debate on the question: "Resolved, That there should be an amendment to the constitution of the United States to the effect that the U. S. Senators should be elected directly by the people." Messrs. Murphy and T. D. Mott will speak for the affirmative, and Messrs. Kennedy and McKee will uphold the negative.

—The following programme was presented at the New York Philharmonic Club concert on Tuesday evening:

- Sextette, "Serenade," Op. 72.....*H. Hoffman*
a. Allegro, b. Slumber Song, c. Gavotte.
 New York Philharmonic Club.
 Violoncello Solo, "Fantaisie et Variations," *Servais*
 Mr. Henri Haagmans.
 Aria, "Ah, Lo So," from "Magic Flute,".....*Mozart*
 Miss Clara C. Henley.
 Violin Solo—Two movements, Concerto No. 2, D minor
 (*a. Romanze, b. Zingara.*).....*H. Wieniawski*
 Mr. Sol Marcossou.
a. Allegretto, (Gracioso), b. Selected.....C. h. v. Gluck
 New York Philharmonic Club.
 Quartette, A Minor, Op. 41.....*R. Schumann*
a. Adagio b. Scherzo—Presto.
 Two Violins, Viola and Violoncello.
 Flute Solo, *a. Adagio, b. Papillon.....Arnold Krug*
 Mr. Eugene Weiner.
a. Canzonetta, b. Minuit, c. Serenade.....B. Godard
 New York Philharmonic Club.
 Songs, *a. "I Love Thee,".....Ed. Greig*
b. Spanish Song.....Fr. Behr
 Miss Clara C. Henley.
 Bolero.....*J. Haydn*
 New York Philharmonic Club.

—The Society of Civil Engineers of the Class of '95 was organized last Tuesday afternoon in the Society's studio, under the roof. As usual, the election of officers was first proceeded with, the result being: Instructor in Civil Engineering, Prof. M. J. McCue; Instructor in drawing, Prof. F. X. Ackermann; President, Arthur M. Funke; Vice-President, Hugh C. Mitchell; Secretary, John F. Hervey; Treasurer, J. J. Dempsey; Superintendent of Public Works, H. Mitchell; Engineer in Chief, F. Hervey; Railroad Engineer, J. Dempsey; Construction Engineer, A. Funke. The President took his seat amid wild applause and thanking the members for the honor conferred on him, appointed E. Dempsey Chairman of the Committee on Constitution and By-laws. He also announced that he would accompany the Superintendent of Public Works on a tour of inspection about the neighboring cities. The members are making fine progress on their plats of the University grounds, and expect to throw open their studio to visitors by May 1st. It is their object to promote the study of engineering at Notre Dame; for the West needs good engineers, and they believe with Greeley—

"Go West, young man, go West."

Roll of Honor.

SORIN HALL.

Messrs. Barton, Burns, Cullinan, Devanney, Eyanson, Funke, Gallagher, Gibson, Hervey, Hudson, Kennedy, J. Mott, McKee, McManus, D. Murphy, Oliver, Puls-kamp, Ryan, Slevin, Stace, Vignos.

BROWNSON HALL.

Messrs. Arce, Atherton, Arnold, Ainsworth, Alber, Adler, Barry, Boland, J. Byrne, W. J. Burke, W. P. Burke, Brinker, Britz, R. Brown, Corry, Clark, Crane, P. Campbell, Carney, Costello, A. Campbell, Conger, Crilly, Chase, Cullen, J. Cavanaugh, Bavis, Dowd, Delaney, Finnerty, Follen, Fagan, Falvey, Fitzsimmons, Gibson, Gilmartin, Golden, Guthrie, Henry, Herman, A. Hanhauser, Hamilton, Halligan, G. Hanhauser, Harrison, Hennebry,* Hayes, Hindel, Howley, Hierholzer, J. J. Hogan, Hesse, Hentges, Hengen, Hanrahen, Jones, Johnson, Kegler, Kortas, I. Kaul, F. Kaul, E. Kaul, Kinsella, Karasynski, Ludwig, Lassig, Landa, Matthewson, Murphy, R. Miller, S. Moore, Medléy, Mulrone, Monarch, Mapother, Moxley, J. Miller, Masters, Montague, H. A. Miller, R. Monahan, J. Monahan, B. L. Monahan, B. J. Monahan, C. Miller, Melter, H. A. Miller, McHugh, McGreevey, McKee, McGinnis, A. McCord, Ney, Neely, O'Malley, O'Brien, Oldshue, Palmer, Pulskamp, Pearce, Piquette, Quimby, Reardon, Rowan, J. Ryan, R. Ryan, Rosenthal, Roper, Schulte, Sheehan, Smith, Scott, F. Smogor, Schultz, S. Steele, C. Steele, Stack, Sullivan, C. Smogor, Spalding, Stevens, Streicher, Sanders, Tinnen, Turner, H. Wilson, P. White, S. White, Weaver, Wiss, Ward, Wilkin, F. Wagner, C. Wagner, Zeitler.

CARROLL HALL.

Messrs. Adler, Arnold, Bloomfield, Ball, J. Barry, Burns, R. Barry, Benz, Brown, Cornell, Corry, Clune, Connor, J. Corby, J. A. Corby, Cypher, Cullen, Ducey, Dannemiller, Druecker, Dalton, Erhart, Flynn, Forbing, Fennessey, Franey, Foley, Feltenstein, Fox, Girsch, J. Goldstein, T. Goldstein, Gausepohl, Gainer, Howard, J. Hayes, A. Hayes, L. Healy, Hoban, Herrera, Hagerty, L. Herr, E. Herr, C. Herr, Hagen, Jones, Keeffe, G. Kasper, F. Kasper, A. Kasper, P. Kuntz, J. Kuntz, Konzon, Krug, Kirk, Lantry, Langley, Leonard, Lowery, Lane, Landsdowne, W. Morris, Maternes, Monarch, Monahan, Miller, Maurer, C. Murray, Meirs, F. Morris, R. Murray, McShane, McCarthy, McPhillips, McPhee, McCarrick, S. McDonald, G. McDonald, D. Naughton, T. Naughton, O'Mara, O'Brien, Plunkett, Pendleton, Rockey, Reuss, Rauch, Roesing, Rasche, Shipp, Speake, Sheils, Spillard, Stuhlfauth, P. Smith, Storey, Shillington, Sullivan, C. Smith, Steiner, Stearns, Strong, Thompson, H. Taylor, Tong, Tuohy, Temple, Thalman, Underwood, Wallace, Ward, Watterson, Waters, Wigg, Wells, Weidmann, Zitter.

ST. EDWARD'S HALL.

Masters Allyn, L. Abrahams, G. Abrahams, Audibert, Barrett, Bump, Brinckerhoff, Breslin, Brissenden, P. Boyton, D. Boyton, Clarke, Cressy, Campau, A. Coquillard, J. Coquillard, Corcoran, J. Caruthers, Cotter, F. Caruthers, Collins, Cassady, Dalton, Durand, E. Dugas, G. Dugas, Elliott, Egan, Finnerty, Fitzgerald, Graham, Goff, L. Garrity, Herschey, Hart, R. Hess, F. Hess, Hawkins, M. Jonquet, J. Jonquet, C. Kelly, L. Kelly, Kopf, Kasper, Leach, Lawton, Morehouse, Moxley, McIntyre, R. McCarthy, E. McCarthy, G. McCarthy, McElroy, McCorry, McNamara, McNichols, B. Nye, C. Nye, Newman, Paul, Plunkett, W. Pollitz, H. Pollitz, G. Quertimont, E. Quertimont, Roesing, D. Rasche, L. Rasche, Spillard, Sontag, Swan, Steele, Strauss, Sexton, Thmopson, E. Van Dyke, J. Van Dyke, Waite, Welch, Weidmann.

* Omitted by mistake last week.