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Spenser.

LESS than divine, but more than human thou!—
Sweet singer of an age that long has past,—
All minor poets in thy presence bow;
Like pictures made by frost that cannot last
Were those of lesser men in that great time
Ere Shakspeare shadowed thee and gave our world
A newer world of wisdom; thy soft rhyme
Is like an arabesque, a swan, a rose unfurled.

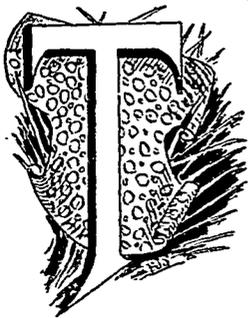
Like some old tapestry upon the wall
That hangs unnoticed till the soft, warm rays
Of April sunshine lights it, and the hall
Is radiant with new meanings; so, thy ways,
Thy winding lanes, thy stately avenues,
The vistas of thy fairy land, shine fair
Only when we (fond love, great art pursues)
See thee in light poetic, mystic, rare!

F. V. M.

The Apostle of the Acadians.

THE VERY REV. CAMILLE LEFEBVRE, C. S. C.

BY A. B.



HE impressive funeral service which took place at Memramcook, New Brunswick, on the 31st ult., formed the congruous closing scene of a career fuller than it is given to most men to accomplish, and beneficent as are the lives of but very few. The place which Father Lefebvre has filled in the history of New Brunswick during the past three decades, though not especially

prominent in the eyes of the general public, has been both large and important.

He was emphatically a man with a mission, and that he fulfilled his mission nobly, no discerning observer of his life and labors will venture to gainsay. A humble religious, shunning rather than seeking the garish light of public honor, he has left his impress on his time; and among a large proportion of the inhabitants of the Maritime Provinces of Canada he has wrought a transformation which, thirty years ago, the most enthusiastic dreamer would scarcely have hoped to see realized. A friend and benefactor of the country at large, he was especially the apostle and regenerator of the Acadians; and they, more than others, have to-day to lament that their idol and their hero is no more.

Camille Lefebvre was born on February 14, 1831, in the parish of St. Phillippe, P. Q. The son of a well-to-do Canadian farmer, he was given the advantage of such an education as fitted him for the calling to which, it was evident from an early period in his life, he was called by Divine Providence. After an attendance of some years at the parochial school of his native village, he entered the Sulpician College at Montreal and later St. Laurent College, at that time a young institution conducted by the Fathers of Holy Cross, a religious Congregation imported to Canada from France about 1847.

Throughout his school and college days, young Lefebvre gave every indication of becoming a marked man. More than usually talented, he was uniformly industrious; and, of a sympathetic nature, he was a general favorite with professors and students. A few years at St. Laurent's sufficed to fix definitely his plans

for the future, and he entered the Congregation of Holy Cross, being the first Canadian cleric to recruit its ranks.

Ordained in 1855, he was soon appointed vicar of St. Eustache, P. Q., having for his superior and pastor in that village an eminent theologian, Father Julien Gastineau, C. S. C. The exceptional oratorical abilities of the young priest speedily brought him into prominence in ecclesiastical circles, and he was in frequent request as a preacher of retreats and missions throughout the diocese of St. Hyacinthe. During nine years he served his apprenticeship to the great work for which he was destined, and in 1864 he was summoned to begin his real mission. In that year the Fathers of the Holy Cross were invited by His Lordship, Bishop Sweeny, to accept the charge of the Acadian parish of Memramcook and to establish therein a school or academy. In response to the invitation, came Father Lefebvre with one or two companions.

To form an adequate idea of the labors of this valiant young knight of thirty-three in his new field of labor, it is indispensable that we study somewhat the condition of the Acadians at the date of his arrival among them. Thirty years ago, the Acadians were submerged in the slough of ignorance. "The greatest misfortune of the Acadians," says a learned Canadian author, the Abbé H. R. Casgrain, "was not their dispersion, but the almost complete abandonment in which they were left for nearly a century. During that whole sad period they had, practically, no means of instruction."

The results may easily be imagined. Surrounded by a people who were strangers to their language, their faith and their sympathies, and consequently deprived of that intercourse which would have served as a stimulus to their intellectual faculties, they had lapsed into intellectual stagnation. Still worse, their ignorance, which was really an unmerited misfortune, was imputed to them as a crime. There is little, if any, exaggeration in saying that, thirty years ago, the Acadians of the Maritime Provinces were looked upon by their more fortunate and favored fellow-countrymen as an inferior race, a little higher up in the social scale, perhaps, than the Indians, but immeasurably beneath the Anglo-Saxons. That this idea was wholly false, later years have abundantly proved; but it cannot be denied that in the condition of the French people of the Maritime Provinces at that time the superficial observer could find apparent reason to justify the belief.

If we except some few isolated cases they had no representatives in the liberal professions, in the civil service, or in commerce. Politically they were without leaders and without influence. They possessed no French newspapers, few French schools and still fewer French teachers. In agriculture, architecture and the various trades, their methods were primitive rather than scientific.

The Acadians were, in a word, moral, industrious and abundantly dowered with natural talent, but socially and intellectually they were "behind the times." Feeble and timid, without vigor or ambition, Acadia followed at a distance, and waveringly, her energetic rivals, when a beneficent physician, in pity of her misfortune and in admiration of her fidelity, resolved to fortify her debilitated constitution, to reinvigorate the muscles enfeebled through inaction, to transform, in fine, the languishing child into a robust young giantess, able and eager to overtake her competitors in the race for prosperity and national grandeur. The lack of instruction was the primary cause of Acadia's weakness; the physician, the new pastor of Memramcook, applied at once the remedy—education. A very few months after his arrival in the parish, he prepared a medium sized wooden building, organized a teaching staff, and on October 10, 1864, opened St. Joseph's College.

Very few, probably, attached at the time much importance to the establishment of a boarding and day school in which were gathered scarcely a score of pupils; none, it is safe to say, comprehended the full significance of the undertaking; but it marked an epoch in the ecclesiastical history of New Brunswick, and it exercised a more potent influence on fifty thousand Acadians than any other event which touched them as a people since Winslow stood at the altar in the church at Grand-Pré, and read the proclamation that condemned their fathers to exile.

It is needless to trace here the progress of St. Joseph's College from its humble beginning, through ceaseless struggles against adverse circumstances, to the flourishing condition which characterizes it to-day. Suffice it to say that French and English students began to frequent its halls—the English-speaking students numbering generally from two-fifths, to one-half the total attendance;—that increasing numbers necessitated first the enlargement of old buildings and then the erection of new ones; that improvement in the methods and courses of

study followed close on material ameliorations, and that the little academy of 1864 has become the splendidly equipped college of 1895. To accomplish such notable results with so few resources, and in spite of the formidable obstacles that confronted the enterprise, nothing less would have sufficed than the ardent zeal and self-sacrificing spirit of Father Lefebvre, his unwavering confidence in Divine Providence, and his indomitable energy, proof against any and every reverse or discouragement.

Thirty years is but a short period in the life of a college, and it would not be a subject for wonder if St. Joseph's had as yet effected no marked improvement in the conditions of the people in whose interests principally it was founded. The wonder is that, in so brief a period, education has so greatly modified the *status* of the Acadians. Never did drought-stricken soil drink the beneficent dews of heaven with more avidity than Acadia absorbed the salutary waters of knowledge; and never did desert more promptly bloom as a garden than did Acadian society. Numbering a hundred and thirty thousand in the Maritime Provinces, the Acadians are to-day represented—and ably represented—on the bench, in the senate, the Commons, and the provincial legislatures. Their political chieftains are men of wide views, and their political influence, powerful in a number of constituencies, is in several preponderating.

Their clergymen, lawyers and doctors compare favorably with those of other nationalities; and four or five journals, edited with ability, are the outspoken and zealous champions of their interests. Their business men are enterprising and prosperous; their artisans, farmers and fishermen, intelligent and skilful. Their teachers, already numbered by hundreds, and constantly increasing, receive careful training, and the village schools are thronged with bright and clever children. Much still remains to be done; but it is clear that Acadia has been roused from her old-time social and intellectual lethargy, and that under equal conditions the heirs of 1755 can keep the pace set them by their English, Scotch or Irish neighbors. It might savor of exaggeration to attribute so striking a social transformation to a single individual or institution; but it is certain that no one agency has so powerfully contributed to this result as St. Joseph's College, and that to no one man does so much of its glory redound as to him above whose grave Acadia's voice is

heard in lamentation, Father Camille Lefebvre.

It was not only as founder and President of St. Joseph's, however, that Father Lefebvre contributed to the well-being of the people of his predilection. An orator of unusual excellence, he traversed Acadia from Madawaska to Cape Breton, preaching missions, retreats and jubilees, and while exhorting to spiritual advancement the masses who thronged about him, he never failed to indicate the means they should adopt in order to ensure their temporal welfare and prosperity. A true friend of colonization, he persistently raised his voice against the emigration of his young men to the neighboring republic, advising them to settle rather on the crown lands, and so provide themselves in a few years with a permanent independence.

As pastor, Father Lefebvre has made of Memramcook a model parish and a flourishing one. Among Catholic churches in New Brunswick that of St. Thomas is second only to the cathedral in St. John. It is a spacious stone edifice with an imposing front and tower, the interior richly decorated, provided with handsome altars, a magnificent organ, beautiful statuary, rich and elegant vestments, a powerful peal of bells—everything, in a word, that can contribute to the solemnity and grandeur of religious worship. Better than all these exterior manifestations of religious fervor is the spirit of faith and genuine piety evinced by the parishioners—a spirit patent to whoever notes their attendance at divine service and their regular frequentation of the sacraments.

To say that Father Lefebvre was loved and esteemed by his flock is to give but an inadequate idea of the wealth of affection and respect with which he was regarded by all, from the child creeping unsteadily upon life's threshold to the grandam tottering still more unsteadily to its exit. Nor is it surprising that he so surely effected the conquest of hearts. His was a singularly lovable personality. Charitable in the highest sense of the term, and truly sympathetic, he impressed with unwonted favor even those with whom he came into only occasional contact; from the professors and students, whose intercourse with him was habitual, he invariably received the homage of a reverential love that became intensified as acquaintanceship grew to intimacy.

Something has been said of his oratorical ability, and no one who ever listened to his impassioned sermons, his addresses on notable occasions, or the brief and happy speeches with

which he closed the college entertainments, will venture to question his eminence as a public speaker. Dowered with all the physical and moral advantages that enhance the external grace of an orator, he possessed in addition the vivid sympathy, the fire and earnestness that render speech truly eloquent. A little above the medium height, and of generous build, his exterior was noble and imposing without suggestion, however, of coldness or haughtiness. His physiognomy revealed a powerful intellect and abundant force of character. A rich, full, orotund voice that could run at will the gamut of the passions, graceful and frequent gesture, an inexhaustible vocabulary, pure and elegant diction, a luxuriant imagination controlled by a sound judgment—these are some of the qualities that enabled Father Lefebvre to take first rank among the orators of the country.

Death came to him somewhat suddenly on the morning of the 28th ult., but found him not unprepared. Wise with the wisdom of the saints, he had so ordered his life that the visit of that dread angel, come when it would, should never take him unawares. He passed tranquilly away during his sleep, and for hours after the soul had fled, the body preserved every appearance of one wrapped in childlike slumber.

The tidings of his death came like a thunderbolt upon the people of New Brunswick and of Canada generally; and the decease of no other ecclesiastic in the Dominion, perhaps, would cause such genuine grief among so wide a circle of mourners as has been evoked by the announcement that Father Lefebvre is no more. The Canadian press, Protestant as well as Catholic, has paid generous tribute to his eminent worth, and the whole country deplores the loss of a great and good man.

At the funeral service held in Memramcook on the 31st ult., there were gathered some fifty priests headed by the venerable Bishop Sweeny of St. John, N. B., and about four thousand of the laity. Throughout the impressive ceremony the unrestrainable sobbing of the dead pastor's desolate flock formed the effective undertone of the Church's solemn chants; and few men have gone to their graves more sincerely mourned by the thousands following the bier than the beloved apostle of the Acadians.

His life is done; his mission accomplished. Behind him he has left works that will prove an enduring memorial of his faith and energy and magnanimity; and left, also, numbers of spiritual children in whose careers his own

spirit will doubtless be exemplified by their steadfast prosecution of the noble designs which he conceived and at which he wrought with equal energy and success. A hero in the truest sense of the term, he poured out his life unselfishly in the cause of religion and education; he laid Canada under a debt of gratitude for the thousands of able men and patriotic citizens with whom he dowered her, and he effected the regeneration of a people whom Longfellow had taught the world to believe almost extinct. Memramcook will enjoy the privilege of lovingly tending his hallowed grave; but Acadia entire, it may safely be predicted, will share the honor of erecting the monument of Father Lefebvre.

Hawthorne's Treatment of Crime.

ARTHUR P. HUDSON, '95.

It is generally conceded that any subject whatever may be treated in a novel, provided only that the author's intention be pure. Although this principle is not granted by all, still it is accepted as true by that great body of readers who may be said to represent public opinion, and to whom alone such a general statement refers. Everything depends on the purpose of the artist. If his ultimate aim be indelicacy and coarseness, he is not limited by the nature of the episode which he takes as his theme. The most heroic act in the life of St. Elizabeth was rendered sensual by Caledon. On the contrary, if an author is inspired by lofty motives, the reader is carried beyond all indelicate associations, and he may treat whatever realities of life he chooses. The story of "Godiva" might easily have been made immoral; but in the hands of Tennyson, it was the material for one of the noblest and purest poems in the language.

I do not hold that Hawthorne—the subject of this paper—was intentionally a moralist. He seems, rather, to have written according to the dictates of his fancy. But if he did not profess to point out to men their moral duties, it is also true that he did not belong to that class of authors who teach of a world where sins meet with no natural punishment. His treatment is always true to life, and from this it follows that his works are morally good. The romances which he wrote, as well as his shorter tales, illustrate the statement that it is not

necessary for an author, who wishes to achieve a popular success, to avoid those topics which are usually not discussed in a mixed company.

Hawthorne was a native of Salem, and presented the legends and early history of that ancient town in a characteristic way. Had he lived in any other part of the country he would never have acquired some of his richest and most original traits. The same weird atmosphere which enveloped the scenes of a Massachusetts witch burning surrounds all the figures of his romances. His plots were mostly taken from the tales of early New England, with whose history he was well acquainted, and the incidents, though not materially changed, were always embellished by his imagination. Every house in which he lived was made the scene of some romantic tale, and to a few of them—notably the house of the seven gables—he has added an almost universal interest.

The personality of Hawthorne seems to have been a very odd one. He remained in his room during the day, and devoted most of the time to lonely reveries. His strange fancies took form as stories, and, once written, most of them were thrown into the fire. At night, stealing forth into the streets of Salem, he walked about the town to make himself familiar with the places of which he wrote.

Hawthorne generally selected a plot which was in some way associated with crime; this is one of the strongest characteristics of his works. He seems to have done so consciously; but not in order to accomplish any particular end or effect; for he had no religious or political affinity with what he wrote, but was only attempting to describe the thought and life of those who surrounded him. His mind delighted in discovering the evil effects of sin, and in accounting for the fatal results that inevitably follow wrong-doing. It was his intention to "seek out the most secret sins and expose them to shame, without fear or favor, in the broadest light of the noonday sun." He believed that "the most desirable mode of existence might be that of a spiritualized Paul Pry, hovering invisibly around men and women, witnessing their deeds, searching into their hearts, borrowing brightness from their felicity and shade from their sorrow, and retaining no emotion peculiar to himself."

Unlike most other authors, Hawthorne preferred to analyze rather than to describe character. He studied the motives underlying actions rather than the acts themselves. He takes a problem and proceeds to solve it by

making experiments upon living characters. The reader stands by and watches the various steps of the author in arriving at a solution, and all his conclusions are morally true. The two ideas most prominent in all his romances are remorse, or the sting of a guilty conscience, and a certain natural punishment for all crime.

To achieve an effect like that which is produced by the supernatural, without introducing such creations themselves, is one of Hawthorne's most ingenious devices. He associates with a personage some feature which men generally attribute to the beings which have not bodies, and it gradually becomes the chief point of interest.

The scarlet letter is not necessary to the plot in which it appears; but if it were omitted the story would no longer be characteristic of Hawthorne. The frequent references which are made to it surround the whole scene with mystery, and change the surroundings from the natural to the preternatural.

So it is in the majority of his works. His plots are never clear; they are always enveloped in mystery and gloom. If this be removed, his stories read like those of other authors, and his people are like real men and women.

In "The Scarlet Letter" he solves for himself the question whether wrong-doing can go unpunished even in the natural order of things. The treatment of the plot which he chooses in this romance shows that he has no sympathy with that class of modern realists, whose aim is to apologize for and excuse sin. The whole story in the hands of one of our disciples of Zola could easily have been made coarse and revolting. The characters upon whom the interest is centred are two—Hester Prynne and Dimmesdale. They are both punished for their crime, but in different ways. And the controlling purpose of the whole story, underlying all others, is to discover the various ways in which sin is punished in this world. Pearl and Chillingworth are subordinate personages, but both contribute not a little to the interest of the story.

Hester is punished at the hands of society. A scarlet letter, placed on the bosom of her dress, is to be worn all the rest of her days. Her crime is known to all the people of the village, and even the children, when they look at her, are filled with fear, and scamper away. She must stand on the platform of the pillory which is situated in the town market, and be exposed to the taunts of the passers-by. Scorned by all, her sentence is received with

defiance, and she is far from thoughts of repentance.

Of the two, Dimmesdale suffers the more. Hester is affected only by shame, and she hardens her heart against it. But Dimmesdale is made miserable by remorse; and this is increased on account of the sanctity with which he is generally supposed to be surrounded. Often did he determine to confess his guilt; but when he reached the pulpit his courage failed, and he only accused himself of general depravity. This but increased the reverence that his people had for him, which in turn added to his suffering.

After the lapse of seven years neither one of them has truly repented. They meet and devise the plan of flight, as a means of obtaining peace. On account of his mental torment, the minister's strength has been gradually failing, and he pleads that he is not strong enough to make the journey across the ocean, whither they had proposed to go. Hester decides to remain and take care of him. When at length, overcome by his misery, Dimmesdale sees that he cannot live much longer, he confesses his crime and dies, leaving his companion in crime to her solitude.

The object of the "House of the Seven Gables" is to show how punishment for the sins of one generation is visited upon the next. Judge Pyncheon, a rich and grasping Puritan, on a false charge of witchcraft, had brought about the execution of a poor man, Mathew Maule, because the latter had defended his own property against Pyncheon's attempt upon it. On the scaffold Maule had uttered a curse against his murderer, which turned out to be a prophecy, and the whole romance is devoted to showing how the wronged man's words were fulfilled.

On the land which he had seized, Judge Pyncheon built a spacious house, but died without any apparent cause at the hour when it was to have been formally opened. An evil judgment seems to have been passed on all his descendants, who succeeded him to the house of the seven gables. They die suddenly, and just as they are about to perpetrate some crime. It takes two hundred years for the curse which had been pronounced to pass away. And at last the fury of retribution is appeased by a marriage bond between the two families.

Throughout the whole romance the doctrine of heredity is applied in a fanciful way; but in a way entirely adapted to Hawthorne's genius. It teaches no lesson and exposes no philosophy, but only creates an atmosphere of mystery

and weirdness. In this respect it resembles "The Minister's Black Veil" and "Rappacini's Daughter," which are, perhaps, the best of his shorter tales.

The central idea of the "Marble Faun" is the necessity of sin to convert Donatello—as to whom it is uncertain whether he is man or satyr—into a moral being. Donatello attaches himself to Miriam, not on account of any human love which he has for her, but with a devotion which creatures in general show for their masters. He is made happy simply by being in her presence.

It happens that one moon-light night, while they are out walking, the mysterious persecutor of Miriam comes across their way. Donatello, seizes him, looks at Miriam, who gives her assent, and he hurls him over the Tarpeian Rock. Immediately he becomes conscious of what he has done, and his sportiveness and joy are turned into remorse. He is miserable, and her company, which was before almost life to him, is now equally repellent. At length his light-heartedness returns to him; but his state of former despondency is the impression most deeply imprinted on the reader's mind.

Hawthorne is distinctively an American romancer. He does not go back to the Middle Ages for his themes, he does not treat of castles and princes, but seeks out material from the records of his own native state. With a style that is clear and easy-flowing, with all the characteristics of a true literary artist, it is no wonder that he, as a writer of romance, and treating of a time whose history is familiar to all of us, should be reckoned as one of our most popular modern authors and the greatest of our American writers of romance.

The Two "Locksley Halls."

SHERMAN STEELE, '97.

From the day literature came into existence to the present time, the great motive in the writing of tales and poems, has been *ars amantis*—the art of loving. Many poets have told in boastful words of their successful wooings, but keep very quiet about those in which they were not so fortunate. Tennyson, however, in "Locksley Hall," breaks this rule, tells the world in plain words that he has been jilted, and appeals for sympathy; this is something that most men would never have acknowledged;

but with the poet, affection seems stronger than pride.

"Locksley Hall" is certainly a beautiful poem. It has the ring of true sincerity in it; and we can feel that the great genius was a man who had his trials and sorrows like us all, even to being jilted by a maiden.

The music in the poem is also especially beautiful; it is like Longfellow's perfect harmony. Take, for instance, the opening lines: "Comrades, leave me here a little, while as yet 'tis early morn;
Leave me here, and when you want me, sound upon the bugle horn."

What evenness and beauty we find in these lines. They give the keynote of the poem; they savor of sadness, and prepare us for what is to come. He begins by telling of his cousin whom he loved, and says, when she acknowledged her affection for him, that

"Love took up the harp of life, and smote on all the chords with might."

Then he paints for us the picture of their walking together on the moorlands, and sitting side by side upon the shore, whispering words of endearment and vowing everlasting faithfulness. Suddenly, like a cry of pain rising in a death-like stillness, comes the words:

"O my cousin, shallow-hearted! O my Amy, mine no more!
O the dreary, dreary moorlands! O the barren, barren shore!"

His anger dies away and is replaced by despondency; he cannot even wish her happy, for she is mated to a coarse clown who possesses nothing but gold. The feeling deepens, and he wishes that she had died before she sacrificed herself so unworthily. In his anguish he cries out:

"Cursed be the social wants that sin against the strength of youth!
Cursed be the social lies that warp us from the living truth!"

Despair takes possession of him; he will pluck the remembrance of his love from his heart, depart from the scene of sorrow, and take refuge in a foreign and barbaric land. Finally, he leaves the moorlands, calling upon a thunderbolt to crush the once beloved Locksley Hall.

Here we have the young man speaking through the poet; his loved one has proven false to him, and, as a consequence, the world is dark and dreary. Ambition has received a blow, and all youthful hope is replaced by a despairing sadness.

The young fellows of to-day—end-of-the-century beings—will be apt to smile, almost,

at a man bemoaning his fate and crying aloud because a girl has "dropped him over;" and our coming twentieth-century friends will perhaps advance the theory that "Locksley Hall" is a huge joke of Tennyson's, doubting that any man could be so affected by such a slight occurrence. It is certainly true, as even the idealist must admit, that we have no record of a man dying of love, although many have believed they would do so.

Such seems to have been the case with the hero of "Locksley Hall." He neither died nor became a barbarian, although he threatened both, but lived, married another of the frail and fickle sex, and some sixty years later revisits Locksley Hall, bringing with him his grandson, who, by the way, seems to have been jilted also.

This lad, however, refrains from a poetical paroxysm; perhaps because he was born nearer to the age of cold materialism, or more probably, because he fears his grandfather will chide him, as indeed the old man is rather disposed to do.

"Locksley Hall Sixty Years After" is the same poem as the other, written, of course, in a calmer style, and rather apologizing for the excitement displayed in the earlier one. Again he comes on the moorlands and sees Locksley Hall at a distance; but now

"Gone the fires of youth, the follies, furies, curses, passionate tears."

He very candidly acknowledges that he made a fool of himself in his younger days. In short, we are now listening to a practical man, and not to the hot-headed, broken-hearted lover who addressed us before. His cousin has been dead for many years; the lord of Locksley Hall, the once hated and successful rival, has just died, and he comes to help to bear him to the tomb. Formerly he spoke of him as a coarse beast, now he says of him

"Worthier soul was he than I am, sound and honest, rustic squire,
Kindly landlord, boon companion; youthful jealousy is a liar."

The false cousin is not only pardoned, but completely vindicated. It appears now that she gave him up, not of her own will, but, timid child, because of her father's command.

The poet, however, does not confine himself to a retrospect, but also peers into the future; and the picture that he sees, seems not to please him. There appears an unharmonious mingling of chaos and cosmos, with the former prevailing. The rapidity with which the human

torrent rushes on is not pleasing to the man of eighty years, and he says most bitterly

"Rip your brother's vices open, strip your own foul passions bare;
Down with reticence, down with reverence, forward, naked, let them stare"

In short, he takes a most unfavorable view of the world's progress, talks of youth being fed upon drainage and of "fancy's wallowing in the troughs of Zolaism." And at the thought of such an outcome he begs for Old World dust to cover him before this New World dust comes in. He then asks rather ironically:

"Is it well that while we range with science, glorying in the time,
City children soak and blacken soul and sense in city slime?"

And so he goes on striking at everything new and progressive, until his anger gives way to sadness, and he sighs:

"Poor old Heraldry, poor old History, poor old Poetry passing hence,
In the common deluge drowning old political common-sense."

This farewell to the departed is almost pathetic, and rather calms the indignation of the advocate of unlimited progress.

And so it would seem that in this part of the poem, Tennyson speaks for that class of pessimists who spend their time sighing about the present and forthcoming evils, and tire their friends by longing for the good days that have past.

The idea that the world is radically worse to-day than it was seventy-five years ago is absurd; yet many people have talked themselves into thinking that such is the case, accept it without proof, like an axiom in geometry, and go through life firmly believing that every day the world sinks deeper into the abyss of iniquity, and is fast running on to chaos and destruction. Apart from this, the philosophy is very good. He says to his grandson:

"Love your enemy, bless your haters, said the Greatest of the great;
Christian love among the churches, look'd the twin of heathen hate."

And again:

"Here and there a cotter's babe is royal-born by right divine;
Here and there my lord is lower than his oxen or his swine."

Then as darkness covers the moorlands he remembers his mission, and turning to his grandson he closes by saying:

"Gone at eighty, mine own age, and I and you to bear the pall;

Thus I leave thee, lord and master, latest lord of 'Locksley Hall.'"

And this is "Locksley Hall" of the past and of the present. The latter is but a calmer continuation of the former; each resembles the other, and yet a great contrast can be seen between them. They both portray the true feelings of the man; the one of a youth who has the world before him; the other of the old man who leaves it behind. Both are characteristic; the one of the boy who, because his pride and affections are wounded, thinks that all hope of happiness is forever shattered; the other of the man who has learned philosophy in the school of life. "Locksley Hall" is an outburst of feeling, true, characteristic and sincere; it is a poem beautiful and great.

The Law in Shakspeare: A Toast.*

"Mr. President and Gentlemen of the Bar Association:

"The toast to which it is my honor to respond this evening, 'The Law in Shakspeare,' opens a field of investigation wide in its range and delightful to study. In no other way has the genius of the great poet and dramatist asserted itself more than in his wonderful exposition of legal principles and his faithful delineation of the practice and practitioners of that great science.

"No place, therefore, is more fitting to do him honor than here, where we are gathered in the *camaraderie* of our profession to 'do as adversaries do in law, strive mightily and eat and drink as friends.'

"I shall not here argue in support of a pleading to which there is now no demurrer—that Shakspeare must have been a lawyer; nor shall I tire you with references in detail, or quotations galore, to demonstrate his wide and deep knowledge of our abstruse science.

"Whether or not Shakspeare was admitted to the bar makes no difference in estimating his legal attainments. They were of that tentative and comprehensive character that demonstrate the master mind rather than the student.

"They are not based upon the chance and occasional use of technicalities that any sciolist might effect by a skilful though shallow jugglery of legal terms such as 'contracts,' 'covenants,' 'seals,' and the numerous other expressions that constitute the nomenclature of the law.

"On the contrary, there is hardly a page in Shakspeare where some abstruse principle correctly stated is not used with splendid effect

* By F. H. Dexter, '84-'5, before the Bar Association of Kansas City, Mo.

to surround with the dignity and pomp of law pregnant scenes of court and forum, or else a legal term delicately employed is harnessed with poetic words to point a dainty conceit.

"In the 'Winter's Tale,' the description of the arraignment of Hermione, charged with disloyalty to the King, is made with faultless accuracy of legal terms. Only a lawyer could have so accurately spoken of 'sessions' of the court, of the 'producing' of the prisoner, who 'appears in person,' the reading of the 'indictment,' the formal 'arraignment,' and the plea of 'not guilty.'

"So, too, of the trial scene in 'The Merchant of Venice,' which faithfully follows the rule of law and mode of procedure in vogue at that time, though peculiar it may seem to us now.

"He accurately distinguishes between estates by inheritance and those by purchase; between estates in fee simple and those in fee entail; between actions of trespass and actions on the case; between officers *de facto* and *de jure*; between factors and brokers. He states the law of slander through Juliet, who says:

"That is no slander, sir, which is the truth;
And what I spake, I spake it to my face."

"The legal effect of suicide is technically discussed by the gravediggers in 'Hamlet,' which is supposed to be a burlesque upon a recent decision reported in 1st Plowden, p. 253. He technically describes attainder, 'the suing of livery,' and the process of 'fine and recovery.'

"But, at the banquet table we would prefer to laugh at the quaint and spicy conceits aptly and frequently employed rather than wrinkle our brows over post mortems upon embalmed and recondite principles of abstruse law.

"There is not one at these festive boards so old or so dry as not to appreciate the great poet's humor, sometimes approaching to levity, sparkling and bubbling with the effervescence of this scintillant wine, and lighting up even the dusty domain of law, as a running spring brings out bright flowers in the meadows through which it runs.

"I wonder what Kansas City gallant would have begun his campaign for a kiss as smoothly as did Boyet in 'Love's Labor's Lost,' who being told by Maria that he was a sheep, prayed her to grant him pasture upon her lips.

"Being apparently 'up' in the law of real property and familiar with the law of common of pasture together with the further distinction between several estates and estates in common, she replies:

"Not so, gentle beast—
My lips are no common, though several they be."

"Sir Tobey, in 'Twelfth Night,' boasts of the 'jurymen who have been such since before Noah was a sailor.' A jury wheel was evidently needed in that jurisdiction. Shakspeare, in his descriptions, is more than the lawyer, he is judge as well, sitting with ability and equity upon the case before him.

"For the weak and unfortunate he has con-

soling lines of pardon and hopeful promises that temper their distress and adversity; while for the perversely sinful he enters judgment whose execution lashes their lusts and crimes into subjection, or else pursues them with the thunders of conscience.

"What judgment of court could be more terrible and thrilling than that self-inflicted by Richard III., who, after the visitation of the accusing spirits, arraigns himself as a criminal, all his crimes confronting him with the testimony of his guilt:

"Perjury, perjury, in the highest degree;
Murder, stern murder, in the direst degree,
All several sins; all used in each degree,
Throng to the bar, crying all: "Guilty! Guilty!"

"Throughout his works there appears that reverence and respect for authority represented by 'the power and majesty of the law' that only the familiar devotee could feel, with ear close to the oracles of truth, justice and conscience in touch and sympathy with the heartbeats of humanity. With the philanthropy of the great Master, as well as the inspiration of the poet, he pleads forcefully for that elementary mercy and 'pity which is the virtue of the law, and which none but tyrants use cruelly.'

"In conclusion, permit me to say that the student, lawyer or judge, can find in the pages of the wonderful bard fruitful inspiration and lessons; and

"When to the sessions of sweet, silent thought
We summon up remembrance of things past,
there will be no more delightful and valued memories than our impressions of the law in Shakspeare."—*The Kansas City Times*.

Book Review.

—The first instalment of what promises to be a very comprehensive treatise on "Christianity in Japan" appears in the February number of *The Rosary Magazine*. It is from the pen of the Rev. John Walsh, and is, of course, as well-timed as it is scholarly and entertaining. Other things good to read are a rondeau by Eugene Davis entitled "Beyond the Bar," and Miss Feighan's paper on "The Lennox Library." In the papers devoted to reviews of magazines, we notice a lengthy criticism of Mr. Crawford's 'Casa Braccio.' The writer concludes: "From the Catholic point of view, and according to just canons, Mr. Crawford is not a success in 'Casa Braccio.' He is a 'shining example' of a Catholic who writes, but is not a Catholic writer. We entirely agree with Professor Egan, who recently wrote in the *New World* of Chicago a review of 'Casa Braccio.' And further we join him in exonerating the editor of *The Century* from any share of blame for 'Casa Braccio.' Friends of *The Century* must deplore Mr. Crawford's present performance." These are strong words, but they are just.

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Staff.

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—*The Penman's Art Journal* begins its nineteenth year with an exceptionally good number. Apart from the highly instructive "lessons," which always adorn its pages, considerable space is given up to a discussion of the various modes of writing. There is a wealth of figures, both of speech and of other things, scattered throughout; and a history of the *Journal*, profusely illustrated, cannot fail to be of interest to all who have watched attentively the progress of penmanship and pen-work during the last two decades. A skilfully wrought supplement completes the January issue.

—In another column of the SCHOLASTIC appears a sketch of the career of the Very Rev. Camille Lefebvre, C. S. C., who passed to his reward last week at Memramcook, N. B. Father Lefebvre's death plunges into the profoundest grief an entire people—the descendants of the kin of Evangeline. The elevation of the Acadians from the slough of ignorance, into which their English conquerors had plunged them, was the life work of this heroic priest. He was successful in his undertaking, and for years to come his name will be uttered in benediction at the hearths of the people whom he emancipated.

—Some time ago there appeared in the New York *Sun* these words from the pen of Father McSweeney: "The Bible says something about praising a man during life, yet it may be well to do it occasionally. One feels almost angry with disappointment at the ignorance in which we are kept of some who were, if we judge by their post-mortem eulogies, the best of all worth knowing. Witness Bishop Spalding's panegyric of the late president of Notre Dame. Why didn't he tell us all that in time?"

There are not many in the world who have not felt the bitter truth of this. It is a melancholy fact that we do not appreciate our great and good men while they live; and we do not appreciate them simply because we are ignorant of their real worth. In the very midst of us have lived and walked poets and prophets, yea, and more than prophets, saints of God; and they have died known only of a few with an unheard song in their hearts, an unacknowledged prophecy on their tongues, an unheeded benediction falling from their lips. The favored ones seem to be in a conspiracy to prevent a widespread recognition of these beautiful characters. And thus we, too, were "almost angry with disappointment," when we read in *The Owl* a sketch of one whom a whole continent might have loved—the late Dr. Dawson, Vicar-General of the diocese of Ottawa, Canada. Henry J. Morgan, the author of *Bibliotheca Canadensis*, who writes the article referred to, says that Father Dawson was a man of superior parts, of great learning, of infinite charity. He was intimately associated with the ablest men of his time in all important affairs; was courted by the rich and powerful; was honored by people and state, and yet his chiefest praise is that he was always a friend to the unfortunate. Sir John Macdonald "styled him the best prose writer of his country"; the good man himself, however, gloried rather in the humble title of "Father," with which the poor lovingly addressed him. Comforting, on the one hand, the helpless and afflicted, and on the other delighting and enlightening the public with his excellent pen, this good priest worked out his long career of eighty odd years. It is, indeed, too bad that Mr. Morgan did not tell us all this in time, for we would have been delighted to honor the priest and the man; nevertheless, we are happy to have known such a character even too late. May God rest his soul in peace!

—We are living in an age when a man of high principle is universally esteemed. If there is any one trait that is admired by everyone—especially in a young man—it is a high sense of honor. In no place in the world is moral character more quickly recognized, or more influential for good than at a college. He who acquits himself like a man, and stands up for what is right, even though he opposes public opinion in so doing, will soon be admired by his fellow-students. The character which a young man forms at college he takes with him through life. If he is to be a gentleman, as Cardinal Newman defines one, the fact will soon be recognized. There are a thousand little ways in which he unconsciously shows he is one “who never inflicts pain.” On the campus, as well as in the lecture room, he does not forget that others have rights, and that it is his duty not to interfere with them. He is above doing anything that is mean, and detests a man that is not sincere in his dealings with others. He is respected by all who know him, and his virtues are esteemed by his fellow-students.

It is equally easy to distinguish the man of no moral character. He thinks nothing of trampling on the rights of others to satisfy his own selfish aims. He must be carefully guarded against; for in his case the end always justifies the means. When such a fellow is discovered, he ought to be avoided by those with whom he was formally thrown into contact. The opinion that it is not chivalrous to expose the fault of such an underhanded enemy is too prevalent. He is not deserving of respect, for he does not respect the rights of others. And he who puts the public on its guard against him, shows himself to be a man worthy of esteem.

In the system of monthly competitions, as carried on at Notre Dame, every student is placed on his honor, and given an opportunity to show whether he is a gentleman. He who makes a habit of “cribbing,” not only injures himself and does an injustice to the fellow-members of his class, but virtually tells a lie. And if his fellow-students were not so chivalrous, an effective end would soon be made to all “poneying.” Although such small incidents as this may seem unimportant, still they are what go to make up the character, and are also the things that are considered by others in forming an opinion of one’s moral worth. A young man who cheats, probably has other similar faults. And let him remember that when once contracted they remain with him through life.

The Passing of the Epic.

The truth of that outrageous cynicism which Lord Bacon credits to Sir Henry Saville—“Poetry is the best kind of writing *next* to prose,” can no longer be questioned by Americans. Comes *The Herald*, of New York City, with the most brazen of trumpets, announcing to those who sigh for literary fame, a contest open to all citizens of the United States. *The Herald* is the projector and manager—and, we suspect, the chief beneficiary—of this twentieth-century tournament; and it promises to make no uncomfortable inquires as to the number of quarterings on the shields of the knights who thirst for glory and a substantial compensation. In fact, it states expressly that the escutcheons must be left at home, and that each potential hero must choose a *nom de guerre* and masquerade in new-forged armor. This, in itself, is a covert blow at the whole American system of magazine-making, whose one requirement is a name, already celebrated, to put in their tables of contents.

The Herald’s lists are open to all who, by the favor of fortune and no fault of their own, are native born Americans. The prizes are magnificent enough to tempt even James and Astor and the other exiles to “old England” to come back to the land of their birth and measure swords with their less fortunate brethren. *The Herald* promises to pay for the best serial novel submitted to its editors, ten thousand dollars; for the prize novelette, three thousand; for the best short story, two thousand, and—champ not your bits, O Pegasi—for the greatest American epic, one thousand dollars in current coin of the Republic. Verily, ye latter-day bards, yours is an unprofitable trade, and a thankless one. ’Tis time to sing your swan-songs, to say good-bye to rhyme and reason, and to go to work at literary photography or the making of historical nightmares.

The singers who find listeners, to-day, own no allegiance to Homer or Dante or Milton; their masters are Horace and Herrick and Blake, and they deal only in jewelled love-songs, quick plays on words and philosophical absurdities. Time was when no poet assumed the bays until he had made an epic of his own; but now we crown our minstrels in a day, and forget them before their new head-gears have begun to be comfortable. Except for “*The Idyls of the King*” we have had no great epic

since Milton gave "Paradise Lost" to the printer. We have hosts of men who write verses as clever and polished as Pope's or Boileau's, as tender and fanciful as Lovelace's or Crabbe's, as wise as Shakspeare's own; but none of our "moderns" have dared the upper heights because we have learned to smile at epics. Milton was doubly fortunate in living in the England of the Commonwealth. The spirit of diletanteism had not yet invaded English literature; and the men for whom he wrote looked upon life as a serious thing, on Heaven as a reality and on our shibboleth, "art for art's sake," as an inspiration of the devil. The Milton of that time of silk and steel would be hopelessly ill at ease in a frock-coat and pantaloons. "Paradise Lost" would be an impossibility in this age of skepticism, and if the date on the title-page of the first edition were 1895 instead of 1667, the reviewers would probably ask each other: "Who is this Milton?" and proceed to demolish the poem. There is much rubbish mixed with the jewels he offers us, and it is the function of the modern critic to make the rubbish important, the jewels merely incidental.

But *The Herald* takes no account of the changed conditions. Epics have been written; Americans acknowledge no master in any field; perhaps some mute but tuneful Milton has been waiting for this munificent thousand to induce him to give his message to the world. Perhaps, too,—and the advertising manager feels a thrill of ecstatic joy at the thought—perhaps it will be the great American epic, and *The Herald* will add a million subscribers to its list. Expeditions to the interior of Africa seem very tame affairs beside this wild dash into the mysterious world of epic poetry. Emin Pashas are very ordinary individuals compared with the coming Milton from Kalamazoo. It was Coleridge, I think, who said that, if he were to write an epic, he would take the whole world for his stage, all mankind as his characters, and twenty years for the writing of it. But *The Herald* believes in business methods, even in matters poetical, and puts a time limit of half as many months on our unfortunate bards, and assigns as a subject any incident in American history since the war of the Revolution. It is really surprising that the hero is not required to wear creased trousers, patent leathers and a pink chrysanthemum. Apart from the conditions in regard to the epic, which are simply absurd and silly, *The Herald's* offer is a remarkably liberal one,

and the outcome of the contest will be watched with interest. If for nothing else, the New York daily deserves our gratitude for fixing the market value of epic poems. Poetry is, at best, a perplexing commodity, and we can never thank *The Herald* enough for deciding that one American novel is worth just ten American epics.

D. V. C.

Exchanges.

"Heresy and Progress," in the last issue of the *Earlhamite*, is chiefly remarkable for what its author does not know about history. Owing to the pomp and circumstance of a prefatory outline and the blazon "Second Prize Oration in Oratorical Contest," we were inclined to take the article seriously; but, on reading it, we came to the conclusion that it was published merely for the reader's amusement. We must concede, at the very outset, that the writer has a fine sense of humor. Such expressions as "the horrors of the Inquisition," "the flames of Smithfield," "the drenching of Europe with blood," when coupled with this other, "ecclesiastical despotism," are positively irresistible. But when Mr. Ballinger, refers to the "*E pur si muove*" of Galileo and the "*L'État-c'est moi*" of Louis the XIV., we are led to cry out: "Ah, Hector, Hector, why were you not there!"

* * *

During the month just passed the presidents of the universities of Chicago, Illinois, Minnesota, Northwestern, Purdue and Wisconsin, met in Chicago to discuss matters athletic. Their deliberations resulted in the adoption of the subjoined rules:

1. That each college and university that has not already done so, appoint a committee on athletics, who shall take general supervision of all athletic sports and have all responsibility of enforcing the rules regarding athletics and intercollegiate sports.

2. No one shall be allowed to participate in any game or athletic sport unless he be a student doing full work in a regular or special course as defined in the college or university; and no person who has participated in any match game of any college team shall be permitted to participate as a member of another college team, unless he has been a student in said college for the period of six months. This rule shall not apply to those who have been graduated from one and have entered another.

3. That no person shall be admitted to any intercollegiate contest who receives any gifts, remuneration or pay for his services on the college team.

4. Any student of any institution who shall be pursuing the regular prescribed course with such institution,

whether in an advanced class or in one of its professional schools, may be permitted to play for the minimum number of years required in securing the profession for which he is a candidate.

5. No person who has been employed for the purpose of training any college team for a contest, can be a member of the team he has trained, and no person who has been a member of a professional team shall play in any intercollegiate contest.

6. No student shall play in any game under an assumed name.

7. No student shall be allowed to participate who is found to be delinquent in his studies.

8. All games shall be played on grounds either owned or under the immediate control of one or both of the colleges participating in the contest, and all games shall be played under student management and not under the patronage or control of companies.

9. The election of manager and captain of teams shall be subject to the approval of the committee on athletics in the school.

10. College teams shall not engage in any games with professional teams, nor with those representing so-called athletic clubs.

11. That before the intercollegiate contest, each of the contesting teams shall present to the other a document certifying that its members are entitled to play under the rules adopted; such certificates shall be signed by the secretary or registrar of the college or university. It shall be the duty of the captains to enforce this rule.

Personals.

—Geo. Carter (student), '93, has a very large and profitable business at Bryan, Ohio.

—John Chilcote (Com'l), '92, is in the drug business with his father at Edgerton, Ohio.

—Walter Mattox (student), '93, has quite an extensive jewelry business at Bryan, Ohio.

—Michael J. McCullough (Com'l), '93, is keeping books for a dry goods firm in Denver.

—Geo. N. Perkins (Com'l), '94, is engaged in the mining business with his father in Denver.

—Frank D. Dillon (student), '94, is connected with his father in business at Dubuque, Iowa.

—M. M. White (Law), '88, is the nominee for county attorney of Ida County, Iowa. The citizens of Ida could not have made a better choice.

—Among the welcome visitors to the University lately was Mr. Patrick Cavanaugh of Chicago. He is one of the old patrons of the institution, and it is always a source of much pleasure to his numerous friends to have him with them.

—Mrs. Carney, of Marinette, Wis., paid the University a flying visit during the last week; in fact, it was so short that some of her friends did not hear of her arrival until after her departure. It is hoped that when she visits us again her stay will be much longer.

—Mr. Rene Papin, of St. Louis, Minim of '83, visited St. Edward's Hall last week and treated the Minims to some excellent singing. Rene's friends at St. Edward's Hall have but the kindest remembrance of him, and their best wishes follow him to New York, where he has gone to cultivate his magnificent voice.

—Frank and Jake Hoffman, who received diplomas in the commercial course, have found the knowledge which they acquired of book-keeping here a few years ago most beneficial to them. At present they are in the grocery business with their father in Elkhart, Indiana. Their store is one of the largest wholesale houses in the state.

—During the past week, Mr. Frank Nester and his mother were welcome visitors to Notre Dame, and it would be needless to state that their many friends were more than pleased to see them. The Nesters have been so intimately associated with the institution in the past that any news in regard to them would only seem superfluous, as they are among the staunchest friends of our *Alma Mater*.

—In the examination for admission to the Bar at Des Moines, Iowa, a few weeks ago a class of thirty-four candidates for legal honors appeared before the Supreme Court. A rigid examination shook out ten of the number, and only twenty-four received certificates. Among those who passed with a creditably high average were E. J. Blessington, '90, and J. C. T. Kelly, '94, graduates of our Law Department.

—John McMahon Flannery, a member of the graduating class in the civil engineering course of last year, is now spending his time in the beautiful city of Paris learning the ways of the world and perfecting himself in French. While at the University he was a most diligent and painstaking student, and the map of the college made by him will remain as a testimonial of his ability for many years to come. We hope that his trip to Europe will be a most pleasant one, and that on his return to his native country he will bring back with him the Parisian accent.

Local Items.

—Lent is gradually approaching.

—The Class of Physics was announced last Tuesday.

—The final examination in Chemistry was held on Saturday.

—During the past week several new students entered Brownson Hall.

—The Carrolls have been amusing themselves with a "punching bag."

—Our classical friend says it was ten degrees below *Cicero* Monday morning.

—The Criticism class is studying the Oration of Grattan, Pitt and Burke.

—The Mechanical Building has been closed owing to the low steam pressure.

—Several small parties of Brownson braved the cold for a sleigh ride Thursday.

—Professor Egan is delivering a series of lectures on Dante to the Literature Class.

—The study of the Crusades is now occupying attention in the Modern History class.

—The demerits were read out in Sorin Hall last week. Some of the boys are climbing pretty high.

—Mr. McGurk, student, '89-'90, returned to the University this week and is a member of Brownson Hall.

—The Philopatrics held no meeting Wednesday evening. Their president was suffering from a bad cold.

—The Band concert will take place in the near future. An interesting programme is being arranged.

—Edward E. Brennan, of Brownson Hall, was called home last Tuesday on account of the serious illness of his mother.

—Master C. Minnigerode has the thanks of the Lemonnier Library Association for several books which he kindly donated.

—The Class of '97 held a meeting on Thursday last. As a great number of the members was absent the meeting adjourned.

—The final examination in Trigonometry was held on Friday. The class for the present session commenced work Saturday.

—Fathers Morrissey and Spillard went to Chicago on Tuesday to be present at the celebration of Father McShane's silver jubilee.

—For the past week the Belles-Lettres class has been working on its regular schedule. The lectures were on Heine, Spenser, and Chaucer.

—The Carroll Athletic Association is selling tickets for a bazaar to procure enough money to purchase premiums, medals, etc., for Field-Day.

—Next week another lecture from 4.30 to 5.30 p.m. will be added to the regular Law course. The lecture and quiz will be on commercial paper.

—Owing to the trouble in the Athletic Association, the Treasurer has not made his rounds yet; but all may expect to receive a visit from him soon.

—On Wednesday evening several students of the University attended a reception at the Occidental club-rooms in South Bend. They report a very pleasant time.

—Those who desire to be admitted to the Philopatrian Association should make application to the President or to Mr. O'Mara, chairman of the Board of Admission.

—All who read last week's *Ave Maria*

declare that it was one of the best issues of that celebrated magazine. Students who do not read the *Ave Maria* have no taste for good literature.

—Last Wednesday evening the Crescent Club, under the direction of Prof. Edwards, entertained visitors from South Bend. Refreshments were served, and all went away after enjoying themselves very pleasantly.

—The Minims took occasion of the anniversary of the late Father-General Sorin's birthday, February 6, to have Mass celebrated in their chapel, at which they all assisted, for the repose of the soul of their great and beloved friend.

—This is the severest winter Notre Dame has experienced in several years. The cold is intense, and scarcely a day passes without a snow-fall. There has been very little skating during the week; the boys do not relish a "stiddy job" of snow-clearing.

—The drawings of the Carroll Athletic Association Bazaar was not held Thursday owing to the extreme cold. Music hall, where the drawings were to be held, was not heated, and there was a fear that too many of the holders of lucky tickets might not be present.

—The Crescent Club is preparing for a big carnival, in which both Brownson and Sorin Halls will participate. It will be a swell affair—it could not be otherwise with Messrs. Gallagher, Rosenthal, Cavanagh and other big, influential citizens among the notables who will be present.

—The sleighing parties who took Mishawaka by storm on the 31st ult. posed for their photos. After the operation "dot pitcher-man" went before a notary and took oath that he had never taken in more willing victims. The pictures are great—the world is defied to produce better counterfeits of horses.

—A concert was given in the Sorin Hall reading-room last Wednesday evening under the direction of Mr. Hennessy. Everyone seemed to be pleased very much with the entertainment, and it is expected that there will be similar concerts every Wednesday evening during the bad weather.

—The St. Cecilians held their third regular meeting last Wednesday evening. Seeing that their society-room was locked, and finding no one with a key, they were obliged to hold their meeting in the Columbian room. After the minutes were read and adopted, the programme was carried out with fair success excepting the debate.

—Col. Hoynes lectured before the South Bend High School last Thursday morning. His subject was on the late war. There are few more competent to speak on matters pertaining to the civil war than Colonel Hoynes. The High School Trustees are congratulating themselves on having secured the Colonel for a lecture.

An observant member of Cosmopolitan Flat

asks a solution for the following problem:—If a young man spends three hours a day before a looking-glass, the same number of hours polishing his patent leather shoes, eats five meals and a lunch, and wastes the remainder of the day brushing his clothes, when does he study and what does he learn?

—The Athletic Association received an invitation to take part in an open indoor athletic meeting to be held under the auspices of the Chicago Athletic Association, Saturday, March 2. The invitation will be handed to the coming Executive Committee. It is not likely that any one will be sent to this meeting, as the events are not very important.

—Professor Egan has begun in the *Ave Maria* a sequel to his story, "Jack Chumleigh's Ladder," which appeared in the same magazine last year. It is entitled "Jack Chumleigh at Boarding School," and embraces all the characters which made the other story so interesting. The initial number of the story promises all the charm of its predecessor.

—Students of all the halls, who are members of the Library, may borrow books therefrom, on Sundays and Thursdays, between 8 a. m. and 10 a. m., and on other days between 9.30 a. m. and 10 a. m. Students of the English classes may also withdraw books on Wednesdays between 1.30 p. m. and 2 p. m. The Library is open for reading and consultation from 8 a. m. to 6.30 p. m. daily.

—The Columbians held their regular meeting on Thursday. The programme for the evening, though short, was a very pleasant one. Mr. T. J. Cavanagh, in a very happy manner, read "The Lady or the Tiger." Mr. E. J. Murphy followed with a humorous reading, entitled "Love and the Echo." Mr. A. Karasynski read a criticism of a previous meeting, and Mr. E. F. Jones closed the programme with a guitar solo, "A Spanish Farduvezo," which was so well received that he had to play a second.

—Until an Executive Committee is formed Captain Schmidt intends to act for the interests of his team. He has written to secure dates for games with the Universities of Chicago, Wisconsin, Minnesota, Michigan, Indiana, Purdue and Champaign. All lovers of baseball should rally to his support. He may need it, for a martinet on the Executive Committee may vote to cancel the dates. Last year's Committee and Captain Flannigan were always at daggers' points. It is the fervent wish of those interested in the game that a competent manager will be chosen.

—The football teams of Carroll Hall made a rush at Father Alexander Kirsch, and he was compelled, in self-defence, to yield to their claims, and declare that the game was up. The victors' trophies were several well-executed photographs of themselves. One of these sturdy chaps conceived the unhappy thought

that a deep breath taken just before the exposure was made, would expand his chest and make him seem herculean. He didn't want the breath photographed, but he did want the chest. Unfortunately for himself he did not explain this to the photographer, and he was taken, breath and all. In the picture he looks as though he was being prodded with a pin.

—The Philodemics held an interesting meeting last Wednesday evening. Mr. A. Pritchard gave an amusing recitation, and Mr. James Murray read an interesting and instructive essay on "The College Graduate's Social Position." The debate for the evening was: "Resolved, That there should be an amendment to the Constitution of the United States to the effect that U. S. Senators should be elected by the people directly." Messrs. Murphy and Hudson spoke for the affirmative and Messrs. Kennedy and Shannon for the negative. It was ably discussed by both sides. A most interesting program has been prepared for the next meeting to be held Feb. 13. It will be a literary evening, and will be devoted to a study of Richard Harding Davis and the Van Bibber stories.

—It may be just a little late to allude to Notre Dame's football team of '94; but an article in a recent number of the *Pink and Green*, of Albion College, offers an excuse. The author objects to Mr. Kendall's make-up of an "All Western Eleven" in the *Outing*, and claims that both Albion and Notre Dame should be represented. Notre Dame has always been a little backward in urging her claims. In the matter of athletics, her men generally send home visiting teams well treated, but suffering from defeat. As the writer of the article referred to says, Notre Dame should be taken into consideration when an eleven representative of the West is formed; but with charming inconsistency he places in this ideal team two of his own men and ignores the Notre Dame players altogether. Well, Albion was always a bit inconsistent; they'd lose one game and win another.

—In the Senior division of Grammar, the following books must be read this session before students can take up composition: "The Life of Goldsmith" and "The Life of Washington," by Irving; "The Vicar of Wakefield" and "The Deserted Village," by Goldsmith; "The Last of the Mohicans," by Cooper; "Ivanhoe," by Scott; "David Copperfield," by Dickens; "The House of the Seven Gables," by Hawthorne; "Lays of the Scottish Cavaliers," by Aytoun; "Lays of Ancient Rome," by Macaulay; "Harold," by "Bulwer Lytton. Students of the Junior division will read these: "Eric," by Farrar; "Midshipman Bob," by Dorsey; "The King of the Golden River," by Ruskin; "Fabiola," by Wiseman; "Oliver Twist," "Nicholas Nickelby," by Dickens; "Ivanhoe," by Scott; "Paul Revere's Ride," "The Bell of Atri," "The

Birds of Killingworth," "The Legend Beautiful" ("Tales of a Wayside Inn"), by Longfellow.

—After an examination of the classes in St. Edward's Hall, Reverend President Morrissey on Monday last addressed the Minims. He said that, with a very few exceptions, he was much pleased with the progress all had made since his last visit. He had always found the Minims manly boys, ready to do their duty, and the examination showed that they lost no time after the Christmas holidays, but went to work with a will. He hoped, moreover, that they would work with even greater earnestness during the next session, and make a record that would ensure to them the gold medals which good students always receive. And as this is the Golden Jubilee year, he further hoped that the Minims would make it memorable for themselves by carrying off more prizes than ever before. He concluded his earnest words of encouragement by granting the Minims the afternoon for a sleigh ride and by promising a lunch on their return. The Minims return the Reverend President heartfelt thanks, and will prove their gratitude in the manner that they know will please him best—by being, good studious boys.

—The split in the Athletic Association should be healed at once. The ball-players are becoming discouraged, and if something be not done soon to effect unity, we shall send a disheartened team into the field. The men cannot be expected to play with vim and determination if they have no support. Challenges have been received from Albion, Northwestern, Champaign, Purdue, Minnesota and several other colleges, but there is no Executive Committee to act upon the challenges. If a committee be not elected soon, this season is likely to prove a failure. All the other colleges are making their schedules now, and if we do not act soon we can expect no games with them.

The miserable squabble has narrowed down to a childish quarrel between Brownson and Sorin Halls. The former claim that they will no longer submit to dictation from the Sorin men, and demand a fair representation on the Executive board. The latter claim that they were insulted by Brownson Hall at the last meeting, and demand an apology. It is a case of the pot and the kettle. When an attempt was made to elect the officers for the spring session, it was found that the ballot-box was stuffed beyond its proportions. Both halls were to blame. The proceeding was disgraceful. It is too bad when young men at Notre Dame stoop to dishonesty to gain their ends. A strong public sentiment should be created against those who were guilty of cheating. There are a few selfish malcontents among the members, and the sooner they are expelled from the Association the better for athletics at Notre Dame.

Roll of Honor.

SORIN HALL.

Messrs. Barton, Burns, Casey, Cullinan, Dempsey, Devanney, Gibson, Hudson, Kennedy, Mitchell, Murray, Pulskamp, Quinlan, Shannon, Walker.

BROWNSON HALL.

Messrs. Arce, Atherton, Alber, Adler, Anson, Barry, Baird, Boland, J. Byrne, W. J. Burke, W. P. Burke, Brinker, Britz, R. Brown, Corry, Clark, Crane, P. Campbell, Carney, T. Cavanaugh, Costello, A. Campbell, Crilly, Cullen, J. Cavanaugh, Davis, Dowd, Delaney, Dougan, Finnerty, Follen, Fagan, Falvey, Fitzimmons, Fera, Gibson, Gilmartin, Golden, Galen, Guthrie, Henry, Herman, A. Hanhauser, Halligan, G. Hanhanser, Harrison, Hindel, Howley, Hierholzer, J. J. Hogan, J. T. Hogan, Hentges, Hengen, Jones, Kegler, Kortas, I. Kaul, F. Kaul, E. Kaul, Kinsella, Karasynski, Ludwig, Lassig, Landa, Landsdown, Matthewson, Murphy, R. Miller, S. Moore, Medley, Mulrone, Monarch, Mapother, J. Miller, Montague, H. A. Miller, R. Monahan, J. Monahan, A. Monahan, J. Moore, Melter, H. A. Miller, McHugh, McPhee, McKee, C. Miller, McGurk, McGinnis, A. McCord, Ney, Neely, O'Malley, Palmer, Pulskamp, Piquette, Quimby, Reardon, Rowan, R. Ryan, Rosenthal, H. Roper, E. Roper, Schulte, Sheehan, Smith, F. Smogor, Schultz, S. Steele, C. Steele, Stack, Sullivan, Spalding, C. Smogor, Stevens, Streicher, Schmidt, Tinnen, Turner, G. Wilson, H. Wilson, P. White, Weaver, Wensinger, Ward, Wilkin, F. Wagner, Zeitler.

CARROLL HALL.

Messrs. Austin, Adler, Arnold, Bloomfield, Ball, J. Barry, Burns, R. Barry, Benz, Browne, Campau, Cornell, Corry, Clune, Connor, J. Corby, J. A. Corby, Cypher, Cullen, Ducey, Dannemiller, Druecker, Dixon, Dalton, Davezac, Erhart, Flynn, Forbing, Farley, Fennessey, Franey, Foley, Feltenstein, Fitzgibbon, Fox, Girsch, Goldstein, T. Goldstein, Goldsmith, Gimbel, Gausepohl, Gainer, Howard, J. Hayes, A. Hayes, L. Healy, Hoban, Herrera, Hagerty, L. Herr, E. Herr, Hagen, Jones, Keeffe, G. Kasper, F. Kasper, A. Kasper, P. Kuntz, J. Kuntz, Konzon, Krug, Kirk, Long, Lantry, Langley, Leonard, Lowery, Lane, Landsdown, Miles, W. Morris, Maternes, Monarch, Monahan, Miller, Massey, Maurer, C. Murray, Meirs, F. Morris, R. Murray, McShane, McCarthy, McPhillips, McPhee, McKenzie, McCarrick, McGinley, S. McDonald, G. McDonald, D. Naughton, T. Naughton, O'Mara, Plunkett, Powell, Pendleton, Rockey, Reuss, Rauch, Roesing, Shipp, Sachsel, Speake, Sheils, Spillard, Stuhlfauth, P. Smith, Shillington, C. Smith, Sheeky, Sullivan, Stearns, Scott, Schaack, Strong, Steiner, Thompson, H. Taylor, Tong, Tuohy, Temple, Thalman, Underwood, Ward, Wallace, Waterson, Weidmann, Wigg, Wells, Zwickel.

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, Cassidy Dalton, Durand, E. Dugas, G. Dugas, Devine, Elliott, Egan, Finnerty, Fitzgerald, Graham, Goff, L. Garrity, M. Garrity, Herschey, Hart, R. Hess, F. Hess, Hawkins, M. Jonquet, J. Jonquet, C. Kelly, L. Kelly, Kopf, Kasper, Leach, Lawton, Moxley, Morehouse, McIntyre, R. McCarthy, E. McCarthy, G. McCarthy, McElroy, McCorry, McNamara, McNichols, B. Nye, C. Nye, Noonan, Newman, Paul, Plunkett, W. Pollitz, H. Pollitz, G. Quertimont, E. Quertimont, Roesing, D. Rasche, L. Rasche, Spillard, Sontag, Swan, Steele, Strauss, Sexton, Thompson, E. Van Dyke, J. Van Dyke, Waite, Welch, Weidmann, Bullene.