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### An Apology.

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The mote that in the sunbeam dances  
The sunlight not obscures.  
Why, then, these cruel, scornful glances?  
The mote that in the sunbeam dances  
The sunbeam's splendor but enhances;  
True love all grief endures.  
The mote that in the sunbeam dances  
The sunlight not obscures.

B. R. P.

### A Summer in Europe.

BY A. B.

#### IV.—A HALT AT PARIS.

My first night on French soil was spent in sounder and more refreshing slumber than a casual examination of the bed in my hotel chamber at Rouen had led me to anticipate. The bed was a sufficiently spacious one, but the mattress was about as pliable as adamant, and the only substitute for pillows was a cylindrical bolster fully five feet long, scarcely softer than the mattress, and looking ludicrously like a mammoth Bologna sausage wrapped about with linen. On awaking, the following morning, I was somewhat surprised to find one end of that bolster serving as a foot-rest and the other trailing along the floor; but as a glance at my watch informed me that I had slept soundly for nine hours, I felt it would be ungracious to cavil at the bed or its furniture, although I probably *could* have slept fully as

well on the floor with no other pillow than my valise.

At breakfast, I drink my first cup of genuine *café au lait*, and instantly discover that the comparatively insipid beverage which has hitherto been palmed off on me as coffee, was a vile concoction of chicory and beans, slightly flavored with granulated burnt bread-crusts. The real article is a delicious drink; and a generous bowl of it, with a light roll or two, forms of itself a sufficient morning-meal. I did not remain long enough in France to grow particularly enthusiastic on the subject of the French *cuisine* in general, but I can conscientiously chant a pæan in honor of the Gallic *café au lait*.

The express for Paris, ninety-six miles distant, leaves Rouen at 9 a. m., and for ten minutes before that hour, I leisurely promenade up and down the station platform, noting the perfectly systematized arrangements by which the French railway officials ensure the safety and comfort of the travelling public. There is quite a large number of these officials, it is true—chiefs and sub-chiefs and agents and guards and porters—but each has his specified duties to discharge; there is no friction, and the passenger who knows whither he wishes to go must be preternaturally stupid if he fails to get aboard the proper train. Even that burly English shop-keeper, who comes puffing out of the second-class waiting-room, evidently anticipating a world of worry before his baggage and himself are deposited in the right compartment, finds himself seated therein with his bags and rugs deftly stowed away in the rack above his head before he has had time to repeat the declaration, in what he probably considers French, "*jee voo hallay ah Paree.*"

The train draws out of Rouen, and for the first twenty minutes we are running alternately through deep cuttings and gloomy tunnels. Emerging from the last of these, we enjoy a magnificent view of the beautiful Seine and of the old Norman city which we are leaving behind us. Over there on that hill to the left is a church which I regret I have not had an opportunity of visiting. For long years it has been the objective point of frequent pilgrimages from all parts of Normandy and other provinces of France as well. Grouped around that hallowed shrine in indiscriminate contact, representatives of all classes pour out fervent petitions to a common Mother. Wealthy and indigent, the city magnate, the sallow artisan, the ruddy field-laborer, the cultured lady, and the illiterate peasant-girl,—all meet here as equals; pray with equal earnestness, and are heard with equal favor by her to whose honor the church is dedicated, *Notre Dame de Bon Secours*, Our Lady of Good Help.

Twelve or thirteen miles out of Rouen we pass Pont de L'Arche station, and are interested in the ivy-clad ruins of an old Cistercian monastery, founded nearly eight hundred years ago by Richard the Lion-Hearted. Near Gaillon, sixteen miles further on, we discern at some distance northwards another memorial of that stout and valiant king, the Château de Gaillard, built by Richard and once his favorite residence. Passing Vernon, to which town a noble family of England is indebted for its name, and Rosny on the Seine, we arrive at Mantes, a manufacturing town, renowned in other days as the place where William the Conqueror received the injury that caused his death, and chiefly notable at present for its noble Gothic church, Notre Dame, a fine specimen of twelfth century architecture. At Poissy, the birthplace of St. Louis, we note an old bridge across the Seine, and have time to count its thirty-seven arches before the train whirls us onward. Crossing a portion of the forest of St. Germain, we soon reach Maisons, and a half-hour later steam into the St. Lazare station, Paris.

For the past half-hour I have been taking a mental inventory of what I know about this French capital; furbishing up my reminiscences of its early history; passing in review the lengthy muster-roll of its saints and sages, its madmen and demons; recalling with a smile the humor of Thackeray's Parisian "Sketches," and with a shudder the fierce flame-pictures of Carlyle's "French Revolution"; pondering on

the extremes of vice and virtue therein embodied that have alternately provoked the execration and the admiration of humanity. What a notable figure, when one comes to consider it, has not this same Paris made, for centuries back, in the history of the world! How large a share of public attention she has invariably attracted! What a prolific soil she has proved for the growth and development of principles the most baleful and the most beneficent—and how those principles have influenced for evil and for good the whole body of European civilization! Is there any other city in the world whose annals furnish the record of such striking contrasts, such violent upheavals of human passions, such examples of heroic sanctity and frenetic diabolism as this modern successor of old Lutetia, the town of huts on an island in the Seine, which Cæsar mentions in his Gallic War!

But enough of reverie and moralizing about Paris in the abstract. Here is concrete Paris before me, and as the train slows up and stops at one of the score of platforms in the vast *Gare St. Lazare*, I step out to receive my first impressions of the most beautiful of existing cities. I am just about calling a porter to relieve me of my valise, when I espy two figures clad in a very familiar garb—my own everyday dress, in fact—and the next moment I am saluted with: "You are—A. B.," and my hand is being shaken with a cordiality that is simply delightful.

I am forthwith taken charge of by these hospitable Parisians. We take another train on the Ceinture railway that girdles the city, ride therein for a quarter of an hour, get out at Porte Maillot, and five minutes later arrive at Holy Cross College, Neuilly-sur-Seine. Here I am most heartily welcomed by several old friends and a score of new ones; and am soon so perfectly at home that I paraphrase the Psalmist's exclamation, and say to myself: "Behold how good and how pleasant it is to—have brethren in a foreign land!"

It is mid-July and the academic year at Neuilly closes only at the end of the month; so I resist all invitations to remain in Paris longer than two or three days at present, promising, however, to spend a week or two in the city on my return trip. I shall have finished my Italian tour by the middle of August, and as my Neuilly friends will then be enjoying their holidays, they will have ample time to show me around the *ville lumière*. This programme is finally concurred in; but in the

meantime, my two or three days' halt must also be utilized. There are such an infinity of notable sights in Paris and its vicinage that I cannot begin too soon to visit them.

So the sight-seeing commences almost at once. Two hours after my arrival in the city, I am on the way to one of its most charming suburbs, Le Vesinet, about ten miles distant. It is neither a town nor a village, but rather a collection of handsome villas, each surrounded by grounds where landscape gardening has reached the perfection of art. Not the least graceful and elegant of the villas serves as the Holy Cross College for minims; and the diminutive Frenchmen who frequent the classes at Le Vesinet are seemingly a not less privileged body than are their American brothers, the "Princes" of St. Edward's Hall, at Notre Dame. If they do not imbibe a sense of the beautiful in so lovely a home as is theirs, they must be far less dowered by nature than their bright countenances give promise of their being.

The following day is Sunday—my first Sunday on the Continent—and as an impressive religious ceremony, the consecration of Mgr. Pelgy, bishop-elect of Poitiers, is to occur this morning at Notre Dame, we naturally betake ourselves to that noted cathedral. On our way thither, I am somewhat surprised at the extent to which commercial traffic is carried on. I am prepared, of course, for a rather lax observance of the Lord's Day; but the prevalence of the custom of keeping stores and shops of all kinds open, a prevalence strongly emphasized by an occasional sign-board, stating "This store is closed on Sundays," is suggestive of the fact that by a considerable portion of Parisian merchants the third commandment is practically ignored.

The first view of Notre Dame is perhaps a little disappointing. The general effectiveness of the superb cathedral, as an architectural monument, is unquestionably marred by its proximity to the numerous lofty buildings by which it is surrounded. Placed on the heights of Montmartre, the impressiveness of the magnificent structure would be increased a hundredfold. The sense of unrealized anticipation speedily gives way, however, to genuine admiration as one takes in the building's massiveness, the delicate and elaborate tracery of portals and buttresses, the gigantic towers, and the arrowy spire that rises to a height of one hundred and thirty-five feet above the roof.

What a throng of incongruous memories this view of Notre Dame calls up! Hugo's hunch-

back, Quasimodo, flitting like some fantastic gorgon-monster through gloomy aisles and up tortuous stairways; Demoiselle Candeille, the opera dancer, enthroned on the high altar as the Goddess of Reason of a frenzied mob; Pius VII. officiating at the coronation of the first Napoleon,—these and a hundred other reminiscences of history and fiction start swiftly up from long repose in the mysterious cells of Memory, and rudely jostle one another in their eager claims for recognition.

Within the cathedral, the ceremony of the consecration absorbs our attention, and we defer until a more suitable occasion any special examination of the vast interior. Officiating as consecrator, the venerable Cardinal Archbishop Richard is seated in the spacious sanctuary; and clustered around him are scores of bishops, monsignors, canons, priests, deacons, subdeacons and other attendants, their robes varying from the gorgeous golden and velvet copes and chasubles to the simple cassock and surplice. With what perfect order the ceremonies are carried on! How splendidly harmonious is the whole function, and what a magnetic thrill runs quivering through one's being when the great organ's jubilant peal rings forth to blend with hundreds of human voices in the majestic chorus of the final *Te Deum!* It is a scene, this episcopal consecration, that one may well rejoice to witness; and its memory will surely outlast in vividness all other impressions of Notre Dame.

It would entail the employment of far more space than the Editors of the SCHOLASTIC would care to grant—or than their readers would thank them for granting—to give anything approaching a detailed description of the most notable monuments that the sight-seer in Paris may view in even so brief a visit as two or three days. The whole city is a monument; and turn which way you will, your admiration is challenged by palaces and towers and arches and columns and churches and bridges and quays and squares and gardens, in such number and variety that you begin to appreciate the force of the epigram: "So many things are striking that nothing strikes."

I have a list—prepared before I left home—of the Parisian sights which I am most desirous of enjoying; but the systematic visiting of these I postpone until later in the summer, and meanwhile drift leisurely whithersoever my kindly cicerones are pleased to suggest. And so we traverse the magnificent Champs-Élysées, pause for some time before the beautiful and

massive Arc de Triomphe, proceed to the immense Trocadero Palace and cursorily examine the treasures in its museums of Ethnography and Comparative Sculpture, then embark on one of the little steamers that ceaselessly ply up and down the Seine, and enjoy a most interesting sail as a refreshing *finale* to the day.

We devote a whole forenoon to the Jardin d'Acclimatation and the Bois de Boulogne, in which latter ideal park we would willingly linger for more hours than the exigencies of a pre-arranged programme will permit—and in which, too, we incidentally lose our way in seeking a short-cut to the exit. On the whole, my brief halt in Paris has proved a most agreeable interlude; and, as I take leave of my more than kind hosts at Neuilly, to advance another stage on the journey to Lourdes and Rome, I rejoice in the prospect of a longer sojourn among such hospitable and sympathetic brothers before my summer tour is done.

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#### Emotion in American Literature.

ELMER J. MURPHY, '97.

In this essay I choose as a subject the writers of my own country. Though I have not studied them so carefully as I should, being an American, I have found in them many things which have delighted me, and to which I have given much attention. Besides, they are the representatives of a country young in history; by them our state of learning is judged by foreign people; in their works, our customs and manners are described. It would be strange, then, if we were to boast of our authors and know nothing of them.

In American literature, so far as I have studied it, emotion is the quality most developed. The great writers of England seem to give more attention to the expression of the thought than to the thought itself. In reading Dryden or Milton the effect of rhetorical study is very evident. There are many cases in which the strength is lost by attempting to elaborate the form. If, however, the thought is preserved in the more beautiful language, as it is in parts of Milton, it adds to the value.

The tendency of the greater number of our poets is not to sacrifice the thought in view of making their work more polished. The emotion

itself is the principal object to which they look. But, perhaps, it is because they wish to become emotional that they strive to make the thought as clear as possible. It is not that they are emotional because they are simple; but, rather, they are simple because they wish to be emotional.

I do not intend to dwell on emotion in general, but particularly on sadness. This quality is characteristic of many of our writers, from the highest to the lowest rank. The wonder and fear found in Milton's "Paradise Lost," the stirring joy in "The Sea, the Sea" of Bryan Waller Procter, the thrill in Dryden's "Ode to St. Cecilia," the dreaminess in Scott's poems, the indescribable charm in the "Endymion" of Keats,—all these sorts of emotion are rarer than that of sorrow or resignation.

This is not unnatural. There has never been a writer that has expressed the same feeling that we find in the "Endymion" of Keats; there has never been another poem which contains the sublimity of Milton's epic. Sadness is something which everyone has in his nature, though in some, perhaps, in such a small degree as to be almost imperceptible. It is there just the same, however, and in most cases it is easily seen.

This kind of literature is not the result of a creative or imaginative faculty: it is the expression of a mood. It is quite natural that we should be more simple and stronger in the declaration of that which is reflected most clearly upon our minds. To produce poetry that is elaborate and elegant, knowledge is necessary; but almost any person can express that which he feels. I do not mean to say that this is easy to do in writing. In everyday life there can be seen real, true emotion that affects many because it is sincere and strong; but if we do not keep exactly within the bounds of reason, instead of becoming beautiful we become ridiculous.

Whether a poem is emotional or not depends a great deal upon the temperament of the reader. I have read poems on every subject likely to move a person, and have not been affected by them. In Longfellow's "Curfew," there is to me such a depth of feeling that I can read it over and over without tiring of it; I have known others who regarded it as meaningless. There is no display of rhetoric in these simple lines:

"Solemnly, mournfully,  
Dealing its dole,  
The curfew bell  
Is beginning to toll.

"No voice in the chambers,  
No sound in the hall;  
Sleep and oblivion  
Reign over all!"

and yet there is a tenderness, an indescribable something, which required much labor to express. No matter how trifling it may seem; it was not dashed off in a moment.

This nature, which is nothing more than the indication of a tender disposition, can be cultivated to a certain degree. In the great change which Christianity has wrought, there is a wonderful proof of this. The savage barbarians delighted in bloodshed; they took no heed of the sufferings of others. Now we, perhaps descendants of the same tribes, have grown to look upon the misfortunes of our neighbors with pity. Even in our own day, if a person's faculties are absorbed in some busy pursuit, the feeling is not so strong as in those who have leisure to look upon the life around them.

In many of the poems which produce a feeling of sadness, death is the subject treated of. Why will such a picture as a child lying still and cold, or an old man fading away, cause emotion? I cannot tell. It is human nature; that is all anyone knows. Perhaps we are sorrowful because others are.

In the "Last Leaf" there is genuine emotion in the stanza

"The mossy marbles' rest  
On the lips that he has pressed  
In their bloom;  
And the names he loved to hear  
Have been carved for many a year  
On the tomb."

We do not think of those on whose lips "the mossy marbles rest;" but our sympathy goes out to the poor old man tottering down the street, the only one left, all alone, all his friends having gone before him. In the last stanza, Holmes looks forward to the time when he also will be old, showing that he himself pities the old man.

Through the works of the lesser poets, I have found many pieces which move the reader. Their emotion is their reputation. We do not look to fine figures, or alliteration, when we read them, but mind only the thought and the strength of it. George D. Prentice, in a poem which he names "Written at My Mother's Grave," says:

"Mother, I love thy grave!  
The violet, with its blossoms blue and mild,  
Waves o'er thy head; when shall it wave  
Above thy child?"

I am sure that everyone will notice the beauty of this poem at the first reading.

There are other poems having no reference to death, which cause the same feeling of sadness. I have noticed, however, that they all refer to a passing away. Songs of the evening or twilight always seem to contain the idea that the day is dying. I think that this idea is proved by the poets themselves. In the first part of the poem, they speak, though sadly, of the gloom that is gradually growing deeper, and towards the end they are sure to bring in something about the dead.

Bryant, in a beautiful poem, the "Death of the Flowers," speaks of the dreariness when all the flowers are gone. He paints a cold and cheerless picture of nature; and in the last stanza he says:

"And then I think of one who in  
Her youthful beauty died;  
The fair meek blossom that grew up  
And faded by my side.  
In the cold, moist earth we laid her,  
When the forest cast the leaf,  
And we wept that one so lovely  
Should have a life so brief.  
Yet not unmeet it was that one,  
Like that young friend of ours,  
So gentle and so beautiful,  
Should perish with the flowers."

Besides those poems that have death for their theme there are others which produce a greater effect. I do not consider them greater because they thus move me; but like them because there is shown in them a disposition nearer akin to my own. It would be folly for me to say that Dryden is not so great as Longfellow, for the reason that he does not affect me so much. In my nature there is a vein of emotion similar to that expressed in these poems. I like to dream of the past; so much so, I fear, that I do not give enough thought to the present and the future.

There are not many of our poets who have a tendency to look backward; or, at least, they do not express it. Nevertheless, our greatest writer has said, in "The Rainy Day,"

"My thoughts still cling to the mouldering past.":

And in the "Ages" of Bryant we find the line,

"The golden happy days of long ago."

It is only a simple line, but it is full of beauty. Among others, Oliver Wendell Holmes and W. D. Gallagher have written on their own past. I have also found in the works of Longfellow certain poems which have a feeling much like that of sadness. It is the expression of a mood; it cannot be described. There is a good example in "The Day is Done," a stanza of which I here quote:

"And the night shall be filled with music,  
And the cares that infest the day  
Shall fold their tents, like the Arabs,  
And as silently steal away."

Last of all, I mention the poem, "Rock Me to Sleep," by Elizabeth Akers Allen. It has all those qualities that will touch the heart of every reader.

I have finished; but I feel that there is as much more to be said now as there was before I began. Emotion is a limitless study. One person may be affected in one way by reading a certain poem; another person may be affected a different way. We cannot tell. However, as every man is different from the other in his disposition, I think that no poem produces the same feeling on more than one reader. We can know only ourselves, and we can say that a poem is emotional only because it touches our own hearts.

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Only a Wild Cat.

HUGH C. MITCHELL, '95.

"Do you see that wild cat skin," I said one day to a friend who chanced into Room 39; "you would scarcely believe me if I were to tell you that it was the prime mover of one of the bloodiest duels that Texas ever saw, and that is saying a great deal. It was not an *affaire d'honneur*, such as the offended Frenchman cultivates, but rather an *affaire du wild cat* with two Mexicans for principals.

"It was about a year ago, when the I. & G. N. RR., then building, had just been completed as far as Derby, a small town in Frio County on the Leona River, that the event took place. I was an *attaché* of the corps of engineers, and had under me a number of Mexican laborers who were engaged on the embankments and excavations. I knew the family names of very few of the men; but if I called 'Garcia,' a score would respond. Their first names were equally well mixed up; Pedros there were and Antonios by the score; Josés, Juans and Ramons as well.

"They did not, however, all possess these time-worn names, and one or two particularly struck me on account of their peculiarity. One of these was Yluppe Istigo. His name and his erect bearing, so different from the slouching carriage of the Mexicans, made me think that he was a *peon* only by force of circum-

stances; he must, I thought, have in his veins the blood of some royal Indian family, dispossessed by the government or exiled by civilization. He kept aloof from the rest of the men, save when at work, when he was forced to be with them on account of the nature of the labor. He worked as hard as any man in the camp, and probably accomplished more. In my walks among the workmen, examining the road bed, I often stopped and admired his magnificent physique, of which any college athlete would be proud. He stood there, like another Apollo, clothed in rough overalls, sandals, what once was a shirt and a sombrero, rapidly lifting shovelfuls of dirt from bed to wagon, never stopping till the loaded wagon began to move, making way for an empty one.

"Frequently did I see his neighbors dart sly and envious glances at him; but though I am sure he was conscious of them, yet, save a contemptuous curl of the lip, he never showed any signs of this consciousness. More open advances, the workmen dared not make, as they knew that it would result in their discharge, and, perhaps a more potent reason, Yluppe was known as a wrestler, knife-thrower and marksman.

"When he first joined the gang, the kindly welcome extended him soon brought out these acquirements, but envy soon killed this friendly spirit, but all remembered his powers. His "grip" consisted of another shirt, his blanket, a gun and some ammunition. On the first day in camp he demonstrated his skill with a rifle, by bringing down from high above us a buzzard that was soaring complacently below the sea of clouds.

"His gun frequently gave our table a change from hard tack and bacon to squirrel and wild fowl. Every Sunday morning he would leave the camp, his gun on his shoulder, and then I would notice gatherings of men around the shade trees which served them as tents, whilst whispered consultations and ominous glances after the figure retreating down the creek made me fear for him; but he always turned up in the evening, bearing his day's trophies with him. Indeed, on several occasions, I saw two or three men depart in a parallel direction, and half expected never to see Yluppe again; but though in that regard I was mistaken, several Antonios and Juans had to be erased from the pay roll.

"Thus things went on till we had reached, as I said, Derby, situated at a point of the Leona River, where several creeks pour their muddy

waters into it. The timber in the vicinity consisted mainly of scrub oak with a dense undergrowth of mesquite and buckeye. Derby then consisted of an adobe store and post-office, a few mud huts, a wooden ferry-boat and a name, the last mentioned being, in all probability, its most promising feature.

"The storekeeper, a shrewd Yankee, had laid in a supply of the fiery *mescal*; but said nothing of this till pay day, when he could demand cash. Pay day came on a Saturday, and by midnight there was not a sober Mexican in camp. Many lay like logs around the buildings, unconscious in a drunken sleep; others, of a stronger nature, ran about, yelling and cursing like madmen, occasionally emptying their revolvers into the midnight darkness. By one o'clock the storekeeper had sold out his supply, and, wishing to close up, attempted to clear out the piles of drunken Mexicans, and thereby started a riot. It was only after wounding several that they consented to obey his bull-dog, and move. That night shortened the pay roll by only three names, which, we all thought, was doing well.

"Early the next morning, Yluppe shouldered his gun and started out. Nearly all of the camp was in a drunken sleep. About noon some began to stir, and soon the camp was once more alive.

"The men began to gather in groups, to play 'seven up' and to swear. The stronger ones indulged in wrestling, whilst some ran foot-races, or threw knives at the knots in the trees and slender saplings. In the wrestling, I noticed that the same fellow was successful against all the rest. He was a big, burly 'greaser,' whom the crowd cheered with 'Bravo, José, bravo!' His face wore a villainous smile, and altogether he was the sort of being to whom one is afraid to turn one's back for fear of receiving a knife in it.

"In the meantime Yluppe had gone down the creek some distance and was returning, when he saw in the muddy bottom the fresh tracks of a wild cat. He stooped and examined them and then started to follow them up. They led up the creek towards the camp. Now and then he would form a trumpet with his hands and give the long 'meow' that all bushmen know so well. He was nearly at the camp, and had just given the cry, when he was answered from a big oak tree that stood by the ferry on the river bank.

"Instantly I saw the Mexican, José, grab a gun and make for it. At the same time Yluppe

came from the bushes and went in the same direction on a dog trot, quickened to a run when he saw José. They both reached the tree at the same time, and though two flashes were seen, but one report was heard, and the cat dropped midway between them. Unsheathing his knife, Yluppe walked towards it; José did the same. Yluppe leaned over to skin it, keeping a watchful eye on the Mexican, who made a desperate lunge at him, but missed him. Then Yluppe stood erect, and for ten minutes those two big men, with six-inch knives stood and slashed each other; blood flowed freely from numberless incisions, but neither had inflicted any dangerous wounds. Suddenly Istigo, seeing an opportunity, closed in on José, and in each other's fierce embrace they struggled well and long. It was a case of Greek met Greek, and in the intensified excitement of the moment the greasers forgot to yell for José.

"A groan, and the two rolled on the ground across the carcass of the wild cat; a second more and Yluppe rose, cut and bleeding, but José remained with his head motionless on the cat, whilst from his neck flowed the purple blood dyeing the gray of the animal's fur a richer hue.

"The crowd by degrees recovered from its stupefaction, and having dug a shallow grave in the soft earth placed their champion in it and covered him up. Above his humble grave, by way of a monument, they piled some stones, and surmounted all this with an empty jug.

"Yluppe dragged the dead cat to the water's edge, where he bathed his wounds, and then proceeded to secure the pelt. Having done this he washed and cleaned it, all save a little clot of blood that escaped his eye. Look just back of the right shoulder. Not there; lower down. There! that is it; that little blackish stain beside that light gray spot."

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#### Longing.

(AFTER HEINE'S "EIN FICHTENBAUM.")

Far in the north, where perpetual snows  
Whiten the prospect, a pine tree grows,  
Shiv'ring it longs for the torrid heat  
That down on the blistered palm doth beat.  
Perchance, were its longing satisfied  
'Twould mourn its home on the bleak hillside.  
'Tis well sometimes that our hopes are vain;  
For success, too oft, is a name for pain.

J. B.

George Washington Cable.

MICHAEL RYAN, '95.

There is no student of literature, who does not wonder at the remarkable progress made in what I may call American literature, during the last twenty years; while New York and Boston were contending for the literary supremacy, and they still continue, cities farther west and south began to assert themselves, and gave rise to a class of writers of fiction who portrayed life as they found it in their respective states and sections of the Union. Nathaniel Hawthorne—perhaps the greatest stylist among American authors—depicted the manners and customs of the people of old New England, as found in his own native state. Far removed from picturesque and historic New England, and nearer “home,” we have the good-natured “Hoosier” of Indiana in his primitive roughness furnishing a theme for the pen of Edward Eggleston and James Whitcomb Riley; in the extreme west, the districts that saw the outbreak of the gold and silver fever in the “forties,” and the camp life incident to it, have given Bret Harte material upon which to exercise his wit; moreover, in the extreme south the study of the life, manners and customs of the Creole people has opened a new field of romance.

George Washington Cable—the subject of this sketch—was born in New Orleans, October 12, 1884, a descendant on his father's side from one of the families of colonial Virginia, while his mother came from one of the old New England houses. He enjoyed all the advantages his father could place at his disposal, and attended school until the age of fourteen, when he was forced to quit his studies on account of his father's failure in business and subsequent death in the year 1859. The family was left in straitened circumstances, and young Cable was then compelled to face the world himself; accordingly he entered upon a clerkship, which he filled successfully. When the war broke out, although but nineteen years of age, he enlisted with the 4th Mississippi cavalry, and, imbued with patriotism, he fought nobly for the cause he represented. He merited the name of a daring soldier, and was severely wounded during service. His ambition was not lessened by the pursuits of the soldier, and

instead of mingling with the older and rougher soldiers during the leisure hour of camp life he devoted himself to his studies, which, indeed, showed a noble ambition and loftiness of purpose. Fortune, however, did not smile upon him, for at the close of the war, and the consequent overthrow of the Confederacy, he returned home almost penniless to his native town, and entered a business house as a messenger boy.

He afterwards studied civil engineering and joined a party of engineers, who went on a surveying expedition into the Têche country, where he fell a victim to malarial fever, and did not recover from its effects for more than two years, during the latter part of which period he devoted himself to the study of the life and manners of the Creole folk and their position in society. We see these observations enlarged upon in his portrayal of “Old Creole Days” a few years later. After this long spell of sickness he gave up civil engineering and turned his attention to literary pursuits. He began his new career by contributing to the *Picayune* under the pen-name “Drop Shot,” which was soon followed by his doing editorial work. This connection did not last long, however, as it was rather suddenly ended by his refusing, upon conscientious grounds, to write a criticism of a certain play which he was expected to attend one evening in New Orleans. This unfortunate occurrence threw him back on the commercial world again; this time taking upon himself the duties of accountant for a larger firm of cotton dealers. This lasted until 1879, when he retired on the death of the leading proprietor.

“Madame Delphine,” the first of a series of stories, entitled “Old Creole Days,” appeared in *Scribner's Monthly* in 1879, and it was the success of this and subsequent stories that decided him to follow up the literary profession. “Old Creole Days” is a portrayal of the life, manners and customs of the inhabitants of Louisiana. He chose a few representatives of the people, and in that way he does not burden his reader's mind with an endless number of unimportant characters which have but little to do toward the development of the machinery of the novel. This book is partly written in a *patois*, which is introduced wherever the author thinks the meaning can be best conveyed by it. In my opinion, there is just enough of it to give a salient flavor to his descriptions, and he uses it more skilfully than does Barrie the dialect of Thrums. Cable has



pictured the manners and customs of the people he found in his new field of romance so vividly, at times, that he has given offence to many of his old neighbors.

"The Grandissimes" appeared next, and in this, as well as in the preceding book, and, in fact, in all his writings, the theme is the society and manners of the Creoles, particularly of New Orleans. In this work, Cable has shown "a more wholesome regard for things;" for he "does not solely concern himself with the idle love of young men and maidens." The scene of action covers a considerable period of time, but how long one cannot well determine from the story itself. It is laid in New Orleans, about the beginning of our century, just before and at the time the great territory, known in history as the Louisiana Purchase, was ceded to the United States by France; and the change of power forms a happy background for the life he has so faithfully observed and portrayed. Joseph Frowenfield, a German immigrant, plays a peculiar part in the narrative. He seems to be on the plan of the chorus in "Antigone," or any of the Greek tragedies, and loses his personality, inasmuch as he poses in that attitude. He enlists our sympathy from the very beginning. According to the narrative he spent a small fortune in defraying the funeral expenses of four of his family who died of the yellow fever; he managed to survive, and becomes a central figure of the narrative, and has most to do with the unravelling of the plot. Throughout the narrative Cable utters incisive words denouncing the hideous evil of slavery which was then such a great bugbear for Gov. Claiborne. Cable never loses sight of his little theory; for after all he was a theorist, and his story is made very effective and shows his views on the question. The experiences of Bras Coupe, Palmyre C. Clemence and Honore give us a clear insight into the mechanism of Creole society. Underlying the plot there is a theory, but the author was too much of an artist to press it upon his readers; he would rather draw us on and then leave us to our conclusions which are always inevitable from the side-hints he gives during the course of the narrative. On the whole, it is an artistic work, and like the previous one, it shows the large insight of the author into the life of the people he made the subject of this clever historical novel. Some one has rightly called it one of the greatest novels of our day, and I think Brander Matthews must have had this or some other of Cable's charming novels in mind

when he said: "In the United States there are novelists a-plenty, and it would be easy to name three that one might match against the champions of England."

"Dr. Sevier" appeared in 1885, and we find Cable still on his old theme—the Creoles who formed a unique class in New Orleans, and could readily be distinguished from all others by their manners, customs and their almost inimitable dialect, a compound of French and English. In this sort of work Cable has found quite as rich a field of romance as Hawthorne did in the people of his native state, and therein his success lies. Although his theme is the same as to its general feature, yet it is so artfully treated in his hands that one cannot but feel more than a passing interest in these people who are but the remnant of the colonists and first inhabitants of New Orleans, one of our most unique American cities. These people have succeeded in their attempts to preserve their social and personal differences, and this, perhaps, owing to the circumstance of climate and their natural inclination to lead a languid life. "Bonaventure," another cleverly told romance of the lighter kind, appeared, in which the sterner realities give way to lofty motive and purity of intention.

The writings of Cable all have local color, and his material is drawn from those among whom he lived the greater part of his life. We hope that in mature years he will reach even a higher place in that great class of novelists to which American literature can proudly lay claim, which has attained a uniformity of excellence surpassed only by a Thackeray or a Dickens. There is no doubt but that this new field of romance will reveal new treasures to him whose untiring efforts have done so much towards the bringing out its latent varieties and distinctive features. It is that individuality which has improved the standard of excellence of American literature, so called, during the past few decades, and it is the feature of our romances which the British have tried to imitate and make an element of their literature.

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#### Metamorphosis.

He addresses all his verses  
 "To my Phyllis"—crafty man!  
 But his *billets doux* begin with  
 "To my dearest Mary Ann."

D. V. C.

# NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.

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HUGH C. MITCHELL, '95;  
JOSEPH A. MARMON, '96; MICHAEL J. NEY, '97.

—Professor John Gillespie Ewing's lecture on "Magna Charta and the American Constitution," will be one of the features of the Madison Summer School. Prof. Ewing had the honor of being pronounced by Mr. Blaine to be the best equipped of the younger experts in American political history he had ever known. Prof. Ewing occupies one of the chairs of history and that of political economy at Notre Dame. His colleague, Professor Egan, will lecture at Chautauqua on "St. Francis and the Renaissance," and "The Morality of Modern Novels"; he will conduct his usual course at St. Mary's and open the literary course at Madison. Bishop Messmer, who, with Mr. Onahan and Father Zahm, is the life of the Columbian School, expresses himself as delighted with the cordial attitude of the Champlain School.—*The American Catholic News*.

The Columbian Summer School intends doing for the West what the Plattsburg School has been accomplishing in the East. The first session of the School will be held on July 14 at Madison, Wis. All the prominent Catholic educational institutions will take active part in the meetings.

With Father Zahm and Professors Ewing and Egan, Notre Dame will be well represented at the Columbian Summer School.

—There can no longer be any doubt that "Trilby" is, if not immoral, at least dangerous. When an English novel invades the sacred domain of American politics, it is time for some patriotic citizen to rise up and denounce it.

Insidious, indeed, must be the romance that can contrive for itself a place in the sober pages of a magazine article on the currency question; and "Trilby" has accomplished nothing less. In the February *Forum*, Mr. J. Sterling Morton, the gentleman who is supposed to look after the chinch bugs, the Colorado beetles, the wheat rust and the other agricultural interests of the Republic, writes on "The Financial Muddle," and quotes full half a page from Du Maurier's masterpiece. Trilby and Svengali would bow and smile, as they did on that wonderful night at the Cirque des Bashibazoucks, when "les trois Angliches" recognized in La Svengali the Trilby of the other days, if they could see themselves sandwiched unceremoniously in between two paragraphs of solid facts and figures. Svengali would show his strong white teeth in a grin of satisfaction at the implied compliment; but Trilby, being English and human, might laugh softly to herself at the incongruity of it all, and wonder what "les Americaines" would do next. Her perception of a joke was none too keen, but surely Mr. Morton's is evident enough to be cosmopolitan.

We do not object to a literary flavor in the the semi-political essays our law-makers and cabinet officers write for our magazines. It is rare enough to be all the more welcome when we do find it; but to drag Trilby's voice in to elucidate a theory of the value of money strikes as a bit of extravagance even in a Secretary of Agriculture. And Mr. Morton, carried away by the felicity of his figure, grows eloquent, and writes a paragraph almost as rhythmical as the one he borrows. Trilby, in his little allegory, is Commerce; Svengali is Demand, the value-producer, without which commerce is unable to sing a note; and the mesmeric force which gave Svengali power to make Trilby the greatest vocalist in Europe is Exchangeability—"the inspiration," to quote Mr. Morton, "which gives voice to value and energizes the many-tongued industries—Trilby, poor girl, had only one!—of modern life, advancements and improvements." When we have finished his essay, we cannot but feel that Mr. Morton has wasted an opportunity. Trilby's vocalization would have been invaluable to him if he had only stuck to his own province, and used it to translate into words the music made by the wings of the myriad potato-bugs that hover over our wheat-fields in September.

## The Staff Luncheon.

That was no Barmecide's feast which was spread for the Staff last Saturday afternoon, in the Carroll dining-room. If the Arabian story-teller erred not in his history, it was the cheerful custom of that gentleman to bid some passer-by—the leaner, the better—to his banquet hall, and, after seating his guest at a board that lacked nothing but the viands, to tantalize him by serving an imaginary feast. Then, when his victim was wellnigh crazed by the vision his host had conjured up, his sufferings were rewarded by a splendid entertainment.

The Barmecide was just a wee bit cruel, even though he made amends in such a royal way; and we cannot help pitying the poor wretch, the butt of his jest, as he listened with gleaming eyes and moist lips to the words of his tormentor. But the Staff Luncheon was different in many ways from the banquet of the Eastern fairy-tale. Ye editors were the guests of the Reverend Vice-President of the University, and they are one in saying that he is the ideal host, and that the dinner shall be famous forever in the annals of '95.

There are traditions extant of the feasting of former staffs, and we can remember at least one occasion, years ago, when we were "without the wedding garment," or hope that we might ever wear it; when our enjoyment of the festivities was limited to a wistful peep over the window-sill and a careful translation of the French of the *menu*, as it appeared in the next SCHOLASTIC. But times have altered since; the noses that are flattened against the window panes now are not ours, and the *cuisine* is capable of finer effects than our predecessors in the "sanctum" ever dreamed of. And the spirit that hung over the two feasts was not the same. From the spectator's point of view, the guests of that other afternoon seemed to take their pleasure seriously and the dinner as a solemn ceremony, but the Staff of '95 has not quite so much reverence in its make-up, and gaiety was the keynote of the celebration.

The luncheon was a complete surprise to every member of the Staff. Saturday morning, the SCHOLASTIC mail was full of messages to the editors, asking the honor of their presence in the college parlors at four in the afternoon. Many and wild were the conjectures made as to the probable import of the invitation, but no one faltered, and four o'clock found the

SCHOLASTIC "eleven" making things very lively in the large reception room. Then came the other guests and the announcement that several dozen Blue Points and many other things awaited the pleasure of the company in the Carroll refectory. Covers were laid for twenty, and a jollier score never surrounded the "college mahogany." There was no lack of dignity, though; the Staff felt that the occasion demanded it, and the editorial reserve did not melt away until the soup had been served and the decorations commented upon. And they were really beautiful; ferns and hyacinths, carnations and azaléas were the materials, but the effect was too pretty to be described in the leaded Primer the SCHOLASTIC uses. The dinner was perfect in every detail, a gastronomic triumph, from the oysters to the coffee. We give the *menu*, or the "table of contents," as you affect to consider it, "before" or "after" taking":

## MENU.

Blue Points on half-shell,  
Soup, Olives.  
Veal Cutlets a la Marengo, Celery,  
French Peas.  
Stewed Chicken a la Fricassée, Cranberry,  
Potatoes a la Notre Dame.  
Salad a la Mayonnaise.  
Fruits Assortés.  
Ice-Cream, Cake.  
Coffee, Macaroons.

When the coffee had been finished and the favors—dainty little banners of white silk with the names of ye Editors done in gold upon them, and the college colors at the tops—had each found a knight to uphold it, the company repaired to the "sanctum," and discussed politics and philosophy, letters and art between puffs. They ranged from Montaigne to Repplier, from De Foe to Stevenson, from Herrick to John Davidson, and came back each time to earth, refreshed and ready for a longer flight. Stevenson was the favorite of the literary men, and every one had some true or clever thing to say of him.

It was our impression, before the Havanas had been lighted, that the last word had been said about the word-wizard of the Southern Sea, but we were grievously mistaken. The Staff has, as a rule, opinions of its own, and will rarely listen for any length of time to one man on any one subject. But the Reverend Editor of the *Ave Maria* is one of these, and the Funny Man and the Man-Who-Says-Things-out-of-the-Corner-of-his-Mouth were silent while Father Hudson sketched the life and the

people Stevenson loved so well. Then, with a sudden transition, the talk shifted to our own half-forgotten humorist and poet, Professor Stace, whose work is certainly equal to anything done to-day, and whose name should be immortal, at least at Notre Dame. He is the Laureate of the University—our very own—for the local flavor that makes his work so delightful to everyone who has ever worn the Gold-and-Blue is the reason why his "Vapid Vaporings" will never be widely known. Here, again, Father Hudson was on ground that he loved, and his stories of Stace's humanity and tenderness to the weak, of the quaint and humorous optimism which was the keynote of all he wrote, will not soon be forgotten by those who heard them.

The chat on Stace was a fitting *finale* to the programme of an evening unique, we believe, in the history of the SCHOLASTIC. When the muffled roar of many feet upon the stairs announced that the Brownsons were bed-ward bound, the guests and ye editors said their good-nights to the Host, and went off with wonder and gratitude in their hearts—wonder that even the Vice-President could make a dinner party such a brilliant success; gratitude for the most delightful evening the Staff, at least, has known.

D. V. C.

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#### Exchanges.

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The *Niagara Index* is out in jubilee garb, and is to be congratulated first upon the attainment of the venerable age of twenty-five years, and secondly upon the brilliant number with which it celebrates the occasion. Few college papers, we apprehend, could make up an issue more single in kind and excellence than the one before us. It is pictorial and editorial. The likenesses of nearly all the former editors are reproduced in a margin less than cabinet size, and representatives of each year's staff contribute articles which impart their experience in college journalism. There is an abundance of tradition at Niagara, and it has been happily employed to furnish material for a veritable history of our contemporary's sanctum. The *Index* is always one of our most valued exchanges; it is our hope that it may continue for all time to point upward.

\* \* \*

—Comes down from the North *The Portfolio*, of Hamilton, Ladies' College, with a careful

paper on "The Study of Law for Women." The author has clear and altogether rational views on the subject; and the conclusions that are not drawn, but are easily inferred, will hardly influence any but a physical giant to read for the bar. In another column of this same journal we meet with a note—apropos of a symposium on "The 'New' Woman," that appeared lately in the SCHOLASTIC—in which the writer scores and underlines *man* for the attitude he has assumed toward the "recent female." Man, however,—or at least in so far as the SCHOLASTIC scribes are included in that generic term—does not object to *The Portfolio's* idea of "new" woman, which is everything that is pure and high and noble. He merely asserts that such idea is not conveyed in the broad acceptation of the epithet. We have often thought that though Talleyrand might be perverted, truth would nevertheless be served, if it were said that the good women are not "new," and the "new" women are not good.

\* \* \*

It seems to us a thing for regret that social paragraphs and society notes should be given so much space in certain college journals to the exclusion of the essay or the story. The insertion, within reasonable limits, of items that have a local interest is, of course, proper and commendable; but when the best part of a whole number is abandoned to matter of this kind, one is apt to infer that the paper in question does not represent the intellect, but rather the shallowness, of the institution from which it comes.

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#### Book Review.

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—*Qualitative Chemical Analysis of Inorganic Substances*. The author of this work is the Rev. J. Barry Smith, S. J., late of Georgetown, and now of St. Francis Xavier's College, New York City. The book consists primarily of seventeen tables, containing, in condensed, practical form, directions for the separation and detection of the more common inorganic bases and acids. Preliminary to each table is a description of the compounds of the elements of the group, with special reference to solubility; supplementary to each table, is an explanation of the directions in the table itself, particular attention being paid to reactions. The book has many merits. The tests made use of, while without pretence to originality, are thoroughly

reliable and modern. The preliminary descriptions—affording, as they do, an opportune review of the student's studies in general chemistry—cannot but conduce to more watchful and intelligent work. A highly commendable feature is the not infrequent references to page and paragraph in more advanced and technical treatises. Taken all in all, we should say that the book is decidedly superior to most books of the kind in the field of elementary qualitative analysis. The American Book Co. are the publishers.

—The *Musical Record* for February is a very attractive number. Its worth lies not so much in pretentious leading articles as in the numerous bits scattered through its pages, which are of great interest and practical use to the student and music lover. It has a chatty comfortable air about it. Extracts from a lecture on music by I. V. Flagler make one regret that the whole address was not given. A sketch is given of Mr. Bernard Stavenhagen, who was the favorite pupil of Liszt. This artist is, next to Eugene Ysaye, the violinist, the reigning favorite in musical circles. The music published this month is better than usual. The wonderfully thrilling Intermezzo from Mascagni's "Cavalleria Rusticana," arranged for violin and piano, is the most worthy of note.

The *American Catholic Quarterly* for January contains, as usual, much that will be of interest to the philosophic mind. The most notable article, perhaps, is one on the Catholic Educational Exhibit at the Columbian Exposition, by Gen. Eaton, late Commissioner of Education. The thorough study which the writer evidently made of the Catholic Exhibit, joined to his eminent capabilities for judging, lend to the article, even at this day, the deepest interest. Some of the statements made by Monsignor Seton, in a paper on the "Grandeur of Ancient Rome," such as that "the history of Rome is almost the only ancient history worth knowing;" and "only the spirit and influence of Rome still continue to inform the world," seem rather astonishing in view of recent historical discoveries. Other articles of special interest are "The Centenary of Maynooth," by Father Hogan, "The Apostolic Delegation," by Dr. Bouquillon, and "The Treasures of the Church," by the Rev. Dr. Barry.

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"MANY fail from divided attention; trying too much, they lose all."

#### Obituary.

—The Angel of Death has selected for his unerring shaft another shining mark from among the large coterie of friends and old patrons of the University—Mr. James G. Browne, of Brownsville, Texas. To the two surviving sons of the four who attended college and passed from it with honors, the SCHOLASTIC expresses its sincere regrets for their heavy affliction. During nearly half a century, which the deceased spent in the Lone Star State, he has left for himself an imperishable monument in the hearts of his fellowmen, who during his lifetime have frequently shown their confidence in his integrity by electing him to positions requiring much executive ability and tact. His close attention to business did not serve to harden his heart towards the needy poor; for though a father of a large family, his generosity still found room to cherish and rear several fatherless children of different families. *The Lower Rio Grande* makes the following editorial comment upon Mr. Browne, which the fellow-students and friends of his sons will read with pleasure, and feel honored in having known at least the children of such a noble parent:

"Mr. James G. Browne was one of the remarkable men of this frontier. With high attainments, and with a courage coupled with strong convictions of the right, he became a master-spirit and a leader and controller among men. As a politician his mind ran in the most elevated channels, and though the time was when his voice could elevate to official position, none could secure his support except through capacity and qualifications especially fitted to the discharge of duties likely to be imposed. He himself had been called to fill many responsible positions in this city and county, and in retiring from such places he always impressed his fellow-citizens with having faithfully and honorably discharged his trusts. As great a compliment as could be paid, it can be said of him that he was the unanimous choice of our citizens for many responsible positions of honor and trust, but of late years he would not accept of any further public duties of any kind whatever." May he rest in peace!

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#### Personals.

—Mr. William P. Breen, A. M., '80, of Fort Wayne, Indiana, spent a pleasant evening with his many friends at the University last Thursday. Mr. Breen has lost none of the old-time cordiality and genial disposition which characterized him in days gone by.

—Maurice Francis Egan works for months on a sonnet. He prints one sonnet a year in the *Century*. He wrote none during 1894, or, at least, printed none. His new sonnet, "Resurrection," will soon appear in the *Century*. His most recent sonnet was pronounced by Mr. R. H. Stoddard to be the best written in the last seven years.—*Chicago Tribune*.

—Mr. J. J. McIntosh, student '85-'9, Treasurer of Cheyenne County, Nebraska, writes that the citizens of Sidney propose to put up a building suited as a public hall or opera house in order to afford the needy an opportunity of earning food and clothing for themselves and families. The SCHOLASTIC would suggest that persons desirous of helping the sufferers in that locality might correspond with Mr. McIntosh.

—The many friends of J. E. Cooney, student, '89, and later Railway Postal Clerk of Cleveland, will be pleased to hear of his promotion in the Postal Service. On the 18th inst., he was appointed to the vacancy caused by the death of the sea postal clerk of the lost German Lloyd steamer, the *Elbe*. As there are only ten or a dozen sea postal clerks, the position was much sought after, and he was selected out of nearly five hundred applicants who had been examined. Mr. Cooney's promotion is doubly worthy of mention, as it was his meritorious conduct and his excellent record which obtained the appointment. May the gallant ship which carries him to and fro on his errand of duty bring him back safe to his friends when his work is over!

—Mr. Harry Jewett, '91, paid his *Alma Mater* a flying visit last Wednesday. Hal is so well known both at Notre Dame and in the athletic world that any account of him here would seem almost unnecessary. While at the University he was not only conspicuous on the athletic field, where he achieved a reputation that will not likely be eclipsed, but was also a very prominent member of his class, receiving the Engineering medal in his graduating year. After leaving the University he went in for athletics for a few years and won an enviable position, but gave it up that he might devote himself more closely to his business. Since then he has been in the coal business in Detroit, and, as in every thing else which he has yet attempted, is making a success of it. It is to be hoped that we may soon have the pleasure of again seeing him while on his business trips to this part of the country.

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#### Local Items.

—The classes of gymnastics have been resumed.

—Colonel Hoynes lectured in South Bend yesterday.

—Lost, strayed or stolen, a hand-ball belonging to the Association. Please return to the Manager.

—The ice continues, and those who have no dread of bumps still resolutely court injury.

—The Band took advantage of the exceptionally fine sleighing Tuesday afternoon, and visited South Bend and its suburbs.

—FOUND—A nickle-plated pneumatic air-pump. The owner may recover it by calling upon Mr. Michael Ney, Brownson hall.

—The classes in Electricity are giving their attention just now to the dynamo. A number of bright-lights appear at every meeting of these classes.

—The Collegiate Faculty met Wednesday evening to discuss the proposed changes in the Courses of Studies. Their decisions will soon be announced.

—Some of the "Shorties" are showing their ability to hold their own in a whist game with the "Lengthies" as well as they did on the grid-iron last fall.

—The philosopher from the East inflicted a frightful pun on his friends last week. He explained that *capillary* attraction was that which makes students rush for their head gear after class.

—The Competitions were completed this week. Students who have the highest marks in the different classes will find their names in the List of Excellence, which will be published next week.

—The early part of the week opened cold and clear. We had a few days of sunshine, but the weather turned blustry and cold Wednesday evening, and hurried us once more into top-coats and ulsters.

—Yesterday morning, Washington's Birthday, the University Band discoursed sweet music in the rotunda of the main building. After playing all the national anthems they visited the other departments.

—The *Catholic Standard* of Philadelphia reprints this week an article published in the SCHOLASTIC of November 24, entitled "Beatrice and Dante." The writer of the article is Mr. Daniel P. Murphy, '95.

—Cosmopolitan Flat is infested with spooks. Weird sounds vex the drowsy ear of night, and grotesque shadows, that baffle the calculations of our geometricians, flit along the walls. The ghosts will soon be laid.

—There have been no cats abroad lately—the nights have been just a bit chilly. But let the lovers of moonlight serenades be comforted—it will not be always thus. Tom and Maria will be with us soon again,

—The Librarian will soon procure a large number of the works to be read in the English classes. This will enable students of these classes to complete their course of reading in ample time to prepare for essays on these books.

—The Devotion of the Forty Hours will commence next Sunday morning and will be ended on Tuesday evening. It is to be hoped that all the students will take advantage of this time of devotion to present their petitions at the Throne of Mercy.

—A bus-line, which promises to rival Sheekey's, has been established by Louis Thompson for rapid conveyance between Carroll Hall and surrounding points. The offices are in the Carroll Hall reading-room, where Louie is pleased to receive his patrons.

—The grand stand for the accommodation of visitors at baseball games will be erected just behind the back-stop and not between Science and Mechanic halls, as was first reported. By placing it in the latter position the view across the campus would be obstructed, and that portion of the grounds would seem overcrowded.

—The entertainment given before the St. Cecilians last Thursday evening by a number of students, under the direction of Mr. Frank Hennessy, is to be repeated this evening in the Sorin Hall reading-room. The programme is a good one, and everyone should see it, as the manager says it is positively their last appearance.

—Owing to the absence of Colonel Hoynes, who went to Chicago last Wednesday afternoon, Mr. James F. Kennedy acted as Judge in the Moot-Court case. The case was a suit for damages for the death of a valuable cat. Judging from the number of visitors present at the closing arguments the speeches must have been very interesting.

—Bro. Augustus is engaged in preparing his reminiscences of the early days at Notre Dame for the forthcoming "Annals of the Congregation of the Holy Cross." The good Brother came to Notre Dame a year after its foundation, and his memory of dates and events is very accurate. His contribution to the "Annals" will be important and interesting.

—In one of our late issues there appeared a notice of the illness of an individual who wasn't ill at all. Our reporter was taken to task about the matter, and the veracity of the SCHOLASTIC impugned. Hereafter to guard against mistakes of this description, notices of illness must be accompanied by a physician's certificate and the usual advertising rates for reading notices.

—Last week Brother Fabian, a former prefect of Brownson Hall, was summoned to Ft. Wayne by despatch to attend his dying mother, but before he arrived she had breathed her last. The sad intelligence was a great shock to the good Brother who had no intimation of his mother's illness. The SCHOLASTIC tenders him and his relatives its sincere sympathy in their sad bereavement.

—The SCHOLASTIC goes to press early on Saturday morning, and we have found it impossible to give a report of yesterday's doings. We can only promise our friends a detailed account of the celebration and a careful criticism of "Damon and Pythias" in our next number. There were a number of visitors from

abroad, and many from South Bend, and the occasion was one of the most brilliant in years.

—As there is no recognized Executive Committee of the Athletic Association, Captain Schmidt has been arranging dates with some of the principal Western colleges. Already he has made dates with Purdue, Illinois, Chicago and Wisconsin Universities. Several other challenges have been received, but none of them have as yet been acted upon. The candidates are only waiting for the snow to disappear, when they will begin earnest practice.

—The bazaar for the benefit of the Carroll Hall Athletic Association took place in Washington Hall on Thursday afternoon, Feb. 14. Every third number drew a prize. The interest in the drawing all centred in the last number, which was to draw the Columbia bicycle. The last number taken out of the box was 70, held by J. E. Hayes, a student of Carroll Hall. A large sum was realized by the Association, which will be used to defray the expenses for their field-day.

—Since Mr. Keough has departed for home the captaincy of the Varsity Football Team for '95 devolves upon Mr. Sidney Corby who played end on last year's team. Judging from Mr. Corby's excellent work on the field last fall, there is no doubt that he will make an efficient captain. Captain Corby expects to put the candidates for next year's team through a light course of training this spring. During the session two or three good punters have entered the University, and, as we will need a new full-back next year, all of them will be tried.

—A dramatic stock company will soon be formed. The membership will be limited to twelve, and only those who show signs of real dramatic talent will be admitted. Plays will be given every month or oftener; special attention will be devoted to light comedy. An adaptation of Sheridan's "Rivals" or Bulwer Lytton's "Richelieu" is spoken of for the first performance, which will take place in March. It is intended that this organization shall be a permanent one, and with this view the initial dozen will choose, at the close of the year, the members who will make up the body for next season.

—THE NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC has a paper on Robert Louis Stevenson, by Daniel P. Murphy, '95; one on "A Canadian University," by J. D. McGee; "Professor Herman L. F. Helmholtz," by Hugh C. Mitchell, '95; "The Poems of Sidney Lanier," by Thomas B. Reilly, '97; "Varsity Verse," "Current Humor," "A Little Bunch of Roses," by M. James Ney, '97, and other good things. This little weekly is always welcome. The selections from poets of whom it often treats are exquisite and varied. Sidney Lanier is well treated, but not with one word more praise than he deserves.—*The Catholic Standard* (Philadelphia).

The fact that contributors to the SCHOLASTIC have the editors of the *Standard* among their readers is encouraging.

—On Saturday evening, February 16, the Law Debating Society held its regular meeting in the Law room, Colonel Hoynes presiding. After a few preliminary remarks made by the chairman the society proceeded to the programme of the evening, which consisted of a debate on the question: "Resolved, That it is impracticable for Congress to pass the bill now pending concerning the incorporation of the Nicaragua Canal Company." Owing to the absence of Mr. Galen a volunteer was called to take his place on the affirmative side. Messrs. H. Miller and Brown spoke for the affirmative, and Messrs. Halligan and Anson for the negative. The debate proved to be very interesting, both sides advancing strong and effective arguments. At the close, the chairman congratulated the participants on their exhaustive review of the subject. The debate was then decided in favor of the negative.

—A company of our best elocutionists and musicians entertained the St. Cecilians with a select programme last Thursday evening. The company was under the direction of Mr. Frank Hennessy. The evening was passed very pleasantly. The different parts of the programme were exceedingly well rendered. Mr. Thomas D. Mott introduced each member of the company, and his remarks were pointed with wit and full of good things; his opening speech was a gem. It would be useless to characterize the performance of each number of the programme; the gentlemen whose names appear below are too well known to need mention. It will be sufficient to say that nothing better of this kind has been heard at Notre Dame for a long time. The orchestra was composed of Messrs. Vignos, Schmidt, Jones, Chidester, Hennessy, Quimby and Ryan. Great praise is due the Rev. Mr. Donohue and Mr. Hennessy by whose efforts the following programme was made possible:

March—"Washington Post".....Orchestra  
Remarks—"The Occasion".....T. D. Mott  
Song—"Mrs. Clancy's Daughter".....F. D. Hennessy  
Recitation—"The Moor's Revenge".....J. Mott  
Waltz—"Sorin Hall".....F. Hennessy, '94  
Orchestra  
Scene—"Revenge at Last," Messrs. Hennessy and Ryan  
Flute Solo—"Elegante Polka".....O. Schmidt  
Song—"A Boy's Best Friend is his Mother," E. F. Jones  
Recitation—"My Uncle".....J. Devanney  
Guitar Solo—"Battle of Sebastapol".....E. F. Jones  
Song and Chorus—"My Irene"—Messrs. L. Gibson,  
Hennessy, Johnson, and Dempsey.  
Ocarina Solo—"The Cuckoo".....S. Quimby  
March—"Hoynes Light Guards".....Orchestra  
Closing Remarks—The Rev. Mr. Donohue.

### Roll of Honor.

#### SORIN HALL.

Messrs. Barrett, Barton, Burns, Casey, Cullinan, Dempsey, Devanney, Eyanson, Funke, Gallagher, Hervey, Hudson, Kennedy, Marr, J. Mott, T. Mott, James McKee,

John McKee, D. Murphy, J. Murphy, Murray, McManus, Marmon, Oliver, Pritchard, Pulskamp, Quinlan, J. Ryan, M. Ryan, Shannon, Stace,\* Vignos, Walker.

#### BROWNSON HALL.

Messrs. Arce, Atherton, Arnold, Ainsworth, Alber, Adler, Anson, Barry, Baird, J. Brown Boland, J. Byrne, W. J. Burke, W. P. Burke, Brinker, Brennan, Bennett, Britz, R. Browne, Corry, Coyne, Coleman, Corby, Crane, Chassaing, P. Campbell, Costello, A. Campbell, Crilly, Chase, Cullen, Davis, Dowd, Delaney, Daley, Dillon, Eymer, Follen, Fagan, Falvey, Fitzsimmons, Fera, Gilpin, Gibson, Gilmartin, Golden, Galen, Guthrie, Henry, Herman, A. Hanhauser, Halligan, G. Hanhauser, Harrison, Howley, Hierholzer, J. J. Hogan, Hesse, J. T. Hogan, Hentges, Hengen, Howell, Hennebry, Hennessy, Hinde, Jones, Kegler, Kortas, I. Kaul, F. Kaul, E. Kaul, Kinsella, Karasynski, Landa, Lassig, Landsdowne, Mathewson, Murphy, R. Miller, S. Moore, Medley, Mulrone, Monarch, Mapother, Moxley, J. Miller, Montague, H. A. Miller, J. Monahan, R. Monahan B. J. Monahan, Melter, H. A. Miller, B. L. Monahan, C. Miller, McHugh, McKee, McGinnis, A. McCord, McCarty, McGreevey, McGurk, Ney, Neely, O'Mally, Oldshue, Palmer, Pulskamp, Piquette, Pearce, Quimby, Reardon, Rowan, Ryan, Rosenthal, H. Roper, E. Roper, Schulte, Sheehan, Smith, F. Smogor, Schultz, S. Steele, C. Steele, Stack, Sullivan, C. Smogor, Spalding, Schmidt, Sanders, Sweet, Thornton, Turner, Tinnen, G. Wilson, H. Wilson, P. White, S. White, Weaver, Ward, Wilkin, Wensinger, Wiss, F. Wagner, Wellington, C. Wagner, Zeitler.

#### CARROLL HALL.

Messrs. Austin, Adler, Arnold, Bloomfield, Ball, Bartlet, J. Barry, Burns, R. Barry, Benz, Browne, Cottin, 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, Fox, Girsch, J. Goldstein, T. Goldstein, Gimbel, Gausepohl, Goldsmith, Gainer, Howard, J. Hayes, A. Hayes, L. Healy, W. Healy, Harding, Hoban, Herrera, Hagerty, E. Herr, L. Herr, Hagen, Jones, Keeffe, G. Kasper, A. Kasper, P. Kuntz, Konzon, Krug, Kirk, Lichtenwalter, Lantry, Langley, Leonard, Lowery, Lane, W. Morris, Maternes, Monarch, Monahan, Moran, Miller, Maurer, C. Murray, Minnigerode, Meirs, F. Morris, R. Murray, McShane, McCarthy, McPhillips, McKenzie, McCarrick, McGinley, S. McDonald, G. McDonald, D. Naughton, Nevius, T. Naughton, O'Mara, O'Brien, Pendleton, Powell, Pim, Rocky, Reuss, Rauch, Roesing, Rasche, Shipp, Sachsel, Speake, Sheils, Spillard, Stuhlfauth, P. Smith, Shillington, Sullivan, Schaack, Strong, Scott, F. Smith, Sheeky, Steiner, Thompson, H. Taylor, F. Taylor, Tong, Tuohy, Thatman, Temple, Thalman, Underwood, Ward, Wallace, Watterson, Waters, Wigg, Wells, Weidmann, Zitter, Zwickel.

#### ST. EDWARD'S HALL.

Masters Allyn, L. Abrahams, G. Abrahams, Audibert, Barrett, Bump, Brinckerhoff, Bullene, Breslin, P. Boyton, N. Bovton, Brissanden, Curry, Campau, Cressy, Clarke, J. Coquillard, A. Coquillard, Cassidy, Collins, F. Caruthers, J. Caruthers, Corcoran, Cotter, Catchpole, E. Dugas, G. Dugas, Dalton, Durand, Devine, Egan, Elliott, Finnerty, Fitzgerald, Ford, Goff, Graham, L. Garrity, M. Garrity, R. Hess, F. Hess, Hershey, Hart, Hawkins, M. Jonquet, J. Jonquet, F. Kelly, C. Kelly, Kasper, Kopf, Lawton, Leach, Lovell, Welch, Morehouse, McIntyre, E. McCarthy, G. McCarthy, McElroy, R. McCarthy, McCorry, McNamara, Noonan, B. Nye, C. Nye, Newman, Paul, W. Pollitz, H. Pollitz, Plunkett, E. Quertimont, G. Quertimont, L. Rasche, D. Rasche, Swan, Spillard, Strauss, Sontag, Sexton,\* Steele, Thompson, G. Van Dyke, F. Van Dyke, Waite, Weidmann.

\* Omitted by mistake last week.