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Three Seasons.

LIFE flutters her wings when the leaves are budding  
And streams are flooding the meadows bare;  
Dame Nature from her soft sleep awaking  
Is weaving and making her garments fair.

Love tunes the heart when the roses are blooming  
And earth is assuming an aspect gay;  
The pulses of youth are wildly beating,  
While the hours are fleeting on wings away.

Death reigns supreme when the flowers are dying  
And winds are sighing, mournful and drear;  
Dead leaves from the sapless boughs are falling  
And Time is calling another year.

W. P. B.

Science and Human Progress.

M. J. E.

The century in which we live has been one of especial progress. The field of man's knowledge has become broader and broader. Physically, intellectually and morally he ranks high above the ancients. Discovery after discovery has been made, and revolution after revolution of ideas has removed most of the false and fantastic notions of bygone times, and we stand to-day in the most enlightened age which the world has ever seen. Egypt, Assyria and Babylonia, Greece and Rome had their civilizations. But, marvellous as these may appear, viewed through the long vista of intervening ages, they are as naught compared with our own. The light which illumined and guided the ancients in their forward march

was but the dawn of that greater light which was coming upon the world, and which now sheds its rays over the thinking minds of the nineteenth century. And what is this great light? What is this *lumen magnum* to which humanity owes so much? Is it art? Is it science? Is it religion? No; but it is the union of the three, forming a perfect and noble trinity. Side by side with religion and art, science has labored assiduously for the welfare of mankind. It has been ever at work and has delved deeper and deeper into the secrets of nature, discovering facts and revealing principles, so that we may well wonder where its labors are to end. And of these facts, and of these principles, we are the heirs. They have been accumulating for centuries, and it is from them that all our modern improvements spring.

To appreciate the physical aids which science has rendered to mankind, we have but to look about us, and compare our condition and our mode of living with those of past ages. Applied science has filled the world with comforts and conveniences, with ways and means in every walk of life. The land has become a network of railroads; and journeys which once necessitated weeks and months of hardship and fatigue have become matters of days and hours, with all the luxuries of modern parlor and sleeping cars. The sea, once considered a barrier over which none dared pass, has lost almost all its terrors, and we find it ploughed continually by giant steamships, carrying back and forth their burdens of travelling humanity.

What shall we say of the telegraph, of messages which encircle the globe with the speed

of the lightning, and nowhere find an obstacle? Of the telephone on land and of the cable under the sea? What could we do without them? And yet, sixty years ago they were unknown. The camera, the sewing machine, the electric light, the telescope, the microscope, the spectroscope, the type-writer, the bicycle, and a thousand and one other inventions might be mentioned which have become so much a part of our daily life that it is difficult to imagine a world without them.

But, it is sometimes maintained, these inventions have been made by men with a practical turn of mind, and science has nothing at all to do with them. This is, indeed, a serious mistake. All inventions are merely the applications of scientific principles and physical laws to practical purposes. The revelation of these principles and of these laws is the result of years of patient, toilsome research. Where would our inventions be without them? A few of the simpler ones might be chanced upon without scientific knowledge, but their very existence would give rise to further inquiry. Abstract discovery is simply the foundation upon which applied science rests. Man cannot create; he can only form and combine the things which God has given to him. In all his advances he only copies after nature. Hence, the more he knows about nature, the more improvements will he be able to make.

Sometimes, indeed, the inventor has not the least idea of the principle upon which his machine rests. But would it not be better for him if he possessed a deeper knowledge, that he might conquer more of the difficulties which beset his path? No invention is ever perfect at its birth. It must be examined and studied in every particular, and changes must constantly be made. Here is just where scientific knowledge is of the most avail. At the beginning of the seventeenth century, the telescope was discovered in Belgium by a mere accident. Galileo, hearing by rumor of an optical instrument which magnified distant objects and brought the image nearer to the observer, applied himself for a short time to a study of the laws of refraction. As a result, he invented the telescope independently; and his science made it possible for him to perfect his instrument far above the one existing in Belgium. By the following year he had made so many improvements that he was enabled to discover the sun spots, the satellites of Jupiter

and many other facts of astronomy. It took many years for the instrument to reach a similar standard of perfection in the Netherlands.

The beautiful dyes, which play so important a part in the arts, are due to science. Some, such as carmine and the Tyrian purple, are obtained directly from natural sources, but the vast majority are produced through chemistry. In lustre and purity of tone the aniline colors surpass all others. Chemistry has also given to the world the principle of ventilation, primarily through the discovery of the element oxygen. In chloroform, ether and other anæsthetics lies the secret of the great advance made in surgery in recent years. Many of the delicate and painful operations, which may now be so skilfully performed, would be entirely impossible if the patient were conscious of all the torture under the surgeon's knife. Pharmacy and metallurgy are but branches of the one great trunk. But for chemistry the future has much more in store. So great is the faith of M. Bertholet, the eminent French chemist, in his favorite pursuit that he says: "A great proportion of our staple foods which we now obtain by natural growth will be manufactured direct, through the advance of synthetic chemistry, from the constituent elements—carbon, hydrogen, oxygen and nitrogen." . . . "I do not say," he continues, "that we shall give you artificial beefsteaks at once, nor do I say that we shall ever give you the beefsteak as we now obtain and cook it. We shall give you the same identical food, however, chemically, digestively and nutritiously speaking."

In the realms of the natural sciences we find equal cause for admiration. Much attention has been paid of late years to zoölogy. The microscope has revealed a world of little creatures hitherto unknown. Many of these are the friends, many the enemies, of mankind. And these smaller members of the animal kingdom are demanding much special attention and observation. Many of them are the causes of disease in man, animals or plants. Hence a knowledge of their ways and habits is of the utmost importance. The liverfluke, for instance, is the cause of that disease in sheep known as "rot." It has even entered into the system of man and has often caused death. The *trichina* of pork and its effects are well known. Again, the disease commonly called "itch," is due to the presence of a small

animal known as the "mite," under the epidermis. Others, such as the plant lice, are among the greatest pests of the agriculturist.

It is necessary that the ravages of these destroyers be stopped. Yet how can anything be accomplished without a perfect knowledge of the adversary? How useful it would be to the farmer, the nurseryman, the florist, to have a scientific acquaintance with these pests, that they might be able to battle successfully with them when they appear. Our agricultural colleges have taken a step in the right direction, but much is still to be accomplished. Many of these little beings are injurious in other ways. Linnæus, the botanist, was applied to by the Swedish government for a remedy against a minute member of the beetle family, which bored its way into the lumber in the ship yards. In this way it destroyed much valuable property. Linnæus found, from observation, that this particular beetle deposited its eggs during May. Hence he advised that the lumber be submerged during that month. This was done, and the government was freed from a great annual loss. In France, too, a disease became epidemic in 1853 among the silkworms, and spread so rapidly as to threaten the extinction of the industry. No remedy that was devised seemed able to stop the ravages of the disease. France was threatened with financial ruin. Pasteur finally took up the case. After a careful study of the silkworm he located the disorder and prescribed the remedy which made him the savior of his country.

In the domain of botany we find a similar state of affairs. Here the fungi are the chief offenders. Corn smut, the potato rot, the grape mildew, and the ergot of rye are familiar examples of fungi injurious to vegetation. Inimical to animals and to man himself is that important class of organisms, the bacteria. These have been found to be the cause of all contagious diseases. A peculiar interest is therefore attached to them. They are attracting all the attention of the leading physicians of Europe, many of whom are devoting their lives to the study of bacteria. All eyes are centred upon them. Every now and then the world rings with acclamations at some new discovery. Often, indeed, the report is a false or exaggerated one; yet the fact serves to prove how much confidence is placed in the researches of these great men. Bacte-

riology is still in its infancy, but its future is bright and promising.

Great strides have also been made in physiology and anatomy. In fact, modern science has made the welfare of man's body its special care. And while science has ministered so faithfully to the material man, she has not been neglectful of the higher, the spiritual element. She has increased the horizon of human knowledge, and the human intellect has expanded to keep pace with her. Enlightenment is the spirit of the age. The cloud which has so long hovered over the masses has for centuries past been slowly lifting, and soon the light of civilization will have pierced the darkest corners of the globe. The quaint old theories regarding the formation of the universe, many imposing and highly poetical, others ridiculous in the extreme, have been laid aside. The time of the alchemist, seeking in vain for his philosopher's stone, has passed away. Witchcraft is no more. Instead, the lamp of science burns brightly, reflected in the higher condition and increased intelligence of the masses.

As a training for the mind of the young there is no better specific than a course of scientific study. It aids the memory; it cultivates the powers of observation; it teaches abstraction, generalization, analysis, and encourages a habit of inductive reasoning. It makes man more careful, more exact, more thorough. It does not detract from his appreciation of the beauties of nature. On the contrary, it heightens the effect of these beauties. Some of our latter-day poets, and literary men in general, are continually scoffing at the *dryness* of science. But these are invariably such as have taken but shallow draughts at the Pierian spring, have never been initiated into the true secrets of Nature. Tennyson and Goethe never disdained to ask the aid of science in the imagery of their compositions; why should lesser lights trample it beneath their feet?

In conclusion, let us ask what has religion to fear from the advance of science? It should certainly have nothing to fear. Truth is truth and cannot involve contradiction. Whether it be given to us by the divine light of revelation, or whether it be slowly obtained from nature by the scientist, it must be the same. Religion should be anxious—and *true* religion is anxious—for the promotion of that which con-

firms what she has taught for ages past, and which shall strengthen more than ever the faith of her devoted children. The greatest scientists were all men of strong religious persuasions. How could they be otherwise? They, perhaps more than all others, know the weakness of man, and have been permitted a glimpse of the omnipotence of that unseen Being who is God. The deeper man looks into the physical world about him, the nearer he comes to the Author of that world. And the time may soon come, in fact, must soon come, when a perfect harmony shall be established between the Bible and Science, when to understand the one will be to know the other. Science and religion shall form but one being, of which science shall form the body, religion the soul. What a glory is this for science; for religion what a triumph!

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A Summer in Europe.

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BY A. B.

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X.—HERE AND THERE IN ROME.

"If I dream for two hours by the banks of the Tiber," wrote Balzac, "I am wiser than if I studied for a week"; and a very brief sojourn in the Eternal City suffices to make the statement quite intelligible. An observation equally just, perhaps, is that the visitor to Rome sees more, or, better, *feels* more, in a day than he can describe in a month.

Vividly to realize the profound truth underlying the old dictum that "we live in deeds, not years; in thoughts, not breaths," I have only to contrast the myriad impressions, sensations, ideas, fancies, and associations that constitute my memories of Rome with the limited number of days actually spent in the city and its vicinage. The former seem so preposterously disproportioned to the latter, that even the indisputable evidence of my diary hardly convinces me that I did not linger by the Tiber for months instead of days.

There may be some little exaggeration in Sir Walter's assertion:

"One crowded hour of glorious life  
Is worth an age without a name;"

but I am strongly disposed to aver that

One crowded week of glorious Rome  
Is worth a score of months at home.

That phrase 'at home' suggests one of the Eternal City's greatest attractions, at least for the tourist who is a Catholic. Beneath the shadow of St. Peter's dome, and within the immediate circle of the influence radiating from the Vatican, the genuinely Catholic heart experiences a delightful sense of grateful repose, of satisfied longings, of tranquil happiness never felt in any other foreign city. Here, pre-eminently, the Catholic is at home:

It matters little that the city's physiognomy shows strange and novel features, or that the converse of its busy streets is carried on in the accents of an unknown tongue; the soul breathes an atmosphere to which from infancy it has been acclimated, and refuses to consider itself an alien in this inner shrine of Mother Church's home. Despite all the surface-modifications wrought by European politicians in general and Italian usurpers in particular, Rome is still the city of the Holy Father; and within its hallowed precincts Catholics, come they even from the uttermost confines of Christendom, discover congenial life and home-like joys.

It is necessarily otherwise with the Protestant tourist. True, the inexhaustible treasury of Roman art may delight his æsthetic sense; the historic scenes and world-famed monuments that everywhere attract his gaze may gratify his eager curiosity and afford a pleasure transient or enduring, according as his culture is superficial or profound; but he is radically impotent to appreciate Rome's highest charm, is absolutely tone-deaf to her sweetest melodies. He views this most Catholic of cities as a stranger and an alien. The Rome of to-day is to him merely the capital of United Italy, and a capital distinctly inferior, from a nineteenth century point of view, to many another that he has seen. If it appeals to his spiritual sense at all, it is rather to elicit regret at the permanence inherent in a faith he deems erroneous, than to evoke the Catholic's joy at the glorious triumph of the religion which he proudly claims as his own.

While visiting Genoa, I became acquainted with a party of charming American tourists, *en route* like myself for the Eternal City. It was a family party, consisting of father, mother and a son just entering upon vigorous manhood. They were Presbyterians, if I remember well; in any case, Protestants. I met them again, a few hours after my arrival in Rome, met them

near the high altar under the dome of St. Peter's. And how I pitied them for their lack of faith!

In their expression could be read an amazed admiration of the wondrous edifice, an artistic appreciation of the dome's majestic proportions and of the mosaic and golden treasures with which it is resplendent; but that was all. One looked in vain for that softened radiance with which spiritual comprehension of mighty religious monuments illumines the most commonplace countenances, or for that glance of mingled reverence and exultation which distinguishes the loyal child of Mother Church in this, her greatest earthly shrine. St. Peter's spoke to their eyes only; had I been blind, my joy would still have been intense.

A week in Rome and its environs is a period altogether inadequate for even the merest glance at the multitude of monuments, ancient and modern, that one would willingly admire at leisure and visit time and time again. Yet when one has determined beforehand just what monuments he most desires to see, and enjoys the privilege of being intelligently guided by a Roman friend, he may acquire at least a speaking acquaintance with the more prominent marvels that are gathered within the circuit of the seven hills. He can certainly visit those scenes and temples which his reading or his faith has invested with paramount interest; can devote some little time to those productions of the brush and chisel which the world acclaims as masterpieces; can, at the very least, store his mind with ideas, his memory with pictures, and his soul with emotions that he would be exceedingly loath to barter or to lose.

What I most eagerly longed to see in the Eternal City was the successor of St. Peter, Christ's earthly Vicar, Leo XIII. How that longing was gratified, and how highly the favor of an audience with the Holy Father was appreciated, my readers already know; hence of that I need not write.

Next in order of importance to St. Peter's successor came St. Peter's basilica, the grandest temple ever reared by mortal hands to the glory of the Creator. To attempt its description would be a presumptuous task for any one who had not studied its details for months, and an absolutely hopeless one for the writer. In any case, the most elaborate description would prove of very little utility in helping the reader to form an idea of the grandeur and

magnificence which characterize this incomparable edifice, this peerless monarch of Christian churches. No mere statement of measurements and dimension, no enumeration, however exact, of the successive art-marvels that challenge the visitor's admiration from the time he enters the vast, cathedral-like portico until, having traversed the full length of the anterior nave, he stands beneath the prodigious dome swelling gloriously aloft four hundred feet above the variegated marble pavement, can convey to those who have not seen the world's greatest basilica even an approximate conception of its surpassing majesty.

A less presumptuous and a far easier task is it to bear testimony to the impression produced by a visit thereto. And no Catholic traveller will be likely to deny that his contemplation of this marvellous structure thrilled him with a sense of the sublime never before experienced, hushed his spirit into a feeling of silent awe profounder than that evoked by nature in her most solemn aspects, and, withal, flooded his soul with a rapturous joy surely akin to that of the beatified on their entrance into Heaven. To see St. Peter's is to acquire new ideas of man's genius and devotion, to exult with additional fervor in the glories of the Christian faith, and to realize as never before the indestructibility of the one, true Church.

To leave St. Peter's without ascending the dome would be to deprive oneself of perhaps the most interesting view commanded by any one spot in the whole world. Where else indeed are crowded together within one's field of vision so many historic scenes and immortal structures and suggestive ruins as in this illustrious region spread out before us! There are the "yellow Tiber" renowned in song and story, the wide Campagna made desolate even in its verdure by its fallen arches and broken aqueducts, the distant peaks of the Appenines and the nearer summits of the Alban Mountains and Sabine Hills, the Janiculum where St. Peter was crucified, the Appian Way, narrow as it was when trodden by the legionaries twenty centuries ago, the palaces of the Cæsars, the Pantheon, Capitol, Forum, Coliseum, Baths, with countless other vestiges of pagan Rome, and the four hundred and more magnificent churches of its Christian rival and successor.

What reminiscences of historical studies and books read long ago throng upon us as we shift



our glance from point to point of the varied panorama, and how easily Fancy peoples these scenes with the forms and functions of bygone centuries! How vividly, for instance, we can picture the gorgeous pageantry of a Roman triumph\* out there on the Via Appia, discern the conquering general and the vanquished monarchs, the golden and ivory chariots, the mail-clad legionaries and purple-robed patricians, and see all

"The long, victorious pomp  
Wind down the Sacred Way,  
And through the bellowing Forum,  
And round the Suppliants' Grove,  
Up to the everlasting gates  
Of Capitoline Jove."

From St. Peter's to the Coliseum the transition is natural and easy rather than violent or abrupt. If the former is the Church's Thabor, the latter may well be styled her Calvary. The two immense buildings, one complete and perfect even to the most minute detail, the other maimed and mutilated, yet still gigantic, colossal, and grand even in its hoary ruins, form the pictures which will probably endure the longest in our memory of all the prodigies of art that we have seen in the Eternal City.

This Flavian amphitheatre, as the Coliseum was called from the first century, when it was completed under Titus, until the eighth, is easily the most imposing of the world's ruins, and to a Catholic, one of the most impressive as well. Built in the form of an ellipse whose major and minor axes are six hundred and fifteen and five hundred and ten feet, its outer circumference measures five hundred and seventy-six yards. The walls of travertine marble rise (where they are entire) in four stories, separated by large projecting cornices, to a height of one hundred and fifty-six feet. Only about one-third of the stupendous structure remains at present; but it is hard to believe that those massive walls will ever crumble into dust. One can readily understand, while gazing on these gigantic ruins, the origin of that eighth-century proverb:

"While stands the Coliseum, Rome shall stand,  
When falls the Coliseum, Rome shall fall,  
And when Rome falls, with it shall fall the world!"

Not with the colossal encircling walls, however, nor with the vestiges of the tiers of seats whereon eighty-seven thousand spectators were wont to install themselves, is the modern Christian mainly preoccupied on his first visit to this vastest theatre the world has ever known. It

is the arena that chiefly engrosses his attention, the arena where seventy thousand of Christ's chosen soldiers cheerfully embraced the martyr's doom, and blessed God, the while, for awarding them so glorious a triumph. One treads reverently on such consecrated ground; it almost seems as if, at every footstep, a purple jet of martyrs' blood should spurt up from the saturated soil. Ah! stately walls of the Coliseum, proud relics of all that was mighty and magnificent in the haughtiest of earthly empires, your shadows fall on relics a thousand times prouder and more glorious still; for every particle of earth in the arena you enclose is sacred dust recalling the noble army of Christian heroes who upheld the faith of the Nazarene in despite of Cæsars and their pagan hosts!

An interesting detail not usually given in accounts of the Coliseum is the name of its builder. For centuries it was unknown what architect had displayed the unparalleled genius manifested in the mammoth amphitheatre; but excavations in the catacomb of St. Agnes at length revealed the secret. On a common tomb was found an inscription containing the name of "Gaudentius, builder of the Coliseum." Further than that he was a Christian, and that he suffered martyrdom within the walls designed by his own genius, nothing is known of his history.

A page or two back, I said that one sees more in Rome in a day than he can describe in a month; and I am finding the saying truer than even I had supposed it. Here I am nearing the end of my allotted space without having mentioned as yet a tithe of the famous monuments which none who visit Rome can well dispense themselves from visiting. The Forum, the Capitol, the Tarpeian Rock, the Arches of Titus and Constantine, the Thermæ, the Pyramid of Cestius, the obelisks and columns and statues, the temples and palaces and groves and gardens,—at none of these can we afford to stop for even a passing comment.

Then the fifteen or twenty of the more notable churches which one must visit in self-defence, supposing even that he has no taste for the art-splendors of which they form the shrines. How can one do more than mention the grand basilicas of St. John of the Lateran, St. Paul's Outside the Walls, and St. Mary's the Major, or St. Peter in Chains (where one sees Michael Angelo's *Moses*, the masterpiece of sculpture), the Gesu, the Pantheon, the Minerve, and a dozen others, each of which might worthily

claim a description longer than this whole paper.

Yet one portion of my visit to the Lateran must be accorded a few separate lines, my ascent of the *Scala Santa*. This stairway, or flight of twenty-eight marble steps, figured originally in the palace of Pilate in Jerusalem, and was transported to Rome by order of St. Helena. Up and down these steps went Jesus Christ in the awful days of His Passion, and the marble is still discolored here and there by the sacred drops of His Precious Blood. Well may we ascend the staircase on our knees, and reverently kiss those darkened stains that once glowed crimson on the polished white! Well may the heart swell with emotion and the eyes fill with tears, for a holier pilgrimage we may scarcely make than this o'er the very way the God-Man trod when He turned from Pilate to be crucified on Calvary!

Of the treasures and wonders of the Vatican, the frescoes in the Sistine Chapel, the *Stanze* of Raphael, and the miles of galleries lined with all that is choicest and superb in painting and sculpture, what more can be said than that it is a glorious storehouse of accumulated beauty where one floats through a dream of fairest forms and most delicate colors, and where the soul is entranced by an endless vision of surpassing grace and bewitching loveliness. An endless vision? No; for, alas, to the Vatican, as to St. Peter's, and to Rome itself, I must, however reluctantly, bid a long farewell.

To "The Graduates' Cake."

WHITE as the snows which the spring-time has banished,  
Light as the willow-down floating in air,  
Fragrant as lilacs, when April has vanished,  
Daintily fashioned with provident care.

Swathed in pink tissue and fresh from the fingers,  
Of cooks who know all about chemistry, too,  
How the Staff shouted—the memory lingers!—  
When Adam tripped up to the "sanctum" with you!

Just for a moment our hearts leaped with gladness—  
Just for a moment—then happiness fled.  
Shattered our dream and our joy turned to sadness,  
Countless and burning the tears that we've shed.

One hasty glance at the card 'neath the tissue  
Told us 'twas not for "old Ninety-five's" sake  
You were created; and, frankly, we wish you  
Would say by what right you're "The Graduates'  
Cake."

X C V.

The Tragedies of Corneille.

HUGH C. MITCHELL, '95.

It is universally conceded that the Italian is the most musical of languages, but the French claims not only music, but beauty, also, and expressiveness of phrase as its characteristics, so that it can very appropriately be called the language of poets. Everything, even the most common expression, is pleasant to the ear if put into French; but when beautiful thoughts are given exquisite form by such an artist as Corneille or Racine, can we help pausing to admire, and exclaim: "There is a poet! one of Heaven's favored!"

Longfellow gave us many beautiful and striking similes; he was a master poet. Yet see what an almost insignificant French poet can produce; look at these lines of Bernadin de Saint-Pierre:

"Comme un dernière rayon,  
Comme un dernière zephyr,  
Anime le fin d'un beau jour,  
Au pied de l'échafaud je vais ma lyre encore  
Peutetre est-ce bientôt mon tour."

This simplicity and harmony reminds us of our own great poet; but Corneille's work as far surpassed that of Saint-Pierre as does his fame rise above that of this eighteenth century poet.

Pierre Corneille, the first of France's great poets, was born at Rouen in the *Rue de la Fie* on June 6, 1606; and as the time of Chaucer is the epoch from which we date the existence of our literature, so with Corneille commenced the reign of the muses in France. In 1629, when but twenty-three years of age, Corneille put his first play on the stage. This play, "Mélite," attracted very little attention being made up of plots, scenes and characters so very commonplace that even the strictest realists fail, now, to appreciate it. Warned by the fate which this first attempt met, he went to the other extreme, and in 1632 published a tragedy which, for perilous adventures, desperate fights, daring plots and most improbable conceptions, is without a peer, even in this age of paper-backed novels and novelettes.

In 1636 appeared "Le Combat du Cid," the first real tragedy given to the French. Whilst this tragedy made him immensely popular, there were many envious of his success, who did all in their power to throw him into disfavor, but his name was made and their railings

affected naught. Such men as Scudéri and Mairêt, who had risen as high as their genius would bear them, loath to see a new man pass them in the climb to fame, brought against him such charges as plagiarism, false versification and utter neglect of all the rules of tragedy. From these charges he was fully vindicated by the ablest critics of the time, who all united in their praise of Corneille's genius and art. "Le Combat du Cid" has very justly been placed on the list of great national epics, and, though it was written by a Frenchman for the French, its subject, its scenes, and its treatment are so essentially Spanish that it may be called the epic of Spain. "Le Combat" is a moral struggle which takes place within the soul of the Cid, but the physical contests or jousts, so characteristic of ancient chivalry, are by no means neglected. The plot is simple—the Cid, Don Rodriguez kills, in a duel, the Count d'Ormas; and the count's daughter, Chlimène, thus deprived of her natural protector, petitions the king either to force the Cid to marry her or to punish him. Pleading her case, Chlimène says:

"Je suis jeune, il est vrai,  
Mais aux âmes bien nées,  
La valeur n'a tombe pas  
Les nombres des années."

The passage describing the combat in the heart of the Cid between first love and duty hardly surpasses this one treating of the passions and struggles awakened in Chlimène's breast by her father's untimely murder, and the whole constitutes one of the most tragical (if, indeed, it be not *the* most tragical) contributions to literature. Having made such a success of his first tragedy, Corneille next wrote, "Le Conjuré de Cinna," which, as a whole, was even more tragical than its predecessor. It takes for its theme the conspiracy of Cinna against the life of Augustus, and abounds in fine passages. One, Cinna's description to Amelia—his lady-love—of his speech to, and its effects upon, his fellow-conspirators is particularly exciting. He says:

"And at the name of Cæsar, Emperor, Augustus,  
You should have seen them, for their eyes blazed up with  
fury,  
And even in that moment, by effects contrary,  
Their faces paled with horror and with anger reddened."

"Cinna" was followed by "Polyencte" which was to dispute with it claims to the title of Corneille's *chef-d'œuvre*. Critics are undecided as to which of these tragedies belongs this

honor, but are inclined to prefer "Polyencte." In it the poet pictures, in a manner defying word-description, Christian heroism and martyrdom. The parts of Pauline and Lévère surpass anything else of the kind in literature.

In 1662, Corneille published "La Toison d'Or" or "The Golden Fleece," which was but a dramatized rendering of the old Grecian myth. A year latter appeared "Sertorius" which is one of his greatest tragedies; in it we find traces of the pen of the author of "Cinna." Corneille, in his preface to it, says: "Do not search in this tragedy for the great things which render poems of this nature theatrical successes; you will not find here the tenderness of love, nor the transports of passion, nor pompous descriptions, nor pathetic narrations." It depended for success upon the dignity of the names of some of its illustrious characters, upon the grandeur of their interests and upon the novelty of some of its personages. He does not keep the stage continually covered with gorgeous costumes, and as far as impressive ceremonies and the like are concerned, he is exceedingly simple. Thus, in "Sertorius," there appear but nine characters, only two of whom are females, which two were introduced in order to make the plot of the play conform more nearly to the facts of history.

Another year passed by and "Sophonisbe" appeared. The plot was by no means new or even unfamiliar, having been taken from a play by Mairêt, a fact to which Corneille alludes when he says: "This piece has convinced me that nothing is more toilsome than putting on the stage a plot which has already succeeded there." As in the case with the preceding play, "Sophonisbe" is marked by its external simplicity and its historical foundation, but its passages are more imposing and more tragical. I quote one in the final scene of Act I. Syphax, King of Numidia, says to Sophonisbe, the daughter of Asdrubal:

"N'en parlons plus, madame, adieu, pensez à moi  
Et je saurai pour vous vaincre, ou mourir en roi!"

In "Othon," which came after "Sophonisbe," Corneille made a tragedy which much resembled the others. In it he put some of his strongest and most beautiful, yet simplest, lines. Witness these four verses taken from Othon's speech to Albini:

"Je les voyais tous trois, se hâter sous un maître  
Qui chargé d'un long âge a peu de tems à l'être  
Et tous trois à l'envi s'empresser ardemment  
A qui dévorerait ce règne d'un moment."



Its plot, as is its predecessor's, is Roman; the scene being laid in Rome, at the imperial palace during the reign of the emperor Galba. Its characters are taken from the nobility, Othon being a senator. Unlike "Sertorius," it does not exclude the tenderness of love nor impassioned discourses. In fact it is a *tragédie d'amour*, for Othon is in love with Plautine, the Consul's daughter, a love which meets with the success indicated by the words of Plautine in her last speech to him:

"Press not a trouble that augments itself,  
You see my duty and you know my faith,  
In this vile state dost thou not answer for me?  
Adieu, Seigneur!"

Plautine was but another Portia, strong-minded and resolute, yet gentle and loving.

About 1660 Corneille's power began to desert him. It is true that from the beginning, sandwiched in, as it were, between his great tragedies, were verses and comedies to which many a minor poet would have been ashamed to affix his name. This peculiarity of producing very poor and then very good poetry was cleverly explained by one critic who said: "Corneille has a familiar who inspires him to write the most beautiful lines; but sometimes this familiar leaves him to shift for himself and then he fares very badly, indeed." "Pulchérie" (1672) and "Suréna" (1674) were acknowledged failures even by his most faithful and hopeful admirers. Even Boileau, who always had a good word for the poet, was silent; he was not surprised, for when "L'Agésilas" and "L'Attila" appeared, he knew that Corneille's decline had commenced; that in a short time he would reach the bottom. Corneille was very much affected by a stinging quatrain of Boileau's who is acknowledged as one of France's ablest critics. This quatrain,—

"Après 'l'Agésilas'  
Hélas!  
Mais après 'l'Attila.'  
Holla!"

caused the poet to go into retirement for a few years and resolve to write no more, but at the earnest solicitation of some friends he broke this resolution, but produced no more noteworthy works. He died in 1684, almost penniless, the acknowledged master of French poetry, and when Boileau was asked about the great men of that period, he replied: "I know but three—Corneille, Racine and myself."

"Excess of physical exercise diminishes the power to think."

#### Books and Magazines.

—The *American Catholic Quarterly Review* for the present quarter claims that "it is without a rival in the United States, and that, for twenty years, it has been doing a work specially its own." That this assertion is well founded may easily be seen by a glance at the table of contents of the present number, and a careful perusal of one or more of the articles themselves. Every contribution is of solid interest.

"The Correlation of Order and Jurisdiction," by A. F. Marshall, is a learned contribution to the Catholic side of the question concerning the validity of Anglican Orders—a question now agitating a numerous class in the Church of England. In an able paper on "The Vicar-General," Rev. Dr. Peries, of the Catholic University, treats of the historical evolution and the nature of that important ecclesiastical office. Rev. Charles Coupé, S. J., in "Indifferentism," attacks the spirit of this age, which, he says, "is a spirit of lawless liberalism in religion." Father Coupé's thesis is that indifferentism degrades Christianity and leads to paganism; that it degrades God and leads to atheism. Dr. Richard H. Clarke's, article "Maryland or Rhode Island—Which Was First?" proves, we think, conclusively, that Maryland was the first of the old thirteen colonies to build the commonwealth on the basis of religious liberty. Mr. Wilfrid C. Robinson contrasts the chief glories of the pontificate of Leo XIII. with the many infamies of the Italian government during the same period. His paper is entitled "Italy's Reconciliation with the Holy See." To lovers of the old classics and especially to the numerous admirers of the poet of Sabine fame, Rev. H. T. Henry's review, "Gladstone's Horace," will be peculiarly interesting. Father Henry writes with the skill of a master of the technical side of Latin and English verse, and with the enthusiasm of a lover of the soul of poetry. The latest encyclical of the Holy Father to the American bishops is given in Latin and English, and forms the basis of a commentary by Mgr. Schroeder. "Indian Bibliographies," by Richard R. Elliott; "Quid Mihi et Tibi, Mulier?" by Rev. A. E. Breen, D. D., and the Scientific Chronicle, by Rev. T. J. A. Freeman, S. J., complete this number, which, for varied interest, is one of the best we have ever seen.

# NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.

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—The Jubilee number of the SCHOLASTIC is fortunate in having the privilege of presenting to the public one of the most admirable and hopeful studies, yet written, of the democratic element in the world. It has been commended by competent authority as having "the strength of De Maistre, the style of Pascal and the insight of Lincoln." It is called "The Dawn of the Twentieth Century." Read it.

—Among the students in the *atelier* of the famous painter, Gérôme, is one who has a special interest for the readers of the SCHOLASTIC. This is Judson Emil Paradis, a graduate of our University and the art editor of the Staff of '91. Five of his pictures have been accepted by the Committee of the *Salon*. He is already on the road to success, and his master, Gérôme, is very proud of him.

—Last year we called attention to a work on the Columbian Exposition, and took occasion to deny that it came from Notre Dame. We have heard again that the agents who sell it declare that its publication is sanctioned by the Faculty of the University. Nay, they go farther in their efforts to foist it upon the public by declaring that it is sold to pay off the

debts of Notre Dame. Now, the Faculty has never approved the work, and Notre Dame has no debts to pay. If she had she would seek more legitimate means for settling them. The only connection between the University and the work in question was the slightest: the publishers requested permission to reproduce the series of Columbian pictures which decorate the walls of our main corridor. This was graciously accorded them, and now, to dispose of the book, they are misrepresenting the University. We warn the public against them.

—The Committee in charge of the celebration in June could not have hit upon a happier souvenir of the Jubilee than the medal which they have had struck by Wright of Philadelphia. It is of bronze, simple, almost plain, in design, and a type itself, in its massiveness and unpretentiousness, of the Notre Dame of to-day. It is no easy task to describe it, for the SCHOLASTIC has had little to do with souvenir medals, and amateurs in numismatics rarely fail to make mistakes. There are two bars to the medal, joined by a broad ribbon of the college Gold and Blue, and bearing the beginning of the inscription, "NOSTRÆ DOMINÆ AUR. IUB." Pendent from the lower and narrower of the bars hangs the medal itself, a massy disk of bronze larger and heavier than a silver dollar. In the central field of the obverse is figured, in moderately high relief, the main University building, while the legend, "UNIVERSITATE FELICITER CONDITA, MDCCCXLIV," fills the raised margin. The reverse of the medal bears, within a wreath of oak and laurel, the rest of the motto, "QUINQUAGES. ANN. COLLEGI. CONFIRMALMA MATER RITE CELEBRABAT, MDCCCXCIV." The medal is a beautiful piece of work; every line and angle is as sharp and clear-cut as though retouched by hand; and the dull red brown of the bronze and the brighter gold and blue of the ribbon make a very effective contrast. It will be, of course, the souvenir of the Golden Jubilee; and as there will surely be a run on them at Commencement, students would do well to secure their medals at once. The price is merely nominal, and only a limited number of the medals has been struck. The first consignment has been received at the Students' Office and mail orders from the Alumni and "old boys" will be carefully attended to.

## Imported Fads.

It is a strange thing that in a great, cosmopolitan country like the United States, where representatives of all other nations are mingled together, and interchange views on subjects of political and social import, that we should be so greatly influenced in our social life by one other country, as we certainly are by England.

It may be urged that good judgment is shown in watching the doings of another nation and profiting by its example, but unfortunately this excuse is overthrown by the fact, that, instead of copying the good qualities we are rather inclined to ape the foolish and worthless ones.

Take, for instance, the *fads*. Every fad that ever existed in America was imported from England. The Prince of Wales in a moment of absent-mindedness forgets to fasten the lower button of his waistcoat; news of this is wafted over the sea, by some evil wind, and in a short while half the men of New York go about with the lower button of the waistcoat unfastened; in the meanwhile the distinguished prince is likely to have fastened his up again. It is the same with regard to the turning up of the trousers; while that craze was still at its height in this country, the London men had grown tired of it, and were again wearing their trousers in the normal position.

Fads in themselves are perhaps harmless, and, if new and original, we might put up with them; but when they are imported, second-handed things, they become unbearable.

Granting that fads are necessary to our social institutions, why not get some that have originality about them? When the Prince of Wales unfastens his lower button, let us unfasten the top one; and when the London fop parts his hair in the middle let the New York dude make his part immediately over the right ear. This copying the English modes is utterly useless; we certainly have as many, if not more, clever men in the United States as they have in England, and consequently are far from driven to ape the good, much less the bad, characteristics of that rather priggish people.

Much worse than the affecting of their fads and fashions is our subservience to English taste in current literature. Let a novel by a British author become popular in England and the American public will seize upon and devour it, while perhaps some American book of more worth goes unnoticed.

We may hope, however, that a change is coming, especially since we have learned that "Trilby" is not popular in England, and that the Americans have actually chosen one book to run wild over without waiting for England's opinion of it. Let us hope that this is the beginning of the end, and that with the new century, America will establish its independence more completely, and rely entirely on its own ingenuity and boundless resources.

S. S.

## The Silver Debate.

The first public debate of the Law class took place in Washington Hall, last Saturday morning, at ten o'clock. It was the much-mooted currency question that was chosen for discussion, and those who went to the Hall with the expectation of having the question settled came away unsatisfied; for both sides acquitted themselves so ably, were so persuasive and so skilful in making good their own defence, even while they were on the offensive, that a decision in favor of either affirmative or negative would be sure to bring forth a storm of protests. The entertainment began with Ferrazzi's overture, "The Golden Wand," which was rendered in splendid style by the University Orchestra.

The question for debate, as announced by Col. Hoynes, Dean of the Law Department, who prefaced it with a few thoughtful words on its importance to the country at large, was: "Resolved: that considerations of public welfare imperatively demand the passage of a law restoring silver to its former status in our currency, and providing for its free and unlimited coinage at the ratio of 16 to 1." There were four speakers, Messrs. R. T. Miller and D. P. Murphy for the affirmative, and F. P. McManus and J. F. Kennedy for the negative. Mr. Miller opened the debate for the affirmative and Mr. Murphy had, of course, the closing speech of the debate. On the whole, it showed careful thought and preparation on the part of the contestants, and an ability to grasp the essentials of the question. We will make no attempt to analyze and compare the methods of the four speakers, preferring to give a brief synopsis of the address of each man, as he delivered it.

MR. MILLER:

The outflow of gold from this country to satisfy debts owed to European capitalists has greatly decreased the amount of money in

circulation. A contraction of the currency increases its purchasing power and decreases the price of commodities and labor. A falling market increases the burdens of the debtor and enriches the creditor. The cessation of silver coinage and adoption of the single gold standard aggravated the existing stringency, which culminated in the panic of 1893. Monometallism decreased the basis for credits more than one half, and converted silver into a redeemable credit money. Eminent geologists state that the present gold mines are rapidly failing and limit the possible gold-field discoveries to Central Africa alone. The supply of gold is unequal to the demand for it. Even with a reasonable balance of trade in favor of the United States, the present outflow of gold exceeds the entire production of the mines and what is received from all foreign nations, \$51,000,000 per annum. Under present conditions, our redemption money will soon disappear and leave our credit money without a basis.

A restoration of silver to its former place in our monetary system, would make a basis or foundation sufficient to support our credit money with safety; and the uniform volume of currency could be more easily maintained, with an accompanying safety in business ventures. The ratio of the production of silver and gold of the entire world is 18 to 1, which makes the coinage ratio of 16 to 1 safe, natural and beyond the possibility of the amount coined exceeding the demands of increasing population. The parity of the two metals was maintained without difficulty prior to the passage of discriminating laws against silver, and the removal of these laws will restore it to its former value. Monometallism is growing in disfavor in Europe, and the principal nations, including England, favor an international conference, the purpose of which shall be the adoption of a bimetallic standard.

\* \* \*

MR. McMANUS:

The legal ratio which silver bears to gold in America is sixteen to one, that is, the value of sixteen ounces of silver is the same as of one ounce of gold. If this were also the relative market value between the two metals there would be no question about the free coinage of silver and gold. But the trouble is, that one ounce of gold is worth more than sixteen ounces of silver. It requires in the markets of the world to-day, by the very lowest quotations, twenty-two ounces of silver to buy one ounce of gold. Yet, these silver

men request Congress to pass a law that silver bullion in any form, when presented by the holder, may be coined into silver dollars at the above ratio, and made legal tender for all purposes and debts, public and private. In other words, like a bankrupt, we are called upon to pay \$100 to get \$67. Such a law would bring us to the single silver standard as soon as it would be put into fair operation. All financial men know that when free coinage is authorized, our silver dollar here and abroad will be worth only its intrinsic value. They know what a credit this great United States has built up. Back of her silver coinage is the credit of the country, the promise to redeem these coins in gold. When free coinage of silver comes, the promise of this great nation, with its credit unsurpassed anywhere in the world, will be withdrawn, and our silver dollar will become worth simply its intrinsic value. Europe wants gold; its ambition is to have a monetary system in which silver shall have no legal tender power, in which it will serve only as a divisional coin, and America alone cannot maintain silver on an equal footing with gold.

\* \* \*

MR. KENNEDY:

The money standard must possess fixity of value as well as intrinsic value. The attempted use of gold and silver upon the same plane of equality has always failed, for the reason that each metal is a commodity, and therefore subject to the laws of supply and demand. Trade's influence upon the two kinds of money gave rise to the economic law by which the cheaper money drove from circulation the dearer, and an alternate standard was the result. This law gave silver to the United States from 1792 to 1834, as from the latter date it gave gold down to 1873 when gold was made the legal standard, and the free coinage of silver suspended. The production of silver has become so great that it has ceased to be a safe standard, as it has no fixity of value. Increase in the volume of currency does not make prosperity, for no nation needs more circulating medium than is necessary to perform its money work. Decline in the prices of certain commodities can be accounted for by the use of inventions. The disuse of silver has not caused a fall in the standard of wages. Scarcity of gold does justify a change of standards, as its production is greater to-day than ever before.

The free coinage of silver at the ratio of 16 to 1 means silver monometallism. Legislation

cannot give value to any coin other than the law of trade gives it. With silver as the standard, gold is driven out and contraction of the currency results. Panic follows. All obligations and forms of indebtedness, not specifically payable in gold, besides bank deposits and trust funds will shrink one half in value, and bankruptcy will ensue. The silver standard will not bring greater prosperity, for we all buy and sell, and the price of labor is the slowest to rise. Therefore the proposed change bodes disaster of all kinds, for it strikes at justice, honesty and morality, destroying the very principles of our government.

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MR. MURPHY:

The demonetizers of silver have been guilty of a crime of the gravest character. A contraction in our currency must be the result of demonetization, and the consequences of this contraction are terrible in the extreme. It increases by fifty per cent. the fortunes of the wealthy and the debts of the poor, while it decreases in a corresponding ratio the means of paying borrowed money. Ninety-five per cent. of our trade is carried on upon the credit system. In 1890 we had \$1,000,000,000 worth of specie, so our debt must have been \$19,000,000,000. The silver demonetizers have cut down our currency; do they think this action will cause an increase of confidence among our business men? We need more money. We cannot have too much of it. It always seeks some use. It competes with itself, and business prosperity is the result. In order to keep the trade of the South American states and Eastern countries, we must have silver. The voice of experience declares that we can maintain the ratio of 16 to 1. We did it from 1792 to 1873, and this was the most prosperous period our country ever knew. We need not fear that we shall become the dumping ground of the world's silver. A little study will soon show that the owners of silver would lose money should they attempt to send it here when we have the highest ratio in the world, and they do not want to lose money. We have not enough of gold to supply us with money. Its production is constantly decreasing and its use in the arts increasing. Cheap silver is the result of our legislation; our legislation was not the result of cheap silver, and if silver were restored to its old, and rightful, place by law, we would hear no more of "hard times," "the stringency in the money market" and the other evils that monometallism has brought upon our country.

#### Exchanges.

*The University of Chicago Weekly* contains a very well written sketch of "Snell House," the only hall for undergraduates at the University. The paper is illustrated by photo-engravings of the members of the "house" and of their past and present "heads." The remainder of the issue is mainly devoted to purely local items.

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*The Purple* is still maintaining its high standard. It announces a Greek play at Holy Cross College, founded on the famous homily of St. John Chrysostom on the disgrace of Eutropius. If we are not in error, this is the first Greek play to be presented by a Catholic college in the East. Notre Dame presented the "Œdipus Tyrannus" in 1883. The verse, both Latin and English, is of a superior quality. The anecdote of the "Cerulean Pup" is most amusing.

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*The Le Conteulx Leader* is as interesting as ever, and cannot fail to please its many readers. It represents a good cause, a cause that appeals to the warmest sympathies of the human heart—the education of those deprived of the faculties of speech and hearing.

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*The Holcad* has commenced a series of articles by the members of the faculty on the work of their respective departments. The president and the professor of chemistry contribute the first papers. Both contributions are illustrated. The enterprise of the editors of *The Holcad* is most commendable.

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*The Working Boy* issues a "Jubilee Number" in honor of the Golden Jubilee of Archbishop Williams. Some very fine illustrations of the principal ecclesiastical buildings of Boston are presented, together with a beautiful colored portrait of the archbishop. The reading-matter is, as usual, excellent.

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*The Record* of St. John's University opens this month with a handsome full-page portrait of Bishop Shanley, of Jamestown, N. D. Two very good articles are "The Nature of Inorganic Bodies" and "The Christian Scholar." To our mind the arrangement of the "Quarterly Notes," materially mars the typographical appearance of *The Record*.



### Personals.

—George N. Gerner, student '91-'92, paid a flying visit to his friends at the University on Tuesday.

—Last Saturday afternoon, several distinguished visitors, among them Drs. Moulton and Butler, of the University of Chicago, guests of the University Extension Centre of South Bend, came out to see us. They were all very much pleased with the progress made by Notre Dame.

—The Rev. D. Kiely, of Salt Lake, Utah, accompanied by his brother, the Reverend R. Kiely, of Deniliquin, New South Wales, Australia, were guests of the Faculty on Monday last. Their visit was highly appreciated, and it is hoped that on their return from the Old Country they will make a more extended call.

—The Rev. D. O. Crowley, of San Francisco, visited Notre Dame, last Monday. He is on his way to Europe with Archbishop Riordan, and their trip will prevent both from attending the Jubilee exercises at Commencement. The Archbishop passed through South Bend Tuesday afternoon and found Fathers Corby and Morrissey at the station to bid him God-speed. He promises to spend three or four days at his *Alma Mater* on his return.

—Dr. Harper, President of the University of Chicago, accompanied by Dr. Shepardson, Professor of History, guests of the Honorable and Mrs. Frederic Fish of South Bend, visited the University Sunday afternoon. They were surprised at the magnitude of this institution, and expressed their pleasure at everything they saw. Dr. Harper regrets that, on account of engagements, he will not be able to attend the Jubilee. He will, however, send a representative.

### Local Items.

—The triple competitions will be held soon.

—The second series of essays are due in the 1st Grammar classes on May 24th.

—The Crescent Club gave a banquet and a dance, Saturday. Both were delightful.

—LOST: A gold pen and pencil combined. Finder will please return to Henry E. Taylor.

—Last Thursday morning the Band practised in the open air. They ought to come out oftener.

—We notice many disappointed faces among the Carrollites, since they are not able to enjoy swimming.

—The Physics class has commenced the study of Optics which will occupy it till the end of the year.

—The cool nights have necessitated placing covers on the flowers on the lawn and in St. Edward's Park.

—Nearly all the higher classes have begun the reviews for examination, which will be held June 7, 8 and 10.

—LOST: A bone-handled, four-bladed, Rogers' knife. Finder will please leave at the Students' Office.

—All of the musical organizations of the University are hard at work practising for Commencement.

—The recent rains have caused a perceptible rise in the lakes. The watermark is now two inches higher than last week.

—During the past week the members of the Criticism Class have been reading and discussing the great odes.

—The Carrolls took advantage of the cool weather last Sunday evening, and enjoyed a pleasant walk to the "bridge."

—The Literature Class during the week just past have been giving its attention to the writing of notes and short speeches.

—FOUND: A pearl-handled knife. Owner may have same by calling at No. 60, Sorin Hall, and describing his property.

—After their game here, Illinois went up to Ann Arbor and were beaten by a score of 11 to 2. They made only one hit off of Sexton.

—The Manual Labor ball team played a close game with the Anti-Specials on the 12th. The score was 7 to 9 in favor of the latter.

—Signor Carlos, the "bugologist," is getting to be a regular fiend for hunting bugs and insects of all kinds. He has a large collection.

—Brother Valerian acknowledges with thanks the receipt of 15,000 cancelled stamps from Father Johannes of St. Mary's Church, South Bend.

—A youth who claims to be "exquisite" will not go a bathing in the lake because the fish have been there before him. He wants clear water.

—The football captain for next year does not seem to be doing his duty. All the other colleges have their men out for spring practice. Why not here?

—The game that was to be played with the Indiana Club team of South Bend fell through on account of some slight misunderstanding regarding the terms.

—LOST: A gold sleeve link, oval in shape, satin-finished surface, with a narrow beading running around the margin. Finder please leave at the Student's Office.

—Last week the Belles-Lettres Class listened to lectures on Coventry Patmore and his odes. The members of the class are working on material for the Jubilee number of the SCHOLASTIC.

—The Carrolls are somewhat "sore" after

their defeat of the 12th, but they are determined to turn the tables on the 26th inst., when they intend to meet the High School team again.

—We miss the familiar face of the Carroll "gym" faculty. All desire his speedy recovery. He hails from the town of canes and crutches, and, to identify himself with his burg, made himself a martyr and a cripple.

—The secretaries of the different societies—literary, musical, athletic, etc.—are requested to hand to the Prefect of Studies, by next Wednesday, a complete list of officers of their organization, with the number of members for publication in the catalogue.

—Owing to the cold spell last week the boat crew had to give up a great deal of their regular practice, but now they have resumed it and are fast getting into trim. Judging from the exhibitions they give on the lake every day we cannot but prophesy first class regattas for Commencement.

—The Specials of Carroll Hall defeated a picked nine from Sorin Hall last Thursday. The score was 12 to 10. Farley was in the box for the Carrolls, while Arthur Funke pitched for the Sorin men. P. Kuntz took Ducey's position in right-field. The game was interesting in spite of errors.

—The new Community House is the busiest part of Notre Dame. From sunrise until the shadows lengthen across the campus, the work goes merrily on, preparing the ninety odd rooms for the Jubilee guests. The painters have finished and the furniture will be put in place some time next week.

—The privates of Co. A are all trying hard for the medal, which is to be given to the best-drilled private on Commencement day. The following young men have drills to their credit: C. H. Atherton, 3; S. Quimby, 1; F. L. Scott, 5; E. Gilmartin, 4; M. Landsdown, 4; S. Shultz, 3; W. Ward, 4; A. Rowan, 1.

—The following are the subjects assigned for the essays in competition for the Meehan English Medal. "Horace in English Dress," "Brownson as a Publicist," "The Poems of George H. Miles," "Literary Fashions," "Pre-Raphaelism and the Romantic Movement," "The Great Lyric Poets," "The Modern Essay," and "The Characteristics of Oliver Wendell Holmes."

—Music Hall will have a new curtain for the stage at Commencement. Two well known scenic artists of Chicago are engaged upon it. They are also at work on a box scene representing an interior. This has been a much needed piece of property. A brass railing will enclose the space reserved for the orchestra. After the Jubilee exercises are over, a store house for scenery will be built. The managers will have little trouble next year in staging plays.

—During the first part of the week the ball team did not have much of a chance to practice

on account of the rough weather. As a result the men were not in very good condition for a game last Thursday so Manager Chassaing cancelled the date. The boys are hard at it again as they will play the Wisconsin team next Monday. It will undoubtedly be a hard game, for Wisconsin has been well coached by Fred Pfeffer, the National League second-baseman.

—The University Stock Company has been actively engaged rehearsing for its first public appearance as a company. The date has been set for Tuesday, May 28. A play in two acts and a curtain raiser, neither of which has been seen at Notre Dame, together with selections by the Orchestra will make up the entertainment. It promises to be the best of the year. Everybody should attend. If you miss this treat you will have something to regret. The proceeds will be devoted to defraying the expenses of the Athletic Association. Tickets will be out soon.

—*Das Kind*, the many-sided, has been quiet for more than a fortnight, and his friends begin to fear that he will degenerate, before vacation rouses him from his lethargy, into just an ordinary mortal. He is devoted to art, study and spare moments, and the plaintive, "co-ax, co-ax," of the frogs falls upon deaf ears. He made one half-hearted sally into the camp of his ancient foes, the emerald amphibians, and came back with only a half dozen scalps at his belt. Then the blood of the finny denizens of the lakes ran cold for a week, until an offer from the "Shorties" tempted him from the slaughter. After ten days of fame and flannels and short-sleeved shirts he went back to art, and now his familiars are waiting, in suspense, to see whether his newest picture will be Whistler, a Corot or a Meissonier.

—Several meetings of the Athletic Association have been held during the past week, but nothing of importance was done, except the discussing of the financial condition of the Association. Meetings were also held in Sorin Hall to devise ways and means of helping the ball team along, and several committees were appointed to look after Sorin Hall interests. One committee was appointed to find a new college yell. This is a good move, as we have not had one common yell yet. We should discard all the old yells and have only one, instead of half a dozen. The result of the committee's deliberations will be published in the SCHOLASTIC as soon as it makes a report. We would suggest that Brownson Hall appoint a like committee, and that the two jointly select a yell or invent one. We want no parodies on the yells of other colleges, but a cheer that will be all our own. It ought to be reasonably long and should be given quickly. Can't we get it into shape for Monday's game?

—The "Never-Sweats" have annihilated their foes. No more will our local ball-tossers sneer

at this band of athletes. At their chariot wheels are dragged some of the best men that ever faced a pitcher. Their latest victory over Druecker's nine made solid their claim to pre-eminence in Carroll hall, the Specials of the hall being afraid to meet them. They came near losing their name by this latest effort. Despite the chilly weather, big beads of perspiration were seen on the warriors' brows when they retired from the field covered with the dust and glory of 21 runs. Their opponents could show only 8 after a hard afternoon's work. The chief features of the game were the coaching of the "Never-get-up-but-die-in-the-dusts" and the stealing of bases by outsiders.

—Some children of Brownson Hall, who could not write English fit to be published in the SCHOLASTIC, have been issuing, in manuscript form, their lame witticisms and insulting fooleries. As long as they confine themselves to butchering the language not a word was said. Children must have their way and infants cannot be arraigned before the bar of public opinion, even by critics. But since they have become bolder, and have vented their spleen on unoffending members of the Hall, it is time to call a halt. The mean and insulting utterances of the editors of these contemptible sheets deserve severe reprehension. No one who lays claim to manliness would allow his name to be connected with the papers in question. This note was not written by the reporter of Brownson Hall, but by the "Local" editor, who will be pleased to further explain his remarks to the offenders.

—The invitations sent out by the University for the Golden Jubilee celebration are exquisite productions of the engraver's art. They will be treasured as souvenirs of a memorable occasion. The invitation page shows in the upper corner the well remembered scene of the "Founding of Notre Dame." Surrounded by Indians is Father Sorin, our late lamented Founder, with six Brothers, and in the background is the little log chapel which was built by the pioneer-priest, Father Badin, on the banks of St. Mary's lake. The first college building, the whitewashed structure still stands, and is now used as the home of the farm hands. Beneath these is Notre Dame as she exists at present with her numerous buildings and beautiful surroundings. In the lower left-hand corner are the University colors and its seal. The whole picture is discernible through a veil which is drawn aside to represent the University of to-day. The invitation, in gold ink, is printed across the face. On the third page is found the programme of exercises. A special elegantly worded invitation in Latin was sent to the members of the hierarchy of the Church in this country and Canada. It is printed in gold ink. The invitation has been pronounced the most elaborate production of its kind ever seen.

### Roll of Honor.

#### SORIN HALL.

Messrs. Barrett, Burns, Cullinan, Davis, Eyanson, Funke, Gibson, Hervey, Hudson, Kennedy, Mitchell, Marr, J. Mott, E. McKee, McManus, J. Murphy, Murray, Oliver, Pritchard, Pulskamp, Quinlan, Stace.

#### BROWNSON HALL.

Messrs. Arce, Atherton, Ainsworth, Alber, Anson, Barry, Baird, Boland, J. Byrne, W. J. Burke, W. P. Burke, Brinker, Britz, R. Browne, Corry, Coleman, Cunnane, Crane, Costello, A. Campbell, Cullen, J. Cavanagh, Dowd, Delanev, Daley, Davila, Dillon, Eymmer, Follen, Fagan, Fera, Foulks, Gilpin, Gibson, Gilmartin, Golden, Guthrie, Henry, Herman, A. Hanhauser, Halligan, Hierholzer, J. J. Hogan, Hesse, Hengen, Hennebry, Jones, Johnson,\* Kortas, I. Kaul, F. Kaul, Kinsella, Karasynski, Landa, Lawlor, Laßig, Mathewson, Murphy, S. Moore, Medley, Mulroney, Monarch, Mapother, Moxley, Masters, J. Monahan, R. Monahan, B. J. Monahan, Melter, B. L. Monahan, C. Miller, McHugh, McGinnis, A. McCord, McGreevey, McGurk, Ney, O'Mally, O'Brien, Oldshue, Palmer, Pulskamp, Quimby, Reardon, Rowan, R. Ryan, E. Roper, M. Ryan, Spengler, Schulte, F. Smoger, Sheehan, Schultz, C. Steele, S. Steele, C. Smoger, Sullivan, Spalding, Streicher, Schmidt, Turner, G. Wilson, H. Wilson, P. White, Weaver, Ward, Wilkin, Wiss, F. Wagner Wellington.

#### CARROLL HALL.

Messrs. Austin, Adler, Arnold, Bloomfield, Ball, J. Barry, Burns, R. Barry, Benz, Browne, Cottin, Corry, Clune, Connor, J. Corby, J. A. Corby, Cypher, Cullen, Dannemiller, Druecker, Dalton, Davezac, Erhart, Flynn, Forbing, Farley, Fennessey, Franey, Foley, Feltenstein, Fox, Girsch, J. Goldstein, T. Goldstein, Gimbel, Gausepohl, Gainer, Goldsmith, Howard, J. Hayes, W. Healy, Harding, Hoban, Herrera, Hagerty, E. Heer, L. Heer, A. Kasper, G. Kasper, P. Kuntz, J. Kuntz, Konzon, Krug, Long, Lantry, Leonard, Lowery, Lane, W. Morris, Moss, Maternes, Monarch, Monahan, Moran, Miller, Massey, C. Murray, Minnigerode, Miers, F. Morris, R. Murray, McShane, McCarthy, McPhillips, McPhee, McCarrick, McGinley, D. Naughton, T. Naughton, O'Mara, O'Brien, Pendleton, Pim, Powell, Quandt, Rockey, Reuss, Rauch, Roesing, Rasche, Sachsels, Speake, Sheils, Spillard, Stuhlfauth, P. Smith, Shillington, Sheeky, Sullivan, Stearns, Schaack, Strong, Thompson, H. Taylor, Tong, Tatman, Tuohy, Temple, Whitehead, Ward, Wallace, Watterson, Wigg, Wells, Weidmann, Zitter.

#### ST. EDWARD'S HALL.

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

\* Omitted by mistake last week.

