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True Friends.

TRUE friends are rare as diamonds in the sand,
Or gold that hides beneath the silent deep,
Far from the miser's soul-engrossing heap.
When sadness or dire illness thins the hand,
Or age advances like a fearful band
Of robbers, whose sole law it were to steep
Their blades in blood of those who dare to keep
Their own, a friend's a treasure to command.

Cherish them wisely, for existence fails
Alas! too soon, and death divides true friends;
But here, or yonder 'mid the shining stars,
Love them as well, for friendship still avails
To gain kind intercession, till ascends
A soul unblemished to the golden bars.

JAMES BARRY.

A Study in Dante.

AUSTIN O'MALLEY, PH. D.

Dante Alighieri was born in May, 1265, in Florence, at a time when Italy contained within its boundaries much of all that the world had of greatness or learning. He died at Ravenna on the Feast of the uplifting of the Holy Cross, September 14, 1321, in his fifty-seventh year. His family was of the Florentine nobility, and moderately wealthy. While he was a child he met a certain Beatrice Portinari, a girl of his own age and rank, who enters as a very important character in the great poem. His love for her was earnest enough, but idealized, especially in his latter years, after the manner of mediæval chivalry. She married Simon de' Bardi, and died in 1290, in her early youth. Dante himself married Gemma dei Donati in

1293. She was of the powerful Florentine house, the Donati.

From the beginning of the thirteenth century two parties, the Guelfs and the Ghibellines, kept Florence and the greater part of Tuscany and Lombardy in continual turmoil. The German Emperor took up the quarrel of the Ghibellines, and the adherents of the Pope sided with the Guelfs. Dante was by birth a Guelf, but after his banishment from Florence he became a Ghibelline; he never, however, degenerated into a mere partisan.

In 1300 he was chosen in the annual election as one of the six priors to govern Florence. During his administration a new outbreak of the Guelf-Ghibelline contest occurred, and Charles of Valois entered Italy to proclaim peace in the name of the Pope. The Florentines sent Dante and others to Rome to Boniface VIII. to protest against French interference, and during his absence on this mission Dante's enemies seized the government; his property was confiscated, and a decree was promulgated which condemned him to death by fire. Thus Dante was banished from Florence, the "*bello ovile dov' io dormii agnello*," never to return. He saw that there was to be no home for him on earth,—

"Thou shalt relinquish everything of thee
Beloved most dearly; this that arrow is
Shot from the bow of exile first of all;
And thou shalt prove how salt a savor hath
The bread of others, and how hard a path
To climb and to descend the stranger's stairs."*

During twenty-one bitter years of wandering he bent the whole force of his superhuman intellect to the task of composing the Divine Comedy, "the most remarkable of all modern

* Inferno, x, 85.

books," as Carlyle with good reason calls it; and he compressed the entire mediæval world, material and spiritual, into his wonderful poem. With the words of the Prophet Isaiah in his mind, "I said in the midst of my days I shall go to the gates of hell,"* Dante begins the *Commedia*. He was thirty-five years of age then, at the midway of life. Hell, according to his notion thereof, is a funnel-shaped abyss, reaching from the crust to the centre of the earth; and it was formed when Lucifer and his followers crushed into our planet after they were hurled from Paradise. It consists of a succession of gulfs, or terraces, called circles, which grow narrower as they descend. Leigh Hunt† tells us that commentators calculate the uppermost diameter of the abyss to be three hundred and fifteen miles; and the lowermost, one quarter of a mile.

Dante distinguishes between sins of human frailty and sins of malice. The first are punished in the upper, the latter in the lower hell. Sins of malice, moreover, are committed by force or fraud; and since sins of fraud are greater than sins of violence, because they proceed from abuse of the intellect, man's highest gift, they are punished in the third, or lowest, division of the Inferno. Again, since treachery is the most heinous kind of fraud, this crime is atoned for in the uttermost depth of hell,—in the frozen lake, which is thus chilled because it is so far removed from the fire of God's charity. The poem opens with these words:

"In the midway of this our mortal life,
I found me in a gloomy wood astray,
Gone from the path direct: and e'en to tell
It were no easy task, how savage wild
That forest, how robust and rough its growth,
Which to remember only, my dismay
Renews, in bitterness not far from death."

On the night of Holy Thursday in the year 1300 he entered the gloomy wood; and, after anxious wandering, he reached the foot of a mountain on Good Friday, at "matin dawn in the sweet spring season." The mountain top was flooded with sunlight. Gladly Dante began the ascent of the slope, when lo! a panther sprang into the pathway. He did not greatly fear the panther; but straightway a lion, hunger-mad, came against him, and after it a ravening she-wolf. Thus step by step, he was driven back toward the terrible wood. Then the spirit of the poet Virgil appeared to him,

and delivered him from the lion and the she-wolf. Virgil offered himself as Dante's guide through hell and purgatory, up to that point where Beatrice, who had sent the Latin poet on this mission, would herself come to lead Dante through Paradise. Virgil told him also that our Blessed Lady and St. Lucy were keeping special watch over him. Dante was thus encouraged to go forward.

The allegory so far means that the Florentine poet is the representative of the human race seeking to ascend the mountain to God, but he is driven back by the panther, the lion, and the she-wolf; which symbolize the concupiscence of the flesh, the pride of life, and the concupiscence of the eyes. The care of Our Lady means that through Mary we should go to God; St. Lucy symbolizes supernatural light; Beatrice is grace, and Virgil is nature and natural science.

On Good Friday, when the day was departing and the air was imbrowned with shadows, Dante and Virgil reached the gate of hell. Over the portals' lofty arch were graven the words:

"Through me the way is to the city dolent;
Through me the way is to eternal dole;
Through me the way among the people lost.
Justice incited my sublime Creator;
Created me Divine Omnipotence,
The highest Wisdom and the primal Love.
Before me there were no created things,
Only eterne, and I eternal last.
All hope abandon, ye who enter in."*

The canto of which these are the first words "begins in the original," as Longfellow remarked, "with a repetition of sounds like the tolling of a funeral bell—*dolente . . . dolore!*" They passed within the gates,—"*Qui vi sospiri, pianti ed alti guai.*"

"Here sighs, with lamentations and loud moans
Resounded through the air pierced by no star,
That e'en I wept at entering. Various tongues,
Accents of anger, voices deep and hoarse,
With hands together smote that swelled the sounds,
Made up a tumult, that forever whirls
Round through that air with solid darkness stained
Like to the sand that in the whirlwind flies."†

Yet these were not the souls of the utterly wicked. They were those who had lived without praise or blame,—the lukewarm, thinking only of themselves; cowards, indifferent. With them were the faint-hearted angels who fought neither for God nor against Him in the war with Satan.

"... This the sect was of the caitiff wretches,
Hateful to God and to His enemies.

* Isaiah, xxxviii, 10.

† "Stories from the Italian Poets."

* Longfellow's translation.

† Cary's translation.

These miscreants, who never were alive,
Were naked, and were stung exceedingly
By gadflies and by hornets that were there.
These did their faces irrigate with blood,
Which with their tears commingled."

Among these souls, so numerous that Dante never thought Death so many had undone, and who forever rushed on after a whirling, restless flag, the two poets saw

"the shade of him
Who made through cowardice the great refusal."

This is generally believed to be Pope St. Celestine V., who abdicated the Papal power in 1294. When the *Commedia* was written Celestine was not yet canonized, and the supernatural motive of the abdication was not known. He renounced the pontificate, which he felt was beyond his power; and he had a right to do so. His disinterestedness is praised by Petrarch as the act rather of an angel than of a man. Speaking of this place in the *Inferno*, Carlyle says of Dante himself:

"His scorn, his grief are as transcendent as his love; as, indeed, what are they but the inverse or converse of his love? *A Dio spiacenti ed à nemici sui*—'Hateful to God and to the enemies of God': lofty scorn, inappeasable, silent reprobation and aversion; '*non ragionan di lor*,' we will not speak of *them*: look only and pass. Or think of this: 'They have not the hope to die,'—*Non hanno speranza di morte!* One day it had risen sternly benign on the scathed heart of Dante that he, wretched, never resting, worn as he was, would full surely *die*; that destiny itself could not doom him not to die. Such words are in the man."

Going forward, the poets reached the shore of the great flood Acheron; and there a multitude, which could not be told in numbers, was waiting on the bank. Then, coming swiftly in a boat they saw a man, "hoary with the hair of ild," crying:

"Woe unto you, ye souls depraved!
Hope nevermore to look upon the heavens;
I come to lead you to the other shore,
To the eternal shades in heat and frost!"

Then to Dante he shouted: "Get thee away from the dead, thou who standest there, live spirit!"

"Vex thee not, Charon," Virgil answered; "he hath leave to go on, beyond thy power to question."

"But all those souls who weary were and naked,
Their color changed and gnashed their teeth together
As soon as they had heard those cruel words."

They blasphemed God and their parents, the humankind and the hour of birth; and all the

while they were driven on, by a fear that became a desire, toward the banks of the dreadful flood.

The demon Charon gathered them together, striking the laggards pitilessly with his heavy oar. One by one they dropped into his boat, like leaves from a bough in autumn till all the bough is bare. Then came a terrible earthquake, and a whirlwind swept up through this land of tears, and over all was the scarlet glare of lightning. Thereat Dante lost consciousness for terror, and during his swoon he was swept over the flood. A crash of thunder broke his lethargy, and he found that he was upon the brink of an abysmal gulf, from which came up the gathered thunders of infinite wailings. He could see nothing down it, for the black, smoky clouds.

"Let us descend now into the blind world,"
Began the poet, pallid utterly."

Dante made answer: "If even thou fearest, what is to become of me?"

"It is pity, not fear," replied Virgil, "that makes me change color."

With these words his guide led Dante down into the First Circle, the Limbo of the unbaptized,—the border-land, as the name denotes. They moved through "a forest of thick-crowded ghosts," of men, women, and children. There were no lamentations in this place, but a world of sighs that made tremble the eternal air; for the souls lived in sorrowing desire without hope.

Here, in a noble, seven-walled castle on a radiant hill, dwelt spirits of great dignity, apart from the rest. They were thus favored because of their honorable names upon earth. This was also Virgil's dwelling. As they approached the hill, Dante saw four mighty shades, grave of countenance, advancing toward them. Virgil said:

"Him with the falchion in his hand behold,
Who comes before even as their lord.
That one is Homer, poet sovereign;
He who comes next is Horace the satirist;
The third is Ovid, and the last is Lucan."

Homer's sword is a symbol of his war-like epic. They honored Dante, and made him, he says, the sixth of their number. He met many heroes here and great philosophers, and then passed on into the darkness again.

They went down into the Second Circle. The demon Minos, the judge of hell, sits at the entrance, gnarling; and he intimates the circle into which each lost soul is to be plunged, by the number of folds into which he casts his tail round about himself. They succeeded in pass-

ing Minos, and they arrived at a place, "mute of all light," which bellowed with furious crosswinds like the sea in a tempest. This is the beginning of hell proper, the first place of torment, and the habitation of carnal sinners. The infernal hurricane, full of stifled voices, hurtled the spirits onward forever,—whirling them away to and fro through the air, and dashing them one against another; and they, wailing and shrieking, cried out against God.

Virgil pointed out many as they were swept along. Then comes the famous episode of Francesca da Rimini, which Leigh Hunt describes as standing in the Inferno here, "like a lily in the mouth of Tartarus." Dante remarked a particular couple; he called them as they came near, and they were allowed to stop and tell their story. Francesca was the daughter of Count Guido da Polenta, Lord of Ravenna; and her companion was Paolo Malatesta, her brother-in-law. They were both murdered by Francesca's husband, Gianciotto Malatesta, through jealousy. She told the poets how they had loved and how they died,—"*Galeotto fu il libro e chi lo scrisse.*" An old story, like that of Tristram and Iseult, but not so full of guile.

"One day we reading were for our delight
Of Launcelot, how Love did him enthrall.
Alone we were and without any fear.
Full many a time our eyes together drew
That reading, and drove the color from our faces;
But one point only was it that o'ercame us.
When as we read of the much-longed for smile
Being by such a noble lover kissed,
This one, who ne'er from me shall be divided,
Kissed me upon the mouth all palpitating."

Then through the stillness, just as their lips touched, behind them rose Gianciotto, and he stabbed twice and thrust them down to hell.

"Saddest tragedy in these *alti guai*," observes Carlyle. "Strange to think: Dante was the friend of this poor Francesca's father. Francesca herself may have sat upon the poet's knee as a bright, innocent little child. Infinite pity yet also infinite rigor of the law... What a paltry notion is that of his Divine Comedy's being a poor, splenetic, impotent, terrestrial libel; putting those into hell whom he could not be avenged upon on earth! I suppose if ever pity, tender as a mother's, was in the heart of any man, it was in Dante's. But a man who does not know rigor, cannot pity either."

The Third Circle of hell is a place of everlasting rain, darkness, and cold—one heavy slush of hail and snow and mud all noisome. Here was the triple-headed monster Cerberus, baying savagely, and rushing over the wretches lying in the mud, tearing, flaying, and dismembering them; and they howled through the rain like

dogs, and rolled about their sore and sodden bodies. These were the gluttons. Virgil threw lumps of clay into the mouths of Cerberus, and the poets passed on over the prostrate spirits.

"Ah me! O Satan! Satan!" roared the demon Plutus as the poets were descending into the Fourth Circle.

"Peace, thou accursed wolf!" cried Virgil. "No one can hinder his coming down. God wills it!"

Whereat—

"As sails, full spread and bellying with the wind,
Drop, suddenly collapsed, if the mast split,
So to the ground down dropp'd the cruel fiend."

The avaricious and the prodigal in vast multitudes are tormented in this circle. With frenzied strength they eternally rolled forward enormous weights, and dashed one against another with terrific violence, crying, "Why hoardest thou?" and, "Why squanderest?"

It was past midnight. Dante and his guide crossed the plain and descended through a gully along a dark torrent into the Fifth Circle, where lay a great morass. Out beyond this were the waves of the wide, dim Stygian Lake. They saw naked spirits, all mud-besprent, buried in the marsh; and these people, in everlasting rage, struck not with the hands alone, but with the head and breast and feet; tearing one another piecemeal with their fangs. They were those who had been given to anger on the earth. In the black pool rose up bubbles from those fastened in the slimy bottom, and out of the depths came a horrible chant:

"We sullen were
In the sweet air which by the sun is gladdened,
Bearing within ourselves the sluggish reek;
Now we are sullen in this sable mire."

The poets approached a tower, where a signal-light was hung out; and across the murky waters, swifter than an arrow, came a boat ferried by the demon Phlegyas. He was forced to carry the poets across the lake. As they went, a lost soul uprose from the slime, and it cried out to Dante:

"Who art thou that comest before thy time?"

"Although I come I stay not," answered Dante. "And who art thou?"

"Thou seest I am one who weeps," said the soul.

"In mourning and in woe, curst spirit, tarry thou! I know thee well, even thus in filth disguised."

The wretch, in fury, laid hold on the boat; but Virgil thrust him back, crying: "Down with thee! Down among the other dogs!"

Then the souls about him seized this spirit

and drenched him in the mire, crying: "Have at him! Have at Filippo Argenti!"

And the dark Florentine for fury ground his teeth into his own flesh.

Now a terrible lamentation came through the gloom; and, looking, Dante saw the moat and the red-hot iron walls and turrets of the city of Dis, or Satan. They went around the glowing battlements until they reached a gate, and there Phlegyas bade them debark. When the poets would enter the city, thousands of demons rushed out, angrily shouting:

"Who is it that without death
Goes through the kingdom of the people dead?"

Virgil went forward to parley with them, leaving Dante horror-stricken; but the demons would not let them pass, and then even Virgil grew disheartened. Suddenly three ghastly figures, raging and all covered with blood, rose above the mighty gates. Green hydras twisted about them; and on their heads were living snakes for hair.

"Look!" cried Virgil,—*"the Furies!"*

The three dire sisters stood there on high, tearing their own breasts and hideously shrieking. Seeing Dante, they shouted:

"Bring the Gorgon's head; change him to stone!"

"Turn away!" exclaimed Virgil. "If thou shouldst look at the Gorgon, never more wilt thou return upward."

At that moment Dante, clinging in terror to Virgil, heard coming across the dim waters a thunderous, crashing noise, like the roar of a hurricane through a forest when it splits and hurls away the trees; and he saw thousands of lost souls and demons scurrying away, like frogs at the coming of a serpent, before a single angel of God, who swept dry-shod over the waves, pushing the gross air from before his face. Virgil made a sign to Dante to be silent and to bow down. The angel, with face full of lofty scorn, came up and touched the massive gates with a wand, and they flew open.

"Outcasts of heaven," said the angel to the demons, "despicable race, whence this wild excess of insolence?" Then he turned swiftly and departed, not addressing a word to the two poets.

The two companions now entered the gates; and they beheld a broad plain full of graves, red-hot, from which burst rolling flames beside the open covers. This is the Sixth Circle, where the arch-heretics and their followers are tormented. As they went along between the lofty battlements and the burning tombs,

a lost soul rose up half-way out of his sepulchre.

"His breast and forehead there
Erecting seemed as in high scorn he held
E'en hell."

It was Farinata degli Uberti, a leader of the Florentine Ghibellines, doomed to this place in the City of Heretics because he had been an epicurean. He reminded the poets of his triumphs over Dante's ancestors, the Guelfs: how he drove them from Florence.

"If thou didst, they came back again each time," answered Dante—"an art their enemies have never learned."

As they spoke another shade arose from the same grave, and showed its eager face above the brink. This was the Guelf Cavalcanti, the father of Dante's dear friend Guido. The ghost of Cavalcanti thinks, from a word let fall by Dante, that Guido, his son, is dead, and he falls back moaning into the fiery sepulchre. Here were the Ghibelline Farinata, whom Dante really respected, and Cavalcanti the Guelf, whom he loved, burning side by side. There is no partiality here.

The poets then went forward among the tombs, and began to descend toward the Seventh Circle through a precipitous chasm, full of jagged crags and loose rocks, shaken down by the earthquake which convulsed all hell when Our Lord descended into Limbo "to carry off from Dis the mighty spoil." At the summit of this terrible descent lay the Minotaur. When the monster saw them he gnawed himself for rage; but the poets fled past him before he could recover enough from his madness to rush at them. The precipice here separates the first from the second division of hell.

At the foot of the laborious Alpine descent they came upon large bands of centaurs running, "with keen arrows armed," along the banks of a vast, bow-shaped river, the Phlegethon, that wound about the plain; and for water the river was filled with boiling blood. In this blood, more or less deep according to their crimes, and shrieking as they boiled, were the souls of the violent, freebooters, murderers, tyrants. If any of them rose up higher from the terrible stream than he had a right to rise, the centaurs drove him down by shooting barbed arrows at him.

When the guardians of this red moat saw the poets, three of them galloped forward; and Chiron, the centaur who instructed Achilles, pushing his beard from his mouth with the notch of an arrow, cried: "Look! he that is behind is not a spirit: he moveth the stones with his feet!" This is a touch of Dante's wonderful imagination; very simple *after* it is written, but only men like Dante and Homer think of such things. After some words, the centaur Nessus went with the poets to show them a ford across the river of blood.

(Conclusion in our next number.)

When my Wine-Glass Talks.

ELMER JEROME MURPHY, '97.

If I am destined to be a bachelor, and such, it seems, is to be my fate—although I have never been under fire at a proposal—my room shall be the resting-place of all the bits of family possessions that can be shed upon me in the shape of heirlooms. A married man can never have a good collection of curios. His children will use them as toys, or his wife will not have them in the house under any condition. Of course, the maid is very liable to put out her destructive hand; but she can be overcome more easily than a wife's "No, sir!"

There is one exception to this rule. I know of a two-headed calf, nicely mounted, that is held in awe by all the branches of the parent stem, as being selected to perpetuate the memory of the owner of the mother of whom it was born. It stands in a corner of the parlor, wherein the children are not allowed to venture under pain of the swiftly oscillating cypress shingle. This, indeed, would abate *my* ardor. Perhaps, as the years roll by, the unsuspecting quadruped will be fittingly hailed as one of the original members; for there would be no difficulty in imagining it so.

My dearest possession is an old red wine-glass that was the property of my grandmother who has long since gone to her reward. Around the top—which, by the way, is far from being circular—is a border of white spots and curved lines, representing, I suppose, grapes and tendrils. Perhaps, the spots are ivy leaves. The bowl too, is full of bubbles, and the coloring is all in streaks. For all these technical blemishes I admire it the more, and around it my imagination has woven a tapestry of fancies.

One night as I sat in my room, smoking my evening cigar at a late hour, my eyelids became heavy and my neck weak under the spell of Morpheus. Thus I was dozing, as I thought, about half an hour, when I was disturbed by a voice saying: "Bradley, those ten-for-a-quarter cigars of yours have a dreadful odor. Please, blow that smoke the other way."

"You're a liar!" I exclaimed, wincing under the truth, "they are good. Ha!—" I stopped short upon seeing no one in the room.

"Come now, Brad, we are old friends, so let us not quarrel. I am your wine-glass. Sit down while I talk to you. You know I saw you put those cheap cigars into a different

box to give to Charley when he comes up. But that is no crime. Your father did the same thing before you were thought of, and, no doubt, if you had a son he would do the same thing, too.

"My boy, I have seen more than you imagine. You are making life easy for me by placing me here to see everything and do nothing. I had a hard time in the trunk, when that shoe of your great grandfather's almost shattered me, in spite of the pink cotton I was wrapped in. Now, I am content. Of course, I should like to have a draught of good Madeira once in a while; for I have not been full for the last seventy-five years.

"When your grandmother bought me, I had four brothers. Now they are in fragments, because of filling their master too full. He broke them on that old mahogany table that stands in your aunt's parlor. I had an easy time of it. Very frequently your father, when he was in long skirts, would indulge in a hearty squall for meanness' sake; and I would be filled with hot toddy to soothe him. He quieted down immediately. It was an easy task, had I not been obliged to wake at all hours of the night.

"Later on, when the older members of the family had retired into another room after sipping wine from my bowl, your father, then in knickerbockers, would steal in cautiously to quaff the few drops of ruby liquid I still held. One night, however, he was surprised, and I had the satisfaction of seeing him belabored with the same great grand-parent's shoe beside me, here on the mantel.

"But that did not equal you. Very often I saw you come into the sitting-room of your mother's house your pockets stuffed with raisins. I knew you had stolen them, for at every sound you would feign sleep. That was some time ago. At the same time, I remember seeing you put that plug of chewing tobacco under the bureau, lest your father should see the bulge in your pocket. You stole your sister's writing-paper, too, and used it for rolling cigarettes of corn silk. I laughed, Brad, when I saw you grow pale after one of these ventures. Lucky for you that you were not caught. Your father kept a smooth wild-cherry switch behind the sofa.

"You were, indeed, a wicked lad. Is your mind strong enough to recall the day when you spilled the ink on the table cover of the sitting-room? You blamed it on the good old Maltese cat. As a result she was put out of

the house into the cold for a whole week. Poor old Tabby. It was also you that threw one of her kittens into the creek to see if it could swim. Verily, you were a counterpart of Satan.

"But let us come down to modern times. Last New Year's, when you stayed up with the boys to watch the old year out and the new year in, you thought no one would see you come in; but, as men in that state usually do, you went to the front door instead of the back. I am not the only one that knows it. Charlotte Walcott was telling Mrs. Smith in the other room, a few days ago, that she thought the boys must have led poor Bradley too far. There was no doubt about it. The way you danced around in this room made me laugh so hard, I all but fell off the shelf. Frank Wilmoth smiled behind your back the next day when you told him you crushed your hat by running against the lower limb of one of the trees down in the park. You forgot that the moon shone brightly that very night. Besides, what business had you walking under the trees, when you are so afraid of getting your patent leathers damp by going on the grass.

"There is another escapade which was the source of much amusement to me. Perhaps, it will give you a lesson in patience also. It happened about two months ago, when you were in a hurry to get to the city and you could not find your scarf-pin, I heard every word you said about that chamber-maid, and every body in general. I believe you would have sentenced a thief to death at that moment, if you had the power to judge. And what a fool you thought yourself next moment when, happening to glance into the mirror, you saw the lost pin sticking in the lapel of your coat. Take my advice, Brad; next time, don't make an ass of yourself by thinking of any one but Bradley Waterman when you're mad. That will prevent such volleys of harmless exclamations; for few men call themselves fools.

"Well, the hour is rather late, and to-morrow night, if you come home early, we can have another chat. After this we shall have these—more—and—" Here the voice died away, and I finished the talk by awakening with a sudden start. To make matters worse, I tried to turn my head at the same time, and almost succeeded in twisting my neck off. Then I tried to turn it to the front and howled again. This was a delightful predicament. Besides, my cigar had burned a gaping hole in my coat large enough to put a rabbit through. I was furious; but all had to be taken meekly, for I

could not speak without twitching my neck. It was a punishment worse than Tartarus. To be superlatively mad and yet unable to express my indignation, may it never happen again! I felt like a mad dog that could not howl.

Next day I went down town with my head at an angle of seventy degrees with my body instead of the usual ninety that marked all respectable folk. Men smiled and women tittered, and I was afraid even to gnash my teeth. Every time I looked at that glass it seemed to be grinning at the red flannel neck cloth. And yet I love my vessel red.

The First of the Fine Arts.

J. RYAN HAYDON, '97.

Man's thoughts are as varied as the forms in nature, and he expresses them in numberless ways. Poetry and sculpture, music and painting speak for him, and so do writing and printing. But these are inventions of man himself. His noblest means of expression was given him by his Maker—it is speech.

The most universal form of speech is conversation. Conversation means familiar talk. But in each person it is as characteristic as his countenance. "Whilst one man by his manners pins me to the wall," says Emerson, "with another I walk among the stars."

Conversation is the balm of our existence. What could replace that means by which we tell our love and friendship? Surely, nothing less than mind-reading. And conversation is mind-reading with our consent. "It is very certain that sincere and happy conversation doubles our powers; that, in the effort to unfold our thought to a friend, we make it clearer to ourselves, and surround it with illustrations that help and delight us." Emerson was a keen observer of men and things, and in his "Social Aims" he shows how fine an accomplishment is good conversation.

Conversation is the photograph of our interior. And just as no one would give to a friend a false likeness of himself, so no one should give a distorted image of his inward countenance by careless conversation. With many people, conversation is degraded into empty talk. As has been wisely said: "They hang their tongues out in the air and let the wind wag them." A thought is a noble and a beautiful thing. But many lose sight of its

comeliness, and clothe its fair form in beggar's rags. Reckless words are as dangerous as lies. They often create a bitterness of heart that goes down even into the grave. Bad impressions are full of harm. They are living, active lies.

It is important, then, that we be careful what we say. We ought to do more than this. We should strive for excellence in conversation. It will make us happy if we do. In the friendly interchange of ideas with others, we correct and eliminate our own false notions, and learn besides to see and value the better qualities in our neighbors. We quickly come to realize that there is an abundance of goodness in every man. There are latent talents, generous sentiments, and wholesome thoughts hidden away in timid seclusion, because a little word of sympathy is left unsaid. Indeed, when we have learned what a real treasure is good conversation, we commit a sin against society and against ourselves if we do not strive to acquire the power to talk well and truly.

It seems to me that the primal virtue of a good conversationist ought to be perfect sympathy. We all feel this. We explain our confidence in one man, our friendship for another, and our admiration for a third, by saying that each one has qualities we like. But the real cause is that each one has mutual sympathies with us. Place on a table a couple of tuning forks yielding the same note. Now, if one of them be struck the other will vibrate in unison. Their sympathy is perfect. So it is with ourselves. We sometimes see in an author a passage so familiar that it startles us. "I've thought of that a hundred times," we say, "and here it is in print." It is sympathy alone that calls out this expression. We might have said the same thing if we were writers. But the other man was quicker than we—the other tuning fork was sounded first.

Shenston says in speaking of the French woman: "There is a quality in which no woman in the world can compete with her,—it is the power of intellectual irritation. She will draw wit out of a fool. She strikes with such address the chords of self-love, that she gives unexpected vigor and agility to fancy, and electrifies a body that appeared non-electric." Now, to be sure, it is an achievement to draw wit out of a fool. But we need not go so far as that. There is many a man considered a fool who, if brought into congenial surroundings, could develop wit enough to set the world agog. "We think a man unable and desponding,"

says Emerson. "It is only that he is misplaced. Put him with new companions and they will find in him excellent qualities, unsuspected accomplishments and the joy of life."

Perfect sympathy is gained by constant sympathizing. The habit is easily formed. Sympathy is natural to man; but its perfection is attained through his will and understanding. True, there are some rare minds which seem to have by nature a friendship for every living thing. But these gifted souls only accentuate the stupid darkness of our own imperfect sympathy. It is but a step from sympathy to love; and love makes the tongue eloquent. And so, we have the art of conversation summed up in a line—the expression of sympathy.

But art is this to one, and that to another. And, therefore, to be recognized as a cultivated talker in society, one must conform to the rules of good taste. Good taste condemns slang. It may be admitted that the slang of to-day is the idiom of to-morrow; but the great poet of common-sense, Pope, says: "Be not the first by whom the new are tried." So we may conclude of anyone who uses slang, that he either lacks good sense, or else he maliciously ignores its dictates. When slang disappears from one's speech, exaggeration soon follows it. It is surprising how soon one tires of a vulgar word. One has but to catch oneself several times using it in serious conversation to learn that it is shallow and insipid. Surely, we show more genuine feeling when we tell a friend that we are sorry for his loss than when we exclaim that we are *all broken up over it*. Slang and senseless hyperbole mark the uncultivated. They may at times be forcible, but they are never elegant.

But the good conversationist needs positive as well as negative virtue. Sincerity is the first and last. A hypocrite is never a happy man. There is constant danger that his mask will be torn off, and his ugly face laid bare. But there are many persons who would blush with honest shame if they were called hypocrites, and yet they are insincere in conversation. They are constantly expressing opinions that they never formed. They simply have heard them from some one else, or may have read them in the newspaper. Being asked to give advice upon a line of conduct, they feel ashamed to confess their inability, so they say something; and this something—which is often nonsense—they call their opinion. When Cardinal Newman was asked to write in defence of the doctrines of the Catholic Church, he

refused, saying that he was incapable. I forget his exact words, but the substance of them was that the Church, defended badly, was safer undefended.

"No" is a precious word. To use it as it should be used requires in a man a compound of virtues sufficient to make a saint. However, an ordinary person may aspire to a moderate degree of perfection in the art of saying "no." This our conversationist should set himself to learn. If some generous person asks him whether he knows all about the language of flowers, he will politely answer, "No." Then this kind soul will take immediate pity on his ignorance and proceed to enlighten him. He must be patient, attentive, and even grateful. A good listener is a jewel. And a man who can say nothing, and do it gracefully, will charm his hearers when he does speak.

Sincerity in conversation makes the mind clearer. It lifts the fog of self-deception, and reveals just how much one knows and how much one does not know. Then one begins to think for oneself, and abundance of thought makes conversation easy. A skilful conversationist is like old Mr Griddle whom Holmes has put into one of his novels, "a moving patch of sunshine." He is a source of unalloyed pleasure at home or in society. And the happiness he brings to those around him will react upon himself. A good conversationist must be an introspective man. He must study his own heart. He can then rule others; and if his intentions are noble he can exert a great as well as a good influence. His mission will be to persuade men that all good comes from within themselves; that "God is in the centre of their hearts," and if they wish real contentment they must seek it within the man, and not without him.

Book Notes.

—The *Cæcilia*, a periodical printed in German and devoted to church music, comes from St. Francis, Wisconsin. The present number contains several excellent sacred compositions, together with a supplement of secular music of the better class.

—The *Musical Record* for September, to those at all interested in music, contains many interesting things. The special articles intended to assist the student of music are of great value. A discussion of the theories regarding the

human voice is well worth reading. The columns of chat and gossip concerning people prominent in the artistic world is an admirably conducted department. The music printed in the *Record* is its weakest point. Most of it is without merit of any description, although occasionally a tuneful melody, like the Banquet Waltz in the present number, is found. A reprint of standard works would, in our opinion, prove much more acceptable to its readers.

—There is something very attractive about the long and narrow *format* which the editors of *The Bachelor of Arts* have chosen as the form in which to present their magazine to the world. There have been magazines devoted to college-men and intercollegiate monthlies; but their one great fault was their cheapness. People are apt to become suspicious of "marked-down" merchandise, and some of the papers offered to graduates in past years were not so good as many of our regular exchanges. But *The Bachelor of Arts* has changed all that. He has put a fair price on himself—it is four dollars per year, *The Century's* and *Harper's* price—and as he has a conscience, he intends to give an equivalent. In the September number, gay in its new dress of cream and crimson, John Brook Leavitt opens with what is in effect an editorial on the "Civic Duties of College Graduates." It is a trumpet-call to the thousands of college-bred men who leave politics to the "bosses" and the "machines." The last of Mr. Corbin's clever and reminiscent series of papers on "An American Collegian at Oxford," contrasts the English and the American systems of higher education, and one cannot but sigh when he reads *Finis* at the bottom of the page. Mr. E. L. Hall has much to say that really is "Of Interest to Parents and Guardians." He pleads for greater care in the selection of schools for boys, and his essay is thoughtful and convincing. The clever author of "The Literary Shop," James L. Ford discourses on "The Golden Age of Puffery" in the inimitable way his readers know and love. And the Editorial Departments!—Could a better man be found in America to write "Comments on University News" than Edward Sanford Martin, whose "Windfalls of Observation" have given joy to the hearts of many; or one who knows more of college sport than Walter Camp, to take charge of the Athletic Department? The *Bachelor* is already the best-beloved of our exchanges, and we pray the he may be ever young.

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The Staff.

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MICHAEL J. NEY, '97; ARTHUR W. STACE, '96;
RICHARD S. SLEVIN, '96;
WILLIAM P. BURNS, '96; FRANCIS E. EVANSON, '96;
JAMES BARRY, '97;
ELMER J. MURPHY, '97; SHERMAN STEELE, '97.

—The Staff has taken formal possession of the "sanctum," filled afresh the ink-bottle, and proposes now to make the SCHOLASTIC better, if such a thing be possible, in '95 than it was in '94. We have set ourselves a mighty task, but we depend on the spirit and patriotism of our contributors to help us to achieve it. We have need of poems, essays, stories; and, if your Pegasus be not yet bridle-wise, try him for a short gallop in our "Local" columns. A "local" is a bit of news—real news, not personalities—and the young man who does not see in seven days at least one little event worth recording must, indeed, be blind. It is next to impossible for one reporter in each Hall, no matter how nice his "nose for news," to note every happening of interest, and we must look to our friends to help them. The SCHOLASTIC is the *College* paper—as much yours, dear reader, as the Staff's, and college-spirit bids you make it worthy of our *Alma Mater*.

—Catholic newspapers are, usually, of slow growth; some, it is whispered by the bolder spirits, do not grow at all; but of these latter no man can say *The New World*, of Chicago, is one. Its initial number—for its first sheet came damp from the press but three short years ago,

and the SCHOLASTIC feels quite aged and hoary by comparison—was a revelation in Catholic journalism. Its last issue, the anniversary number, more than fulfils the promise of the first; and it is a real joy for the SCHOLASTIC to greet its mighty neighbor, and wish it an ever-lengthening subscription list, and an abundance of matter for editorials. For Mr. Dillon, one of our *Alma Mater's* adopted sons, knows well how to write the short, crisp, condensed paragraph—an essay in little—which the English love to call a "leader;" and his editorial page is the brightest and, in every way, the most interesting of the twenty-four he offers weekly to his readers. *The New World* deserves the success it has achieved; it merits even more, and the SCHOLASTIC is a little more than proud that the most progressive of our Catholic weeklies is a Western paper and a near neighbor of ours.

—There is more than a grain of truth in the old saying that a man is never a prophet in his native land. Doctor Zahm, the University's Professor of Physics, startled not a few—and the reporters of the Chicago dailies most of all—last summer, when he set forth his views on evolution at the Columbian Summer School. Special correspondents, of course, are not expected to have an intimate acquaintance with the writings of the Fathers of the Church, and, naturally enough, they decided that the Doctor was heterodox, or even worse. And the religious press began to hint darkly of church trials for heresy, and amateur theologians in every state proceeded to refute him. But the Doctor went serenely on, for the College of the Propaganda had taken cognizance of his efforts and thought him worthy to wear a Doctor's cap; and now Mr. Gladstone has lifted up his voice and pronounced the work that Doctor Zahm is doing "a great and noble one." He might have added, we think, "a necessary one"; for Father Zahm's experience at Madison but proves what a lot we have yet to learn, and, incidentally, the value and the need of Catholic summer-schools.

—There are scores and scores of students with the Gold and Blue in their button-holes who have never heard the college cheer. We have had many, within the memory of the SCHOLASTIC's editors, and all were, we think, uniformly

unsatisfactory. There was a very simple reason for this: they were all adaptations—not to call them thefts—of the yells in use at other colleges. Perhaps the most obvious “steal” of all was the cheer which we used unblushingly at every baseball game, last spring. It was first given as a joke, and then our literary consciences grew suddenly torpid, and it blossomed forth as our accepted college yell. The SCHOLASTIC denounced it; but the fever was on, and our protest was of no avail. It is not exactly dishonorable to steal a college cheer, but it is a very questionable bit of business; and our friends at Michigan must have had a vast deal of amusement at our expense, when they first heard our parody of their yell. We do not care to be the butt of the colleges; we have a little too much pride for that, and the SCHOLASTIC proposes the following as the college cheer—

N. D.—Hurrah! D. U.—Hurrah!
The Gold—Hurrah! The Blue—Hurrah!
Houp-a—ra-hoo—ra-hoo—ra-hoo!
Notre Dame—'Rah-Hurrah—N. D. U!

It is unlike the cry of any other college; it is full of meaning and euphony, and we commend it to the consideration of our “rooters,”—God bless 'em.

—When a poet achieves his tenth volume, he has earned, it strikes us, the right to squander on the rising generation of verse-makers whatever of advice he may care to give. Of course, no sane man believes that the younger poets will do anything but sniff at his admonitions—for poets are never of one mind except with regard to their publishers—but when time has darkened the bay-leaves on a man's brow, we listen readily to the prattle of his crowning. James Whitcomb Riley is the latest of these fortunates to declare himself, and he has availed himself of his privilege to warn our youthful climbers of Parnassus' slope against a European trip. America, he thinks, is the land of true poetry; the songs of the twentieth century will be fresh with the fragrance of the prairie-land, strong with the vigor of pine forests. Europe, in spite of, rather because of, its associations, is fatal to inspiration, and the Rhine and the Alps and the mistral-kissed hills of Provence are but delusions and snares for the unwary. Mr. Riley is consistent, but he makes the not uncommon mistake of thinking that his is the only real genius, his the true theory of song. No one will deny the tender beauty

and quaint charm of some of his finest bits, but his is the shepherd's pipe in Arcady, and—there is need of organs in the world. Mr. Riley is master of his instrument; his notes come clear and true, and we would not have him other than he is; but organ-music is not made in wildernesses. We had thought that our gold reserve was the only thing we needed to protect from exportation; but Mr. Riley has discovered a new danger—a peril from which no syndicate is able to shield us—and a grave one.

—Rarely, indeed, is a defeat more glorious than a victory. But every American who has come to the years of reason and knows a tiller from a flying jib, must have felt a thrill of genuine delight when the news came, Tuesday evening, that our bonny craft, *Defender*, crippled and sailing under a flag of protest, had out-footed and out-pointed *Valkyrie* on every leg of the course, and all but won the second of the Cup races. There were some weak-kneed patriots among us who quoted, before our boat swept on to her first victory, the immense sail-spread of Dunraven's boat and the power of her mid-ship section, but Saturday's race set all our fears at rest, and we confidently expected to win “three straight.” In our hearts we felt not a little sorry for *Valkyrie's* gallant owner, and almost wished that he might win at least one of the series. And *Valkyrie* was the first of the dozen or more English challengers that have come across with the avowed intention of carrying back to the Queen that dear, old, ugly bit of silverware *America* had won, to lead the way to the stake-boat. But to think that *Defender*, with her top-mast bending and swaying under the pressure even of a baby jib topsail, slipped through the water faster than her canvas-clouded rival, and lost but by the narrow margin of forty-seven seconds! The telegraph has told us, since, that the race was given to *Defender* on a foul, and told us, too, that Mr. Iselin is willing to resail the course; but the story and the glory of the gallant fight our boat made against mighty odds will never be forgotten.

Thursday's race was no contest—at least we hope it was not, for John Bull likes nothing better than to grumble at our sportsmanship—*Valkyrie* withdrawing just after she had crossed the line at the start. Dunraven is plucky and a thorough sportsman, else *Valkyrie* had already stowed her racing gear and started

homeward, for there is no danger that the Cup, the "blue ribbon of the seas," will cross the water in *Valkyrie's* cabin. We are fond, in this blessed country of ours, of considering everything American as perfect. Sometimes—yes, even oftener than that—we are mistaken; but *America* proved true, and *Defender* and *Volontuer* and all the rest of the glorious line, have confirmed one of our boasts—that Yankee boats and Yankee sailor-men can "beat all creation hollow."

—The work of the Fall session has fairly begun; the success of the year will depend largely on the progress made within the next thirty days. We do not mean material progress, the solving of a certain number of equations, the achievement of a required amount of work, but rather the development in the individual of the power to study. In brain-work, concentration is everything; and it is to the student, who knows the importance of the closest application to the matter in hand, and uses his knowledge, that the prizes of the school-year will go. We know of one or two students, who were looked upon, last year, as wonders because they could master a difficult lesson in half the time required by the ordinary worker. It was a simple matter of mind-concentration. In the class-room their eyes never wandered from the instructor's face; in the study, the world was forgotten until the work in hand was mastered. A teacher, be he even a marvel of pedagogical science and skill, can do no more than stimulate and direct the intelligence of the pupil; the latter must think for himself, and remember that the hand the master gives him is more to guide than to support him. There must be, too, perfect confidence between pupil and instructor; mistrust on the part of either means retrogression, loss of time, and, in the end, utter failure. Students do not often realize how true and fine is the teacher's enthusiasm to let light into the places of darkness, how honest and absorbing his desire to help them, and how bitter it is to relinquish lofty aims and high ideals for the commonplace. If they did, there would be fewer heart-aches and a more ready sympathy between the two. This is the spirit the SCHOLASTIC would fain see manifested, now, and for all time, at Notre Dame—the spirit of friendship, between master and pupil, which is founded on honesty and mutual sympathy and a true appreciation of the aims and end of Christian education.

Dr. O'Malley's First Lecture.

In his first lecture before the Belles-Lettres class, Dr. O'Malley treated the subject of General Literature in a very thoughtful and practical manner. Addressing the gentlemen of his class as critics, he explained how in the future they would be held responsible for the condition of our literature, and how everything depended on their being able to cultivate a correct taste among the people. The critic, he said, is, of course, born; but, nevertheless, much can be done by rules to assist him in the perfection of his natural talents.

The Doctor spoke particularly of the poem. Poetry, he said, is the expression of the beautiful by means of rhythmical language. Some maintain that there is often poetry where no rhythm exists; but a careful examination of the most notable examples proved that there were many portions of the prose that ran into actual metre, and that line after line could be scanned perfectly. Poetry has a direct meaning for each of us, and enables him to discover beauties existing everywhere. World-beauty is true beauty only when it rises above sense, and poetry is certainly spiritual. Patriotism, sorrow, religion are poetry, and life itself can be judged through it. The object of poetry is the beautiful—all arts aim at it; but none use such an exalted form of expression as does the poem.

In regard to the technique of a poem too much care could not be taken. Only an artist can judge of a work of art, and so he who is unable to discover the intricate beauties of a poem can give no just estimate of it. Practical work, then, is, above all, necessary, not only in essay-writing, but also in poetry—that art which seems the most to depend on the imagination.

The September "Harper's."

—Vacation and the midsummer numbers of the magazines, with their pleasant cream and yellow covers, are things of the past; but there is more than a flavor of summer about the September *Harper's*. Richard Harding Davis, the versatile, and two friends of his, have explored Honduras, the sleepest of the Central American republics, and the joyous, rollicking story of their fortnight's battle with bugs and laziness is given the *premiere* place. "Three

Gringos in Central America" is thoroughly enjoyable. Poultney Bigelow's graphic history of "The German Struggle for Liberty" goes on; and it throws new light on many incidents that were mysterious, if not unknown, to Americans. Owen Wister, who knows as much about the American cow-boy as Kipling does of the Indian Tommy Atkins, writes regretfully of his evolution and passing. David Graham Adee has more than a little to say of "Malbrouck s'en va-t-en guerre," the old song whose chorus every Englishman has chanted: "We won't go home till morning." *Harper's* is rich, too, in fiction. Thomas A. Janvier has a story, "At the Grand Hotel du Paradis"; Ian Maclaren a sketch of Scottish life, "Jamie"; while in "Peter Burke and his Pupil," Julian Ralph draws again on his knowledge of "the East Side." Hardy's "Hearts Insurgent" has achieved the crisis, and the story of Jude Fawley and his cousin Sue takes a new turn. Little can be said in praise of the "Personal Recollections of Joan of Arc," but the wealth of travel, adventure, story and poem which the September *Harper's* offers more than atones for the defects of this latest contribution to our "fiction founded on prejudice."

Personals.

—Julius Goldstein (Commercial), '95, is in the office of the G. H. Hammond Co., Hammond, Ind.

—Bro. Joseph, last year's genial assistant secretary, is connected with the Faculty of St. Joseph's College, Cincinnati. His many friends here will miss him. The students of the Cincinnati college are to be congratulated on having secured such a capable instructor.

The Rev. Luke J. Evers, '69, who made the response to the toast, "The University," at the Jubilee banquet, is now pastor of St. Teresa's Church, Tarrytown. The SCHOLASTIC congratulates Father Evers on his well-deserved promotion, and wishes him many years of usefulness in his new charge.

—Nicholas J. Sinnott, B.A. ('92), The Dalles, Oregon, has been admitted to the bar in his native state. The rare oratorical abilities of "Nick," as he was familiarly called, especially fit him for the public life which is the afterthought of every lawyer. We predict for him nothing short of the United States senatorship.

—C. C. Fitzgerald, C. E. ('94), has taken a position on the Engineer Corps of the Chicago & Eastern Illinois Railway. "Chris" kept things very lively at the University while he

was with us, and now that he has turned his attention to railway construction and maintenance, we predict a sudden rise in C. & E. I. stocks.

—Eustace Cullinan, B. A., '95, with whose verse and prose every reader of the SCHOLASTIC is familiar, visited the University, during the vacation, after an extended tour through New England. He left again, in forty-eight hours, for his home in San Francisco, where he will enter the U. of C. Law School, and whither the best wishes of all who know him will follow him.

—The *Evening Press*, of St. Joseph, Michigan, in its account of the Silver Jubilee celebration of the St. Joseph's Mutual Aid Society, said of the sermon preached upon the occasion by the Rev. Stanislaus Fitte, C. S. C.:

"The sermon of Dr. Fitte, of the University of Notre Dame, was deep, logical and eloquent. Father Fitte was listened to with rapt interest, and held the close attention of his auditors to the last. He is a forcible, lucid speaker, and impresses one with his earnestness and power."

—Mr. Kickham Scanlan, of Chicago, is one of the young men of whom Notre Dame is justly proud. Barely thirty years of age, he has taken a high place among the lawyers of Chicago, and every year sees fresh laurels added to his brow. He was associated for seven years with Luther Laflin Mills, and he won his spurs in the two trials of Dr. Cronin's murderers, in the tally-sheet fraud case in Columbus, in '88, and the Millington poisoning case in '91. His status among his brethren of the green bag is well shown by the honor conferred on him, recently, by the Chicago College of Law Alumni in electing him president for the ensuing year. He has the best wishes of all at Notre Dame that his career, in the coming years, may fulfil the promise of the past and present.

Local Items.

—Lost—A small diamond pin. Finder will please leave at the Students' office.

—The number of visitors to the University during vacation time was unusually large.

—The Band began rehearsals last week. From their present performances we prophesy a successful season.

—Sorin Hall is almost full. The Juniors are in the majority, as far as numbers go. On other points it were better to remain silent.

—Next Sunday, at 1 p. m., there will be a meeting of the Athletic Association for the purpose of electing officers for the fall season.

—An artesian well is being bored just back of the Presbytery. It has attained a depth of one hundred and forty feet. They are still at it.

—Basket ball still holds its supremacy in the Carroll gym. If played properly, the game affords no danger, but rather a healthy and pleasant exercise.

—The Carroll campus has a look forlorn since the appearance of its crop of weeds. Of course, we know that it will be converted into a garden in a short time.

—The Carroll Athletic tickets are now ready. Owing to the addition of privileges, the price is raised to two dollars. They may be obtained from Brother Albius at any time.

—Swimming had been a very popular sport among the Carrolls until some one abused the privilege, and now the entire department is compelled to suffer for the act of that certain individual.

—The Carrolls are taking great interest in Rugby this year, and have entered upon regular practice. They promise an extra good team, with prospects of playing and defeating the ex-Carrolls.

—The smiling countenance of the Carroll gym faculty of last year is often seen looking anxiously towards his old position. But his absence is counteracted by the geniality of his successor.

—Lovers of flowers—and we hope that the hearts of all at Notre Dame respond to the beauties of the pretty petals—regret to notice that the asters in the lawn are beginning to droop and die.

—"Why does the electric light go out so soon?" asked a Junior. "Perhaps," answered a classmate, "to prevent your over-working your brain at first." And the first Junior wishes to know why the other smiled.

—The old monastery, once known as St. Vincent's Island, has been converted into a Normal School for the training of the young Brothers of Holy Cross. It is under the able direction of Bro. Marcellus, a former instructor in the University.

—It was the young man with the crimson sweater and the unsophisticated air who was moved to ask, when he noted the full-back's long hair, if the impression made on female hearts by football players was not another instance of "capillary attraction."

—Many of the boys have invested in gold and blue sweaters. They are a great improvement over the sober and sanguinary hues that formerly prevailed. Just of the colors to make a cheerful appearance, they look neat and dressy. All our athletes should get them.

—Sauntering up and down the Brownson "gym" during recreation hours, may be seen a band of "ex-Carrolls," who proudly look, now and then, at a half dozen Missouri meerschauums, which it has become their privilege to use. May they imbibe wisdom with every draught!

—The gridiron has begun to assume its old appearance. Every day, candidates for the Varsity make it the scene of daring tackles and surprising sprints. From present indications the Gold and Blue of Notre Dame "shall ever fly at the peak," and woe to the man that meets our centre.

—There is a watermelon patch somewhere in the neighborhood, but only a few are aware of its location, and even they are endeavoring to forget it. Why this is so, we are at present unable to say, and even if we knew we should prefer to leave the cause to the imagination of the reader.

—The other day at dinner the Count and the Boss carried on a very lively discussion in regard to the respective merits of fish and flesh as articles of brain-food. Arguments *pro* and *con* were numerous and, if both are to be believed, convincing. So, at least, all the other diners in the Brownson refectory think.

—Those who desire to become members of the musical organizations—the Band, the Mandolin Club, the Orchestra, the Glee Club and the choir—should make application to Professor Preston. There should be no attempt to bury one's talent. If anyone is musically inclined let him apply at once.

—There is mourning in the ranks of '96, and the halls of Sorin are silent in anguish, for "Buck" will not be one of us this year. The atmosphere of London he found so pleasant that he has decided to tarry yet another summer on Pall-Mall, and Notre Dame will know him not again till the leaves are falling in '96.

—Many of the "old" students are surprised at the depression of St. Joseph's Lake, and the more scientific ones have advanced numberless theories regarding it. The most startling explanation we have heard attributes the fall to the absence of Abe, and should he return, its author affirms, the waters would rise to greet him.

—A summer school for the benefit of the members of the Congregation of the Holy Cross who teach outside of Notre Dame was opened about the middle of July. The session lasted until the 15th of August. Members of the Faculty conducted the lectures. The school was largely attended, and proved a great success.

—Students should instruct their friends to address all their mail and express matter to Notre Dame. Such matter will then be brought directly to the University offices instead of being kept in South Bend. The name of the Hall in which the student resides should also be found in the address to insure prompt delivery.

—One of the leaders of fashion has on his desk a pin-cushion in the shape of an athletic cap made of college colors. Nothing could be prettier. The gold and blue look well any-

where, but when used for ornamental purposes for the desk they brighten up things a bit. Every one should get a cap. The style promises to become a fad.

—This is the season for the falling of the apples, and the boys at Notre Dame appreciate the fact, though not in the way that Sir Isaac Newton appreciated it. There is not an orchard within the limits of Notre Dame that has not been visited by marauders—bands of them—who carry off everything in the shape of fruit which they can lay their hands upon.

—Bicycles—the grounds are full of them, and the nerve-shattering racket of the bells that are not “daisies” is heard around every corner. We are tempted to wish that we had a Mayor and a Common Council and a sidewalk ordinance, for another month of leaping into the gutters to escape annihilation will bring on an epidemic of St. Vitus’ dance or manslaughter.

—Things wear a devastated air on St. Mary’s road since the removal of the hedge. Lovers of the beautiful who visit the stile no longer cast wistful glances across the road—there’s nothing there to attract them. Even the grasshoppers have fled the scene, and nobody haunts the place but—well, ’tis not in good taste to mention names. Alas! for a glory that is past and gone.

—Last Tuesday evening about half-past eight, the western horizon was illuminated by a blaze of no mean proportions, and grave fears were entertained here for the safety of St. Mary’s Academy. When an exploring party finally discovered that it was simply a straw-stack on the other side of the river and not our sister institution that was aflame, the inhabitants of Notre Dame were once more at ease.

—The goal-posts on the Varsity gridiron are gay with flags of the college Gold and Blue. Why not hoist, at each game, the colors of the visiting team over one of the goals and change the flags between the first and the second half? It would add one touch more to the picturesqueness of the scene, and inspire, perhaps, one of our coming giants to a mighty effort at the critical moment, and win a game for us.

—The SCHOLASTIC is preparing to surprise its friends. We haven’t seen all the fall fashions in type, yet—there seems to be no Butterick among our friends, the type founders—but when we have run through the pile of “Specimens at our elbow, we’ll announce what sort of a dress we have chosen for ’95-’96. Our aluminum “sticks,” though, are in use, and if there is anything unusually light and airy about our paper, this week, the fault was committed in the composing room.

—Several pictures of well-known local

athletes have been added to the gallery in the Brownson reception rooms. The collection of portraits is large and complete. Many who have attained to distinction in athletics and who enjoy national reputations began their training at Notre Dame. One may see in this gallery the faces of McGill, Inks, Jewett and others who once played beneath the Gold and Blue, and who are prominent in the athletic world. The rooms will well repay a visit.

—Will there be a regatta on St. Edward’s Day? The Boat Club has a Commodore and sundry other officers; has it the energy to put two crews on the water for the 13th? If that new artesian well does its duty, there is some hope that St. Joe Lake will furnish a very decent course. In the olden time, St. Edward’s—Founder’s Day—was the festival of all the year. There were sports on the campus, a regatta on the lake and an entertainment, very often, in Washington Hall. Cannot we revive the spirit of the ’80’s, and make the day memorable as it once was? The Boat Club, at least, has a clear field before it and no excuse for failure. We can’t have *Defender* and *Valkyrie*, because Dunraven refuses, absolutely, to race again in American waters; but the two *Fubilees* will do very well, and our eyes are hungry for those suits of gold and of blue.

—The Varsity will go into active training Monday morning. There will be a short run before breakfast, work in the “gym” at half-past nine and a half hour of practice in tackling, falling on the ball and running with it, etc., at a quarter of four each afternoon. Every man who intends to try for a place on the team is urged to get into canvas each afternoon, as speedily as possible, for the time is all too short, as it is. Negotiations for a “coach” are going on, but a great deal of preliminary work can be done before his advent. Games will be arranged with at least four of the leading Western colleges, and nothing but the hardest of hard work will produce a winning team. It is an honor to represent our college on the gridiron, and the candidates for the Varsity must expect to walk no “primrose path.” The glory is reward enough for any gentleman.

—The “stile” has always been the favorite walk of Sorins, and many students of the past and present have commemorated it in song and story. What the attractions are at the end of the walk or what beauties—that is, beauties of nature—meet the eye along the way, are unknown to the uninitiated. To a stranger the walk itself would appear rough and not at all picturesque; the trees on both sides gaunt and uninteresting, and the “stile” a tumble-down, dilapidated piece of rural furniture, and yet, during recreation along that walk and toward that “stile,” groups of Juniors

and Seniors and "Postgrads," wend their way seem to enjoy the scenery there more than elsewhere. Why is it?

—It would seem that nature has developed a special affection for Sorin Hall this year, and has found expression for it in rather a curious manner. Go where you will around the grounds and you can find no trace of a flowering lilac shrub—they all died in the spring—but just in front of Sorin Hall stands one of these bushes in blooming fragrance. The purple petals are fully defined and clearly expanded, and the odor may be detected as far off as a hundred yards. Some of the botanists seek to explain the matter as one of the strange phenomena that occur once in a lifetime, while others, who carry conviction around with them, simply shake their heads and say nothing. Perhaps it is too much to hope that this strange lilac will become as famous as the Charter Oak at Runnymede, but it certainly possesses the advantage of a charming novelty.

—Old Sol has done his conscientious best to make football unpopular at Notre Dame. It requires something very like enthusiasm to induce a man to don sweater and canvas when the mercury is doing one hundred degrees in the sun, but there is no lack of good-will in the candidates for the Varsity. Thursday morning saw a score or more of very warm young men playing as though the honor of the college were at stake. There are no old men, as yet, and it is difficult to bring order out of chaos. Mr. Casey, the right-guard of last year's Varsity, has taken charge of the men for the present, and is trying to teach the beginners the rudiments of the game. There is a great need of sprinters for backs, and if there are any "dark horses" with a good turn of speed about, they have but to avow themselves to be welcomed with open arms. Fast men and heavy men are the material of which teams are made, and the sooner such men appear in canvas, the more certain will be our chances of victory.

—The Professors of Rhetoric and Composition have outlined for their classes the course of reading to be followed this year. The Rhetoric class will make studies of the following works: "Dombey and Son," "The Old Curiosity Shop," and "Pickwick Papers," by Dickens; "Henry Esmond," "The Virginians," and "Pendennis," by Thackeray; "Mill on the Floss" and "Silas Marner," by George Eliot; "Tales of a Wayside Inn," by Longfellow; "Idyls of the King" and "The Princess," by Tennyson; "Essay on Criticism" and "Essay on Man," by Pope. Students in the Composition classes will be required to read "Words and their Uses," by Grant White; "Vanity Fair," by Thackeray; "Marble Faun," by Hawthorne; "Sketch Book," by Irving; "A Tale of Two Cities," by Dickens; "Life Around Us," by Egan; "Sesame and Lilies," by Ruskin; "Lady of the Lake," "Marmion" and "Lay of the Last Minstrel," by Scott; "Evangeline,"

"Hiawatha," and "Miles Standish," by Longfellow; "Enoch Arden" and "Locksley Hall," by Tennyson. The instructors of the grammar classes will make known in a few days the books to be read by students preparing to take up the study of Composition.

Roll of Honor.

SORIN HALL.

Messrs. Barrett, Barry, Bennett, Burns, Brennan, Cavanagh, Costello, Eyanson, Fagan, Gallagher, Gankler, Lantry, Miller, Mulburger, Marmon, J. Murphy, E. Murphy, McKee, Mott, McDonough, Ney, Palmer, Pritchard, Rosenthal, Regan, Reardon, Riley, Slevin, Stace, Sullivan, Weaver, Wilson, Barton.

BROWNSON HALL.

Messrs. Arce, Anders, Anderson, Armijo, Byrne, Barber, Barry, Ball, J. Browne, R. Browne, Brinker, Blanchard, M. Campbell, E. Campbell, Crilly, Cypher, Ducey, Daly, Delaney, Eyanson, Forbing, Fera, Foulks, Flannigan, Follen, Fitzpatrick, Fox, Goeke, Gibson, Gilpin, Geoghegan, Golden, Gilmartin, Hesse, Henry, Hayes, Hagerty, Healy, Hoban, Kegler, Kelly, Landa, Lillis, H. A. Miller, Murphy, Mathewson, Meizer, Nevius, O'Malley, O'Brien, Phelps, Powell, Pietrzykowski, J. Putnam, R. Putnam, Quinn, T. Ryan, Regan, G. Ryan, H. Roper, E. Roper, San Romand, Smoger, Speake, Steiner, Smith, Stuhlfauth, Sammon, Straus, Sanders, S. Spalding, R. Spalding, Tabor, Ten Broeck, Thiele, Taylor, Tong, Tracy, Walsh, Wurzer, Wilson, Wigg, Ward, Oldshue, Kelly, F. Kaul, I. Kaul, G. Hanhauser, A. Hanhauser, Wagner, Maguire, Scott, Piquette, Atherton, Tuhey, Warl, H. A. Miller.

CARROLL HALL.

Messrs. Armigo, Abraham, W. Berry, T. Berry, Brown, Beardsley, Barry, Burns, Burke, Cornell, Cary, Cane, Curry, Crowdus, Collin, Cunea, Coquillard, Devine, Druiding, Dugas, Darst, Erhart, Fennessy, Franey, Flynn, Gimbel, Girsch, Goldsmith, Gainer, Hayes, Hagerty, Herman, Hawkins, Herron, Healy, E. Hake, L. Hake, Hoban, Howard, Jelonek, Jonquet, A. Kasper, G. Kasper, F. Kasper, P. Kuntz, J. Kuntz, C. Kuntz, Keeffe, Kleine, Kay, Kirk, Koehlein, Lovett, Landers, Leach, Long, Langley, Lichtenwalter, Lowery, Landt, Murray, Moss, Meagher, Mohn, Moorhead, Monahan, Morris, Monarch, Merz, McElroy, McNamara, McKinney, McNichols, Noonan, O'Malley, O'Brien, Plunkett, Pendleton, Page, Quandt, Rasche, E. Regan, P. Regan, W. Ryan, A. Ryan, Reuss, Shiels, Stearns, Shipp, Summers, Schoenbein, Scott, Smith, Stare, Shillington, Sheekey, G. Scherrer, W. Scherrer, Thames, Tescher, Taylor, Tuohy, R. Weitzel, H. Weitzel, Watterson, Walsh, Weinberg, Ward, Wilson, Wells, Spillard, Krug, Curtis, Garza, Leonard, Szybowicz, Dinnen.

ST. EDWARD'S HALL.

Masters Abrahams, Allyn, Bloom, Bergeron, Bullene, C. Bodie, F. Bodie, Campau, Campbell, Cotter, Catchpole, Coquillard, Cressy, G. Davis, B. Davis, Davidson, Dugas, Elliott, Ehrlich, Fitzgerald, Finnerty, Fitter, A. Flynn, M. Flynn, M. Garrity, L. Garrity, Goff, Giffin, Hart, Hubbard, Hammer, Hall, Jonquet, Kasper, Kelly, Kopf, Lawton, Lovell, Morehouse, McIntyre, P. McBride, L. McBride, Moxley, Martin, Maher, O'Loughlin, H. Pollitz, W. Pollitz, Plunkett, Phillips, Paul, C. Quertimont, Quinlan, E. Quertimont, L. Rasche, D. Rasche, Sontag, Spillard, Swan, Sexton, Van Sant, F. Van Dyke, J. Van Dyke, Welsh, Weidener, G. Weidman, F. Weidman, Breslin, J. A. Coquillard, Wagner.