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Lake Michigan.

LONG wastes of sand that wind and reach
To where the waters lap the sky;
Long ranks of waves that lash the beach
And in their fury die.

Bald, shining hills of naked sand,
That once were wrapped in living green;
A few gaunt oaks, half-buried, stand,
Spectres of what has been.

And sometimes, when the tempests sweep,
The breakers with their strong arms white
Toss from the bosom of the deep
A victim of their might.

W. P. B.

The Classics and English Literature.

RICHARD SPALDING SLEVIN, '96.

Of all the questions which have undergone the discussion of the critics, there are few that can claim such an important bearing on education as that one pertaining to the study of the classics. It is not a question which, like many that have served for debate, has sprung up in a moment, created for a time some little agitation and been forgotten as suddenly as it came. On the contrary, it has been the outgrowth of time, and, in reaching its climax in England, it has kept pace with the English language itself. The modern critic, as we well know, is willing and eager to dispute upon any theme. He is as prone to attack the most primitive laws of state or society as he is to pose as the latest defender of the fair sex in the "bloomer" question; but it is only within comparatively recent years that he has seen fit, in keeping company,

no doubt, with a progressive age, to attack those methods of education which seem to be based, above all, on soundness of principle and experience.

To decide definitely what is the object of an education such as we ourselves receive, would be a great advance towards the ending of many bitter controversies. Is it the object of a liberal education to take the individual and develop in him the talents with which he is particularly gifted? Or is it, on the contrary, its object to develop, not the particularly strong side of him, but the whole man; not the scientist, the mechanic or the novelist, but a man of sound judgment, capable of following any of the paths of life that may stretch out before him, and able to judge which of those paths is best fitted to his own personality? Is it, in a word, its object to bring out a man's talents and forget his deficiencies, or should it, rather, be its aim to neglect his abilities and, in preference, choose to overcome his defects and thus make him more perfect?

There is only one answer to the question. If an education would encourage the building up of a man's talents rather than the remedying of his defects it would, at the same time suppress forever all desire of becoming more than a man of one side. It would sacrifice everything to talents which once, perhaps, in a thousand cases would approach real genius.

The study of the Latin and Greek languages is the beginning and end of all disputes upon this question. Everyone admits that a classical education would greatly benefit every student. About this there can scarcely be any discussion. But the real question is—does it give him advantages superior to any other sort of training, and, at the same time, give these

in sufficient abundance to counterbalance its apparent uselessness from a practical point of view? Some assert that its advantages are no greater than those afforded by scientific or historical work, and point out as a proof examples of many illustrious men whose success could never be attributed to such a cause. But in this argument the object of an education is certainly disregarded altogether. No education can create in any man faculties foreign to his natural self; and it can never, no matter what its essence, prevent the appearance of faculties which are inborn in a man, and form part, as it were, of his very nature. Isolated examples can never prove anything. If they did, all admirers of Lincoln, with an unquenchable desire of becoming self-made men, would probably leave college and chop fence-rails; and all students of Shakspeare would give up the study of the foreign languages because the great dramatist knew no other than his own. If any comparative estimate be given it should be made, not between individuals, but between classes, and such a comparison is practically impossible.

If the object of an education be to broaden a man, language is certainly its best agent. Why is it that travel is always given as the last of the finishing touches with which to complete one's education? It has always been conceded that the man who has seen something of the world is much the better for his observation. The man who has travelled to other cities and other countries ought to be held in higher estimation than he who has seen nothing but his own state, his own country, perhaps. Is it not natural that such a one after marking the beauties of other countries, is better able to look on his own with appreciation; and likewise is he not better prepared to judge of the defects of his own character who has seen the virtues and the vices of others? And the same is true of languages. It is well to say that one should know his own perfectly before concerning himself with others; but Goethe has told us that no man can know his own language perfectly until he is acquainted to a certain degree with the languages not his own.

There are at present many who on all occasions urge the impracticability of a classical training. There was a time, they say, when a knowledge of the ancient tongues was an absolute necessity to any man who had aspirations in a literary way; a time when all of the greatest works were unreadable in any but the

Latin tongue. The English had not at that time reached the comparative perfection it has attained to-day, and a reading of the masterpieces in any but the original naturally necessitated the losing of many of their beauties. They claim that this study at the present time is unpractical; for the time could be put to much better use in the study of the sciences, which have a more immediate bearing on one's active life. There is, however, such a thing as being too practical, not for machines, perhaps, for machines are all practice, but for men, at least, who profess to be gifted with a mind to aid and direct the hand. But at any rate, it is asked, why not devote the time usually spent in Latin and Greek to the study of the modern languages? But how many of those who do abide by this principle have a motive purely literary? Is it not the general rule that the man who now studies French and German does it, not because he desires to read in the original the masterpieces of those languages, but rather because he imagines they will be of material benefit to him in business, or, at least, that he will obtain from their study certain conversational pleasures. He certainly does not study them for their literature; for if he had that aim in view, he would naturally wish to study those languages which are richest in this particular. And what languages, may I ask, can show a more perfect field of literature than the ancient tongues of the Athenians and the Romans?

I shall waste no time in the unnecessary task of pointing out the beauties of the Greek and Latin tongues. It is equally useless to show how the study of the classics is the best means of broadening one's mind and views. Such facts are now established; but if Goethe's saying is true, let us apply it to the study of Latin and Greek the better to know English. The English language has at the present time, without a doubt, reached a high degree of perfection, and our literary masterpieces are as great as those of any language spoken on the earth. But surely a man should not be content even with these, when he realizes that there are others, still their superior which he has not seen. And poetry is certainly not least among the studies which should form part of one's education. It cultivates the heart and the mind, for surely poetry and refinement cannot be separated. Poetry is always the highest achievement in any literature; just as the works of which many nations have been the proudest are poems, so also their authors have been truly the greatest

geniuses the world has seen. And a classical education presupposes the ability and taste necessary to appreciate all this, not merely an admiration due to the respect for other's opinions. Certain it is, and natural, too, that when one reads the classics for the first time, as is generally the case with college students, one can hardly view the work with the same admiration as he who has made them a life-long study. It would be an injustice to suppose this; for taste, we must recollect, is something that requires cultivation. It is possible, and very probable, that those who profess to see no beauty in the classics could ask the college student to give a discourse on their beauties and obtain no satisfactory result. So long as the student is striving to master the meaning, it is natural that his views on other qualities should be artificial and extraneous. If it requires a cultivated taste to be able to appreciate the great masterpieces of one's mother-tongue, is it not in conformity with reason that much greater care be necessary when these works are hidden beneath the veil of a foreign language?

It is certain that the ultimate end of a literary course is to make one able to write one's language accurately and fluently, to express one's ideas in a clear and forcible manner. Since this is the case, the usefulness of the classics in literary works is far-reaching; for the main thing to be desired is the acquisition of ideas and the power of expressing them in the most forcible manner. Now, does the very moderate proficiency which the average college student achieves in Latin and Greek aid him materially in this respect? If a student were to spend his whole time in referring to his dictionary and in translating his daily lessons, he would be employing it in a most profitable manner. He would be constantly acquiring new ideas, new points of view, and as he advanced farther in his work he would begin to realize the necessity of choosing between the different shades of meaning which each word has and the importance of accuracy. He would acquire, too, a greater vocabulary and a better understanding of synonyms, and in after time he will be better prepared to express his ideas. This, combined with cultivation of the mind, should be his sole aim.

This is, I think, the way in which to regard an education. It is not a thing to be measured by the yard, or weighed by the pound; nor should we be constantly looking for its practical application. When a man chooses a friend,

does he ask himself: will this association be a benefit or an injury to me? We have often been told to consider books in the same way. In the reading of classical authors, we should regard them only as friends—as a society composed of members with whom association means the acquirement of ease and grace, and with whom every day's companionship signifies a further step towards the attainment of good taste, elevation of heart and sound judgment.

An Alpine Outing.

ARTHUR M. GAUKLER, '97.

It was the day before the glorious Fourth, the place was Switzerland, and the gray of the east was just turning to pink and crimson when we set out—a Swiss friend and I—for a tramp from Heiden, on the Lake of Constance, to Coire, which lay just over the Saentis chain of the Swiss Alps. Knapsack upon back, and alpenstock in hand, we began our walk with spirits light as the mountain air we breathed. We had every prospect of a delightful day, for we had planned to rest at Appenzell, and begin the attack upon the mountains on the morning of the Fourth.

From Heiden the path led us through rich pastures, where the fat and short-legged Appenzell cows were grazing, up the side of one hill and down the other through groves of fragrant pine-trees, and, now and then, past the door of a mountain inn, above the door of which might often be seen an inscription in verse, either humorous, suggestive of the canton or of welcome. After two hours of walking, we betook ourselves to one of these inns, and were welcomed by a hearty "Grüss Gott"—the salutation of the Catholic Swiss—and a hearty hand-shake from the landlord, and one, in turn, from his wife and daughters. All were equally enthusiastic in grasping our hands and putting us at our ease, assuring us at the same time that we were very welcome, and inquiring whether they might not serve us with some Appenzell cheese, fresh from the milk of the cows we had seen in the meadows. The quantity of cheese that we ate and the Rhine wine we drank with it would be enormous in any place but Appenzell, where the cheese is of the finest and the wine above reproach. Listening to the pleasant chatter of the jolly landlord and his merry family, we ate and drank—how much I blush to think.

With the *an revoirs* of the inn-keepers echoing in our ears, we resumed our journey, and, with but a few intermissions for rest, we tramped on till four o'clock in the afternoon, when the city of Appenzell, nestling at the foot of the gigantic Saentis, bade us tarry and rest ourselves.

Fatigued, as we were, by the exertions of the day, we sought an inn, where after a hearty supper we went at once to our beds. Peaceful indeed were our slumbers, our dreams recalling the events of the day. My companion was awakened shortly before dawn by a most alarming sound, so he told me. I had been dreaming—dreaming of that Appenzell cheese. And could I be blamed if I smacked my lips at the sweet remembrance of that roadside feast?

Weak and stiffened from the walking of the day before, we were up with the sun, ready for our tramp up the purple heights that lay above us. The Fourth is not so glorious in Switzerland—no enthusiasm, no fire-crackers, no peanuts—and I was a little sad at thinking what my friends at home were doing to celebrate our national holiday. I tried to tell my Swiss friend about Washington and the Revolution, but he was so busy enlisting the services of a guide for our ascent of the Saentis that he turned a deaf ear to me. With sharpened alpenstocks and several extra nails in our shoes, we began the climb. Knapsacks, clothing and all were packed in the basket strapped to the shoulders of our guide, which we very generously allowed him to carry all the way. We were given to understand that a mountain village called Meglis-Alp lay half way up the mountain, about three hours walk from our starting-point. Eminently satisfactory, thought I; but when we had walked three hours, and the guide told me that Meglis-Alp was two hours off yet, I sat down and rested. The distance is a three hours' walk to ordinary legs, but five hours to such as mine.

No amount of persuasion could induce me to walk faster, though my friend and the guide both contrived to accomplish that object. I plodded onward, slowly but surely, stopping here and next resting there; for I had no surplus energy to spare. The path was every moment becoming better, and as the way could not easily be missed, I persuaded my companions to push ahead, assuring them that I would catch them at Meglis-Alp.

The fifth hour had already passed by when my Switzer and the guide and the few dwellers in Meglis-Alp were greeted by a spectacle which, I feel convinced, they have

not to this day forgotten. A weary youth, with dishevelled hair, doughtily holding an alpenstock in his hands, supporting his failing strength and faltering footsteps thereby, came faltering along, and whispering, "Put me to bed," fell almost fainting at their feet. It is needless to say who that youth was.

It was now nine o'clock in the morning, and I slept in the only bed—a mow of new-mown hay—till late in the afternoon. A good luncheon revived me, and my friend who was reproaching himself for having left me to myself on the way, now regained his humor, and for the benefit of the landlord, the guide and the shepherd boys, gave me a first-rate idea of my appearance on entering the place.

No tales of the delightful climb to the top could tempt me to the completion of the ascent that day; so my friend and I compromised the matter by my agreeing to pursue the journey at one o'clock on the morning of the sixth. Still it was the Fourth of July, and I thought it would be a good idea to show that an American, though away from his native land, could still be patriotic. So I hired some of the *sens*—the Swiss shepherds—who had just returned from their day's labor, to crack their whips in unison for the space of one hour. What capital fire-crackers! thought I, as the echoes sounded and resounded through the mountains, now clear and distinct, now far away, distant and dying.

Perhaps on the day when liberty's call sounded far and wide over our land in 1776, our colonists were not more enraptured than was I; but I do insist that no fire-crackers ever sounded liberty's notes with such unflagging zeal as did those Alpine whips in the hands of my shepherd boys. I doubt whether any of the present generation of Americans ever witnessed such a celebration of our Day of Independence. My Swiss friend enjoyed my enthusiasm immensely, and the others did, too; for I explained to them in very crude German (and, I assure you, it was no easy task getting the mouth around such words, as *Unabhängigkeitserklärungstag*—"Declaration of Independence") what it was all about, and they joined in the now general celebration, by singing national airs, yodling or warbling their own quaint shepherd songs, lifting three-hundred-pound stones to the height of their waists, to show their prodigious strength, and what they were prepared to do should a Gesler again make his appearance or another William Tell among them require their brawn and skill to gain their country's free-

dom. Thus the day passed, and the morrow too, in an agreeable, though not sensational, manner. We had nothing to do but rest; and rest we did to our hearts' content, nursing our increasing energies for our ascent to the summit.

The hour came when we were to go, and the guide awoke us when we thought we had but just gone to sleep. After rummaging about for our effects and piling them upon the shoulders of the guide, we sallied forth by the dim light of a lantern. Oh, what a solemn night! No moon to be seen, but few stars visible. No sound to be heard; no happy tinkling of the bells of the mountain goats as they industriously worked their way to the most inaccessible places; no happy warble of the shepherd boys—nothing to disturb the quiet of the scene, and nothing to be seen but the huge dark masses that frowned above us.

The higher we went; the steeper became the ascent. The path zig-zagged more and more wildly, and our progress was necessarily slow. About half past three in the morning, we could see the inn and observatory established by the Swiss government on the peak. Just at this stage of the ascent, an incident common in mountain climbing came to break the monotony. A vast bed of icy snow, with a chasm four hundred feet deep on one side, and the snow and ice looming up on the other, lay before us. The path led near the edge of the chasm and it was a precarious place to pass. A cold shiver ran down my spinal column. To make but a slight misstep meant that no faithful, if crude, pen would picture to the readers of the SCHOLASTIC the portentous events that transpired on this most eventful trip. For fifty yards the way led thus, and I allowed Mr. Guide to sound the path before I attempted to cross on it. All well and good, it seemed so easy to look at him. I grasped my alpenstock firmly, and determined at least to make an attempt. With the guide in advance and my friend in the rear to encourage me, I walked hesitatingly forward, my tread becoming firmer and firmer with each step, and when I had again reached solid earth, and knew how easy it was, I wanted to go back again and recross alone. But Mr. Guide said no, that it was a dangerous place, and he would take no chances. In a few short minutes we reached a wire rope leading to the summit, and by its aid we pulled ourselves up the rugged rock which forms the peak. The dawn had already broken, but the surrounding world was still in darkness and our view somewhat obscure.

The peaks of the Bernese Oberland, lifting their crests of eternal ice and snow far above the other mountains, were the most conspicuous objects that presented themselves to the vision. The Tyrolese Alps, so rich in traditions, and the historic Rhine river lay before us, while off to the south the dim, verdure-clad mountains of Italian Switzerland waited the first touch of the sunlight to waken them to life and vivid beauty.

We were gazing in silence at the darkened scene, with eyes directed toward the east, when the sun suddenly shot athwart the mountain top a ray of golden light, another followed and soon nature assumed her brightest garb. The icy crests of a moment before were now giant reflectors, and as the rays of the sun fell full upon them, they seemed clear as crystal; the glaciers in turn, casting back flickering silvery beams of light, all nature around awakening to a magnificent play of colors under the touch of the rising sun.

Gazing thus upon the splendid scene and trying to picture it in my mind, the sight called forth all the enthusiasm of my nature. Yet I felt sorrowful to view such a grand spectacle and not be able to depict it! To have my friends and others ask me what Switzerland was like and not to be able to tell them! I was almost overcome by the thought.

After satisfying as well as possible my insatiable curiosity, and ascertaining the name and history of this, that and the other mountain, crag, height and peak from our loquacious guide, we spent the remainder of the day in ascending different peaks, securing specimens of various Alpine flowers, the most prominent and purely Alpine species being the *edel-weiss* and the bell-shaped Alpine rose. Then we found a sunny spot, and lay on our backs on the sloping plain, having our heads resting on pillows of moss, and lolled in the sunshine while the clouds were rolling by, and the mountain goats industriously plucking the tufts of grass that here and there peeped scantily forth from the beds of rugged rock. Thus we passed the day. Objects of unceasing interest were continually attracting our attention—a continued round of delight to me so new to such sights.

The following day we began our descent on the opposite side of the chain. I had boasted while on the summit, that, if I could not climb mountains, I could at least easily walk down. My companion first smiled, then laughed a most boisterous laugh, while the guide looked compassionately at me. I found out but too soon

what it all meant. In going down this mountain, it is necessary to use the greatest care. For the path is extremely steep and full of small, loose, sharp-pointed stones, and if one would go beyond a very short step he would roll down to the valley below unless perchance an obstruction might present itself; even then his bones would be so shaken up, his skin so gemmed with mineralogical specimens that I am sure he would never again desire to undergo a like experience. Truly it is no easy task to walk down a mountain.

A six-hours walk brought us to the Rhine valley, and here we bade farewell to our guide. The next day we continued our journey on a level road in the valley. We were under way but half an hour when a stage coach bound for Coire came along. This was too much of a temptation for me. I consulted my friend, and we both agreed that it would be much more pleasant to ride to Coire than to walk. So we mounted the top, and oh! how comfortable it was. Everything had a new appearance. Another ride to Coire was all too short. This, then, is the story of my only walking tour through the pleasant land of the *edel-weiss* and the Alpine rose.

Private Mulvaney and His Historian.

FRANCIS E. EYANSON, '96.

The young man and what he is going to do are questions which seem interesting to many. He who numbers himself among the candidates for fame and fortune—for these are the goals which have the preference, as for which of the two it is but a matter of choice—has but to observe that he may see how immense is the throng to which he belongs.

Great questions—that is burning, vital questions of the day, as they are generally called—are so numerous, and in their scope and nature so varied that it would be almost impossible for one to be thoroughly versed in all. Even were the attempt made, and the student successful with each in its turn, he would sooner or later be confronted with new points that seem to spring up, as it were, with each step, or out from the growing of another.

Every day brings its prophets. They come forward, make their little speech; and then step back to await developments. If we were certain that our prophecies would turn out to be absolutely correct, we might indulge a little

in the speculative business. This being the case, we, like a great many others, are inclined to be satisfied with the present, feeling, moreover, that enough is there to occupy our attention; if in no other way, at least, as regards the young man in literature.

These few remarks may seem to have little in connection with our theme; but so much has been predicted of Mr. Kipling's future, and what he may do if only this or that fault be corrected, as to prompt the question whether all this dealing in what will be, is only a weakness of people, or a thing to be seriously considered.

Though Mr. Kipling is yet young in years, he has written a great deal, and has identified himself with the noted men of letters. If all his works were to be considered together, and a decision given from their general characteristics, it would certainly be that he stands alone. To-day we have a host of story-tellers: men and women who can write interesting and clever bits of romance and realism. Without any hesitation one mentions the names of Howells, Mrs. Burton Harrison, Richard Harding Davis and Conan Doyle. Among these Kipling stands in the front rank. His is a clear, unassuming style, showing a wonderful skill in saying a great deal in a very few words, and at the same time, making it attractive, and, as by some unknown power, drawing us closer to himself. What he has to say is told in a manly way, which peculiarity, by the way, perhaps more than any other, has had much to do with making for him a crowd of admirers. To correctly say why a writer is pleasing or not, we must consider temperament. However, in our conclusions, we may rightly overlook this, and say that the interest he creates rests, to a very great extent, on his direct manner of expression and his careful attention to the details that give "local color" to a story.

Born in a country, which as yet had received little consideration from men of letters, he had ample opportunities to show his ability, and a great source from which to draw his material. As I have already intimated, England knew little concerning the society and literature of India, that is, comparatively speaking. I use this last expression, for in our day every phase of life is carefully brought out for us. There was an unexplored mine of good things ready to his hand—the natives, the British soldiers in their barracks and Indian society. Kipling knew these people well; he early wrote songs and doggerel verse for their amusement. These were

grateful to their ears, and soon became interesting, not only to the Anglo-Indian, but to others far beyond this eastern land. His stories have brought out the life of the country, and showed it as no one had, as yet, attempted. Skilful in giving to them a literary touch, he has not that pompous air which our greater novelists enjoy; nor would we wish it otherwise; such a thing, in a writer of short stories, would be somewhat uncalled for. We do, I think, prefer that which he possesses—crisp, full of spirit and carrying with it a plain, uncompromising sentiment truly in harmony with the characters and places spoken of.

One of the persons he "discovered" was, as his name, Terence Mulvaney, implies, a recruit who had taken the Queen's shilling in Ireland. Mulvaney is a whole-souled, large-hearted fellow, who has spent the greater part of his life in subduing rebellious natives and cultivating his taste for beer. Kipling has let his character form itself. He does not introduce us to "Privit" Mulvaney; we simply walk into his presence, and become one of his listeners. So carefully has it been done that we forget the writer, and give our undivided attention to the talkative soldier. There is one thing in particular about Mulvaney that always struck me as wonderful. It is not his unconquerable appetite for beer, but his speech. Born of Irish parents, reared among Englishmen, and associated with the natives of India, he has succeeded in combining the three tongues and forming a dialect which is certainly unique. His friends use a similar language, and when, as in "The Three Musketeers," they all talk at once, the reader is liable to become confused. To those who do not admire dialect these stories would be far from interesting. But Mulvaney cares little about that; he is too old to correct his grammar, and perhaps, would not if given a chance.

When quite young Mr. Mulvaney became a soldier in the British army in India. He was not fast in working his way up, but was finally made corporal. This position he did not hold long as his dreadful thirst for beer overcame his better self, and, in his own words, he was "rejuiced." This seemed to have checked all ambition, and ever afterwards he was satisfied with the humble rank of "privit." The greatest event in his life, without exception, was the taking of Lungtungpen. As he tells our author, it was through his individual efforts and strategy: "Swimming the river at night, they broke the stockades, and in their nakedness took the town." "If," says one of the natives, "the

English fight thus without their clothes what will do they do with them on?"

Tender-hearted and true, he pays a debt of gratitude to Miss McKenna, in inducing a corporal to marry her. She is anything but handsome, and is well advanced in years. Mulvaney thinks it a shame that a daughter of the regiment's benefactress should go single so long. He tells the Corporal that unless he marries the lady, he will have to make hasty preparations to leave the country. As our hero is an old veteran, and of good size the gallant officer consents, and Mulvaney, his mission fulfilled, proceeds to celebrate the wedding of the "Venus Anno Domini," the daughter of his regiment.

Mr. Kipling is little more than thirty years of age. Whether or not he will add to his fame in future years is difficult to say; still, this is of little concern, for the creator of Mulvaney is already great.

The Poet's Poet.

JOSEPH A. MAGUIRE.

Almost every reader of poetry has selected a poet with whom he sympathizes and who affords him greater pleasure than do other authors. Some prefer Longfellow to Tennyson, but the poets seem to have claimed Shelley. He stands at the head of his class, with a wide gulf between himself and his nearest rival. He possessed indeed the true poetic spirit; he lived in a world of imagination and poetry, whence he easily drew the inspirations of his works. He was at home in the mists and clouds and sunbeams and, in truth, in any place where he could contemplate the beautiful in nature and be raised above the meaner life of earth. No doubt this is bad philosophy, but, as the world goes, it is good poetry. In none of his productions, with the possible exception of the "Cenci," are his characters real living beings; they are mere ethereal forms that act their parts and seem ready to fade away with the least rise in temperature.

Shelley was born in August, 1792. His life was eventful to the last degree and ended most tragically. His religion, if we may be permitted the paradox, was atheism. It hangs like a dark shadow over his otherwise brilliant poems. He instinctively rebelled against all government, advocating a false liberty, as his poems and his whole life amply testify. It is

said that he was very generous towards those in need, and often put himself in straits to serve a friend. His first poem was "Queen Mab," published by himself and privately circulated among his friends in London. It abounds in anachronisms, dogmatism and atheism. "It is an effusion no man should have written, no printer published, and no family possessed." While in England, in 1815, he published his "Alastor." It tells the story of a young man roaming around the world, suffering much, in order to find the ideal lover whom he saw in a dream. It is exquisitely poetical, notwithstanding it embodies some of Shelley's wildest fancies. In 1818, his "Revolt of Islam" was published. This poem with many others he used as a vehicle for his moral and philosophical disquisitions; and on this account he has compromised its title to universal appreciation; like the other poems, however, it must be kept as a work of one of the greatest, though most erratic of poets.

In his "Prometheus Unbound" he reached the highest point of ideality. His language is correct, easy and beautiful; the versification natural and the poem is literally flooded with color. There are passages of delicate description and of weird beauty, and these only Shelley could produce. The most beautiful, to my mind, occurs in "Panthea's" vision of the world. In this poem we find that faultiness of construction so fatal to the "Revolt of Islam"; the hero drops out without any apparent cause, and we are left unsatisfied at the close.

It would be a pleasant task, were this a suitable place, to trace the different meanings given to this ancient legend by Æschylus and Shelley. The former pictured Prometheus as a Titan with an unconquerable will, having nothing in common with man. Shelley, on the contrary, makes him a representative of humanity, suffering as a man, and struggling after what Shelley thought supreme goodness.

His "Cenci" is a spirited illustration of the hatred which he bore every species of domestic tyranny; but unfortunately he took a subject at which humanity revolts. His other poems "Rosalind and Helen," "Julian and Maddalo," are idyllic in their nature. In his "Witch of Atlas" and the "Sensitive Plant," but particularly in this latter, there are found the best examples of nervous imagination in all literature. Shelley also wrote some satirical and humorous pieces which show how natural to him was the coarse wit they contain. His lyrical efforts are simple yet beautiful. What

tender feeling is there not shown in the song of Beatrice in the "Cenci"

"False friend, wilt thou smile or weep
When my life is laid to sleep?"

Need I say anything concerning his other lyrics? They are read for their beauty by many who know Shelley by no other poem. His ode "To a Skylark" is the best. It is a perfect piece of art and a fine photograph of Shelley's mind. Some of his short poems are little gems and well deserve a careful study. But a word of warning should go with every disquisition upon the genius of this great poet. Shelley should be read for his art, not for his sentiment or for his philosophy. He spent an evil life; but perhaps we should thank God that more of his immorality did not get into his books.

The Earth a Cinder.

B. M. J.

Combustion is the union of a substance with oxygen, with an evolution of light and heat. Set fire to a piece of wood—the oxygen of the air seizes on the particles of the wood, rushes off as smoke with some, and remains as ashes with others. This is the primal feature of the phenomenon. The evolution of energy is secondary; it is only an effect of the chemical change. In olden times it was thought that matter was destroyed by being burned; but it is certain now that matter is indestructible, and that combustion involves no more than a change of form. We know that most of the elements combine with oxygen; we know further that they combine with it in the manner of combustion. Understanding, then, that when an element is found united to oxygen the phenomenon of combustion may be logically inferred, let us see the deductions that follow.

Three-fourths of the earth's surface consists of water. Water, we know, is a combination of the two gases, hydrogen and oxygen. In fewer words, water is burnt hydrogen. Take a given quantity of water, decompose it, and we get hydrogen and oxygen; set fire now to the hydrogen, or, in other words, cause it to combine again with the oxygen; and as the product of the combustion we get, with an intense evolution of light and heat, the exact quantity of water with which we started. The conclusion seems inevitable, then, that all the waters of the earth,—clouds, and dew, and frost and ice, winter's snow and summer's rain, the rivers, and

the lakes, and the boundless ocean,—all are but products of a great primeval fire.

For a century past, the solid crust of the earth has been the object of a painstaking, persistent, scientific investigation. The composition of everything on the face of the globe has been accurately determined; and a large portion of the interior as well has been subjected to a very severe scrutiny. Thousands of hitherto unknown substances have been found; and thousands of wonderful and useful facts have been brought to light. And now, as a result of all these marvellous discoveries, as a result of all these years of patient toil, it appears that the interior, no less than the surface of the earth, is oxydized. In plainer terms, there is the clearest and fullest evidence that the whole huge body of the globe is but the cinder of a titanic conflagration. The sands of the sea-shore, and the dust under our feet, the crags and hills and snow-capt peaks, with all the underlying, gigantic framework of mountain systems, the solid strata of the earth for twenty miles downward—as far as our direct acquaintance goes—all are oxydized, all are cooled embers, that must once have glowed with the fervor of a fiery sun. Out of this vast burnt waste a small portion—the matter that enters into the composition of living things—has been rescued. And thus it is that every organic body is combustible, and the cinereous old earth is clad in beautiful green.

Modern chemistry seems thus to have confirmed some of the wonderful things astronomers had told us before. The nebular hypothesis assumes that the earth was once a fiery, gaseous mass, thousands of times larger than it is now, radiating heat and light with an intensity like that of the sun. The sun, in fact, we are told, is an exact image of the olden earth. The combustible matters being finally consumed, the mass slowly cooled, was condensed to the liquid state, and at length took the form and features we are now so familiar with. If all this be true, the sun too must be gradually cooling; and yet the cooling process is so slow that man, in six thousand years, has not been able to detect the slightest diminution of the flood of solar energy that is daily pouring down upon the earth. The sixty centuries of human life, compared to the time required for the stupendous vicissitudes through which the earth has passed, are, like the earth itself in the mighty mechanism of the starry universe, an infinitesimal speck; a ripple on the surface of a limitless sea.

Magazine Notes.

—Henry Van Dyke is a fisherman as well as a critic of art and letters, and the story of his latest outing up among the pines and birches that border Lake St. John, in the Province of Quebec, is the brightest, freshest bit of writing in the October *Harper's*. There was rare sport. "At the Sign of the Balsam Bough," and "my lady Greygown"—who must be Mrs. Van Dyke—had her fair share of it; but only Mr. Van Dyke could have given the idyllic flavor, which the readers of *Harper's* will find so charming, to the chronicling of the fortnight's doings. Richard Harding Davis writes another chapter of the adventures of "Three Gringos in Central America"; and the fourth instalment of Poultney Bigelow's history of the "German Struggle for Liberty" recites the deeds of Schill and Hofer, Napoleon's most daring enemies. The action of Hardy's "Hearts Insurgent" quickens as the tale draws to its close; and Mark Twain's version of the life of Joan of Arc swings merrily on. The English is something wonderful; for who but the daring Mark could write a paragraph such as this: "All Orleans met the army at the gate and huzzahed it through the bannered streets to its various quarters, but nobody had to rock it to sleep; it slumped down dog-tired, for Dunois had rushed it without mercy, and for the next twenty-four hours it would be quiet, all but the snoring."

But the most important article in the entire number is Captain Mahan's contribution, "The Future in Relation to American Naval Power." Every one knows that Captain Mahan is the greatest living authority on questions naval; and his plea for a greater navy will be read and pondered by all thinking men. Edwin Lord Weeks has much to say about the "Hindoo and Moslem" in India, and he supplements his paper with thirteen capital drawings. "The Gift of Story-Telling" is an interesting essay by Brander Matthews. *Harper's* is always famous for its short stories. Julian Ralph's "Alone in China" is a study of the metamorphosis of an American girl into a Chinese woman; while "The Coupons of Fortune" is a little tale of unreal real life. Josiah Flynt knows more than any other man about the American tramp, and in "Jamie, the Kid" he explores a virgin field. "Ronzano," by Monsignor O'Reilly, will be interesting to every Catholic.

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—*The Pulse*, which is the year-book of Rush Medical College, does not always beat true. We thought, last November, that the defeat we gave the amateur knights of the scalpel was hard enough to stick in their memories; but the Athletic Editor of *The Pulse* forgot that the score was eighteen to six, and so it is written six to six. It was, no doubt, a typographical error, but *The Pulse* should bear in mind that accuracy is, in a proof-reader, a greater virtue than enthusiasm and college-spirit.

—"Corrected impressions" would be not altogether unpleasant, if the first, and false, ones did no damage before they were run to earth. Messrs. George P. Rowell and Company's "American Newspaper Directory for 1895" gives the SCHOLASTIC a circulation of only four hundred copies weekly, when, as a matter of fact, our average for last year was almost four times that number. To be exact, our regular edition was of fourteen hundred copies, but there were three special issues, one of 2100, one of 3500, and one of 3600 copies,

which put the average above 1500 for each week. This is not simply a boast; we print the figures for the benefit of our advertisers, who have always been most loyal to us, and whose fealty the SCHOLASTIC will ever strive to deserve.

—We wonder if the New Woman will claim as one of her victories the admitting of female students to all the courses offered by the Catholic University at Washington? We think not; the University stands for all she most abhors—religion, truth, morality—and she would, very probably, find a course in theology most uncomfortable. The Church was the first to put woman on her true level, to raise her from a condition little better than slavery to an equality with her former lord and master; and the action of the University is but the latest development in a plan that is nineteen centuries old. It is all nonsense to debate the question of woman and the Higher Education. A woman has a perfect right to go as far as her courage will carry her in chemistry, sociology or philosophy. The knowledge will not harm her; it will, rather, bring out the good that might have been forever latent, and make her a truer, a more symmetrical woman. To question her fitness for research and investigation is folly; to deny her right to mental development, utterly absurd. And the recognition of this by the University only makes evident the broadness and the liberality of the men who are at its head.

—It is printed in green and crimson, on paper water-marked '69—this relic of the Notre Dame of other days, a programme of the "celebrations on the occasion of the University's Silver Jubilee." Its title-page is encyclopedic enumerating the "Poems, Orations, Dramatic Representations," etc., and is headed by a cut of the three college buildings done in the above-mentioned crimson ink. They were lavish, our brothers of a quarter-century ago, with their plays and orations and poems, and they went conscientiously about the entertaining of their guests. Fancy a '95 audience fanning its way wildly through twelve "speeches" and addresses, besides the "Orations of the Day." But the men of '69 were made, no doubt, of sterner stuff than is the present generation, and they relished

it all—choruses, marches, addresses and poems. The SCHOLASTIC was young in those days; and we can picture the Staff of '69 vainly trying to pass on every point, striving to do justice to the seventy-odd young fellows whose names appear on the three pages. And the programmes themselves!—they are, to put it simply, characteristic of the two occasions—the Silver and the Golden Jubilee. We are indebted for the copy which lies on our table to the Reverend D. A. Clarke, of Columbus, who read the St. Edward's address on that Tuesday evening in June, 1869. There have been mighty changes in our *Alma Mater* since the first of her jubilees—changes as mighty will, no doubt, be wrought within the next three decades; but to every *alumnus* the brightest years of her history will always be the ones he spent in the halls and on the campus of "dear old Notre Dame."

—September is remarkable, as a rule, only as the season of good-byes to summer homes, and of college openings; but the first of the autumn months of '95 will long be memorable as the one in which the American eagle soared higher than ever before. First came *Defender's* victory, glorious in spite of the fact that it was won by "a fair, a foul and a fizzle" for it was patent to everyone that *Valkyrie* was out-classed; then the University of Pennsylvania gave the Oxford-Cambridge team a sound beating on the Philadelphia cricket-grounds; but the most decisive victory of all was that of the New York Athletic Club over the London runners and jumpers and hurdlers on Manhattan field, last Saturday. It was an international contest, for the English club had invited the champions of all Britain to wear its colors, and the Americans were quick to take the cue. The English team, on the eve of its sailing, was weakened by the loss of three of their best men, and the Americans expected to win by a decent margin. But what no one did look forward to was a sweeping victory that gave but one second place to the visitors from Albion's shores. It was a triumph, complete and unquestionable, of American pluck and spirit and endurance. And another of J. Bull's idols is shattered—poor man, his household gods find little reverence among American iconoclasts!—and, this time, at least, the English press will have a trying time, inventing excuses for England's downfall in the world of sport,

—It is no literary heresy to hold that the "Vicar of Wakefield" is the greatest novel in English, for such is exactly the opinion of those who are competent to judge. It is not a book to be read in a night, with half-shut eyes and sluggish heart; it is a study that requires all the active faculties of mind and body; for it is the product of the genius that Dr. Johnson loved and appreciated. "We read the 'Vicar of Wakefield' in youth and age; we return to it again and again, and bless the memory of an author who contrives so well to reconcile us to human nature," says Walter Scott; and such a tribute to the worth of this novel from one so well versed in the moral aspect of things speaks more than volumes from the ready pens of learned critics.

The simplicity of the "Vicar of Wakefield" is irresistible, and the attraction it possesses shows what can be done without the aid of sensational incident to excite imagination and feeling. Though in every page wit and humor abound, yet in the whole volume there is not one thought injurious in its tendency; not one sentiment that will sound discord on the chastest ear. Its story "angels might have heard and virgins told."

The Vicar, a typical picture of the rural English clergyman, makes us feel with all the author's power what virtue there is in unaffected sincerity; real in his profession, humane in his disposition, he is a pattern to all. But everyone knows from Goldsmith's poems what a master he is in character-painting, and it would be tedious, as well as quite unnecessary, to dwell on them individually.

There is a peculiar feature by which each character is known, and the general arrangement has this excellence, that nothing could be omitted without injuring the unity and beauty of design. One event is the natural consequence of another, and the language flows as easily as the waters of a majestic river.

But it is the ethical character that marks the relative worth of novels, and in this, the "Vicar of Wakefield" is pre-eminent. By the noblest lessons of fortitude and perseverance it teaches the merit of benevolence, patience and reliance on the providence of God. Many indeed who have hard burdens to bear, and who are relieved by the consolation contained in the "Vicar of Wakefield" will always call the blessing of God on the poet Goldsmith, who has done so much for the betterment of mankind.

Oliver Goldsmith.

Of Ireland's many famous and illustrious poets, there is one whose name shall ever be fresh in the minds of English readers, and who undoubtedly has received great sympathy and admiration. Goldsmith, whose parents were Protestants, was born at Pallas, in November, 1728. The spot was then a dreary and desolate tract of land. When Goldsmith was still a child, his father was presented with a living of £200 a year, in the County of Westmeath. The Goldsmith family accordingly quitted their cottage in the wilderness for a spacious house on a much-frequented road, near the village of Lissoy. Here, then, Oliver was taught his letters by a maid-servant and was sent in his seventh year to a village school kept by an old quartermaster on half pay, who professed to teach nothing but the three R's—reading, 'riting and 'rithmetic. From this humble academy Goldsmith was removed in his ninth year. His life at this time seems to have been far from happy.

At seventeen he went up to Trinity College, Dublin, as a sizar. Here he obtained his bachelor's degree. He was now in his twenty-first year, and it was necessary that he should do something, and his education seemed to have fitted him to do nothing but to dress himself in gaudy colors, of which he was as fond as a magpie, to take a hand at cards, to sing Irish airs, to play the flute and to tell ghost stories by the fire in winter.

As his name became gradually known the circle of his acquaintance widened. He was introduced to Johnson, who was then considered the greatest of living English writers; to Reynolds, the greatest of living English painters; and to Burke, who had not entered Parliament, but who had distinguished himself by his writings and the eloquence of his conversation. In Christmas week, 1764, he published a poem entitled the "Traveller." It was the first work to which he had put his name. Some time later he published that great novel, "The Vicar of Wakefield." The success which had attended Goldsmith as a novelist, decided him to try his fortune as a dramatist. He wrote the "Good-Natured Man," a piece which had a worse doom than it deserved. In 1770 appeared his "Deserted Village." He also compiled for the use of schools several so-called histories, by which he accumulated a neat little amount. He has sometimes been

represented as a man of genius, cruelly treated by the world and doomed to struggle with difficulties which at last broke his heart. He died on the third of April, 1774, in his forty-sixth year.

He was indeed a popular writer. For accurate research and grave disquisition, he was not qualified by nature or by education. He knew nothing accurately; his reading had been disconnected; nor had he meditated deeply upon what he had read. He had seen much of the world; but he had noticed and retained little more of what he had seen than a few unnatural incidents and characters, which had happened to strike his fancy. But though his mind was very scantily stored with materials, he used what materials he had in such a way as to produce a wonderful effect. There had been many greater writers; but perhaps no writer was ever more uniformly agreeable. His style is always pure and easy, and, on proper occasions, pointed and energetic. His narratives are always amusing; his descriptions always picturesque, his humor rich and joyous, yet not without an occasional tinge of amiable sadness. About everything that he wrote, serious or sportive, there was a certain natural grace and decency, hardly to be expected from a man, a great part of whose life had been passed among thieves and beggars.

H. N. S.

Exchanges.

St. James' School Journal is the exponent of the parochial High School at 2924 Wabash Avenue, Chicago. It is the neatest of the exchanges before us. Its perfect typography and elegant, lady-like arrangement make the eye glad. It is agreeably varied with prose and verse. Conducted by very young ladies—mere tyros in journalism—it shows the ease they have already attained with the pen, is a sure sign of their energy and courage and is worthy of every encouragement. It opens with an article on "Clouds," not wanting in fancy, feeling and physics. But cloud-gazing has, we fear, given a cloudy tinge to some of the young writer's sentences. An essay on courage is a bolder attempt; but it seems a wee bit cloudy too—a moral topic being usually somewhat hard to manage by beginners. It is not plain how the opening remarks, down to the exit of Shylock, hang together with the rest of the essay. Our fair writers will, surely, take

our words in the spirit in which they are written. The few lines on the New Woman put the whole question in a nutshell, and are more convincing than the treatises that are wasted on the subject.

The *Monthly Visitor* is full of pleasant matter—stories, sketches, science and poetry. As a magazine for the home circle it can with difficulty be surpassed. The numerous, well-defined photographs illustrating its articles added to the pleasure we felt reading them. We cannot recommend this magazine too highly.

The *Speculum* is the organ of the Michigan Agricultural College. It is of great help to students of agriculture. Mr. Willit's address on "Agriculture in Transition" will be read with profit by others than those for whom it was intended. Mr. Heck's oration on the "Education of Women" adds one more champion on the sane side of the question. The material get-up of the *Speculum* must be the pride of its publishers.

The *Corpuscule* is edited by the medical students of the Lake Forest University. In a succinct, clear and readable way, authorities, among the highest of the Faculty, give the result of years of study and practice on the most intricate cases in medicine. Every medical student will find the *Corpuscule* of valuable help to him.

The *Couteulx Leader* is entertaining. What gives promise to be a fascinating story, the "Heir of Liscarragh," is carried through the second chapter; while the sweet numbers of Henry Coyley, Father Ryan and Miss O'Brien add to the agreeableness of its pages.

Our Anglican contemporary, *The Arrow*, has an amusing sketch of the perplexity to which Protestant ministers are reduced in the presence of the universal bicycle. "Bicycle Sunday" has aroused many of them to denounce what they call a desecration of the Lord's Day, making them exercise their ingenuity in shaping Bible texts to the express condemnation of the fad; while others, more worldly than zealous, go with the stream they cannot stem, upholding it by personal example and preaching it from the pulpit. On the other hand, the common-sense-like attitude of the Catholic Church to the fashion is dwelt on. The other articles of interest are an historical sketch of the Mozarabic Rite in Spain and a letter descriptive of famous localities in England.

Personais.

—J. E. Berry, B. L. ('91), is clerk of the District Court at Montrose, Col.

—Albert Dannemiller (Commercial, '95) is in the office of Dannemiller & Co., of Canton, O.

—The Reverend Denis Barrett, A. B. ('90), is stationed at the Church of St. Anthony of Padua, Minneapolis Minn. His friends here are waiting for his promised visit.

—A. J. Rumely (Commercial, '93) is attending Purdue University, taking the course of Mechanical Engineering. He is a constant reader of the SCHOLASTIC and takes a lively interest in everything that occurs at Notre Dame.

—Fred. B. Chute LL. B. ('90), is dealing in Real Estate in Minneapolis, Minn. If you are looking for a "live town" and a "beautiful location" apply to Fred; he knows every foot of ground in Minneapolis, St. Paul, and miles around.

—Charles Fuhrer (student, '68) placed his son last week in Carroll hall. Mr. Fuhrer was surprised at the rapid growth of Notre Dame. He has promised to make a more extended visit to examine all the changes that have taken place since his time.

—Samuel A. Walker, A. B. ('95), a reporter for the SCHOLASTIC last year and editor of the *Blasetown Bugle* is in the law office of C. D. and Thos. D. O'Brien, St. Paul, Minn. He is reading law in order to master a knowledge of the legal difficulties which prevent the union of the twin cities of Minnesota. There is to be started a paper whose object will be to put before the public the advantage of annexation. Sammie is to be the editor.

—An old friend of Notre Dame passed away when Mr. John Cooney, of Cleveland, Ohio, breathed his last at his home, Wednesday, September 20. His two sons, P. J. and J. E. Cooney were students at Notre Dame, and during his visits to them he made many friends here. For several years past he was a great sufferer, but bore his illness with Christian fortitude and resignation. His death was the close of a life full of good deeds. May he rest in peace!

—Ned Jewett, B. S. ('94), showed rare form in the field-day exercises of the Detroit Athletic Club. He ran third in the 75 yards dash, second in the 150 yards event, and won the 100 yards dash and the 440 yards run. His time in the last two events was 10 1-5 seconds and 53 1-5 seconds. What is especially remarkable in his running was the fact that he competed with his famous brother Hal in all excepting the last run. Hal, who did not train for the games, came first in the 75 yards dash and second in the 100 yards. He ran his heat in the latter dash in 10 seconds. Hal thinks Ned is a world beater. Both will go into training next summer.

Local Items.

- Pinochle is becoming popular at Sorin hall.
- The Carrolls enjoyed a swim in the lake last week.
- The Junior class in Biology have begun work in Cryptogamic Botany.
- Basket-ball is now the favorite game of the Carrolls.
- The Carroll anti-Special eleven has been formed, and is now on the look-out for games.
- Mr. Arthur Stace, of Sorin hall, was absent during the week, attending the wedding of his brother.
- FOUND—On Monday, September 23, one cold wave. It is still in our possession to be held with thanks.
- LOST—Between Carroll hall and Carroll campus—a pocket-book. Finder, please return it to Bro. Alexander.
- The various elevens of Carroll hall practise vigorously during every "rec." Many interesting games are assured this season.
- The list of books to be read by the classes of Rhetoric and Composition is to be revised. A complete list will be published next week.
- The class of Elementary Chemistry will meet for laboratory work every Thursday from 8.30 to 11 a. m. The class is unusually large.
- Mr E. Frank Jones is expected for a visit either to-morrow or some day next week. He will receive a hearty welcome from his many friends.
- A group of Carrolls were describing various objects they had seen this summer. One of them was depicting a grand ball-room. Suddenly a listener innocently asked: "Did the ball ever touch the ceiling"?
- A meeting was held last Monday to elect a captain for the Carroll Special football team. Three candidates—Burns, Cornell and Monahan—were nominated. The meeting resulted in the election of Monahan.
- The meeting of the Staff, last Wednesday evening, was not fully attended. There should be no absentees at future meetings. The time selected is immediately after supper, and the place of meeting is the Law room.
- New and improved apparatus for the development of germs has been placed in the bacteriological laboratory. The class is now hard at work. Father Kirsch will begin his lectures on Bacteriology during the coming week.
- Our new poet and philosopher is very entertaining. The other evening he read us one of his metrical compositions—a sad wail of despair with a refrain, "I cannot buck 'gainst Fate." We would advise him to secure the aid of our centre rush.
- The Philodemics will reorganize next Wednesday evening. This society is composed

of students in the Junior, Senior and Post-graduate classes, who are residents of Sorin hall. It is recognized as the best literary and debating society in the University.

—The cold wave has come, and we have only pleasant memories of the heat that scorched us but a few days ago. The fat ones are smiling now—their prayers have been answered. Some of them have even thought it advisable to begin study, now that the weather is favorable.

—The subscription books of the SCHOLASTIC are being filled with the names of old students. There is now a feeling among the "old boys" that they cannot keep in touch with their *Alma Mater* unless they take the old paper. The manager is still waiting to hear from some of last year's men.

—A few days ago a student was noticed wandering around the campus with a handkerchief and a woful expression tied around his face. He consulted the dentist and was relieved from all anxiety by being informed that it was his wisdom tooth. He had just begun the study of philosophy, and the results are already apparent.

—The class of '97 met Wednesday evening for the purpose of electing officers. The following were chosen: R. Palmer, President; E. Murphy, Vice-President; J. Miller, Secretary; T. Cavanagh, Treasurer; J. Barry, Poet; C. Bryan, Orator; M. Ney, Historian. The class color is peacock blue, but the pins have not yet been decided upon.

—The prospects of the Law department are unusually promising. The embryo judges have already made good resolutions to take off their coats for a square set-to with Blackstone and Kent. One Moot-Court has been held even at this early day, and preparations are now under way for another. If the outlook is not deceiving, much can be expected from our lawyers this year.

—After a stormy meeting last Sunday afternoon the Athletic Association, by a slight majority, elected Mr. Galen to the fifth place on the Executive Committee. One or two of the speakers succeeded in creating bad blood between the halls, but after the election things quieted down. Mr. Oldshue's resignation of the office of field-reporter was duly accepted. His successor will be elected at the next meeting.

—Rev. President Morrissey presented Doctor O'Malley to the Minims last week, and greatly delighted them by announcing that the Doctor would give them a course of lectures. On Tuesday last, he gave as his first lecture an account of his visit to the Yosemite Valley; and so vivid and interesting was his description that it charmed his youthful audience, and made the supper bell, that otherwise would be hailed with welcome, a discord in their ears.

—Mr. F. Scott, of Brownson hall, has a number of excellent photographs taken on his father's plantation in Alabama. They present views of life among the darkies. One is especially interesting. It shows a negro grave covered with pottery. There is a custom among the negroes at the death of one of their number to collect all the available broken pottery and strew it on the grave. It is probably a tradition inherited from their ancestors in Africa. Just for what reason it was originally done, it would be interesting to know.

—The University Stock Company met last Thursday evening. Four new names were added to the membership roll—Messrs. H. Wilson, '97; E. Brennan, '97; C. Bryan, '97, and G. McCarrick, '98. There are ten in the company now. As the membership is limited to fifteen, and as these are chosen with a view to their adaptability to any part, especially to comedy, only the best are tempted to apply for admission. Rehearsals will be soon begun for the first performance, which will take place towards the close of October or the beginning of November.

—The Philopatians held their second meeting of the year last Wednesday. Messrs. Kirk, Koehler, Welker, Wells, Erhart and R. Murray were admitted as members. The officers not elected at the last meeting were chosen as follows: Director, Father Regan; Literary Critic, Father Hudson; Promoter, Bro. Alexander; Musical Director, Prof. Preston; 2d Vice-President, C. Girsch; Corresponding Secretary, H. Stearns; 1st Censor, T. Watterson; 2d Censor, C. Shillington; Marshal, J. Kuntz; Historian, C. Langley; Librarian, V. Welker. H. Stearns gave an entertaining reading.

—Through the kindness of the faculty of Rush Medical College the latest year book edited by the Sophomores is placed in the Library. It is called "The Pulse." The book is full of good things, amusing and instructive. Among the jokes is the record of the football game which the Rush eleven played here last fall. The editors, no doubt, wanted to have a laugh on their friends by cajoling them into the belief that the score was 6 to 6. It is too bad to give away a "good thing," but then the joke is wasted on us, for we saw that game. Notre Dame won by a score of 18 to 6.

—The first meeting of the St. Cecilia Association was held last Wednesday evening. Rev. Father French, the President, spoke a few words about the successful past of the society, and briefly explained the aim and object for which the society was established. At the close of his remarks, the members proceeded to elect the various officers of the society. The officers elected are as follows: Very Rev. A. Morrissey, Hon. President; Rev. J. J. French, President; Rev. J. W. Cavanaugh and Dr. O'Malley, Literary Critics; Prof. Preston, Musical Director; Bro. Alexander, Promoter; J. J. Fennessey, 1st

Vice-President; F. B. Cornell, 2d Vice-President; T. A. Lowery, Recording Secretary; T. F. Burns, Corresponding Secretary; Joseph Shiels, Treasurer; John Flynn, Historian. The election of the remaining officers was postponed until the next meeting. A programme was then arranged, and the meeting adjourned.

—A Lacrosse club has been organized in Brownson hall, and will soon develop sufficient ability at the game to challenge any club in the state—they will win it too. Twelve men constitute a team in this game, and the goals are placed 125 yards apart. It is as scientific as baseball, though probably somewhat harder to play. It is not so hard as football, yet it develops all the muscles of the body in the best possible manner. It has often been said that if the game were taken up more in American colleges it would become popular. If enough students of Notre Dame take an active part in the game or form two clubs, other colleges would fall in line. This would not create any infringement on the popularity of baseball or football, but rather add enthusiasm to sports in general. There are two Lacrosse clubs in Chicago and one in Ohio, to whom the first twelve of Notre Dame will shortly issue challenges.

—In the Senior division of First Grammar the following books must be read this session before students can enter Composition: "The Life of Goldsmith" and "The Life of Washington," by Irving; "The Vicar of Wakefield" and "The Deserted Village," by Goldsmith; "The Last of the Mohicans," by Cooper; "Ivanhoe," by Scott; "David Copperfield," by Dickens; "The House of the Seven Gables," by Hawthorne; "Lays of the Scottish Cavaliers," by Aytoun; "Lays of Ancient Rome," by Macaulay; "Harold," by Bulwer Lytton. The following list has been prepared for students of the Junior division: "Eric," by Farrar; "Midshipman Bob," by Dorsey; "The King of the Golden River," by Ruskin; "Fabiola," by Wiseman; "Oliver Twist," and "Nicholas Nickelby," by Dickens; "Ivanhoe," by Scott; "Paul Revere's Ride," "The Bell of Atri," "The Birds of Killingworth," and "The Legend Beautiful"—"Tales of a Wayside Inn"—by Longfellow.

—At a meeting presided over by Rev. Father French on Thursday evening last for the purpose of reorganizing the Columbian Literary Society, the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: 1st Vice-President, M. F. Hennebry; 2d Vice-President, J. M. Byrnes; Recording Secretary, T. Finnerty; Corresponding Secretary, J. W. Forbing; Treasurer, L. Healy; J. Sanders, Critic; L. C. Eyanson, Censor. The chair appointed committees on programme and membership as follows: Programme: Messrs. Hennebry, McCue, Harrison; Membership, Messrs. Byrnes, Finnerty, Sammon, Wurzer, Ducey. The programme assigned

by the chair for Thursday evening, October 10, is as follows: Reading, by Mr. Frazer; declamation, Mr. Ducey; debate, "Resolved, That a member of a literary society ought to decline a nomination for office"—Affirmative, Messrs. Byrnes and Campbell; Negative, Eyanson and Duperier. The society starts out with about thirty enthusiastic members, and will, no doubt, accomplish good work during the year. Professor Edwards was unanimously chosen as Director.

—The first elevens of Carroll hall met on the gridiron for two games this week. The score at the close of the first game was 6 to 4 in favor of Schoenbein's team. The game was won in the first half by Schoenbein who got the ball on a fumble and made a run of thirty yards, scoring the first touch-down. Druiding kicked goal. In the second game every yard was stubbornly contested, and it was only toward the close of the second half that Monahan's eleven pushed the ball across the line. He failed at goal. Score at close 4 to 0. Schoenbein's side was strengthened by the presence of Joe Naughton. He is a new man, but can give valuable lessons to many of the older players. There is a noticeable lack of talk in his play—unfortunately, many of his comrades play too much with their mouths. And, then, he plays clean football and never loses his head. In last Thursday's game he could be always depended upon to make the necessary gain. With a little practice, which will tend to make him sure on his feet, he will develop into an excellent player. Spillard, who plays with him at half is very much like him. Both have very little to say, but seem to do a great deal.

—"Remember the glories of Brian the Brave," sang Moore, and Sorin Hall repeated the verse a few days ago. The reason for it was this: Brian Boru was taking a walk after supper, with a friend or two, toward the "stile." Ghosts formed the subject of conversation, and weird, hair-lifting stories were told. When nearing the cemetery, Boru noticed a shadowy form, dressed all in white, advancing toward him. His companions must have noticed it too, for they galloped across the prairie. Another form, and another rose from the earth to meet him, and his imagination, fired by the dreadful stories he had heard, began to play billiards with his knees. A thought about exorcism struck him, and passing his arm through the air, he uttered some strange words with a loud voice. Seeing that these produced no effect, he repeated the experiment with the same result. A third time the formula was repeated, but the ghosts would not "begone." Then the old warrior, true to his traditions, plucked at the toga of the nearest "shade," guessing that, since exorcism thrice repeated could do no good, the ghosts must be fakes. At this, all three of the impostors fled, leaving Brian mas-

ter of the situation. Ever since, his bravery has been respected, and he is now the lion of Sorin hall smoking-room.

Roll of Honor.

SORIN HALL.

Messrs. Barry, Burns, Costello, Cavanagh, Eyanson, Fagan, Gankler, Lantry, Mulburger, Miller, E. Murphy, J. Murphy, McKee, Marmon, McDonough, Ney, Palmer, Pulskamp, Pritchard, Ragan, Reardon, Rosenthal, Reilly Slevin, Stace,* Sullivan* Wilson, Weaver.

BROWNSON HALL.

Messrs. Arce, Anders, Anderson, Armijo, Atherton, Byrne, Barber, Britz, Barry, Ball, J. H. Browne, R. Browne, Brinker, J. W. Browne, Blanchard, Buckley, Brennan, Burke, Clendenin, M. Campbell, E. Campbell, Crilly, Cypher, J. E. Corby, J. Corby, Carney, Ducey, B. Daly, Delaney, M. Daly, Dowd, Duperier, Eyanson, Finnerty, Forbing, Fera, Foulks, Flannigan, Follen, Fitzpatrick, Fox, Frazer, Farrell, Fehr, Goeke, Gibson, Gilpin, Geoghegan, Golden, Gilmartin, J. Haley, Hesse, Hays, Henry, Hagerty, L. Healy, Hoban, Hennebry, G. Hanhauser, Harrison, Hierholzer, Hindel, Kegler, J. Kelly, F. Kaul, I. Kaul, Landa, Moran,* Mattingly,* McGinnis,* McKenzie, Maurus, Wagoner, McPhee, Miler, Murphy, Mathewson, R. Monahan, B. Monahan, Medley, Mingey, McCarrick, McHugh, McDonald, Nevius, Niezer, Naughton, O'Malley, Oldshue, Powell, Pietrzykowski, J. Putnam, R. Putnam, Piquette, Pim, Pulskamp, Quinn, T. Ryan, Regan, Rowan, Rauch, San Roman, Smoger, Speake, Steiner, Smith, Schermerhorn, Stuhlfauth, Sammon; Sanders, S. Spalding, R. Spalding, Sheehan, Schultz, Tabor, Thiele, Tong, Tracy, Tuhey, Tuttle, Walsh, Wurzer, Wheeler, Wigg, Ward, Wensingner.

CARROLL HALL.

Messrs. Armijo, Abrahams, W. Berry, Brown, T. Berry, Beardslee, Burns, G. Burke, E. Burke, Bump, Cornell, Cary, Cave, Curry, Crowds, Cottin, Coquillard, Cunea, Curris, Devine, Druiding, Dugas, Darst, Dinnen, Erhart, Franey, Fennessy, Flynn, Fuhrer, Gimbel, Girsch, Goldsmith, Gainer, Gurza, Hayes, Hagerty, Herman, Hawkins, Healy, E. Hake, L. Hake, Hoban, Howard, Jelonak, Jonquet, F. Kasper, A. Kasper, G. Kasper, P. Kuntz, J. Kuntz, C. Kuntz, Keeffe, Kleine, Kay, Kirk, Koehler, Krug, Lovett, Leach, Long, Langley, Lichtenwalter, Lowery, Landt, Leonard, Murray, Moss, Meagher, Mohn, Monahan, Morris, Monarch, McElroy, Merz, McNamara, McKinney, F. McNichols, W. McNichols, Noonan, J. Naughton, D. Naughton, T. Naughton, O'Malley, O'Brien, Pendleton, Page, Quandt, P. Regan, Rasche, E. Regan, W. Ryan, A. Ryan, Reuss, Keinhard, Stearns, Shiels, Shipp, Smith, Summers, Schoenbein, Scott, Stare, Shillington, Sheekey, G. Scherrer, W. Scherrer, Spillard, Szybowicz, Schaack, Taylor, Thames, Tescher, Tuohy, R. Weitzel, Wattersson, H. Weitzel, Walsh, Weinberg, Ward, Wilson, Welker, Wells.

ST. EDWARD'S HALL.

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

* Omitted last week by mistake.