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That Love is Blind.

WHAT Love is blind, the poets cry;  
But, Sweetheart mine ('twixt thee and me),  
There are a thousand charms I see  
In thy dear self none else espy;

Not that they do not in thee lie,  
But I've ta'en Love's sight—thus may it be  
That Love is blind.

And should envious wights for blemish pry,  
To lovers turned, they'd soon agree,  
Since his beauteous eyes are lent to thee  
Thy gentle face to glorify,  
That Love is blind.

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Poetry.

BY THE REV. STANISLAUS FITTE, C. S. C.

There is an art, the most sublime of all, invented, or, rather, created by man, of which he seems to have taken the material from himself alone. Although mystics believe that everything in nature has a voice and nothing exists in the universe without a language of its own, still it is more exact to say that nature herself does not speak, but that its interpreter, poetry, is the music of speech.

On the other hand, nature may rightly claim that she speaks by our lips, as she sings through the throats of birds. She may also claim for herself all that is in us a work of instinct; for the first creation of articulate sounds did not proceed from reason: else man, who reasons only in speaking to himself, should have spoken before speaking. Human lang-

uages are produced by natural instinct, but perfected and transformed by reflection and industry. Wherefore, it can be said of nature that she gave to the first poet the material of his art, but crude and raw, as she supplies an architect with stones and a sculptor with marble or ivory.

The more and the oftener this raw material is worked upon by the hand of man, the less suitable it seems to become for the proper use of an artist. Every work of art is an image or a chain of images. Now what is a word? An abstract sign which expresses a common character of thousands of objects similar though not identical, after all individual features have been taken away. How many different kinds of horses in the world! Still, there is but one word to designate all of them. Whereas each horse has its own skin and its way of neighing or moving about, the horse is a pure being of reason utterly colorless, which never neighed or caracoled. To speak is to put together two ideas expressed by two nouns which are opposed or united. This is called a proposition, and every proposition is a judgment, and every discourse is but a series of judgments derived from one another. To judge is the chief, not to say the sole, operation of the mind as a pure intelligence. When I say that heat is a force, I affirm an incontestable truth; but there is nothing in that truth calculated to move the heart or charm the imagination.

Human language is a mental instrument. How does poetry go to work to make it available? Before thinking, the poet feels and imagines. All general ideas expressed by words come from the divers notions of particular objects, which, being first presented to our senses, are gathered and combined by our

reason. In other words, all mental abstractions are images cooled off and, as it were, congealed. The poet brings them back to their primitive condition in compelling us to represent to ourselves most vividly whatever he says.

When the prophet Ezekiel was borne over to a valley full of dry bones, he cried out in the name of Jehovah: "Ye, dry bones, hear the word of the Lord. Behold I will send spirit into you; I will lay sinews upon you, and will cause flesh to grow over you, and will cover you with skin, and you shall live." Thus the poet does. He breathes upon those dry abstractions; he gives them muscles, flesh, skin, and they live again. They are no longer abstract concepts of the intellect, but real, active beings, and, like everything that is alive or seems to live, they act upon our nerves.

If the architect has the love of order and symmetry, if the sculptor has a passion for lasting monuments, if the painter is able to warm up with the fire of his heart cold matter and dull colors, if the musician has the magic power of expressing even the inexpressible, the poet is above all endowed with the faculty of emotion: like Prometheus of old he has stolen away from heaven the divine flame of life. In listening to philosophers we expect accurate definitions and well-connected reasonings; in reading poets we look for glowing descriptions and ideal pictures.

An abstraction made flesh, an idea gifted with speech and motion, an argument transformed into an eloquent narrative, there lies the whole secret of poetry. It consists chiefly in the art of telling a tale. Whether Homer composes an epic, or Shakspeare a drama, whether Tennyson writes an elegy, or Beranger a song, whether the weird Ossian revives old legends or Moore his own sorrows, matters very little. Poetical recitals are for the reader like nursery stories, which, being well recounted, always give him an exquisite pleasure. Why is this? Because from his earlier childhood each one of us has a love for images and a passion for stories, which, either long or short, have naturally a beginning and an end. All the arts which speak to the eye or depend on space and motion, fix the representations of their manifold objects. Even an historical painter chooses a precise moment of action to make his work steady on canvas; it is for us a present without past or future.

It is true, music like poetry presents before our senses images full of harmony and succession. Its various motives are marked with

progress and gradation, but this is a history without events, where characters or heroes bear no names. Indeed music is vague and anonymous, knowing neither effects nor causes. The poet is at liberty to give a name to everything, having at his disposal a marvellous sign, the verb, which expresses the state of the soul acting or suffering, and he is able to distinguish at will that which is now from that which was before or shall be later on. Poetry is the only art by which man is enabled to say: "I was there myself, this happened to me." And strange! when we read a poem we readily believe that we are ourselves where the poet is.

Truly, poetry is all in action, and nature, the source of life and the inexhaustible spring of activity, is the greatest of all poems. Only we bitterly complain because the poem of nature, which is the universe, is written in a language which it is very hard for us to decipher. It is so vast, it goes so far beyond ordinary proportions, that limited creatures, though innumerable, are lost in that immensity. Doubtless the immeasurable spaces of the *cosmos* have their history. We know from science that at every instant a world perishes and a new world is born. But these far remote catastrophes escape from our narrow senses, and the aspect of the heavens appears to us always the same. The earth itself has a story of its own, and that is probably a drama of a dark and gloomy hue. But those events which need thousands of centuries to be accomplished are no longer events for us. What we know for certain and firmly believe is that this globe revolved on the day we were born, and that it will revolve still on the day of our death.

There is for man no history worthy of the name but his own; it is made after the standard of his mind, according to the range of his imagination. To all the forces which work and play throughout this vast universe we constantly add another energy which is unceasingly clashing with natural agencies—and that is the will of a thinking being who claims for himself some rights contested by nature. Alone among all living beings, man pretends to be the artisan of his own destiny, and boldly proclaims his independence from the rest. Wherefore, he must atone for his audacious pretensions by sufferings unknown to lions as well as to lizards, to plants no less than to stars. These torments are the privilege of the human race. Man's enterprises, his errors and mistakes, his wanderings and regrets, his victories and defeats, his changing fortunes and unchangeable dreams;

in short, the storms of that mysterious sea called life are the themes narrated by poets in prose or in verse. With this variety of colors, poetry adorns her compositions, and endeavors through rhythm and measure to enrich human speech with the sweetest music and the most delightful harmony.

How small and insignificant does, in the history of all worlds, one man appear! A dwarf struggling against a giant destiny. Whether he conquer or fail, none of the stars will ever hear of it, and the earth itself will never feel any concern for him. Have you ever seen an ant stopping to listen to the complaint of a wounded heart? If sculpture can give to a single individual a worth and value which he has not really in nature, certainly no art ever glorified more our species than poetry. She places man in the centre of the universe, and makes of him its essential part and paramount care. How tedious would be the summit of Olympus, and how lonesome would become the idle life of the immortal gods, if there were not a Troy for whose possession contend, during ten years, heroic and loquacious insects al barded with iron! Even when poetry deals with fields, woods or starry nights, it is still man who is at stake. She seems to subordinate all the accessories of nature to human feelings. They are only the background, and it is man himself on whom her art concentrates both light and interest. Material things, however beautiful, are of much less concern to a poet than their reflection upon our souls.

Poetry is our savior. It shakes off the oppressive feeling which weighs upon us whenever we think of the little figure cut by our infinite smallness under the immense canopy of heaven. The most trivial adventures of the obscurest man seem to be worthy of being recorded, and even painted in the minutest details. At the moment when poetry laughs at us and turns into ridicule our shortcomings and vices, compelling us to make merry at our own expense, even then she gives us a high idea of ourselves. She persuades us that these are lordly foibles and royal defects, because laughter is the property of a thinking being. When declaring that we are nothing, she expresses it in so beautiful a language as to crown our nothingness with glory. When wailing over our sorrows, she reconciles us with pain in giving the least grief a considerable importance.

Poetry is a fairy queen, the friend and ally of man. She covers him with her mantle in his

fight with nature, and loves, on the day of his triumph, to adorn his brow with victorious laurels. Poetry is a goddess, and poets, the charming interpreters of nature, are her prophets. Inspired even to enthusiasm they render oracles in heavenly language and open to their heroes the portals of immortality:

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The Tullivers—Brother and Sister.

JAMES BARRY, '97.

Of all modern women writers, George Eliot may be said to be the greatest. Mrs. Browning comes very near her in culture, but lacks that depth of thought and fineness of feeling, which belong in an eminent degree to the creator of Maggie Tulliver. Jane Austen and Charlotte Brontë, though they surpass her in accuracy of diction, nevertheless, fall behind her in all other literary qualities. Even among the English novelists of the other sex, George Eliot holds an honored place. Thackeray certainly has a grace of style that can hardly be excelled; but to a certain extent he lacks that genuineness of feeling which is George Eliot's strongest trait. Dickens is just the opposite of Thackeray, and can scarcely be compared with George Eliot. For strength, beauty and simplicity, she has few superiors. I do not mean to say that all her works are blameless in these three qualities. That would be a most foolish assertion. On the contrary, I consider "Daniel Deronda" and even "Middlemarch," not to speak of her poems, altogether unworthy of her genius; but as all these, except "Middlemarch," for which there seems to be no excuse, were written late in life, we may attribute her faults in this respect to the failure of her earlier powers.

George Eliot had the faculty of making her characters as real as life. She was by no means a photographer; but she made her men and women like beings with souls. She caught the spirit of life as no photographer could, and infused it into her characters. Her own sincerity and kindness, her earnestness, her ability to feel and understand all deep emotions, her intuition and her humor—all contributed to humanize the pictures she has so beautifully painted. She was, above all, a philosopher. Unfortunately, she became a sceptic, too,—a fact which explains her burial in unconsecrated ground. It is not with her philosophy that I shall here trouble myself,—for that is for the

most part beyond me—but with the characters she draws together in the “Mill on the Floss.”

After “Adam Bede,” I consider this her greatest novel. It is true that there is no character here so beautiful as Mrs. Poyser, but I might also say there is none in “Adam Bede” so self-sacrificing as Maggie Tulliver. Each work has its own peculiar merits, and, consequently, neither is absolutely superior to the other. For dramatic power, however, the “Mill on the Floss” excels, while “Adam Bede” is more of a *novel*. By this I mean, of course, that as the story progresses its characters are drawn out more clearly and unmistakably.

George Eliot draws the youth of Tom and Maggie Tulliver with a most steady hand. We see their types around us every day. Tom, of course, loves his sister; but, as selfish boys do, he disregards her whenever he has a scheme on foot for his own private amusement. Bob Jakin is a very powerful rival of Maggie's, and in spite of Tom's pride and independence he often stoops to worship Bob's accomplishments. These consist of a thorough knowledge of the haunts of birds and rats and of the best methods of catching them. Besides these endowments, Bob is also possessed of “a very attractive border of red hair,” and is furthermore to be cherished for his acquaintance with all the young “bloods” of the neighborhood. His most aristocratic friend is “a chap as owns ferrets.” At ordinary moments Tom looked down upon Bob, for the latter's feet and legs were always bare; but the tables were turned whenever Bob described one of his brilliant feats,

“Wherein *he* spake of most disastrous chances,  
Of moving accidents by flood and field.”

Then was Tom's moment of hero-worship. Here his character is natural; for what boy of any spirit would not dare the warnings of a mother for such company as Bob's? There is no doubt that the author knew boys well since with so much truth she presents us with Tom Tulliver.

He was not a goody-goody child, with fair, curly hair and rosy cheeks, nor was he afraid to use his fists when occasion offered, as all ordinary children do. When he committed a fault, he tried to soothe his conscience by attributing the error to somebody else. He had a perfect boyish contempt for weakness and cowardice. Little girls, especially those like his sister, were often a bore to him. He admired strength and boldness, and looked up to his father as one looks up to his ideal.

A very natural trait of Tom's character is

his dislike for study and books in general. He can fight, fish, make whipcord and throw stones, but he draws the line at study. Despite this fact, his father, the owner of Dorlcote Mill, who has been drawn time and again into the meshes of the law, and fleeced by the lawyers, especially by a fellow named Wakem, determines that Tom must be trained to take care of his own interests. Mr. Tulliver is a man who has had no education to speak of, and sadly regrets this deficiency. He wants his son “to know 'rethmetic,” which he considers the acme of science. To make Tom the equal of Wakem in shrewdness and of the parson in honesty is his design. Accordingly, he put his son under the care of the Rev. Mr. Stelling, an alumnus of Oxford.

For a time Tom feels keenly the parting from his parents and Maggie. “Yap,” his little terrier, is also a grievous loss. By degrees his homesickness wears away, but returns with redoubled violence when his Latin Grammar is less reserved than usual. At Mr. Stelling's he becomes acquainted with Philip Wakem, only son of his father's old-time enemy. Poor Philip is an invalid, a hunchback. Like most men, whom nature has deformed, he is approached with difficulty and, when approached at all, should be delicately handled. Mentally he was a revelation to Tom, and his artistic skill helped to increase his attractiveness. He was true and upright and even noble.

It was long before Tom could bring himself to reconcile his prejudices against the Wakem family in general, and the facts as presented to him by Philip's bearing and evident character. He had imbibed his father's hatred for the Wakems, and this hatred was fixed deeper in the boy because he did not entirely understand its cause. His envy for Lawyer Wakem extended to every member of that gentleman's family. No wonder, then, that Tom held aloof from Philip. As he grew up and reached man's estate, Tom still thought of the Wakems with distrust and anger. Despite Tom's evident suspicion and aloofness, Philip showed him many kindnesses, which were redoubled on the occasion of Maggie's first visit to King's Lorton. At this time Maggie was in her twelfth year, and had read so much and so well that she quite won the admiration of Philip Wakem. She did not seem to notice Philip's deformity, and so did not make those protestations of pity which are so unwelcome to sensitive minds. She liked him because, as she thought, he was so learned. He could draw and paint so beau-

tifully that she could not help liking him. Before Maggie's visit was ended, Philip had made a water-color sketch of her, which represented her "leaning on a table, with her long, black locks hanging down behind her ears, looking into space with strange, dreamy eyes."

Let us now take a glance at Maggie's early youth, and notice the development of her character. First of all, she was, in her aunt's phrase, "a Tulliver." She inherited much of her father's impetuosity. Her complexion was gypsy-like, and so opposed to the ideals of her aunts, the Dodsons,—with reverence let the name be spoken—that they predicted for her all manner of misfortune. Her thick, black hair, which neither herself nor her mother could manage, was always the lodestone of her aunt's upbraiding. I might say in parenthesis that the Dodsons present as amusing a picture as was ever exhibited. The humor with which their characters are drawn ranks George Eliot among the keenest of her kind. The Dodson family is not indigenous to St. Ogg's, but may be found as readily in the Australian bush and American prairie as in the lanes of England. They are true to life, and, like foxes, are found almost everywhere.

Maggie is devoted to reading. Her library is composed of a strange assortment of books. Defoe's "History of the Devil" and Jeremy Taylor's "Holy Living and Dying" are among her treasures. Besides these she reads "Æsop's Fables," "Pilgrim's Progress" and, as she herself calls it, "a book about kangaroos and things."

Whenever her feelings were injured, Maggie escaped to the attic, where she vented her anger on a fetish in the shape of a doll's trunk. When Tom was the cause of her ill-humor she grew calm with the reflection that she should have been good to him. In her opinion, to lose Tom's favor was the greatest misfortune that could befall her. After a little misunderstanding she was always the first to make advances. To her Tom was certainly a tyrant, and she always submitted to his edicts like a martyr.

Maggie visited King's Lorton more than once, and each time grew fonder of Philip Wakem. He paid great deference to her wishes, and made her visits something to be eagerly looked forward to. At this time she did not know whether she liked him or Tom the more. When Mr. Tulliver's misfortunes had become so disastrous that Tom had to be withdrawn from school, Maggie was in distress. Tom considered Lawyer Wakem to be the cause of his

father's failure, and, consequently, warned Maggie that she should have nothing to do with Philip in the future.

Five years slipped by and Philip again met Maggie. The chapter headed "In the Red Deeps," in which they meet, is admirably constructed. The scene between the two is pathetic, but not namby-pamby. Maggie has grown beautiful and has lost the restlessness of her childhood. She is full of the idea that life has nothing for her but sorrow, and she religiously awaits death. Philip strives to disabuse her of this idea, and is partly successful. She meets him again and again in the same place, and realizes all along that she has broken her promise to Tom; but she feels that the breaking of such a promise is nothing compared to the breaking of a human heart. They learn to love, and their love is pure and beautiful; but Tom discovers Maggie's "treachery" and cruelly prevents future meetings.

Tom is now grown up and uses all his energy to become rich. He is still full of prejudices, and strong-willed as in his youth. He has lost all the sprightliness of boyhood and has grown old before his time. There is, however, a touch of softness in his character, as displayed in his love for his cousin Lucy. Otherwise, he has grown cold, and all the poetry of youth has vanished from his life.

Let us glance briefly over the circumstances that occasioned Maggie's visit to St. Ogg's, and subsequently her acquaintance with Mr. Stephen Guest, the admirer of her cousin Lucy. The results which followed were disastrous. Day by day, Guest loved Lucy less and Maggie more, until at last his passion grew too strong to be resisted. It is but justice to say that he fought bravely against this love; but in an evil moment reason was subjected to impulse, and Maggie was tempted to elope. On the way to the minister's, which was several miles off, Maggie's reason returned, and she saw with horror her betrayal of Lucy's trust and Philip's love. She resolved to end the matter then and there, and no persuasion on the part of her lover, no warning of what people would say, no argument, however strong, could change her purpose. She dismissed Mr. Stephen Guest and returned home.

All St. Ogg's was in a fever of excitement, for the elopement was soon discovered. When Maggie returned and was repulsed by her brother, who added another injury to the heavy load of wrongs already heaped upon her, people began to shake their heads, and slander

stalked abroad unchecked. Maggie was broken-hearted at Tom's distrust; Lucy and Philip were prostrated with surprise and grief, and Guest was a stranger in a distant city. Everything went wrong, and public opinion made matters worse.

It has often been objected that in the renunciation of Mr. Stephen Guest's love, Maggie is unnatural. In my opinion the contrary is the case. Her resolution was prompted by her love for Lucy no less than by her love for Philip. She was too noble to rob her cousin and too honorable to deceive poor Wakem. That the truth would not be believed she never doubted until experience proved the contrary. Besides, her elopement was the result of impulse, while her return was purely the result of reason.

When Maggie discovered that Tom would have no faith in her, that the world, or rather the world's wife, believed the worst of her, she still remained at St. Ogg's. Her departure thence would have been cowardly, and would have given people more reason for believing her disgrace. She was not altogether unhappy, for religion supported her and a few friends were kind to her.

Not till the end does she convince Tom of her innocence, and then it is so strangely made evident that Tom grows "pale with a certain awe and humiliation." They are in a boat on the Floss, which, swelled by heavy rains, has stretched for miles beyond its banks. St. Ogg's is submerged, and houses of all kinds are ruined. When Maggie, who remained up all the previous night, saw the rise of the flood, she rowed toward the Mill where Tom resided, and almost miraculously took him away in the boat. No words were spoken; but the one understood and felt ashamed, and the other's heart throbbed with joy, for a wrong had been righted. The end is tragic. They are drawn into the current. A huge fragment of machinery strikes the boat. The destroying mass sweeps along—it has done its work. "The boat reappeared, but brother and sister had gone down in an embrace never to be parted—living through again in one supreme moment the days when they had clasped their little hands in love, and roamed the daisied fields together."

Thus they perished—these creatures of a great author's mind. It is a sad story simply told. We are sorry for them, because they are so human, and we weep over their tomb, which bears the inscription:

"In their death they were not divided."

A Summer by America's Dead Sea.

M. JAMES NEY, '97.

And I have loved thee, Ocean! and my joy  
Of youthful sports was on thy breast to be.

BYRON.

How monotonous it is to be shut up for three long days within the prosy confines of a Pullman sleeper, especially when the panorama on either side offers nothing more entertaining to the view than the boundless, barren plains of sand and alkali that compose the Great American Desert! Leaving San Francisco Monday evening, I inspect my stock of novels, and among them I find Dr. Conan Doyle's "Study in Scarlet—" a catchy title that—and I find by a cursory glance that it is written about Salt Lake and the Mormons. What a happy selection! for Salt Lake is my objective point, and the Mormons a people in whom I am deeply interested.

With a pillow beneath my head I begin with energy to read the "Study in Scarlet," and were it not for the occasional admonitions of the colored "gemman," that "It's gittin' late, sah," I believe I should have kept on reading the doctor's entertaining chapters until day-break. There are, however, places more conducive to sleep than sleeping cars, and if any man doubt my word let him try to court the powers of Morpheus between the screams of cross children, the barks of pug-dogs, pet squirrels and poll-parrots. It does seem that young women and old women and women who are neither young nor old, deem it the height of propriety to take a small menagerie with them when they go travelling; it is one of the accompanying evils of these days of feminine perversity—and not the least of the multitude.

No sooner are we in the land of dreams than we are awakened by a tremendous squeaking, yelling, barking and scratching! Men bound from their berths in abbreviated costumes, and walk the aisle in the greatest excitement. To those of expansive imagination it might seem to be another battle of Bull Run, or seige of Troy; but it is neither of these. It is only a pug-dog that took offence at a pet squirrel, invaded his cage and, in doing so, knocked down a parrot's perch, and then began the tug of war! That parrot went through the whole category of profanity from Alpha to Omega, and then settled himself upon the top of a hat-rack in an attitude both offensive and defensive. But soon

the pug is put to rights, and the squirrel and the parrot are given more genuine feminine sympathy than would have been accorded a man were he to lose all his friends and have his house burned down. Quiet reigns once more; but it is not long before we are again aroused by the announcement that "breakfast is ready in the dining car." Shades of Mohamet, what a headache! Were it not for that bottle of Manitou, which a kind friend placed in my grip, I would be on the sick-list this morning; but after a draught or two of the sparkling elixir I step out into the observation car as happy as an alligator with a mouth full of flies!

What a glorious daybreak! Sweet Aurora, in her golden chariot, with rosy fingers dropping gentle dew, lifts the curtain of night, glides on through the purple peaks of the foot-hills, and spreads her sweet radiance over the vine-covered fields and flowery dales of the Sacramento Valley. And now the sun, like a bright sail upon the foamy billows of a stormy sea, rises above the snowy domes of the Sierra Nevadas, and floods their evergreen recesses with an indescribable splendor.

To the southwest the Sacramento river, like a stream of liquid silver, winds in a wonderful curve through the clumps of plummy palms and the mossy mounds of the valley, and then, just emerging from a wilderness of flowers, loses itself in the great Pacific Ocean. Now we have reached the summit of the Sierra Nevadas and shall soon lose sight of all this beauty. Dear mountains and sea, and thou, sweet Night, in thy sable robes of starry loveliness—about ye there is a beauty that cannot fade! I grieve to bid ye farewell! To me, your companionship was dearer than that of man; for in your majestic forms and awful solitudes I learned the language of another world!

I find the Doctor a very entertaining companion; his delineation of Sherlock Holmes and of all the characters in the "Study in Scarlet" are admirably drawn. What more pathetic picture was ever painted by novelist than that of old John Ferrier and little Lucy, the two castaways! What a manly man is Jefferson Hope; and what a brute is Drebber! The book is too good to be classed as a detective story; it is clever enough to have a better title. Again I thoroughly appreciate the Doctor's description of the Great American Desert. Ay verily! "as far as the eye can reach stretches that great, flat plain-land all dusted over with patches of alkali and intersected by clumps of the dwarfish chaparal bushes. In this great

stretch of country there is no sign of life, or anything appertaining to life. There is no bird in the steel blue heaven, no movement upon the dull grey earth—above all there is absolute silence. Listen as one may, there is no shadow of a sound in all that mighty wilderness. Nothing but silence, complete and heart-subduing silence."

From rosy dawn, on this, the third day of our journey, the country assumes a more inviting aspect. Prosperous ranches dot the way, and occasional streams of water and groves of pine trees tell us that we are emerging from the desert, and just as the sun is smiling his bright farewell we arrive at America's Dead Sea.

And now, dear reader, I presume that you expect me to launch forth in an apostrophe to the Mormon Temple—that colossal edifice on whose construction the suns of fifty years have risen and set; to those mighty marble turrets which throw their gigantic shadows like a blight over the land, and which shall ever endure as the monument of superstition to a false worship. I say ever endure—but will not the hour come when Time, with his cold wing, shall have withered, with an everlasting frost, those white lilies and red roses that smile to-day about the entrance to this splendid pile; when the winds of the desert will chant a requiem over its broken battlements; when the owl will hoot from its ruined turrets, and the coyote and jackal will sleep in the shadow of her crumbling walls; when even that worship, before whose shrine fair youths and sweet maidens clasp hands and whisper vows of eternal love, will be but a tradition and a dream?

But I fear that I have already used up all the exclamation points in the SCHOLASTIC office, and must forego that apostrophe; besides, I am very tired this evening, and after one of those luxurious baths at the Hotel Huntsford I shall retire, resolving on an early promenade about the City of the Saints to-morrow.

How much we mortals miss by sleeping late in the morning! It took a long time to convince me of the fact; but now I know that the sweetest minutes of our earthly pilgrimage are those when dawn in her first rosy blush brightens the earth with an ambrosial smile; when the birds sing their sweetest songs, and when the moon, fading away in starry space, throws a farewell kiss to the morning star!

Never before has that sweet goddess, Aurora, with breath all incense and with cheeks all bloom, seemed more lovely than this morning;

for she glides in a most heavenly radiance through those towering peaks of the Rockies, laughing away the clouds in playful scorn, chasing away the gloom of night, and lighting up Utah's flowery hills and green valleys with her sparkling splendor!

Over yonder, behind two heaven-reaching mountains, that stand like mighty sentinels dim with the mist of years, lies America's Dead Sea. There is an awful solemnity about its lonely waters as they dash their dark billows against the jagged cliffs along their rock-bound coast, and send their deep waves echoing through the cañons of the mountains. Just north of the city the Jordan river, beautiful as its prototype of the Scriptures, glides through those waving fields of grain that lie in the valley to the west.

The City of the Saints is eminently a clean city. Streams of clear water run in sluices at the edge of every sidewalk, and mud and garbage are unknown. The population is about two hundred and seventy five thousand: nearly one half of which are Gentiles. There are two political parties—Democrats and Liberals. The latter is largely composed of Gentiles, and the former of Mormons. The liberal vote has prevailed in late years, and the city and county offices have consequently been filled by Gentiles. There are numerous churches of the different denominations in the city. The best feeling exists between Mormons and Gentiles, and in all functions, social and civic, they move side by side. Polygamy is a dead issue among the Mormons, and has been for many years. Away back in the seventies the United States Senate passed a law prohibiting it, and since then the Church has proclaimed against it. The idea of plural wives is held in as much abhorrence by the rising generation of Mormons as it is by the Gentiles. The young Mormons are thoroughly American, and from the highest pinnacle of their temple floats gracefully and gloriously that grandest of all flags—the Stars and Stripes.

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WHEN THE PREFECT COMES.

When the clock is at ten and the lights are no more,  
And the stars through my casement their witchery  
smile,

O then hey for the fever that flits o'er and o'er  
Through the fields of my fancy for many a mile.

Then I dream of the glories of heroes of old,  
And I fight with the bravest of Greece and of Gaul;  
But a breeze from the north, bearing rigor untold,  
Soon dispels airy castles and victories all.

J. B.

St. Bartholomew's Day.

FRANCIS E. EYANSON, '96.

The seventeenth century, characterized by religious upheavals as we know, is brought to mind more forcibly by terrible atrocities and murderous acts, than by the cruel wars to which it seems to have been wholly dedicated. In accordance with the belief of those times heresy was considered worse than treason (as in reality it is), and death was the penalty of the heretic. Guizot, in his history of France (Vol. 3, Chap. 33,) says: "Massacre—we add no qualifying term to the word—was an idea, a habit, we might say almost a practice, familiar to that age, and one which excited neither the surprise nor the horror which are inseparable from it in our day." A few lines further on he adds: "To betray and kill were deeds so common that they scarcely caused astonishment, and that people were almost resigned to them beforehand."

True, all Europe was in an uproar; but in no corner was the feeling deeper, nor the struggle more stubborn than in France. One king after another passed away, leaving affairs, that should have been settled, untouched and often more confused than ever. In the midst of all this Charles IX., the second son of Henry II. and Catharine de Medici, came to the throne. Though a mere boy his kingdom was not to be without a staunch ruler, for the mother at once took up the reins of government. This woman, who before had possessed those qualities which go to make a worthy queen, now became a resolute and ambitious regent. To satisfy her greed for power she sacrificed principle, and, as we shall see, even set at naught the welfare of her own son.

Two formidable foes seem to harass her mind. She appears to have considered them as obstacles to her schemes and projects, and even dangerous to her present power. The House of Bourbon was steadily extending its influence, the Huguenots were rapidly growing in strength and numbers. To make matters worse, these two parties were, to the discomfort of the queen-regent, closely linked together. Catharine, however, was not an imprudent politician. Feeling that of the two, the Bourbons were the more dangerous to her cause, she set about to bring to a peaceful end the long-standing enmity between them and



the family of Guise, who were closely allied to herself and the king. After some negotiation, the marriage of Henry of Navarre to the king's sister, Marguerite, was agreed upon. August 18, 1572, was set as the day for the wedding. This event brought a great number of Huguenots to Paris, and among the foremost, their greatest leader, Admiral Coligni.

On the 22d he was wounded by the bullet of a hidden foe. The would-be assassin, it is said, was an instrument in the hands of Catharine. This assertion was based on the jealousy aroused in her by the influence Coligni had acquired over the king. Whether the shot had been fired at her prompting or not, she saw an opportunity for crushing forever the power of the Huguenots. With grave apprehensions, mingled not a little with real fears from the threats of the Protestants, who hearing of the attempted murder, began to unite their forces, she finally brought Charles to a sense of the impending danger, and induced him to order a general massacre of the Huguenots. The next day, August 24, was the time appointed, and the tolling of the bell in the chapel of St. Germain L'Auxerois, was to be the signal. "The bloody tragedy" says Lingard, "had been planned and executed at Paris with so much expedition, that its authors had not determined on what grounds to justify or palliate their conduct."

The Duke of Guise, who eagerly took upon himself the leadership of the queen's party, was sent to dispatch the Admiral. At four o'clock on the morning of the feast of St. Bartholomew the slaughter began. People were struck down as, in their night robes, they fled from their houses. The walks were soon slippery with blood, and before daylight appeared, the streets were strewn with the dead and dying. The whole populace seems to have joined in the butchery until no one was perfectly sure whether a friend or an enemy approached in any case. What secret crimes were committed, and what personal revenge was satisfied in the midst of this chaos, history will never repeat. The number that perished has been estimated as between 15,000 and 30,000. A wide range indeed. However, nothing like an authentic account has been given.

In Paris it lasted for several days, nor was it confined to the capital. The order had been sent to many cities throughout France, so that not till the following October did the bloody work cease. Mr. Abbott, in an article on the subject, (*Harpers*, Vol. 13, page 281), relates several incidents connected with the provinces. "The

Bishop of Lisieux perilled his own life in resolutely disobeying the command of the king, and in rescuing every Protestant in his diocese from harm." Continuing, he says, "The Governor of Auvergne, a Catholic, and yet a hero and a nobleman." Mr. Abbott uses the term "yet" in a very significant manner. We might say that there were many good, manly Catholics in those days who more than once proved their sterling qualities. This Governor replied in the following terms to the king's secret missive ordering the massacre: "Sir! I have received an order under your Majesty's seal to put all the Protestants of this province to death, and if, which God forbid, the order be genuine, I still respect your Majesty too much to obey you."

Historians and those who have informed themselves on the subject, no longer hold the Church responsible for the deed. Though it concerned on the one hand Protestants, on the other Catholics, priests and bishops had little to do with it. Pope Gregory XIII., when informed by letter from the royal court of the victory over the enemy, returned thanks. He moreover ordered a medal to be struck, and proclaimed public demonstrations of joy. Many princes throughout Europe were deceived in the same way. The Pope, who considered the different rulers as his children, was particularly friendly towards the French government, and he would naturally rejoice to hear that the Royal House had been saved from a terrible conspiracy. However, he was informed as to the real cause of the massacre by messages which the ambassador from the papal court at Paris shortly after sent to him. Mr. John G. Shea, in an able article (*Catholic World*, vol. 8, page 17), says: "The Nuncio Salviato in his letters shows no belief in the reality of the plot."

To know what liberty then meant, we have but to learn that this wholesale execution was passed by under the pretence of preserving the royal power, and peace in Church and state. That it actually occurred we must admit; that it was a revolting incident we must also own. And now looking at it without prejudice, we should draw rational conclusions and profit by them. The queen-mother was, of course, the aggressor, and her cruelty was unpardonable; but Coligni was not of the stuff of which martyrs were made. He was ambitious, and, if there was no real plot, there was, at least, the semblance of one, and the vengeance of the 16th century were swift as they were terrible.

# NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.

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## The Staff.

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—The mid-session competitions will be held upon the 25th and 26th of October. They will be, not simply tests of knowledge, but trials of scholarship. They should be intensely interesting for every student; for upon the standing attained by each man will depend the class-honors of the year. Not many years ago, unimpeachable conduct was the one requisite for gaining a First Honor, whether a certificate or a medal, in Brownson Hall, as well as in Carroll. But for the last three years, First Honors have meant more than certificates of manliness and good conduct—the two are inseparable. An average of ninety per cent. in both conduct and class-work puts a man on the Honor list, and one must needs be clever and a good student to gain such a mark. A First Honor is well worth an honorable effort, but a medal won by “cribbing” or “ponying” is a badge of shame. How a gentleman can reconcile honor and dishonesty is a mystery to us! It may be thoughtlessness; if it is, let this set him a-thinking. “Cribbing” is so obviously unjust and dishonorable that we will say nothing of the ethics of it. If the offender escape, sometimes, it is because his classmates are too merciful to expose his baseness. And class-honors gained by the sacrifice of one's personal honor are, indeed, dearly won.

## Founder's Day.

Last Sunday was Founder's day at Notre Dame, and it was observed by our little college world with all its customary solemnity. Since the establishment of the University, the feast-day of St. Edward, now dear to the hearts of all at Notre Dame, has been always fittingly celebrated, and this year was no exception. It is true, we missed our beloved Father Sorin—our Founder—and many were made sad by the thought that he could never more share with us the pleasures of his name-day; but his labors and trials and triumphs have not been forgotten, nor will they be while brick remains upon brick at Notre Dame. Our college traditions are dear to all of us. We will always fondly cherish the memory of Father Sorin, and his life will serve as an example of what great things can be accomplished by determination and perseverance. So long as admiration for heroic deeds and love for a gentle, God-fearing man find room in the human breast, the 13th of October will be looked upon as the University's especial day of rejoicing.

In accordance with custom, the day was opened this year at eight o'clock with a Solemn High Mass. The Very Rev. Provincial Corby was the celebrant, assisted by Fathers Murphy and Corbett as deacon and subdeacon. A masterly and impressive sermon, replete with apt illustration, was preached by Father Fitte.

At ten o'clock, the University Band made its appearance for the first time since the beginning of the college year. It played in the rotunda of the main building, and then serenaded all the Halls, in addition to the Presbytery and Professed House. Every piece in its long and varied program was fine, but the “St. Louis' Cadets,” “The Gladiator,” “The March W. M. B.” and “The American Cadets,” were especially worthy of mention. It is needless to say that all were delighted with our Band's showing. It promises soon to eclipse all the organizations of the kind which Notre Dame has ever possessed.

## FIELD-DAY.

As St. Edward's Day fell on Sunday, the field and track sports which usually occur on that day had to be postponed. They took place on Tuesday, and more interest was manifested in the results than at any other field-day during the last four years. The reason of this was the contest which was to come off between Sorin and Brownson Halls. A few

members of Sorin Hall can remember the day that Notre Dame could compete successfully with any Western college for field and track honors; the others have heard the stories of her former prowess often repeated, and all are proud of her former glory. This year there is fine material here for an athletic team and the members of Sorin Hall put their heads together in order to devise a means of developing it. At last it was decided to challenge Brownson Hall to compete with Sorin in the track and field, Sorin Hall being well assured that Brownson would get out her best men in order to win from her old-time rival, nor was this a mistaken judgment. The challenge was given and accepted, and immediately this sort of athletics showed signs of a great revival. Each Hall at once put her best men in training, and the interest increased day by day. Tuesday came and the contest began. The superiority of Brownson was at once seen and she won easily, the hearts of the Brownson Hall "rooters" being accordingly made glad. They indulged in a little harmless exultation which was well received by the Sorinites, as they expected nothing else from the beginning.

The good results of a competition of this kind were made manifest last Tuesday. Every one at the University took the deepest interest in the contest; the oldest post-graduate and the youngest Minim could be seen scampering across the campus together wildly cheering for their respective favorites. The official results show that Notre Dame has the material for the making of an athletic team which can favorably compare with that of any other Western college. As has been said in the SCHOLASTIC columns, the affair was almost impromptu. It was gotten up on the spur of the moment, and, as might have been expected, no records were broken. But we have discovered good material; now it must be developed.

Contests of this kind are good for all concerned and should be continued. Next spring, with the coming of fine weather, the athletes will be gotten out and put in condition for the field-day, and then look out for the smashing of records. If they can make such a creditable showing with one week's training, what can they not do when put in proper condition! Sorin Hall's star is slightly dimmed, but it is not setting. They will have a team in the field next spring, and will make a determined effort to wrest a victory from their doughty Brownson opponents. Brownson Hall, on the other hand, will endeavor to win fresh laurels.

On account of the extremely short time the men had for training, it was found impossible to have a contest in all the events which usually are had on a regular field-day. There were nine contests between Sorin and Brownson Halls.

The 100 yard dash was closely contested. Wheeler started off like a flash at the crack of the pistol, closely followed by O'Brien. Mott was handicapped by a very bad start, but on the last fifty yards he rapidly closed up on the men in front of him. Wheeler finished first. Time,  $11\frac{1}{4}$  seconds. O'Brien and Mott were nearly tie for second place, with O'Brien slightly in the lead.

In the 220 yard run there were two entries from each Hall. W. O'Brien finished first; T. Finnerty, 2d; and J. Barry, 3d. Time,  $23\frac{1}{4}$  secs.

The 440 yard run was a very pretty race. It was hotly contested until the three hundred and fifty yard post was reached, then W. O'Brien gradually drew away from his opponents. He finished first, with M. R. Campbell second and P. Ragan third. Time, 54 seconds.

The mile race brought out some good men who will endeavor to lower the track record next spring. In this race, M. Brinker was first, A. Sammon second. Time, 5:46.

The running high jump was won by J. J. Ronan with ease at 5 feet 6 inches. J. Ducey was second, with 4 feet 6 inches, and W. P. Burns, third, 4 feet, 4 inches.

In the broad jump, M. Daly found himself able to clear the most space, 17 feet  $5\frac{1}{2}$  inches. W. P. Burns was second, with a jump of 17 feet 2 inches, and A. C. Fera was third, 16 ft. 10 in.

The hop, step and jump was won by W. P. Burns, who went 37 feet 2 inches; M. R. Campbell was second, with 36 feet 9 inches, and A. C. Fera third, with 36 feet 4 inches.

The shot-putting contest was won by D. V. Casey, who sent the 17 pound ball 27 feet 4 inches; M. McCarthy was second with a put of 26 feet 7 inches.

In the hammer throw M. McCarthy warmed the hearts of Brownson Hall shouters by a throw of 69 feet 10 inches; J. H. Gallagher was second, 66 feet 9 inches.

In the 100 yard dash, Class B open to all comers, M. Daly surprised his friends by a great burst of speed. Starter Studebaker's pistol failed to go off, but Daly started at the click of the hammer and continued down the course. His time, as caught by Professor Kivlin, the timer, was  $10\frac{3}{4}$  seconds. He immediately went back and ran over the course again with the

other contestants and won his race in 11½ seconds; Cornell was second, and N. Phelps third.

The Carroll Hall sports were as interesting as usual, and all the events were hotly contested. The following is a summary of their games:—

*100 yards dash* (Class A):—Cornell, first; J. Naughton, second; Reinhardt, third. Time, 12 secs. Class B:—Pendleton, first; P. Kuntz, second. Class C:—McElroy, first; Cave, second; Noonan, third.

*220 yards dash* (Class A):—Carroll, first; Scott, second; J. Naughton, third. Time, 26¾. Class B:—P. Kuntz, first; Gimble, second; Cottin, third. Class C:—McElroy, first; Cave, 2d; McNichols, third.

*110 yards dash*:—McElroy, first; Page, second; Noonan, third.

*Two-mile bicycle race*:—Jos. Naughton, first; Reinhardt, second; Spillard, third.

*One-mile bicycle race*:—Stearns, first; Reuss, second; A. Kasper, third.

*Three-mile bicycle race*:—W. Landt, first; Kasper, second.

With the same vim of days gone by the boys of St. Edward's Hall added their usual part to the celebration of Founder's Day. No contest was without interest, but each one was entered into with the greatest enthusiasm. Notable among the spectators were the Rev. President and Vice-President, and also several visitors to the University. Father Moloney had the management of the Minims' field-sports; he was assisted by Bro. Leander as judge. Referees—Brothers Albert and Cajetan. A feature of the events was the time by F. Sexton in the 1st 100 yards dash. He covered the distance in 12 seconds. L. Rasche gained place. In the second 100 yards dash, M. Jonquet, 1st; W. Finnerly, 2d.—In the following list the names of winners are given in their position:—

*Third One Hundred Yards Dash*:—R. Kasper, J. Lawton, 4th race, McBride, R. Rasche.

*First Three-Legged Race*:—Brissander and Waite, Moorhouse and Quinlan. 2d race, O'Laughlin and Bloom, Goff and Marshall. Hubbard and Hall, Allyn and J. Van Dyke.

*First Sack Race*:—G. Weidmann, McIntyre. 2d race, Sontag, L. Kelly. 3d race, Paul and C. Kelly.

*First Hurdle Race*:—Bullene and Maher. 2d race, L. Kelly, Spillard. 3d race Goff, and B. Davis. 4th race, M. Kopf, and Rasche. This finished the sports for the forenoon. At 1 p. m. the bicycles races were taken up.

*First Bicycle Race*:—Moxley and Fitzgerald. 2d race, O'Laughlin and Waite. 3d race, Pollitz, and G. Weidman. In the handicap, Moxley, scratch, won first place, O'Laughlin, twenty yards, 2d place. After supper, with a jolly good time in their play-hall, the Minims ended Field Day.

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### Exchanges.

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*The St. Xavier's Monthly* is the representative of the young ladies of St. Xavier's Academy, Beatty, Pa. The dew-drop awakens reflections as sweet and helpful as this little "pearl of price." Some brief essays, a carefully-written story and a harmonious poem, are among the contents of the *Monthly*.

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We are pleased to know that the average new student of Penn College is so apt to engross himself in his book as to need the advice from the *Chronicle* to take part in college athletics. The essay on reform shows remarkable facility in expression, if not strict logic in thought. When woman suffrage does come about, we are not clear how the drink evil will be put down. Then, it is not fair to compare a thrifty model woman with an ignorant tippler of a man. When women do come to vote, will they use this privilege (or right, if you like,) to exempt their sisters from taxation?

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The editorial notes in the *Oberlin Review* are very well written. That is all, except a description of the way in which a would-be phrenologist tried to gull the public and failed. Unfortunately, he does not fail to murder the auxiliary "would."

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In "A Fight against Fate," the *Brunonian* has a capital story; but we thought the woman had too much good judgment to reject the man for some ludicrous mishaps. The verse department has variety and merit. "All Flesh is Grass" is a very clever poke, and "Ye Partyuge" has the ring of the olden rhyme. "Tales of the Sea" and "Know Thyself" are much beyond usual college verse, especially the latter. In "Idle Thoughts" the poet does not, though he tries, forget all worldly ways. "Idle Thoughts" has a Wordsworthian echo, but its burden of sadness would make the old poet turn in his grave.

## The Bachelor of Arts for October.

*The Bachelor of Arts* changes the color of his gown with each new issue. His October garb is, very appropriately, of peacock blue—Yale's color—though the *Bachelor* has never laid claim to the gift of prophecy, and Cambridge met defeat on Manhattan field long after his vestment was finished. Mr. John Corbin, whose "American Collegian at Oxford" gave pleasure to every reader of the *Bachelor*, has much to say of the "American Athlete in England." Mr. Corbin's own experiences with the English climate gave him the data for his article, which makes very clear the reasons for Yale's defeat. There are only two courses, Mr. Corbin says, open to the American who would run or jump in England. One is to take a year to be acclimatized; the other to set foot on English soil a few days before the contest. F. T. D. Albery writes upon "Duelling in German Universities," and tells of some battles he witnessed and one funeral. Mr. Albery approves of duelling as it is understood by the German *Bursch*. There is yet another athletic article in this October number, "Cross-Country Running," by Andrew T. Sibbald, who gives much good advice, with examples, to the novice in the art. John Lewin McLeish found the career of "James Madison at Princeton" interesting and so, too, will his readers. John De Morgan examines some of the "Curious School Customs" of Eton, the Charterhouse and other English schools; and Walter Sawyer discusses the conduct of the Yankee in the West and South under the caption, "The Revolt of New England." The question, "Why Do not College Girls Marry?" is answered, from two points of view, by "Alumna" and "An Old-Fashioned Girl." Then there are poems, long and short, by Curtis May, Clinton Scollard, Marion Miller, Mary Berri Chapman and Duffield Osborne, and the regular departments, "Comment on University News," "Athletics" and "Book Notices." In the last named, the essay—it cannot be called a review—on the "Æneid" will be found delightful reading by all who have followed Æneas from Troy to Italy, with the help of a Latin dictionary.

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 Personals.
 

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—C. C. Fitzgerald, C. E. ('94), made a short call on his friends at the University during the past week.

—Miss A. Ryan, a last year's graduate of St. Mary's Academy, made a short but pleasant call at the University this week.

—Mrs. W. M. Devine, of Chicago, delighted her many friends at the University by her visit on Tuesday, Founder's day. We regret it was so brief and hope to see her soon again.

—Daniel D. Monarch, Owensboro, Kentucky, for several years a student of the University, but at present engaged in one of the leading RR. offices of Louisville, Ky., is visiting his brother Martin of Carroll hall.

—Rev. Father Vian, C. S. C., a Professor of Literature and Music at St. Lawrence's College, Montreal, Canada, spent a few days with us during the week. The reverend Father is on a trip South for his health. He will spend some months as the guest of Father Klein at Austin, Texas.

—Monsieur Emile Girard, of Paris, France, visited the University for a few days this week. M. Girard is a graduate of the Paris college of the Order of the Holy Cross. He is highly talented and an excellent linguist. He expressed his admiration of Notre Dame in glowing terms and seemed well pleased with his visit.

—Among the guests from whom the University had the pleasure of a short visit during the week, the following were noticed: Rev. M. J. Grættinger, Dane, Wis.; Rev. W. A. Fhill, Jefferson, Wis.; Mrs. Thompson, St. Paul, Minnesota; Mr. Sexton, Mr. C. J. Mahon, Mr. and Mrs. Garrity, Mr. Dunne, Miss Norton, D. and Mrs. Erlick, Mrs. Kuntz, Mr. S. Jelonak, all of Chicago.

—We are always glad to hear of any deserved honor extended to our graduates. We clip the following concerning the Hon. W. P. Breen, A. B. ('77), from the *Fort Wayne Journal* of October 13:

"The Honorable W. P. Breen, of this city, has been invited to deliver an address at the annual banquet of the Columbus Club, of Chicago, on the 17th inst. Among the speakers will be Bishop Spalding, of Peoria, the Hon. W. J. Hynes, and Rabbi Hirsch. The invitation to address such a representative body as the Chicago Club is a great honor; but Mr. Breen's reputation as an orator fully entitles him to the distinction. His peerless eloquence has placed him in the front rank of the orators of the country, and the request, all unsolicited as it came, is richly deserved."

—The following, taken from the *Burlington Gazette*, published at Burlington, Iowa, Oct. 10, will be of interest to all the friends of Mr. George S. Tracy (student, '82):

"Well-known society people of Burlington, Peoria, Monmouth, Chicago and other places gathered at the pretty village of Oquawka, Ill., on the bank of the Mississippi, last evening to witness a brilliant and happy wedding uniting Mr. George S. Tracy, of this city, to Miss Ida H. Moir, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Moir, of Oquawka. The groom is one of Burlington's most popular and talented young men, successful in the law and politics, and occupying the position of prosecuting attorney in Des Moines County. The bride is one of Henderson county's best and fairest daughters."

Mr. Tracy, while at school here, was a student in the Law department, and made many friends by his gentlemanly qualities. The best wishes for a happy life are extended by the SCHOLASTIC to him and to his fair bride.

## Local Items.

—"When are those notes due?" asked a green student.

—The Carroll societies had an enjoyable walk on the 13th.

—Shickey's and Tom's came here every day, But the "Coach" that we looked for is still far away.

—A party of Carroll bicyclists rode to Niles last Thursday. They report a very pleasant time.

—About six additional students have been placed on the Brownson hall list during the week.

—The football team is improving,—that is clear. We expect to see some good games here this season.

—Very interesting games of basket-ball are played on Brownson campus every day. They afford great exercise.

—A game of baseball played by the Carrolls on the 13th inst. resulted in a score of 15 to 9, in favor of Lowery's team.

—In the debate at the Columbian Literary Society, a rising orator was discovered in the "Little Man from California."

—Sorin hall was defeated, but has not lost hope. Look out next spring, all ye who rejoice, there will be a grand awakening!

—The parts for the play to be given by the St. Cecilians have been distributed. The members are determined to make it a success.

—Active rehearsals are going on for the first appearance this year of the University Stock Company. A double bill will be presented.

—The Class of Belles-Lettres have been studying the Epic. Last week they listened to an excellent lecture on "Art in Literature."

—The Criticism class during the last week discussed Milton's blank verse. The class is acquiring a scientific knowledge of the nature of metre.

—During the past week Dr. O'Malley has been explaining various faults of style to the Literature class. The subject of the last essay was "The Gift of Tritemius."

—A Junior grammar student, who was troubled in his studies of the past tense of verbs, asked if Mr. Speake, of Brownson hall, would be called Mr. Spoke after he was dead.

—The statue of St. Edward in the church was very tastefully decorated on the 13th. Arranged around it were myriads of lights and the choicest flowers from St. Edward's park.

—A party of bicyclists went to Elkhart Thursday afternoon, but at six p. m. only two of them appeared in Brownson refectory. A general weakness at the knees was the principal cause of the delay.

—They all say now: "I would have had a

walk-a-way had I entered in 'such and such an event on field-day.' You may be right, but be earlier next time with your confidence, and show your abilities.

—The Columbian Literary Society is making healthy and encouraging progress. At every meeting so far, promising material is being brought forth, and each weekly programme is full of interesting events.

—One of the many ways in which the Minims showed their affection for the memory of their beloved patron, the late Very Rev. Father General, was by receiving Holy Communion for the repose of his soul on the 13th.

—There is a certain man in the Class of Physics who says that he can lift himself off the ground by his heels without any difficulty. We have not seen him demonstrate it; but, of course, his word is worth something.

—There is a wretch at large here, who sets our teeth on edge by whistling antediluvian airs. His repertoire embraces "Comrades," "Annie Rooney," "After the Ball," etc. If caught he will be given short shrift and a tight noose.

—Time, 3.05 a. m. Place, Room, Sorin hall. Scene I.—Student dreams of bell, jumps out of bed and dresses in haste. Scene II.—Looks at clock. Scene III.—Fireworks. Scene IV.—Exit under bed-clothes. Music *au ronfleur*.

—One of the men of Sorin hall complained that he could not stand the dreadful noise above him—the man on the upper floor seemed to be constantly falling. Upon investigation it was found that he was a heavy man, who was continually falling sound asleep.

—The Director of the Library requests any one who cannot find on the shelves the books which he wants, to prepare a list of the missing works. These lists may be handed in in a sealed envelope to the assistant librarians. They should be addressed to the Librarian.

—Mr. Corbett is achieving great success in the matter of securing photographs of the graduates of Notre Dame. He has received several pictures of the "old boys." These will soon be placed in the Sorin hall reading-room, which will deserve to be called "The Alumni Memorial Hall."

—The Astronomy class took possession of the Observatory last Wednesday night, and the scientific world awaits the publication of their discoveries. The "Count" discovered, near the western horizon, a brilliant brand-new constellation, which he has called "The Land of Dreams" from a certain hazy, early-morn glory which surrounds it.

—The Lecture Course for this year will open next Wednesday afternoon with a concert by the Carolyn Renfrew Co., assisted by the University Orchestra. Those who have not secured tickets should do so at once, as the Lecture Course this season promises to be excellent. Season

tickets for the entire course may be procured at the Students' office.

—A great improvement has been made on the Brownson campus tracks by the removal of several trees and the widening of the curves. While the work was in progress a remarkable incident occurred. One of the workmen went to get a horse to pull up the fallen tree from the ground, but when he returned he found that a fair-haired youth of unlimited strength had raised the tree, roots, clay and all from where it was bound. The feat would almost make Sandow blush.

—The Band made its first public appearance last Sunday, under the leadership of Professor Preston, in honor of St. Edward and of the Founder of Notre Dame. All the halls were favored with well-rendered selections, and all are pleased with the sweetness of the music. When we attempt to praise the Band of 1895-6, our enthusiasm gets the better of our judgment, and so we are apt to overstep the mark. But there is no doubt that our Band is a delight, and well merits our highest appreciation.

—A strong lacrosse team at Notre Dame is now assured. Through the efforts of Mr. Andrew Sammon, of Brownson hall, the game has been formally recognized by the Athletic Association, and a portion of the funds of the association has been set aside to defray the expenses of forming a team. This, with the generous subscriptions of many interested in a game which does not require severe training and is not attended with danger, will put lacrosse on a firm basis here. The game offers big inducements to those who wish exercise, and have no liking for football. A number of sticks are on hand, and more will be ordered from the Harold A. Wilson Co., Ltd., of Toronto.

—Last Thursday Father Corby, with Professor Edwards, rode to Bertrand to see what was left in the old church there. They found the old building dilapidated, and many of the articles which had been used by Fathers Sorin, Cointet, and Granger missing. But they secured several interesting relics, among them the bell which Father Sorin brought in 1841 from New York to the old mission known as St. Peter's; a pair of beautiful vases presented to the Bertrand church by Mrs. Sherman, wife of the General; a curious crucifix, probably carved by some Indian, and some vestments and candlesticks. Services are no longer held in the church; the Catholics of Bertrand attend Mass in Niles. The place is interesting as the original site of St. Mary's Academy.

—The Philopatrians last Wednesday concluded the debate left over from a previous meeting. The subject was: "Resolved, That education is better than riches;" it was decided in favor of the affirmative side. Had Mr. Krug, the principal speaker for the negative side, been present, the judges might have given a different verdict. For the regular programme,

E. Dugas recited a comic selection; J. O'Malley read a clever paper on "A Night with the Old Man in the Moon," and the President read one of "Sherlock Holmes" adventures. Great interest is manifested in the programme for the next meeting. Besides a number of recitations and readings, there will be three papers to devise means for the escape of a workman, who has been sent to repair a track in a tunnel, when he is cut off from release by an approaching train. The society now numbers twenty-six enthusiastic members.

—FOOTBALL.—Culver, formerly of Northwestern, was here last Saturday to coach the candidates for the Varsity. He appeared to be well satisfied with the probable make-up of the team, and said that all that was needed to form a good eleven was steady practice. Unfortunately, he could not remain to act as the regular coach; but the instructions which he gave, have taken away much of the rawness that has been so noticeable. It is to be regretted, that some of the men are disposed to question the value of the coaches furnished for them. There are some who would find fault with the best football men in the country. Too much hobbyism will ruin the game here. What is needed is a disposition to receive instructions and to profit by them. Last week it was said that too much talking was spoiling the playing. Matters have not improved a bit. Such gabbling and squabbling over the rules are to be found nowhere else except on Carroll campus. There is a lack of snap and dash in the play that is sadly needed. Too much time, too, is taken to line up. There must be no time lost in getting ready or we'll lose this afternoon. The practice on last Thursday, however, was something of an improvement over former efforts. The quarters might learn to give signals faster, and the men would be in line sooner.—It will not be the Varsity that will play the Northwestern Law School to-day. A picked team made up of some of the probable candidates for the Varsity will try conclusions with the Evanstonians if they come. Casey will act as captain.—If the ex-Carrolls remain in the University until they will have completed regular courses, Notre Dame will have the best team in her history in two years. The following men make up the ex-Carroll eleven: Chase and Joe Corby, *Ends*; Ducey and N. Gibson, *Tackles*; L. Eyanson and Nevius, *Guards*; Stuhlfauth, *Centre*; Wallace, *Quarter*; Wensinger and Taylor, *Half-backs*; Healy, *Full back*; Fox and Regan, *Substitutes*. Wensinger is the manager and Healy the captain.—On Carroll campus the following scores were made: Specials, 16 *vs.* Anti-specials, 0; Kirk, 4 *vs.* Cottin, 4; O'Malley, 6 *vs.* Wells, 4.

—The Philodemics met last Wednesday evening, and judging from the enthusiasm displayed by several of the members after the meeting, they are accomplishing much good. Before

the programme for the evening was carried out, President Daniel P. Murphy appointed the Programme Committee, consisting of Mr. William P. Burns, Mr. Elmer J. Murphy and Mr. Arthur W. Stace, and also the Committee on Credentials, consisting of Mr. George F. Pulskamp, Mr. Arthur M. Gaukler, Mr. Edward E. Brennan, Mr. Jacob Rosenthal and Mr. Patrick E. Reardon. The evening was devoted to the great American humorist, Frank R. Stockton. Mr. George F. Pulskamp read a very interesting and instructive biographical sketch of Mr. Stockton. Mr. Stace followed with a scholarly criticism of Mr. Stockton's work; his paper showed very careful preparation and no little thought. Three selections from Mr. Stockton's works entitled "The Discourager of Hesitancy," "A Tale of Negative Gravity," and "The Cloverfield's Carriage," were read by Mr. Edward E. Brennan, Mr. Daniel P. Murphy, and Mr. Arthur M. Gaukler. This idea of giving an entire meeting to the discussion of a certain author is unique and works admirably. Many of the other literary societies of the University are imitating the Philodemics in this respect.

—The Law Debating Society carried out an interesting programme last Saturday evening. It was the first debate of the term and the subject discussed was the following: "Resolved, That the United States ought to acknowledge the belligerency of Cuba." Messrs. Hennebry and Galen appeared for the affirmative, while Messrs. Gallagher and Wurzer took the negative side of the question. The subject was very thoroughly discussed. The affirmatives ably maintained that the high taxation and the oppressive measures exercised by the Spanish government over the little Island had become simply unbearable; that commerce was retarded and the existing state of affairs must be altered; that a fair proportion of the best blood in Cuban ranks was numbered among the revolutionists; that their cause was as good and holy as our own was in 1776; and, hence, that they have a right to be numbered among the nations as an independent power. The negatives confined themselves mainly to the legal state of the question, and though admitting that Cuba was sufficiently powerful as regards population and commerce, yet at present the United States cannot recognize her claims; for she has not, as yet complied with the rules laid down by international law. Her power over Spain is not supreme, as no *de facto* government is, or has been, established, and that until this comes to pass, her belligerency cannot be recognized. The subject was then taken up by the members generally—Messrs. Quinn, Gaukler and D. Murphy, giving their opinions. The remarks of the last named were listened to with marked attention. As the speeches of the debaters of the evening were alone to be considered, the President, Col. Hoynes, adjudged the decision to the negative.

### Roll of Honor.

#### SORIN HALL.

Messrs. Barry, Burns, Bryan, Costello, Eyanson, Gaukler, Lantry, Mulburger, J. Murphy, E. Murphy, Mott, Miller, McDonough, M. Ney, Pulskamp, Palmer, Reilly, Ragan, Rosenthal, Sullivan, Steele, Weaver, Wilson.

#### BROWNSON HALL.

Messrs. Arce, Anders, Anderson, Armijo, Atherton, Byrne, Barber, Britz, Barry, Ball, J. H. Browne, Buckley, R. Browne, Brinker, J. W. Browne, Blanchard, Brennan, Burke, M. Campbell, E. Campbell, Chase, Crilly, J. E. Corby, J. Corby, Clendenin, Carney, Davila, B. Daly, Delaney, Ducey, Dowd, Duperier, Eyanson, Forbing, Foulks, Follen, Fitzpatrick, Fox, Frazer, Fehr, Fera, Goeke, Gibson, Gilpin, Gilmartin, Geoghegan, Golden, Galen, Hay, Hesse, Hagerty, Hayes, Healy, Hoban, A. Hanhauser, Harrison, Haley, Hierholzer, Hennebry, Hengen, Hesse, Henry, Kegler, J. Kelley, F. Kaul, I. Kaul, Landa, Lindau, Mingey, Mattingly, Medley, H. A. Miller, Murphy, R. Monahan, B. Monahan, Maurus, Meyers, McGinnis, McCarrick, McHugh, McPhee, McKenzie, McDonald, McCormack, Niezer, Naughton, Nevius, J. O'Malley, F. O'Malley, Oldshue, T. O'Brien, J. O'Brien, Pietrzykowski, J. Putnam, Piquette, R. Putnam, Pulskamp, Pim, Quinn, T. Ryan, G. Ryan, Regan, Rauch, San Roman, Sammon, Smith, Schemerhorn, Strauss, Speake, Steiner, Sanders, S. Spalding, R. Spalding, Sheehan, Schultz, Stuhlfauth, Smoger, Tabor, Tong, Tracy, Tinnen, Tuhey, Tuttle, Thiele, Wurzer, Walsh, Wallace, Wilson, Wigg, Ward, Wagner, Wensingner, Wade,

#### CARROLL HALL.

Messrs. Abrahams, Armijo, Beardslee, Brown, W. Berry, J. Berry, Barry, Burns, G. Burke, Bump, E. Burke, Curry, Cottin, Crowdus, Cave, Cuneo, Coquillard, Curtis, Cornell, Crepeau, Darst, Devine, Dugas, Dinnen, Druiding, Erhart, Franey, Flynn, Fennessey, Girsch, Gimbel, Goldsmith, Gainer, Garza, Gonzalez, Hermann, Hawkins, Herron, Hagerty, E. Hake, L. Hake, Hayes, Howard, Healy, Jelonak, Jonquet, Kay, P. Kuntz, J. Kuntz, C. Kuntz, Klein, A. Kasper, F. Kasper, Koehler, Landers, Lovett, Leach, Long, Langley, Lichtenwalter, Lowery, Land, Leonard, Loomis, Meagher, Moss, Mohn, Murray, Monahan, Morris, Monarch, Merz, McNamara, McElroy, McKinney, F. McNichols, W. McNichols, McCorry, Noonan, J. Naughton, D. Naughton, T. Naughton, O'Brien, Plunkett, Pendleton, Page, Quandt, Rasche, P. Regan, E. Regan, W. Ryan, A. Ryan, Reuss, Reinhard, Shipp, Shiels, Stearns, Scott, Schoenbein, Summers, Shillington, Sheekey, J. Scherrer, W. Scherrer, Spillard, Szybowicz, Schaack, Stare, Thams, Tescher, Watterson, Walsh, Wimberg, R. Weitzel, H. Weitzel, Wilson, Ward, Wells, Welker, Zaehle.

#### ST. EDWARD'S HALL.

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