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## To My Friends.

ADRIAN W. SMITH.

WHEN Enoch found companionship with God  
He walked alone, nor other friendship sought,  
And life's relentless task sublimely wrought,  
And blessed with beauty all the ways he trod.

This mighty saint, withdrawn to God's embrace,  
Examples how He loves the souls of men;  
But how shall we who live in common ken,  
His Presence find, who veils His awful Face?

This answer only echoes from the shore  
Where love eternal sings in mystic light:  
God gives us friends when we His love implore,  
And in their love reveals His blessed sight;  
And as we love them ever more and more,  
We live in beauty, work with Enoch's might.

—*Thalassa and Other Poems.*

## Pope and His Masterpiece.

SHERMAN STEELE, '97.

The reign of Queen Anne marks what is known as the Augustan Age of English literature; an age given its existence and tone chiefly by the four famous men, Pope, Swift, Goldsmith and Dr. Johnson. Of these four the greatest was Pope, whose life and achievements are interesting and curious. He lived at a time when the social and political institutions of England were in a deplorable condition; everything was artificial, and there seemed to be nothing good or genuine either in life or letters. And it was into this atmosphere of intrigue and deceit that Pope was born. He was, too, a Catholic at a time when the members of his

Church were cut off from many, if not all, the privileges of citizenship; they were taxed doubly, compelled to practise their religion secretly, and prohibited from holding land.

Pope's father was a linen-draper, who, soon after his son's birth, retired from business in London, and removed to Binfield, near Windsor, where the poet's youth was spent. As his religion prevented his entering the public schools, Pope had to content himself with attending for a few years a private school, where he learned the rudiments of the classics, but stopped at an early age, before he had secured a complete or systematic education. The picture we have of him here is that of a small, delicate boy, sensitive, gentle and very ambitious, who spent his time roaming about the forest, dreaming of the success and triumph that would some day be his.

An English gentleman, a retired diplomat who lived near Pope's home, discovered this curious, precocious lad, and introduced him to William Walsh, a literary critic of prominence, who, in turn, became interested in the boy. It was he who told Pope to strive for correctness and polish in verse, and gave him much excellent advice and wise direction.

About this time, Pope also met Wycherley, a writer of comedies, and became very intimate with him. He looked on Wycherley with awe and respect, for Wycherley had known Dryden and the other writers, and the boy-poet worshipped these great literary men. This association was an unfortunate one, as its influence upon Pope was far from good; and it culminated before long in Wycherley taking the young poet to London, and introducing him into his wretched circle of wits; they were much pleased with Pope, and took him immediately into favor. And here, then, was planted this flower

of genius, amid surroundings artificial and cynical, where there was to be found nothing that was true, good or chivalrous. Can we then be surprised that his poetry is not sublime or noble; that it reflects, instead of the beauties of nature, the life of the London drawing-room?

Pope's one thought and desire was to become famous; he longed to be made much of by those about him, and, consequently, he wrote what he knew would please them. He soon became a cynic, and at this we cannot wonder; he was so crippled that his life was "one long disease." The son of a merchant, his social position was questionable, and, of course, he felt keenly this inferiority to those about him. Lady Montague's cruel wit in answering him that an interrogation point was "a little crooked thing that asks questions," was but the beginning, the first of many things that made him bitter and cynical. However, he retained some true goodness; he was ever devoted to his father and mother, and preserved his love for earlier friends; and any man capable of loving is not completely bad. Again we find him showing strength and goodness of character in refusing positively to change his faith for worldly gain or advantage.

Pope first realized his fond hope of gaining fame, after the publication of his "Essay on Criticism," a work which brought him into prominence. It was considered a wonderful production, especially when it was known that the author, Mr. Pope, was so young a man. Addison praised the essay most liberally in the *Spectator*, and, in fact, it received encomiums on all sides, but often exaggerated. Such deep knowledge and learning, so thorough an acquaintance with ancient and modern literature, together with such rare judgment, was worthy the critics' thought, of the greatest praise. Of course, in the "Essay on Criticism" there is little originality; with such a theme, there is, indeed, little room for complete originality. Pope simply gathered together principles and ideas that had been floating about for years; put them together with some air of freshness and newness of style, and made his effort a complete success. Indeed, it deserved all the praise it received; for it shows study and good judgment. Certain allusions in the essay made Pope enemies; the fiercest of these was a writer named Dennis, who tried to resent Pope's attack, but without success. And so the little cripple soon became recognized as the greatest wit in London.

The poem that is especially well known, and is

usually accepted as Pope's best, is that delightful bit of verse, "The Rape of the Lock," which gives us a glimpse of the manners of the times. The occasion of the writing of this poem is familiar to most of us. Miss Arabella Fermor, an attractive young lady, was present at a party on the Thames, and while leaning over her coffee, Lord Petre, a young exquisite, crept up and cut off a lock of her beautiful hair. This bold act caused a quarrel between the families, and Pope's idea in writing the poem was to bring about a reconciliation. He wrote it in a light, airy form, and although he failed to reconcile Miss Arabella, he succeeded in producing a clever bit of work, and, I imagine, he was satisfied. The Belinda of the poem is, of course, Miss Fermor, and the Baron, Lord Petre; the characters are supposed to be mythical beings—nymphs, gnomes, and the like. In the first book, we find some good poetry in the counsel Ariel gives Belinda; and the lines describing the young lady's toilet are characteristic ones of Pope. The opening of the second book or canto is striking; we are told of the beautiful Belinda who nourished, to the destruction of mankind, two locks of hair which hung down

"In equal curls, and well conspired to deck,  
With shining ringlets the smooth, ivory neck."

The adventurous Baron sees and admires the locks, and determines to secure one at any cost. He proceeds to offer sacrifice to the god of Love in order that that deity might be propitious, and Pope's satire tells us that the Baron's altar to Love was built, among other things, of "twelve vast French romances neatly gilt."

Soon Belinda goes upon the water; she and all about her are happy, except the Sylphs who seem to have a presentiment of impending danger, but do not know exactly what is going to happen—

"Whether the nymph shall break Diana's law,  
Or some frail china jar receive a flaw;  
Or stain her honor or her new brocade;  
Forget her prayers or miss a masquerade;  
Or lose her heart or necklace at a ball."

What a true example of Pope's satire the above lines are.

In canto third we find the party arrived at Hampton Court near the Thames. Here Belinda and two knights indulge in a game of ombre, which is described in detail in a solemn manner, and is like the description of a battle.

We come now to the climax. The coffee is served, and while Belinda is leaning over her cup, the Baron, scissors in hand, creeps up

behind her, and in a moment has cut the lock "from the fair head forever and forever." The effect produced by this act is pictured with a due amount of satire in the following lines:

"Then flashed the livid lightning from her eyes,  
And screams of horror rend th' affrighted skies.  
Not louder shrieks to pitying Heaven are cast,  
When husbands, or when lap-dogs, breathe their last,  
Or when rich china vessels, fallen from high,  
In glittering dust and painted fragments lie."

The poem goes on to tell of Belinda's anger and despair at the loss of the lock; she tries to recover it, but the Baron swears he will never give it up. In the last canto a battle ensues between the belles and the beaux, in which the latter are cut down without mercy by the sharp glances of the former. In the midst of the combat, the lock of hair, the cause of all the trouble, is snatched up into the heavens where it is changed into a brilliant star. And now, as a consolation to the young lady, Pope closes with the almost prophetic lines:

"When, after millions slain, yourself shall die;  
When those fair suns shall set, as set they must,  
And all those tresses shall be laid in dust,  
This lock the muse shall consecrate to fame,  
And 'midst the stars inscribe Belinda's name."

"The Rape of the Lock," contains many good things; much wit and an abundance of satire. Wherever is written a line of serious poetry he follows it up with some light, airy sentence, as, for instance, speaking of Hampton Court, he says:

"Here thou, great Anna! whom three realms obey,  
Dost sometimes counsel take, and sometimes tea."

What is most lacking in Pope's poetry is a chivalrous tone. What made Pope himself a satirical cynic, whom it is hard to admire, was the fact that he had no respect for women; he seemed really to believe

"That every woman is a rake at heart."

Pope was a great poet, but his genius was sadly misused; there are many excuses to be made for him, but excuses cannot alter sad facts. His achievements were many and wonderful. The son of a merchant, he secured with little effort a high social position among most arrogant aristocrats; a member of the Catholic Church, he became leader in a circle of uncompromising bigots; an abuser of women, he was at the same time the lion of all their gatherings. He wrote not a verse that contains anything noble or inspiring, and yet he is numbered among the immortal poets. Truly has it been said that Pope was a conqueror greater than Cæsar.

### Cardinal Wiseman.

FRANCIS E. EVANSON.

With nearly two centuries and a half of its teachings, the Anglican Church had established itself firmly in England. Supported by the state, it was not compelled to contend with other sects. Catholicity, its most formidable opponent, and the only one which seemed to cause it any great anxiety, was, in places, either excluded or rendered powerless by numerous restrictions. Nevertheless, a power within was continually shaping which must soon test its strength. In 1833 this power took on a real form, and was known as the Tractarian Movement. The leaders who started out with the determination to disprove the tenets of the Catholic Church, found themselves drawn to it by the logic of truth. Instead of strengthening their convictions, they increased their doubts. Newman, in "Lead, Kindly Light," has expressed for us the exact condition of mind into which they wandered. The method which they pursued to establish their claims was the publication of sermons and essays under the title of "Tracts for the Times." Oxford, the centre of the movement, and where the papers were printed, included within its circle, as has ever been its just boast, some of the most scholarly men of the country, among them John Keble, E. Pusey, Manning and Newman. With such leaders the Anglicans had nothing to fear; but as time passed, affairs changed, and and as a result, hundreds, including Newman and Manning, entered the Catholic Church.

During the ten years of the controversy, the one man who in particular stood out as a defender of Catholic doctrines, was Cardinal Wiseman. His able arguments, we might say, was one of the principal means of bringing about the conversion of this great number of English divines and laymen. Newman, speaking of his conversion, says, in the conclusion of a letter to Cardinal Wiseman: "But your concern with it is greater than I have yet stated, for I cannot forget that when, in the year 1839, a doubt crossed my mind of the tenableness of the theological theory on which Anglicanism is based, it was caused, in no slight degree, by the persual of a controversial paper, attributed to your Lordship, on the schism of the Donatists."

The father of Cardinal Wiseman was an English merchant, his mother an Irish lady. It was during their residence at Seville, Spain, on the 3d of August, 1802, that Nicholas was

born. Though the land of his birth Spain was not to be his home for any length of time. Previous to entering the college at Ushaw, where he spent eight years, he had studied for awhile at a boarding school near Waterford, Ireland. Very little of interest seemed to have been connected with his school-life at either of these places. Not until he took up his studies in Italy did he begin to reveal his more wonderful powers. Pope Pius VII., in 1818, restored the English college at Rome, and among that youthful band, which were to be its first students, was Wiseman. He showed himself equal to every task, and by earnest and diligent efforts made rapid advancement. In 1824, he was graduated with the degree of Doctor of Divinity, and in the following year he received the sacrament of Holy Orders.

Wiseman was a great lover of books, and a clever student. In his early life at Rome he seems to have been somewhat reserved, and preferred to spend the time in a quiet corner of the library, away from the noise of other men. However, Leo XII. had determined to place him where he would do the most good. The Pope, in 1827, arranged a course of English sermons to be given in the Gesù. The preacher chosen was Dr. Wiseman. This appointment took him from books to men, and, no doubt, was a great turning-point of his life. It is, moreover, an incident which shows the influence succeeding pontiffs exerted over him, and as a result brought out more clearly his abilities. "The burden," he says, speaking of the commission, "was laid then and there with peremptory kindness by an authority that might not be gainsaid." Several similar anecdotes are related of him and the different pontiffs who reigned between 1818 and 1840. He obeyed without any hesitation their requests, though often he would have preferred to follow his own inclinations. Had the manner of his future life been left to himself, he would, undoubtedly, have remained at the English college with his studies.

It was with a keen regret that the young scholar departed from Rome. Those grand legacies left by the old masters had become a part of his life; he saw in them that beauty which a student best knows how to appreciate. "It was," he relates, "a sorrowful evening at the beginning of autumn when, after a residence in Rome prolonged through twenty-two years, till affection clung to every old stone there, like the moss that grew into it, that this strong but tender tie was cut, and much of

future happiness had to be vested in the mournful recollections of the past." The office to which he was appointed in England, where the Pope had sent him, was that of coadjutor to Bishop Walsh, at Wolverhampton. Ten years later, when Pius IX. re-established the English Catholic hierarchy, he was made Archbishop of Westminster, and soon after was honored by the Pontiff with the title of Cardinal. It was during this time, from 1840 to 1850, that he wrote those able essays and preached those excellent sermons which had so much to do in bringing the Tractarian Movement to its "unconscious aims."

When it was learned that the Pope had restored to the Church in England much of its former splendor, many of the Protestants became alarmed, and predicted the ascendancy of the Catholics. Frequently, insinuating remarks were directed toward the Primate; his character was assailed, and he was accused of pride and arrogance. But the truth soon revealed itself. He knew that many difficulties were to be overcome, and that it would be necessary to be stern at times, yet he never went to extremes. To him personal dignity was a characteristic mark; and he firmly maintained that nothing was too fine in the decorations of churches, but he can never be accused of pride. It is said that, at times, he was absent-minded, and would give his hand in a mechanical way; however, those who knew him best, explain this by showing that he often gave himself up to deep thought, and when walking about planned an essay or a sermon. No one sought him in vain; he spoke to all with the same tenderness, and often feigned ignorance in order to spare a guest embarrassment. The greatest testimony of his love for men is to be found in his letters. Whether written to one of low rank, or to a person of the nobility, they are the same, and show an equal interest in all.

Now, that the controversy has passed and gone, and the "Tractarian Movement" is to be only a fact of history, there is no reason why the papers by Cardinal Wiseman, connected with it, should be laid aside. They are still valuable, in that they offer correct replies to many questions asked in our day concerning the doctrines of the Church. More than this, they are full of information relating to religious subjects in general. In one, for instance, he has given us an excellent explanation of the Donatists and their schism. Always kind and considerate, his arguments are free from any tone which would make them unpleasant.

even to the most sensitive. All his lectures—and we must not forget those he delivered at St. Mary's, Moorfields, in 1836—show plainly those qualities which made Cardinal Wiseman a friend to all: "I will certainly bear willing testimony to the absence of all harsh words and uncharitable insinuations against others in public lectures or private teachings, or even in conversation, at Rome. One grows up there in a kinder spirit, and learns to speak of error in a gentler tone than elsewhere, though in the very centre of highest orthodox feeling."

In his writings is clearly shown that tendency to unite general and scientific knowledge in theological research. He saw how science was growing in favor, and as a result drew largely from his vast knowledge of science and art when enlarging on any subject. This characteristic has added strength to his works, and retains in them a certain freshness.

Besides the essays and lectures, Cardinal Wiseman is the author of the novel, familiar to Catholics, "Fabiola, or the Church of the Catacombs." Half descriptive, half historical, it gives us a clear idea of the early Christians, and the means they were forced to take in order to carry on their religious practices. The Catacombs, those vast cemeteries, he has described for us in a most wonderful manner. That his explanation might be more clear, he often turns from the story and goes into detail regarding the construction of a tomb or the inscription on a slab. This fact, however, does not take from the interest of the novel by making it tedious, but rather adds to its value in bringing us nearer the scene of the story.

It must be remembered that the Cardinal was also a dramatist, but only to a limited extent. He wrote two plays for young people. In one, "The Witch of Rosenberg," the characters are made up entirely of girls, and in the other, "The Gem," of boys. The story of both is of the Church in its earlier days.

Newman, Manning and Wiseman are names that shall ever be remembered with the greatest admiration. They were truly men with broad minds and noble characters. Though each is worthy of our love, Wiseman, by his simplicity and gentle disposition, has gained special favor, particularly with the young.

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"LEARNING makes the young temperate, is the comfort of age—standing for wealth with poverty, and serving as an ornament to riches."

### Varsity Verse.

#### AN ECHO OF SUMMER.

"IN Annie's eyes" he traced, one day,  
Upon the sands at Osprey Bay,  
A rondeau full of sunny rhymes  
And zephyrs soft from southern climes  
The maiden laughed—'twas summer play.

He said at parting—sky of grey,  
Low-fringed with purple, quite *au fait*—  
"The dearest that of all my crimes,  
'In Annie's eyes.'"

'Twas while she lingered by the way,  
In Gotham, Fashion's gentle prey,  
She caught again, like tuneless chimes,  
The voice, the words of other times;  
"We have that cape," she heard him say,  
"In any size."

D. V. C.

#### THE OAK AND THE WILLOW.

"Scarlet and black" were his colors;  
And these were produced on his face  
By the spikes and the heels  
Of eleven, whose reels  
To St. Vitus's dance would add grace.

He fought with his team, and they conquered;  
He rushed on to glory—the goal;  
Then *backward* he came,  
And his short, robust frame,  
Unlike the poor Lengthy's, was whole.

J. D. B.

#### LONELINESS.

Sad is the night, with windy moanings fraught,  
But sadder still, I bow my weary head,  
And spend the lonely night in sorrowful thought  
Of her who sleeps, to-night, upon her bed  
Within the shaded city of the dead.  
A year, a month, a day, she there has lain,  
But ever has my heart in anguish bled,  
And now, I sit and listen to the rain,  
Alone and lonely in my heart-sick pain.

A. W. S.

#### A FRIEND INDEED!

How dear to my heart is that old, iron bedstead,  
When, sleepy and tired, I have something to do;  
But fonder it grows, when I am requested  
To finish that something before half-past two.

The soft, yielding pillow, the springs underneath it,  
And covers so white! How can I refuse  
To lie on its soft, downy surface one minute,  
When thinking of home, and attacked by the blues?

The old, cozy bedstead I hold as a treasure,  
When home from the club at "two" I have come,  
My head gently buzzing, my heart tired of pleasure,  
My knees strangely weak and my hands strangely  
numb.

J. W. L.

"Parrhasius"—A Criticism.

J. RYAN HAYDON, '97.

"Parrhasius" is a meditative poem. It belongs to that species of poetry called didactic, because its aim is to instruct. Whether or not it teaches the particular lesson intended by its author, we will discuss later. The story of the poem is this: Parrhasius, an Athenian painter, is engaged upon his masterpiece, representing Prometheus chained to the rocks of Mount Caucasus, with a vulture tearing at his vitals. One evening, as the artist is walking through the market-place, he sees a captive chained to a pillar. He measures with a "painter's eye" the agony of the slave, whose flesh is cut by his chains, and whose breast is filled with bitterness by his many wrongs. Parrhasius conceives what seems to us an awful thought, which he at once puts into action. He buys the slave and takes him to his studio, where he puts him to death with exquisite tortures. When he is in the agonies of death, the painter transfers the expression from the captive's face to that of Prometheus in the picture. Then the slave dies; and the poet moralizes on his life and death.

The poem is divided into three parts. Part first shows Parrhasius standing in the market-place gazing at the slave. It is written in blank verse. The second part gives a picture of the torturing of the captive, whilst the painter sketches his dying face. This part is written in six-line stanzas. The first and fourth lines are iambic trimeters rhyming together. The second and third and the fifth and sixth lines are rhyming couplets in iambic pentameter. Part third is a gloomy allocution in blank verse on the power of ambition and the deceit of human affections, ending with this bombastic phrase:

"What thrice mocked fools are we!"

In part second there is a false rhyme, *now* (rain) *bow*. The author also makes use of this unpoetic and unreal expression:

"The yearning in my *throat* for my sweet child."

In one of his stanzas, he is guilty, too, of a misuse of figures coupling the real and the figurative. Here is the stanza:

"Yet there's a deathless *name*,  
A spirit that the smothering vault shall spurn,  
And like a steadfast planet mount and burn;  
And though its crown of flame  
Consumed my brain to ashes as it shone,  
By all the fiery stars! I'd bind it on."

Besides the rhetorical mistake contained in this stanza, it is the expression of an impossibility.

Parrhasius says that this "deathless name," this "spirit," shall spurn his grave, and shall mount and burn like a fixed star. It will not mount and burn, however, until after his death, so that he makes an absurd statement when he says he would bind "its crown of flame" upon his head. For how could he bind a "crown of flame" upon his head, when this "crown of flame" was not to come into existence until after his death? The rhetorical mistake is this: he calls the "deathless name" a "spirit." Then he attributes to this figurative spirit a quality, not of a spirit, but of a fixed star—the quality of burning or shining; then he likens this burning to a "crown of flame." After this, he talks of grasping this figurative crown of flame, that is composed of figurative fire, which surrounds a figurative spirit, and of binding it upon his brow, and letting it burn his brain to ashes. According to the rules of rhetoric the stanza is a nonsensical jumble of figures. It is an example of fancy running away with reason.

However, I must say that if it be not too closely examined, this figure is extremely poetic. There are some other pictures in the poem which are beautiful, and a few scattered lines that are unusually strong. Take these lines telling of the stillness in the market-place about sundown:

"Not a sound was heard but of a dog  
Crunching beneath the stall a refuse bone;  
Or the dull echo from the pavement rung  
As the faint captive changed his weary feet."

One can almost hear the dog chewing at the bone. Here is another piece of vivid imagery:

"Unmarked of him  
Parrhasius at the nearest pillar stood,  
Gazing upon his grief. The Athenian's cheek  
Flushed, as he measured with a painter's eye,  
The moving picture."

I suppose it was at this moment that the artist thought of torturing the slave. Here is a line which expresses agonizing suspense—the slave is dying:

"That was a difficult breath."

Another? Wilt thou *never* come, oh Death!"

Notice also this one expressing the eager out-reaching of the painter's soul for the unattainable:

"Gods! if I could but paint a dying groan!"

Since the first time I heard "Parrhasius," the line just quoted, together with that one where it is said, "around me play colors of such divinity to-day," has always appealed to me as the work of a subtle and far-seeing imagination.

Poetically considered, the first and second parts of "Parrhasius" are well done. But for the third part or the moral, I have nothing but reproach. Willis was a gifted poet, but a bad moralist. He should have kept within his proper sphere.

See what he does. He paints for us the picture of a pagan Athenian whose noble though darkened soul strives blindly for that immortality which is its lawful inheritance. Then he holds up this brilliant creation of his fancy, and meanly makes him the subject of a moral lesson on ambition. In my opinion this is bad art. And besides this, I do not think that Parrhasius was too ambitious, that he was possessed by a "mounting devil" that dried up his heart and unthroned his peace forever. I believe that Willis himself did not rightly understand the full beauty of his own poem, at least when he wrote it—"he builded better than he knew." Let us consider the artist personally and contemporaneously to see if these statements are reasonable. First of all, Parrhasius was an artist, and had a great passion for his art. A person must have a keen and all-absorbing sense of the beautiful to contemplate calmly the beauty in the tortured face of a man dying on the rack. Parrhasius did this; yet, in the midst of all this seeming cruelty he had a kind heart. After allowing his enthusiasm to carry away his thoughts, he suddenly recollects himself and remembers the suffering slave: He speaks as if in sorrow:

"Heavens! but I appal  
Your heart, old man, forgive."

Then instantly he changes from the humanitarian to the artist. Fearing to lose the expression, he adds almost wildly:

"—Ha! on your lives  
Let him not faint! Rack him till he revives!"

But the old man is now past hope. The painter calmly says:

"Stand back! I'll paint the death dew on his brow."

There is not a tinge of excitement in his tone. He acts as though he were doing the most ordinary action. This fact should be noted, for it indicates the mutual relations of master and slave in pagan days. The ancients considered slaves as little more than beasts of burden, whose lives depended on a single word of their masters. In their warships, the rowers, who were slaves, were chained to the floor. If the boat went down, they went with it. And certain wealthy Romans used to cut up slaves and feed them to the fishes, which they kept in immense aquaria. And in the Greek plays,

when one of the mythical personages was to be killed, that character was given to a slave; and at the proper moment he *was* killed, in all sincerity. In a word, the ancients cared as little, morally, for a slave's life as we do for a dog's. We may assert, therefore, that it was most natural for "Parrhasius" to say:

"I'd rack thee though I knew  
A thousand lives were perishing in thine.  
What were *ten thousand* to a fame like mine!"

He was entirely consistent with himself. Hence we cannot attach any importance to the fact that he put a slave to death. It was necessary to cause him severe pain in order to obtain the proper expression of countenance. So Parrhasius tortured him. He did not feel that he was enacting a horrible and unheard of tragedy in doing this. He owned the slave; and he thought, he might do as he pleased with him. I conclude, therefore, that with regard to the charge of devouring ambition against Parrhasius, the killing of the slave bears no weight of conviction with it; it must be disregarded. Neither do the words of Parrhasius himself condemn him. It might seem that they do in the seventh and eighth stanzas, but a little explanation will set right that notion.

The key to the painter's character is found in the following lines, which show the longings of his soul:

"Yet there's a deathless *name!*  
A spirit that the smothering vault shall spurn  
And like a steadfast planet mount and burn."

Undying fame was the highest ideal for which Parrhasius might aim. The lips of the gentle Galilean had not yet uttered that sublime precept: "Be ye perfect as your Heavenly Father is perfect," and so the poor, benighted pagan considered that the ideal highest which best satisfied the cravings of his heart. Now, when a man of the Athenian's energy of character throws the whole motive power of his being into the pursuit of what he considers a noble purpose, it is easy to believe that no personal sacrifice will be refused by him, if it aid him in his purpose. This explains the eighth stanza. When in his imagination Parrhasius sees the cherished crown within his grasp, we may be certain that he will seize it, and bind it upon his brow, though it consume his brain to ashes. In this way the seventh stanza may be interpreted. However, we must remember that Parrhasius was at that moment in a state of enthusiasm; and so, his words should not be taken too literally. Even the absurd use of the figure in the seventh stanza

shows his condition of mind; for that is just what a man might be expected to say. I conclude, therefore, that Parrhasius was not a slave to ambition; and, consequently, that the poet had no just reason for holding him up as a subject for our pity and reproach.

If this poem teaches anything, it is that the ideals of Christianity are infinitely more exalted than those of paganism. What most impresses, or oppresses, one in reading it is the feeling of how narrow and selfish were the lives of men in pagan times—*Ego* was the god universally served. But in our day Christianity puts before us aims that are more in keeping with the dignity of our nature. We have something worth the winning. And if Parrhasius lived now, he might let his noble soul expand itself in a congenial atmosphere, and let it soar as high—as high as God.

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Notre Dame's First Resident Missionary.

J. W. S.

It has been well said that "the world knows nothing of its greatest men." Working in their own humble sphere, many of God's noblest creatures have benefited others and received no thanks for it. They knew that they were acting honorably, and cared not for the opinion of men. This is especially true in the case of that noble priest who, when he was dying, and there was no one at hand to prepare him for his end, administered the Holy Viaticum to himself.

Father Louis de Seille, a descendant of an old and wealthy family, was born in Belgium. The old mansion in which he first saw the light of day is still standing, and is an object of interest to tourists who visit the neighborhood of Sleidinge. It is said that the natives still take care of the garden which was planted by Father De Seille in his youth. The exact date of his arrival in Indiana is unknown, but it was probably about the year 1832. When he founded the settlement of Notre Dame, it was the camping-ground of the Pottawatomies, a large and powerful tribe, now almost extinct. On account of the humility of Father de Seille we know very little of his few years of ministry, as he left no written record of his life and labors. From a few letters in the possession of his relatives and friends, we learn that he was a grave and reserved man.

His few years of toil among the Indians were very fruitful, and he won the hearts of his dusky friends who loved him as "the good messenger of the good God." He used to go from village to village comforting his flock; and it was during one of these visits that he told the Indians that they would probably never see him again. He must have known for a long time that his end was approaching, and he finally informed his friends so that they might pray for him. They were, of course, deeply grieved at the news, but did not fully realize what he meant. Then he left them, and on the same day arrived at Notre Dame, apparently in good health. The next morning he fell ill, and was hardly able to finish the Mass which he was saying. Towards noon he felt much worse, and told his attendants to send for a priest; but no one would believe that there was any immediate danger. As he still continued to lose strength, two messengers were dispatched for a priest, one to Logansport, and the other to Chicago. It happened that the priests of both dioceses were ill, so the messengers returned. As Father De Seille became gradually worse, and no one was present who could give him the last sacraments, he requested his friends to carry him to the chapel. They raised him up, bore him to the foot of the altar and vested him in his surplice and stole.

With a great effort, he raised himself, unlocked the tabernacle door, and drew out the ciborium. Then humbly bowing, he administered to himself the Holy Viaticum. The attendants brought him back to his room and placed him on the bed. Soon after, while pronouncing the holy Names, and with a peaceful smile upon his lips, he expired. Thus died a man whose heroism at the hour of death has become the admiration of all who have heard of it. The Indians buried him where he died; but the body was afterwards removed to the large church where it now rests, close by the remains of the young and saintly Father Petit.

At the present day there is no vestige of the rough chapel, but the place where it stood is marked by a cross on which is recorded the last glorious deed of the saintly priest. In the "Bishops' Memorial Hall" at Notre Dame, one may see a part of the chasuble of Father De Seille, as well as the chalice from which he partook of the last Sacrament. Here is also a rough study in colors, in which Paul Wood, Gregori's talented pupil, has depicted the supreme act of Father De Seille. From this model the young artist had intended to produce his



chief work. He had even sketched the outline of the painting which would have made him famous. At Christmas he went home and met his death in a hotel fire. Here we have a case somewhat similar to that of the young missionary; both men were actively engaged in their profession; both were cut down in the prime of life, leaving their best work undone.

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In Paper Covers.

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—The *Chap-Book*, the first of the "fad" magazines, is still the daintiest and most artistic of them all. A "poster" cover in red and black, by Frank Hozenplug, a pathetic little sketch of dog-life, "Boss," by Maria Pool, a stirring, galloping tale of the road, by H. B. Marriott Watson, and two pages of "Notes" by the editor, make up the early November number.

—Among the articles of more than usual interest in the *American Catholic Quarterly Review* for October are "The Evolution of Evolution," by St. George Mivart, and "Leo XIII. and Historical Research," by the Rev. E. Soutiff, a priest of the Congregation of the Holy Cross, who has spent the past few years in research work in the Vatican library. John S. Ewart contributes an able and timely review of the much-disputed and much-misunderstood school question in Manitoba.

—In the current number of the *Catholic Reading Circle Review*, there is a pleasant description of the Catholic Winter School to be opened in New Orleans on the first of February. "The Winter School in a Summer Land" is a novel experiment, and one that will be watched by the public, non-Catholic as well as Catholic, with great interest. Rev. Morgan M. Sheedy's running comment on Current and History Opinion is full of spice. These, and many other articles of merit and of interest, make the *Review* one of the most attractive Catholic magazines of the month.

—The latest *Bachelor of Arts* has the true library flavor. The October number was almost wholly given up to out-door sports; but the editors have recognized the fact that this is the season of easy-chairs and uneasy steam-pipes, and they have made their magazine more bookish than is its wont. Nathan Haskell Dole, makes a careful and extended study of the life and works of Brunetto Latini, the teacher of Dante, and the "Ser Brunetto," whom the poet meets in the seventh circle of the *Inferno*. If

there is anything quite as interesting as the study of the personality of a great genius, it is the determining and weighing of the influences that developed, if it did not create, that personality. It is an open question whether Ser Brunetto ever had the greatest of the Italians as his pupil; but it is certain that his "Tesoro" was of inestimable value to Dante. Mr. Dole's essay is altogether delightful, and every student of Dante will find it intensely interesting. Of the other papers which follow Mr. Dole's, Anna McClure Shall's study of "Women's Colleges" is able and dignified; Albert Matthews' "Religion of the Future" is well written, at least; and Joel Benton's "Children's Song Games" is novel and yet scholarly. The verse of this number is especially worthy of comment. Hjolnear Hjorth Boyesen has an unfinished poem, "Pollen," delicate and fanciful; Father Tabb, whose quatrains have made him famous, contributes a characteristic bit six lines in length, but full of thought and meaning. The editorial departments are full of good things, but one hardly expects a sentence like the following in a magazine for college-men: "American youth have an inborn hatred of Jesuistical and indirect methods of accomplishing what can be done in a direct and manly way." It is quite time to drop "Jesuistical" as a term of reproach; and the *Bachelor* would do well to abandon it to high-school journals. Apart from this one slip, the editorial notes are keen and clever and, most important of all, fair and non-partisan.

—The *New Bohemian* for November fulfils the promise of its initial number by containing many readable stories, sketches and bits of verse. It is true that the names attached to the various articles are familiar to the reader of periodical literature; for the *New Bohemian's* laudable object is to bring forward the young writers who are to be the Crawfords and Hopes of the future. "Had He a Heart," which introduces the reader to number two, is a novel story very clever and very improbable. "The Relation of Hypnotism to Crime" is well discussed, and the Stage Notes are very interesting. The most valuable contribution probably is Mr. Reeves' second paper on "Talks with Young Authors," in which he gives some very sound advice and timely hints. Some of the verse is very good, particularly a *billanelle* by Clifford Howard. The *New Bohemian* is full of clever work in which much crudeness is necessarily found, but it deserves to live for its novelty and the valuable assistance it must be to young writers.

# NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.

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## The Staff.

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} Reporters.

—Everyone remembers the pennants of Gold and Blue which gave color and life to our baseball games, last spring. Why not revive them? Chrysanthemums are decorative and all that; but until the florists produce Blue and Gold blossoms, a pennant will be the proper and the patriotic thing.

—It is a pleasure to know that a good thing appearing in our columns is appreciated abroad as well as at home. In spite of the complimentary reference to ourselves in the concluding lines, we clip the following from our discerning contemporary, *The Purple*, of Holy Cross College, Worcester, Mass.:

"It is not our place to criticise the productions of any college professor, but we must be allowed to express our admiration for Dr. O'Malley's excellent article on Dante, in *The Notre Dame Scholastic*. The essay will be read by every one with eagerness, so lucid is the style, so interestingly is the story of the 'Divina Commedia' narrated. Nobody who possesses even a grain of literary appreciation will lay aside this essay without forming an inward resolve to become straightway acquainted with Dante's poem. Dr. O'Malley's production deserves much greater publicity than it can hope to receive in the columns of even the best of college papers."

—America is the land of humor; and the prince of our humorists is dead. A little more than a week ago, Eugene Field, the truest artist the West has ever known, breathed out his life when he seemed in his prime; and the city of packing-houses and department-stores stopped for a moment, to remember that his genius was like none other, and to give him a splendid funeral. His life was like his death, calm and unselfish. In the agony of the last sharp fight, his courage never faltered, and only his little son was with him at the supreme moment—he would not wake his wife and children for what might be but a passing pang.

Field was, above all, a journalist. "Art for art's sake and the world's" was his creed, and he chose newspaper work that his audience might be the greater. He was of the people, one of them in heart and sympathy. He loved the rank and file, the "common folks," who buy not large-paper copies or *editions de luxe*; and he wrote for them. It is only within the last few years that his fame has become national; "Little Boy Blue" and "Wynken, Blynken and Nod" had sung themselves into the hearts of thousands of children and "grown ups," too, before Field found a publisher to print and sell his books. And the wonder of it was that the verse and tales which he had done for the newspapers—and journalistic work is rarely free from the reproach of crudity and sketchiness—were pronounced wellnigh perfect by the critics.

Field was consciously an artist, and the miniature essays which he wrote each day for the "News," were as carefully worked out as though they were to appear in the "Atlantic" or "Harper's." This is not profitable newspaper work, from the income point of view; but with Field, art was a sacred thing, and he was lavish of his time and thought. And the enthusiasm for higher things which permeated his daily column, "Sharps and Flats," in the "News" gave many a weary soul new interests, new hope, new faith in man and God. And it is no mean achievement to bring to blossom the flower of poetry in the very reek of materialism.

Our actors, nowadays, are too apt to be managers as well; our novelists and poets and essayists too prone to be men of commerce; and Eugene Field will long be remembered as one whose art was above price, a sort of tender, large-hearted Yankee knight who loved his jest, but never lost sight of the two purposes of his life—the raising and the betterment of his fellowmen, the making of sunshine and blue skies for the little men and women of his love.

## The Band Concert.

## PROGRAMME—PART I.

Introductory March—"The Thunderer".....*Sousa*  
 Grand Overture—"Poet and Peasant".....*Suppe*  
 Gavotte—"The Queen's Favorite".....*Walter*  
 Concert Waltz—"Jolly Fellows".....*Vollstedt*  
 Andalusian Bolero.....*Bousquet*  
 Indian War-Dance—Descriptive.....*Bellstedt, Jr.*

## PART II.

Overture—"Light Cavalry".....*Suppe*  
 Rastus on Parade—Characteristic.....*Kerry Mills*  
 Manana Chilian Dance.....*Missud*  
 Selection—"A Trip to Chinatown".....*Gaunt*  
 Finale—"Lime-Kiln Club's Soiree".....*Laurendeau*

Although the audience which assembled in Washington Hall on Wednesday afternoon had been rather injudiciously promised great things, it is perfectly safe to say that the band concert realized all their expectations. When the curtain went up at half-past four, the tastily arranged stage and the bright, natty uniforms of the players made an artistic picture. That Professor Preston should, in the short time since the opening of school, bring the raw material of the largest band the University has ever had into any sort of a homogeneous whole is an evidence of untiring perseverance; so the really excellent work of the organization is so much more remarkable.

The music played by previous bands was always of the best class, but this concert makes evident that future entertainments will bring forth something far beyond anything yet attempted. Professor Preston, prompt to the moment, stepped on the stage and rapped with his baton for attention. As an introduction one of the great March-King, Sousa's quicksteps, "The Thunderer," was played. The overture to Von Suppe's famous opera, "Poet and Peasant," is a work which is generally considered beyond the powers of other than a band of experienced musicians. This magnificent number, abounding in difficult but beautiful crossing of melodies, was the first on the programme. It was well played which, in this connection, means more than the words in themselves convey. Limited space prevents us from speaking of each number as its worth fully deserves.

But we cannot pass over such pieces as the "Andalusian Bolero," "The Jolly Fellow's Waltz," and the "Light Cavalry Overture," without commenting on their excellence and the fine way in which they were executed. The last named is another of Von Suppe's compositions. The "Indian War-Dance," a characteristic

piece, in which pistol-shots, yells and sounds resembling the Midway predominate, was the most enthusiastically received number of the afternoon, and had to be repeated. "The Manana Chilian Dance," an inspiring melody of the sunny south, with the clink of castenets suggestive, of bright colors and dark-eyed beauties has been heard before, but can bear any number of repetitions.

A song with local allusions and a chorus was sung, and sung well, by Mr. Frank Barton during the intermission. He was enthusiastically encored, but preferred to have the whole Band respond with new words set to an old and familiar college air. It is to be sincerely hoped that the next public appearance of the Band will be in the not-distant future, when even better things may be looked forward to from the able leader and his men.

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 The Choice of Books:
 

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We are inclined to think that there are a great many who are sadly deficient in the application of their literary knowledge, at least so far as the choice of books is concerned. It is only a matter of observation for anyone to become convinced that our average library-goer seeks pure pleasure—that is, the pleasure of the imagination—in his search through the book-shelves. It is certainly an encouraging and praiseworthy thing to see students taking advantage of the many volumes of books and magazines that are placed at their command, but judgment in reading is a matter that is too often neglected entirely. Anyone is ready to admit that reading is a most potent factor in the acquirement of an education—in reality everything conduces to reading, for every class that we attend is but the laying down of a foundation for future personal research and for deeper development of the subject. The case to-day is the same as it was nineteen centuries ago, when Quintillian said that the teacher's object was to show the pupil how to proceed without a teacher. But all these facts are, perhaps, well enough known; it is in their application that the trouble lies.

The scope of the average reader seems to be limited merely to magazines and novels. Now this is absolutely wrong. Magazines and novels should not be made the substance of a man's reading, and yet the habit of reading them continually is so easily, so pleasantly, acquired that this mere fact is, perhaps, a partial excuse for

their over-zealous lover. Ask a person why he reads such a novel, such a magazine. He unhesitatingly answers that it is for mere recreation—it is too often a continual recreation. But, at any rate, everyone seems perfectly willing to admit that pleasure is the predominant idea in the reading of most fiction. He knows, as well as anyone, that the style of the newspaper, and even of the magazine, to a certain extent, must be off-hand and hurried; that most novels were never intended for a higher purpose than pleasure alone; that, as a rule, they are things to be read and thrown aside, seldom to be referred to again. Suppose our own libraries were to consist of the books we have read thus far, how many would have a collection that possessed any real literary value? Of several hundred novels, perhaps fifty of them are useless. We tried to read them, and after wading through seven or eight chapters, we gave it up as a hopeless task. And what of the rest? They were very interesting, but then we know the plot, and would not care to read them again. Oh! yes, and some had an excellent style—of course, we read them for the style. So it always comes to the same, time-worn excuse for indulging in a mental luxury.

It must not be understood that we condemn such reading, for that would be utter foolishness; but what we do say to be wrong is that anyone, particularly a college student, should be continually and aimlessly reading fiction in the usual, careless manner. Of course, it has its proper ends, which are as necessary to a man as those of any other branch of learning; but it is apparently not without its dangers.

The novels which create the widest commotion are only the fads of a day; they are read by a certain class; are thrown aside, and if they ever again achieve a revival, it is the exception rather than the rule. It is the natural destiny of most of them to die in the age which produced them. And does it seem natural, then, that such should be made the foundation of one's literary education; that they should be the nucleus of a course of study; for if a foundation is ever to be laid we must expect to find it here in college where opportunities and influences tend so strongly to it. A great novel is a wonderful piece of work; but comparatively few of them are destined to go down in the literature of our language; even those few can never be read intelligently and thoroughly by a superficial person. True, the plot can be learned; but fancy one reading Shakspeare's plays for the story alone, or the "Divina Commedia?" And yet

there are some who find it particularly difficult to cultivate a correct taste, solely on account of their continual reading of fiction.

No; we should make such reading subordinate. There are too many good books that require our constant consideration. And yet even apart from the masterpieces, there are essays of great interest and of infinite value. Stevenson, for instance, an almost perfect stylist—if style is what you are seeking—has written essays that hardly suit the popular definition or rather impression. An essay is regarded as an exceedingly dry species of writing, and if they are interesting, like Stevenson's, they are rather a surprise. Such works as these would fulfil the task usually imposed on fiction—the broadening and strengthening of intellect, the raising of standards and ideals—and our poets who lie for months on the shelves unnoticed, as the result of their search after higher literature, should be given some consideration. At any rate, a little more care among our own students would not come amiss.

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#### Exchanges.

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The editors of the *Owl* of the University of Ottawa hope to follow in the footsteps of their predecessors and make the ninth volume in every way worthy of the eight that have gone before. Those eight volumes must be very worthy, indeed, if they are in any way superior to this first specimen of the ninth.

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"What manner of man was Chaucer?" "What was his particular work in poetry?" These flourishes in the *Acta Victoriana* made us grow attentive and expectant; and we found this: Chaucer, as a man, united morality with æstheticism; he was neither a Lollard nor a Wycliffite, but probably a Catholic. As a poet, his real tendency is towards morality. When will critics cease numbering this Chaucer among the greatest English poets? The *Acta* has an article giving a very fair estimate of the work of Pasteur, but it is so loosely written that it makes very unpleasant reading. And one looks for care in college essays.

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The *Sibly*, with its neat, chaste covering of white, purple and gold is again with us. The *Sibly* commences its twenty-fifth year, and so is old enough not to need praise from us.

This paper is the representative of Elmira College, the oldest of the high-class colleges for women, it is said. The aim of this college, as the *Sibyl* tells us, is "to furnish to its students a happy home-life, not by compulsory drill, nor police surveillance, but by self-prompted refinement and mutual helpfulness, with an abiding spirit of unselfish devotion to the best that could be done for each other." The sense and syntax of this may be shaky, but the sound is steady and loud. If Elmira College only partially realizes its aim, its young ladies will be very good young ladies indeed.

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The author of an essay on the value of the study of history, in the *Blair Hall Breeze*, drags in the Catholic Church as a target for this bull's-eye: "It behooves the prelates of the Catholic Church to profit from the fact, would they preserve their existence; for no intelligent, well-informed person can linger long under the shadow of the polluting, degrading doctrines which now emanate from the Roman See." If this sincere young man would only give those doctrines an impartial study, we fear he would willingly fall into the power of the Romish prelates.

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The *University Cynic* has some fine specimens of poetry, notably "The Sonnet" and "Music." "Autumn" has sound and sense, and would be fine, too, were it not for the icy hand with the random torch. "Idlesse" says that he shall "perpetuate" a story, and does so in a deafening display of words. "Diplomacy Triumphant" shows us a very tricky and wicked young man.

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The *Varsity* has a capital imitation of Spenser in its "(New) Shepherd's Calendar," and a just and witty portrayal of our weakness under the influence of a favorite book. The ardent appeal of the editor for support is worth a generous answer.

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The *Round Table* of October 9 is an attractive number. "Paul's Romance" is a little gem. In conception, in development and in wording we have not seen its equal this year. The dénouement took away our breath; it could not have been more cleverly hidden. Beloit College may justly be very proud of J. E. C., '97. We think a successful career as a story-teller lies before him. The article on the Passion-Play at Ober-Ammergau could not be better in tone or in matter.

### Personals.

—Mr. L. Rosenthal, of Petoskey, Michigan, visited his son Jacob, of Sorin Hall, on last Tuesday.

—John B. Meagher, B. L. ('89), is filling a position in the National Citizens Bank, of Mankato, Minn.

—Mrs. Plunkett, of Chicago, visited her sons Frederick and William, of Carroll and St. Edward's halls, during the early part of the week.

—Mr. Bernard Neizer and wife, of Monroeville, Ind., are visiting their son Charles, of Brownson hall, and their daughter, of St. Mary's Academy.

—Dr. Belle C. Eskridge, a practising physician of Chicago, Ill., and a minor surgeon of Harvard Medical School in that city, visited her son Henry Stearns, of Carroll Hall, last week.

—Byron O'Kane (student) '85-'90, has entered the cigar business, with Carroll Brookfield, '91-'92 in Cincinnati, Ohio. Judging from all accounts they must be doing great work in their line. The SCHOLASTIC wishes them all success.

—Among the Rev. clergy who recently visited the University were: the Rev. James Gorl, of St. Joseph, Mich.; Rev. Richard J. Sadlier, of Battle Creek, Mich.; Rev. D. J. McGlaughlin, of Niles, Mich.; Very Rev. D. Kiley, of Salt Lake City, Utah; Rev. John Guending, of Lafayette, Ind., and Rev. Timothy Sullivan, of Chicago.

—The many friends of Rev. Nathan J. Mooney (B. S. '77, A. M. '95) will be pleased to hear of his being recently promoted to the Chancellorship of the Chicago Archdiocese. The Rev. gentleman's attainments will win for him still greater ecclesiastical preferments. He is an orator of no mean ability as is amply testified from the favorable comments which his sermon elicited during the Golden Jubilee exercises. The SCHOLASTIC wishes Father Mooney all success.

—Rev. Peter Rosen (student) '76-'80, has kindly presented to the University Library copies of "One Hundred Days in Europe" and "Pa-ha-sap-pah, or the Black Hills of South Dakota," of which he is the author. The former is an interesting and instructive description of a tour through the different countries of Europe. It is written in German and is in the form of letters from an uncle to his nephew. The latter is a complete history of the Dakotas from the earliest times up to the present day. The descriptions of the Indian tribes and their customs are especially worthy of praise. Father Rosen was for seven years a missionary in the Black Hills and is thoroughly conversant with his subject.

## Local Items.

—Notre Dame vs. Indianapolis Light Artillery on the 21st.

—That Indian war-dance was a delight, a pleasure and a joy.

—The military company of Carroll hall is unusually large this year.

—The Freshman eleven will play Laporte high school this afternoon.

—The Carroll Crescent Club report a pleasant time last Saturday evening.

—The military companies were reorganized on the 10th. Prof. Green is the instructor.

—Lost—A bunch of keys, a pocket-book containing a sum of money and a pocket-knife. Finder, please return them to Carroll Hall.

—A Law student remarked that during vacation two farmers began suit in court over a watch. The student says he got the "case."

—Hand-ball becomes more popular with the Carrolls every day. The hand-ball association will soon be formed and challenges will be issued.

—The gymnasium classes were begun on Saturday last, and a large number of pupils are already on the roll. Prof. Beyer is in charge again this year.

—Rev. President Morrissey addressed the Brownson hall students Sunday morning last in regard to the importance of perseverance in their class-work.

—The anarchist is out again. With a cry of "Vive l'anarchie" echoing along the halls, he threw a bomb at the anti-socialists, but fortunately no serious damage resulted.

—Boru's arrest, trial, conviction and execution are now matters of history. On the scaffold the condemned man showed unusual fortitude and confidence in his own asserted innocence. He died as he lived, a brave man, a man of integrity.

—"Caius Cassius," after a long and checkered career on the track, has at last retired. Some say he has put by a snug stocking for his declining years, while there are others who pooh-pooh this idea. They say that book-making has ruined him. Alas, poor Cassius!

—To "hiss" the conquered antagonist is an exhibition of barbarism which grates on the ears of gentlemen; and we trust that we may never hear of it. Of course, this does not refer to remarks heard after the announcement that the Lake Forest-Rush team had not come.

—Prof. Edwards has sent for a large number of books for the use of the English students. Many new books were lately received from McClurg's, among them being Bishop Spalding's latest, "Means and Ends of Education." We have now the largest college library in the West.

—The Varsity and the "subs" posed before McDonald last Thursday morning. The result is a large photograph showing twenty-four men. In the centre are the Varsity, and surrounding them are the "subs," Hadden, the coach, and McManus, the manager. A full-page picture of the group will appear in the SCHOLASTIC.

—Afar off in his native city of St. Louis did the student's sister get married. The student brother and his lucky table-mates were not forgotten, for a basket, by express, filled with the finest fruits, gave them a "spread" of which their neighbors were jealous. It is to be hoped that this will become a custom with all our relatives on similar occasions.

ENGLISH.—During the week Dr. O'Malley has been lecturing on the sonnet to the Belles-Lettres class.—The theme of Dr. O'Malley's lectures to the Criticism class during the week has been Poetry, especially the epic, pastoral and allegory. Many specimens were read and criticised. The lectures are very interesting, and show deep thought and extensive research.

—Cathedral glass is being placed in the windows which admit light to the portraits in the College. The old light was too strong, and the glare was fast fading the colors. Some means should be taken to preserve the portrait of Queen Isabella. In a few years not only the colors, but even the outline, will disappear. As a member of the group of Columbian pictures it is too valuable to be lost.

—Lake Forest-Rush did not appear on last Thursday. And because they sent no word cancelling the game, visitors and students were kept waiting for them. They played the same trick on other clubs. When we cancelled the baseball game with Lake Forest last spring, we notified them a week before the scheduled time. Lake Forest-Rush should be black-listed, because they do not keep their engagements, and because they break them dishonorably.

—The Class of '97 has decided to get a class pin. Mr. John W. Miller has received a sample from Feeley's, Providence, R. I., which satisfies everybody. It is a combination of a shield, a torch and a wreath. The shield bears the class colors, which are peacock-blue, and the inscription, "N. D. '97," in enamel. The wreath projects from beneath the shield; and the torch rests between the shield and wreath. All the work is to be done by hand. This is decidedly the neatest and most artistic class emblem that Notre Dame has seen for years. Mr. Miller will be happy to let you see it at any time.

FOOTBALL.—The Executive Committee of this year deserve the credit of having secured an excellent coach. Mr. Hadden came last Monday afternoon, and in five days he has not only taught the Varsity how to play, but has infused discipline into the team. There is now a noticeable lack of the childish gabble that formerly delayed the play. The appeals to the umpire

are becoming rare. The players no longer loaf at practice, nor do they object to the necessary training. Their play has more snap and is faster now. Their interference is improving, and in defensive work they are doing better. With more practice in tackling hard and running low there will be little to be desired.—It would be difficult to recall a year when a Scrub team lined up against the Varsity with an equal number of men and displaying the same spirit shown in the practice Thursday afternoon. It was marvelous. Hitherto the practice between the Varsity and the Scrubs was a listless sort of affair, a perfunctory thing to be got over as soon as possible. But there has been a decided change since Hadden came. He worked with the Scrubs, and twice as hard as some of the Varsity. His presence with them gave the Scrubs confidence, and they forced the Varsity to play their best. If this is kept up the Varsity will put up a strong, defensive game.—Notre Dame is certainly football crazy. Besides the Varsity and the Scrubs there are in Brownson hall alone five other elevens. Their only trouble is the getting suitable names.—The "Wranglers," of Brownson played the ex-Carrolls. The former won by a score of 6 to 0. Flushed with victory (known as the "Hardly Ables," they defeated the "Mushrooms" on the 27th ult.) the "Wranglers" stand ready to face any team the Varsity barred; St. Joseph's hall, the Carrolls, the Infirmary and the Minims preferred.—"Society" defeated the "Shamuses" last Thursday morning on Brownson campus; score 8 to 6.—A picked team captained by Hermann lined up against the Carroll Antis last Thursday morning. The magician and his crew were put to flight by a score of 12 to 0. Flynn and Loomis figured prominently in the game.—The Carroll second eleven Specials played their Antis an interesting game Thursday; score 12 to 0.—The Minims, reinforced by McCorry and McNichols, of the Carroll third eleven, defeated a team made up of the smallest in Carroll hall; score 8 to 0.—Last week the second eleven Specials of Carroll hall chose D. Cottin as their captain; the second eleven Antis elected C. Shillington to be their head.

#### SOCIETY NOTES.

**TEMPERANCE SOCIETY.**—The first regular meeting of the Temperance Society of Notre Dame was held on the seventh of November. The Reverend Director of Studies opened the meeting by making a few appropriate remarks on the object of the society, introducing Reverend Father Burns as its lately appointed President and co-worker. Father Burns is an enthusiast in the cause, and is taking every needful step to crown his efforts with success. With the able assistance of Reverend Father Cooney, as Promoter, those most deeply interested in the welfare and maintainance of the society will insure satisfying results. The society, comprising Brownson and St. Joseph's

halls, numbers nearly fifty, and as soon as the delinquents of Sorin Hall present themselves, they will be most graciously received. Following are the officers chosen at the last meeting: P. O'Malley, Vice-President; O. McHugh, Secretary; J. Bennett, Treasurer; B. Monahan, Sergeant-at-Arms. The society promises to be a pleasing and instructive, as well as an ennobling organization, and under the careful supervision of its Rev. President will become the leading society of Notre Dame.

A meeting of the Carroll branch of the Temperance Union was held Thursday evening to elect the officers of the organization. The Rev. Director of Studies spoke briefly on the object of the society. The election of officers was then held, resulting as follows: F. B. Cornell was elected Vice-President; J. F. Fennessey, Secretary; M. J. Naughton, Treasurer; Waldo Healy, Sergeant-at-Arms. Mr. Corbett was then introduced as the President of the Carroll branch. The following programme was then arranged for the next meeting:—H. H. Weitzel, essay; W. Berry, reading; C. Langley, description of a temperance story; J. Kuntz, mandolin solo; M. Devine, essay; F. B. Cornell, declamation; F. Stare, mandolin solo; J. Naughton, declamation. December 8 was named as the date of the next meeting. The *Index*, of Scranton, Pa., and *Griffin's Journal*, of Philadelphia, were recommended to the members. The meeting was then adjourned.

**PHILODEMICS.**—The Philodemics held a very interesting meeting in the law room on last Wednesday evening. The author of the evening was William Dean Howells. Mr. P. Reardon read a very well-written sketch of the author, and Mr. E. J. Murphy read a selection from Mr. Howells' farces entitled the "Mouse-Trap." Mr. E. E. Brennan also entertained the society by reading another of Mr. Howells' farces, "A Likely Story."

**PHILOPATRIANS.**—At the meeting of the Philopatrians Wednesday evening, the treasurer's report showed that the society's financial condition was shaky, and the members were accordingly treated to a discourse on bankruptcy. W. Scherrer recited "A School Episode;" T. Noonan read a touching selection, entitled "God is Nowhere;" E. Reinhard read a comic piece, and the President concluded the programme by a chapter from Craddock's "Prophet of the Great Smoky Mountains."

**COLUMBIANS.**—After a vacation of two successive weeks, the Columbian Literary Society met Thursday evening with renewed vigor. It was proven by Messrs. H. Geoghegan and Henebry that labor is a blessing instead of a curse although Messrs. Kelly and J. Haley brought some strong arguments to the contrary. Next Thursday evening the discussion will not be frigid, though efforts will be made to determine whether Arctic expeditions have justified the expenditures lavished upon them.

LAW DEBATING.—The fourth regular meeting of the Law Debating Society was held on Saturday evening, Nov. 9, with President Hoynes in the chair. After the preliminary work of the evening had been disposed of, the Chair declared the meeting open for business. The regular critic of the society being a participant in the debate for the evening, on motion A. H. Gaukler was chosen critic *pro tem*. The debate, "Resolved: That the military and naval forces of the United States should be materially augmented," was next in order. One of the disputants on the affirmative side being ill, that side was upheld by E. J. Mingey. He opened the debate, and his presentation of the facts showed that he had given the subject careful consideration. He was followed by A. P. Mulberger who took a negative view of the question in regard to our militia solely, as likewise did F. P. McManus concerning our navy. Mr. Mingey again took the floor, as it is a rule of the society that the affirmative should open and close the debate. The Chair then extended an invitation to all who were present to speak on the subject. Short speeches were made by Messrs. Galen, Murphy and Gaukler. Owing to the lateness of the hour, the Chair did not review the question in detail, but thought that the merits of the debate rested with the negative, and so decided.

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#### List of Excellence.

##### ST. EDWARD'S HALL.

*Arithmetic*—Masters Bullene, G. Davis, Cottin, E. Kelly, F. Weidman, F. Brissenden, Giffin, Bullen, Finnerty, Bergeron, Breslin, L. Garrity, Campbell, Rasche, Pyle, Davidson, McIntyre, Ehrlich, Swan, Hammer, Quinlan, F. Hess, Bloom, Marshall, M. Garrity, Sontag, Allyn, R. Van Sant, Cotter, L. Van Sant, C. Kelly, Kasper, Lovell, Weidner, Plunket, G. Quertimont, Phillips, E. Quertimont, Sontag, G. Dugas, Sexton, R. Brissenden, J. Van Dyke, W. Pollitz, L. McBride, F. Van Dyke, F. Caruthers, G. Weidman, Hart, P. McBride, D. Rasche, Kopf; *Grammar*—Masters Breslin, Allyn, Elliot, C. Bode, B. Davis, Coquillard, Pollitz, Eetter, Fitzgerald, A. Flynn, Spillard, Sontag, Hall, Moxley, C. Kelly, Marshall, Morehouse, Lovell, Quinlan, Cotter, R. Van Sant, F. Weidman, Kasper, Bullen, Maher, O'Loughlin, Plunket, Phillips, Sexton, J. Van Dyke, F. Van Dyke, Welch, Bergeron, G. Weidman, Bloom; *Reading*—Masters Cottin, Giffin, Morehouse, Davidson, Breslin, Bullene, Cotter, Caruthers, Elliott, Finnerty, G. Davis, F. Weidman, A. Flynn, Phillips, O'Loughlin, Maher, Paul, Sontag, Bergeron, F. Bode, Hart, P. McBride, D. Rasche, L. McBride, W. Pollitz, J. Quertimont, J. McBride, Manion, F. Caruthers; *Orthography*—Masters Cottin, Maher, Swan, McIntyre, Elliott, Morehouse, Moxley, Giffin, Cotter, Fitzgerald, Caruthers, Spillard, L. Rasche, Lovell, B. Davis, Fetter, M. Flynn, A. Flynn, Hall, C. Kelly, Weidner, G. Weidman, Hart, P. McBride, D. Rasche, F. Caruthers; *Geography*—Masters Swan, McIntyre, Cottin, Breslin, Caruthers, Davidson, Elliott, Giffin, Abrahams, Lovell, Fetter, R. Hess, B. Davis, Ehrlich; *Instrumental Music*—Masters Morehouse, Moxley, Cotter, Elliott, Fitzgerald, F. Bode, Martin, O'Loughlin, Welch, Marshall, Waite, Quinlan, Ehrlich, Bloom, M. Garrity, Davidson, Cotter, Spillard, McIntyre, Elliott, Plunkett, Weidner, Fitzgerald, Bode, Breslin, Garrity, Kasper.

#### Roll of Honor.

##### SORIN HALL.

Messrs. Barry, Brennan, Barrett, Burns, Bryan, Costello, Fyanson, Fagan, Gaukler, Lantry, Mulberger, Marmon, E. Murphy, Marr, Mott, Miller, McManus, McKee, McDonough, Palmer, Pulskamp, Prichard, Reilly, Ragan, Reardon, Rosenthal, Shannon, Sullivan, Slevin, Steele, Stace, Weaver, Wilson.

##### BROWNSON HALL.

Messrs. Arce, Anders, Anderson, Armijo, Atherton, Byrne, Barber, Barry, Ball, Brinker, R. Browne, J. W. Browne, Brennan, Burke, Blackman, M. Campbell, E. Campbell, Cypher, J. Corby, J. E. Corby, Clendenin, Crane, C. Cullen, B. Daly, Delaney, Dowd, Forbing, Follen, Fitzpatrick, Flannigan, Fox, Fehr, Farrell, Fera, Goeke, Gibson, Gilmartin, Geoghegan, Golden, Galen, Hesse, Hagerty, Hayes, Hoban, G. Hanhauser, Harrison, A. Hanhauser, Haley, Hierholzer, Hennebry, Howell, Hindel, Hengen, Hesse, Henry, Kegler, J. Kelley, E. Kelly, F. Kaul, I. Kaul, Landa, Mingey, Mattingly, Medley, Moran, H. A. Miller, Mathewson, Murphy, R. Monahan, B. Monahan, Maurus, Murray, Meyers, McGinnis, McCarrick, McHugh, McPhee, McKenzie, McDonald, McCormack, Nevius, Naughton, R. O'Malley, F. O'Malley, T. O'Brien, J. O'Brien, Powell, R. Putnam, Pietrzykowski, J. Putnam, Piquette, Pulskamp, Phillips, Phelps, Pim, Quinn, T. Ryan, G. Ryan, J. Ryan, Regan, Rowan, Rauch, San Roman, Sammon, Speake, Schemerhorn, Steiner, Sanders, S. Spalding, R. Spalding, Sheehan, Scott, Schultz, Stuhlfauth, Smoger, Tracy, Tinnen, Tuhey, Tuttle, Thiele, Wurzer, Walsh, Wallace, Wilson, Ward, Wagner, Wade.

##### CARROLL HALL.

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

##### ST. EDWARD'S HALL.

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

\* Omitted last week by mistake.