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A Song from Heine.

AUSTIN O'MALLEY.

THOU, like unto a blossom,
So pure, so comely art;
I gaze on thee, and sadness
Steals down into my heart

Meseems. my hands should folden
Lie rev'rent on thy hair,
Praying that God may keep thee
So pure and sweet and fair.

—*The Ave Maria.*

A Plea for "Lalla Rookh."

M. JAMES NEY, '97.

I had rather be a kitten, and cry mew!
Than one of those same meter ballad mongers.

—SHAKSPERE.

Like a lovely star trembling on the verge of a dusky horizon, "Lalla Rookh," one of the sweetest poems in the English language, is about to disappear from our literary firmament, smile her bright farewell, and set, perhaps, forever.

While the present generation exult over "Trilby" and kindred productions, the works of our great authors are consigned to the dust and darkness of the upper shelf, and even the Bible, with all its sublimity, is cast aside as a collection of Oriental metaphors. But when such trash as the "Heavenly Twins," "The Woman who Did," "Chimmie Fadden," and similar rubbish make their appearance, the book-stalls and the circulating libraries are

mobbed, and the publishing houses are kept running both day and night to supply the demand for copies. Critics forget the ancient canons of good taste, and approve of art that is bad for no other reason than that it is "age-end." Business men neglect their affairs to peruse the latest "yellow-backed" production, and wives and servants remain up late to read the new story, because "it is all the rage."

There was never yet an effect without a cause, and for this state of literary dyspepsia must be assigned the fact that we have too many sixth-rate poets, and sixteenth-class novelists who are flooding our book-stalls with their lame productions; and so long as they continue to do so, just so long will we continue in literary depravity and decrepitude. I would like to see some zealous missionary enter the domain of letters to show these literary philistines the perversity of their taste; to convince them that they are leaving the substance for the shadow; to point out the superiority of our great authors, compared with whose works, modern productions appear like ant-hills beside Egyptian pyramids, and to prove to them that those musty tomes, which they have consigned to oblivion, are filled with a beauty that can pass away only when the human heart shall cease to beat.

Some one has said, and truly, that we are in the twilight of the poets; and it may be stated with equal verity that we are in the midnight of prose writers. We have, to-day, a multitude of authors whose productions are as barren of interest as the Chinese Alphabet, and as void of anything like wit and humor as are the propositions of Euclid. And our poets—aye! we have a breed of bards whose lines are as indigestible as the filberts of Berdaa.

Ruskin tells us that all books can be divided into two classes—books of the hour and books of all time. This was undoubtedly true when Ruskin wrote it; but when applied to the productions of to-day, it certainly requires qualification; for with very few exceptions, literary works of the present decade may safely be put in the former class. In vain do we look for the pictured pages of Macaulay, Dickens, Swift and Addison; and where in the realm of modern poesy shall we find the impassioned and eloquent lines of Byron or the rhythm of Moore? It would be almost sacrilegious to drag Shakspeare and Milton from their bright constellation for classification with these lesser lights; and it would be an unpardonable sin to compare Dante, Homer and Virgil with the impotent scribblers of the present time.

But to our subject. The qualities that make "Lalla Rookh" a great poem are its exquisite imagery, its deep pathos, and its excellent delineation of character. That so perfect a woman as Zelica ever lived we have not a doubt; that the Veiled Prophet is a fiend of the deepest dye we are readily convinced, and that Azim, Zelica's lover, is a paragon of manhood for whom we would fight, is a settled fact. Were we at all skeptical on any of these points, our sympathies would soon be enlisted by a further reading of the poem.

There is, however, in "Lalla Rookh" a deeper truth conveyed than this mere antithesis of character. To my mind, it is a theological treatise, so skilfully clothed in poetic garb as not palpably to obtrude itself; a beautiful exposition of the divine influence exerted on the human heart by that grandest of all passions—true love. Zelica is the exponent of the fact that mankind is never less prone to evil than when true love reigns supreme in the citadel of their souls.

Again is the poet's purpose revealed to us when Azim, returning home after many years' absence in the Persian army, but with the image of his Zelica still enshrined in his heart—that image which has ever been his safeguard against evil—is tempted by a votary of the Veiled Prophet, in the guise of a beautiful girl.

"Poor maiden!" thought the youth "if thou were sent,
With thy soft lute and beauty's blandishment,
To wake unholy wishes in this heart,
Or tempt its truth, thou little knowest the art.

"That I would sooner stop the unchained dove,
So swift returning to its home of love,
And round its snowy wing new fetters twine,
Than turn from virtue one pure wish of thine!"

The character of Zelica I consider the most beautiful of Moore's creations. If, as very able critics maintain, a right moral state of heart is the formal and scientific condition of a poetical mind, and if, according to Aristotle, poetry is a representation of the ideal, then we maintain that "Lalla Rookh" is poetry. What could be more beautiful than the fortitude of this Persian maid who, with a patience that seems more than human, awaits the return of her lover. She never grows weary of waiting and watching for him and it is only when she consults the Veiled Prophet, and is told by him that Azim is dead, and that to meet him in the life to come she must join the Prophet's harem, that her mind gives way under the great load of sorrow, and "These were the 'wilderings dreams whose curs'd deceit
Had chained her soul beneath the tempter's feet."

No more pathetic picture can be drawn than the meeting of Azim with Zelica. Our sympathies are at once enlisted with the poor maiden when she raises her voice, like the wail of a lost soul, and moans over her lost purity. She no longer feels herself worthy of Azim's love, nor even to come into his presence. Azim freely tenders her forgiveness, but she insists that she is undeserving of him, and replies:

"Never let him know how deep the brow,
He kissed at parting, is dishonored now."

Moore's art of drawing angelic characters who, at the first touch of sin, droop and hang their heads, like gentle lilies whose stems are broken, is superb; and no one can read "Lalla Rookh" without being manifestly better for having done so. But the poet's power is equally great in delineating fiends and devils, and the Veiled Prophet is his most finished specimen of this kind. Indeed, he wears the true satanic garb. A hater of mankind and of all that is good and virtuous in them, an impostor and a detester of Christianity, we readily agree with him when he raises his veil, and says to Zelica:

"Here—judge if hell, with all its power to damn,
Can add one curse to the foul thing I am!

But turn and look, then wonder, if thou wilt,
That I should hate, should take revenge by guilt,
Upon the hand whose mischief or whose mirth
Sent me thus maimed and monstrous upon earth."

The fate of the Veiled Prophet is in accordance with the moral conveyed—that the wages of sin is death. Persecuted by Azim and despised by all mankind he makes a fitting end of himself by jumping into the fire and being consumed. But sad is the fate of poor Zelica who purposely putting on the Prophet's veil, emerges from the harem, is mistaken for that uncanny

personage, and dies by Azim's hand. Overwhelmed with grief Azim soon dies,

"And there upon the bank of that lov'd tide
He and his Zelica sleep side by side."

The most prominent feature of this part of Lalla Rookh is its exquisite imagery. It is replete with beautiful pictures of Oriental scenery, of moonlight nights, quiet groves, peaceful lakes, murmuring streams, and fragrant valleys of roses, made musical by the nightingale's sweet song. In the next division of the poem—"Paradise and the Peri"—we have an enlargement of the idea contained in the Veiled Prophet, although not quite so well developed as in the latter. It abounds, however, in beautiful and well-rounded thoughts, and of all its passages I believe this the most worthy of quoting:

"Oh! if there be on this earthly sphere,
A boon, an offering, Heaven holds dear,
'Tis the last libation Liberty draws
From the heart that bleeds and breaks in her cause."

It is difficult to realize that the same hand which wrote the above lines could have written "Poems relating to America;" but facts are stubborn things, and notwithstanding the profuse apologies this school-fellow of Robert Emmett made later on, we can never forgive him for his uncalled-for remarks on America.

The last division of the poem, "The Fire Worshippers," is an excellent bit of description, and proves as false the statement that Moore is but a maker of pretty phrases, and that when he might have risen to sublimity he falls into too much sweetness, and leaves his work like Phœbus' chariot, in which the workmanship surpassed the material. We admit this to be his prevailing fault, and we also admit that we might have chosen others from the bright galaxy of English writers by whom we could better defend the stand taken in this paper than by Moore.

But when we turn to "Dear Harp of My Country," "Araby's Daughter," "The Vale of Cashmere," "Nourmahal" and "Evenings in Greece," we do not regret our choice, and we rather feel inclined to banish from our mind the strictures of carping critics, and join the great people of the world who consider the Irish bard a poet, and who are willing to overlook his occasional faults in consideration of his manifold beauties.

"A Good deed is never lost; he who sows
courtesy reaps friendship, and he who plants
kindness gathers love."

"Ten Tales by Coppée."

JAMES BARRY, '97.

About five years ago was issued from the press of Harper and Brothers a little volume of tales translated from the French of François Coppée. The book is neatly bound in blue and silver. The tales, ten in number, are translated by Mr. Walter Learned, with an introduction by Mr. Brander Matthews, and are dotted here and there by very appropriate drawings from the delicate pen of Mr. Albert E. Sterner.

These tales are pictures of life among the lowly of Paris, not exactly stories, for the plot, as a rule, is merely a consideration; and yet they are more than sketches, for in every case there is semblance of a plot. They are well-named by the term *contes en prose*, and, in construction, though not in treatment, are fairly representative of the art of those who have made this form of fiction their own.

Among the French, Coppée, De Maupassant and Daudet are the most famous of these writers. De Maupassant's "Necklace" is well known, and, in the manner of treatment, approaches Coppée's work more closely than any of his other sketches. "La Louve," which shows the boldness and strength of the author to perfection, is more characteristic of De Maupassant's style. Daudet is, perhaps, more brilliant than either De Maupassant or Coppée. His stories teem with the love and life of his native Provence; for, though a voluntary exile from the sunny south, the land of the troubadours, and though Paris offered innumerable themes for his facile pen, he often turned his genius homeward, and a thousand times renewed his acquaintance with his native hills.

Coppée is always a Parisian. He loves the Seine and the theatre and the gray old towers of Notre Dame. He may cajole his muse into the provinces or over the sea, but he is still inspired to write of home. To him Paris is all France, all the world. It sometimes seems that his love is carried to extravagance, and that it smacks of affectation; but those who know his ardent nature vouch for the sincerity of his affection for Paris. But, to begin the subject which the title of this paper indicates.

There is in this little volume of tales a quality which is often absent from his poems—a healthy tone of morality, more unmistakable, perhaps, than in any of his French contemporaries. His art is powerful enough to hide his teaching,

Like all great artists he makes æsthetics his chief care, and he is too good a Christian to disregard ethics. From almost everyone of his stories, no matter how trifling, a moral may be drawn. In the first, called "The Captain's Vices," we find the reform of a man whom camps and wars had corrupted. He boasted much before the patrons of the village tavern, where he had made people believe in his heroism, and where he spent a good deal of his time and most of his pension to support his claims to greatness and satisfy his three vices—tobacco, absinthe and cards. He was now often absent from the *café* and showed less self-assertion before his ready audience. Extravagant before, he now became almost a miser; his countenance, hitherto expressing nothing but pride in his military glory and contempt for those who never felt the shock of battle, took on a new expression of softness and gentleness. He even thought seriously of giving up his pipe, one of his greatest friends. The agent of all this reform was but a lame little orphan girl.

This old soldier had seen her in the street—a bare foot, a wooden leg, a tattered dress. Bare feet and tattered dresses were common things, but wooden legs demanded more than one glance. The old captain's sympathies were aroused, and it suddenly occurred to him that he needed a servant to dust his mantelpiece. He arranged the matter with Pierette's guardian, and from that day he had something to love besides his pipe, his glass and his pack of cards. Thus the old man was saved from a life of uselessness, and his declining years were soothed by a child who appreciated his kindness and did everything to repay it. Told in Coppée's vigorous style, and with all his attention to details, this is a good specimen of the *conte en prose*.

"Two Clowns," a far-fetched story, is a comparison between an ordinary circus clown, whose low jokes raise the pretended indignation of the circus manager and the laughter of the crowd, and a politician who basely deserts his party. Despite his painted face and particolored costume, the clown is recognized by his mother from whom he is long parted. He was her pride until he ran away from home, and now his position is one which brings the blush of shame to the cheek of his mother. The politician is in the chamber of deputies, defending with forced eloquence his action in leaving the ranks of his party. He is very eloquent, but his planning is selfish in its end. His mother is among the audience and instead of being

ashamed of her son, considers that day to be the happiest of her life. The scenes are very well drawn; but, as I said, the story is far-fetched.

"A Voluntary Death" is the story of an author's noble self-sacrifice. It is written in Coppée's most brilliant style. From the poverty which lives on coffee and rolls the young author rises to affluence and matrimony. In the midst of his success consumption comes to feed upon his vitals. Step by step he drops his work, and fades away from the literary world. He knows that three years more is the limit of his existence, and, rather than leave his wife and daughter in destitution at his death, he deliberately shortens his life by throwing his medicines into the fire. Thus he saves the expense of travelling for his health, in order that he may leave as much money as possible to his wife and child. This story is told in the manner of a real story-teller; but the reader is persuaded that, however unselfish the death of the author, it is, nevertheless, suicide.

"A Dramatic Funeral" is merely a description of an actor's burial. It is clear-cut and picturesque, but cannot pretend to be a story. What is most peculiar in it is the description of the manner in which the dead actor's co-laborers in the theatre offer their sympathies to the relatives of the deceased. Each of them, though thoroughly sincere, unconsciously puts on his stage manners, and goes through his part as if for the amusement of an audience.

The most dramatic stories in the volume are "An Accident" and "The Foster Sister." Both are well told, and have the quality of drawing out the sympathies of the reader. Like "A Dramatic Funeral," "At Table" is only a description. "The Substitute" is a strong story, and running through it is a slight satirical vein, directed against the prison system of France. "The Sabots of Little Wolff" is a pretty Christmas tale about a good orphan boy who, though incurring the anger of a miserly and hot-tempered aunt, gave one of his little shoes to a poor barefooted child. He was, of course, punished by his aunt, but rewarded on the following morning by the return of his shoe and by presents of a great many pretty and interesting things, which choked up the chimney, for it was Christmas morning.

By far the best story of the ten is the last, called "My Friend Meurtrier." It is true to life, a perfect gem. Meurtrier is a man of a powerful physique. He boasts continually about his own prowess in street fights and mid-

night carousals. There is nothing too daring for him. From his own account he must have half-killed a score or more of poor fellows who dared to approach him in enmity. And yet it turns out that, with all his boasted bravery, he is the only waiting servant of his invalid mother—a poor fellow who never leaves her side except to go to his work, and tends to all her wants with pure, unselfish, filial devotion. It is in this that Meurtrier's real heroism consists; and Coppée is to be praised if only for this character, who, instead of shouting madly at his opponent, softly says, "Mamma, here is your coffee."

When Horses Were as King's Jewels.

ELMER J. MURPHY, '97.

On the high western banks of the Mississippi, there is a small town shut in by the green bluffs on all sides except where the river runs; and on that one side, the islands, with their willows bending down and dipping their leaves in the water, the yellow sand-bars and, beyond these, the tumbled, forest-covered hills that stretch away in rough waves—all contrive to make the spot one of the fairest on those long shores. In 1812 there was only a small fort there. A few years later the settlement sprang up. Now, of all those stirring years, only one relic is left—the old tavern.

One winter's night, in the bar-room of this little house—when it was the life of the town—there sat two men conversing earnestly. They gave no attention to the scene around them. Men, in the rough, reckless way that grew upon them in this unsettled land, smoked, drank whiskey and gambled all the long evening. Some, to whom luck was good, laughed loudly as they piled up their chips; others, who had lost, muttered low curses; still others leaned on the bar and discussed deer-hunts and clinked their glasses. No one looked at the two in the corner.

"Jim," said one of these in a low voice, "now that both parents are dead, what can we do with the boy? He is still too young to realize what he has lost; he would soon forget his father and mother, if you took him into your family."

"Are there no relatives," Jim replied, "who might claim him after I have brought him up?"

"None. I found that there was an old uncle. Where he is now no one knows—likely dead."

Jim was silent for awhile, and then said: "You cannot take him, Dan; he is a baby yet and needs a mother. Sarah is willing; I shall keep him."

"Remember, Jim, you must bring him up rightly, and treat him as you would your own son."

"All right, Dan, I promise. Come, let's have a game." But the other buttoned his coat and threw his gun over his shoulder.

"No; I never do. Gus is waiting for me at the farm. Good night."

Dan Reynolds, as he walked home through the snow, had many thoughts in his mind about the boy. "Jim," he said to himself, "seems to be a good sort of a fellow; but, I fear, there is something in him that we know little about. At any rate, I shall keep watch over the lad." Such was the resolution of Dan Reynolds, whose heart was as good and tender as that of anyone in the settlement. He was tall and slim; his face was brown and wrinkled; his hands were like leather; but his eyes were deep and firm, and told of the strength and endurance that were within him. And yet he was disliked by many of the people. On the contrary, the tall, handsome Jim was the favorite. He would play cards with the boys and drink with them, though he was always temperate. When the people heard that he had taken into his home the infant orphan, they said: "It is just like him—always good and kind."

On an August night, Jim Wells buckled around himself his cartridge belt and pistols, and went down toward the hills on the south. He went cautiously, looking back every little while to see if any one were following him. As he entered a deep, dark ravine, where a spring had once run, he quickened his pace, when suddenly a figure came out from the shadow of the boulders. "Ten over," said Jim, without stopping, and then went on a short distance till he came to a fissure in the side of the hill, where he turned and climbed over the rocks to a small door. He tapped twice and it was opened. Inside was a large room with rock walls and ceiling. A dim light was shed over the place by tallow candles fixed in the cracks. As Jim entered, the one who had opened the door said: "They are all here."

"All right," replied Jim, "let us make our plans at once. Jack, do you know where the team is now? It was taken away from Melville's farm yesterday."

"I don't know. I reckon it's up at Pierson's

now. I seen the old man carryin' some horse blankets up thar. Young Melville came from thar early this mornin'."

"Are you *sure* the horses are there?"

"Can't say that. Only 'spect it."

"Well," said Jim, "we must know for sure. Is there any one here who is certain that they are at Pierson's? We can't afford to lose them, boys; they are worth a pile of money. Ace and Smith are going to start for Lofton to-morrow, and they might as well wait and take these with the two mares. We must get the team to-morrow night. We can't lose a chance like this." Each man shook his head as he was asked.

"Why don't yer let the Kid find out, Jim?" said one; "nobody'd ever think he was after anything."

Jim thought awhile. "I'll do it; it's the only way. Come to-morrow night at eight, boys. Now for home."

They went one by one down the same ravine through which Jim had come. This time the sentinel came after them. At the edge of the wood they parted, each one having said to the one next to him: "To-morrow; eight for two."

Next day, the "Kid," as one of the gang has called Jim's adopted son, who was now at least ten years of age, was instructed as to what he was to do. He went over to play with the Pierson children, and, after a time, said to Archie Pierson, "Let's play in the barn."

"Papa won't let us," Archie replied; "there are some horses in one of the sheds there, and he doesn't want us to go near them, or even to say anything about them."

At night again the men were in the cave in the hillside. Everyone was armed with two pistols and a rifle. Jim spoke to them.

"The horses are there," he said, "we must get them to-night. But we must act cautiously, for the men suspect that thieves are around."

"Are the horses in the large barn?" inquired one of the men. "If they are watched, we'll have fightin' unless we know just whar they are."

"Curse it," said Jim, "I must get the boy again."

As fast as he could he went down the ravine, and broke into a run when he reached the fields. He went into the house quietly, so as not to wake his wife, up to the garret where the boy slept. Roughly he pulled him out of bed, and before the lad was fully awake, dressed him and carried him out into the night. The little fellow was scared at first, but by the time

they reached the cave, he was gay and wide awake.

The men went silently out into the fields, towards the Pierson farm. They waited in a clump of trees till the moon came from behind the clouds so that the boy could point out the building. This he did, and Jim posted the men, and they waited till it became dark again. They went toward the barn; but—piff! Ace dropped his rifle with a cry of pain. And then there came another shot and another. But the men gripped their six-shooters and went on. Jim stopped. "That boy will give this whole thing away, and then I'll be done for sure." He deserted his men and ran to the clump of trees where the boy was waiting. "Come," he said to him, "we must run." Jim took him by the hand, and went as fast as he could, dragging the boy with him.

Already, the two were almost at the mouth of the ravine, when some one came out from one of the sheds, and started after them. It was Dan Reynolds. He had seen Wells, and feared that he was going to do something wrong to the boy when they started for the hills.

Reynolds dropped his rifle; it was a useless burden. He stumbled over the loose stones; but Wells was too far ahead to hear him; the clattering was lost among the boulders of the winding path. He began to go slower, lest the track should be lost, and at last stopped altogether. Then he turned his head as if to catch a sound on the rock above him: "Stop your whining!" Dan scrambled up the rocks, and saw Jim Wells just closing a door, shutting the poor boy in the dark cave.

"Jim Wells! is that your promise?" Wells started.

"What do you want? Why are you here? You have come for me; but you will not get me." He raised his revolver, but in an instant Dan had knocked it out of his hand. Then Wells, like a wild man, sprang upon Reynolds, and they swayed to and fro, backwards and forwards, in a terrible fight. They separated. Wells gripped his other pistol, and was just about to fire, when his foot slipped and in a moment he felt himself falling. He tried to hold on to the rough stone, but the flesh was torn from his fingers, and he dropped down on the jagged rocks below. Dan Reynolds took the boy from his cell, and went down. The moon came out for an instant, as if to show the horrible sight. The skull had become wedged in between the rocks, and the ears were torn off; the face was a mass of blood and flesh.

Sickened at the sight, Dan went home with the child in his arms. Jim was buried on the hillside and his grave covered with flowers; for the people always thought, and still think to this day, that he was brave and good.

Varsity Verse.

BALLAD OF GAY YOUTH.

THOUGH Father Time is somewhat old,—
His beard and hair are silv'ry grey—
He's jolly quite; a little bold,
That matters not. The old man's gay
Whene'er there comes a merry day.
He does not sit and growl and fret
About his age. We need not say:
Cheer up, old man, you're not dead yet.

He'd raise his hat in freezing cold
To any Miss; but no, not they—
Those half old fogies. They will hold
Their hats down tight in balmy May,
For fear some frosty breeze astray
Would shrivel their bald pates. Forget?
We never do; we *always* say:
Cheer up, old man, you're not dead yet.

Why should they sit and let the mold
Grow 'round their feet? If we should stay
Out late one night, they're always told,
That we had lost and could not pay
For what we drank. We *never* play;
But we have fun. Why don't they bet
And make life spin? Oh! well, they say—
Cheer up, old man, you're not dead yet.

Come, rouse yourselves; don't growl away
Your good days. Have a cigarette.
To-night we'll go to see the play,
Cheer up, old man, you're not dead yet.

L. P. D.

WINONA.

On the mighty rock that towered
High above the sparkling waters
Of the wide and placid Pepin,
Stood the lonely maid Winona,
Looking o'er the waving corn-fields,
O'er the rows of blackened teepees,
Bidding mute farewell to lowlands,
To the scenes of happy childhood,
Scenes of mingled pain and pleasure.
For the world held naught but sorrow
For the lonely Indian maiden.
Banished was her lover from her
Sight forever; and that morning
Had her friends, the village maidens,
Spurned her as an outcast from them.
No one gave her consolation.
For one instant brief, Winona.
Stood with eyes upturned to Heaven:
Then—a splash, and all was over.

H. A. W.

THE TURKEY'S SOLILOQUY.

Tell me not in mournful numbers
That Thanksgiving is at hand,
For 'twill end the earthly slumbers
Of our gallant Turkish band.

P. J. R.

Beatrice Cenci—A Study.

JOSEPH JOHN ROY, '98.

Wealth and nobility often influence men to disregard moral order and religious authority. Many are only too willing to attribute every virtue to the rich and the powerful, even when they are guilty of the foulest crimes. Worldly honor, beauty and a plentiful store of gold seem to be esteemed more than religion and truth. This ill-regulated choice has been the ruin of many a noble family.

Shelley wrote many a beautiful poem. "The Cloud," for instance, is a work of great merit. His tragedy, "The Cenci," however, is a metrical catalogue of errors. Its heroine is a faithless parricide. This were bad enough, but the story grows darker as it draws to a close. How cruelly it distorts the character of Pope Clement VIII.! Instead of the mild and saintly Pontiff, who fainted from grief when he heard the cannon-shot which announced the death of Beatrice Cenci, Shelley makes him a greedy tyrant, who persecuted an innocent girl that her prodigious wealth might enrich the Church.

Whether Shelley wrote his tragedy without sufficient study of its subject-matter, or whether he wanted to display his abilities as a dramatic poet does not concern me in the least. My purpose, at present, extends no further than to investigate the facts connected with Beatrice's life.

An article entitled "The True Beatrice Cenci" appeared in the February number of *The Catholic World* of 1884. In it are found valuable references. It deals with cold facts; it gives documentary evidence for what it says, and it disproves all that has been written to excuse Beatrice, the parricide, or to condemn her just judge, Pope Clement VIII.

A certain Signor A. Bertolotti has published a detail of the Cenci family's history. He made a thorough study of Francesco Cenci's life and that of his children. The result of this study is to put Beatrice and her family before the world in their true light. These fine stories that poets and historians have told about the virtuous Beatrice, the girl-martyr, have been proved to be of the stuff that dreams are made of—pure romances without a basis of facts.

On the night of September the 8th, 1598, Beatrice and her step-mother, Lucrezia, dragged the mangled body of Francesco Cenci through a corridor of his castle at Rocca di Petrilla, and

tossed it out from a high window, to hang on a tree until morning. Thus to treat the corpse of one's father or one's husband is truly hideous. This, however, was "innocent" Beatrice's gentle way of relieving her aged father of his miseries. She even had to threaten her hired cut-throats with death to urge them to the taking of old Francesco's life.

In spite of all evidences against her, Beatrice denied every charge of guilt brought up against her family. She declared that she knew nothing about her father's murderers. At last she yielded. When she saw that all her accomplices had confessed, she became indignant, and said: "Death is nothing." Then looking with unutterable disdain upon her step-mother, she continued, "I would have submitted to that without flinching were not the honor of my house involved; but since you all combine against me, I surrender; have me unbound, and submit me to another examination." The request was granted. Her confession was exact. In every particular, it agreed with the confession of her step-mother and that of her brothers. All were found guilty, and all were put to death.

Beatrice was not only a parricide. The murder of her father was but the last act of a wicked life. She was led to it by evil practices. The following extract, from a codicil signed by her own hand, sufficiently shows that she well deserved punishment.

".... I leave by the same deed, to the dame Catharine di Sanitis, who lives at present near the dame Marguerite Sarrocchi, five hundred crowns, with the obligation of placing it at interest for the education of the poor child of whom I have spoken confidentially to her; and as long as the child lives she shall be held responsible for its maintenance."

That young girl of "sixteen," as her admirers would have us believe, was, twenty-two years of age when she committed the odious crime of putting away her own father. This is the jewel of innocence and youthful simplicity, whom men have exalted to the dignity of a martyr. This is the beauty that found utterance in so many poetic works.

If beauty is found in vice and the most shameful deeds, it must, therefore, be something far removed and entirely opposed to God. This is absurd. God is the apex of beauty—Beauty itself. What poetry, what good, what beauty, can there be, then, in a work that aims at the idealizing of corruption? Give us noble ideals; give us truth! We want no lies in our literature.

Friendship.*

ORVINE J. MCHUGH, '98.

How dear a gem is friendship, which sweetens the bitter cup and smoothes the rough pathway of our lives! How pleasing the thought, and how encouraging the knowledge, that we have friends! How much to be prized is a true friend, whom we may make the confidant of all our sorrows and our joys! But some may ask: "Who are my friends, and how may I know them?" Let me ask, how did the man that fell among thieves know which was his friend? You will readily answer, the Samaritan, because he showed mercy. A true friend, whose heart is expanded in sympathy for those around him, who is ready to speak a word of consolation to the afflicted, and whose hand is ready to administer relief without expecting recompense, is to be prized above the diadems or the sparkling gems of earth.

Some will be our friends while prosperity makes easy our way; then all goes on pleasantly and harmoniously; but when adversity, with its chilly blast, sweeps away the flowers of June, and naught but the leafless stalk, the recollection of the past, remains, then we look around for our friends. Alas! they are gone; yes, gone, when we most need them. But to obtain true friends, we have a part to act. We must show ourselves faithful to our acquaintances and friends, and those with whom we associate. Most of us are strangers, from different parts of the country, in a city of strangers. Many of us are of the unfortunate class. Bright was our childhood's future, for then prosperity and happiness encircled our families, but misfortune slips in, our air-castles are overthrown. Then we feel that an exertion must be made on our part, and thither we resort to gain intellectual eminence, sowing the seeds of true manhood. Many of us have had our beloved family circles broken by the impartial hand of death. We have seen a kind father, an indulgent mother, or both, consigned to the silent grave. Many of us have received the unwelcome tidings of the death of parents or friends—unwelcome to us indeed. It is while perusing the pages of the fatal letter which bore the message that our hearts are ready to burst with grief.

Painful thought! that we had not the privi-

* Read before the Columbian Society, Thursday, November 21.

lege of standing by their couch of pain, of administering to their varied wants, of hearing their farewell advice, or of seeing the last flicker of the lamp of life as it was gently extinguished by the hand of Death. Then how alleviating to the afflicted soul it is to have a friend that will sympathize with us in our deep affliction, and, with kind and consoling words, pour oil and wine into the bruised and aching heart. Again, if anything transpires to add happiness to the contented mind, how brightly that spark will kindle when shared with a true and faithful friend.

Under considerations like these, ought we not to show ourselves friendly to all? In your association with a new or reserved student, treat him kindly, for you know not what secret sorrow is his. You little know what painful emotions are throbbing in his bosom. A mild word, a friendly look, or some little act of kindness, may be the means of alleviating much heartfelt sorrow. Where are you going to gain friends, if not during your youthful and pleasant college life? When? How are you selecting your friends? Do you make discriminations between the youth who, although he may have but little brains, and is unable to concentrate his mind on anything that ennobles his station, dresses in the most approved and latest style, has sufficient money, and is "one of the boys," and he who dresses according to his means trusting to his education and virtues, rather, than to worldly display.

It must be a great satisfaction at the close of life to look back at the years which are past, and to feel that you have lived, not for yourselves alone, but that you have been useful to others. You may be assured, also, that the same feeling is a source of comfort and happiness at every period of life. There is nothing in this world like usefulness. It binds your fellow-creatures to you, and you to them; it tends to the improvement of your own character, and it gives you zeal or importance in society, much beyond that which any artificial station can bestow.

Book Notice.

—The December *Harper's* is an innovation in Christmas numbers. Apart from Mr. Church's very pretty and fanciful cover—in which holly and snow-birds, St. Nick and his quartette of reindeers, a huge plum pudding and an orchestra of polar bears are brought together in the

true Church manner—and a passing reference to the festival in the "Study," there is no flavor of Christmas about the magazine. Is it well, the reader who has fallen enamoured of Mr. Church's bears and snow-birds, and who probably expects to find the cover an index of the contents, may ask, to slight the greatest of our feasts in this fashion? And then, if he be sane, he will thank the good genius who put in the heads of the Harpers to frown on the Christmas story and to be satisfied with making an uncommonly good number, instead of a collection of seasonable, but rather weak stories and poems.

Howard Pyle, the author-artist, has a story in outline, "By Land and Sea," a series of four vignettes in prose, wherein the lives and loves of two men and a maiden, all sea-faring folk, are celebrated, with an accompaniment of some unusually strong and clever pictures. It would be difficult to say whether Mr. Pyle wrote his paragraphs to fit his pictures or *vice versa*, for the drawings are, if anything, even more literary than the text. One, in particular, the frontispiece, "In the Wood-Carver's Shop," is as good as anything Pyle has ever done. It is printed in tints, and the effect of the carmine under the black is very beautiful. Casper Whitney, who knows more about hunting and fishing than he does of Western football, writes a brisk first chapter of his adventures last winter in Canada. "On Snow-Shoes to the Barren Grounds" will make the blood of every sportsman tingle. William Dean Howells has abandoned the farce for the time being; but his comedy, "A Previous Engagement," is something of a disappointment to those who have met the Campbells and the Robertses on their native asphalt. Brander Matthews gives us a glimpse of Miss Marlenspuyk in town; Kate Douglas Wiggin has an amusing story which might easily have been a tragedy if "Huldah the Prophetess" had not been sensible as well as superstitious; Thomas Wharton tells a romantic story of the days of doublets and rapiers, and Katharine S. Macquoid, in "The Shoemaker of Fougères," tears a leaf from the life of three French peasants—a taciturn Breton woman, her soldier-son, and the maid who nursed him when he was near to death. William Black's new story opens briskly, and the three other serials—"The German Struggle for Liberty," "Three Gringos in Central America," and the "Joan of Arc"—move swiftly on. *Harper's* has set a high standard for holiday numbers; the other magazines will do well if they satisfy it.

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} Reporters.

—It is with deep regret that the SCHOLASTIC chronicles the death of the beloved father of Professor Green. On behalf of the University and the student body, we beg to assure Mr. Green of our sincere sympathy with him in his grief.

—Christmas—the holidays—vacation and its manifold delights,—this is the stuff that student dreams, just now, are made of. Visions are good in their way—but life is made up of grim realities; and the Board of Examiners makes no distinction between honest workers and freeholders in Spain. The mid-winter examinations are yet a little ways off, and much can be done in two weeks. Few students know how dear the laurels won at college are to the patient ones at home. And if a little extra work, an hour or two stolen from the time we waste, each day, will win us honors and give them pleasure, are we not niggards, mean-spirited and selfish, if we refuse the opportunity? Knowledge for its own sake—a motto admirable for ourselves, but none too good for blazoning before the world. For that same world has been

too often deceived by mouth-filling, sonorous phrases, to put much faith in mere assertions, unsupported by results. The class-room is a sort of modern list; the examinations, a bloodless tournament, and the ablest seldom fails to win the prize. Class honors are well worth the labor,—be a man and have a try at them.

—The *Century* seems to have an especial fondness for stories of nuns who are not like Wordsworth's, but who "fret much at their convent's narrow walls." James Lane Allen began the series with "Sister Dolorosa," which would have been laughable in its absurdity, had it not been sure of acceptance by the uninitiate as a story of real life. Then Marion Crawford, himself a Catholic, conceived a plot in which a dreadfully "irregular" Carmelite nun in a *regular* convent—and Mr. Crawford insisted on its regularity, even going so far as to make its guardian a cardinal—is courted and carried off by an angular Scotch doctor. All this in the prologue,—and the puzzling feature of "Casa Braccio," to the ordinary reader, is the relation between prologue and drama; for the story of Maria Addolorata's brief and unhappy life might have been told in three paragraphs after the action of the true story had begun. The whole incident of Dalrymple's and Maria's courtship is absurd, for the situation—daily *têtes-à-têtes* in a Carmelite convent—is impossible. But Mr. Gilder tried yet again, and the latest of the *Century's* "convent" series has the ring of true gold. It is by a new writer—new at least to the magazine public—Mrs. Bride Neil Taylor. Mrs. Taylor is a Catholic, she is the sister, by the way, of Professor Charles Neil, late of Notre Dame, and now an instructor at the Catholic University—and her reverence for religion is not less than her enthusiasm for art. Not that her story is lacking in art; "On Account of Emmanuel" is one of the strongest, truest, tenderest, life-dramas in little which the *Century* has printed in many days. Dignity without stiffness, dramatic force without exaggeration,—these two are seldom attained, but they are not lacking in Mrs. Taylor's story. The pathos of the last scene in the House of Refuge is wonderfully brought out. It is encouraging to know that Catholics are gaining courage, each day, to write of the life that has been as a sealed book to our brethren of the other fold; pleasant to know that our editors are honestly striving after the true and the beautiful.

The Bell-Ringers.

PROGRAMME.

- March—"Norma".....*Bellini*
 March Militaire.....*Dunnan*
 Le Success—A Performance on the Resonating
 Dulciphonium.
 Solo and Chorus—"Moses in Egypt".....*Rossini*
 Imitation of English Chimes.
 Gavotte—"Memories of Elsinore".....*Carmen*
 Performance on the Russian Sleigh Bells.
 Selection—Scotch Airs.
 The Lost Chord (92 bells).....*Sullivan*
 Airs—"Home, Sweet Home," and others.

Fortunately our cousins across the water in the land of "Johnnies" and dukes and baccarat can send us musicians whose quality is something above that of their sportsmen. And this is the reason we were glad to see Mr. Duncan S. Miller and his company of bell-ringers, and also cause sufficient for us to wish him a speedy return. The same gentlemen entertained the Faculty and students some five years ago, and the reports of those who heard them then served to draw a big house.

A great table near the front of the stage contained the performer's instruments, a carillon of one hundred and thirty-one bells, representing a range of tones greater than that possessed by any modern instrument or set of instruments. Clad in the picturesque court costume of Queen Elizabeth's time, the performers received a good round of applause when they stepped on the stage. Mr. Miller, considering, very likely, the inefficiency of the conventional method of leadership, has adopted a new plan by which the whole body comes into play, combining with the charms of music the interest of pantomime and acrobatics. A feature of the performance, too, were this gentleman's instructive and original remarks to the audience. It must not be concluded from the fact that Mr. Miller is an Englishman, that his jokes were of the same nationality. Indeed, that accusation might be better brought against the audience, for some of them are still looking for the point of one or two of the best hits.

But the music is the thing, and of that we had much, although it was so delightful that no one considered that their fill of it was given. Leaving aside the wonderful technique and dexterity displayed by these gentlemen, the music was performed with much expression and earnestness. The pure, sympathetic tones of the bells, than which there are few sounds more beautiful, were heard to the best advantage in the "Lost Chord." This famous song

of Sir Arthur Sullivan's is considered by many musicians to be the most perfect ever written, and its magnificently rich harmonies were done full justice by the bells. If this had been the only number on the programme, the concert would have been a worthy one.

The great prayer from Rossini's oratorio, "Moses in Egypt," was executed, too, in a manner that left nothing to be desired. The resonating dulciphonium, an instrument new to the public, and modelled after the xylophone, has a very sweet and novel tone, and was well played by Mr. Arthur Ison. The imitation of English chimes, with which were woven several familiar hymns and chorals and the Scottish airs, were both received with marked warmth by the audience. In fact, every number on the programme was pleasing, and the concert was, in every respect, all that could be wished.

Notre Dame, 32; College of P. and S., 0.

When the Varsity disbanded, and there seemed to be no hope for a Thanksgiving game, there was some dissatisfaction among the students. All interest in football was at once dropped, and the rooters stored their tin horns and enthusiasm until spring. The announcement, therefore, on Thanksgiving morning, that the team of the College of Physicians and Surgeons, of Chicago, was in South Bend, waiting for a game, most of the students passed off as mere fictitious rumor. But, in a short time, the rumor was confirmed as a fact. Then the people asked: "Who is going to play them?" The Varsity was out of training and practice; the players did not feel like adding another game to the list they had played; but at last everything was set right, and the game was a sure thing.

The field was covered with snow and slush and mud. When the men came off, their suits were soaked with dirty water; but for all that, the game was a good one, and the rooters were more jubilant than ever. They ran up and down the side-lines as the ball was advanced, and poured out a torrent of yells when the playing of the Varsity became brisk. Just after the first half, a queer expression came over the faces of the spectators who upheld the Gold and Blue. They wondered why the Varsity did not play their old game. There were only six points made, a safety and a touch-down, by the home team. There was queer playing. Sometimes the Physicians would make ten yards;

again, they would be dropped with a loss of three or four.

The Varsity bucked the line well. Brown, as usual, held his feet well; but in the end plays there was something lacking. The men seemed to go at it in a half-spirited way. The interference did not form at all like it did when the team was in training. It looked much as if there would be no score above twenty. Only once in the first half was there a bit of the old playing. Notre Dame, when within one yard of their opponents' goal, lost the ball; but with their old ardor, they dropped the Physicians behind their own line, scoring a safety.

In the first half, however, our team tore dreadful gaps in the line, but never made a great gain. Sometimes there was room enough for a tally-ho and four. The men were a little slow in getting around to the gap, and were usually downed with a gain of three or four yards. Sometimes they stopped dead on their own line.

But with the second half the cheers began, and Notre Dame played with a snap and dash that bewildered the Surgeons. At the last of the first half, the Varsity stopped the quick playing of their opponents in a short time; but through all of the last there was nothing but fast playing. Once more the team got into the interference, and went around the ends for all kinds of gains. In bucking the line, Brown and Wheeler always made good gains; Mullen, Murphy, Walsh and Casey tackled in splendid form, while the big men at centre brought the runner down again and again.

In the first half, the people shivered when Wyncoop went around the Varsity's end, with only the full-back to tackle him; but they laughed when our little quarter-back Walsh, darted out, and sent the man ploughing into the slush. In the second half there was never a chance to shiver. Notre Dame waded through for one touch-down after another. The end-plays were good; our interference could not be broken; Wheeler wriggled and squirmed till he made good gains. Murphy rushed straight through, and when downed slid an extra yard or two.

All this was immense joy for the rooters. They rushed up and down and yelled until nothing more than a whisper, half-shriek, could come from their throats. Then the men on the opposite side took up the yell, and "axes" and "rahs" became frightfully mixed. With every yell the men played better. There was no need of defensive playing. The Doctors

would crouch low—and well they might—when the wedge of interference circled around the end, and the man that held the ball dodged and darted and rushed past one man after another. Then in the next play our men would open dreadful holes in the line, and the backs go through for ten yards or more. They did not stop to wipe the mud from their hands and faces, or wring the water from their sweaters. The gold and blue stockings were black with mud; but the playing was as bright as ever. But it was all stopped when time was called and the ball was on the goal-line. One more down, and it would have been behind the goal. But there was no help for it; so the team had to leave the field, for it was rapidly becoming dark, and already many people had left. All hope for the Doctors was given up at the beginning of the second half.

The game was called at 2.55. Casey kicked out of bounds, but on the second trial the ball was returned seven yards from a kick of thirty-five. Wyncoop gained three yards through right tackle, and Cleveland four through centre; on second trial he failed to gain. Speckerman tried the right end for two and the right tackle for twelve. On a trial at left end the ball was fumbled, and Brown of Notre Dame captured it. Brown then tried the left end and right tackle without success, and the pigskin went to S. and P. on downs. Cleveland failed at centre; Wyncoop tried left end for one, but Williams was tackled back of the line by McCarthy with a loss of two yards. The ball went to Notre Dame on downs. Casey tried left tackle for one yard, and Brown found four on the opposite side. Notre Dame was then given ten yards on an off-side play, and Wheeler added two more at left tackle. Goeke found four at right tackle, and Brown added seven yards at the same place. Goeke tried the right tackle for one; Wheeler found six yards at left and Brown two more at right. Murphy tried the right end with no gain, Goeke added four at centre, but after unsuccessful attempts by Brown and Wheeler, the ball went to P. and S. At this point the Surgeons were forced to score a safety, and the ball was brought to the twenty-five yard line, with the score, Notre Dame, 2; Physicians and Surgeons, 0.

Wyncoop gained one yard at left end and Mayhew circled the right for twenty. Walsh made a good tackle. Speckerman tried the right end for two, but Williams failed to gain. The right end yielded nothing, and the ball went to Notre Dame on downs. Wheeler went through the right for thirteen yards, and Brown

the same for four. Goeke and Brown in turn made several good gains, and Wheeler went through left tackle for eight; Goeke found four through the line, and Brown added two more. Wheeler went through left tackle fifteen yards, for the first touch-down. Casey missed a difficult goal. Time, 15 minutes. Score, Notre Dame, 6; Physicians and Surgeons, 0.

Cleveland kicked twenty yards to Casey who returned fifteen. Brown went through right tackle for four, and Goeke found two more in the same place. Brown, Goeke and Wheeler each made good gains through the line until the ball was given to P. and S. on an off-side play. Speckerman went around the right end for one; Wyncoop circled the left for two, Casey making a good tackle. Speckerman tried the right end twice for two yards each. On a fumble Williams lost three. On a bluff-kick Speckerman made two through left tackle and four around right end. Excellent tackles by Cavanagh, Kelly and Mullen gave the ball to Notre Dame. Goeke tried centre with no gain. Brown went through the line for two, and after another unsuccessful attempt, the ball went to P. and S. who also gained ten yards on off-side play. Mayhew attempted left end, but the ball was fumbled and captured by Brown. Murphy circled the right end for thirteen yards, and Goeke and Wheeler made good gains through the line. Time was called with the ball on the P. and S. twenty-five yard line. Score, Notre Dame, 6; Physicians and Surgeons, 0.

SECOND HALF.

Cleveland kicked ten yards to Murphy who returned five. Brown tried right tackle and left end for seven and fifteen. Wheeler, Brown and Murphy made good gains through the line. Brown went through right tackle for eight; Goeke through right tackle for four and Murphy around right end for two. After a gain of six yards by Goeke, Murphy went around the right end for a touch-down. Casey kicked goal. Time, three minutes. Score, Notre Dame, 12; Physicians and Surgeons, 0.

Cleveland kicked twenty yards to Casey who returned ten. Brown circled the left for eight, and Murphy the right for five. Wheeler made a run of twenty yards around right end, but the ball went to P. and S. on downs. Wyncoop circled the left end for three and was tackled by Murphy. Speckerman found three more at right, but the following play resulted in a fumble, and Brown, as usual, fell on the ball. Murphy went around the right for five yards, and Brown

around the left for six. Wheeler, Mullen and Brown made good gains for Notre Dame. Murphy went around right end for six, and Brown made five more in two successive trials. On the next play, Casey went through the line for a touch-down, and kicked goal. Time, eight minutes. Score, Notre Dame, 18; Physicians and Surgeons, 0.

Cleveland kicked twenty yards to Brown who returned ten before he was tackled. Murphy found five at right end, and Brown added two more through the line. A moment later he made a run of twenty-five yards around right end. Cleveland added an excellent tackle to his credit. Casey hit the line for two yards, and Mullen and Goeke also made gains in the same place. Casey went through left tackle for two, and Goeke was sent over the line for a touch down, Casey kicked goal. Time, 12 minutes. Score, 24 to 0.

Cleveland kicked twenty yards to Kelly who returned ten. Wheeler circled the right for five and twenty-five in succession. Mullen failed to gain, but Brown, Goeke and Murphy made gains around the ends. Brown went around left end twice for thirteen and twenty yards. Wheeler tried the centre with no gain; Brown circled the left for a touch-down. Casey failed to kick a difficult goal. Time, 15 minutes. Score, 28 to 0.

Cleveland kicked twenty-five yards to Brown who returned eight. Wheeler went around the right for four, and Mullen found three at left. Wheeler made gains of three and fifteen around the ends, and Murphy and Brown gained sixteen more through the line in two trials, and Brown found six in the same place. Brown circled the left for six and five yards, and Murphy after making a run of twenty around right end, went through for a touch-down. Casey failed to kick goal. Time, 18½ min. Score, 32 to 0.

The ball was kicked 10 yards to Cavanagh, who returned three, with seventy seconds to play and sixty yards to make. Notre Dame's chances for another touch-down were very small indeed. But Brown, Wheeler, Casey, Murphy and Goeke went through the line or around the ends with lightning rapidity, and there were three seconds to spare when the ball was within nine yards of the doctors' goal-line. Casey took the ball and made a dash through left tackle, and went down under a dozen, with the ball on the goal-line. Time was called, and the score remained 32 to 0 in favor of Notre Dame.

NOTRE DAME	THE LINE-UP	P. and S.
Mullen	R. E.	Mayhew
Kelly	R. T.	Husk
Casey	R. G.	Champlin
Gallagher	C.	King
Cavanagh	L. G.	Myers
McCarthy	L. T.	Dolan
Murphy	L. E.	Williams
Brown	R. H.	Wyncoop
Wheeler	L. H.	Speckerman
Walsh	Q.	Hansel
Goeke	F. B.	Cleveland

Umpire, Zeitler of Notre Dame; Referee, Dunne of Chicago; Linesmen, Rosentha and Bennett.

Exchanges.

There is another very pleasing number of the *Dial* before us, of which the contributors may be proud. The panther story and that of the haunted manor are of the sensational kind; the kind eagerly read by boys and the first they try their hand at. These two stories exhibit marked ease in imagination, arrangement and execution; but it is a pity that there are some inconsistencies and improbabilities, especially in the former, to mar the pleasure they undoubtedly give. "Xavier" hits "Casa Braccio"—the latest effusion of Marion Crawford—hard for its irreverence and immorality. "As Catholics Argue" and "A Word about Novels" contain two sensible arguments, presented clearly and forcibly and without any trace of laboriousness. To write four columns of agreeable sentences about the apple is no easy matter, and the young writer deserves great praise for his feat. Mr. John Green may have lost his good looks, but he is more than repaid for this by having something better now—the ability to write a good, simple story. The contributions in verse are characterized by spirit, simplicity and harmony.

How proud must we students of Notre Dame be of our grand library, and how grateful for the complete accommodations it affords, even late into the night, when we read in our exchanges complaints almost weekly of the deficiencies in other colleges in this respect. Some colleges have no library at all; others only a small room with a few shelves; some are accessible only for a few hours; others cannot be used at night because of darkness. Even the University of Vermont, which dates from 1791, is, it seems, in need of the means sufficiently to light its library at night. The *Cynic* deems it necessary to suggest that the

students pay five cents an hour for the use of gas. There is a fine sonnet in the *Cynic*, fine in thought and execution, and some very sweet lines in "When Summer Comes Again." "Hypnotism Again" is well written, and would be humorous if it had a little more probability.

We believe the *University Argus*, of the University of the State of Missouri, is one of our new visitors; as such we wish it welcome. It seems to be a paper rather ably conducted, having variety of matter showing thought clothed in pleasant garb. It is in the pages of the *Argus* that we have ever read through an account of a football match, for the editor is happy in possessing the unusual faculty of making such dust interesting. The story of Palamou and Arcite is concisely and clearly told and Mendelsshon's eight visits to England are described with clever touches here and there that cover the dryness of numbers. The poetry of the *Argus* is fresh and sprightly and seems to flow from the pen without effort. There is an exchange department, but our brother of the mighty mind takes up his scissors and fancies his work is done.

Personals.

—Frank D. Dillon (student '95) is attending Rush Medical College, Chicago.

—Rev. Father Burns, of Whitneyville, Ind., paid a short visit to the University on Wednesday last.

—Mr. Naughton, of Chicago, spent a few days during the past week visiting his two sons at the University.

—Mrs. Welch, of Chicago, paid a very pleasant visit to her son Francis, of St. Edward's Hall, during the past week.

—Miss Mabel Sherwood, of Chicago, spent a few days at the University during the week visiting her nephew, a student in St. Edward's Hall.

—Elmer A. Scherrer, (B.L. '94 and C.E. '95) is studying medicine at St. Louis Medical College. His many friends wish him success in his studies.

—John B. Sullivan, A.B. '91, is City Solicitor for Creston, Iowa. He has risen rapidly in his profession, and is now a leading member of the legal fraternity in Creston.

—Mr. Monarch, of Owensboro, Ky., was among our most welcome visitors of the past week. He came to visit his son, of the University and daughter, of St. Mary's Academy, and his visit was equally enjoyable to his host of friends at both institutions.

Local Items.

—The Philodemics did not meet this week.

—There was no need of jumping, Raymond. It wouldn't hurt you.

—The Minims return thanks to Very Rev. Father Provincial for favors received.

—Found:—A small sum of money. The owner may reclaim it at room 23, Sorin Hall.

—The frequent remarks heard in the Carroll dormitory Thursday night indicated that "Turkey" had declared war.

—The Brownson Creseent Club masqueraded Wednesday evening. The grand march was a huge success. Lack of space forbids a full account here.

—An informal meeting of the St. Cecilians was held Wednesday evening. Regular business was dispensed with, and a rehearsal of the play to be presented this afternoon was held instead.

—The hand-ball association of Carroll Hall is soon to be formed. The prospects are that it will be unusually large. The "gym" is full of enthusiastic players, and some of them promise to develop into "cracks."

—ENGLISH.—Last week Dr. O'Malley presented to the class of literature a brief outline of Sidney Lanier's method of scannign. A criticism of Lanier's sonnet, "The Mocking Bird," was appointed for the next theme.

—A student held stakes of three cents on the Fort Wayne-St. Joseph hall game. The game resulting in a draw, he now refuses to return the money on the ground that it is only quarter back and half back in football—no pennies back. The case will likely go before the Moot-Court.

—Mike and his assistants were busily engaged in St. Edward's Park last week, trimming the trees and taking the plants and shrubs to the spacious hot-houses. On account of the large number of plants taken into them this year, Mike expects to have a great show off in the park next summer. He trimmed the trees in a highly artistic manner. When he finished the park, he trimmed the trees of Carroll Hall grove.

LAW DEBATING SOCIETY.—The members of the Law Debating Society held a session on Saturday evening, November 23, with President Hoynes in the chair. The regular programme for the evening was postponed for one week owing to the illness of one of the participants in the debate; but Messrs. Murphy, Gaukler and McManus entertained the members by reading some thrilling incidents relative to legal life.

—Brownson Hall is able to defeat Sorin in numbers and in athletics—perhaps; but there are many things in which Sorin is superior and one of these is masquerading. Talk about dis-

guise! Why, we never had such a Dutchman as he who tried to walk in step last Wednesday evening. In fact, he took the cake. And that big, burly negro with the expensive shirt bosom, and that pretty negro girl dressed in the latest style, and the poor old anarchists, who were very appropriately dressed, and that girl in the red wrapper and crimson mask, and last, but not least, the keg of beer! It was an imposing contingent, and Sorin Hall may well be proud of it.

—The new stable is now completed. It is a large, two-story building. The lower floor is divided into two parts, one for buggies and the other for horses. The fodder for the horses is kept on the top floor. It faces toward the east. In this side there are two large entrances, one in each division. On the western part of the carriage department there is another passage, and in the southern side, entering where the horses are kept, is still another. The two sides are connected by two large archways—one in the centre of the partition and another at the principal entrance. Last Saturday the horses were taken from their old, dilapidated home and placed in their new stalls. It was a good thing they were tied, for they might have stayed up all night dancing and singing, and would be sleepy when yoked to the buggies next day. They showed signs of their happiness in other ways, and it was interesting to watch them. The horses are glad as well as the Faculty and members of the Community that the new barn is finished.

FOOTBALL.—The Varsity ended the season well. Although they had disbanded, and were, consequently, out of training, they put up a snappy game in the second half last Thursday. They took things a bit easy in the first part of the game. Probably, they were fencing for wind; for Walsh gave the signals in the slow, deliberate manner of an octogenarian judge. But he knew the men and their condition, and played them accordingly. The game at all points in the Varsity was strong. There was a decided attempt to work together. Only occasionally did the man with the ball attempt to break from his interference, when guarding meant everything. As a team they played well, and there was scarcely one who did not make some brilliant tackle or run. And their silence was delightful. True, they did, once or twice, make an attempt to return to their old habit of gabbling, but they were immediately called to time by the captain, and to their credit be it said that they made no remonstrance. The team was reduced to something like discipline, and that was something, even at this late season. Though late this year it will be a benefit for next year's eleven.—The out-look for football in '96 is not only hopeful, but bright. At least six of the present team will return, and the places of the absent men can be supplied by trained men from the ranks of substitutes. There has

never been a season at Notre Dame when we had better substitutes. Willing to work, enthusiastic for the sport and for Notre Dame, and good, capable players, the subs of '95 will help greatly to form the Varsity of '96. Success to them! They richly deserved the rousing cheers given them last Thursday.—There is need of a new constitution for the Athletic Association. And it should define strictly what are the rights and the duties of the coach, the captain and the manager. A discussion as to their duties led to the squabbling and bad feeling that have been rife here for the past three months. And the circumstances that led to this feeling were childish in the extreme. The manager would arrange for a game, and note the result:—the Executive Committee would instantly arise in arms—they were not consulted; the captain would feel offended because he had not been asked; and the players—mind the players—would raise a howl that games were *thrust* upon them, would sign their declaration of independence, and refuse to play. This cannot last. If it enters into next year's season, football will soon find its death. How can matters be remedied? The first move should do away with the Executive Committee. This particular organization is a hindrance to athletics. Not that the Committee of this year was worse than the preceding ones; possibly they were more active, but the delays caused by the calling special meetings and the wrangling that is engendered by these meetings, and the absurd seriousness which marks the deliberations over trifles—all are dampers upon the enthusiasm that should characterize our sport. Then the association should elect now a football manager for next year. Let him act with the captain, and arrange a schedule for next season. Let these things be done, and a new constitution framed, and athletics at Notre Dame will receive new life.—At a meeting of the team, Walsh was elected captain for next year. It was a capital choice. He understands the game thoroughly; has the confidence of the men, and is a leader. He will do well for '96.—The Fort Wayne men played St. Joseph's hall on the 24th; neither side scored. The first named team has improved in playing, and the members have learned to hold their tongues during the game.—An eleven from South Bend challenged the second eleven Carroll Specials. They were too light, and the second eleven Antis lined up against them. In six minutes the Antis scored two touch-downs, and South Bend became discouraged. Then Erhart of the first eleven Antis played full-back for the city team. His presence spurred them on to stronger efforts, and the Antis could add but six points to the other eight. South Bend team could not score.—A football game has been arranged between the Highland View Jr., of South Bend, and the Anti-special of Carroll hall. The special eleven of Carroll hall have arranged several games for the near future.

Roll of Honor.

SORIN HALL.

Messrs. Barry, Brennan, Burns, Bryan, Cavanaugh, Costello, Eyanson, Fagan, Lantry, Mulberger, Mott, Miller, McKee, McDonough, Pulskamp, Prichard, Reilly, Reardon, Ragan, Rosenthal, Sullivan, Steele, Stace, Wilson.

BROWNSON HALL.

Messrs. Arce, Anders, Anderson, Armijo, Atherton, Byrne, Britz, Ball, Brinker, R. Browne, J. W. Browne, Brennan, Burke, Blackman, E. Campbell, John Corby, J. E. Corby, Clendenin, C. Cullen, Crane, Confer, B. Daly, Delaney, Dowd, Duperier, Eyanson, Forbing, Foulks, Follen, Fitzpatrick, Flannigan, Fox, Fehr, Farrell, Fitzgerald, Goeke, Gilmartin, Geoghegan, Golden, Galen, F. Hesse, Hayes, Healy, Hoban, A. Hanhauser, G. Hanhauser, Harrison, Haley, Hierholzer, Hennebry, Howell, Hindel, Hengen, J. Hesse, Henry, Kegler, J. Kelley, E. Kelly, F. Kaul, I. Kaul, Landa, Lindau, Mingey, Medley, Mattingly, H. Miller, Ill., Mathewson, Murphy, R. Monahan, Maurus, Murray, Meyers, McGinnis, McCarty, McCarrick, McHugh, McKenzie, McCormack, Niezer, Nevius, Naughton, R. O'Malley, T. O'Brien, J. O'Brien, Powell, Pietrzykowski, R. Putnam, J. Putnam, Pulskamp, Phelps, Quinn, Rowan, Regan, Rauch, San Roman, Sammon, F. Smith Schemerhorn, Strauss, T. Steiner, J. Sanders, S. Spalding, Sheehan, Schultz, Smoger, Tabor, Tracy, Tinnen, Tuttle, Thiele, Wurzer, Walsh, Wallace, Wilson, Wigg, Ward, Wagner Wade.

CARROLL HALL.

Messrs. Abrahams, Armijo, Beardslee, Brown, W. Berry, J. Berry, Burns, Bump, E. Burke, Curry, Cottin, Carty, Crowdus, Cave, Cuneo, Coquillard, Curtis, Crepeau, Darst, Devine, Dugas, Dinnen, Druiding, Franey, Furher, Flynn, Girsch, Gimbél, Goldsmith, Gainer, Garza, Hermann, Hawkins, Herron, E. Hake, L. Hake, Hanley, Healy, Hoban, Howard, Jelonak, Jonquet, Keefe, Kay, J. Kuntz, Klein, Krug, A. Kasper, G. Kasper, F. Kasper, Koehler, Landers, Lovett, Leach, Langley, Lichtenwalter, Lowery, Land, Loomis, Moorhead, Meagher, Moss, Mohn, Monohan, Murray, Morris, Monarch, Merz, McNamara, McElroy, McKinney, W. McNichols, F. McNichols, McCorry, 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, Stearns, Schoenbein, Summers, Shillington, Sheekey, W. Scherrer, Spillard, J. Scherrer, Szybowicz, Schaack, Stare, Tescher, Taylor, Tuohy, Walsh, Watterson, Wimberg, R. Weitzel, H. Weitzel, Wilson, Ward, Wells, Welker, Zehnle.

ST. EDWARD'S HALL.

Masters Abrahams, Allyn, Bloom, Bullene, Bullen, F. Brissenden, R. Brissenden, Bergeron, Breslin, C. Bode, F. Bode, Cottin, Cotter, Campbell, Catchpole, Créssey, J. Caruthers, F. Caruthers, Coquillard, G. Davis, B. Davis, Davidson, Dugas, Elliott, Ehrlich, Fitzgerald, Finnerty, Fetter, A. Flynn, 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, Plunkett, Polk, Paul, Phillips, G. Quertimont, Quinlan, E. Quertimont, L. Rasche, D. Rasche, Sontag, Spillard, Sexton, Swan, R. Van Sant, L. Van Sant, F. Van Dyke, J. Van Dyke, Welsh, G. Weidman, F. Weidman, Weidner, Waite.

