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A Horatian Valentine.

(TO PYRRHA-CAR. V., BK. I.)

WHAT gracile youth, bedecked with roses sweet,
Suffused with perfume, woos thee, Pyrrha fair,
In pleasant grot where we did fondly meet;
Simple in grace and wealth of loose gold hair?

Ah! often shall he weep for faith in thee,
And mourn that gods with fickle natures live;
Unskilled he tosses on a troubled sea,
Who now for hoarded gold thee would not give.

Fond hopes of constancy, of love returned,
Lie near his trustful heart, thy wiles unknown:—
Aye, wretched they on whom your smile has burned
In flame, as though dark winds had never blown.

For me deceit no longer holds a charm,
These votive tablets show a rescued heart,
And dripping garments safe in Neptune's arm
Must there remain, and you and I dispart.

W. C. H.

The Master-Poet of the Jesuits.

AUSTIN O'MALLEY.

IT seems strange that the Company of Jesus, which has shaped the first flights of Tasso, Corneille, Molière, Crèbillon and Voltaire, in France alone, should have produced so few poets among her own children. There have been, in almost every nation of Europe, Jesuits who are known to students of literature as clever versifiers, but few among these have called into being that poetic beauty which is understood after the changes of centuries. Reasons for this absence of poets may be found in the peculiar mode of life led by the Order,

as Cretineau-Joly shows. Some Jesuits, however, have left their names upon the harp-strings, and the chief of those among them that devoted themselves to Latin lyric poetry is the Pole, Maciej Kazimierz Sarbiewski. The name Sarbiewski has been Latinized Sarbievius, and the poet is known as Matthias Casimir Sarbievius. He is usually called Casimir by English writers.

Casimir belonged to the family Prawda of the old Polish nobility. He was born in 1595 in the village of Sarbiewo, a fief held by his father Matthew Sarbiewski. The past year was the tercentenary of his birth, and this sketch may have value since there is nothing written in English concerning him except a short allusion in Hallam's "Introduction to the Literature of Europe."

The poet himself in his lyrics hints modestly at the nobility of his race; and in one ode (Lyr. ii., 4.), addressed to his brother, the Knight Stanislaus Sarbiewski, he alludes to some members of his family:

Qui bene barbaro

Pridem in pulvere dormiunt,—

Who long time well have slept in dust barbaric.

In the castle at Sarbiewo lived the old knight, Adam Sarbiewski, grandfather of Casimir, who had broken many a lance against Saracen and Russian, and he filled the child's imagination with visions of famous battles, and awakened that love for the glory of Poland which became a life-long passion with the poet. When he was twelve years of age, Casimir was sent to the Jesuit College at Pultusk. There on the banks of the Narvia, as he tells us in a graceful ode, he wrote his first verses.

He left Pultusk after three years and continued his collegiate course at Wilna. In 1612, when he was seventeen years of age, he entered the Society of Jesus, and during his noviceship

he was a companion of Andrew Bobola who was afterwards martyred for his faith by the Cossacks. After he left the Novitiate, he taught Rhetoric at Wilna, but he was soon sent to the College of Nobles at Kroze to teach the class called Poetry, which corresponds to the Sophomore class in our American colleges. There in 1619 he published anonymously his first poem. It consisted of about four hundred hexameters remarkable only for the fluency of the Latin.

One of the most noteworthy characters of Casimir's verse is his extraordinary command of the Latin language. He always writes with the perfect ease and self-possession of one who is composing in his native tongue. This facility may be ascribed in part to his unusual intimacy with the Roman poets. He himself tells us that he carefully read the *Æneid* sixty times and the works of all the other Latin poets at least ten times. His style is so thoroughly imbued with the mannerisms and peculiar phraseology of Horace that it is in this respect faulty. Another cause of his freedom in writing Latin was the prevalence of that language over the vernacular in nearly every literature studied during his time, and in the literature of Poland especially. Even in ordinary conversation the Polish nobles preferred Latin to their own tongue, and servants picked up the language from constantly hearing it spoken. At the beginning of the fifteenth century, the poets Rej of Naglowic and John Kochanowski did much towards establishing the Polish language, but the Transylvanian Stephen Bathori, who became King-Consort of Anna Jagellon in 1575, revived the use of Latin. He spoke Polish imperfectly, but he knew Latin well, and he easily set the fashion for his zealous courtiers.

In 1621 Chodkiewicz, to whom Casimir had inscribed his first published verses, and who personally thanked the young poet at Kroze for this compliment, was sent in command of 70,000 Poles to oppose a Turkish army of 300,000 men under Osman II. While the Polish expedition was marching southward, Casimir wrote the ode, "O qui labantis fata Poloniae," in which the Alcaics jolt somewhat unpleasantly. In October the Turks were routed with terrible slaughter by the Polish and Lithuanian chivalry, and then the young Jesuit chanted a hymn of victory which has the genuine poetic ring. Here again the Alcaics are rough, but this is almost forgotten in the natural energy of the verse. This ode (*Lyr. vi., 4.*) has been paraphrased in English by Dr. Watts in his "Dacian

Battle." It is on the "Dacian Battle" that Dr. Johnson bases his claim to true poetic imagination for Watts, but the imaginative work belongs altogether to Casimir. Dr. Watts translated or imitated many of the Jesuit's odes, and, in the preface to his own poems, he wrote in 1709: "The imitation of that noblest Latin poet of modern ages, Casimir Sarbiewski of Poland, would need no excuse, did they but arise to the beauty of the original. I have often taken the freedom to add ten or twenty lines, or leave out as many, that I might suit my song more to my own design, or because I saw it impossible to present the force, the fineness, and the fire of his expression in our language. . . . Methinks, I can allow so superior a genius now and then to be lavish in his imagination, and to indulge some excursions beyond the limits of sedate judgment; the riches and glory of his verse make atonement in abundance." The "Dacian Battle," together with a free but sympathetic translation, may be found among Father Prout's poems.

The charm of Casimir's martial odes consists in the vividness of the descriptions, the lofty patriotism which pervades them, and the grandeur of the sentiments with which they are replete. The glory of Poland is one of his favorite themes, and love for his fatherland prompted him to inveigh vehemently against the enervating luxury of the nobles. The release of Greece from the dominion of the Turk was one of his chief dreams. He has five odes on this topic, addressed to the princes of Europe, to Urban VIII., and to the knights of Poland.

After he had finished the term of years devoted to teaching by the Jesuits, he went to Wilna to study theology. There he wrote a number of Scriptural paraphrases, especially of the *Canticle of Solomon*, which are somewhat more tolerable than such compositions usually are. He was ordained priest in 1623, and in the autumn of the same year he went to Rome. Father Prout tells us, "He was induced by Count Nicolai to accompany him on a tour of classic enjoyment to Italy." This is a remarkable development of the words *Roman, comite Nicolao proficiscitur* found in some Latin prefaces to Casimir's poems. The *Comes* was not a count, but a *companion*;—*socius* is the technical word in the religious orders. This companion was Nicholas Lawisza, a Jesuit, who, by the way, was badly wounded by highwaymen during the journey through Germany. Among the posthumous poems of Casimir, which were collected by Canon Von der Ketten of Cologne

and published in 1717, is a long epistle entitled "Iter Romanum," in which is given an account of this adventure. While at Rome, Casimir attended the lectures in theology of De Lugo, and he studied archæology with Alexander Donato. He continued to compose poems which drew towards him the attention of the Roman Latinists, and at the request of friends, he repeated lectures "De Arguto et Arcuto" which he had already delivered at Wilna. Some odes addressed to Urban VIII. won for him the friendship of that Pope.

Urban VIII., as Cardinal Maffeo Barberini, published a volume of Italian verse including seventy sonnets and a book of Latin poems. Throughout all his poetry a winning spirit of gentleness is manifested, and his Latinity is very pure. It has not, however, the natural flow of Casimir's verse. Casimir soon became an almost inseparable companion of the Pope.

There were many excellent Latinists in Rome during the years the poet spent there, and Urban set them, together with Casimir, the task of revising the Breviary. Geuranger gives an account of their labor which was by no means trivial. They were obliged to preserve the original force of the hymns, the old measures and subject-matter, yet to recast all in classic mould. Nine hundred metrical errors were corrected; thirty hymns were remodelled, and some new ones were written. It is impossible to say what Casimir's part in the undertaking was, but he had a large share therein, and we know that he retouched the Paschal hymn "Ad regias Agni dapes." About this time Urban made Casimir *Poeta Laureatus*, crowned him with laurel at the Capitol; an honor Petrarca had received, and which would have been given also to Tasso had not his death intervened.

Hallam, in his "Introduction to the Literature of Europe in the 15th, 16th, and 17th Centuries" (Part iii., ch. v.), writing of Casimir and of his connection with Urban VIII., informs us: "Sidonius Hoschius, a Flemish Jesuit, is extolled by Baillet and his authorities. But another of the same Order, Casimir Sarbievius, a Pole, is far better known, and, in lyric poetry, which he almost exclusively cultivated, obtained a much higher reputation. . . . He had read Horace, as Sannazarius had Virgil, and Heinsius Ovid, till the style and tone became spontaneous, but he had more of centonism than the other two. Yet while he constantly reminds us of Horace, it is with as constant an inferiority; we feel that his Rome was not the

same Rome, that Urban VIII. was not Augustus, nor the Polish victories on the Danube like those of the sons of Livia. Hence his flattery of the great, though not a step beyond that of his master, seems rather more displeasing, because we have it only on his word that they were truly great. . . . He is, to a certain degree, in Latin poetry what Chiabrera is in Italian, but does not deserve so high a place. Sarbievius was perhaps the first who succeeded much in the Alcaic stanza, which the earlier poets seem to avoid or to use unskilfully. But he has many unwarrantable licenses in his metre and even false quantities, as is common to the great majority of these Latin versifiers."

It seems unfair to institute a comparison between Casimir and Horace, as Hallam has done. They are poets in different orders, having little in common except the accidental sameness that both wrote in Latin, and that both are fond of moral themes. Hallam is given to such parallelism: in the same chapter he seriously compares Chiabrera with Pindar. Surely, as John Addington Symonds remarked, "Critics have failed to comprehend and appreciate the nature of this sublime and distant genius [Pindar], whose character, in truth, is just as marked as that of Dante or of Michael Angelo." (Studies of the Greek Poets, vol. i., ch. xi.) Casimir, doubtless, "constantly reminds us of Horace," but these memories of Horace are confined within the secondary matter, expression; they are not met in the essential part of his poetry. Hugo Grotius and many others have said that Casimir at times even surpasses Horace. This may be held so far as ethics are concerned; but our hearts must go out more kindly to the Roman, if we love poetry for poetry's sake. Casimir is a Christian priest who, like Dante, cries to us:

Chiamavi 'l cielo, e 'ntorno vi si gira,
Mostrandovi le sue bellezze eterne,
E l'occhio vostro pure a terra mira.

Horace not seldom sings like Omar Khayyám:

What boots it to repeat
How time is slipping underneath our feet?
Unborn to-morrow, and dead yesterday,
Why fret about them if to-day be sweet?

Those who see a resemblance to Horace in Casimir do not read the Polander deeply. Horace is nearly always light-hearted, or when he is grave, the clouds are not lasting; Casimir is forever serious, often even to sadness. Here is an ode by the latter which is a fair specimen of his method. The Latin text is given because of the difficulty in finding copies of Casimir's poems.

AD SUAM TESTUDINEM.

Sonora buxi filia sutilis,
Pendebris altâ, barbite, populo,
Dum ridet aër, et supinas
Sollicitat levis aura frondes.

Te sibilantis lenior halitus
Perflabit Eurî: me juvet interim
Collum reclinasse, et virenti
Sic temere jacuisse ripâ.

Eheu! serenium quæ nebulæ tegunt
Repente cœlum! quis sonus imbrium!
Surgamus. Heu semper fugaci
Gaudia præteritura passu!

—*Lyr. ii., 3.*

TO HIS LYRE.

Sonorous harp! hang high on the poplar tree,
Thou chorded shell, thou daughter of harmony!
While zephyr smiles, and breezes courting
Play round the tops of the tallest branches.

Soft round thy strings blows Eurus, and whispering
Breathes gentle tones,—I throw me down carelessly,
Pleased throw my head on verdant margin,—
Rapidly mantle the arch of heaven,

Clouds, darksome clouds. Ah! list to the clattering
Rain-drops. Arise! Our pleasures they rapidly
Glide, wing'd by speed, their steps how hurried,
Fleetingly ever they hasten onward.

—*Sir John Bowring's tr.*

Again, in the Jesuit poet, we find a singular combination of Roman stateliness and elegance, with Oriental profusion and extravagance of fancy. It is impossible to imagine either the same irrepressible luxuriance or wildness of metaphor in an Italian writer of that period. Horace, of course, is noted for his perfect artistic restraint.

Both poets set little value on riches, but how different were the final causes in their philosophy. The Roman held that "poor and content is rich," for with these life flows smoothly; Casimir chose real poverty because Christ was poor. Here is an ode which in part tells his story:

AD VIOLAM.

Aurora veris, punicei recens
Regina campi, cinge mei, precor,
Frontem puelli. Cur sub auro
Parvulus heu! gravibusque gemmis,

Aut sub prementis sidere purpuræ
Laboret? O cui pauperies mei
Regnum dicavit, necte sertum
Necte meo diadema Regi.

Parvo coronat munere se Deus
Plerumque, si quæ paupere dat manu
Dives voluntas: dona magnis
Parva animo placuere magno.

—*Lyr. iv., 17.*

TO THE VIOLET.

(A poem for the coronation of a statue of the Child Jesus.)

Thou dawn of Springtide, newly born Queen of meads
With beautiful blooms pied, prithee my child's brow
wreath.

Ah! why should He a babe do travail
Laden with gold or with heavy jewels,

Or underneath the sheen star-bright of crimosin?
O Poverty of me, a kingdom He gave to thee
Do thou then plead a flower-crownel,
A diadam weave for my Sovereign master.

Himself God often crowns with a gift trivial,
If haply will be rich though poor the giving hand:
Small gifts that come to Him with great love
Please more than treasures where little love is.

Even when Casimir remains among men his
lessons are more noble than those taught by
Horace—

Vides ut alta stet nive candidum
Soracte. . . .

benignius

Deprome quadrimum Sabina,
O Thaliarche, merum diota. . . .

Quid sit futurum cras, fuge quærere.

—*Hor., Car. i., 9.*

Casimir has this winter-piece (*Lyr. ii., 2*):

TO PUBLIUS MEMMIUS.

Mark how it snows! how fast the valley fills!
And the sweet groves the hoary garments wear;
Yet the warm sunbeams bounding from the hills
Shall melt the veil away, and the young green appear.

But when old age has on your temples shed
Her silver frost, there's no returning sun;
Swift flies our Autumn, swift our Summer's fled,
When youth, and love, and spring, and golden joys are
gone.

The man that has his country's sacred tears
Bedewing his cold hearse, has liv'd his day;
Thus, Publius, we should leave our names our heirs;
Old time and waning moons sweep all else away.

—*Dr. Watts.*

This ode is a favorite with the translators. Dr. Watts addressed it to William Blackbourne, and there are English versions by Sir John Bowring and the Honorable William Herbert.

Hallam tells us that Urban VIII. was not Augustus, nor were the Polish victories on the Danube like those of the sons of Livia. "Hence his [Casimir's] flattery of the great, though not a step beyond that of his master, seems rather more displeasing, because we have it only on his word that they were truly great." Whether Urban was an Augustus or not has little weight in a consideration of Casimir's verse, and there is a faint suggestion here, as elsewhere in this criticism by Hallam, of special pleading. Horace and Casimir did not make it their one business in life this praise of Augustus and Urban. In all their books of odes, epodes and epistles each has about the same number of poems addressed to Emperor or Pope—seven or eight by Horace and a like number by Casimir. There is no real flattery in the words of either

poet. Horace was sincere, and it is shallow criticism that charges him with sycophancy. The same is true of Casimir. He was a fervent Catholic, a Jesuit besides, and he saw more in the Head of his Church than Hallam could see. He had, moreover, a strong personal affection for the refined and amiable Pontiff. Urban VIII. really deserved much of Casimir's praise. His pontificate was contemporaneous with events which threatened the peace of all Europe. The Thirty-Years War, which began five years before his election, was not to end until four years after his death. Richelieu was urging the claims of France, and Olivarez in Spain was contending against the French policy. Italy was also disturbed when Austria and Spain opposed France, Venice and Savoy in menace to her territory. During all those stormy years, Urban was constantly called upon to act as mediator, and he was always equal to his task. The lofty words of lyric verse need never be taken literally. When Horace called Augustus *Almæ Filius Maiæ*, neither Augustus nor the Romans credited the compliment.

It should be remembered that Casimir's methods of expression were necessarily artificial. He was writing in a language not his own, and he deserves admiration not censure for his skill. We hold that excellence in the use of Latin means not only purity of language, but exact imitation of classic manners. No modern man can do this perfectly. The spirit of Rome cannot be reproduced by a Gothic mind taught to look in upon itself by fifteen centuries of Christianity. Despite his faults, Casimir has reproduced the spirit of Roman poetry as purely as any modern writer. Coleridge says he expresses himself "classically as far as consists with the allegorizing fancy of the modern, that still striving to project the inward, contradistinguishes itself from the seeming ease with which the poetry of the ancients reflects the world without. Casimir affords, perhaps, the most striking instance of this characteristic difference. For his style and diction are really classical: while Cowley, who resembles Casimir in many respects, completely barbarizes *his* Latinity, and even his metre, by the heterogeneous nature of his thoughts." (Biog. Lit.) Hallam's remarks about the use of the Alcaic stanza are more just, but perfect Alcaics are rarely found outside of Horace's odes. The classic Statius (A. D. 61 to 96, probably) composed a poem in Alcaics, *non solitis fidibus*, and he certainly did not succeed.

In 1625 Casimir went back from Rome to

Poland, and he was immediately sent to Wilna to teach Rhetoric. During that year his poems were published almost simultaneously at Cologne and Wilna; and before his death there were eleven complete editions issued at Rome, Wilna, Cologne, and Antwerp. Since his death about forty reprints have been made, one of which was edited at the University of Cambridge.

After his return from Rome several Polish nobles invited him to take up his residence at their palaces, but he refused to leave the cloister. He became a "Professed Father" in 1629, and he then taught scholastic philosophy at Wilna. His leisure hours were devoted to the composition of "The Lechiad," an epic of which all trace has been lost. The degree of Doctor of Philosophy was conferred upon him in 1632, and he then was given a chair of Theology at the University at Wilna.

Wladyslaw IV. of Poland appointed him almoner and court preacher, and the poet soon became a favorite with the king as he had been with Urban VIII. A few years ago a large number of Casimir's sermons were found in a library at St. Petersburg. These were carried off from Warsaw with the public library by the Russians. At the same time the Russians broke a statue of the poet which the prince-bishop of Cracow, Zaluski, had set up in the library.

In 1636, at the request of Wladyslaw, the degree of Doctor of Divinity was given to Casimir at Wilna. The king and his sister Anna were present at the ceremony, and the oath was taken before the papal nuncio Mario Filonardi. About this time the "Silviludia" in honor of Wladyslaw were composed. These poems are published among the posthumous writings, and have much of the rigidity so often met with in occasional verse.

Casimir remained at court until 1640, when the king consented to release him from a life he never loved. His health was broken, and he went back to the cloister to die. A poem (Lyr. i., 19) which seems to have been written about this time shows whither his longings were directed. It has been happily translated by Dr. Watt's who calls it "Breathings towards the Heavenly Country." In April, 1640, some noble and influential Polish Protestant went to Warsaw, and the king asked Casimir to preach before this man. The poet consented, but the effort was too great for his strength. He was carried fainting from the pulpit, and after three days he died. He was buried at Warsaw, and, according to the custom of the Jesuits, there is no epitaph upon his tomb.

Varsity Verse.

A LEAP-YEAR VALENTINE.

Ye breezes, blow soft while she sings;
 Let your breath linger over the leaves;
 Take the words, take the voice as it rings
 With the blessings, the hopes that she gives.

Let no accent, no sweet note remain;
 Catch them all as they soar through the blue;
 Bear them quickly, ye breezes, for fain
 Is my heart for a message from you.

Ye have come, O ye breezes! What news?
 In your breath there's a perfume of love;
 Pipe it soft, lest my glad brain confuse
 Her words with the voice of yon grove.

"This is Leap Year, dear Reginald,—see?
 And how handsome and lovely you are.
 Be my Valentine, Reggie, oh, be!
 When I see her, I'll ask your mammar."

J. B.

A MESSAGE.

I send, my love, a messenger to you,
 He's old and getting slightly stiff I fear,
 But still his heart is good, his head is clear,
 And he will bear my message fond and true;
 The words are old, but still, to me, are new,
 And so 'tis hard for me to say them, dear,
 But Valentine, though now quite old and sear,
 Will say them, better, far, than I could do.

My love, receive his message and my heart,
 'Tis not so pure, so sweet as yours, I know,
 But of true love it is a heaped up mine.
 All this to you I freely shall impart
 For your true promise, whispered soft and low,
 To be my own, my only Valentine.

A. W. S.

"GALLAGHER'S DREAM."

She was fashioned triangular, weighty, one masted;
 Her sail was a bed-tick, her rudder a skate,
 And her crew was a duo that strangely contrasted,
 Judge Gallagher, Captain, Das Kind was the mate.
 But she swept o'er the ice like a fanciful vision;
 She breasted a gale without straining a beam,
 And her passengers seemed in a garden Elysian—
 Oh, she was a fairy—Judge "Gallagher's Dream!"

And many an evening when Judge was off duty,
 And time seemed to hunger for something to do,
 With the finest of brands in her cabin of beauty
 We drained our regards to her captain and crew.
 Das Kind looked as glum as the clouds of November
 While Judge was all laughter—oh, they were a team!
 And the happiest moments I love to remember
 Were spent in the cabin of "Gallagher's Dream."

W. P. B.

LOVE AND LUCRE.

All day long Ed's writing love-songs,
 Each one "To my Lady Fair."
 'Tis not strange, for they all end with
 "Use Jone's Balsam for the Hair!"

A. L. M.

"The Brother of my Soul."

JAMES BARRY, '97.

My chum is tall and lanky. Since the fifth of May, eighteen hundred and seventy-seven, he has been a native of Illinois. You will excuse my not mentioning his name, for he is extremely modest and retiring; but if you have good judgment, which I take for granted, and some luck at guessing, you will be able to point him out to your less astute friends by the time you have read this history.

In order to describe him thoroughly, I shall begin at his feet, and by gradually working upward hope to attain a very effective and affecting climax. Though exceedingly tall, as I have said, his pedal extremities are out of all proportion to his height, for the accident of birth rendered it necessary that he should uphold the name which in this respect the world has conceded to his native city. The unusual size of his feet has been the despair of shoe-makers as well as of himself since his fourteenth year, when he ceased to be honored with his brother's cast-off shoes. And yet it is not their extraordinary length that has made him unpopular with the last knights. It is, instead, the over-development of a certain part of his great toe.

There is a strange peculiarity about those feet of his; if you look at the right you judge it to be the largest you have ever seen, and if you look at the left, you take it to be the largest. I would state, for the composure of those who may be affected when I mention feet, that I use the word to signify those members when encased in appropriate apparel. His legs are long—I will not say how long, for I may be called insulting names. Nature, to preserve the economy for which she is famous, took away from their thickness what she added to their length. I can not pass judgment on his calves; I have never had a chance to see them, for he has never been known to don a football or baseball costume, and though a tolerable sprinter, has never entered a hundred-yard "event" on field-day. In summer, too, he prefers bathing in the privacy of the bath-room to taking bold leaps into the clear and placid waters of St. Joseph's Lake. He always affects,—for what reason I shall leave the reader to imagine,—to wear that style of pantaloons, which was so common five or six years ago, and which now suggests the idea of double-width. His knees jut out like Italy on the map of

Europe, and have a wonderful facility for working their way into prominence, as it were. On the whole, his legs seem to be the model for those wonderful caricatures which school-children gleefully imagine to be likenesses of their tyrannical "masters."

The upper part of his body appears to be normal, unless a slight shrinkage around the region of the stomach may be mentioned as peculiar. His chest, too, recedes slightly, but it does not interfere with the softness and size of his heart, for

"In all my wanderings round this world of care,
In all my griefs—and God has given my share"—

I have never had the fortune to meet with a youth so kind, so gentle, so self-sacrificing, so full of solicitude for one in distress, so simple and withal so magnanimous as my chum. Were he as ill-shaped as the old wizard in the fairy-tales, with as many angles as Harriet Martineau discovered in Egypt, I should still love him. He is my Horatio whom I wear in my heart's core; and let Fortune's finger pipe what stop she please, he remains honest and true and noble, full of love for mankind and tolerant of the whims and foibles of his friends. Had I been born a Boswell to record his greatness, I, too, should become great, but I am happy in the feeling that I have a *friend*, and that is a blessed consolation.

His face reflects the purity of his soul and the kindness of his heart; it is quiet and mild. Sometimes in the evening, when he grows reminiscent over the memory of a departed mother—she died when he was fifteen—his features assume a tinge of sadness and his voice falls low and soft, like an ardent prayer. During these moments, his eyes, always clear and frank, with a world of goodness in their grey depths, express sorrow and resignation—an expression which never wholly leaves them.

He is intellectual and, though not extremely quick of mind, has managed by severe application to acquire a knowledge truly wonderful in one of his age. He is apt at writing verse, generally in a happy strain, and more than once has produced lines which show that he is not devoid of humor. He is religious to a high degree, and this I attribute as much to his mother's influence as to his own natural goodness. He is, above all, patient. To show you how patient and self-restraining he is, let me relate, in conclusion, an incident of personal observation.

One morning in the reading-room he happened to pick up a copy of "Puck." While

looking over the illustrations and the explanatory tags appended thereto, a friend of his entered and began to look in the same direction over my chum's shoulder. The newcomer expressed his appreciation of all the latest "grinds" by loud guffaws that drowned the throes of the steam-pipes. Now and then he looked with the tenderest pity on my chum who, though he enjoyed such bits as were humorous, did not deem it necessary to go into fits about them. A slight frown and a firm compression of the lips suggested to his friend that it would be a good idea to explain the jokes. He did so, and my chum bore it admirably, never uttering a word of complaint, turning over the leaves like a child, with no thought of resenting the outrage committed against his intelligence. Since that day my admiration for him has grown immensely; for when I saw him lay down that copy of "Puck," and leave the room without a word, I said to myself: "What a hero is my chum!"

I have presented to you my friend and now await the result of your scrutiny. If the photograph is blurred in places, you may attribute the fault rather to my carelessness than to any restlessness on the part of my chum while standing before the camera. It has not been retouched. The irregularities have not been toned down. The picture is true, considering the light in which it was taken, and though the outline may not please you, yet you cannot fail to note the delicacy of his countenance, which is the mirror of his soul. Do you know him?

Our Summer Visitors.

WILLIAM P. BURNS, '96.

The coming and the going of our northern birds resembles somewhat the advent and the fitting of college students. When September's fruitage is plucked or decayed, and the trees begin to harvest in their sap for another spring, doves, meadow-larks, robins, blackbirds and the rest gather into family groups preparatory to their journey southward. Instinct tells them when to go, just as it prompts them when to return. Nor is there anything remiss in their preparations. When they are all ready, however, they seem to want the whole world to know it. Each group leaves with a great flutter of wings and chorus of chirps as though its departure were final; the next spring they steal back in twos and threes, and almost before one

is aware of their return, the woods and meadows are athrill with their courtings.

The first breath of spring from the south—it may come late in March or early in April—entices in its wake a troop of natural songsters. Something more than a week of sunny days is required to assure one of winter's departure. The snow may melt and the wind be fair, and even the tips of the maple branches grow red, but there is a strange, unearthly stillness about it all. Something is wanting, and without that something, spring is but a green winter. The twitter of the first stray robin contains more tidings of the sunny time to follow than the predictions of all our weather prophets from Maine to California. Not a tremor of doubt can be detected in that little voice. It sings of fresh flowers and green fields with a feeling which human expression has never grasped. Life and love make up the very essence of its song; and one drinking in the clear, rich tones feels it to be poetry—the poetry which has ever eluded the world's master-minds of pen and brush.

Robins and meadow-larks are invariably first in the field. The vanguard of them returns in covies. They are very particular as to their choice of a location, and indeed their appearance gives them a right to be exacting. Then again they incur more risk than those that come later. Sometimes they are caught by a late cold snap or snowfall in which many of them perish, while the remainder hop about without even a chirp, numb and spiritless. After them come the others, and when the tardy swallow appears, then spring has begun in earnest.

To one at all interested in nature, the April woods are full of beauty. Flowers are blooming, birds singing and squirrels chattering, while an odor of freshness and freedom permeates the atmosphere. The leaves seem never so green as in springtime, the flowers never so fragrant, and life itself never so enchanting. What a bright contrast it presents to this dull old winter of ours! The trees stand bare and cold like groves of tombstones, and not a sound of animal life is heard but that gruesome "caw!" "caw!" or the shriek of some hungry blue-jay. Just because of this contrast spring appears all the more verdant; and the more severe the winter, the more entrancing the spring.

Let a lover of nature give himself up to an afternoon's wandering by brook and dale in the latter part of May. It is impossible for one to remain indifferent to one's surroundings. One's expression will run into rhythmical language

or poetical quotations almost without effort, and one's thoughts will be in keeping with the surroundings. On every side, life is going on in all its earnestness. What at first appears but one great harmonious household of singers, on closer inspection resolves itself into a colony of distinct homes, each family being wrapped up in its own cares and happiness. In one place two jealous rivals urge their suit with all the ardor of two Romeos. Away out at the tip of some branch two industrious orioles are weaving their summer's home. It is an irksome task, but when completed time alone can effect its destruction.

Then there is that predatory blue-jay always skulking about with a hungry eye for some unguarded nest. Spring has few charms for him, and a sunny, light-hearted day is his enemy. He prefers the dark shadows of a pine tree to the budding branches of a maple or oak. He flits from tree to tree as silent as a foot-pad, and only when he finds himself discovered does he reveal his discordant voice. And what a voice! Compared with him the crow is a nightingale. Treachery, cowardice and hate are all blended into one wild shriek. He is a despicable thief; the more so because Nature, while clothing him in glaring colors, has denied him the domain of aerial heights where the hawk soars in undisturbed freedom.

Then there is the quail, whose "bob-white" comes up from the wheat field as clear cut and far louder than any boy's whistle. At any other time of the year except when rearing her young the quail is as silent as the blue-jay when making a covert sally on some defenceless nest. Their whistle is rather easy to imitate; and in this way they are sometimes ensnared and shot by unscrupulous hunters.

The meadow-larks keep together in flocks, in season and out of season. They seem to love companionship and plenty of it, for they are seldom found in pairs only. Doves, however, are exactly the opposite. Where one is seen another will invariably be found near by. Early in the morning they may be heard calling to each other with that mournful "coo" so distinctly characteristic of them. Only in the fall do doves assemble in large flocks just before they leave for their southern homes.

The robin is the least suspicious of all. Partly, I presume, because of the veneration which legends have evoked. He seems to be fully aware of the respect accorded him, for he will build his nest close to a habitation without the least fear. Early in the spring he is overflowing with song. From dawn to evening he tells the whole world of his happiness. Later on, when his young are learning the rudiments of flight, his song changes to a paternal chirp of anxiety, while in the summer he resumes his gaiety, but not the wild abandon of his courting days. And so on from one species to another. There is always some distinctive mark about each, and to find it is worth the study.

Magazine Notes.

—*The American Catholic Quarterly Review* is the only one of our magazines that deserves to rank with the great English reviews, *The Edinburgh*, *The Dublin* and *The Quarterly*. For twenty years it has struggled to raise the standard of American scholarship—and its efforts have not been in vain. It will never be popular; for the ideal magazine, from the news-dealer's standpoint, is the one which contains the minimum of text, the maximum of half-tones or zinc-etchings. We would have our editors, like our dramatists, merely purveyors of things amusing; and when they do not attempt to instruct us, their reward is exceeding great.

The Catholic Quarterly has, however, chosen the other path; and a glance at the title-page of the current number is enough to convince one that its editors prefer to teach fifty thousand rather than entertain half a million. The literature of the question of Anglican Orders is voluminous, but *The Quarterly's* leader for January is yet another contribution to the mass. Mr. A. F. Marshall—the Oxonian Marshall—takes a novel point of view of the much-debated theme. "By their fruits ye shall know them," is his text; and his essay is a scholarly inquiry into the "moral aspects" of the point in dispute. He shows that until Newman, Keble and the other Tractarians opened to the truth the eyes of their ecclesiastical superiors, the English Church was vigorously non-Catholic, tolerating nothing that savored of "Romanism," viewing with horror any attempt to revive in the Anglican Church the "superstitions of Rome."

The other papers which *The Quarterly* prints are not less interesting. "The Relativity of Political Economy," by the Rev. Francis Howard, and the "Modern Theories of Society" of the Rev. John J. Ming's are important to students of sociology. The Rev. Reuben Parsons makes a study of Marco Polo's explorations; while Mr. Richard R. Elliott writes down the chronicles of Father Baraga, the Apostle of the Ottawas. St. George Mivart examines "Balfour's Theology," and recognizes in "The Foundations of Belief" the herald of a new era in philosophic research. Mr. B. J. Clinch's "A Hero of Our Day" is a biographical sketch of Archbishop Felinski, Warsaw's loved prelate; and Doctor Peries' "Episcopal Elections" is an important historical study. "Catholicism in Thackeray and Dickens," by Mrs. A. M. Grange, and "Poetic Prose Versus Prosaic

Poetry," by the Rev. Hugh T. Henry, are the two "literary" papers of the number—remarkably good ones too. *The Quarterly* has reduced its subscription price to four dollars per year. It deserves the gratitude of all Americans for the noble work it has done in its score of years, their support and encouragement in the work it is doing to-day.

—*The Cosmopolitan* comes to us again in a new dress; none of our exchanges can boast of such a wardrobe. The February number contains much that is instructive, not to say interesting. How walrus are hunted in the Arctic regions is graphically told, and the incidents related in connection are often hair-lifting. In fiction there is the continuation of that much-admired Kentucky story, "Butterflies," by James Lane Allen. The present instalment of the story brings the hero upon the road of happiness, which is reached by following the beckonings of pure and honest love. Hitherto Hilary has been careless and inconstant, but he has now fortunately outgrown all that. It is an interesting and well-told tale, such as we would expect from its author. "Some notes about Venezuela" is quite apropos. But by far the most artistic thing in the magazine is "The Charm: A Play," by Walter Besant and Walter Herries Pollock.

—A popular illustrated edition of "Fabiola" has just been published. The volume is a 12mo and replete with vivid illustrations, that of Pancratius in the arena of the amphitheatre being particularly striking. The frontispiece represents Sebastian and Pancratius standing at the entrance to the palace, near the Meta Sudan's fountain looking out on the Coliseum. Besides the numerous character illustrations, the volume contains many graphic representations of ancient Rome and sketches of the instruments of torture used against the Christians. The book is printed from new electrotype plates; the letter press is perfect, and the volume as a whole, considering the low price, is certainly the best ever issued. (Price, \$1.25.)

CATHOLIC SCHOOL CHIMES. By G. Fischer.

This collection of popular hymns and songs adapted to juvenile voices will find a welcome place in parochial schools. Starting with Advent, the author leads the reader through the various cycles of the ecclesiastical year, and teaches him hymns for every season. There is a second part containing only secular songs; patriotic airs are not wanting. The compiler was happy in the choice of songs that are apt to please both young and old.

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The Staff.

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—“Mr. Ingersoll is a man of extraordinary parts, and, in certain lines, a man of commanding ability. He is proficient in the use of the English language; an orator of transcendent power; generally of a prepossessing and captivating manner; in many respects a man of lovable character and winning ways. In nearly all things sympathetic; when religion is not in question, charitable to his fellowman; in a word, a man thoroughly equipped to win popular favor for any cause which he may espouse.” Thus Father Malone, last Wednesday, sketched the character and attainments of the most notorious of our professional infidels. Then he turned from the man to his theories, and proved the absurdity of Ingersoll's claims to respect and consideration.

Briefly, Ingersoll is an anachronism; the champion of modern science and modern thought, he knows little or nothing of the teaching of the philosophers and scholars of to-day; the professed admirer of Spencer, Huxley and Mill, he is repudiated again and again by the men whom he calls his masters. Not personally, for the Colonel is too small a man to be considered by the great English agnostics, but in

general terms. There are passages innumerable in the books of these infidel philosophers, which flatly contradict, in anticipation, his dearest theories. That he is ignorant of these passages is evident from the tone he takes in speaking of the writers. Mr. Ingersoll really belongs to the eighteenth century; he is a disciple of Voltaire and the Encyclopedists, whose one aim was the overthrow of the Christian religion. Mr. Ingersoll revives their arguments against Christianity, translates them into the vernacular; and calls upon the unlearned to accept them as the fruit of the latest investigations in the world of science and philosophy, though they have been disproved again and again by Catholic writers.

Father Malone quoted at length from the works of Spencer, Mill, Huxley, Draper, Buckle and a half dozen others of Ingersoll's favorite “authorities.” That he left the prince of our jesters without a suspicion of proof for his assertions, was clear to every individual in the audience. He protested indignantly against the Colonel's shameless persecution of the Catholic Sisterhoods, and made an eloquent plea for charity in our relations with one another. Let the dead past bury its dead; forget religious strifes and the persecutions, Catholic and Protestant, which mar the history of the world; remember the common aim all Christians have, and learn to fight shoulder to shoulder with men of all creeds against the common foe—infidelity.

Twin Valentines.

A MORAL WITHOUT A STORY.

I.

“How do I like them? Well, they're decent enough, old man, and I suppose Adèle—or do these go to Dolly?—To both! Young man, you're walking on very thin ice. You'll break through some day and you'll find the water cold—as the seventh circle of the Inferno. Take my advice, and—”

“Oh! hang it all. I don't want your advice—you never wait for me to ask it. I want to know whether the verses will go or not. Don't be a prophet of evil, Dick; you know that sort is generally killed off before the things occur, and even then they get half the blame for the misfortunes. Besides, there's not the slightest danger in this case. I've done things like this

before, and no one was ever the wiser. Adèle, I tell you, lives in New Orleans, and Dolly's letters are postmarked Omaha; so that there isn't the least chance of their coming together to compare valentines. Drop soothsaying, Dicky, boy, it doesn't chime with your looks, and finish your criticism."

Que vous voulez, Will. But I say to you, sonny, it's delicate work—this duplicating of valentines; and you'll be found out, some day, as sure as fate. Not too many young women have embryonic poets at their feet; and the girl who can get an old-fashioned valentine, and keep it all to herself, is a little more than feminine. She's bound to show it to her friends, just to tease them—and there you are.

"Don't be an—idiot, Dick. When you've quite used up your stock of moral reflections and horrible examples, I'd like to hear"—

"Yes, I know, you'd have me stick to criticism. You're a hardened sinner, proof against any exhortation of mine; so I'll let you go your own pace and look to the metre of your doggerel. How does it go?"

TO MY VALENTINE.

'If sweaters were of linked steel,
And jackets breast-plates true,
I'd beg a glove, a kerchief, love,
Or scarf of silk from you;

'And tourney-lists should call her queen;
The bards of all the realm,
In jeweled phrase, should chant her praise,
Whose colors decked my helm,

'Or if, undone by cruel chance,
Death were my only prize,—
My lance would break, glad, if 'twould wake
The love-light in your eyes!

"Yes, it's rather pretty, or it will be when you have plastered it all over the back of those photographs of yours. A trifle late in the season, don't you think, to be sending out football pictures. But of course you've explained how you came to have them taken; 'The National Guide,' I suppose, and Spalding's desire to put you into it. It's a great idea, that, for valentines; quite original, but a rare bit of conceit, it strikes me. You're not so decorative as you think, my dear boy, and you're silly to risk sending them both—"

"I'll begin to throw things, Dick, in just one minute, if you don't change your tune. I tell you the girls are a thousand miles apart, and they hardly know each other, though they were at school together, I believe. Dolly is a harum-scarum, jolly little thing, full of life and fun, pink and white and dainty, the best comrade a fellow ever had; while Adèle—well, she's just

the opposite, divinely tall, olive and brown and crimson, dreamy eyes with golden lights in them, and stately as Diana or one of Gibson's girls. Her letters are like chapters out of Mitchell's "Reveries." But you need not smile! I honestly think I like Dolly best, after all—she's so animated, you know; and all that, a sort of perpetual cock-tail. Her letters? Well, they are clever and spirited and charming, like the dear little creature herself. Frankly, Dick, I can't choose; they're the twin divinities of my soul, and Moore's verse doesn't apply. But you're an imbecile, to suggest catastrophes when you should be lost in admiration of my cleverness—"

"Admiration of your nerve, you mean. I don't know, but I'll bet you'll be sorry yet that you didn't listen to my words of warning. And you'll look in vain to me for sympathy on that interesting occasion. I've a presentiment—"

"Get rid of it at once, Dicky, it's wonderfully bad for the complexion. Quinine's the thing; presentiments go generally with disordered livers, and six grains will set you right again. But I'll give you a chance to laugh next—Let me see; to-day's Monday, Friday's St. Valentine's, and I ought to have a note from each of them on Sunday. Come up then, Dicky, and I'll read you bits of their letters—no, *not* the esoteric parts—as a reward of merit, and of accuracy in foretelling impossible disasters. You'll like them, never fear; the girls are as different as 'Richmond Straights' and 'Caporals,—and infinitely more exhilarating."

"Surely, old boy; but if you're to get those pictures off in the five o'clock mail, you must hurry them. And I'm disturbing you. Remember, though, that duplicity is often its own reward; and bear in mind that I'm to have a proscenium box for the end of the tragedy. *Auf wiedersehen!*"

II.

"Here they are, sonny, two 'Mr William Cullingham Byrants' and one 'W. C. Bryant Esq.' Your twin divinities are more prompt than their common adorer. It's only Sunday, and here you have their acknowledgments of your untruthful photograph and your worse than perfidious verses. You're another Fortunatus, you faithless wretch, though you don't deserve even ordinary good-luck."

"Don't get jealous, Sir Knight of the Prophetic Moods. '*Palman qui meruit*,' you know—you'll find the rest on the back of your Honor medal—and if you were as gay and cheerful and conscientious—"

"And embarrassed, old boy—go on. You are actually afraid to open either of those two envelopes for fear that I should guess which lady hath the larger homage of thy heart. Fie on thee, Bassanio, I took thee for a braver. But see, I'll study the light-effects on those hills over there until you've taken your plunge—"

"Nonsense, Dick! What an idiot you can be! For the love of Heaven, don't let that familiar of yours get too much of a grip on you: they'll pack you off to a mad-house yet, or put you to editing "copy" for Ayer's Almanacs. If you'll be sane for five minutes, I'll keep my promise to read the—er—uninteresting parts to you. But here goes for the swallow-flight from the land of cane and sunshine!"

"You've betrayed yourself, old boy; you do like Dolly best after all. You are reading Adèle's letter first to lure me into thinking she's your 'tourney-queen'; but it's Dolly who is playing the star part in this engagement. Verily, Love is as blind as the proverbs would make him. Trust a lover to tell the truth unconsciously; no mind so easy to fathom as his. But I've exhausted the color-possibilities of this monochrome view of yours, and I'm ready to play the populace to your Marc Antony. Are there *no* bits in her letter that may be seen by eyes profane and curious?"

"Jove! Dick, this is the queerest note I've ever received from Adèle or any other girl. It's not a bit like her—it is formal, stilted, cold, everything but what it ought to be. Just listen to this—there's not an esoteric line from first to last.

"'How kind,' she begins, 'of you, my dear William Cullingham,'—that's a pleasant affectation of hers; sometimes it is just 'dear W. C.'—'to choose *me* for the hypothetical lady of your chivalric dream.' 'Hypothetical lady,' it strikes me, is uncommonly severe, nor can I understand why she underlined 'me.' 'Such a Valentine!' she goes on, 'The dainty verses were not at all in keeping with your football "togs"—you'll not mind my using your picturesque synonym for "clothes!"—though 'twas manifest even to feminine eyes that you had not posed for Mr. McDonald, between the halves. You are too well groomed, too *comme il faut* from the football point of view, for that.' A delicate thrust for a woman, don't you think? But this next is the essence of irony and malice—'Your *coiffure* is a thing of beauty, and I'm sure your face must have been quite clean—two points more honored in the breach than in the observance, during games, by the other football men of my acquaintance.'

"She hasn't finished yet; the rest of the letter is an enigma to me. 'It's very decorative,' she declares, 'this photograph of yours; and I shall treasure it *for its own sake*.' Does she mean that, or is it simply wantonness of

cruelty? This threat, though, is the most ruthless of all: '*I shall frame it and tell my friends it is a portrait of you en costume for a fancy ball*. I can never thank you enough for sending it to me.'

"Then she descends to compliments. 'I showed your verses,' she tells me, 'to a friend of mine'—you were a prophet there, Dicky, old boy. Aye and more than a prophet—and together we raved over them. She thought them charming, none too sincere, and, mayhap, *copied*.' For cool insolence, that knocks the persimmon; This, too: 'I half agree with her'—In what? I'd like to know.'—'and *I will hear no protests from you*.' Rank injustice, that, to condemn a man unheard! And woman would go in for law and judges' gowns!

"But she relents in her next paragraph: 'An you would know my colors, they are crimson and old gold. What a pity that there are no tourney lists to-day! You'd make a gallant figure on a fiery Rosinante; and "Fidelis" would look well in Gothic letters on your shield. I shall write *very soon* again,'—Deuce take it; I hope she's in a better temper very shortly then, for this sort of thing is maddening—'and *until then*, Quixote, I am, as of yore, your Adèle.' It's dated 'Friday—St. Valentine's,' and I'll confess I'm all at sea to explain it. What do you think, Dick, is she amusing herself or is she really angry?"

"I think, sonny, that my reputation as a prophet is made for all time. She is evidently merciless—as a cat,—and you are the mouse in the case. But Dolly is left, you know, and she's eminently lovable. See what *she* has to say; I'll look Adèle's letter over, while you learn your fate; and, perhaps—"

"Oh heavens! Dick, this is awful. Dolly's letter is a duplicate, word for word, of Adèle's. Yes, here's the 'hypothetical lady of my chivalric dreams,' the touch about my posing, the bit on my '*coiffure*' and clean face, the 'decorative' thing, that threat to call my 'togs' a ball-costume—everything *verbatim*, 'Rosinante,' my 'Gothic' motto, 'Fidelis,' my 'copied' verses and all. What beastly luck! She chooses other colors, though—purple and azure,—a howling combination! Say, old man, this is the worst—"

"Of all strange accidents by field and flood, since Troy was young. Yes, Will, it's hard, but maybe they'll salve your hurts in those promised notes. Cheer up, my boy, that other envelope is commercial—a bill, very probably, or—"

"No, another note, the last, too. Listen! 'The Palmer House, St. Valentine's'—That's how it happened, then; they both came on to see Joe Jefferson; and Fate has ruined me—'Dear Master Will, our *Fellow*: One word about the colors before we say good-bye. We know you are too *modest* to pose in rainbow raiment; and so, in our mercy, we've chosen apple-green. It's suggestive of the coming springtime—and of *other things*. *Adieu!* We are simply—Adèle and Dorathea.' Well—by—Jove!"

DANIEL VINCENT CASEY.

Exchanges.

St. Vincent's Journal in an article on Goethe, which bestows on him the magnificent title of "the greatest poet of modern times," finds much to blame in its paradoxical hero. The *Journal* says he inherited a severe love of order in all things, yet there was no order in his passion; that he was keenly alive to sensibility and love, yet he made no friendships; that his vaunted self-culture was nothing more than selfish culture; that "he was a stranger to guilt, repentance and remorse." The essay on music is an interesting article that gives a cursory sketch of the history of the art, and is agreeably interspersed with poetic fancy. It shows that the writer is master of a large and varied stock of appropriate phrases handled with great ease, which last may be a cause of a certain carelessness apparent in the essay.

**

The *Mountaineer* has an essay on the poet Bryant, wherein the writer affirms that Bryant is a lyric and a didactic poet; a poet of nature; a keen observer of human affairs; not amatory; exclusively American. To support this view there is more than a vague and unconvincing effort. An analysis of the "Prisoner of Zenda" is given with correctness and appreciation in a clearly and agreeably written article.

**

The *Round Table* gives us a very carefully and elegantly written number from cover to cover. Its contributions are clearly conceived and coherently worked out in language unusually correct, precise and pleasing. We believe there is not in the entire number a single trace of bad or shaky grammar, or loose sentence-structure, from which defects even the best of college papers are not always free. However, the merit of a good story, "The Guide," is slightly lessened by the presence, in two or three instances, of the Latin ablative absolute which, doubtless, is to be attributed to familiarity with the literal translations of the classics presented in "cribs."

**

The efforts of the writers in the *Young Eagle* give pleasure by their number, variety and simplicity. They are apparently the efforts of young beginners whose every attempt must be sedulously fostered by encouragement. The *Young Eagle* is probably destined to high flights, for which, even in her youth, she will prepare herself by strengthening her wings of careful grammar and connected thought.

Personals.

—Mr. F. Patee, a bicycle manufacturer of Peoria, Ill., spent Sunday with his son, of the Minim Department.

—Mr. Edward Plunkett, one of Chicago's prosperous business men, paid a short visit to his son Fred, of Carroll Hall.

—Mrs. J. Catchpole, of Chicago, paid a very pleasant visit to her son Robert, of St. Edward's Hall on Saturday and Sunday last.

—The latest student to enter was Mr. A. S. J. McGruder, of Cane Spring, Ky. Mr. McGruder has entered upon the study of law. He has been assigned to Sorin Hall.

—Miss Pearl Carter, of Kokomo, Ind., a recent graduate of St. Mary's Academy, was one of this week's most welcome visitors. She was visiting her cousin J. Webb of Carroll Hall.

—It is our sad duty to announce the death of Mr. Edward Dunn, who peacefully passed to a better life on January the 29th, at Los Angeles, Cal. Mr. Dunn was connected with the University for many years and was well known by the students, Brothers and professors who were at Notre Dame in the early eighties. His death was a holy and happy one, and he had been strengthened for it by the last sacraments of the Church. May he rest in peace!

—E. Frank Jones (student '95) is attending Rush Medical College, of Chicago. He speaks as one having knowledge of the value of midnight oil and ice-bags on head and neck when preparing for examination in Chemistry. Frank is doing well, and when he begins his tortures for health's sake, we are sure that suffering humanity will go to him with confidence. He is popular, too, among his classmates. A mandolin club was recently formed in the College, and Frank was chosen Director; and now he wields the baton for the safe guidance of the twenty-eight who compose the club.

—Frank J. Hagenbarth (student '80-'85) is another of Notre Dame's favorite sons, who has gone West to grow up with the country. He is now Vice-President and Secretary of the Wood Live-Stock Company of Beaver Cañon, Idaho. Dame Fortune is smiling upon him and success is rewarding his untiring industry and progressive business spirit. But he did not allow himself to become so engrossed in material things as to neglect the things of the intellect. On the contrary, he is still devoted to literature, both English and Continental. He has himself written a great deal, and much of his work is truly meritorious. Mr. Hagenbarth has promised to visit us the next time he comes east of the Mississippi. We hope he will not forget his promise and that his coming may be soon. The SCHOLASTIC extends congratulations in his present success, and best wishes for even greater prosperity in the future.

Local Items.

—FOUND—A cuff-button. Inquire at Students' office.

—The hand-ball "fiends" still make the Carroll "gym" ring with their shouts.

—The Philopatrians did not meet last Wednesday owing to the illness of their President.

—LOST.—A bottle of catsup. Finder please return to F. D. Scott, care of Hennebry's table.

—Two first teams played a baseball game on the Carroll campus last Thursday week. Lowery's team was victorious.

—Owing to the invitation which the Crescent Club extended to the students of Sorin Hall, the Philodemics did not meet on Wednesday evening.

—Mr. Edgar Cullen returned to Notre Dame last week—jokes, cigarettes, cane and all. He says that his book, "How to be Funny," is in the hands of the publishers.

—LITTLE BOB:—"How much do you think the flag-staff cost? Have you any idea?"

"DOC" BRENNAN:—"No; I have not been down to the notion counters lately."

—The learned Doctor, who delights in the possession of a wheel, and who longs for summer and smooth roads, said to a friend as they walked to the post-office, "Why, that flag-staff is ball-bearing."

—The Rev. J. Carrier, C. S. C., of Canada, formerly Professor of the Physical Sciences at Notre Dame, again sends some additional plants to the Herbarium which he donated to the Natural Science Department. Lately he has added a number of specimens of mosses.

—PROFESSOR:—"How much time intervenes between the ebbing and flowing of the tides?"

STUDENT:—"I don't quite catch the drift of the question, Professor." The class didn't smile outright, however, until the same student asked what phase of the moon was that in which it was half-full.

—COSTELLO:—"Say, Tomaso, have you ever heard why Somersetshire, England, is free of tramps?"

TOMASO:—(derisively) "Pshaw, child! Propound a conundrum taken from a late edition. All know that that particular spot boasts of a huge Bath." And Costello is looking for the man who gave Thomas the paper.

—Of course, we dislike to make any personal remarks, especially in print, but we can't help mentioning those whiskers. If they were black, or even a good healthy red, we shouldn't mind, but that sickly, nameless color is heart-rending. We should advise you to fall in front of a lawn-mower at the earliest opportunity, Mr. Carney, or you may hear something drop.

—"The Professor was wrong this morning," said Confer as he helped himself to his neigh-

bor's pie. "He said that horseless carriages were a recent invention, but we have been using them in the little town of Altoona for years." "That so?" said the "head," trying to humor him. "Yes, always use mules down there."

—It was Christmas Eve in Milwaukee. She was teaching the Pride of Notre Dame a new dance. Inside of five minutes he was gliding round the room like a gazelle. "Oh!" she cried admiringly, "you've got it down *pat*." The P. of N. D. stopped suddenly. He had known her only two weeks. "I—I—beg pardon," he began, "but I prefer to be called *Mr. Gallagher*."

—If they don't disappoint us, the members of the Carroll Crescent Club will hold high carnival to-night. They've promised so often and have broken their promises as many times, that we have good reason to doubt them. But they may surprise their friends to-night. If they do we may look forward to some unique costumes and to various steps not recorded in the "Ball Room Guide."

—Professional funny men are tiresome at all times, but that crowd of Brownson humorists who form the "flying wedge" in the "gym" every night are positively disgusting. If they would run against the wall some night, hard enough to be laid up for repairs, they would be doing a great service to the community; but they have not enough manliness in their whole make-up to do that.

—Miller and Cavanagh wandered out to the stile last Thursday and had a narrow escape from death. There was a heavy snow drift on the path, and Miller, on account of his extreme lankiness, slipped in, while Cavanagh owing to his 200lbs. avoirdupois sank in. Their cries brought a farmer to the rescue, and fortunately they are still here to delight us with their winning ways—in billiards.

—And now the Columbians will soon be at it. As soon as the Class of '96 have mastered the "Iron Chest," their brothers of Brownson Hall will begin the rehearsal of their St. Patrick's Day play. We have been fortunate enough to steal a glance at the book of the play, and have found the dialogue bright and the plot interesting. The Columbians should achieve success, if the author counts for anything in a drama—the society certainly has capable actors.

—A snow storm set in last Tuesday evening and continued without the usual intermissions for three days. Enough snow fell to satisfy pedestrians who ventured close to the buildings, for each gust of wind brought down an avalanche upon their devoted heads. The man with the silk tile and the chap with the precious package are saying things still. Warning: When venturing out in a snow storm "be sure you're right (in speech), then go ahead."

—The flag-staff was put in place last Tuesday afternoon. No better position could have been chosen. It is just east of the gate, near the

post-office, and is sure to attract the attention, far down the avenue, of all visitors to the University. And on state occasions, when Old Glory will be run to its top, our friends in South Bend will see the flag and rejoice with us. The late tender speech of Queen Vic, and the wholesome resolutions of John, surnamed the Bull, should be fixed to the foot of the staff—our "cousins" shouldn't be omitted in our celebrations.

—Friday brought the valentines in large numbers. There were sentimental ones, and the wonder is they did not burn the mail bags; there were comic ones, from those of original design and newspaper witticism to the lithographed "three for a penny," with old-time flavor and rusty humor; and there were others of no class or any class, simple reminders that the fourteenth of February had come. But the most startling, at least to the receiver, was a tailor's bill. It was opened in public, so we are not betraying confidence, and the face of the dunned one was a sight. He doesn't like to have it mentioned; it was marked "overdue" in glaring scarlet.

—The Thursday afternoon lectures by the Professors form an interesting feature of the second term of '95-'96. The recognized ability of the speakers added to the popular form of their discourses command the attention of the audience and leave them pleased and instructed. Next Thursday afternoon Col. William Hoynes, Dean of the Law School, will lecture in Washington Hall on "The Decisive Battles of the War of the Rebellion." There are few more competent than the learned head of our department of Law to speak on questions dealing with the Civil War. Those who will have the good fortune to be present may look for an intellectual treat.

—The artistic gentleman from Fort Wayne came into his *atelier* one morning last week complaining of a queer lump between his shoulders. As long as the lump remained stationary he did not pay any attention to it, but when it began to make excursions up and down his spinal-column he got nervous. Hastily pulling off his coat he cut the lining, and after a few vigorous shakes a live mouse dropped to the floor. Armed with anything from a thumb-tack to a plaster cast, the artists fell upon the brute, and in a few minutes all was over. Unless the young ladies of Fort Wayne are exceptionally brave we should advise Mr. Fox not to mention his fondness for mice next vacation, or they will let him severely alone.

—The Class of '97 has honored itself in a rather unique way. Just after the bells in the different halls had called to morning prayers on Thursday, it was discovered—by those who knew nothing about the plan—that the flag-staff was adorned by a small white flag at half-mast. You could easily make out the figures '97 on the fluttering canvas. But people won-

dered why it had been placed at half-mast. This was explained, however, as follows: For some time it has appeared to the Class of '97 that her friend of '96 had been in very low health, not to speak of spirits. Wednesday night poor '96 gave up the ghost, and '97, ever foremost in expressing sympathy, ran up her flag on the new staff. The following morning it was taken down in the midst of mourning and wailing.

—The Carnival (not) given by the Crescent Club on Wednesday evening was the event of the season. The lines of carriages glistening in the rain, the noisy coachmen and the crowds of curious countrymen, who had come to get a glimpse of the costumes, gave our usually quiet University grounds a decidedly metropolitan air. The interior of Washington Hall was a confused mass of smiling faces, fluttering pennants, playing fountains, waving plants and gay costumes. We should like to give a detailed account of all the costumes, but our limited space will allow only a brief description of a few of the most notable ones. Mr. J. Bostang Browne looked perfectly fascinating in white. His general appearance would lead one to suppose that he had donned a silk hat and departed for the carnival. Mr. Jonathan Grubb Corby was attired in an old costume made of Michigan gunny sack, trimmed with wall-paper. Mr. Jojo Van Bibber Corby wore a pleasant smile and a diamond stud made from the bottom of a glass tumbler set in sheet-iron. Mr. T. Wellington Wallace looked as if he had been turned loose in an attic and allowed to dress in the dark. B. Peiperheidsik Monahan, Bart., wore an emery-paper waistcoat, pink tights, rubber boots and a look of gladness. He also wore a large irregular nugget of navy tobacco in his hair. Mr. E. King-Kelley wore his hyphen. The costumes of Mr. Alexander Heliogabalus Carney, Mr. Barney Babbington Weaver, Mr. Rollo Van Morehouse, Mr. Union Forever Wheeler, Mr. J. Cæsar Piquette, and Mr. F. Lafayette Wagner were also elaborate, but we shall have to pass them over.

SOCIETY NOTES.

THE COLUMBIAN SOCIETY—The programme of Thursday evening was opened with sweet strains of music by Messrs. Forbing and Harrison. J. M. Byrnes read a selection from ancient British customs, and Walter Geoghegan read a humorous sketch of American political trickery. The affirmative contestants in the appointed debate were unable to discuss on account of "lines," illness, and unavoidable absence. At the next meeting, the two debates will take place:—"In great national struggles should one be neutral," and "Is Lynch Law ever justifiable?"

ST. CECILIANS.—The St. Cecilians held their regular meeting in the Columbian room last Wednesday evening. The programme of the evening consisted of a debate, "Is it better to be a declaimer than a debater?" Messrs. Schoen-

bein and Mr. Shields upheld the affirmative, and were opposed by Messrs. Burns and Fennessey. The debate was well prepared and contested. After the judges had retired, there was a general discussion of the question. The decision rendered was in favor of the negative. The programme of the next meeting will deal entirely with Washington.

THE ST. JOSEPH LITERARY SOCIETY held a meeting on Wednesday evening. After the names of Messrs. Sauter, Singler, Oberly, and McIntyre had been proposed for membership, a programme of unusual interest was carried out. Mr. Bennett, in his own original and peculiar manner, delivered "Shamus O'Brien." A song, "The Old Homestead," by Mr. Bouwens elicited tumultuous applause. Mr. Burke, in a pleasing essay, pictured the death of Ireland's great liberator. "Table Talk" then occupied the members for a few minutes, and the subject the "Natural Beauties of America," was well discussed. "A Winter's Night," by Mr. Corr, was an essay of keen interest to the society. Mr. Dreher closed the programme of the evening by giving many practical points on public speaking in a paper entitled "The Coming Orator."

THE TEMPERANCE SOCIETY held its 3d regular meeting on Sunday evening, February 2d. After the preliminary business and the election of Mr. Corr as Secretary, a highly interesting and instructive programme was carried out. Mr. C. Bryan told, in a quiet and humorous manner, of the relation of the Southern negro to the temperance question. His picturesque description of the South and its darker inhabitants was well worth hearing. He believes that the negro and the Indian owe their present condition to the use of alcohol. The Rev. Director, Father Burns, made a few remarks urging the society on to greater efforts in the noble work of temperance. The ringing applause that followed his short address showed how well the spirit of the society is in accord with that of its zealous Director. Mr. James Bennett spoke of the advisability of organizing temperance societies at home, especially in the smaller towns where the saloon is, as he put it—church, newspaper and post-office. His allusions to the "girls in the front pew" were well received. The Rev. Promoter, Father Cooney, then addressed the society. In aptly suggestive language, he described the later and bitter effects of youthful intemperance. He left the beaten path, and drew his audience away from the saloon and all that, and entertained them with a short sketch of the life of Napoleon's marshall. He showed the wonderful intellectuality of the man who had kept his pledge, and who uttered those famous words—"The guard dies, but never surrenders." Father Cooney is a delightful story-teller. From the interest shown in the recent meetings, much good work may be expected in the near future from Notre Dame's Total Abstinence Society.

Roll of Honor.

SORIN HALL.

Messrs. Barry, Burns, Bryan, Costello, Eyanson, A. Gaukler, Lantry, J. Murphy, E. Murphy, McGrvder McManus, McNamara, McKee, McDonough, Pulskamp Reilly, Rosenthal, Sullivan, Stace, Sanders.*

BROWNSON HALL.

Messrs. Arce, Anders, Anderson, Armijo, Atherton, Byrne, Barber, Barry, Ball, J. H. Browne, R. Browne, Brinker, Blackman, Berthelet, Brucker, M. Campbell, E. Campbell, Crilly, John Corby, Clendenin, Davila, B. Daly, M. Daly, Delaney, Dukette,* Eyanson, Finnerty, Forbing, Foulks, Follen, Fitzpatrick, Fox, Fitzgerald, Filistrault, Farley, Goeke, Gibson, Gilmartin, Geoghegan, Golden, Galen, Gilmore, Gebhart Hay, F. Hesse, Hoban, A. Hanhauser G. Hanhauser, Harrison, Haley, Heirholzer, Hennebry,* Howell, Hindel, Hengen, J. Hesse, Henry, Johnson, Kegler, J. Kelley, E. Kelly, F. Kaul, I. Kaul, King, Kirwin, Kidder, Kearney, Landa, Minge, Medley, Moran, Miller, R. Monahan, B. Monahan Meyers, McGinnis, McCarty, McCarrick, McFee, McKenzie, McDonald, McCormack, Neeley, Nieger, Naughton, R. O'Malley, F. O'Malley, W. O'Brien, T. O'Brien, J. O'Brien, Pietrzykowski, R. Putnam, J. Putnam, Pulskamp, Phelps, Pim, Paras, Quinn, T. Ryan, J. Ryan, Rauch, San Roman, Sammon, Smith, Schemerhorn, Strauss, Speake, Steiner, Sanders S. Spalding, R. Spalding, Sheehan, Scott, Schultz, Stuhlfauth, Smoger, Taylor, Tuttle, Thiele, Thacker, Wurzer, Walsh, Wheeler, Wilson, Ward, Wagner, Wade.

CARROLL HALL.

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

ST. EDWARD'S HALL.

Masters Atkinson, Abrahams, Allyn, C. Bode, F. Bode, Breslin, Bullene, Bullen, F. Brissenden, R. Brissenden, Bergeron Blanchfield, Cottin, Campbell, Cotter, Catchpole, Coquillard, Cressey, Casparis, J. Caruthers, F. Caruthers, G. Davis, B. Davis, Davidson, Dugas, Dowling, Ehrlich, Elliott, Ernst, Ells, Fetter, Finnerty, A. Flynn, M. Flynn Freeman, Fielding, M. Garrity, L. Garrity, Goff, H. Giffin, K. Giffin, Hart, Hubbard, Hammer, Hall, B. Hess, F. Hess, R. Hess, Kasper, C. Kelly, L. Kelly, Kopf, Morehouse, Maher, Moxley, P. Manion, E. Manion, Marshall, McMaster, McIntyre, L. McBride, P. McBride, J. McBride, H. Pollitz, Plunkett, Phillips, Polk, Pyle, Paul, Patee, Quinlan, G. Quertimont, E. Quertimont, L. Rasche, D. Rasche, Swan, Spillard, Sexton, Sontag, Terhune, R. Van Sant, L. Van Sant, F. Van Dyke, J. Van Dyke, G. Weidman, F. Weidman, Weidner, Waite, Welsh, Weild, Weber.

* Omitted by mistake.