

# THE NOTRE-DAME SCHOLASTIC

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## Enoch Floyd Writes a Letter.

I HAVEN'T writ to you since fall, I aint been feeling well;

As soon as spring sets in, I get a sort of feeble spell;  
Sometimes I think the Lord's forgot to send for me to go,  
And yet I'm kind o' thankful when the early roses blow.  
And when I get your loving words I'm glad that I'm forgot,  
If somebody remembers me I'd sooner live than not;  
And so I take my pen in hand to tell you I have been  
Once more down to Chicago to see my city kin.

I'm back alive, what's left of me, and here I mean to stay,  
Though Joel's wife was kind to me, in her new-fangled way.  
And when my birthday came around she said: "Now,  
father dear,

Pray open any package that a man delivers here."  
And then she went away down town to hear a great gal tell  
Why women ought to have their rights, and soon I heard  
a bell.

It was a man from Marshall Field's, he'd brought a suit  
of clothes,  
My birthday gift! "Oh, my," sez I, "how much that  
woman knows!"

I put 'em on; to tell the truth they didn't fit at all,  
In places they was awful loose, in others pretty small;  
The trousers they was breeches, just like them my grand-  
sire hed,  
When he followed General Warren till he lay among the  
dead.

But I thought it some new fashion, so I set and waited there,  
A-feeling some uncomfortable in a colonial chair,  
Till Joel's wife appeared, and then to my old feet I rose,  
"Why, pa," she screamed, "how queer you look in my  
bicycle clothes!"

There's times, my friend, in folkses' lives when they can't  
say a thing.

I'm back here now at Susan's where the golden robins sing,  
And Susan wears a gingham gown and aint too proud to  
walk,

And don't go off to meetings where the women rise and  
talk.

But yet I feel as if she hears the words the angels say  
And keeps the Ten Commandments in the good old-  
fashioned way;

And when the dear Lord recollects and sends for me to go,  
I want to go from Susan's, where the early roses blow.

F. S. L.

## The Man who Made His Kingdom.

WILLIAM P. BURNS, '96.



WHEN the mad career of Charles the Rash was cut short in the battle of Nancy, the last serious obstacle in the way of the nationalizing of France was removed. Charles was the sole remnant of that band of French lords who had held out against the centralization of power in their own country. They resented the authority of the king whenever it failed to move in parallel lines to their own. In their hands he was a puppet, a mere figure-head. He wore a crown, it is true, with all the other insignia of royalty; but his jurisdiction embraced only a few acres around Paris. In a clash of interests between himself and his nobles he was always expected to yield. If he complied, well and good; if not, confinement in a castle was usually an effective mode of persuasion. Only when the great lords were warring against one another, did he drink in a breath of royal air. In short, the king of France in the Middle Ages and for a few centuries later was used by his subjects in about the same manner as Pope Pius VII. was treated by Napoleon Bonaparte.

During the fifteenth century France was torn by changes and counterchanges. Success fluctuated from the English to the French; but all the while France was becoming enervated, her resources drained, and her territory depopulated. Every engagement left her weaker and less confident. Suddenly, however, in a single campaign she won back all her old possessions, and when quiet was finally restored, the king's authority was found to be somewhat more

stable and the power of the nobles just as much weaker.

There is nothing surprising in this. It was a natural consequence of the "Hundred Years' War." In that long contest against the predatory English, there was but one rallying point for the French forces, and that was the capital itself. Great nobles, knights and petty lords, all clustered about their royal chief. And the success of the kingdom fluctuated whenever he won or lost a battle. Thus it came about that all eyes were turned to the king, while the number of his personal adherents increased enormously. Charles VII., who figured so conspicuously towards the close of the "Hundred Years' War," commanded the respect of all his contemporaries, and his personal valor and integrity secured for him the steadfast allegiance of his great lords. He saved his country from annihilation and took the first steps towards its consolidation. And just at this critical juncture, while the kingdom was wavering between feudalism and nationality, there appeared upon the scene a strange character, the most inconsistent and singular that ever made French history. This was Louis XI., a man in every way qualified to overcome the dangers which had encompassed the throne of his father.

At the time of his coronation, Louis was thirty eight years of age, so that he was already well versed in the art of governing. From his boyhood he had made a study of politics. He had dabbled in intrigues till his father, for the safety of his throne, was forced to banish him. Louis sought the protection of the house of Burgundy, where his scheming went on as merrily as ever. And yet little did that noble house imagine that it was hatching its own destruction. Here it was that he perfected himself in those arts for which historians have so much reviled him, and to which, at the same time, France owes its preservation as a nation.

Louis' first act as king was to turn his back on all his father's friends. Possibly he regarded them as the chief instigators of his banishment, and had long waited for an opportunity of revenge; for if anyone knew how to bide his time it was Louis XI. Although he was a high-strung, sensitive man he exercised a wonderful control over his passions, never striking a blow in the first heat of anger. If he received an injury he reserved it for future exigencies, so that whenever he thought it opportune to crush an enemy he had a stock of indictments ready to his hand. He suspected everyone, even his own

children; for he well remembered his own disloyalty to his father, and he had seen enough of court life to convince him that the tender emotions counted for naught when riches and power were at stake.

Louis held that the end always justifies the means. That was his maxim. It meant more to him than to most men. It suited his nature to perfection, and he never for a moment relinquished his faith in it. Besides, he found it to result successfully where valour and frankness had too often failed. This spirit, however, caused him to be feared and hated, seldom, if ever, loved. To the people he promised all sorts of impossible reforms, and his word of honor was violated as lightly as the promise of a coquette. No artifice was too debasing for him once his mind was made up, and yet to these same low intrigues does France owe her nationality.

Louis XI. deserves, no doubt, much of the censure that has been passed upon him. He was avaricious, suspicious, revengeful and corrupt in morals; but if he teemed with bad qualities he was not altogether destitute of good ones. The precarious position which he inherited is too seldom appreciated by his critics. They begin the study of his character with biassed minds. They lose sight of the great projects he had in view. Many are oblivious to the fact that a great cancer was gnawing the very heart of France; that it had extended its roots to every little principality in the kingdom, and finally that Louis XI. was the man who perceived the danger, and applied a remedy that was most effective, for all its disagreeableness.

It was not for his own misshapen self that Louis schemed, violated oaths and hanged traitors. He might have remained an impassive spectator of the events that were going on about him, and the security of his person would have been assured. But inaction was not agreeable to his nature. He had a noble end in view, and his greatness manifested itself never so much as before an impending defeat. It was for France that he labored—the old France of Charlemagne and the France of to-day. To accomplish the object of his endeavors he had to deal with men who would sell his life for the meanest principality in the kingdom; men who were ever on the alert, waiting for an opportunity to stab him from behind, and the most dangerous part of it all was that most of these enemies were in his own camp. Every successful move he made on the political chess-board increased the danger to his person.

As an evidence of what Louis XI. had to contend with at his succession to the throne, one impressive event is quoted by Guizot. It took place at the funeral banquet held at St. Denis in honor of the obsequies of King Charles VII.; "Gentlemen," said Dunois, an old and tried warrior, on rising from the table, "we have lost our master; let each look after himself." More significance is contained in these few words than appears at first sight. It meant that Louis' powers would be severely tested from the outset of his reign. The terse advice of Dunois found willing auditors, for it was already the sentiment of the majority of lords present. Each wished to be supreme in his own territory. None of them manifested the slightest degree of patriotism. It was a great game, and France was the stake; yet these are the very characters Louis XI. met on their own ground, defeating them with their own weapons, for which he has received much unjust abuse and calumny.

Nothing satisfied Louis more than the opportunity of outwitting an enemy. He was an adept in politics; it was his life-study, and his cunning soon proved him a close student. His enemies quickly realized that they were dealing with a master of their own art. Before their schemes could materialize, Louis had been crowned king of France, and he at once proceeded to undermine their plots. Right and left they played into his hands like millers about a light, and in a comparatively short time the league of opposition was demoralized, leaving Charles the Rash to stand alone against the concentration of power in the throne.

Thus it was that France developed into a nation. Like all lasting changes it required a long time for its accomplishment. To this end all the arts and contrivances known to the human mind were brought into play. And for the author of this great work, if the end for which he made so many sacrifices does not justify the means he employed, at least it offers some palliation.

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NATIONS which preserve, as it were, a perpetual youth, should be studied from their origin—*Thébaud*.

HAPPY is the nation to whom, in its hour of need, bountiful Heaven provides a leader so brave and wise, so fitted to guide and rule, as was in the early crisis of the American Republic its foremost man—George Washington.—*Richard O'Gorman*.

### "Cycling for Fun."

ARTHUR W. STACE, '96.

Now cometh ye fine weather, and ye good roads for ye wheelmen. Therefore, doth ye wheelman don his biking costume and gaily set out for a spin. And ye heart of ye wheelless man is filled with envy, and straightway he hies himself to ye nearest sporting-goods house and invests his hard-earned dollars in a wheel. Then, indeed, doth he betake himself to ye riding-school and—"the rest is silence." But all you would-be cyclists read this tale of woe, reflect, ponder on it, and be guided accordingly.

'Twas a year ago that I experienced a violent attack of the bicycle fever. My brother's wheel was a temptation to me, and at last I yielded, "and thereby hangs a tale." I chose a lawn as my practice ground, and I was wise in so doing. I didn't fall off *very* hard, but tumbles were frequent. In an hour I could mount and ride the length of the lawn. Then I thought I knew all about bicycle-riding and felt able to go on a century run. In my ignorant bliss I smiled disdainfully upon the efforts of a passing cyclist to keep in the middle of the road. I couldn't see how people could be so awkward. Anybody ought to be able to ride a wheel. It was even easier than walking.

Thus in my vain pride did I commune with myself, and, in my arrogance, I ventured out on the street. I got on the bike all right, and then the trouble began. That bike was as tame as a chicken as long as it was on the lawn, but the instant it got on the street it began to act in a most disgraceful manner. From one side of the street to the other it wobbled, and it absolutely refused to take the path I fancied. Finally, it did decide to go the right direction, and I pedalled along half a block with but little difficulty. I began to think I had conquered it, but a carriage came along, and the pesky wheel turned square towards it and tried to run it down. The horse reared up in fright; the driver swore, and I fell off the wheel just in time to escape a collision with another carriage. That ended that day's lesson, and it was two or three days before I again attempted to ride in the street.

I had better success the next time. I didn't wobble very much and I had the wheel under pretty good control—at least I thought I had. This time I went a block before meeting with

any adventure. A nurse-girl pushing a baby carriage arrived at the nearest cross-walk at the same time that I did. I had plenty of room to avoid her and her charge, and I tried to steer the bike towards the left, but that infernal machine with diabolic intent and malice aforethought took the bit between its teeth and made for that baby carriage. There was a scream, a crash, and the next thing I knew I was lying on my back with a very surprised looking baby sitting on my neck, and regarding me with great, big, reproachful blue eyes. Before I fully realized what had happened the frightened nurse-girl had snatched the baby up and left me free to rise.

As I rose to my feet a pretty young woman rushed up and seized the baby; after finding that it was unharmed she turned on me. Shall I ever forget the string of feminine epithets she hurled at me. She said I was a cruel, mean, nasty, unmanly brute and a thousand other horrible things. I tried to explain, but I couldn't get a word in edgewise. A policeman rushed up and was just going to arrest me when my brother arrived on the scene, and, thanks to his pull, I was released. It cost me six dollars and seventy three cents to get that bike and the baby carriage repaired, and besides that my coat had been ruined by the breaking of the baby's milk bottle over it. The mother of that baby to this day never meets me without turning up her nose and calling me a horrid wretch.

My next accident befell me about a week later. I made such rapid progress in the art of riding that I felt fully competent to make a century run. I started to make it, but fate still pursued me. I had got about five miles from home when I came to a long down grade. I felt proud of my accomplishments as a rider, and I tried to take a coast. I went finely for a minute or two; then the wheel began to wobble. I tried to get my feet back on the pedals, but the bike was going too fast. The confounded machine got away from me and insisted on going where it pleased. In this case it pleased to run into a tree, and that was the end of my century run. The wheel was said to weigh but twenty pounds, but it felt as though it weighed fifty before I got half way home. The bill this time was only nine dollars, and I was told that I was lucky in getting off so cheaply. That's irony for you.

But this was not my most unfortunate, or rather, fortunate accident. This is the way it happened. It was about four weeks after the baby carriage episode, when, one lovely evening,

I was gaily pedalling along never thinking of trouble. Suddenly I saw a couple of my young lady friends, approaching in the distance. Hitherto I had always avoided meeting any of the girls, as I was a little bit fearful that I couldn't raise my hat and retain my balance at the same time. But one of the young ladies was very pretty, and I admired her very much—how much I dare not tell—so I resolved to venture a bow. When I passed them I jauntily lifted my hand to raise my hat, and: "Oh, what a fall was that, my countrymen!" I don't know yet how it happened; but I know that I landed in a heap and that one foot was badly wrenched, and—will you believe it?—that girl actually laughed at me. That was the unkindest cut of all, but she stopped laughing very quickly when she found that I had sprained my ankle. I was laid up for three weeks, but she came to see me every day; and I'd willingly endure three or four sprained ankles if she would only keep up her visits.

But such accidents are all things of the past, and have become but memories. I still have accidents—who has not?—but they do not result from inexperience. The pains of my novitiate were not suffered in vain. Now as I stand at my window, on these pleasant May evenings, my dearest delight is to watch the antics of one of my friends who is learning to ride a wheel. It is an exquisite delight to watch him take headers and scrape his shins. I laugh when he falls off, and the harder he falls, the harder I laugh. I know it is cruel and heartless; but he, the wretch, laughed at others, and now he must take his own medicine. There is another friend of mine who has reached the advanced state, when the beginner feels himself impelled to go on a century run. It thrills me with the keenest joy to meet him coming home, tired and footsore, and bearing his wheel on his back. With a glow of exultation I ask him if he has had an accident; I inquire into all the particulars; I tell him he must get used to such things, and that it won't cost him more than twenty dollars to get the wheel repaired. I am not a misanthropist—far from it—I am only human, and human nature is such that it makes a man desire to see others suffer what he himself has undergone. My friends will soon become experts; then they will take their turn at laughing at others and "so runs the world away."

MAN'S noble life—a fragment, yet how fair!  
—Aubrey de Vere.

Varsity Verse.

A LIFE-AND-DEATH LESSON.

(With abject apologies to Mr. Riley and "the Graduates.")

HERE! little lad, don't weep!  
It has broken to crumbs, I know;  
And the vision bright,  
And the icing white  
Are things of the long ago;  
But you can't eat the cake you would keep—  
There! little lad, don't weep!

There! little lad, don't weep!  
It has broken your rest, I know;  
But the *rainbow* gleams  
Of your last night's dreams  
Are things of the long ago;  
And you've nights by the score for sleep—  
There! little lad, don't weep!

There! little lad, don't weep!  
It has broken your heart, I know,  
To think that the maid  
Whose art is displayed  
May be promised, alas! long ago;  
But lasses are many and cook-books cheap—  
There! little lad, don't weep!

X. C. V.

A VISION OF JOY.

Of angels I dreamed and celestial maids,  
Of Paradise joys and heavenly bliss,  
Of beauty and virtue that time never fades,  
Of a land where one's ventures ne'er go amiss.

I thought not of classes, my woes I forgot—  
Assignments of work and tasks to be done—  
For such a delight had come to my lot  
I thought that this dreary life-race had been won.

'Twas the work of fair angels, the graduates' cake,  
That brought to my heart a thrill of delight,  
And dreams of such peace I wished ne'er to awake,  
But always to dream of that spectacle bright.

Beauty, and wisdom, and grace of heart  
Are three precious gifts that *they* possess;  
But these fair gifts form only a part  
Of all their virtues, as ye Ed's confess.

A. W. S.

AN APOSTROPHE.

O thou dreamy, creamy mass of white,  
Thou most fair,  
Hid in folds of gold and blue!  
Surely the deftest fingers must have made,  
Surely the fairest eyes must have arrayed  
With artist's sight.  
All in the spotless robe bedight,  
Thy sweet self carries more than e'en thou art,  
For friendship frowns o'er taste.  
Yet both combined make pleasant any feast,  
And yet, I fear, thou bringst idleness  
With all thy loveliness;  
For who would write who does of thee partake?  
Thou of the Grads, thou tempting, fairy cake.

E. J. M.

Three Essayists.

FRANCIS E. EVANSON, '06.

Had not William Hazlitt, years ago, given his opinion on the periodical essay, there might still remain much to say regarding the older champions of this sort of prose. He was a scholar, and as a result of his deep learning and broad experience his works possess a value which is destined to be lasting. The only plea one could give now for assuming to extend his lines on the subject is that later arrivals demand considerations similar to those which he was accustomed to give.

What was meant by the periodical essays in Hazlitt's day, the ones which he frequently refers to, those of the *Spectator* or the *Tatler*, would scarcely convey the same meaning at the present time. In this age of magazines and newspapers it is necessary, in speaking of the periodical essay, to make some distinction, to separate that which may rightly be called the formal essay from the personal essay. To go over the different forms, even to attempt a classification of the different phases of the essay would be a long and tedious task. Let it suffice to put aside the reviews and treatises, and even the more serious type, such, for instance, as the essays of Bacon, Lowell, and Emerson, and take up the truly distinctive representatives of the purely personal essay. No one has better expressed what this particular form of composition should be than has William Hazlitt. Well can he say: "It does not try to prove all black or all white as it wishes, but lays on the intermediate colours (and most of them not unpleasing ones) as it finds them blended with 'the web of our life, which is of a mingled yarn, good and ill together.'"

Who has adhered more closely than Montaigne to the precept, "write as you think?" By doing so, he founded, it may be said, a new form in literature; a form, at least, upon which many since have modeled their productions, and which has had a wonderful influence in preventing others from becoming artificial, or set in modes of expression. Frankness, however, is only one of the many qualities which contribute to make Montaigne interesting; were it absent his brevity, together with the great amount of original thought he puts into his works, would gain for him a unique place among writers. In a few lines he puts forth some very good ideas on smells, at the same time giving an importance

to what at first seems trivial. Charles Lamb could do this to a wonderful degree. Like the Frenchman, he seems not to have sought his subjects, nor spent any great length of time in making a plan previous to writing. In fact, neither of these men, both of whom reached the topmost place in this branch of letters, had any desire to pose as teachers of great and wonderful truths, or stand as the exponent of all learning. If Montaigne ever appears egotistical it is because he wished to voice his own sentiments, to give his own sanction to what, perhaps, had no other authority, and to extend to us the satisfaction that he himself believed what he said. Who cares for the opinions of others? Yet who is not continually seeking to know how this or that one would consider such or such a proposition, carry out this or that plan, speak or act on some particular occasion? Montaigne gives his own ideas—such was his intention—and if he desired not to consult others, or act as a mouthpiece, he is egotistical in a sense which is manly and admirable.

To speak frankly on every occasion without causing pain or giving offence requires some tact; yet the most artless in this respect are asked to pass judgment, and not infrequently the judge in such cases receives for his efforts anything but thanks. Best of all, Montaigne, Lamb and even Miss Agnes Repplier, alluding to no one in particular, but to everyone in general, can speak frankly. Charles Lamb makes some very sarcastic remarks on the selfishness of married people, yet no one would take his remarks so much to heart as to feel a hatred for the author; nor on the other hand is anyone liable to pass them without feeling that there is in them much which is to be taken seriously.

Montaigne, Lamb and Miss Agnes Repplier, the three representatives I have chosen, had in writing their essays a higher object in view than the one of pleasing. It is true they do not delve deep into philosophy, or put their arguments into the form of a syllogism, but they do that which is better—they put their philosophy into practice. Montaigne especially, and after him Lamb, has written paragraphs from which the foremost among writers do not hesitate to borrow material. It is not the depth of thought nor the breadth of reasoning in Lamb's essay "On Roast Pig" that makes it attractive. Nor can the cause be wholly assigned to his humor. Is it not, to a great extent, in his method of thought, and in the fact that he "expresses his ideas in the manner that we ourselves would like to speak"?

I have always thought Miss Repplier's essay on "Cats" a bit of art. More precisely it is a sketch of cat life. She describes not the habits of these animals in general, but takes a particular cat, her own Agrippina; points out its characteristics; speculates on its whims, and thus in speaking of the individual, she gives a very good notion of the whole class. It is this close adherence to one theme, and that generally a limited one, which characterizes, indeed seems to be among the greatest charms of, the personal essay. Though Montaigne is accustomed to go off on a tangent, his work is not burdened with the heaviness which results from encyclopedic research; what he writes is original so far as he is concerned. If the personal essay possesses little value as a paper for reference it should be worth much as an example of invention.

No one of the three writers I have mentioned appears to have made any preparation, collected notes or made any particular inquiries before discussing a subject. They seem to have drawn from their general store of knowledge, telling, as Montaigne largely does, incidents connected with the topic on which they write, so that the title preceded by the preposition "of" as in Montaigne, or "on" as preferred by Lamb, is quite appropriate and implies much concerning the nature of the discourse thus designated. What must be the condition of school-boys who are so often asked to attempt the essay? Who cares for the judgment of a school-boy; who stops to consider his philosophy, fresh and wofully doubtful as it is? He experiences a feeling of guilt when he realizes too well that his effort is but a paraphrase of another's lines; he prefers to be original, but his knowledge is limited. One assurance he has, and that is that his personal views, whatever they may be, have some value; that no one has a monopoly of what may be termed good judgment, and that opinions may differ.

In no form of the essay is there a greater tendency to moralize than in the one here under consideration. The essays in the *Spectator* were forward in their explanation of duty, of right and wrong; Charles Lamb became, in places, too authoritative; Miss Repplier has more exactly the quality of insinuating. Nothing is so readily given as advice; nothing more easily done than fault-finding, or more freely shown than the duty of others. The essayist who would attempt to moralize must, if he wish to be effective, cover over his tracks as he goes, wholly concealing his intentions and pur-

poses. Skill is necessary to do this successfully. It is not very pleasant, and certainly not edifying, to listen to the moralist whose own morality is questionable. Montaigne had the right to advise his elders. If his contemporaries are truthful, his life was regular enough; and his mind, as his works reveal, was highly cultivated.

The predominant quality, in my opinion, of the personal essay is simplicity of manner—the quality which Ruskin so admires, and which is so often ignored in art. Miss Agnes Repplier confides in the world. People are not desirous of hearing the petty troubles which others experience; but there is a certain delight in knowing how others bear the pleasures and pains of everyday life. When Miss Repplier deals with the common phases of life she is true to the form of the personal essay. Hazlitt in describing this form has said: "It inquires what life is and has been, to show what it ought to be." Charles Lamb is frank, as though including everybody among his friends. As for Montaigne, the prince of this trio, let me quote the words which he means for his readers: "Had my intention been to seek the world's favor, I should surely have adorned myself with borrowed beauties: I desire, therein to be viewed as I appear in my own genuine, simple, and ordinary manner without study and artifice: for it is myself I paint." They all give their decisions, with the unrestricted permission, however, that anyone who wishes may differ from them.

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"Two Gentlemen of My Court, Sir!"

THE EARL OF KENT.

Lear, who was most unable to bear the burden of misfortune and filial ingratitude, which he brought upon his own back, might well have taken Kent as a counsellor. But, had he done so, he must have taken his advice with a grain of salt, for Kent was impetuous and easily angered when any wrong was done to his beloved master, Lear.

At first, I was disposed to consider him as a man who loved virtue and honor for its own sake. Now—though I still think that he would have done nothing dishonorable even if it were to help the king—I attribute his magnanimous actions more to his love for Lear than to his respect for honor. But he did not follow Lear blindly. He was keen enough to know that the elaborate speeches of Goneril and Regan, professing their love for their father, were

hollow and insincere. He knew that Cordelia meant more than her lips said. When he saw that Lear was taking away his last prop by disinheriting Cordelia, his sound judgment bade him remonstrate. Knowing that he is in the right, he does not give way to his master. "Be Kent unmannerly when Lear is mad. Think'st thou that duty shall have dread to speak when power to flattery bows?"

Such are not the words of a man who would weakly follow a master who is wrong, because he loved him. Kent was strong, quick to see and ready to follow the honorable way. He was not a favorite with Albany, Edmund or Cornwall, and had no liking for them. He saw their insincerity and depravity, and was not one to gather such friends. That is why this speech carries with it something of scorn:

"Thus Kent, O princes, bids you all adieu;  
He'll shape his old course in a country new."

He was shrewd enough to see that Goneril and Regan would turn against their father; he knew that the old man would be much in need of friends after a short time. Then his love takes hold of him, and he resolves to follow Lear in disguise. This was the most admirable part of his nature. As soon as Burgundy saw there was to be no dower in his marriage with Cordelia he drew back. Edmund was looking to his own advantage. The good-hearted Kent, after Lear banished him, still followed the king, when he foresaw the result of the division of the kingdom.

He had none of the weakness of Hamlet—rather the impetuosity of Fortinbras. He was sure of being right before he acted, and then he pushed forward with all his strength. Even this is impressed upon the insane Lear, when Kent fights with Oswald to keep back the letters from Goneril. In the last act the king says:

"He's a good fellow, I can tell you that;  
He'll strike, and quickly too."

Kent was the only one to protest against the division of the kingdom; he fought with Oswald without hesitation; he was the only one to assist Lear in his misfortune. These show that he did not hesitate at doing anything when it had to be done quickly. This, coupled with his intense love, his honor and virtue, makes him one of the most admirable characters Shakspeare has created.

E. J. MURPHY, '97.

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THE EARL OF GLOUCESTER.

The story of the Earl of Gloucester in "Lear" is a powerful example of Shakspeare's strength in describing scenes of horror, and in bringing

into play the receptive imagination of the reader. The treachery of Edmund was the first cloud to lift its head above the horizon and mar the clear blue of the noon-day sky. As the day wore on the banishment of Cordelia and the exile of Kent cast shadows of doubt and fear across the old man's path. With the accursed and unnatural deeds of Goneril and Regan upsprang the storm cloud that burst in wild fury when the second of these inhuman daughters tortured the captured Earl, and left him with eyeless, bleeding sockets, a victim to their revenge and a mark to "the great opposeless will of the gods."

In the life history of Gloucester there are two scenes the memory of which long lingers in our mind. The first is when the Earl, a prisoner in his castle, has his eyes torn from their sockets and trampled beneath the feet of Cornwall. The heartless Regan herself stands by unmoved, nay, even adds the taunt,—“go thrust him out at gates, and let him smell his way to Dover.” This picture, as drawn by Shakspeare, is truly terrible. Speaking of this scene, Coleridge seems to think that it goes beyond the mark of the dramatic. Dowden makes a comparison of the savagery of this act with the general inhumanity of the sisters and the agony of Lear. He says: “When we have climbed the steep ascent of Gloucester's mount of passion we see still above us another *via dolorosa* leading to that 'wall of eagle-baffling mountain, black, wintry, dead, unmeasured,' to which Lear is chained; thus the one story of horror serves as a means of approach to the other and helps us to conceive its magnitude.”

This indeed is aptly said and is a most natural reasoning, since we are fond of contrasting two evils that we may the better learn the weakness of the one or the strength of the other. That the age was one in which barbarity was as repugnant to the human heart as it in our century is shown by Heraud. He points out the fact that several servants were roused to indignation, while others compassionated the stricken Earl. Hence the disgust of nature quickly gives way to pity due to this very presence of sympathy. The horror now becomes terror. Coleridge says he is reluctant to think Shakspeare wrong. That such a dramatist and close student of human nature as Shakspeare has shown himself to be, would be guilty of so broad an error, I think it improbable. The poet was too much of an artist to draw false lines.

The poetic and artistic soul alone can see and admire the thousand beauties of the spring

landscape; only the true musician can understand Wagner; the astronomer in his night-watch best feels and realizes the awful silence of space, the sublimity of the whirling spheres, and the majesty of creation. So, likewise, he alone whose soul is attuned in harmony with the chords of Nature, even as the poet's must have been, is able to understand the feelings of a human heart, the passions that make a character, the resultant actions, their unity, truth and fitness. Can we say to the genius of a Shakspeare? “This we declare to be the limit of the dramatic; thus far you may go; beyond that you are wrong!” I think not. It were better for us that we praise the merit rather than criticise a seeming fault.

The second scene to which I refer as being rich in imaginative power and horror of description is that of Gloucester's attempt at suicide.

“When shall I come to th' top of that same hill?” This line is the beginning of a pen-picture so real and full of terror that no comparison can be had from the whole range of literature. Edgar's speech, as he and his father stand on the edge of an imagined precipice, is strong and full of color. Each word seems like a master-stroke of a brush. Action, composition, and light with shadow, all are there, and with the last sentence the picture stands complete, suggestive and startling:

.... “I'll look no more;  
Lest my brain turn, and the deficient sight  
Topple down headlong.”

One sentence spoken by Edgar, as they pause on the headland gives us an idea of the poet's powerful imagination:

“You're now within a foot  
Of th' extreme verge; for all beneath the moon  
Would, I not leap upright.”

This touch is characteristic of Shakspeare. The sheer height of the cliff seems to stand out vividly before us. Each word exercising its full force gives solid strength to the whole.

These two scenes, remarkable in conception, and perfect in expression, are examples also of the sharp observance of the poet in his study of man and nature. And yet what are they when compared to the agony of Lear or the life story of Goneril and Regan? The former is the broad electric glow along the horizon at eventide; the latter is the sharp stroke of lightning in the noonday storm. The first suggestive of what might be, the other terrible in its reality and presence.

THOMAS B. REILLY, '97.



## Books and Magazines.

—*The Cosmopolitan* for the present month contains much that is instructive between its dainty covers. Although the short story has ceased for some time to be a feature of this magazine, there are, nevertheless, two serials, which are both interesting and artistic. Frank Stockton's "Mrs. Cliff's Yacht" is full of comic situations. It is a funny story told so seriously that the scenes described are doubly charming. Beatrice Harraden's "Hilda Strafford" moves apace, with not a little padding. The few chapters in the present number sound rather ominous for the heroine. To students in general, Prof. Anderson's paper on "Physical Training at the Universities" should be very interesting. The article is profusely illustrated and the devices for strengthening and developing the various parts of the body are fully described. The story of the Phoenix Park murders—the murder of Lord Frederick Cavendish and of Mr. Burke, the Chief-Secretary and Under-Secretary to the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland (1882)—is told in all its gruesome details.

—*The Musical Record* for May gives no indication whatever that the enervating influence of burning breezes and ambitious thermometers has invaded its editor's sanctum. On the contrary, its pages appear brighter and more attractive in contrast to the insufferable dullness of other papers of its class for the current month. As usual there are printed a number of carefully executed papers of peculiar interest to the ambitious student of music. These articles are generally from the pens of those well qualified to speak with authority upon their subjects. The leading article is an earnest and deeply appreciative impression of Wagner's genius, by Atherton Allen, who, without being an ultra-enthusiast of the class which admits of no excellence which is not Wagner, recognizes that he is the greatest creative artist of his time. The master was evidently a precocious infant, for we learn that at the age of eleven years "he was far advanced in Latin and Greek, had mastered English and read Shakspeare with appreciation." Other articles of interest, worthy of mention, are "A Plea For Quintette Choirs," and "Music in the Public Schools."

The *Record's* printed music this month is a surprise, for it is unusual to find anything better than flimsy mediocrity in such departments. "Love Once Met a Little Maiden" is a really charming little song for a soprano, from an oper-

etta called "Diamond Cut Diamond." The words and music are beautifully suited to each other, the former somewhat in the manner of Austin Dobson. The effect is dainty and touching in a high degree. "Mother's Delight," for the piano, is, as the continuation of its title indicates, a *danse elegante*. "Our Heroes" is a patriotic song and, like most of its class, is inordinately poor and trifling. But all good things have an end and we cannot expect too much.

—The Venezuelan question is not dead yet, thinks Mr. John C. Ropes; and in *The Bachelor of Arts* for May, he makes a thirty-page plea for "freedom of opinion." Thirty pages of a political tract, when the mercury has taken unto itself wings, is rather a stiff dose, but those who have the courage to begin Mr. Ropes' article will assuredly finish it. It is really an arraignment of President Cleveland's policy, and if *The Bachelor* had a circulation such as the *Forum's* its author would be a well-known man for a fortnight. Mr. Henry G. Chapman, who doesn't at all approve of Eliot Norton's view of the American character, as put into print lately in the *Forum*, asserts that the majority of Uncle Sam's nephews and nieces are not boors and dunces; and, on the whole, proves his point. E. S. Martin, who is one of our humorists, makes gentle fun of the Ainsworth law, and writes two entertaining chapters of a projected text-book on "Whisky."

Apart from these three essays, *The Bachelor* goes in for biographical criticism. Marion Miller's "Heinrich Heine" is not an epoch-making study of the man who is unfortunate in his monuments, but it is interesting and well written. Mr. Gordon Hale has a touch less firm, it is true; but Father Tabb is a better subject and perhaps a better poet than the German genius. Mr. Hale does not make the most of his material, but he has such a wealth of it that you are almost satisfied with his treatment of the poet-priest of St. Charles' College. "Montaigne, the Satirist," is the theme Mr. H. H. Chamberlain chooses, and his paper on the father of essayists is well worth reading. Hjalmar Hjorth Boyeson finds an appreciative admirer in Daniel K. Dodge who writes of him as a teacher. The "Editorial Notes" are as good as usual. *The Bachelor* has made for himself a new set of pigeon holes and has labeled them *Science, Politics, Athletics, Art, Theological* and *College Notes*. In each you may find something wise or witty or novel, and the discriminating reader will soon get into the way of cutting these pages of the magazine first.

# NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.

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## First Communion at Notre Dame.

—The Feast of the Ascension has always been celebrated in a very impressive manner at Notre Dame, and last Thursday was no exception to the rule.

The morning's ceremonies began with the formation of the procession in the college parlor. The Minim department led the march, followed by the Carrolls and the members of the other different Halls of the University. Then came those who for the first time were to receive the Body and Blood of their crucified Lord, and the priests of the Order and celebrants of the Mass walked after them. The procession swung out of the college, around by the statue of the Sacred Heart and into the church. The University Band, always at its best on an occasion of this kind, played the march for the procession.

After all had taken their places the Mass was begun. Very Rev. President Morrissey sang the Mass, Rev. Fathers French and Regan being deacon and subdeacon respectively. After the first Gospel, Father Hudson addressed the First Communicants. Those who heard his fervent words will long remember them; and the impression made upon the members of the Communion class will never be erased.

After the sermon, the Mass proceeded, and at last the happy moment arrived for those who were to receive within themselves the very Body of their Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. The sanctuary gates swung back, and twenty or more boys, all clad in military suits, slowly advanced to the altar steps. After receiving the Holy Eucharist, with clasped hands and bowed heads, they very reverently returned to their seats, the great joy which was theirs being plainly visible on their happy faces.

During the Mass, the choir sang the "Kyrie," "Gloria" and "Credo" from Batteman's Mass and Concone's "Sanctus" and "Agnus Dei." No greater praise need be given them than to say that they rendered them in their usual happy manner.

At the afternoon services, one of the most impressive scenes of the day was witnessed. Those who had received Communion in the morning renewed the vows which they had given in baptism, and the fervency and ardor which was present in their voices showed that each one had taken a firm resolution to be true to the Lord whom he had so shortly before received. Benediction followed this, and the day's ceremonies were closed by the choir's singing "Holy God, We Praise Thy Name," than which nothing grander has been heard in our college church for years.

Many visitors were present during the entire day, and the church was well filled both in the morning and afternoon. The day's ceremonies could not fail to make a deep impression on all who witnessed them—with those who received their First Communion everyone present renewed his own happy First Communion, and all were better and stronger in their faith in God for having been present.

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A solemn and stately ceremony will take place next Sunday, the 24th, at 264 Oakwood Boulevard, Chicago. The most Reverend Archbishop Feehan will lay the corner-stone of the new church of the Holy Angels, which promises to be one of the finest of the city's churches. The Reverend D. A. Tighe, who is its pastor, is a graduate of the University, a '69 man, and it is only natural that we should take more than an ordinary interest in his work. From the day of his graduation, Father Tighe has been a loyal and zealous friend of Notre Dame, and the SCHOLASTIC is but spokesman of the Faculty and the student body in congratulating him upon his success. Our Reverend President will preach the dedication sermon.

## Silhouettes and Sketches.

## III.—THE LAKE OF ST. JOSEPH.

Past the Infirmary, with its old-fashioned garden, screened from the careless gaze by an unkempt, wayward hedge of lilacs and full of the spring flowers that were dear to our grandmothers—phlox and Sweet William, jonquil spears and crocus shields, the long ovals of the lily-of-the-valley leaves, transplanted wood-violets half-hidden in the shadow of the flaming tulip cups, and the quaint Dutchmen's breeches which sentimental young persons call by a tenderer name—down an avenue of apple-trees already stripped of their evanescent spring-time glory, leads a way that is known to the Boat Club and to all who are wise in the lore of Notre Dame. A fortnight ago you would have walked on a carpet of fallen pink petals, and you would have acknowledged the aptness of a Minim's simile—"Them apple-trees are like great big popcorn balls, circus popcorn, that nobody has money enough to buy," but now the fragrance of the



SAINT JOSEPH'S LAKE.

there, and a flood of poppy-incense pours over the lead-covered roof and eddies about the dull cherry walls. The locust branches droop under a rich burden of creamy flowers, heavy and odorous, but the scent of the tiny grape-blossom is all-pervading, all-conquering. In the foreground—you are standing just where the photographer planted his tripod when he conspired with the sunlight to make the picture which appears on this page—is a clump of the ever-present lilacs, the lifeless mass of green relieved by a patch or two of belated purple clusters. Back of it and away to the left, stretches Saint Joseph's Lake, the home of legions of bull-frogs and the haunt of boating men.

It is never entirely deserted—this opalescent sheet of water, as fickle and changing in its blues

and greens as the most capricious of gems—there are always one or two nondescript followers of the gentle Isaac lounging about on its banks or wading thigh-deep in the shallows on the farther side; but on one day of the year it wakes to feverish life. The boat-races on the morning before Commencement have come to be one of our institutions, and now that the lake has decided,

apparently, to tarry with us until Mr. Langley, or Maxim of the machine-gun gives us a wider field for sport, we may look forward to many regattas. Only one thing would be necessary to give boating a mighty impulse—a race with the crack crew of another college.

Even as it is, the excitement is intense on the morning of the June races. At ten o'clock the college is deserted, and a holiday crowd covers the gently sloping banks. The lake is in the centre of a natural amphitheatre, and it requires no great effort of the imagination to fancy the whole scene a spectacle of the sort affected by the later Roman emperors. The Gold and Blue is everywhere and the bright gowns of the maids and matrons who are "down for Commencement" give color and gaiety to the scene. Soon the bell rings, and there is a flutter of parasols

The road dips almost to the water's edge, and sweeps away to the right in a broad semicircle of silver-gray, round the Lake to Calvary and "The Island." There is a thicket of tangled grape-vines in bloom behind the ice-house

apparently, to tarry with us until Mr. Langley, or Maxim of the machine-gun gives us a wider field for sport, we may look forward to many regattas. Only one thing would be necessary to give boating a mighty impulse—a race with the crack crew of another college.

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and a craning of necks to see the crews as they come forth, brilliant in yellow or crimson or peacock blue. The shells are dropped gently into the water, straps, seats, and row-locks are hastily examined, the men take their places, and the coxswain slowly pushes the boat into the open and scrambles hastily to his seat. A few gentle strokes and the boats swing easily into their positions between the buoys. Clear comes the call of the starter, "Are you ready?" and the answering "Ready, sir," of the men at the rudder ropes. A pistol cracks spitefully and twelve oars are buried deep in the water. For an instant the boats hang motionless, then they spring forward with mighty bounds, and the crew-machines begin that steady forward and backward swing, so pretty for the spectator, so nerve-tearing and heart-compressing for the man who must keep time with the swaying of the crimson blur before his aching eyes.

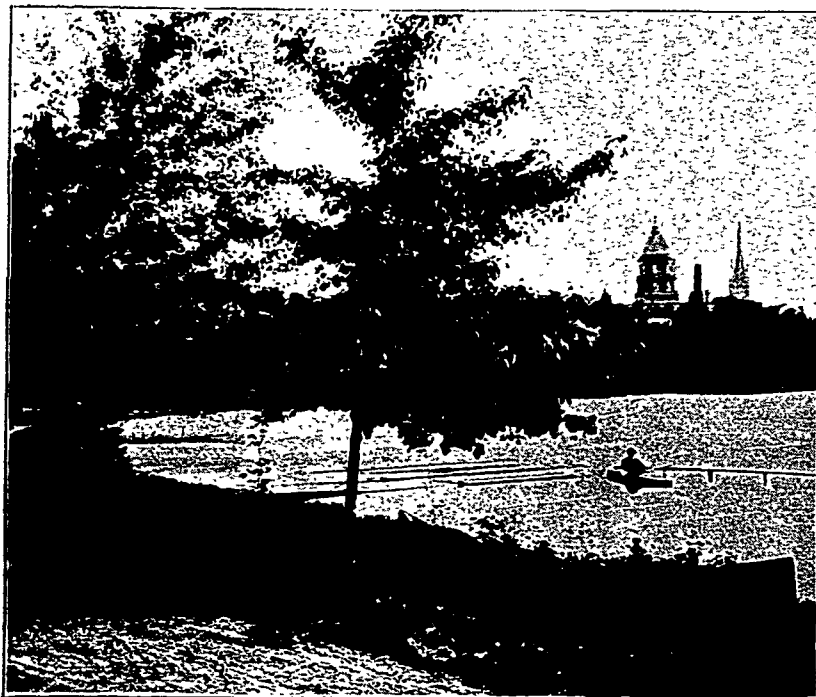
It is all over in four or five minutes, but the pace is terrific, and the dash from the turn to the finish takes the last breath out of you, sends the last drop of blood back to your heart. But the little gold anchor that they pin on your jersey, if you win, and the wild burst of applause that greets you as you cross the line in the lead—it would have been just as fervent if the "other fellows" had kept their lead to the finish—are worth the months of toil that earned them. And even if you trail in, defeated perhaps by an accident, it is good to know that you have friends who can invent explanations for your failure and believe them.

Time was when a pair of barges and a rambling shed of rough boards constituted the equipment of the Boat Club; when one crew, at the practice hour, paddled furiously up to the western end of the Lake, rounded an imaginary buoy, and spurted back to the pier to give place to a "second" quartette of oarsmen. Then the races were every whit as interesting, the excitement at the finish no less intense than now, when racing shells, regulation sweeps

and-sliding seats have chopped minutes from the official time of the crews. In the old days—which, any Carroll will tell you, means "the eighties" and the decades which went before them—the boat-house rested on piles, a long, low building, brown and weather-beaten, hanging "twixt sea and sky," a picturesque, unseaworthy old craft, like the Noah's arks of our nursery days. The new club-house has an offensive air of prosperity and newness about the bold lines of its tower and the steep slope of its mansard roof. If it were less modest it would be ugly, but it shrinks back among the oaks that brush its windows, and the woodbine at the base of the tower promises a speedy, if fictitious, change in the brown-cream walls.

Off to the west, where the wood cuts off the

breeze from the Lake, the House of the Professed and its attendant poplars and oaks are mirrored in the glassy water, a mass of vivid, glowing emerald tints, flecked by two or three points of brown where the roofs start up over the tree-tops. By the south shore, the silver and green lights of the willow leaves dance, sparkle, die and flash out again on the



OUT OF COMMISSION.

smooth plane. Over the darker ribbon of green that is stretched to the eastward the Dome shines out, a giant golden bubble hanging in mid-air. A counterfeit blot, yellow as August sunshine, wavers on the rippling surface as the west wind skims lightly across, or fades when the ripples turn to waves. Behind you on the hill, the Novitiate raises its square bluff shape against the sky. It has a garden, too, a little square given over to pansies, roses, Bermuda lilies and all the flowers that grow outside of hot-houses. No blossoms ever received tenderer care than do these, and from Easter-tide to the summer of St. Martin, the plot is a blaze of color and an odor sweet in the nostrils. The chemist-bees are droning contentedly in the locusts up on the crest there, and an oriole, in gleaming livery of brown and orange, swings to and fro, a glorious tenor careless of his humble chorus.

D. V. C.

## Exchanges.

The *University Argus* gives us "A Day with Emmanuel Kant," which conveys the impression that the philosopher was in some of his manners stiff and nonsensical. Moreover, in a descriptive essay of this kind in English, an imitation of French vivacity (made, we suppose, in order to be more interesting) is not only not necessary, but is out of place, and tends to the ludicrous. "The Last of the Burnses" is a capital story, original and humorous in conception, and told with the animation that carries one on. The "Christmas Gift" is one of those melo-dramatic affectations in which the exaggeration of the plot obscures the merits of the rendering. "The Conventional in Shakspeare" is the reproduction of the preface of a text-book, but without the mist and verbiage that obfuscate the reader of the preface. The exchange editor wants to know whether it is not more fitting to fill the exchange column with clippings rather than with reviews. To patch an exchange department from other college journals is certainly more in keeping with laziness and want of judgment, and, therefore, perhaps more fitting.

\* \* \*

As a mere summary the article on "Elain" in the *Owl* is correctly and agreeably written. But in such connection, a mere summary, however well executed, is not the only thing expected, nor should it be encouraged. When, in a college magazine, a student undertakes to consider a literary production, he ought to give, not a mere outline, but a study of his subject. He ought to comment on, or at least mention, such points as the scope, aim, plan, form, thought, tone, execution—the merits and defects in these—of the production under consideration. An exercise of this kind would teach the student how to look at the examples of our literature, and how to develop the critical faculty as well as the faculty of expression. A *résumé* of the plot ineffectually masquerading as criticism is what is more frequently seen in our college papers. We look to the editors of the *Owl* to keep up the example they set in previous numbers of the form such compositions should assume.

\* \* \*

To consider both sides of a question is a capital training for the mind and heart: it trains the former in breadth of view and clearness of vision, thus preventing many mistakes; it instils generosity into the latter and calmness, thereby

uprooting many prejudices. For some time we have been noticing in our exchanges instances of this twofold viewing of things, and this time there is one in the *St. Xavier's Monthly*. The advantages and drawbacks of monthly exhibitions of musical talent at the convent are each considered by a fair advocate. But the counsel for the prosecution supports her cause but weakly, like one who plays a part where the mind and heart are not.

## Personals.

—Mrs. M. Dukette, of Mendon, Michigan, visited her son Francis, of Brownson Hall.

—Mrs. L. Weis, of Chicago, visited the University last week, and entered her son as a student in the Minim department.

—Mrs. A. D. Leach, of Sullivan, Ind., was at the University on Thursday to attend the First Communion of her son George. Needless to say her visit was a very pleasant one.

—Among this week's most welcome visitors were Miss Elizabeth Nester and Miss Gray, of Chicago, Ill. Both ladies are former graduates of St. Mary's and have many friends at both institutions. Their visit at the University was much enjoyed by their hosts of friends who trust that it may be soon repeated.

—With pleasure we announce to the readers of the SCHOLASTIC the success of another of the old boys. Mr. R. W. Healy (A. B. '59, A. M. '65) has climbed the difficult ladder, and now we find his name at the top of a neat letter-head for the Ross-Meehan Foundry Co. of Chattanooga, Tenn., one of the most prosperous foundries of the South.

—It is with pleasure we note that Mr. C. K. Wilber has been appointed Assistant General Passenger-Agent of the Lake Shore and Michigan Southern Railway with headquarters in Chicago, at the Van Buren Street Station. Mr. Wilber has always been extremely kind to the University and its students, and the announcement of his highly deserved promotion will be pleasing to many of the old students. The SCHOLASTIC congratulates Mr. Wilber, and extends to him best wishes for every success in his new position.

—M. J. McGarry, Law '94, gratified his host of friends at the University by a visit during the week. Mac is sustaining the reputation for industry he earned while he was a student here. His success in Los Angeles is the outcome of earnest work, joined to his brilliant attainments. He is rapidly coming to the front in his profession, and all things point to his soon becoming one of the most prominent lawyers of California. If sterling integrity counts for anything in the race, we will greet him one day as Judge McGarry.

## Of Interest to Sorin Hall.

NOTRE DAME, IND., May 13, 1896.

## TO THE MEMBERS OF SORIN HALL:

We, the Brownson Hall members of the University Boat Club, do hereby challenge you to a boat-race to be rowed on St. Joseph's Lake on any date between now and the 18th of June.

In regard to prizes we will accept any proposal you wish to make. If this challenge be not accepted we will consider ourselves the champion oarsmen of the University:

L. E. BRINKER,  
F. H. WAGNER,  
E. CRILLY,  
J. H. BROWNE,  
T. J. FINNERTY,—*Committee.*

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 Local Items.
 

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—The Carrolls have had several swims in St. Joseph's Lake during the past week.

—Lost—A buck-skin finger glove. Finder please return to M. Garza, Carroll Hall.

—The Carroll Special and Anti-Special baseball had their pictures taken last Thursday afternoon.

—The Carrolls have had several enjoyable walks during the evenings of the past week. More are wished for.

—The circus has come and gone,—peanuts, popcorn and pink lemonade, but the two festive Brownsonites are pushing yet.

—The hand-ball fiends are under obligations to Brother Hugh for levelling and sprinkling their alleys and making life bearable generally.

—Last Wednesday the military companies took a stroll out to Hayneys. When they arrived they found that refreshments had been prepared.

—This is the last call. All wishing to compete in the oratorical and elocutionary contests must present themselves at once to the Director of Studies.

—And War-Horse has been to the lists once more. His gallant old charger stood up bravely as of yore, though the noble Gael himself went down. Better luck next time!

—After standing the "insults and outrages" of the Carrollites during the past two months, the punching bag platform finally succumbed. The "hoodoo" is gone forever.

—The class in Physics was startled the other evening when they learned from Mr. Mulberger that the roar in a sea-shell was caused by the magnifying of the heart-beats.

—Those who expected to hear Forbing's Polish Band at the Encampment were disap-

pointed. The man from Kenton says they never play except on important occasions.

—The Carroll second nine special played a team from South Bend last week. An exceedingly interesting game was played. The game was called after eleven innings. The score was 12 to 12.

—Several changes have been made in the Carroll Special Baseball Team. Herron has been placed upon first, Rheinhart upon third and Spillard (captain) has gone to centre and Flynn to right.

—The secretaries of the various clubs and societies are requested to hand to the Director of Studies the names of officers of their organizations for both sessions this year. The names must be in by next Sunday.

—To his many other accomplishments, Ned Strauss has added that of swimming. With the assistance of Howell, Flannigan, and others, he soon learned to dive and strike out, and now treads water like the proverbial duck.

—"Wonder how that pesky thing got in there," soliloquized Jonathan Rollo, as he tried to extract the sphere from the ball nozzle. Just then somebody turned on the water and Jonathan received a flood of information.

—"Isn't that ice-cream delicious!" said Schermerhorn, as he buried his teeth and gums in a block of the frozen confection; and the storekeeper cracked a smile of satisfaction and sat down on the freezer to keep the cold in.

—"What have you got in your mouth?" asked a facetious Sorin Haller of a Brownsonite who appeared to have an abnormal swelling in his cheek. "Teeth," replied the latter as he took them out, and McKee is still kicking himself.

—The Carroll Anti-Special and St. Joseph's Antis played a game of baseball last week. Druiding pitched an excellent game for the Carrolls, there being but three hits made. Only two errors were made by the Carrolls. At the end of the game the score stood 20-1 in favor of the Carrolls.

—While fishing in the lake last Monday, Dr. Piquette caught two large crabs. Half a dozen of the Doctor's most intimate friends formed a select audience, while he lustily attacked the monsters with a pick and shovel. Great results are expected, and we anxiously await the publication of the Doctor's book on "Crabology."

—The Brownsons made a pilgrimage to the old memorial cross near St. Mary's Lake, this morning. They chose a bad season—for a sunny afternoon is the only time to see it, and an overcast sky and a low thermometer are fatal to whatever beauty it possesses—but at least they learned where it was, and they have added a new point of interest to their Notre Dame.

—Now that the subject of a Varsity crew has been broached, a deep rivalry has sprung up

between Strauss and J. H. Browne for the important position of bow oar. Strauss has the most courage and is not afraid of the water, but Browne is working hard and has a stiff upper lip that fairly bristles.

—How delightful on these scorching afternoons to take a plunge into the cool waters of the lake. Down, down you go till you feel the mud turtles nibbling at your feet, and your hair is full of sand; then you paddle to the wharf and spend the next ten minutes getting off the blue and goose-pimples. Oh, its great!

—'Tis night. Six dusky figures steal along the Carroll yard and hold a whispered consultation at the store. They enter and fall upon a cold, dark object. A momentary scuffle, and then, laden with booty, they depart as silently as they have come. The stars twinkle knowingly and the man in the moon winks his other eye, while the cooing night-birds seem to say: "Ice cream, ice cream!"

—The following were omitted from the "List of Excellence" printed in last week's issue:

*Latin*—Messrs. Cottin, Kirk, Scybowicz, Merz, Dukette, Stearns; *Grammar*—A. Fox; *U. S. History*—Messrs. Frahllich, Jones, Lindau; *Geography*—Messrs. Bouvens, Frahllich, Jones, T. Kelly, J. O'Brien; *Arithmetic*—Messrs. Blackman, J. Kelly, J. Thiele; *French*—Messrs. Nieuwland, Shumacher, Geoghegan, Merz, Pietrzykowski; *Composition*—Messrs. Brinker, Matthewson, Sullivan, Kelleher, R. Weitzel, H. Weitzel.

—Dr. O'Malley is now lecturing to the Criticism class on the English novel. During intervals in the lectures he discusses another of Shakspeare's plays, "Julius Cæsar." This makes the fifth of Shakspeare's plays which has been considered by the class during the year; and they pride themselves that they have given the Shakspearean drama much more than a passing glance.

—Terriers, 10; St. Josephs, 6: that is how the score stood on Sunday when the last man was out, and Captain McGuire called his men together for a final cheer. The game was a close one up to the sixth inning. Here McGuire made a phenomenal double play unassisted, from which the St. Josephs never recovered. Chase was in the box for the Terriers and allowed his opponents only three hits; while the men from Brownson Hall never had any trouble in finding the ball when hits meant runs.

—On Tuesday evening Bro. Hugh's Colts and a team composed of Noble Greeks played a game of hand-ball in the new double alley. When the score was well up in the *steens* the sable goddess interfered to protect her children from the frisky Colts. The umpire was excused after he had rendered his first decision, and Thucydides Gebhart and Demosthenes Schermerhorn indulged in a lengthy harangue over the merits of a certain hand-out. This proved too much for Aristotle Cincinnatus Golden, who left the field of battle and returned to his task of dissecting dandelions.

—Father Maher had a narrow escape Monday afternoon. "Old Glory" was floating at the peak when a whirlwind caught its folds in his mighty grasp and with little wrestling, dashed the staff and all to the ground, tearing its joints apart and snapping its bolts as if for sport. It fell a few yards from the Post-Office, and those who saw its descent from a distance feared the worst for Father Maher. Priests, Brothers, Professors and students rushed from all quarters only to be delighted that our genial postmaster was unhurt and smiling in his office. The staff was the only thing maimed, "Old Glory" coming off without a scratch.

—Just before the Brownson Hallers marched to the study-hall Wednesday morning they gave three ringing cheers for the G. A. R. During the day many of the veterans visited the University, where they found the Red, White and Blue floating in the breeze. The main portico was neatly decorated, and from the windows of the upper floors hung gracefully the flags of the republic. Science Hall, the home of that staunch veteran, Bro. Benedict, was gay in its garb of the Stars and Stripes. Sorin Hall was patriotic, too, and the little Princes of St. Edward's flung their colors to the breeze. All honor to the Grand Army of the Republic!

—Rosey has a blue sweater, and on it, right over his heart, are the letters N. D. U. in a monogram of gold. Need it be said that he is proud of it? On his expansive breast it shines forth like a bright light on a mountain side. She, whose picture he carries in his inside waistcoat pocket, sent it to him all the way from Petoskey. It is a constant reminder to him of a summer at St. Joseph's, and of the short days there, and the yachting and the clam-chowder and the ice-cream and the evening promenades and the delightful balls. When he looks down at those golden letters his face lights up with pride.

—Thursday was an ideal First Communion day, and the usual customs and ceremonies prevailed. The students of the whole University met on the main corridor of the College, where they formed into ranks of two deep and marched to the music of the Band around the "heart," by the statue of the Sacred Heart to the main entrance of the church. After the student body came the Society of the Guardian Angels of the Sanctuary, followed by the priests, altar boys and acolytes. The celebrant, deacon and subdeacon, all in their golden vestments, brought up the rear. Everything was in sympathy with the happy little band of youngsters who, for the first time, tasted the Bread of Life—the soft music of the Band, the joyful chiming of the bells and the glorious sunshine that brightened all things. And when all was over, when the yearnings of the little First Communicants were satisfied, the Band again gave out its sweetest notes before the ollege steps, while the Red, White and Blue floated

from every window. Every heart was glad, but gladder than all others were those who for the first time felt really, supremely happy.

—Notre Dame enjoyed a rare treat last Thursday. At the conclusion of the morning services in the church, a band of thirty young musicians, the eldest not more than fifteen, and the majority only ten, visited the University and gave us some delightful music. They came from the Indiana Soldiers' and Sailors' Orphans' Home, of Knightstown, Ind., and were attending the G. A. R. encampment in South Bend. It was marvellous to see how well they rendered the difficult parts of varied selections. And they were true musicians, who could read music at sight; for when the University Band played at their request, many of them took part with our own musicians, rendering marches which they then saw for the first time. Professor J. B. Vandaworker is their leader, and to his enthusiasm and careful training is due, no doubt, the success of his young band. Mr. A. H. Graham, a gentleman of refinement and broad culture, who is the Superintendent of the Home, accompanied the boys. Mr. C. O. Nixon, the financial officer of the institution, also made one of the party. We congratulate the boys on having at their head gentlemen who show that their chief interests are centred in the Home. After making a short tour of the buildings, the party took carriages for South Bend, and were sent away with a rousing cheer, and the wish that Notre Dame might see them again.

—The Anti-Specials played Laporte High School last Thursday. A fierce wind storm blew across the diamond during the afternoon, drove the sand into the eyes of the players and spoiled what might have been an interesting game. In the third inning Wilson of Notre Dame drove out a long fly to left-field, which should have been good for a home run, but he stopped at third. Laporte claimed that he failed to touch first, and asked the umpire to declare him out. But the umpire wouldn't, and then Laporte got "real mad," left the field and threatened to go home. But they didn't. They got another umpire in a "boiled" shirt; he played centre-field later in the game. The pitcher for Laporte was knocked out of the box in the fourth inning. He was succeeded by the short-stop, who also acted as captain. But after four runs were made off him in the sixth inning, he very wisely retired to short. The game dragged on to 5.30 o'clock. For Notre Dame, Shillington and Rauch played a good game. The former batted out a three-bagger in the eighth. Wilson, however, carried off the batting honors. But all the Antis forgot how to run bases. The following is the

SCORE BY INNINGS:—	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
NOTRE DAME:—	3	0	2	5	0	4	0	1	*—15
LAPORTE:—	0	5	2	0	0	3	2	0	0—12

—NOTRE DAME, 13; RUSH MEDICAL, 12. A FULL REPORT WILL APPEAR IN OUR NEXT ISSUE.

### Roll of Honor.

#### SORIN HALL.

Messrs. Barrett, Bryan, Eyanson, Fagan, Gaukler, Lantry, Marmon, J. Murphy, Miller, McManus, McNamara, Magruder, Marr, McDonough, Ney, Pulskamp, Palmer, Prichard Reilly, Rosenthal, Sullivan, Sanders, Slevin, Stace, Wilson.

#### BROWNSON HALL.

Messrs. Arce, Anderson, Armijo, Atherton, Byrne, Barber, Barry, Ball, J. H. Browne Brinker, J. W. Browne, Blackman, Berthelet, Brucker, M. Campbell, E. Campbell, Crilly, Cypher, John Corby, Joseph Corby, Carney, Davila, B. Daly, Delaney, Ducey, M. Daly, Dowd, Duketete, Eyanson, Forbing, Foulks, Follen, Fitzpatrick, Fox, Farley, Goeke, Gibson, Gilmartin, Geoghegan, Golden, Galen, Gebhart, Hay, F. Hesse, Hayes, Healy, Hoban, G. Hanhauser, A. Hanhauser, Harrison, Haley, Heirholzer, Hennebry, Hindel, Hengen, J. Hesse, Hinde, Johnson, Kegler, E. Kelly, J. Kelley, F. Kaul, I. Kaul, Kerwin, Kidder, Kearney, Landa, Lindau, Mingey, Mattingly, Medly, Moran, Mathewson, Murphy, B. Monahan, R. Monahan, Maurus, Meyers, Mueller, McGinnis, McCarrick, McPhee, McKenzie, McDonald, McCormack, Menig, Niezer, Nevius, Naughton, Neeley, W. O'Brien, T. O'Brien, J. O'Brien, R. O'Malley, J. Putnam, R. Putnam, Piquette, Pulskamp, Paras, Quinn, T. Ryan, Regan, Rauch, J. Ryan, San Roman, Sammon Smith, Speake, Steiner, S. Spalding, R. Spalding, Sheehan, Scott, Schultz, Stuhlfauth, Smoger, Tong, Tuhey, Thiele, Thacker, F. Wurzer, Walsh, Wallace, G. Wilson, Ward, Wagner, R. Wilson, L. Wurzer.

#### CARROLL HALL.

Messrs. Abrahams, Armijo, Beardslee, Brown, W. Berry, Burns, E. Burke, Begley, Bernardin, Curry, Cottin, Cornell, Crowdus, Cave, Cuneo, Coquillard, Curtis, Crepeau, Cowie, Darst, Devine, Dugas, Dinneen, Druiding, Donovan, Erhart, Franey, Fuhrer, Flynn Fennessey, Fox, Foster, Frank, Fischer, Girsch, Goldsmith, Gainer, Garza, Gerardi, Herrmann, Herron, Hagerty, E. Hake, L. Hake, Hayes, Healy, Hoban, Jelonak, Keeffe, J. Kuntz, P. Kuntz, C. Kuntz, Klein, A. Kasper, Kirk, G. Kasper, F. Kasper, Kirk, Koehler, Krug, Landers, Leach, Long, Langley, Lowery, Land, Loomis, Moorhead, J. Meagher, Moss, Mohn, Monahan, Morris, Monarch, Merz, Massey, L. Meagher, Mulcare, Mooney, McNamara, McElroy, McKinney, F. McNichols, W. McNichols, McCorry, Noonan, D. Naughton, T. Naughton, J. Naughton, Newell, O'Brien, O'Malley, Pudden, Plunkett, Pendleton, Page, Pulford, P. Regan, P. Regan, W. Ryan, A. Ryan, Reuss, Reinhard, Shipp, Shiels, Stearns, Schoenbein, Summers, Shillington, J. Scherrer, W. Scherrer, Spillard, Szybowicz, Schaack, Stare, Sanford, Saul, Schaffhauser, Thams, Tescher, Taylor, Walsh, Watterson, Wimberg, R. Weitzel, H. Weitzel, Wilson, Ward, Wells, Weadock, Welker, Webb.

#### ST. EDWARD'S HALL.

A. Allyn, L. Abrahams, J. Atkinson, C. Bode, F. Bode, A. Bosworth, F. Breslin, J. Bullene, I. Bergeron, W. Bullen, F. Brissenden, N. Brissenden, W. Blanchfield, F. Cottin, C. Campbell, P. Cotter, R. Catchpole, J. Coquillard, C. Cressey, J. Caruthers, F. Caruthers, K. Casparis, J. Cunnea, R. G. Davis, Buell Davis, A. Davidson, G. Dugas, R. Dowling, O. Ehrlich, E. Elliott, E. Ernst, T. Fetter, P. Fitzgerald, W. Finnerty, A. Flynn, E. Flynn, N. Freeman, Kune, D. Goff, H. Giffin, R. Giffin, L. Weidner, F. Welch, L. Hart, L. Hubbard, W. Hall, M. Jonquet, G. Wilde, G. Kopf, L. Kelly, R. Kasper, C. Kelly, J. Lawton, J. Mulcare, J. Morehouse, W. Maher, G. Moxley, P. Manion, E. Manion, C. Marshall, H. McMaster, R. McIntyre, L. McBride, P. McBride, J. McBride, H. Pollitz, W. Pollitz, W. Plunkett, A. Phillips, J. Polk, C. Paul, J. Pyle, L. Pattee, G. Quertimont, E. Quertimont, J. Quinlan, L. Rasche, D. Rasche, E. Swan, D. Spillard, T. Sexton, H. Sontag, L. Terhune, R. Van Sant, L. Van Sant, F. Van Dyke, J. Van Dyke, F. Weidman, G. Weidman, F. Waite, L. Weber, Weis.