

# THE NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC

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## The Wanderer.

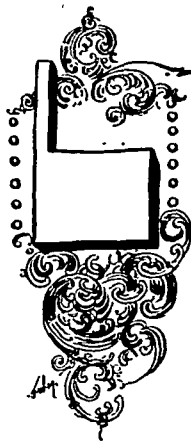
THE way is long, the night is dark and cold;  
My soul with memories is sore distressed.  
For years I wandered in a fruitless quest  
To buy affection with my hoarded gold;  
Night came and found me comfortless and old.  
O Love, I went not ever thus unblest.  
There was a time when all my faults confessed  
I knelt pure hearted in thy sacred fold.

Old images flit through my crowded brain;  
What visions of my childhood do I view,  
That come and go, like to the surging sea  
When winds arouse the fury of the main,  
And my sad soul is like a shipwrecked crew,  
With naught to hope for in eternity.

R. S. S.

## Corpus Christi.

AUSTIN O'NALLEY.



AST Sunday the wind flowed  
towards the east, and the sea-surge  
was in the trees. White, gray and  
black clouds drifted in fleets and  
squadrons towards the sky-line.  
The short fluting of robins came  
from the swaying maples, and the  
chime of the big bells veered  
from half silence to full music on  
the fitful wind.

After Mass the lads came in procession from  
St. Joseph's Hall, from St. Edward's, Carroll,  
Brownson and Sorin Halls, and the Brothers  
and Fathers after these. The smallest Minims  
were in the van, short-stepping, serious for an  
hour, of the kind He blessed when He said:  
"Suffer the little children to come unto Me;"  
and at the end of the line the old white-haired  
Brothers, who know now that He is the Friend

that always understands. There was a guard  
of cadets, and under the *baldacchino* the Indian  
Bishop bore the Holy of Holies, and the incense  
smoke drifted in blue curves in the sun.

Notre Dame stood against heaven on the  
gold dome of the main Hall where the first  
Benediction was given. She watches there for-  
ever in light and darkness, crowned with flame  
in May and with white lilies of snow in Decem-  
ber, clothed on with awful majesty, yet with a  
sweetness that makes the quick tears rush up  
when we look towards her as the shadows fall,  
and the fields are flooded with the dusk wine  
of evening, or made gray with frost-ashes after  
summer has burnt out, and the year lies dead.

The white-robed priests ascending the long  
stairway towards the first altar made a superb  
pictorial effect, which would have been perfect  
were it not for the glare of scarlet in the  
acolytes' soutanes. I have a cathedral in Dream-  
land where the altar with its three steps is set  
upon the summit of a lofty marble gallery and  
a noble stairway sweeps up thereto.

We went down to St. Joseph's Lake. The  
shallows were opaline, and beyond the ripples  
ran in green like new wheat when April is blow-  
ing all her blue-birds northward, and along the  
eastern shore a curved line of foam lay as a  
drift of apple blooms.

At the Novitiate the second Benediction was  
given where the pathway was strewn with cut  
clover. Then onward to "Calvary." There we  
knelt among the oaks, and the sweet-briar was  
in blossom in the tall grass. I saw a little  
child go past with hands clasped prayerfully  
and a bunch of withering cone-flowers drooped  
over her small fingers. Once an oriole shot his  
orange flame along the hill-side. Then we  
went on, between the twin lakes, back to the  
tabernacle.

It was all very beautiful. What a true poet  
the old Church is to think of these strange

ceremonies! While the Minims scattered flowers before the Blessed Sacrament I remembered other Corpus Christi feasts: one in Italy—the dear land that steals the hearts of all who understand her—where in the Alban hills we walked for a half-mile on a fragrant mosaic of blossoms, wrought, by devout peasants, into careful patterns over the entire road; another in Bohemia four years ago.

The sky over Prague was gray with rain clouds that May morning, and the strange city towers were sharply cut against the dull light; massive Gothic bridge towers and ancient gates, delicate Gothic church spires, quaint, Byzantine-like Austrian towers—all touched by the mist, and all black and old, belonging to a forgotten world. As I came down the Street of Gold and passed the Street of the Lilies, the carillons in these towers were striking seven o'clock,—one chime waiting courteously for the other to cease before it would begin, with true Bohemian dislike for haste, and disregard for a trifle like time.

I crossed the Karlsbrücke on the way to the cathedral, which is upon the Hradschin. The Moldau was crooning over the dam, and it swept steadily under the statues and stone arches of the superb bridge, and wandered away through the beautiful hills, as it went five hundred years ago when it bore down toward the sea the body of St. John Nepomucene, flung to death by mad King Wenzel's bravos, because he would not break the seal of the confessional. This Moldau has been lapsing past Prague for a thousand years now; and it has mirrored many a glorious pageant, and has held the gleam of lance and banner, of plume and sword and bayonet; it has grown crimson with torch-glare and the flash of artillery and the stain of dripping blood, especially during the religious wars when they were "reforming" Europe. No wonder it is a mysterious stream, full of light and quick shadow, as Bohemia herself is,—poor, lovable Bohemia, that laughs so readily, and weeps so readily, and hates all things German with so fierce and so impotent a hate!

If you would admire the Moldau as it deserves, you must hear it singing at night, when the big harvest-moon is tangled in the trees above the Wall of Hunger in Prague, and the soldiers on Sofieninsel are playing the sweet, sorrowful Czechish melody, *Kde Domov Můj?*—"Where is My Fatherland?"

One sunny winter afternoon, in Vienna, I watched a Bohemian girl in the hospital, who was lying in a hypnotic trance. A physician

pointed out the window, and suggested quietly: "There is a fair river there?" Then she smiled sadly, and her eyes filled and overflowed, and she said: "Ah, my dear, beautiful Moldau, and the flowers on its banks!" One does not forget this river easily.

That Corpus Christi morning I noticed at the Kleinesseite end of the Karlsbrücke a gargoyle on the bridge tower. It was a witch astride her broomstick. Perhaps the sight of that gargoyle was the starting-point of Mr. Crawford's novel, "The Witch of Prague." Back in the city, on the Ferdinandstrasse, is an old curiosity shop kept by one Kevork Arabian. This name suggested the name of the physician, "Keyork Arabian," in the novel. His "House of the Black Mother of God" is now a millinery shop near the Pulverthurm on Zeltnergasse.

At the head of the steep street of the Golden Spur, women were selling wreaths of flowers, that one could carry in the procession and strew before the Blessed Sacrament. On the long platz between the Royal Palace and the Cardinal's house were lines of infantry, and the officers of the garrison in gala uniform. Each man had three green oak-leaves stuck in his shako. Everything was strange. One does not feel fully at home in Europe even after years of residence there. You stand on the outside, and home always means America.

I entered the cathedral, where were brilliant lines of army officers, and the senate of the University that is more than five hundred years old, mitred abbots, monks, and the Cardinal, and beyond all these the altar. The great organ began to pour forth its rich harmony, and the choir caught up the chant, *Kyrie eleison*,—then there was no more strangeness! One must be in exile and homesick to know what the Mass means. You kneel, and the candles make long light-lanes, because you see them through bedimmed eyes; and the vestments are as familiar as your mother's dress; and the voice of the priest comes straight from the old parish church in the States, and you say: "Thank God, I am a Catholic, and God be with America!"

I was behind the tomb of the Kings. Seven of the old Bohemian monarchs are lying there in dust with their queens, and they have little care for the glitter around them. As I went out after Mass to see the procession, I noticed a grave near the door. A litany of titles upon it and a pompous Latin period told the world of the undying fame of some man that centuries ago crumbled there into nothingness. The name graven on the slab was not even read,

but below all the titles came a pathetic human cry: *Abi, viator; et quod tibi factum volcs, piis manibus bene precare.*—"Pass on, wayfarer; yet what thou wouldst have done for thyself do for me. Pray well for me with pious hands uplifted." I said: "I am not interested in your titles and your glory, but may God have mercy upon your soul!" And I knelt to recite a *De Profundis* for the man who was judged before Columbus was born.

Beyond the cathedral gates, the mist crept up from the city, and still the sky was gray. The bells boomed and jangled, cannon rattled, and the trumpets blared as the troops came to attention. Then there marched out hundreds of little girls, bearing flowers and chanting sweetly and softly; and hundreds of boys piping valiantly at the Czechish hymns; and guilds in mediæval gaberdines, guilds in leathern aprons, and the University *pedelli* in black and scarlet robes and Florentine hats, as if they had stepped down from some old tapestry; confraternities, friars in brown, friars in white, friars in black, and green-plumed officers with clanking sabres; and over all floated red and white banners, while here and there a flower-wreathed crucifix was upheld. Then one heard the steady, short tramp of the infantry-guard about the Sacred Host, and the cry of the officers to the waiting soldiery, "Present arms!" and the Blessed Sacrament passed by through the incense-smoke. This ending was not strange—Jesus Christ yesterday and to-day, and the same forever! But it was all very beautiful to look upon, with that stately dark town lying below our feet, wherein Jan Hus had preached foolish things about this same Holy Body.

My hands were filled with forgotten roses; but a tiny lass came near me, brown and pink-cheeked, with great blue eyes. I gave her the flowers, and she looked up at me timidly; then she smiled so sweetly and gratefully, and cried out so rapturously, in German, "O the beautiful, beautiful roses!" that I feel sure Our Lord was as much pleased as He would have been if I had thought to toss the blossoms before His feet.

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#### Contentment.

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Beside the swift and clear St. Joe  
 I watched a floating bark;  
 And heard the blue-bird fluting low  
 Beside the swift and clear St. Joe,  
 While sunset poured its topaz glow  
 Along the convent park.  
 Beside the swift and clear St. Joe  
 I watched a floating bark.

M. J. C.

#### Of Some Heroes and Heroines.

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ELMER JEROME MURPHY, '97.

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There has arisen in our day a class of cynics and hypercritics who spend much of their time in railing at romance and declaring that realism is the only true art in novel-making; that even Zola is better than those who soar into dream-land, and record the flights of their imagination. They say that Scott, Stevenson, Dumas, and our other visionaries should have been thrown into prison; or that, at least, their crazy dreams should not have been scattered over the world.

It is marvellously strange that the world has gone on loving this product of insane brains without ever having the least suspicion that they were being misled and befooled. It seems that it was reserved for these gentlemen of the literary microscope to discover that their ancestors and friends were duped by lunatics, and had thrown away millions for their books. For my part, I am at a loss to know why this notion was invented by them. I have never seen any of the wofully pernicious effects of romance-reading. I fear that it is a hopeless task to attempt to turn the world from its folly.

Andrew Lang, in his essay on Dumas, explains everything with a little story: "Does anyone suppose that when George Sand was old and tired and near her death, she would have found this anodyne and this stimulant in the novels of M. Tolstoï, M. Dostoïefski, M. Zola, or any of the scientific observers whom we are actually requested to hail as the masters of a new art, the art of the future? Would they make her laugh as Chicot does? make her forget, as Porthos, Athos and Aramis do? take her away from the heavy, familiar time, as the enchanter Dumas takes us?"

After this plea for the existence of romances, I come to my own recollections of them, whether I read them long ago or yesterday. They have given me pleasant moments where painful ones would have been; and made time of the heavy foot hasten. Why be in misery when it is as easy to be happy? My idea of the character of the hero may be distorted, for,—bear with me,—I read only for the story and remember, perhaps, only the striking deeds from which I must form a mean.

The first of these worshipful creatures was Jean Valjean. "Les Misérables" was the first large book I took into my hands; but I went carefully through the many pages which are the

output of Victor Hugo's pen, while the other boys were playing out-of-doors. I struggled hard to separate romance from realism; now time has done it for me by making me forget all but the most striking parts. More than once I thought of skipping burdensome pages, but I struggled on for fear of losing sight of Jean Valjean. It was tedious in many places,—the installation of the bishop of D., the gala-day of the law students, the details of the insurrection.

As for Jean Valjean, he was the hero of the battles with self. After he had suffered all but death in prison, he was determined never to do the slightest wrong to any fellow-man. After he enters the house of the bishop of D., comes the first great battle of his moral self—when he refuses to give little Gervais his forty-sou piece. Afterwards through all his life of prosperity, no little Savoyard was turned away without a gift; and the silver candlesticks were always kept by him. His feats of strength I still remember, but the most impressive thing of all was his life after the marriage of Cosette, and his death.

After I had read "Lorna Doone," my reverence for Jean Valjean was somewhat lessened; for I had to give part of my affections to the hero who braved the masters of Glen Doone. Their lives are a strange contrast. Both are giants in strength, and both have to battle with giants, Carver Doone and Javert. But the one was constantly pursued, and his life was spent in eluding his pursuers; he struggled long before he did a moral good under extreme physical disadvantages. The other was not born to fight. He lived in contentment, and was more inclined to take events as they came. His story is only the record of a peaceful, happy, unbroken love, without many stirring incidents. We admire John Ridd, but who could help loving the little golden-haired Lorna? That story of Hugo's seemed to be a river with rapids and whirlpools; but Blackmore has given us a meadow stream, with few pebbles to make its waters swirl noisily.

After considering these two heroes of different novels, I noticed that when reading one—a history of turbulence and dangers and successes—all my liking was lavished upon the strong, majestic Jean—M. Madeleine, a giant on the side of right, an infant on the side of wrong. When I had launched into the tale of John Ridd, partly of adventure, but more a record of a quiet life, all my sympathy was poured out on the young farmer who longed only for the love of Lorna. Which gives the more pleasure? The trial of strength of Jean

Valjean in lifting the wagon from the mud? or the simple act of the winsome Lorna, in crushing the doctor's bleeding-cup under her foot and bending over and kissing her own hero? Such an act for Jean's sake would be out of place, for his life was not destined to have sunshiny days.

To put the hero in a favorable light, and make him good in the eyes of the reader, the background and details of the novel are arranged in a certain order. By this means the most sneaking villain can be made to show a fair character, just as we may often laugh at an incident which is sad in itself, but is changed when surrounded with a setting of humorous circumstances.

D'Artagnan was undeniably hot-headed, but we forget the fault in the display of his courage. At his friend who, being lost on the journey, barricades a wine-cellar and spends his days of voluntary captivity therein, until the wine is all gone, we are more inclined to laugh than to be indignant. Edmond Dante is full of revenge, but without it he would take all the romance out of the book. There are few people without a touch of savagery in their souls which is made evident by the unnatural Count of Monte Christo, and the downfall of the faithless Mercedes.

Thackeray's "Vanity Fair" is, as he calls it, a novel without a hero, or, if we choose to call it so, a novel with many heroes. There is no single personage whose adventures and deeds form a skeleton of the whole book. There is Dobbin—poor, simple, good-natured Dobbin—but he bears but little upon the story, though he is the one that marries in the end. There is Amelia, but she is so weak and frail that it were wrong to call her a heroine. Becky Sharp, above all, forms a foundation for part of the plot. There is much in her to prevent one dubbing her heroine. The background is not so arranged that we look upon her misdeeds with favor. She has a downfall which never happened to any other heroine of romance. Thackeray never intended that we should take her to be upright, though we can forgive her readily enough for her flippancy and shrewdness.

There is a novel by one of our American writers, which I read with interest, though it is not so romantic as any of those I have written about. It is "Horseshoe Robinson," by Kennedy. To many, this novel would seem puzzling; to us who know the American frontiersman, it is a real thing. "Horseshoe" is the hero of many dangerous adventures, and, as the hero always does, thwarts his enemies and escapes their

tricks. It is very easy in writing to have him capture the red-coats who stole Mrs. Ramsay's chickens, but in reality there would have been difficulties. But it is the same with all romances, everything goes smoothly. But "Horseshoe Robinson" I would not call a romance. The life of a pioneer was so full of exploits that there was little embellishment required to make it romantic.

Micah Clarke was, in all respects, a hero; but his ways are simple; his actions not very great. Decimus Saxon had more of the qualities of a leader in him, and, in truth, has as much to do with the novel as Micah himself. It is a plain tale and is well written, but it does not goad on the moments as did "The Three Musketeers." The action of the story is imperfect; for the writing is good and the scenes natural, but interest is lacking in many places.

Perhaps each one admires a certain character, and each one might hate what the others admire. What use, then, of writing about the fantastic creations of a novelist's mind, when others may disagree, and say with the cynics that romance is wrong? If this be true, there are still some who will uphold the banner of the romanticists. All men do not live to spend their leisure moments in analyzing a realistic novel to find out whether it is true to nature or not. It is well for literary men to do so; but, thank Heaven, we are not all literary men.

It is a consolation that there are still many books to lighten the long evening hours and carry us off into an idyllic world. There is still the winsome Mistress Lorna and John Ridd to soften yet more the glow of the hearth-fire. There are books of summer for the winter time, books of spring for autumn, books of adventure for a quiet day.

#### A. Plaint.

I have longed to see the little girl  
With the roses in her hand,  
Whose crimson petals shyly curl,  
I have longed to see the little girl,  
Tho' I fear she thinks I'm but a churl,  
Though her smiles are *always* bland  
I have longed to see the little girl  
With the roses in her hand.

But the world is large and the world is wide  
There are many rosy lips,  
And many nooks where the roses hide,  
For the world is large and the world is wide;  
There are many hearts that are true beside  
And as coy as the petal-tips.  
Ah! the world is large and the world is wide;  
There are *many* rosy lips. E. J. M.

#### Not in the Prison Plot.

WILLIAM P. BURNS, '96.

Jim Cummings, life convict and foreman of the cooper shop, was missing. To make matters more exasperating, his mode of escape was as simple as it was daring. Three months back he had fallen ill of typhoid fever, and his case was pronounced hopeless. Most of the time he was out of his head, raving, and shouting out wild bacchanalian songs. And such ravings! Train robberies, the cutting of throats and the shooting of government officials were the burden of his mad talk.

"He has been a hard case," said the doctor to the deputy warden as they stood by Cummings's bed during one of his seasons of delirium. "A member of the old James gang, I should judge, from his talk."

"I shouldn't be a bit surprised," returned Deputy Hall, "but if he needs anything now, it's spiritual consolation, for he's getting pretty low."

So when Cummings came to his right senses the deputy broached the subject to him:

"Your chances are mighty slim, Cummings, and I advise you to have a talk with the minister."

"Minister?" returned the convict in a weak voice. "No, I never went much on that sort of thing and it's too late now. I've lived rough, I have, and them as knowed me could tell you so; but they're all dead now, dead and buried. I was right-hand man, I was—old Jesse's right-hand man—and I'm the only one that's left."

"Many a night I dreamed of him since this fever took me,—dreamed of galloping along by his side with a gun at each hand; but just in the middle of it all I'd wake up again, and here I'd be. He was a man out of a million, was Jesse. They was few traitors in his camp, and if he was alive now and heard me blabbing this way to you, where do you think I'd be, Mr. Deputy? Now tell me, where'd I be? No, I don't want to see any minister. All I want when I go is Christian burial, and your minister can't give me that. I don't want to be planted in that old prison graveyard; I want to lie alongside of Christians, and if you plant me over there among the weeds and grass and rotten boards, I won't sleep easy. Mr. Deputy, I tell you, I won't sleep easy."

This was the first reference Cummings had ever made to his former life. He was taciturn

by nature; but when death stared him in the face, he divulged the secrets of his life. To the surprise of his doctor and nurses, he passed the danger point of his illness, and began slowly to recover his strength. Thereupon he became as taciturn as before, never once referring to his confessions; and it seemed as though he had completely forgotten them. After some time he was removed to his cell for the night, though he was free to wander about the prison yard in the day. Finally, the time came for him to return to work. On the night before, Guard Merriman, of the cooper shop, as he was locking up his men, looked into Cummings' cell and saw him stretched out at full length on his bed with a newspaper spread over his face. Thinking him to be asleep, the guard passed on.

The next morning, when he came to unlock Cummings' cell, he found the convict lying in the same position. Running into the cell, he tore aside the newspaper, and then the whole trick of Cummings' escape revealed itself, for all that met the guard's gaze was a dummy made of the convict's clothes stuffed with straw. Cummings had escaped the night before.

As usual, searching parties were despatched in various directions, but it was fruitless work. A furious storm was raging, and old Lake Michigan could be heard booming along the shore. Deputy Hall, just as he had saddled his horse preparatory to joining in the pursuit, was called away on business more important than hunting convicts—his wife and little daughter had taken passage for Chicago on the boat that morning. Shortly after leaving port the steamer had broken her propeller shaft and lay at the mercy of the wind. The huge waves swept over deck with irresistible fury and forced her steadily toward the shore.

When Hall reached the beach, it was already thronged with men and women, many of whom had friends on board the steamer. Four life-boats were battling through the surf bringing the passengers to the shore. Their task was no easy one. What with the fury of the waves and the constant drifting of the steamer, it looked as though everyone on board must go down. But the life-men worked heroically and boat-load after boat-load was emptied on the beach.

Deputy Hall galloped up and down the beach in a frenzy of anxiety. His wife had been saved, but in the excitement and rush on the steamer mother and daughter had been separated, and no trace of the missing child could

be found. Just as the last boat-load of human freight was beached, a man was observed floating in on a life-preserver. Now and then a huge wave would submerge him, and then again he would reappear. Nearer and nearer he drifted till a giant "white-cap" swept him along on its crest and left him on his knees in two feet of water. He made an effort to rise, and as he did so it was seen that he clasped a little girl in his arms. With that, another wave caught him and tossed him far up on the shore against a huge boulder. There he lay senseless while willing hands raised him.

"Why, it's Mr. Hall's daughter that he's saved," said one of the men who knelt over the insensible stranger. "She was tied to his life-preserver," he continued to Hall, who came running up with a white face as he recognized his daughter. "But I can't make out who he is. He got two ugly wounds on his head and I reckon that last one fetched him."

"He's done for," remarked another fisherman as he bent over the stiff form on the wet sands. "His heart is still."

Hall elbowed his way through the crowd and gazed on the matted hair and rigid features of the dead.

"Bring him up to my house," he whispered as he turned away. And that was how Jim Cummings came to receive Christian burial.

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### Missing.

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(With meek apologies to James Jeffrey Roche.)

Have you seen my little pug, as you came across the fields?

Have you seen my little pug, with the fleecy coat of white,

With the sunlight on his hair, and his tail so short and bare,

And the bark he used to wear, brave but slight?

Oh! he wagged his little tail as he ran across the fields,  
Ran away from Gloucester Town and I never saw him more.

But the dogs they come and go with every passing show,  
And they wander to and fro past my door.

Ah! they told me he was shot, but I know it is a lie;  
For he runs to me at night when the world is all adream,

And his little bark is heard in the song of every bird;  
When the branches all are stirred, then I see'm.

For I feel he will come back, and my feeling's ne'er at fault—

Have you seen my little pug? He is coming soon, I know.

I would look for him to-day, if I only knew the way;  
Though the grave before me lay, I would so.

J. B.



## Some Essays in Criticism.

## ROSETTI'S "LOST DAYS."

The lost days of my life until to-day,  
 What were they, could I see them on the street  
 Lie as they fell? Would they be ears of wheat  
 Sown once for food, but trodden into clay?  
 Or golden coins squandered and still to pay?  
 Or drops of blood dabbling the guilty feet?  
 Or such spilt water as in dreams must cheat  
 The undying throats of Hell, athirst alway?

I do not see them here; but after death  
 God knows I know the faces I shall see,  
 Each one a murdered self, with low last breath.  
 "I am thyself,—what hast thou done to me?"  
 "And I—and I—thyself" (lo! each one saith)  
 "And thou thyself to all eternity!"

This is a sonnet of no ordinary merit. At present that is all I shall say in its favor, but later on I may point out some of its beauties. I shall first look at it with an eye to its mechanical or—if I may so use the term—architectural properties; and show, as far as possible, where its graces are hidden and where its defects appear.

It is of the Guittonean or Petrarchan form. The octave is not, however, so clearly divided as it should be into its two quatrains. There ought to be a well-defined stop at the end of the fourth line; but we find that here the pause is no more important than that after the first, third or fourth question. As a matter of fact, it is less important than that after the first question, because the conjunction "or," beginning the fifth line, draws closer the two quatrains than does the word "would" in the first and second sentences.

In the first line of the octave the word "of," which is of little importance, has a forced accent. This is a grave fault in the rhythm, and, though it has the sanction of all poets, must be avoided if one would secure perfection. The same criticism applies, but in a less degree, to "on" in the second. The words "squandered" and "dabbling," in the fifth and sixth lines, respectively, must be mispronounced to make the metre graceful. The most important word in the seventh line is "spilt," and yet it is so placed that, in reading the line, you skip over it, while the relatively insignificant words "such" and "as," in the same line, are made too prominent. "Alway," which must be accented on the first syllable, not the last, is a forced rime, and must be mispronounced to make the metre what it should be.

The octave is, moreover, faulty in many places

where assonance is admitted. "See" and "street" in the second, "ears" and "wheat" in the third, "dreams" and "cheat" in the seventh, err in this respect. The third line has a serious imperfection where the vowels of "be" and "ears" come together without an intervening consonant. Their close proximity destroys the harmony of the line. The phrase "golden coins squandered," seems to be the most harshly constructed part of the whole poem. The palatals in these three words run so closely together that, instead of producing a pleasing alliteration, they are pronounced with difficulty and grate upon the ear. Objection might also be made against the assonance which the word "they," in the second and in the third lines, makes with the rime of the adjacent lines; but this is a slight defect. The eighth line has an extra syllable, but the fault is offset by the fact of two unaccented syllables, "the" and "un," coming together and merging into one.

The sestet, in its rime-scheme, differs from the majority of Petrarch's sonnets in that it has only two rimes. The form, however, is perfectly correct, inasmuch as Petrarch has a large number of its kind and as there is no monotony in the system of its rime. The sestet, as may be readily seen, is divided very clearly into its two tercets. The first line is faulty in the assonance which "sec" and "here" make with each other. "Knows" and "know," at the first glance, might be objectionable, but the poet evidently intended the repetition to be artistic and has succeeded admirably. The rest of the sestet seems to be well made, if we except the word "eternity," which is a forced rime. The rimes in the octave, as well as those in the sestet, are beautifully contrasted and beat upon vowels of different pitch.

Viewing the whole poem at a glance, we see how admirable is its unity. The central idea contained in the title is found pervading every line. It is, indeed, a beautiful sonnet and one that appeals to every human being. It expresses the thought, not only of the poet himself, but of all mankind. The thought is all-engrossing. There are, perhaps, too many forms in which "lost days" are represented to our view. They are "ears of wheat," "golden coins," "drops of blood," "spilt water"—these in the octave; in the sestet they are represented as spirits to be met in the next world. This succession of metaphors does not, however, destroy the unity. The figures under which our lost days appear are especially appropriate; for the ideas they convey are reciprocal to the feelings we should

experience were we to see before us the days we have misspent. The sestet is admirably strong. The thought of our "lost days," our own murdered selves, reproaching us is an awful thought.

JAMES BARRY, '97.

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MISS GUINEY'S "KNIGHT FALSTAFF."

I saw the dusty curtain, ages old,  
Its purple tatters twitched aside, and lo!  
The fourth King Harry's reign in lusty show  
Behind, its deeds in living file out-rolled  
Of peace and war; some sage, some mad, and bold:  
Last, near a tree, a bridled neighing row  
With latest spoils encumbered, saints do know,  
By Hal and Hal's boon cronies; on the wold  
Laughter of prince and commons; there and here,  
Travellers fleeing; drunken thieves that sang;  
Wild bells; a tavern's echoing jolly shout;  
Signals along the highway, full of cheer;  
A gate that closed with not incautious clang;  
When that sweet rogue, bad Jack, came lumber-  
ing out.

To judge from the first few lines of this poem one would consider this a good example of the sonnet. But the effect made is offset by the recurrence of the same vowel in the rimes of the octave. It thus renders monotonous what should be one of the accentuated beauties of the poem.

The principal element of a sonnet is unity. Only very striking thoughts should be set in this form of verse, and these thoughts must have dignity. But in Miss Guiney's poem, however, we not only have too many thoughts, but none of them is worthy of the sonnet form. Instead of a delineation of that ideal rascal, Falstaff, a vague synopsis of Shakspeare's drama, "King Henry IV.," is given. It seems as if Falstaff inspired the author with a title and was then forgotten. He was finally recalled, and dragged in to complete the sestet.

After reading the sonnet, one will notice that the phrase "saints do know," has no bearing upon the subject. The saints are the last persons whom we would suspect of having knowledge of Jack and Poin. The expression is merely thrown in to serve the same purpose as the twisting of "here and there,"—to give the necessary rimes.

In the sonnet all divisions between the octave and sestet is forgotten. It runs on like a Miltonic sonnet, but it can lay no claim to this form since it has not the peculiar Miltonic thought-growth. It is merely a description with the mechanical form of a sonnet. The flow of the verses is interrupted by the inter-spersion of too many clauses. They are thrown

together and mixed up to form a description of scenery. This verse, however, is much beautified by the use of a few trochees. The laughter of Prince Harry and the flight of the wayfarers is clearly expressed through the use of these in the first lines of the sestet.

Some of the lines have much beauty. The opening verses show us the purple scarf of poetry thrown over the frame of history which bounds the semi-mythical facts of King Henry IV's reign. The loud noise which ushers in Falstaff at the end is particularly appropriate. But as a sonnet the poem is altogether faulty. There is no dignified thought; there are too many defects in the structure, and the subject is too complex for treatment in fourteen lines. It is a clever poem, but it should have been cast in some other form.

JOHN F. FENNESSEY, '98.

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LONGFELLOW'S "TWO RIVERS."

Slowly the hour hand of the clock moves round,  
So slowly that no human eye hath power  
To see it move! Slowly in shine or shower  
The painted ship above it, homeward bound,  
Sails, but seems motionless as if aground;  
Yet both arrive at last, and in his tower  
The slumbrous watchman wakes and strikes the hour  
A mellow, mournful, melancholy sound.

Midnight, the outpost of advancing day!  
The frontier town and citadel of night!  
The watershed of time from which the streams  
Of yesterday and to-morrow take their way:  
One to the land of promise and of light,  
One to the land of darkness and of dreams.

While Longfellow is accorded by the great majority of critics the highest place among American sonnet-writers, he does not display in this sort of versification the uniform excellence which characterizes his other poems. Some of his sonnets upon Dante and other Italian subjects are excellent; others, like the one quoted above, can lay claim only to mediocrity.

In this sonnet, "The Two Rivers," the critical eye finds much to take exception to. The thought of the poem is pretty, or, to be more exact, the two thoughts are; but the technique is faulty in many places.

This want of unity in the poem violates one of the cardinal principles of the sonnet, for a sonnet is, or should be, essentially one thought. The apt, but oft-used, simile of the rise, the fall and the return of the ocean wave expresses the manner in which this one thought should be embodied in the poem. Such a simile certainly cannot be applied to this sonnet of Longfellow's.



More appropriate would it be to compare his sonnet to the two-headed girl in the museum, who sings with different voices two separate songs: the poet sings one song in the octave, another in the sestet. A casual glance makes this fact apparent. Throughout the octave, he describes the gradual advance of the ship and the slow progress of the hand upon the clock's dial. We think as we read this, that the poem must be on the slowness of the progress of time, or upon time itself in the abstract. With this impression we look eagerly for the completion of the thought in the sestet, and are surprised to find that all the interest which we centred in the ship and in the clock has been misplaced, and that midnight and the streams of yesterday and to-morrow form the true subject of the poem. Such lack of unity must certainly be regarded as a fault worthy of grave censure.

The description of the clock's slow movement and the equally slow motion of the ship are both good as bits of descriptive poetry, yet the picture of their progress is not appropriate in the sonnet. Even were this bit of landscape sketching *closely* connected with the subject, its introduction might be criticised. Very good authorities hold that rhapsodies upon nature are not permitted in the sonnet, and therefore condemn many of Wordsworth's sonnets. Such critics would not be merciful in their treatment of the octave of "The Two Rivers."

There is in the thought of this octave another point to be noticed, the obscurity in the sixth line. We can understand the arrival of the ship—it was away from home and very properly wished to make port before the morning; but we know not whither the hand of the clock was bound until we reach the sestet. Even then we have to guess that the desire of the clock was to unite its hands upon the hour of midnight.

The sestet, despite the many metaphors which it contains, is a fairly good one. The author shows a glimmer of his genius—his conception of midnight as expressed in the third and fourth lines of the sestet is a very happy one. The two closing lines of the poem also run smoothly, and, joining well with the preceding verses, close the sonnet very gracefully. The incongruity of metaphor already alluded to should have been avoided; one thing could hardly be at the same time, citadel, outpost and watershed.

So much for the thought of the poem; let us now examine its more faulty technique. The rime-scheme of the poem is of the normal

Italian or Petrarchan type. The lack of full stops at the end of the first quatrain, in the octave and the first tercet in the sestet forbids us, however, to class the sonnet as normal Italian. As it does not run over from octave to sestet like the Miltonic sonnet, it must be classified as one of the numerous miscellaneous forms.

In the octave, a grave offence against technique becomes apparent on the first reading. There is a pronounced assonance, word after word beating upon the same vowel—"o." Indeed the two rimes of the octave, instead of being contrasted, are both rimes of the same vowel, "round," "power," "bound," "shower." There is also a bad alliteration in the third line, *i. e.*: "Slowly in shine or shower." Alliteration is permissible in the sonnet only when it imitates well some sound; even then it should be used sparingly. The phrase "arrive at last and," in the sixth line is another example of this faulty alliteration. The alliteration in the eighth line may be excused on the plea that it imitates well the sonorous booming of the bell. The assonance upon "o" and the less conspicuous one upon "a" in the octave can not be excused.

In the rimes of the sestet we see the same fault as in those of the octave,—there is not enough contrast. Two of the three rimes are upon the vowel "a"—"day" and "streams." We thus have in the whole sonnet only three vowel sounds used in the rimes; to be an ideal production it should employ them all. There is also assonance and alliteration in this part of the poem, the former between "yesterday" and "way" in the twelfth line, the later in the opening words of the three last lines. I am loath to accuse so great a poet as Longfellow of faulty metre, yet if we place the twelfth line with its rime-line, a hitch in the rhythm is evident. Taken altogether, this sonnet of Longfellow is not worthy of much praise, and had not its author done better work his claim to pre-eminence would hardly be allowed.

CHARLES M. B. BRYAN, '97.

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O POETS, if you wish to move the heart as it is your mission to do, learn a little less from the halls of education and a little more from the people, whose thoughts, words, and acts, are animated by a child-like, simple, and confiding spirit.—*Fernan Caballero*.

LOYALTY is the highest, noblest, and most generous of human virtues.—*Brownson*.

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## The Staff.

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—This is the season of valedictories, and it may not be unfitting for the Staff of '96 to waste a little space on its farewell to college journalism and the SCHOLASTIC sanctum. For a year we have done our utmost to make the old paper as crisp and bright and literary as the best of our exchanges; and if the opinions of our friends are of any worth we have not made utter failure. The Staff of '97 may do greater things, but they cannot love the work more, or take a keener delight in the SCHOLASTIC's success, than did ye Eds. of '95-'96.

—From far-off Florence comes the sad intelligence of the death of Signor Luigi Gregori, the master-artist whose brush transfigured Notre Dame. For more than a year, he has been in failing health, and when at Easter, his physicians forbade further work, his friends knew that the end was near. It came a fortnight ago; and in the college chapel, last Monday morning, a solemn Requiem Mass was offered for the repose of the artist's soul. Signor Gregori can never be forgotten at Notre Dame—the best years of his life were spent in the decoration of the college chapel and University Hall,—the noble corridor made glorious by the pictured-life of the Great Discoverer. His last work was done for Notre Dame, a series of

panels for the chapel of St. Edward's Hall, the last of which he left unfinished when he laid by his palette at Easter. His heart was at Notre Dame, and the splendid tints of his frescoes must fade, and his glowing canvases fall into dust, before his name will lapse from the memory of Notre Dame men.

—It is not given to everyone to die a hero's death; and wet lashes may well be pardoned if the tears are sprung up at news of Frank Hennessey's passing. To lay down one's life that others might live—this is the last test of manhood, the test that "Spike" as he was known to his familiars, accepted, last Monday, in Portland, Oregon, and endured without flinching. "He was fatally injured in a heroic attempt to save two lives"—so runs the despatch—"he was successful, but it cost him his own." Brief and unsatisfying as is the message, it is enough to tell us that Francis D. Hennessey, Law, '94, is an honor to his *Alma Mater*, a son in whose deeds she may take pride.

—There was one break in the feverish grind of the pre-Commencement week. Monsignor Moonèy, Vicar-General and Chancellor of the Archdiocese of New York, and the famous lawyer and orator, Colonel John R. Fellows, were the guests of the University, and Notre Dame is always hearty in her welcomes. The Minims—the mighty little men of St. Edward's, who never fail to give a good account of themselves,—the Band and the Stock Company conspired to do them honor. There were band-concerts on the Campus, wonderful doings in the Hall of the Princes, and an admirable presentation on Wednesday evening in Washington Hall of Bulwer Lytton's "Richelieu." The formal address of welcome was made, before the curtain rose, by Mr. Daniel P. Murphy, '95, the chiefest of our speakers and our most representative college man. Of course, Colonel Fellows was expected to respond, but no one dreamed that his acknowledgment would take the form it did. For twenty minutes, he was master of every heart in the audience, so magnetic was the man, and so inspired his utterance. His theme was loyalty—loyalty to God, loyalty to Church and creed, loyalty to the country of our love; and in many years Washington Hall has not rung with words more brave and noble and inspiring. Colonel Fellows, before he left, made a bequest to the University, the nature of which will be made known on Commencement morning.

## The Jubilee of Archbishop Elder.

Surrounded by hundreds of American laymen, Catholic and Protestant admirers, in the midst of a host of priests, encircled by a large number of the Catholic Hierarchy of the United States, and side by side with a Prince of the Church, the Most Reverend William Henry Elder, D. D., Archbishop of Cincinnati, celebrated the Golden Jubilee of his elevation to the priesthood. His seventy-seven years sit light upon him, despite the troubles of his most responsible position. His labors, during the early years of his pastorate, when the yellow-fever raged all about him, and the stricken found him their true minister, left not their dire impress upon his mind or body.

Every one knows the story of Archbishop Elder's life—a life of devotion to Church and people—how, when the ravages of disease were all-threatening, he flinched not from his post of duty and how, with soldier-like courage, he consented, when Rome called him, to bear the burdens of an arduous episcopate. How he has administered the affairs of his Archdiocese, all the world knows; and there is no one who would say that the honors of his old age were not truly earned and more than merited.

The congratulations of the SCHOLASTIC, of the students of the University and of the Congregation were conveyed to Archbishop Elder on the occasion of his Golden Jubilee. Rev. Vice-President French represented Notre Dame at Cincinnati, and presented to the venerable Metropolitan of the Archdiocese the sincerest wishes of his loyal children of Notre Dame. Of the beautiful and costly gifts that have poured in from all sides as tokens of filial respect and hearty congratulation, those of Notre Dame have formed a part. A chalice of beautiful workmanship, adorned with amethysts and rubies, and rich with the crimsons and purples of the enamel-workers, together with an address—the same which we published in our last issue, but transfigured by the handiwork of the kind artist-Sisters of St. Mary's—these were the gifts of Notre Dame. Very Rev. Provincial Corby, on behalf of Bishop Hurth, C. S. C., of Dacca, India, presented to His Grace a tablecloth of remarkable workmanship, of silk interwoven with gold, made by the natives of Hindostan. To our Most Reverend Archbishop, we once more send most heartfelt congratulations, and pray that he may be spared for many coming years to watch over his loving flock.

## "Richelieu" at Notre Dame.

*The Persons of the Drama.*

Louis XIII., King of France.....	J. A. Marmon
Gaston, Duke of Orleans, brother to the King, A. Stace	
Cardinal Richelieu.....	J. G. Mott
Count De Baradas.....	E. E. Brennan
The Chevalier de Mauprat.....	J. F. Corr
The Sieur de Beringhen.....	T. T. Cavanagh
Clermont.....	W. A. Fagan
Joseph, A Capuchin.....	F. W. Barton
François.....	G. P. McCarrick
Huguet.....	H. A. Wilson
First Secretary.....	E. J. Murphy
Second Secretary.....	J. H. Shillington
Third Secretary.....	W. P. Monahan
Julie de Mortemar.....	Peter Kuntz
Marion de Lorme.....	C. M. B. Bryan

*By the Orchestra.*

"A Gaiety Girl".....	Schlepegrell
Rubenstein's Melody in F.....	Tobani
"La Paloma," Spanish Serenade.....	Balfour
Philopatrain's York.....	Preston
"Angels' Dream.....	Schlessinger
March—"The Jolly Minors".....	Wellmann

The long looked-for night has come and gone and a new record has been made in college theatricals. Many and prolonged conversations about costumes, much earnest discussion regarding the respective merits of the different paints and powders and frequent rehearsals have occupied the attention of our actors for a week past. The members of the Stock Company were all hurry and bustle preparing for their last play of the year, while the rest of us had to possess our souls in patience until such time as they were ready to make their bow before the footlights.

Last Wednesday evening we were richly rewarded for our waiting. Bulwer Lytton's great "Richelieu" was the play, and the Stock Company easily surpassed anything before given in Washington Hall. The writer does not believe in giving fulsome praise to everything rendered by our college societies, but "Richelieu" was so nearly perfect that he knows of no criticism that can be made upon it, and every spectator of Wednesday evening's performance is of the same opinion. Many plays have been ably given upon our stage, but this one was the crowning point of all. Everything ran so smoothly; each part was so well taken and each man so well adapted to his part, that all who were present at the play were amazed at the remarkable success which the Stock Company scored.

The whole of it may be ascribed to earnest and well-directed labor. The Stock Company

was especially happy in the choice it made of a Director. I would not detract one whit from the praise due the young men for their work on Wednesday evening; but, I think, that they themselves will unite with me in saying that to Father Moloney's efforts was due the great play which they presented to us on that night. He must be especially commended for the happy manner in which he cast the company for the play, and his painstaking care with each individual in the company so as to attain the best results as a whole.

The success of "Richelieu" was not the success of one man alone, as is too often the case in our college theatricals; each man bore well the *rôle* assigned him, and everyone contributed his share to the success of the whole.

As "Richelieu," Mr. Mott was, of course, the centre of all eyes from his first appearance on the stage until the curtain fell on the last act. He was the ideal Cardinal. Mr. Mott has successfully acted many parts during his college career, but none for which he was better fitted than this one. His interpretation of "Richelieu" was without a flaw. His acting was a highly artistic piece of work. The Cardinal of Bulwer Lytton—be the historical one what he may—moved, spoke and acted upon our stage last Wednesday evening. Mr. Mott made a thorough study of "Richelieu" and a complete analysis of his character, and he succeeded admirably in showing all the different elements which were combined in the person of the great Cardinal.

It is not often that a young lady appears upon the boards of Washington Hall, but we had one with us Wednesday evening. Her name was Peter Kuntz and she was a vision of grace and loveliness; as Julie, Mr. Kuntz had a very difficult *rôle* to sustain, but, needless to say, he succeeded as he always does. His clever impersonation of Julie won the admiration of all, and De Mauprat and the King had many rivals in the audience long before the play had ended.

Marion de Lorme appeared in the person of Charles M. Bryan. We all know Mr. Bryan to be an ardent admirer of the fair sex; but no one imagined that he could so successfully impose on an audience as being a woman himself. He showed his versatility and cleverness by his Marion de Lorme Wednesday evening.

The Chevalier de Mauprat, the lover of Julie was represented by Mr. J. Francis Corr. Mr. Corr had made quite a reputation for himself as an actor, and in this, his first appearance in Washington Hall, he added fresh laurels to his

crown. He put his whole soul into his effort and for the time being, Mr. Corr ceased to exist and De Mauprat walked the stage in flesh. He was in turn De Mauprat, the impulsive, the fiery, the loving; at all times a clever actor and perfect artist; as lover, revengeful assassin, penitent admirer and brave defender of the Cardinal he always sustained well his part.

One of the best pieces of acting ever seen at Notre Dame was that of Mr. Francis Barton's, as the Friar Joseph. Joseph's cunning and ambition, his coolness in danger, his devotion to Richelieu, were all realistically brought out by Mr. Barton. His success depended not so much on his lines as upon the carefulness with which he had studied his character and the truthfulness with which he portrayed it.

The difficult part of the Count de Baradas was ably filled by Mr. Edward E. Brennan. The bad nature of the Count was vividly brought out by the good acting of Mr. Brennan. Although we could not but hate the meanness of Baradas, still Mr. Brennan won golden opinions for himself personally by his clever impersonation of the ambitious and wicked Count.

Mr. Joseph A. Marmon was the ideal Louis XIII. Mr. Marmon always has a keen realization of the eternal fitness of things, and nowhere did he show it more fully than on the stage Wednesday night. The coldness of heart, the vacillating nature, the momentary pride of Louis were fully shown. Mr. Marmon's representation of the historical Louis was in the highest degree realistic.

There was no such word as "failure" known to Mr. McCarrick Wednesday evening, not, at least, in his representation of the faithful François. He sustained well the reputation which he has already made for himself as an actor. Mr. A. W. Stace, as Gaston, Duke of Orleans, Mr. Cavanagh, as the Sieur de Beringhen and Mr. Fagan, as Clermont, added to the honors which they have already achieved on the stage. Too much credit cannot be given Mr. Shillington for his "Huguet." He sprang into the breach at the last moment, and acted as though he had been rehearsing for a year. The Secretaries, Mr. Murphy and Monahan, showed the stuff that was in them, and attained the high standard which they have set for themselves in college theatricals.

There is but one opinion in regard to "Richelieu"—it was the greatest success ever achieved on our stage. The acting was perfect; the costumes were the best that could be had; the

stage settings could not have been improved; in fact, everything combined to make it the greatest play we have ever had.

After the curtain had dropped on the last act of "Richelieu," Very Rev. Father Morrissey introduced the Honorable John R. Fellows, the noted lawyer and orator, now District Attorney of New York City. Although his remarks were of an impromptu nature, for a half hour Colonel Fellows held his audience spellbound. He poured forth such a stream of pure and simple English as would make one willing to give half his life to be able to do the same. He thanked the College and its Faculty for the honor conferred upon him in making him an LL. D., and expressed his amazement at the rapid growth and great work of Notre Dame. Without doubt, Colonel Fellows got closer to the hearts of the student body than any orator who has been with us within the memory of the oldest student. This was attested to by the enthusiastic reception given him by the students, and the shouts they sent up for Colonel Fellows as his carriage rolled out the gates Thursday afternoon, when he returned to New York City.

### The Oratorical Contest.

#### PROGRAMME.

- Overture—Around the Metropolis.....Byer  
University Orchestra.  
Statecraft and Statesmanship, Mr. Charles M. Bryan  
Philosophy in Actual Life.....Mr. John G. Mott  
Science and the Catholic Church, Mr. E. E. Brennan  
Concert Waltz—The Sea Fairies.....Preston  
University Mandolin Orchestra.  
Twilight and Dawn.....Mr. Louis C. Wurzer  
Literature in the Formation of Character  
.....Mr. Arthur W. Stace  
Finale—Gallop—Idapio.....Julian

On Thursday morning a contest in oratory that was worthy of the University took place in Washington Hall. Five of Notre Dame's orators were on hand with carefully prepared speeches, and the three gentlemen who kindly acted as judges were Right Rev. Monsignor Mooney, Colonel John R. Fellows, of New York City, and the Rev. Maurice J. Dorney of Chicago.

Promptly at ten o'clock, President Morrissey, the Faculty and guests entered the Hall, were greeted with the college cheer, and immediately the Mandolin Orchestra struck up the overture. When the music had ceased, Mr. Charles M. Bryan, '97, the first speaker, stepped on the stage. Although this was his first appearance

in the rôle of orator, yet the rumor of his ability had gone forth, and much was expected of him. Mr. Bryan proved himself an exceptionally fine speaker; he spoke with ease, and his clear, distinct enunciation made his words very forcible. His subject was "Statecraft and Statesmanship," and he drew the distinction between the statesman and the politician, making a strong plea for the former. He was several times applauded.

The second speaker was Mr. John G. Mott, '96, who handled his subject, "Philosophy in Actual Life," in a very able manner. His oration was well thoughtout, and well delivered. At times his enunciation was not of the best, and some of his periods called to mind the Richelieu of the evening before, but he wisely used little of elocution in his delivery, and seems on the whole well able to put aside the rôle of actor when taking up that of orator.

Mr. Edward E. Brennan, '97, followed Mr. Mott with an oration on "Science and the Catholic Church," which showed careful preparation and thought. His delivery was dignified and calm and his gestures apt and well made. The subject was a very broad one, but Mr. Brennan in the short time allotted, said much on it, citing authorities in support of his assertions, thus showing a familiarity acquired by careful study.

The Mandolin Club next appeared, and played in its pleasing style one of the bright compositions of its director, Mr. Preston. As the last strains died away, Mr. Louis C. Wurzer (Law), '96, stepped sprightly to the middle of the stage and, in a masterly manner, spoke of the "Twilight and Dawn," or the end of the nineteenth and the beginning of the twentieth century. Mr. Wurzer is not a believer in the alleged degeneration of our age, and cited our advancement in religion, education and the principles of free government as a proof that the end of this century is not such an unpleasant stage in the world's history as some pessimists would have us think. His oration abounded in strong periods and excellent climaxes which brought forth frequent and prolonged applause. Mr. Wurzer's delivery was earnest, his gestures vehement and appropriate.

The last speaker was Mr. Arthur W. Stace, '96, who delivered a most excellent oration on "Literature in the Formation of Character." He said that every one was influenced by a book much as he would be by a companion, and consequently we should accept only a pure book just as we should accept only a pure com-



panion. Mr. Stace spoke in a calm, agreeable manner and his enunciation was perfect.

After the last of the orations, Monsignor Mooney rose to make the closing remarks. He spoke most flatteringly of the several contestants; he complimented highly their apt choice and complete grasp of the different subjects, and closed by exhorting the students ever to honor their *Alma Mater*, whose glory was their own. The contest throughout was most excellent showing, and the gentlemen who took part in it deserve indeed hearty congratulations.

#### The Contest in Elocution.

The contest in Washington Hall on Friday afternoon was a splendid exhibition of elocutionary power. Each of the contestants delivered himself with the ease and polish that comes of hard practice and intelligent observation. There was no striving after illegitimate effects, no ranting, no listlessness. Grace, elegance, ease and force were the qualities aimed at by the young speakers. Those who were new to the local audience displayed remarkable coolness. This is said particularly of the younger elocutionists, who, as far as was evident to the audience, breathed as regularly as in their least exciting moments, and seemed as unconcerned as if the contest were a mere class recitation. Much improvement, indeed, was noticed in the art of those who, in previous years, competed for elocution honors. The same remark, which Mgr. Mooney and Colonel Fellows made concerning the oratorical contest on Thursday, might almost with equal justice be expressed on this occasion; for, to speak without exaggeration, the exhibition given in Washington Hall on Friday afternoon was not far inferior to any ever given at Notre Dame. The programme included piano solos by Mr. S. J. Schultz and Mr. Francis F. Dukette. Here it is:

##### CARROLL HALL.

Piano Solo.....	S. I. Schultz
"The Benediction".....	T. A. Lowery
"College Oil Cans".....	F. X. Druiding
"The Battle of Fontenoy".....	M. V. Monarch
"Sir Hubert's Last Hunt".....	W. W. Scherrer
Piano Solo.....	F. F. Dukette

##### SORIN AND BROWNSON HALLS.

"Death-Bed of Benedict Arnold".....	C. M. Niezer
"The Uncle".....	L. J. Healy
"Trouble in the Amen Corner".....	G. P. McCarrick
"Clarence's Dream".....	A. H. Gaunkler
"The Face upon the Floor".....	E. E. Brennan

##### JUDGES.

Very Rev. W. Corby, Austin O'Malley, L.L.D., Ph.D.  
Rev. J. W. Clarke.

#### Personals.

—Mrs. M. McMahon Stace, of Grand Rapids, Mich., is one of our most welcome visitors. Mrs. Stace came to attend "Richelieu," and will remain to be present at the graduation of her son Arthur, of Sorin Hall, and will also attend the Commencement exercises of her own *Alma Mater*, St. Mary's Academy.

—Mr. H. L. Monarch (Litt. B. '93) is spending a few days with his brother, of Carroll Hall, and a host of firm friends among the Faculty and students of the University. Mr. Monarch was one of the medal men of his class, and one of the best liked and most popular of the graduates of '93. He is always welcome at Notre Dame, as are all her sons who have been a credit to their *Alma Mater*.

—The Reverend Thomas Carroll, who was a theological student here in the "olden time," preached a patriotic sermon on Memorial Day, to a large number of the G. A. R. assembled in St. Joseph's Church, Oil City, Pa., of which he is the energetic pastor. *The Oil City Derrick* says of this discourse, which will long be remembered:

"It was a masterpiece of this master orator, a sermon that touched the heart and roused the aspirations of all who heard it."

—Among our distinguished visitors during the past week were the Rt. Rev. Joseph Mooney (LL. D. '95) and Colonel John R. Fellows, (LL. D. '95), of New York. Monsignor Mooney, who celebrated only a fortnight ago the Silver Jubilee of his ordination to the priesthood, is the Vicar-General and Chancellor of the Archdiocese of New York, and Rector of the magnificent new Church of the Sacred Heart. For eight years, he was Professor of Theology in the Seminary at Troy, before he was called to the responsible position he now holds. He is a devoted churchman and a preacher of great repute.

Colonel Fellows—or Doctor Fellows, to give him the title by which Notre Dame men should know him—is one of the most picturesque figures in our national life. When Lee sheathed his sword at Appomatox, Mr. Fellows wore a colonel's stars on a collar of gray; but no one who heard his glowing words last Wednesday evening, could be made to doubt his loyalty to the Union. Since the war, he has been much in the public eye. A light of the New York bar, he is the most noted of our wits and orators. He was in Congress when the fate of the World's Fair hung in the balance; and it was by the sheer force of his eloquence that he won the House to appropriate the five millions which made the Fair the greatest of expositions. In the Democratic Convention of '84, in a memorable speech, he put in nomination the name of Grover Cleveland for President. Just now, he is District Attorney for the County of New York, an arduous but honorable office.

Annual Examinations,—Monday, Tuesday,  
Wednesday, June 15, 16, 17.

(Under the supervision of Rev. President Morrissey.)

BOARD OF EXAMINERS:

CLASSICAL COURSE.—Rev. N. J. Stoffel, presiding; Rev. S. Fitte, Rev. J. Scheier, Rev. J. Cavanaugh; Prof. J. F. Edwards; Prof. William Hoynes, Prof. Austin O'Malley, Prof. L. McGriskin, Prof. J. G. Ewing, secretary.

SCIENTIFIC COURSE.—Rev. A. M. Kirsch, presiding; Rev. J. Kirsch, Rev. J. Burns; Prof. F. X. Ackermann, Prof. J. J. Green, Mr. F. Powers, Prof. M. J. McCue, secretary.

(Examined on the 8th.)

LAW COURSE.—Professor William Hoynes, presiding; Rev. J. J. French, Rev. A. M. Kirsch, Rev. S. Fitte; Hon. T. E. Howard, Hon. L. Hubbard, Hon. J. Gibbons, Hon. A. L. Brick, secretary; Prof. G. E. Clarke, Prof. J. Ewing.

COMMERCIAL COURSE.—Rev. J. J. French, presiding; Rev. B. Ill, Rev. E. P. Murphy, Bro. Philip Neri; Prof. E. J. Maurus, secretary, Mr. D. Murphy.

PREPARATORY COURSE, BROWNSON HALL.—Rev. W. Moloney, presiding; Bro. Leander, secretary; Bro. Emmanuel, Prof. Preston, Mr. D. V. Casey, Mr. C. P. MacHugh.

PREPARATORY COURSE, CARROLL HALL.—Rev. M. J. Regan, presiding; Rev. T. A. Corbett, secretary; Bro. Alexander, Bro. Hugh, Bro. Albius, Bro. Cajetan, Bro. Alphonsus, Bro. Boniface, Mr. J. N. Love.

Local Items.

—Are you coming back next year?

—We have no Morehouse, but the yard is still there.

—A certain Michigander came near cooking his goose when he mistook the lake for a bathtub.

—Daly went fishing for snakes last week and got a bite. A dose of the Infirmarian's panacea fixed him up all right, but he now devotes his attention exclusively to physics.

—While unravelling an intricate problem in special orthography, Weadock accidentally fell asleep. All efforts to arouse him proved vain until some one rang the dinner-bell, whereupon the somnambulant Leo made a frantic grab at the atmosphere, yelled "meat up!" and then awoke.

—A group picture of members of the Stock Company, embracing Cardinal Richelieu, Friar Joseph, Julie and Louis XIII., was taken by Messrs. Van Sickle and Hogue. The photograph, a large one, is the most beautiful sent from the South Bend studio. Copies may be had for the very low price of fifty cents.

Orders should be sent in at once to the photographer. Money must accompany orders.

—To an appreciative audience the five gentlemen who represented Notre Dame this year in the oratorical field were a revelation. Rarely does the SCHOLASTIC loose the flood-gates of its praise and pour unstinted encomiums on the orators of *Alma Mater*; but we are forced to voice the opinion of all who had the pleasure of being present in Washington Hall from ten to twelve on Thursday forenoon. It is the general opinion that no oratorical contest has ever been held at Notre Dame that equalled that of a few days ago. For construction, these orations were remarkable, and if the delivery was not altogether perfect it had the virtue of being thoroughly earnest. What the decision is no one but the judges will know until the morning of the 18th.

—The gardens of ancient Rome may have shone more bright with human torches for a heartless Nero, and the new nobility of France in the days of the Empire may have basked in more gorgeous illuminations in the gardens of the Louvre, but the spirit which set fire on Friday night to every candle in the quadrangle could not have been surpassed. Around the statue of the Sacred Heart, along the network of paths that meet and part within the college park, on the steps that lead to all the halls and even at the summit of the newly-placed flag-staff, thousands of lights sparkled in the gentle breeze. It was an inspiring scene, fit to bring up religious thoughts, and some who witnessed it felt sad; for Notre Dame is beautiful and holy, and in a few days it will be but a memory for them. Graduates of '96, remember Notre Dame!

—The Feast of the Sacred Heart was observed on last Friday with the greatest devotion. The Catholic students received Holy Communion at six o'clock, and at eight Very Rev. Provincial William Corby began High Mass. Rev. Father French delivered a very impressive sermon on devotion to the Sacred Heart and, in his persuasive way, begged his hearers to cultivate this devotion. The Feast of the Sacred Heart is considered a very important one at Notre Dame, and no efforts are spared by the Religious and students to observe it with all ceremony and grandeur. The splendid illuminations around the statue of the Sacred Heart evinced the feelings of the students, and were a fitting exhibition of the love which exists in every heart for the fountain of all graces—the Heart of Jesus.

—The long-expected contest between the noble Greeks and the Carrolls took place on Thursday morning. Unfortunately some of the Greeks were unable to play, and several Varsity men had to be substituted. The game opened with the Carrolls at the bat. McNichols knocked the ball to the president, secretary, treasurer, etc., who was playing centre field, and so astonished that functionary that four runs were

let in. The Greeks got three in their half, and then it was a game of see-saw until the fifth inning, when both teams adjourned to the refectory. Here the N. Gs. got the better of their opponents, and by the time "fourths" had gone around, Kirwin had convinced the "head" that the Carrolls were "pie."

—The following complimentary programme was tendered by the pupils of St. Joseph's Hall to their esteemed Director, Brother Boniface, on the occasion of his patronal feast:

Overture.....	E. J. Gilbert
German Address.....	A. Kachur
Vocal Solo.....	S. F. Bouvens
Recitation—"Shamus O'Brien".....	J. Bennett
Violin Selection.....	A. Pietrzykowski
Recitation—"The Benediction".....	J. F. Corr
German Essay—"St. Boniface".....	W. J. Young
Vocal Solo.....	S. F. Bouvens
Finale.....	E. J. Gilbert

—The following is the programme of the Fifty-Second Annual Commencement:

#### SUNDAY, JUNE 14.

8.00 a. m.....	Solemn High Mass
Sermon.....	Rev. E. B. Kilroy, D. D., Class of '59
7 p. m.....	Band Concert

#### Annual Examinations.

Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday, June 15, 16, 17.

#### WEDNESDAY, JUNE 17.

8.00 a. m.....	Closing Examinations
10.00 a. m.....	Regatta
12.00 m.....	Dinner
2.30 p. m. Commencement in St. Edward's Hall	
4.30 p. m., Calisthenic Exercises in Saint Edward's Hall and Field Sports on Brownson Campus.	
7.30 p. m. Commencement Exercises in Washington Hall.	

#### THURSDAY, JUNE 18.

8.30 Class Poem, Valedictory, Awarding of Honors	
Conferring of Degrees, etc.	

—The S. M. Specials added another wreath of glory to the many which they already possess, by defeating the Carroll Hall Specials last Sunday. The score, 10 to 8, shows how closely the battle was contested. The tactics of the S. Ms. in concentrating all their force on one point in the enemy's line, the pitcher's box, made their victory certain from the start. The Carroll Hall men made fewer connections with the ball, and when four balls sent them to first they rarely made the circuit. The features of the game were the pitching of the Carroll Hallers and the outfielding of the S. M. Specials. Another attractive characteristic of the game was the variety exhibited in the suits of the S. Ms., particularly the gay dress of their right fielder. Stolen bases abounded; in fact, once on first second was always allowed to the runner. The number of bags thus taken—10 by Carroll Hall, 11 by the S. Ms.—shows how easily the gentlemen sprinted to second; even the "French" left fielder of the S. Ms. surprised the crowd by stealing a base. Our friend from "de Sout' side" surprised the crowd by not hitting once; the batting honors went to Barton and Stace.

SCORE BY INNINGS:—	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
S. M. SPECIALS:—	2	0	1	0	2	5	0—10
CARROLL SPECIALS:—	0	2	0	0	1	3	2—8

#### Roll of Honor.

##### SORIN HALL.

Messrs. Brennan, Burns, Eyanson, Lantry, Marmon, J. Murphy, Mott, McNamara, Miller, McDonough, G. Pulskamp, Reilly, Reardon, Ragan, Rosenthal, Slevin, Stace, Weaver.

##### BROWNSON HALL.

Messrs. Arce, Anders, Anderson, Armijo, Atherton, Byrne, Barry, Ball, J. H. Browne, Brinker, J. W. Browne, Blanchard, Burke, Bowlin, Brucker, M. Campbell, Crilly, Cypher, John Corby, Joseph Corby, Carney, Crane, Confer, Davila, B. Daly, Delaney, Ducey, M. Daly, Duperier, Dowd, Dukette, Forbing, Foulks, Follen, Flanigan, Fox, Farrell, Fera, Farley, Goeke, Gibson, Gilmartin, Golden, Geoghegan, Galen, Gebhart, F. Hesse, Hoban, G. Hanhauser, A. Hanhauser, Harrison, Heirholzer, Hennebry, Haley, Hindel, Hengen, J. Hesse, Henry, Johnson, J. Kelley, Kegler, E. Kelly, F. Kaul, I. Kaul, Kearney, Lindau, Mingey, Mattingly, Medley, Moran, Murphy, R. Monahan, Maurus, Mueller, McGinnis, McCarrick, McPhee, McCormack, McGuire, Menig, Niezer, Naughton, Neeley, T. O'Brien, J. O'Brien, O'Malley, Pietrzykowski, Powell, R. Putnam, Piquette, Pulskamp, Pim, Paras, Quinn, T. Ryan, Rowan, Rauch, San Roman, Sammon, Smith, Speake, Steiner, S. Spalding, R. Spalding, Schultz, Sheehan, Stuhlfauth, Smoger, Tracy, Tuhey, Thacker, Thiele, F. Wurzer, Walsh, Wheeler, G. Wilson, Wigg, Ward, R. Wilson. L. Wurzer.

##### CARROLL HALL.

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

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

A. Allyn, L. Abrahams, J. Atkinson, C. Bode, F. Bode, A. Bosworth, Francis Breslin, L. Weber, I. Bergeron, Resee, 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, Weise, 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.

