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Judge Not.

REV. A. B. O'NEILL, C. S. C.

BE not alert to sound the cry of shame
Shouldst thou behold a brother falling low.
His battle's ebb thou seest; but its flow—
The brave repulse that heroes' praise might claim
Of banded foes who fierce against him came,
His prowess long sustained, his yielding, slow:
Till this thou knowest, as thou canst not know,
Haste not to brand with obloquy his fame.

"Judge not!" hath said the Sovereign Judge of all,
Whose eye alone not purblind is, nor dim.
Perchance a swifter than thy brother's fall
Hadst *thou* received from those who vanquished
him;
He coped, it may be, with unequal odds,—
Be thine to pity; but to judge him, God's.

Sidney Lanier.

WILLIAM C. HENGEN, '97.



BORN poet and musician was the talented Lanier. His idea of art in poetry was ridiculed and wrongfully criticised before he was rightly understood. This grieved him much. It did not discourage him, however, for we know how he considered it from one of his letters, in which he says: "What possible claim can contemporary criticism set up to respect—that criticism which crucified Jesus Christ, stoned Stephen, hooted Paul as a madman, tried Luther as a criminal, tortured Galileo, bound Columbus in chains, drove Dante into a hell of exile, made Shakspeare write the sonnet 'When in disgrace with fortune and men's eyes,' gave Milton five

pounds for 'Paradise Lost,' kept Samuel Johnson cooling his heels on Lord Chesterfield's doorstep, reviled Shelley as an unclean dog, killed Keats, cracked jokes on Glück, Schubert, Beethoven, Berlioz, and Wagner, and committed so many other impious follies and stupidities that a thousand letters like this could not suffice even to catalogue them?" Today the best critics give him a high place in the list of American poets, and literary men appreciate his poetic skill. He was conscious of his talent, as great artists always are; he never, however, boasted, but we find in some of his private letters and note-books this self-knowledge mentioned. The following is an extract from one of his letters to his wife:

"I will make to thee a little confession of faith, telling thee, my dearer self, in words, what I do not say to my not-so-dear-self except in more modest feeling. Know, then, that disappointments were inevitable, and will still come until I have fought the battle which every great artist has had to fight since time began. This—dimly felt while I was doubtful of my own vocation and powers—is clear as the sun to me now that I *know*, through the fiercest tests of life, that I am in soul, and shall be in life and utterance, a great poet."

Men are now beginning to know him as he knew himself. His poetry, to be sure, is not of the same type as that of the usual writer; still originality does not necessarily mean that he had no real genius. His love of nature, sincerity of heart and his deep sense of art; shine out in his poetry with a light which soothes, brightens and elevates the mind of man. It was the aim of Lanier, as of every true artist, to lead man to a higher level by showing him the beautiful and its connection with the Creator of all beauty. He was no religious poet; but in his works one can see that "Nature drew

him to a trust in the Infinite above us." His poems are the production of a soul beautiful in its simplicity.

In order fully to appreciate his high art one should know something of the difficulties under which he labored. Mr. W. H. Ward has given us a memorial of him, which serves as an introduction to the volume of his poems edited by Mrs. Lanier. I can do no better than review briefly this excellent sketch.

Sidney Lanier was born at Macon, Georgia, in 1842. He descended from a line of artists and musicians, from whom, no doubt, he inherited his natural love of music and poetry. His great love for music was shown by the intense passion he had, when a child, for every kind of melody. He learned to play any instrument almost without instruction. This taste for music was not encouraged by his parents and friends, for they looked upon the art as an inferior occupation for one they felt was born for greater things. He turned his attention to flute music because it was his father's choice. He carried his flute all through life; often it was a great comforter and always a pleasant companion.

In 1860 Sidney Lanier was graduated at Oglethorpe College near Midway, Georgia. The year after, when the South needed men, he put aside his books, enlisted with the Macon Volunteers, and was off to the wars. Several times he was offered promotion, but he preferred to share the hardships of a private with his brother, whom he loved more than position. During the last year of the war both he and his brother were put in command of vessels. Sidney's vessel was captured while running the blockade, and he was sent to Point Lookout prison where he was confined for five months. This was distressing experience for so refined and gentle a nature as that of the poet. He was released in 1865 and returned home, where, exhausted from the exposure to which he had been subject, he fell ill, and the deadly enemy which he withstood for fifteen years began its terrible work. He became the victim of that dread disease, consumption.

The remainder of his life is a sad story. It was his greatest wish that he might devote all his energies and time to literary pursuits. Ill-health and limited means prevented this and left him a slave to circumstances. He resorted to many occupations for support. He took charge of an academy in Prattville, practised law at Macon with his father, and took the position of first flutist in the Peabody

Symphony Orchestra in Baltimore. During this time he had much illness, yet managed to follow his literary work with great enthusiasm, determined to spend the little time left him in the work he loved so well. While he was with the Peabody Orchestra, his father wrote a letter urging Sidney to come home and join in the practice of law. But the poet refused to do this. The following is part of a letter written in answer to his father's request:

"MY DEAR FATHER:

"Think how for twenty years, through poverty, through pain, through weariness, through sickness, through the uncongenial atmosphere of a farcical college and of a bare army and then of an exacting business life, through all the discouragement of being wholly unacquainted with literary people and literary ways—I say, think how in spite of all these depressing circumstances, and of a thousand more which I could enumerate, these two figures of music and of poetry have steadily kept in my heart so that I could not banish them. Does it not seem to you as to me, that I begin to have the right to enroll myself among the devotees of these two sublime arts, after having followed them so long and so humbly?"

The time between his hemorrhages was now less, yet he fought a ceaseless struggle for life.

In 1879 he was appointed lecturer on English literature at Johns Hopkins University. He now at last had his heart's desire—a chance to use his genius. While at Rockingham Springs, Virginia, during the summer he completed his work, "Science of English Verse." He lectured at the University during 1880, furnishing twelve lectures, out of a course of twenty, on the English novel; then his strength failed. This was in May, but he lingered, as Mrs. Lanier says, "until the forenoon of September seventh, and then falls the frost, and that unfaltering will renders its supreme submission to the adored will of God." It seems too bad that he was taken away at the very time that he was in a position to follow his literary tastes.

"The Science of English Verse" and "The English Novel" are of immense value to the student of literature. The new method of scansion, which he explains, is very important and a great help in explaining rhythms which, under the old way, had to be left unexplained. He edited several books for boys, which are interesting and instructive. The main works of his life, however, are his poems. The whole collection does not make a large volume, yet when we consider the hindrances against which he labored, it is fortunate for us that he favored us even with this little, for it is true art.

Sidney Lanier is not as well known as he should be. Not until he was appointed to write the Centennial Cantata is his name brought

before the public, and then only because the critics made some severe strictures on the poem. They did not know what they were about, and it is just as Mr. Ward says: "It was written by a musician to go with music under the new relations of poetry to music, brought about by the great modern development of the orchestra, and was not to be judged without its orchestral accompaniment."

We need but read his gems to convince us that Sidney Lanier was a ready student and a true philosopher; he was no mere dreamer. He was capable of doing business with the world, then turn and commune with nature in true artistic style. The "Song of the Chatachooche" reminds us at once of that other water song, Tennyson's poem "The Brook." In both we catch the ripple of the water as it passes on its way. The chatachooche chants:

"I hurry amain to reach the plain,
Run the rapid, and leap the fall
Split at the rock and together again,
Accept my bed, or narrow or wide."

While Tennyson's brook murmurs:

"I chatter over stony ways,
In little sharps and trebles,
I bubble into eddying bays,
I babble on the pebbles."

The tone, coloring, alliteration and smoothness of Lanier's poem is hardly to be criticised, while the thought is good. Taken into careful consideration, the poem is a careful art work. The poem "Sunrise," which was written while he was too ill to raise his head from the pillow, has a charm about it which attracts one very strongly. There is a brightness and newness which act on the soul of the reader, as the first rays of sun that drive away the chill of a clear October morning and fill one with the keenest delight. I have chosen the last lines from this poem to show the strength of soul of a dying man:

"Oh! never the mast-high run of the seas
Of traffic shall hide thee,
Never the hell-colored smoke of the factories
Hide thee,
Never the reek of the time's fen-politics
Hide thee,
And ever my heart through the night shall with
knowledge abide thee,
And ever by day shall my spirit, as one that
hath tried thee,
Labor, at leisure, in art,—till yonder beside thee
My soul shall float, friend Sun,
The day being done."

This poem has the real poetic ring produced from the very life-blood of the poet. It was a happy inspiration, sung before the sunshine of

a noble life had passed out forever. A person glancing over his poems cannot but notice that Lanier was a great lover of nature. The song of the birds pleased him; the flowers springing up at his feet touched his heart to song; the running waters talked to him and he, in turn, sings to all. "Clover," a poem inscribed to the memory of John Keats, beautifully expresses this love:

"Tell me, dear Clover (since my soul is thine,
Since I am fain give study all the day,
To make thy ways my ways, thy service mine,
To seek me out thy God, my God to be,
And die from out myself to live in thee)—"

The best examples of his longer poems are "Corn," "Symphony," and "The Revenge of Hamish." All are marked with touches of genuine art, though there are some lines which sound harsh to the ear.

One who loves to read the breathings of a poetic soul, a sympathetic nature directed by a strong mind, cannot afford to pass the works of Sidney Lanier unnoticed. One of his sweetest and simplest poems is "A Ballad of Trees and the Master." It runs as follows:

"Into the woods my Master went,
Clean forspent, forspent.
Into the woods my Master came,
Forspent for love and shame.
But the olives they were not blind to Him,
The little gray leaves were kind to Him:
The thorn-tree had a mind to Him
When into the woods He came.

"Out of the woods my Master went,
And he was well content.
Out of the woods my Master came,
Content with death and shame.
When death and shame would woo Him last
'Twas on a tree they slew Him—last
When out of the woods He came."

There is much merit here, much which draws one to the poet. It assures one of the close touch that existed between him and the Master of whom he speaks so gently.

Lanier had designed a series of six Marsh Hymns, which he intended should form a separate volume. Three of these, "Sunshine," "Individuality" and "The Marshes of Glynn," were produced, and are considered by many to be his greatest work. There is a marked improvement with each effort. Sidney Lanier, had he lived a long life, no doubt would crown the roll of American poets. He had a most poetic soul, and he knew with an artist's nice precision how to regulate his metres till music poured from them as water from a pure fountain. Some day the American literary world will rise to a full realization of his genius, and give him at last the applause which he deserved. He was our Keats.

My Book-Shelf.

JOSEPH V. SULLIVAN, '97.

Dreams, books, are each a world; and books, we know,
Are a substantial world, both pure and good.—WORDSWORTH.

Sometimes I fain would believe that books have life. In reading a novel we delight in certain characters and make them our own, so that they are part of us, and exist in and through us. As we know them better and share their joys and sorrows, we come to love them and to honor the men who produced them. Not only this, but they have a lasting influence on us and enter into our lives at a time when we are most susceptible of impressions. And when we have studied the minds of several beautiful creations of an author, we are fond of contrasting them. When we have done this we place side by side those which agree most, and as such we get to know one or the other by the company it keeps. For this reason, a row of books seems to me like so many houses, inhabited by persons good or bad, the scenes of numerous, interesting incidents. But perhaps this simile should not be carried further, inasmuch as houses are, as a rule, too ungainly to be compared to objects so precious as our favorite books.

My shelf, indeed, contains not many volumes, but they are all dear to me, and I love to call them mine. We certainly prize most the books which belong to us, and we enter into them more deeply step by step. At the contents of that shelf I gaze long and frequently and even as I look, visions of the characters loom up before me and bring with them the various scenes in which they figure. And according as these views agree with my changeful state of mind, I delight in dwelling upon them.

For instance, just now, as I returned from an exciting battle on "the gridiron," my eyes rested for a moment on a large, red-covered edition of Scott's "Ivanhoe." Immediately, there passed before me a picture of the fierce fight in the lists at Ashby, and in spirit I was transported to the realm of Richard the Lion-hearted. The fascination of the tournaments possessed me, and once more I beheld the fair Rowena, and Rebecca the Jewess, and the brave knight of Ivanhoe, and, in contrast, the villain, Bois-Guilbert.

And now as I glance again at the book-shelf my eyes turn toward the work of Sir Walter, but I am attracted more by the mean appear-

ance of the binding on the "Vicar of Wakefield." The cover is well worn and brings to mind the sufferings of the poor clergyman, and I ponder, too, over the blundering simplicity of Moses and the filial devotion of the daughters. Kindness and gentleness are never out of fashion, and it is these qualities in Goldsmith which endear him to us. In the "Vicar," he opens his own heart to us, and in an autobiographical manner tells his own story; we pity the clergyman, but our commiseration does not lead to contempt, because we admire too much the fortitude which brings him out of all trouble.

Side by side with poor old "Noll" is a copy of Ik Marvel's "Reveries of a Bachelor"—a book which I really love and always peruse with tender rapture. Who can read with unruffled spirit of the grief of Paul when that lonely man hears of Bella's death? And is not the whole course of their silent love elevating as well as beautiful? The author well expresses what we have often thought and tried in vain to put into words. There is, indeed, a potent charm throughout these "Reveries," and no one can read the book without being better for having done so. While in this reflective mood I take up one of Bishop Spalding's works, "Education and the Higher Life," and, opening it at random, I read: "Life without thought and love is worthless"; and again: "Learning is acquaintance with what others have felt, thought, and done; knowledge is the result of what we ourselves have felt, thought and done." Every sentence is a gem, and the whole forms a veritable string of brilliants, casting back one's thoughts in a dozen new colors.

In the middle of the shelf, supported by all the other books, is a copy of Shakspeare. Who could ever weary of his heroes and heroines? Who is there that does not love Portia, and Ophelia, and Rosalind? What a study there is in the jealousy of Othello, the doubt of Hamlet, and the conscience of Macbeth! In the "Merchant of Venice" we are fascinated by the various complications of the plot, and enjoy the delicious comedy in which Portia is engaged, and the contrast when Shylock is degraded and bereft of his goods. In "Julius Cæsar" we admire the stately person of Brutus, who is really the central figure, the noblest Roman of them all. Who in reading "Lear," does not pity the poor old king, the man "more sinned against than sinning?" What an example of devotion we have in Cordelia, who still loves her father although

he had cast her aside, depending on the false affections of Goneril and Regan! What models of conjugal fidelity has Shakspeare produced in the persons of Imogen and Desdemona! Thus could we go on indefinitely naming types and types of men and women, and find them all portrayed in the plays of the grand old genius—"nature's oracle and interpreter."

If in my gayer hours I would seek amusement, there is Mr. Stockton to offer consolation; to banish the shadows of care I have but to turn to his short stories. For instance, I have here that riddle of riddles, "The Lady or the Tiger." You know this tale of the semi-barbarian prince, so entertaining throughout. When we have been wrought up to a high pitch of excitement, the author sets us down rudely by leaving the completion of the story to the judgment of the reader. Very kind of him, indeed! That exasperating question: Which?—how many solutions have been attempted and we are still in the dark! Yet it is to this sudden turn in the *dénouement* that the short story owes its high standing in literary work. How striking is the comparison which a certain writer made when he said that the short story is to the novel as the delicately touched water-color is to an oil painting. While speaking here of a rest from labor and a consolation in affliction, we naturally call to mind our own greatest poet, Longfellow. He, whose songs gushed from the heart, speaks to us with a voice of gladness, and in our moments of sorrow he has for us a mild and healing sympathy—a poet of the heart, he speaks directly to the heart. And then, too, his touching and lightly humorous prose story "Kavanagh," how brilliant is the glamour of its individuality! But even when reading this tale I think of the writer simply as a poet whose gift holds me wrapt above all that is mean in the world.

But I would not consider my shelf complete did it not contain some novels. Side by side stand several volumes of Dickens and Thackeray, but in placing them thus I did not lose sight of the fact that these men are as unlike as two mortals possibly could be, both in their styles and in the subjects chosen. I felt that a study of one of these authors should not be attempted without having read the other. In the works of dear old "Boz" we all meet in the equality of an ideal land, where there are neither old nor young, rich nor poor; indeed, the principles of equality and fraternity are what endear that writer to the heart. Thackeray, on the contrary,

takes a lofty seat and plays the part of scorner, while he flatters his readers by inviting them to sit beside him. But he wrote for the literary class, for all those who delight in the best language; whereas Dickens aims at and reaches the ears and hearts of the people. The author of "David Copperfield" was taught by Nature and was not a man of broad scholarship, while Thackeray was polished by a thorough education. Humor and an inimitable style make the strength of the latter, while the former excels in pathos and character-drawing. Who that has read Dickens can forget Paul Dombey, Sam Weller, Dick Swiveller, Tommy Traddles, and Little Nell and her grandfather? And, as to Thackeray, who does not admire the wonderful skill shown in the creation of Becky Sharp, of Esmond, of Beatrice, and even of Captain Costigan?

Just now, as I glance toward that mighty array of literary geniuses, I notice a small green-covered volume, in the "Cameo" edition, labeled "Virginibus Puerisque." Ah! I had almost forgotten our *friend*, Stevenson, who was almost a classic in his own day. Here we have a versatile writer, a man with wide range of subjects; one who is a master as much in the line of romance as in that of essays; a critic and poet too. As I open one of his books hap-hazard, I notice that which is called his first quality, namely, "the survival of the child in him." He has a remarkable memory when referring to his early days, from which one might suppose that he had not increased in years as he grew taller. In this respect he reminds us of our own Eugene Field, the writer with a child's heart. Stevenson has a charming style of his own which suggests Thackeray. He is attractive to readers of every age and character, fascinating the romance-reader, and charming the lover of clever critical work.

Was it not Sydney Smith who declared that, even if they were unread, books were the best furniture in the house? At any rate, it is very true, and I envy those men who have their walls hidden by large book-cases filled with volumes of their own selection. It is said that Charles Dickens had the doors in one of his houses painted to represent book-shelves, thus completing the appearance of the tiers of books around the room. But on this humble board, placed above my desk, are the authors of my choice, and in their company I am content, since I feel that mere contact with the masterpieces of literature brings me into closer communion with the men who produced them.

Varsity Verse.

A RIME OF MELANCHOLY.

THE summer suns are gone again,
 And sad is the sweetest day;
 The flower-cups brimmed with softest rain
 Are broken and cast away.
 September echoes a sad refrain
 In the winds as they idly play;
 For summer suns are gone again,
 And sad is the sweetest day.

But summer hope will still remain
 In dreams we wish to stay,
 And autumn hues some brightness deign,
 Though the sky has tints of gray;
 Yet,—summer suns are gone again,
 And sad is the sweetest day.

W. C. H.

THE FALL.

I saw the first bird southward fly;
 I saw the first leaf fall to earth;
 I watched the first flower slowly die,
 And lo! it was the autumn's birth.

W. B. G.

MY FISHING LINES.

Some fish with but a single string,
 Some *few* have two, yet fish in vain;
 I have four lines,—my bait I fling
 For hearts in this lovelorn quatrain.

C. M. B. B.

A WIFE'S COMPLAINT.

My lord—of whom, gods, grant me loss—
 Makes clear one fact, I swear:
 'Tis better far to bear my cross,
 Than 'tis to cross my bear.

C.

UP TO DATE.

The melancholy days have come,
 Which haunt us in our dreams,
 The days when we must cease to "bum,"
 And put in time on themes.

M.

THREE MODERN BEES.

There are three bees which have the power
 To make the "honies" who now reign
 O'er hearts—first B-ullion for a dower,
 Then B-eauty, least and lastly B-rain.

B.

AN EFFECT OF PARESIS:

A fact with which my brain doth tug,
 Despite all set-backs, shocks and falls,
 Is—is a man who fills a jug
 A juggler of small "balls?"

B.

A RIDDLE.

When time has fled,
 And man is dead,
 And no one's left to woo,
 Tell me, sweet maid,
 By cheeks betrayed,
 What will poor Cupid do?

E. J. M.

Origin of the Drama.

PAUL J. RAGAN, '97.

To follow the history of the drama from its origin down to the present day is a most interesting study. That it should have originated in a very simple manner would seem almost incredible to a person who has attended a modern production of a standard play. When we see the grand opera-houses, the elaborate stages, the costly costumes of the actors, and hear the swelling strains of music which accompany the rendition of a play, we can scarcely imagine all this to be the outgrowth of mere drinking tournaments. For such were the feasts of Bacchus, and to those feasts does the drama owe its origin.

History tells us that in the celebration of the Bacchanalian rites, a few rude, comic scenes were introduced, intermixed with songs in praise of that deity. Thespis, seeing the general appreciation with which these performances were received, took the matter in hand to improve it. He carried the actors about in carts, whereas before they were accustomed to sing in the streets, wherever chance led them. He also caused their faces to be smeared with the lees of wine—the origin of the dramatic mask—and he introduced a character among the chorus, who, to give the actors time to rest, repeated the adventures of some illustrious man. The chorus, as Horace tells us, took the part of an actor. Between acts it sang songs which had some connection with the plot of the play. It also gave to the audience short talks on current questions of the day, always upholding the cause of right and justice, and eulogizing the benefits received from good laws and good government. It exhorted the people to be frugal, to avoid unnecessary wars and, above all, to revere the gods.

The alterations which Thespis made afforded room for Æschylus to make still further improvements. He gave masks to his actors, adorned them with robes and trains, and made them wear buskins. Instead of a cart, he erected a stage of moderate elevation and entirely changed the style of the play, which, from being merely burlesque, became serious and majestic. His most important modification consisted in an increase in the vivacity and spirit of the action, sustained by the dialogue of the persons introduced by him, in the artful

working up of the stronger passions, especially of terror and pity, and in the choice of his subjects which were always grand, noble and inspiring. Thus were taken the first steps towards the perfection of the drama. After Æschylus came Sophocles and Euripides, who added many tragedies to the dramatic list, and Aristophanes who added many comedies.

By the Latins comparatively little was done except to follow in the footsteps of their Grecian brothers. In fact, the dramatic art was not advanced perceptibly until after the Renaissance, when it was taken up by the French, English and Italians. At their hands it was almost completely revolutionized. The unities of time and place were no longer observed; more actors were introduced into the play, and the chorus was made a thing of the past. Greater attention was given to the writing of dramas. Men of superior ability lent their energies to it, until the genius of such men as Marlowe, Jonson and Shakspeare was developed, and this has set the standard for the world. Shakspeare, especially, merited the name of being the greatest dramatic poet that ever lived. It was in the sixteenth century, then, that the drama, as written, reached its highest state of perfection.

The facilities for acting were as yet very deficient. The stage was nothing but a mere elevated platform, devoid of scenery; and when the action of the drama was to pass from one city or town to another, this was made known to the people by putting up placards with the name of the place where the action represented was supposed to have occurred. There was not even a curtain or a dressing-room, and frequently players, who appeared only in one scene, remained upon the stage during the whole performance. Again, some of them who did not come on until the last act often sat in the audience and waited for their turn. It was not until a few years ago that we had a thoroughly equipped stage or a full corps of actors. In Shakspeare's time there were no actresses; the parts written for women were played by boys.

As it is today, the drama is a great factor in the intellectual and moral development of the age. In saying drama here, I mean the real standard play, not such comedies as "The Green-Goods Man," "Waifs of New York," and others of this stamp, which have caused so much comment about the immorality of our stage. But in the good, genuine theatre there is much to learn, much to admire, and much

which elevates. All the passions of the human heart, all its emotions, all its virtues and vices, are laid bare before us, and we see them, not as they are in one individual, but as they are in general, and as they affect the movement of the world. It is true, we can learn much of this from literature, but, as Horace says:

"Segnius irritant animos demissa per aurem,
Quam quæ sunt oculis subjecta fidelibus et quæ
Ipse sibi tradit spectator."*

In the drama we learn not by hearing but by seeing, and seeing is believing. We can study the human soul in all its phases; we see men as Shakspeare saw them, and that is to see them as they really are. Let a person, for instance, see the rendition of "King Lear," and if he is not moved, or if he does not feel his heart beat faster for the time being, then he is beyond all human sympathy. For to see an old man driven by his own foolishness from the position of a happy king to that of the most abject, most wretched outcast, and to see Cordelia, the type of true womanhood, basely exiled from her father's home, dishonored and disowned, are conditions which cry out directly to the heart. In speaking of Cordelia, Hudson says: "We seem almost to hear her sighs and feel her breath as she hangs like a ministering spirit, over her reviving father. The vision sinks sweetly and quietly into the heart, and, in its reality to our feelings, abides with us more as a remembrance than an imagination, instructing and inspiring us as that of a friend whom we had known and loved in our youth."

As an example of inordinate ambition we might take Macbeth. Though a monster he has our sympathy to some extent. Ambition drives him to commit murder; ambition comes along with her chariot, and, like Phæton of old, Macbeth jumps in and drives the fiery steeds which gallop away with him to his own ruin.

Of course, everything in the drama cannot be taken as true; yet it is not all myth or fiction; there runs in it a deep vein of truth. For in daily life we do not meet Cordelias, Lears, Macbeths, Othellos, Iagoes, but we constantly see shadows of every notable character. In the dramatic school we study actual life idealized. Like a mirror it reflects the past, and throws a glimpse of light into the future. It enables men to broaden their views, to seek higher ideals, and correct the more common abuses arising in daily life. It is surely a great boon to intellectual and social life. With a slight version of his text and an apology to Carlyle, we can justly exclaim: May blessings be upon the head of Thespis, the Grecian, or whoever it was that invented the drama!

* "Things which enter through the ear stir up the feelings more slowly than those which fall under the eye and which the spectator finds for himself."

A Sketch from Memory.

THOMAS B. REILLY, '97,

Out from the land of the Kitchawaun and into the northern waters of the Tappan Zee stretches a long, narrow finger of land. It is covered with vineyards and bits of woodland, and checkered with patches of vegetation that bespeak the care of thrifty husbandmen. A narrow road of sand extends from the mainland to the extreme end. It winds in and out among the grapevines that sag beneath a weight of purple treasure; it passes through an old orchard, where the air is heavy with the odor of the burdened fruit trees, and going thence it steals into the meadow land beyond, its yellow course basking in the sunlight like some huge, mild serpent. At an aged farmhouse near by, with its quaint Dutch roof, its porches, front and rear, and its air of homeliness and cheery welcome, the roadway dips toward the water's edge before climbing the hill that leads to the gardener's home beyond.

At the tip of this mighty finger, which seems to point to some unknown land, is an edge of loose stones and grass-grown sand. On the rocks, and scattered among the beach-grass, lies the nondescript treasure of an incoming tide. From the rustic outlook near the extreme edge, one can see the isle of Manhattan nestling in its huge water-ways. Beneath your feet are the churning waters of the reef, where little fishing craft bob up and down like corks afloat.

Out on the blue flood beyond are the snowy sails of pleasure boats, dipping before the northern breeze in their mad race with the white-capped waves about them. In the shadow of the blue mountains runs the channel. Here heavy merchantmen sail quietly along, while the labored puff of the steam-tug is mocked by the echo from the hills. To the east, nestling in a setting of cool trees and granite-studded hills, lies the city of Ossining. Its white houses stand glimmering in the sheen of sunlight; its towers and steeples are tipped with shafts of light from the summer sun.

The village of "Stone-upon-stone," the Indians called it, and their memory lingers with the white man, for he adopted the name. North of the city limits is the ancient battleground of the red man. And when in early spring, the ploughboy turns with his share the relaxed clods of earth, there comes to light, as

a reminder of the past, bits of broken arrow-heads and pieces of stone hatchets, whose handles have long since mingled their dust with the bones of the warriors who held them. And in the old stone wall which guards the historic home of the Van Cortlands is a corn-mill, made from a rock and used by some dusky maiden of the Kitchawaun long, long ago.

To the southeast is the home of Washington Irving. His grave is in the old cemetery a short distance above, and the long black cannon, that points its nose to the south, stands useless guard beside the dead. In the same section lies Sleepy Hollow—the land of legend and dreams. There, too, is the spot of André's capture, an incident in the history of the world. Into the blue of the western skies old Mount Tor proudly lifts its head. Four other peaks of lesser height, but in a descending ratio of size, form a series of steps, which lends a magnificent contrast to the brilliancy of an autumn sunset. I have often stood on the eastern hills at evening and looked out across the water to these cliffs seven miles beyond, and seen such sunset fires as must have come direct from the hand of God Himself. Not even the spirits' thought could conceive such harmonies of shaded light and color—for the good folk say that angels turn artists when the day-hour wanes.

Farther down on the same side is a long, even range of rock, and here the greedy stone-crusher and the all-destroying powder have eaten an immense hole into the very heart of the green hills. Near the eastern shore of the huge finger is where Henry Hudson anchored the little *Half-Moon* when on his voyage of discovery. And on the hill-side above are the wine-cellars, their presence discovered to the traveler only by the brick ventilators that stick their noses up from the ground at his feet. The huge doors on the under hill-side are moss-grown and gray, swinging upon hinges that are rich in the rust of years. And in the vaults proper are long rows of casks, white and mouldy with age. Filled with their red treasure, they stand there untouched, except by the industrious spider who builds his delicate bridge from cask to cask, and festoons with the tracery of a fairy's loom the rafters above and the barrels beneath. The air within is wet and heavy and cold, and it is good to step out into the summer day, to hear the river's breath play among the rushes on the shore, to feel that strange freedom of nature, and to bask in the warmth of the day-god.

Books and Magazines.

THE VOCATION OF EDWARD CONWAY. By Mauricé Francis Egan. New York: Benziger Brothers.

MR. BILLY BUTTONS. By Walter Lecky. New York: Benziger Brothers.

It is the aim of the Benziger Brothers to issue in attractive form novels by American Catholic writers. They could have made no better selection for the initial volumes of the series than work by Mr. Egan and Walter Lecky.

The work of Mr. Egan is so well known to his many Catholic readers that extended praise of his genius would be superfluous. Suffice it to say that in this book he has preserved the high standard he has set himself. The story is a sweet little romance twined about the life of a young High Church Episcopalian minister. Strong in his love of youth and health he refuses to answer a small-pox call, and thereby disgusts a young lady of lofty ideals, who has up to that time been in love with him. Finally, however, the young minister, recognizing his unfitness for his position, takes the step that separates the High Church from the Catholic, and, ceasing to be a stepfather, becomes a son of mother Church. His conversion and the noble traits of character which he displays regain for him the love of Berenice, and the story ends in the good old-fashioned way.

Walter Lecky is also well known in Catholic circles. The story of Mr. Billy Buttons is rather a collection of sketches portraying in general the bold, sturdy life of the Adirondacks. There are scenes of deep pathos mingled with passages and incidents of the broadest and most droll humor. All the touches with which he paints the simple-homely people with rough exteriors but hearts of gold make us love his characters and feel with them all their trials and misfortunes. We follow Buttons throughout his strange career with kindly interest, and shed a tear above his grave when at last he has "gone forever." Both these stories are in one volume and are tastefully and carefully published.

—The October number of the *Cosmopolitan* is interesting, instructive and entertaining. "A Summer Tour in the Scottish Highlands" is the title of a handsomely-illustrated article by Thomas L. James. "The Story of a Child Trainer" tells how Chicago's younger generation is made musical and at the same time neat, obedient, prompt and polite. Captain D.

D. Gaillard, of the Corps of Engineers, U. S. A., has an able article on the great American desert, which should interest every student who desires to know the wonders of his native land. Another instructive article is "Personal Recollections of the Teri-Ping Rebellion." The story lover is served with two short stories by Theron C. Crawford and John J. à Becket, while the fancier of humor will be delighted with "A True History of our Cooks" by Frances Courtney Baylor. The athletic girl, who has superseded the fragile beauty of a few years ago, is the subject of a well-written article, "The Modern Woman out of Doors." The Department Notes are up to their usual high standard, and altogether the October *Cosmopolitan* is well worth reading.

—*Harper's* for October opens with an attractive sketch by Frederic Remington, who is well fitted to write of the "Blue Quail of the Cactus" and brighten the text with his excellent drawings. Though his illustrations are far above his literary style, he will always find admirers of both. Probably the article of most interest in the magazine for October is "The Martian." Judging from the first instalment, the story is not going to be the equal of "Trilby." The style is more reserved; the rollicking, jovial, passionate, variegated language of "Trilby" is partly omitted; only the French retains its full bloom. If Du Maurier had not written "Trilby," "The Martian" would seem to be much more successful. The former is the work of a man aglow with the fire of genius, but, so far, the latter does not seem much above the average.

Besides this the number also furnishes many allurements for readers of light fiction. Octave Thanet, Ruth McEnery Stuart, Brander Matthews, Martha McCulloch Williams, Georgiana Peel, Sarah Barnwell, each have contributed a short story. Each of these is artistic and interesting and well adapted to taking off the scientific dryness of some of the other articles. Brander Matthews, as usual, lays his scene in New York, and shows clearly that he has observed many things that others have not seen. Some of his stories are not up to the best standard; but he often makes up for this by other excellent ones. In the Great American Industries series, R. R. Bowker presents a thorough article on Electricity—simple and yet deep. For nature's lovers there is a pleasant article on Crickets. The poetry of the number is especially good, notably "In the Shadow," by Margaret E. Sangster.

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FRANCIS J. F. CONFER,
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JOHN F. FENNESSEY, } *Reporters.*

—Two weeks more and the competitions will be hot upon us. Students cannot appreciate too much the importance of these bi-monthly examinations, and before the weeks slip by, they ought to make sufficient preparation to meet them. The wise will immediately grasp this idea and act upon it. They will not defer the burthen of their study to the last week or the last few days, but will at once begin reviewing the matter already recited. Thus they will overcome the difficulties that beset them, and go to the examinations confident that they have done all in their power to make the result successful.

—We have heard rumored that the Reverend Arthur Barry O'Neill, C. S. C., of St. Joseph's College, New Brunswick, is about to give to the world his impressions of what he has seen in other lands, and we beg leave to prophesy that the world will be grateful therefor. Our remembrances of a former professor of Rhetoric in this University do not prejudice us in his favor, when we say that an eager audience awaits him. Other, greater and less interested critics have paid Father O'Neill compliments

which we would scarcely dare to utter; but we may praise him not only for the art of which he is an acknowledged master, but for giving expression to those sentiments of kindness and forgiveness, that depth and purity of soul, for which he is so well and so favorably known. In another part of this paper we reprint one of his sonnets, which we confidently leave to the reader to criticise.

—Yesterday was the twenty-fifth anniversary of the great Chicago fire, and in the big rebuilt metropolis of the West there was a magnificent celebration, wherein the city herself and the nation from ocean to ocean joined in universal rejoicing. Let Notre Dame add her voice to the chorus of good wishes; for she, too, not a score of years ago, wrestled with the fire-demon till not a stone was left upon a stone. Like Chicago, she has swiftly risen from her ashes greater than before. May God grant that the providence which has attended the re-birth of both, still watch over them and perfect their strength! Chicago, Notre Dame salutes thee.

—The football season has opened and we have met defeat. This was not wholly unexpected and, after all, it is nothing to mourn for; therefore we do not mourn. It was our first game and, naturally, we were weak. Our opponents from the dissecting rooms of the Windy City were men of magnificent physique, far surpassing us in weight and age. Our regular quarter-back, injured in a game with the "scrubs" a few days ago, was unable to play, and this put us at a great disadvantage. In the science of football our men showed superior knowledge, and slowly but surely they were nearing the goal when unfortunately the call of time at the close of the first half prevented what would surely have been a touch-down. We have had, at least, a chance of seeing some of our strong points and some of our weak points, and it is evident that changes must at once be made in the team. By next Wednesday we shall be better equipped, so that the University of Chicago may run the risk of losing some of her laurels. Four to nothing, boys, is not discouraging; just reverse the score next time and we shall be satisfied. Let the coach do the coaching, let his instructions be followed, and we need not fear for the success of our team and the honor of the Gold and Blue.

A Cause of Literature.

Prior to the fall of man, the faculties of his soul were so intermingled that by mere instinct his discernment would have been as deep as that which is now the result of diligent study. The fountainhead of genius passed away, and then came the dawn of written literature. The ephemeral quality of human existence, the longing after immortality, and the degeneracy of intellect, led to its introduction. It was formed, but how?—It still exists and why?—Both its origin and its existence are due to the agencies that influence it.

Morality, first and above all, is the greatest support to the literature of a people. This it is that puts the heart and soul into literature. "The proper study of mankind is man,"—the sympathetic analysis of his mind, the jewel-strewn pavement that adorns the channel to his better self, the animating strains that move his soul to better things, and cause him to soar above his animal instincts, and stand forth as the embodiment of honor and true manhood. This is literature, and without the strictest principles of morality it could never exist. But let us not undervalue the influence of Christianity on literature and civilization, for it places before us a model of which paganism never could have dreamed.

Can anyone doubt the good results of such a literature? If so they have but to look around and behold the men of their own day, read of the men of other times, and study the rising generation. They never were satisfied. Man was never content with the sphere in which his duties were laid. He constantly longs for something better; he sits at times through long idle hours, sunk deep in some reverie which pleases his fancy; he builds castles; he dreams of ideal situations, in which he loves to forget the trials and tribulations of his everyday existence. This longing after better things is satisfied in a greater degree by literature than by anything else except religion. It bears him; as nothing else will bear him, to the fertile fields of imagination, on the golden wings of thought.

Who can read the very first lines of Dante's great masterpiece without referring them to himself, and striving to find an exit from the gloomy wood to which the poet refers? Who cannot pick a line from Shakspeare that will please him even in his direst moments? Consider even the humbler poets, and speak of Tennyson's "Break, Break, Break!" How many millions of people have repeated this little lyric, and how many have profited by a higher conception of truth and beauty? How many hearts has it stirred to sweet, refining emotion! Then dwell on the sentiments and convictions so beautifully expressed in Cardinal Newman's "Lead Kindly Light."

E. E. B.

P. and S., 4; Notre Dame, O.

The game which ushered in the football season of this year was, as is many a first game, not very brilliant. Still the opening is no foreboding of what the close shall be. If the Varsity of '96 does not pass through the games which are to come without a goodly list of victories and a short list of defeats, all the old traditions are mere fairy-tales, and our golden expectations will have turned into leaves and pebbles.

The defeat is a result of many things. The game followed close upon the opening of the work of the season by the coach. As yet the old men have scarcely awakened from their long sleep of summer inactivity and good times. To these old players the result of their first trial of '96 is not in the least a cause of alarm. As was well shown, the three black sweaters banded with stripes of red and white and marked with the small C, were rather difficult things to run upon in the first attempt; and the Doctors gave evidence of much practice and team-work.

However, the game has shown where the faults of the players lie; and these can be corrected in the next few days, so that the condition of the team next Wednesday will be totally different from what it was on Thursday last. The line had men who have not played before, whose first trial was given them in this game. Perhaps when the team next lines up new men will have come in. At least, now that the glaring faults have been pointed out, the team can make much better headway.

The playing on Thursday was clearly without good team-work on the part of the Varsity. This, of course, can be, in part, excused, for in the limited time for practice the plays could not be rehearsed often enough. Part of this was due also, it seems, to the lack of a quick knowledge of the signals. For this there is also some excuse; but it is time the men knew the play the moment the numbers are given.

The coaching of new men to fill the positions of old players is necessarily a tedious work. No matter how strong or quick a man is, he must have a knowledge of the game before he can show up in a fair light. This has been the trouble with the team of this season.

The old men who dropped out have left gaps which must be filled, and, as things stand now, by new men altogether. It takes a good game to make them realize the better and clearer just what they had best do in the many different cases which come up in the course

of a game; their timidity is shaken off, and they then begin to work like old players.

Considering all this the game has not been a wonderful surprise. Captain Palmer was unable to play until the last half. Mullen and Murphy played well, although without the snap and dash of last year. Mullen is not yet quite used to his position.

Despite a long rest and inactivity, Schillo begins to show hard, stubborn work. He bucks the line well—as does Mullen, also—and plays with the vigor and certainty of one who has been there before.

Among the new men who played in the game, there are, for some, prospects of becoming good players. Brown does very creditable work, especially for one who had to learn the game within four or five days. Lyons holds centre well, and Daly shows up in good form.

The team must now see the necessity of going into strict training. So far, it seems, the steps towards discontinuing smoking have been few, if able to bear number at all. If the coach suggest that a man do this or that it should be done. If this be followed, by next Wednesday we may expect a good game.

But a few remarks about the Doctors. Their line-bucking was fine, and their general play splendid. Let them thank their football stars, however, that they did not come down two weeks later.

STORY OF THE GAME.

Hesse kicked off thirty yards to Wynekoop who was unable to regain more than five yards. Then they hit on line with telling effect, getting to centre. Blayney broke through for two yards and in the next play the ball was fumbled, but the visitors grabbed it and chased down the field fifteen yards before the Varsity could stop them. Sisson dodged around the left end for ten more; but on the next play N. D. stock rose a notch as the visitors lost a couple of yards. Then they hit the line with a vengeance, Blayney finally getting the ball an inch over the line for a touch-down in ten minutes. Wynekoop failed an easy goal. Hesse again kicked off, this time for forty yards to McCormick. In four plays they advanced fifteen yards when Notre Dame got the ball on a fumble. Then Murphy, Mullen and Schillo worked the ends for all they were worth, making large gains. Ten yards for offside play and twelve yards by Schillo brought the Varsity to the ten-yard line too close for comfort, but time was then called, and the Varsity never got any nearer to the P. and S. goal.

In the second half, Captain Palmer took Daly's place. Koehler kicked off to Schillo, who gained ten yards before he was downed. The Varsity failed to get in its good work, though, and the ball went to P. and S. They failed to keep it, however, and Notre Dame got it on a fumble. Wynekoop was hurt in the last scrimmage, but an internal application of the contents of a small valise, which hurried across the field, put him on his feet in time to regain the ball on another fumble. They could not keep it, however, and the Varsity took a last chance. Two downs brought no gains, and Hesse punted twenty yards. The visitors then advanced steadily on line and end plays until, with five yards for offside play, they were within five yards of our goal, and time was called. Score—P. and S., 4; N. D., 0.

THE LINE UP:

Varsity		Ph. and Surg.
Corby	Right End	Husk
Hesse	Right Tackle	Sisson
Rosenthal	Right Guard	McCormick
Lyons	Centre	Champlain
Cavanagh	Left Guard	F. Meyers
Schillo	Left Tackle	F. W. Meyers
Murphy	Left End	Williams
Taylor	Quarter-Back	Turner
Daly, Palmer (C.)	R. Half-Back	Wynekoop (C.)
Brown	L. Half-Back	Blayney
Mullen	Full-Back	Koehler

Mayhew, Referee; Brennan, Umpire; Weaver, Linesman. Touch-down, Blayney. Twenty minute halves.

J. W. M.

Exchanges.

The *St. James' School Journal* is as bright and breezy as ever, and reflects great credit upon its fair young editors and the school they call their *Alma Mater*. The *Journal* compares very favorably with the publications of many colleges and universities, which are supposed to be far above a common High School. Its last number contains two well-written and interesting stories, the class poem and class prophecy of '96, much excellent verse and a number of bright editorials. We congratulate the editors of the *Journal* upon the excellence of their first edition for the fall term, and trust that their efforts may meet with even greater success in the future.

It is to be deplored that so many of our college papers pay little or no attention to the maintaining of a literary department. Most of them, while professing to be magazines, are nothing but local newspapers, containing nothing of interest to anyone outside the institutions from which they are issued. In this

week's list of exchanges there are but few papers that could hold the attention of any ordinary reader who was not intimately connected with the respective institutions from which they emanated.

We believe that a college paper should be bright and newsy, but it should also illustrate the work done by the students publishing it. It should train them to express their thoughts in an interesting manner; but when the editors fill up columns with such bosh as "Vacations," "Good Lessons"? "F. C. has two boils on his neck," and totally neglect to keep up a literary department it shows a lack of talent, or, at least, of ambition, and it reflects but little credit on the institution it should try to honor.

The first number of the *Dickinson Union* teems with good advice and lofty resolves, and we trust that the former may be favorably received and that the latter may be carried out. "Firm Resolutions," an article in the literary department, is a didactic effort of considerable worth. "A Daylight Dream" is a smoothly-running article, consisting mostly of high-sounding and melodious adjectives of the "tinkling brook" and "apathetic existence" kind. It is a trifle too sweet to be wholesome, and should have been pruned of all adjectives before being submitted to the printer, but then it would have been too short to deserve a place in the paper.

The fact that the *Oberlin Review* appears for the first time under its new management is an excuse for its lack of interesting reading matter. It mourns the resignation of President Ballantine whose retirement leaves Oberlin without a head. It also contains a realistic account of the terrible fire at Ontonagon, written by an eye-witness of the conflagration. The rest of the *Review* is made up of local news and an account of how the different students spent their vacations.

Personals.

—Mrs. Waite, of New Orleans, recently visited her son of Carroll Hall.

—Mr. Peter Kuntz, of Chicago, spent Sunday with his sons of the University and his daughters of St. Mary's Academy.

—Many of the old students were pleased to see Rev. Denis McGlaughlin, of Hillsdale, Mich., among the spectators of last Thursday's game.

—Frank Kelley (student '89-'90) is now a successful lawyer of Rock Island, Ill. He is a promising candidate for District Attorney on the Republican ticket, and is a very enthusiastic gold man.

—Among our recent visitors were Mr. M. A. Meyendorff, Mrs. C. J. Messenger, and J. J. Cleary, of Chicago; S. W. Lyle and Mrs. Frank Lyle, of Dowagiac, Mich., and J. Amias, of Philadelphia, Pa.

—James J. Ryan (student '94-'95) has opened a law office in the Merchant's Building, Chicago, and will engage in the general practice of law. The SCHOLASTIC wishes all success to Mr. Ryan in his chosen profession, and trusts that he may soon win fame and fortune.

—Mr. William D. Kelly (student '76), member of the firm Kelly Bros. Manufacturing Co., Muskegon, Michigan, paid us a passing visit on his way to Chicago. Willie is a draughtsman of rare skill, and does not regret the time spent in old St. Luke's Studio at Notre Dame.

—Right Rev. Bishop Edward J. Dunne, of Dallas, Texas, accompanied by his brother, Rev. Richard Dunne, Oak Park, and Rev. Hugh O'Gara McShane, LL. D., Rector of the Church of the Annunciation, Chicago, made a short call upon the President and Faculty last Wednesday. It is hoped they will call soon again.

—George F. Pulskamp (Litt. B. '90) is helping edit the *Mercer County Standard*, one of the brightest and newsiest bi-weeklies in the State of Ohio. It is out and out for Bryan and Free Silver, but is none the less readable on that account. We wish George every success, and hope some day to see him at the top of the journalistic ladder.

—Hon. and Mrs. James H. Ward, of Chicago, paid a visit to their son of Carroll Hall last week. Mr. Ward was a member of the class of '73, and Mrs. Ward (*née* Agatha St. Clair) graduated from St. Mary's Academy in '76. Their visit was a most enjoyable one at both the University and its sister institution, and we trust that it may soon be repeated.

—On Friday last the University was honored by a visit from Messrs. W. Miller, of the South Bend National Bank, Mr. Oliver, of Oliver Chilled Plow Works, Orvin Jones, H. G. Miller, C. F. Rayney, candidate for Reporter of the Supreme Court, and James A. Mount, Republican candidate for Governor of this State. It will be fifty-nine years next Christmas since Mr. Miller first attended services at Notre Dame, and ever since the first foundation of the college he has been its firm friend and supporter. He and Mr. Oliver were intimate friends of Father Sorin during the many years in which he labored at Notre Dame. Mr. Oliver, no less than Mr. Miller, has always been an old and valued friend of Notre Dame, which made their visit thrice welcome.

Local Items.

—Company A, Hoynes' Light Guards, held its first drill last Sunday morning.

—No, kind reader, the noise is not the ragings of a troubled sea. 'Tis Peggy Stearns' crew ploughing through the water.

—Football.—On Carroll Campus, Cornell 10; Naughton, 6. On St. Edward's, Carroll's, 10; Minims, 0.

—Hand-ball is the favorite pastime of the Carrolls at present. The alleys are filled by the enthusiastic players every rec.

—Golden is emphatically a silver man, but has Silver yet expressed his convictions? But he's from New York, and there is a faint suspicion that he's for gold.

—The Carroll Hall football team elected a captain for the Specials last Tuesday. John F. Fennessey is the man chosen. Arrangements for several games have been made.

—One of the boys was looking in disgust at a high collar the other day: "Humph!" he ejaculated with contempt, "that collar is like a fresh student, it ought to be turned down."

—The students of the Third French class are promised the translation of some interesting French novels in the near future. Their French vocabulary now consists of "oui," "qui," and "Le."

—The Bicycle Club took a brief run to South Bend last Sunday morning. It was the first spin of the season and was participated in by about forty wheelmen from Carroll and Brownson Halls.

—The Carrolls and ex-Carrolls played a game of basket-ball last Wednesday. It was as full of "chin musik," furnished by the ex-Carrolls, as it was devoid of good plays. Neither side scored.

—The Literature Class began the reading of Macbeth Wednesday afternoon. Prof. O'Malley took compassion upon the class, and hereafter only a portion of the hour will be devoted to "pen drudging."

—The members of the Crescent Club tripped the initial waltz of the season Wednesday evening, Oct. 7th. The number of attendants was unusually large, and the prospects for a winter's season of gayety are very brilliant.

—Said Dowd to Dukette: "Did you ever notice how the good-looking fellows are given the windows?" He then tilted back his chair and lost himself in a critical analysis of two fair damsels who happened to be strolling past Brownson Hall.

—The Count wishes to announce to the world at large, and to Sorin Hall in particular, that he has no more indelible ink. He also wishes to announce that he has a man's size baseball bat behind his door. The bat is not for

public exhibition, but if you really want to see it very badly just call at suite 60 (not suite 16), Sorin Hall—mention "ink" in an off-hand manner—and dodge the bat.

—The football schedule has been changed. The University of Chicago will play here next Wednesday. This cancels the game with the South Bend Athletic Club on Thursday. The game with Lake Forest University has been set for Nov. 5, and the Thanksgiving Day game will not be played with the University of Indiana. The Manager will fill out the date with some good club, so that the patrons of football will be given a chance to see a good game.

—The contestants in the '97 moustache race are setting such a lively pace the wind can hardly keep up with them. As we go to press Cavanagh's sorrel is leading by a nose, with Bone's dapple grey a good second. Steele's old-rose is pushing Lantry's brindle for fourth place, and "Out-of-sight," Mr. E. Murphy's two year old, comes next. The others are strung out behind in bunches. They should not feel discouraged, though. Plenty of time and hair-invigorator yet, gentlemen.

—Mr. Hering, who has labored so faithfully and earnestly in perfecting the football team, was the victim of an unfortunate mishap last Sunday afternoon. In a tackle, he severely sprained his right ankle and was carried from the field. While he will not have the use of the injured limb for several days, the fact, however, does not deter him from appearing on the field, and every afternoon, from his carriage is heard his clear voice correcting the faults of the men and spurring them on to success.

—Radical changes in the Varsity eleven will be necessary if we intend to make any kind of showing against Chicago next Wednesday. In last Thursday's game our opponents found a very weak spot in the line and kept hammering against it for good gains. Their touchdown was the worst kind of a steal, but this does not excuse the linesmen for letting them through. With a few changes and careful training—no smoking and strict attention to practice—we will have a good team. It is the coach's intention to drop every man from the team who will not submit to discipline.

—It is to be hoped that Mr. Hering, in his brief address to the students last Wednesday evening, clearly impressed upon them the utter despicableness of laughing and making fun of the football players while in practice. Nothing is so ungentlemanly, so contemptibly small or so disgraceful as this kind of criticism. We are glad to know, however, that this practice is only indulged in by some of the younger boys who, unfortunately, have not yet emerged from their babyhood. Long trousers and pipe do not well become such childish capers.

'Twere better were they to appear at the line in swaddling clothes and gruel bottles. Then would we know what to expect.

—The Law Class of '98 met last Sunday afternoon in the Law rooms for the purpose of effecting its organization. Chairman Quinn, in stating the object of organizing, observed that the Law class of '98 is by far the largest in the history of Notre Dame. It is a manifestation of the superior advantages that the Notre Dame Law school enjoys over those of other colleges. The election of officers resulted as follows: F. J. Schillo, President; A. J. Brucker, Vice-President; F. H. Wurzer, Secretary and Historian; P. E. Kearney, Treasurer; F. T. Dreher, Prophet. Committees were appointed to select class pin. The colors are maroon and white.

—The following song was composed by Francis J. Confer for last Thursday's game:

DOING UP THE DOCTORS.

Air—"Marching Through Georgia."

Sing a song together, boys, sing it loud and clear;
Sing it with a hearty will and voices full of cheer,
For today we line up for the first game of the year,
And we will paralyze the Doctors.

CHORUS.

N. D., D. U! ring out the chorus free;
The Gold, the Blue! thy jolly sons are we;
Loudly ring our slogan, *Alma Mater* dear, for thee,
While we are doing up the Doctors.

See the Windy City men are eager for our gore;
Harder will they play today than e'er they've done before,
But with all their efforts they will surely fail to score,
And we will paralyze the Doctors.—CHORUS.

Hail, ye towsey heroes of the football field!
To your mighty efforts will the Doctors surely yield;
Well we know that here today their fate is surely sealed,
Then hip, hip, hurrah for Notre Dame!—CHORUS.

But they didn't yield to us as the score shows.

—The French Academy has been increased to five since our last edition. The new members who were lucky enough to get in are Edouard Brennon; M. D., P. D. Q., and Jacques Jean Barré, A. P. A., Y. Z. Monsieur Barré has been elected to the office of *Bong-Bang-zip-Wong*, or Lord High Executioner of the Academy, and Doctor Brennon has been honored with the title of Lord High Everything Else. A large number of students have made application for membership, but they have all been rejected with the exception of the two we have mentioned. Green did not look well on some; others knew as much French as the charter members, and still others were handicapped with an O' or a Mc to their names. The last meeting was called to order on Thursday last at 5.30. a. m., and after the new members were initiated and bandaged up, the Academy proceeded to crown Faginet's "History of Ireland" and Costello's "Philosophy of History." The meeting then adjourned, and the new members went to the Infirmary.

—Another reason why the "stile" should be restored:—Yesterday, the man from Butler

County, Pennsylvania,—he of the anti-silverite name—went out to take one of his daily constitutionals, and after a light lunch at Hotel d'Haney started back to Notre Dame. Down the St. Mary's road he went buried in thought, and with that preoccupied air about him which we know and love so well. He gazed blankly at the new iron gates as he passed the spot where the "stile" used to be, but as he did not recognize them he went straight down the road. Thoughts of Homer and Butler County buckwheat were running through his mind all this time, so he did not realize where he was going until the prosaic whir and hum of traffic interrupted his poetic fancies, and he awoke to the fact that he was in South Bend. Would he kindly give his reason for going to town without permission? He would; but unfortunately the Prefect could not see it that way. Now he is trying to carry one hundred and ninety-five demerits and a pleasant smile, and unless he is relieved in a short time he will be obliged to drop some of his classes.

SOCIETY NOTES.

SAINT CECILIANS.—The St. Cecilians held their second regular meeting last Wednesday evening. The regular program of the evening was dispensed with, and instead a test of the member's voices taken with a view to determine their fitness as declaimers, etc. Several new names were proposed for membership.

The Society of the Guardian Angels of the Sanctuary was organized on the 2d inst. The following officers were elected: Very Rev. W. Corby, C. S. C., and Rev. A. Morrissey, C. S. C., Hon. Directors; Rev. J. Cavanaugh, C. S. C., Director; Mr. Joseph J. Gallagher, C. S. C., President; F. Fetter and D. Spillard, Vice-Presidents; J. Atkinson, Treasurer; E. McCarthy, Recording Secretary; F. Welch, Corresponding Secretary; L. Terhune, 1st Censor; F. Ebbert, 2d Censor; B. Kasper, Serg't-at-Arms.

SENIOR'S DEBATING SOCIETY.—The first debate of the Seniors' Debating Society was held in the law room on Wednesday evening. At the call of the roll all the members responded except one. There was plenty of enthusiasm, and in the eagerness to hear the speeches the reading of the minutes was dispensed with. The secretary announced the subject for decision: "Resolved, That the Magna Charta was a greater step in the interests of political liberty than the Declaration of Independence." The affirmative side was defended by Messrs. Cavanagh and Costello, and the negative was taken up by Messrs. E. Murphy and Sullivan. The historical research made by each debater, and the oratorical ability displayed, was a surprise to their classmates. One of the affirmatives declared that if his opponents wished to go into particulars, he could repeat history word for word from the time of the Gracchi down to the present day. Owing to the shortness of time he was not obliged to

recite more than a few epochs. Messrs. Barry, Ney and Steele acted as judges, and though the arguments in favor of both sides were very convincing, they decided that the merits of the decision rested with the affirmative.

—If the enthusiasm which filled every student's breast after the athletic meeting on Tuesday evening would only become chronic, Notre Dame's athletes would lead the country. The Athletic Association owes very much to our Very Rev. President, to Doctor Thompson of Chicago, to Mr. Hering and to Mr. Daniel P. Murphy and Mr. Bryan for their stirring talks and their generous offers to set the financial ball rolling. Mr. Murphy introduced Doctor Thompson in a neat speech in which he gave a glowing description of the Doctor's athletic abilities. "Doctor Thompson," he said, "is not only one of the leading physicians of Chicago, but he is also one of the country's best athletes. He was the champion boxer of Princeton while there, a member of the tug-of-war team, one of the best 'ends' that ever wore the Orange and Black on the gridiron, and as an oarsman he is second only to McDowell." Doctor Thompson then took the floor, and although his remarks were impromptu they did not suffer on that account. They were delivered in an off-hand manner, and there was that in them that appealed to the patriotic side of every student present—that filled each with a firm resolution to stand by the Gold and Blue to the end. There was a burst of applause at the conclusion of the remarks; and then Coach Hering spoke to the students. Mr. Hering talks as well as he plays football. His remarks were full of practical suggestions, and the general tone of the address did much to increase the all-pervading enthusiasm. Just before concluding he spoke of the necessity of a "rubber" during the football season, and suggested that a subscription be taken up immediately to defray the expense. Mr. Hering, Doctor Thompson, Mr. Murphy and Mr. Bryan were the first to contribute, and then a regular canvass was begun. While the men were answering to their names, Mr. Edward E. Brennan, '97, made a generous offer. It was to the effect that if the necessary amount were raised he would double it next year. The "What's the matter with Brennan?" was given with as much heartiness as possible, but it expressed only half the gratitude of the students. Over seventy dollars was raised before the meeting adjourned, and then the "rooters" filed out and used up as much enthusiasm as possible in cracking the atmosphere. Contributions are still coming in. Doctor O'Malley has given five dollars, and Father Murphy, Mr. John B. Murphy and other members of the faculty have done their share. Now, ye champions of the Gold and Blue, keep up the good work! Do not let the spirit of Tuesday night grow cold; and Notre Dame will have a team she may well be proud of.

Roll of Honor.

SORIN HALL.

Messrs. Arce, Atherton, Barry, Bryan, Byrne, Confer, Costello, Crilly, Delaney, Fitzpatrick, Golden, Geoghegan, Kegler, Medley, McDonough, Mingey, Miller, McNamara, Ney, O'Hara, R. O'Malley, Piquette, Pulskamp, Reilly, Rosenthal, Sheehan, Steele, Spalding, Steiner.

BROWNSON HALL.

Messrs. Armijo, Arizpe, W. Berry, G. Berry, Baab, J. W. Browne, Blanchard, Brucker, Barry, R. Brown, E. Brown, Burke, J. Brown, Cullinane, Crowley, Cavanagh, Conway, Crowder, Crawford,* Cypher, Campbell, Carney, Desmond, Dooley, Donovan, J. Daley, Duffy, Dukette, Dreher, Davies, Duperier, Dowd, Ducey, Fadley, Fetherstone, Fisher, Franey, Farrell, Frazer, M. Flanagan, Foulks, Fox, Follen, C. Flanagan, Falvey, Guilfoyle, R. Garza, Gilbert, Grady, Girardi, C. Garza, Hartung, Hartung, Hay, Hessel, Howell, Hayes, Hoban, Haley, Hermann, Hengen, E. Hake, J. Hake, Hanhauser, Jelonek, Kidder, Kraus, Kearney, Konzen, Kuerze, I. Kaul, F. Kaul, Koehler, Lyons, Long, Lutz, Lichtenwalter, Landers, Lowery, McDonald, McKenzie, McConn, McNichols, McCormack, McMillan, McGinnis, Massey, Martin, Miller, Maurus, Monahan, Mulcrone, Morris, Morrisson, Moorehead, Meagher, Meyers, Murphy, Monarch,* Neizer, F. O'Shaughnessy, M. O'Shaughnessy, O'Hara, O'Brien, Pickett, Pendleton, Putnam, Paras, Powell, Quinn, Reed, Rahe, Reinhard, Rowan, Singler, Schulte, Shillington, Stulfauth, Smoger, San Roman, Stearns, Scott, Speake, Summers, Spalding, J. Tuohy, C. Tuhey, Thiele Thams, Tomlinson, Toba, Voght, Welker, Wiczorke, Wheaddock, Wimberg, Wilson, Wade, Whitehead, Wigg, O. Zaehle, E. Zaehle.

CARROLL HALL.

Messrs. Abrahams, P. Armijo, R. Armijo, Beardslee, Breslin, Becker, Burns, Burke, Berger, Cowie, Cornell, Coquillard, Conklin, M. Condon, T. Condon, Curtis, Corby, Davidson, Devine, Drejer, Druiding, Dellone, W. Dinnen, E. Darst, E. Dugas, Ellwanger, Elliott, A. Fish, Flynn, Frank, Fox, Fennessey, Funke, Foley Girsch, Gonzalez, Gimbel, Grossart, Houck, Hagerty, Hoban, Hanley, Herron, Hawkins, Johnson, Kieffer, A. Kasper, G. Kasper, F. Kasper, P. Kuntz, J. Kuntz, Kirkland, Kiley, Klein, Kelly, Kilgallen, Krug, Land, Lyle, Leach, Lovett, McIntyre, J. McMahon, O. McMahon, McCarthy, McElroy, McNamara, McMaster, McNichols, McDonnell, McCallen, T. Mulcare, J. Mulcare, Morgan, Mohn, Mooney, Moss, Moore, Merz, R. Murray, J. Murray, T. Murray, Maher, Meagher, Morrissey, Mueller, Noonan, Newell, Nolan, J. Naughton, D. Naughton, T. Naughton, O'Malley, O'Connell, F. O'Brien, G. O'Brien, Ordetx, O'Neill, Peterson, Pyle, Pulford, Padden, Powers, Putnam, Pohlman, Quinlan, Richon, Rudnicki, Reuss, Syzbowicz, Swan, J. Scherrer, W. Scherrer, Schaffhauser, Sexton, Shiels, Sample, Sullivan, Schmitt, E. Sheekey, J. Sheekey, Slevin, Shea, Sanford, Stengel, J. Taylor, Tong, Waite, F. Ward, H. Ward, Wilson, Wagennan, Wells, Walsh.

ST. EDWARD'S HALL.

Masters Atkinson, Arnold, Abercrombie, Abrahams, Allyn, Butler, Bosworth, C. Bode, F. Bode, Blanchfield, Beardslee, Burton, Cowie, Clarke, Casparis, Cressy, Cunea, Cotter, Coquillard, Davis, Dorian, Dugas, Ebbert, Ervin, Engelmann, Frost, Fetter, Freeman, Franey, Griffith, Graham, Hall, Hart, Hubbard, Kasper, Kelly, Lovell, Lawton, P. Manion, E. Manion, McMaster, E. McCarthy, G. McCarthy, L. McBride, P. McBride, J. McBride, W. McBride, M. McMahon, W. McMahon, J. McMahon, McConnell, J. McGeeney, E. McGeeney, Paul, Phillips, G. Quertimont, E. Quertimont, Reese, Reynolds, Spillard, Steele, Strauss, Shields, Trentman, Terhune, Tillotson, R. Van Sant, L. Van Sant, Welch, Wilde, F. Weidman, G. Weidman Weber.

* Omitted by mistake.