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Desolation.

ELMER JEROME MURPHY, '97.

ONE little cloud that is lingering low,
Wavering in the fading light,
In the purple light of the after-glow,
Waits for the night.

The legions of cloud in the sun-lit sky,
That surged round their king in grand array,
That marched in the fiery glow on high,
Went with the day.

One little hope is lingering by
Of all the throng of childhood's glow,
That died—as the sunset colors die—
Long, long ago.

Edgar Allen Poe.

WILLIAM CHARLES HENGEN, '97.

POE was a man without much strength of character, who shortened his life by his own folly. Had he not let the love of drink rule his will, the world would this day speak of him with greater praise than it now does, and America would be more proud of her greatest poet. His temperament was very peculiar, his disposition extremely odd. His nature reveals itself in his weird writings and his fitful career.

Poe was born in Boston on the 19th of January, 1809. His mother was an actress, very skilful in her art. Both she and his father were Southern people, which accounts for many of the traits that crop out in Poe. Before he was three years old, Edgar was left an orphan. He was a beautiful child, with deep gray eyes. Attracted by the boy's appearance, Mrs. Allen, the wife of a wealthy merchant of Baltimore, adopted him.

The Allens went to England when Edgar was but six years of age, and for five years he studied Latin, Greek and French in a school near London. The family then returned to Baltimore, where he was again sent to school. At the age of seventeen he entered the University of Virginia. While there his amiability won for him the favor of the faculty. The evil, however, which dragged him down again and again during his life was begun early. Before he had been at the university two years Mr. Allen refused to let him continue his studies, for he drank to excess and gambled beyond his allowance. Mr. Allen put him at a desk in a counting room in Baltimore; but Poe's nature was not such as could long endure the duties of an office. Soon he gave up his position and went to Boston; there he enlisted in the United States Army, giving his name as Edgar A. Perry and his age as twenty-two, when he was, in fact, only eighteen.

Four years later, by the influence of Mr. Allen, he secured an appointment to the Military Academy at West Point. Again he told a lie about his age, giving it as nineteen, when he really was twenty-two. Through negligence and disobedience to officers he was court-martialed and dismissed from the Academy. To seek fame and fortune the young man ventured out into the busy world free from all restraint.

While still at school Poe had developed a taste for literature, having written several poems and a few short stories, one of which won a prize of one hundred dollars. He had published a small book entitled "Tamerlane and Other Poems," and a little later "Al Aaraaf, Tamerlane and Minor Poems." He did not realize enough from these to support him, and often he was in hard circumstances. A friend came to his rescue by securing for him a position on the *Southern Literary Messenger* as assistant editor. At this occupation he proved

himself a great success and the journal flourished. People were attracted by the editorials and criticisms which he penned. They recognized that Poe was a clever, if not a talented, young man.

So soon as he was assured of an income from his journalism, he married his cousin Virginia, a girl of only fourteen years of age, he being twenty-seven. He was a tender and loving husband; but only three months after his marriage, yielding to his old temptation, he lost his place on the *Messenger*. From this time on his record is one of success and failure. He allowed the terrible habit to conquer, and as often lost the positions which he easily secured. In time the habit took a stronger hold on him, and the intervals between his rioting became shorter. Often he was reduced to poverty and want. It is useless to follow the career of a drunkard. We all know the conditions of misery to which this evil leads man. Let it be enough to say that bad led to worse, and Edgar Allen Poe died October 19, 1849.

The character of Poe was bad; yet it is not the purpose of this paper to criticise the man, but rather to speak briefly of his works. I apologize for having entered thus far into his life, which is well known to all, yet in speaking of an author it is sometimes difficult to separate the man from his art.

The other day my attention was called to an interesting article written by Francis Aymar Mathews for the *Bachelor of Arts*, in which he tells the circumstances under which Poe's famous poem, "The Raven," was written. It seems that Poe considered the raven "a bird of ill omen." While at a theatre in New York in the winter of '44, he chanced to be seated beside Cornelius Mathews. They were friends, and soon Poe told Mathews how the raven continually haunted him. He left the theatre in a nervous condition, and half an hour later Mathews took an omnibus and was on his way up Broadway. "We had reached Bleacher street," Mathews says, "when there, in the circle of a sickly yellow light, under the lamp-post, I beheld Edgar Poe standing, writing on the margin of a paper, apparently utterly oblivious of everything around him. I pulled the strap, dashed out, and even then something made me pause as I saw him—a something that shone, like the glitter of stars in a hot summer sky, in the depths of his gray eyes; a something that exuded from his white brows, where the dark curls, gemmed with the frozen rain-drops, sparkled in the meagre light of the

almost deserted thoroughfare." This is where the first few stanzas of "The Raven" were written. Poe told Mathews that he could not have eaten, or drunk, or slept, or gone a step farther than this, or waited a moment longer than now. "Perhaps," he said, "if I have once put it on paper the ill-omened fowl will quit my ear and leave me in peace." This yarn would be delightful if it were not utterly false. Poe, however, said in the Preface to the Poems, "With me poetry has been not a purpose, but a passion." No doubt Mr. Mathews was meaning only to show Poe's genius in an impressive manner. It was "The Raven" that first gave Poe reputation and sent his name over the literary world. It is probably useless to say much of "The Raven," or quote it in part, for every one knows it as well as the poem "America." The rhythm, alliteration and unique rimes are musical, and the poem, though very artificial, is not displeasing. The thought is not deeply poetical, yet the poem satisfies the ear with the same charming ring noticeable in all his poetry. Poe knew how to turn words and create rimes far better than many of our greater poets; but this very knowledge makes him at times artificial.

Brander Matthews, professor of literature in Columbia College, says: "At the end of the nineteenth century Poe is the sole man of letters born in the United States whose writings are read eagerly in Great Britain and France, in Germany, in Italy, and in Spain, where Franklin is now but a name, and where the fame of James Fenimore Cooper, once as widely spread, is now slowly fading away."

His poem "The Bells" is remarkable for the skill of its rhythm, metre, rime and alliteration. The refrain, also, is noticeably appropriate, and effectively arranged; the same can be said of nearly all his works. Others of his longer poems, which are marked with art and cleverness, are "Al Aaraaf," "Tamerlane" and "Ulalume." In each of these there are passages of high poetry, mingled with simple verse and artificial lines. Some of his minor poems contain much true worth; for example, the poem "To One in Paradise." The first stanza runs:

"Thou wast that all to me, love,
For which my soul did pine,—
A green isle in the sea, love,
A fountain and a shrine,
All wreathed with fairy fruits and flowers,
And all the flowers were mine."

His short stories are better than those of

any American writer save Hawthorne. They are weird and intensely interesting, revealing the action of a splendid imagination expressed in a clear and pleasing style. "The Gold Bug" is a good example. Poe always reminds me of James Clarence Mangan, the great Irish poet, who was born in 1803, six years before the birth of Poe. Mangan has some excuse for having ruined his life, but for Poe there seems to have been no excuse. Poe always had friends that gladly would do anything for his welfare—with Mangan it was different. I am afraid it is as Shakspeare says:

"The evil that men do, lives after them."

Could we blot out the evil in the man Poe, then America could well be proud of her gifted son.

My Summer Girl.

EDWARD E. BRENNAN, '97.

The club rooms were almost deserted. Summer had come with all the intense heat of a July sun, and most of the boys had gone to seek the cool, refreshing breezes of their favorite resorts. Frank and I were sitting near the window, and as we gazed out into the heat of the busy city, a messenger boy entered and handed me a note. It was from a young lady for whom I had no slight fancy, and this dainty invitation, asking me to call that evening and bring a friend, was a matter of some little pleasure to me.

Frank was a queer sort of fellow when a woman was brought into consideration, and I knew he would not come. So, more out of a desire to hear a few of his cynical remarks, than from a longing for his company, I asked him if he would go. I spoke of her in a very flattering way, and he very calmly turned and suggested a game of billiards.

A mad desire came over me to interest him in at least one woman, and to do this I realized that I must accomplish something at which nearly every member of the club had failed again and again. I followed him to the billiard hall and fortunately had him all to myself. The room was deserted. He won the lag, and after he had made four or five points I said:

"Well, Frank, you stand around and sneer at women in that almost detestable way of yours; but let me tell you that if you would go among them once in a while and get some experience you would very likely change your mind."

"That is a very clever position of the balls, Howard," was his incoherent response. "I will bet the cigars you don't make the shot."

"I'll give you up as a bad job, Frank. I'll have to tell Lilyan about you."

"What! is that her name?" he asked.

"Yes; Lilyan Sherwood. And a more captivating girl I have never—"

"Howard, will you take me around to some place where I can get a good look at that girl?" he asked to my intense amazement.

"Now you're talking sense, old man," I said; "you just come 'round with me tonight."

At these words he let fall his cue and leaned over the table in a fit of almost hysterical laughter. When he quieted himself to some extent he turned toward me and asked if she had any money.

"I don't know," I answered; "but I am under the impression that she is worth about two hundred thousand dollars, and perhaps this is why I like her so well. This, at least, is about all that would ever cause you to like any woman."

Then he went through the same performance, except that he laughed a few seconds longer. Then he said:

"No, Howard, I don't care to meet the girl; I simply wish to see her from a distance."

"We will try, then," I said, "to arrange matters tomorrow." It is growing late and I must be off."

"All right, old man, I am going down town and we may as well go together."

We left the club rooms and started down College avenue. We had gone as far as Twenty-second street and turned up near the Star theatre when we came face to face with Lilyan and a friend. She stopped for a moment in a perfect stupor, then bowed very coolly and walked toward her carriage. I must confess that I was somewhat hurt by her chilly demeanor, and looked around to see what Frank had to say. To my great surprise he had disappeared. I stood there a moment wondering what all this meant, and as the carriage drove away my curious friend emerged from the doorway of a cigar store near by, slapped me on the back and said:

"Howard, are you accustomed to admire every woman you see, and to fall in love with every woman you admire?"

"Why the devil did you go in there?" I asked. "I thought you wished to see her? She just passed me this very moment."

"Have a cigar, Howard, and answer my ques—"

tion; I will answer yours in a few moments. I wish you would come up to my rooms."

I was in a sort of trance by this time, and did not know what to do, what to say, or where to go. The utter indifference which Lilyan had exhibited toward me was preying upon my mind, but in a mechanical sort of way I followed him to his apartments. When we were seated he again asked me to answer his question.

"Well," said I, "to tell the truth this girl is, I believe, worth about two hundred thousand dollars, as I mentioned before, and I don't like to let it slip through my fingers without an effort to close in on it."

"A good, fair answer, Howard," was his comment on my mercenary remark, "and I am going to give you some advice in a very pleasant way. Several years ago when I was at college, I was very much as you are at present—bent on marrying a rich girl and taking life easy. During my summer vacation I became acquainted with a young lady that was to my eye the very pink of perfection. She was a very beautiful girl, with all the accomplishments that one could wish a girl to possess. Moreover, she was visiting a friend of mine whom I knew to be very wealthy and very choice in the selection of her acquaintances. Of course, the most natural conclusion in the world for me to come to was that she herself was wealthy. Four or five other boys were quite as anxious to win her as I was, but by some chance or other I was the successful one. I proposed one night and was accepted. It was a month before school opened, and a happier month I have never experienced. Every morning, noon and evening I was with her. I looked into the future and saw a life of luxury and ease before me. I thought of every convenience and pleasure that a wealthy man could wish for. When the eighth of September rolled around and my baggage was in readiness for a three months' sojourn at college, Lilyan and I were feeling very blue. She accompanied me to the station. After a great deal of crying on her part I was left to myself to wander off in idle reverie. I arrived at college, and was just getting into the old routine when one of my professors, with whom I was quite intimate, invited me up to his rooms. When we were seated in the library he informed me that he had just returned from Schenectady, and that he had heard strange reports about me.

"That is what comes of being a man of importance, professor," I said; "you see, people will talk about us. But what does report say?"

"I heard from three or four persons that you are engaged to be married; is there any truth in it?"

"I had nothing to be ashamed of in such an acknowledgment, so I told him that it was true.

"Does your father know of it?"

"No," I said.

"What do you suppose he is going to say?"

"I don't know," I said, "and, furthermore, I don't care. She is worth a great deal of money, and I think we can live comfortably without him if he is too much against the marriage."

"How do you know she is wealthy? Are you quite sure of it?"

"I told him the circumstances; but I felt deep in my heart for the first time that the foundation of my belief was, indeed, not very strong. After I had told him the whole story, he said:

"Frank, if I were you I would go to Trenton tomorrow and look into this matter more carefully. Do you know anything of her family?"

"I acknowledged that I did not, and it began to dawn on me that what he said would be well after all. But as for going to Trenton the next morning, that was simply out of the question. I bade him good afternoon and promised to think the matter over. I went directly to the room of Frank Coyle, a classmate of mine, who lived in Trenton. I told him the story, and asked him what he could do for me.

"What part of Trenton does she live in?" he asked.

"— Washington Boulevard."

"Well, that is a swell street, but I can not recall where that number might be. I will tell you, Frank, I have a friend on that street, and if you wish I will have him look the matter up for you."

"He did so, and in a few days an answer came, stating that she, Miss Lilyan Sherwood, with her mother, kept a boarding-house. She's your Lilyan, Howard, and that's why I went into the cigar store."

From Heine.

(Der Tod, das ist die kühle Nacht.)

Grave death is as a cooling night
Which endeth our life's sultry day;
In darkness I shall rest
Since day hath ta'en my might.

A green tree o'er my couch appears,
Which hides a singing nightingale,
That warbles much of love
Unto my dreaming ears.

J. F. F.

Varsity Verse.

IN APRIL TIME.

THE bursted buds waved overhead,
And nodded and smiled at what we said;
With silent laughter the minutes sped
In April time.

Like every pain of the kind, I suppose,
I told my love: she blushed like a rose;
So we were happy,—as love-making goes,
In April time.

It seemed we hardly had begun
When a big, black cloud sped over the sun,
And down came the rain-drops one by one,
In April time.

The sky poured down its ruining flood,
The roads were rivers, the path was mud;
My promising courtship was nipped in the bud,
That April time.

The greening branches were dripping wet,
And every path was a rivulet—
I can see those rain-drops plashing yet
In April time.

Her bonnet was—oh! such a terrible sight;
Her dress was ruined, the whole such a fright;
I have not seen her,—try as I might—
Since April time.

A. L. M.

A CHARADE FROM SCHILLER.

A bridge is built of pearly arches
Above the waves of a soft-gray sea;
Upbuilt as quick as the swift eye glances,
It trembling springs where the heavens be.

Of highest ship the highest yardarm
Drifts 'neath its overhanging bow;
It bears itself and no other lading,
And seems to flee as you nearer go.

It rises with the tide; 'twill dwindle
When flow and ebb have made the round;
Now tell who has the bridge erected,
And where the bridge itself is found?
(Answer: the rainbow.)

M. J. O.

DER MENSCH IST EINE BLUME.

From Gleim.

The flower blooms and fades away
To praise its Maker's power;
The beauty that we see today,
Tomorrow droops in sad decay;
And man is like a flower.

And as the flower blooms anew,
When the eye of God so kindly
Looks downward from the heavenly blue
That the earth glows with a brighter hue:
Thus man will bloom hereafter.

W. F. S.

The Iliad as a Tragedy.

THOMAS TYRONE CAVANAGH, '97.

Since the "Iliad" was written down to our own times, no successful attempt has ever been made to dramatize it. The fact that over three thousand years have elapsed might lead one to believe that this dramatization is impossible. So closely, in my opinion, does the epic resemble the drama in construction that it could be transformed into a great tragedy in almost any case. As to the "Iliad," great changes would be necessary, but these would in no wise diminish the effect on the spectator. All the noble deeds of Homer's heroes could not find place in the drama; they are too numerous, and, moreover, might become monotonous upon a stage. A few of the great ones, as, for instance, the duel between Hector and Achilles, would be sufficient to communicate to the audience the warlike spirit of the poem, and at the same time explain and make clear the plot.

There is, however, one grave defect, in the eyes of the dramatist, in the poem—the absence of a catastrophe. According to many commentators the "Iliad" is incomplete. Homer leaves us in a most interesting part, and this fact would indicate that some of the poem has been lost. To be complete dramatically, Achilles should die; but Homer does not give us this ending. Nevertheless, working on the presumption that Achilles' death would be found to be related in the lost books, if these ever existed in reality, or even in the poet's mind, the dramatist might safely treat the poem as complete in this particular. With this point settled, dramatic construction becomes very easy.

In the very beginning of the First Book we have an exposition scene that is suggestive of Shakspeare's work. Achilles, enraged because Agamemnon will not return the captive maiden, Chryseis, to her father and thus propitiate the gods, swears that never again will he fight with the Greeks, although a time will come when, almost conquered, they will beseech him to do so. This scene possesses the essentials of a dramatic "exposition," since it tells in a few words what is to follow.

The Stages in the Rise of the Action, three in number, cover the first sixteen books. They are distinct from one another, and in this detail are faulty. Their bearing on the climax is

weak, but their sequence is somewhat logical. The first stage is in Book I., where Achilles appeals to Thetis and implores her to prevail upon him to aid the Trojans. The interview between Zeus and Thetis, narrated in the First Book, is the sub-climax of this stage.

The Second Stage is in Book II., in which Agamemnon has a dream, sent by Zeus, in which he is informed that by gathering all his forces he can now take Troy. His fears of deception on the part of the gods, and the harangues of Odysseus and Nestor, end the stage.

The Third Stage is in Book XI., in which Achilles dispatches Patroclus to the Grecian camp to ascertain the extent of their losses and also find out what warrior Nestor and his companions have carried off the field (Achilles in this stage is supposed to be viewing the battle which is but several hundred yards away). The sub-climax of this stage consists in Patroclus' account of the Grecian losses and Achilles' command to him, in which he enjoins him to don his armor and retrieve the Grecian defeats. Homer narrates this episode in the eleventh book, but passes on through the following five books in descriptions of mortal strife and immortal intrigue. In the sixteenth book he again takes up Patroclus, and describes his feats in battle.

The Tragic Incident occurs in the death of Patroclus, end of Book XVI. This event is the cause of the climax, in which Achilles renounces his wrath and decides to avenge his companions' death. It is related in Book XVIII.

The Fall of the Action is sudden, but not abrupt. As the poem is evidently incomplete, we may surmise that Homer intended to add to it and produce unity at least both of cause and effect. However, two forcible stages are clearly visible in the Fall. The First Stage is given in Book XIX., in which Achilles and Agamemnon become reconciled and the Grecian forces unite once more to oppose their foe.

The Second Stage is the victory of the Greeks, and the duel between Hector and Achilles, in which the former meets his death (Book XXII). This is the real end of the poem, although the poet narrates the burial of Patroclus and how the body of Hector was ransomed. To be complete the Grecians should, on the day following Hector's funeral, assault Troy, and in this assault Achilles should die. This would be a grand catastrophe, and the tragedy would be complete in every detail.

It is plain to every student of Homer, and

to every one conversant with the dramatist's art, that it would be difficult to produce this tragedy. In the first place, nearly one-half of the "Iliad" consists of the narration of battles. As one reads it, pictures of the strife arise, and by these mental images, Homer produces a great effect. Who could read the account of the duel between Hector and Achilles without seeing them as plainly as if they fought before his eyes? And such is the case with many of the episodes. Nevertheless, this heroic spirit could be preserved in a tragedy, although it would of necessity be much weaker than the mental images we view while reading.

Another important factor in the "Iliad" that would have to be left out is the description of the gods. The immortals influence the actions of the characters to a great extent, and as their actions would be beyond our physical limitations of a stage, the dramatist could not present them in reality. Much of their influence could be introduced in the speeches of the characters when they describe their dreams, etc., but this would not be sufficient to preserve the Homeric effect. On account of these impossible features the tragedy would be much weaker than the poem; but to the close observer it must be plain that in the essential episodes, the "Iliad" bears a close resemblance to a well-constructed tragedy.

Ephum Clay's Conversion.

THOMAS A. MEDLEY, '98.

Ephum Clay was an exceptionally bright negro boy. His mother was a widow, and he was the eldest of eight children. His chief work was to watch over and care for his younger sisters and brothers while his mother cooked at a neighboring farm. She would go at sunrise and come back at dark; so Ephum prepared the meals for the little ones at home.

His mother marked out certain bounds beyond which he dared not trespass, and exacted a correct account from him every night of the daily happenings at home. If the other children's stories did not literally corroborate Ephum's, some one was sure to get a severe scolding for lying, but oftener Mrs. Clay used more persuasive arguments—"the strap."

Ephum extended his territory every day. But every time he went out of bounds he would have to get something for the younger children, otherwise they would tell "mammy" at night. He would go over and get a bag of

apples out of Col. Johnson's orchard. Then he would sneak into the Colonel's hen house and suck some half dozen eggs and take the rest home. One day as he jumped the fence out of Mr. Knott's grape arbor he left the most necessary part of his trousers with a bull-dog.

The widow Jackson's family—of the same color—was managed in the same manner as Mrs. Clay's, except that the eldest child was a girl named Jemima. These two families were the closest neighbors, and their children played together most of the time.

Naturally a fondness sprang up between Ephum and Jemima. They were the protectors of their younger brothers and sisters; they were of the same age, and, in fact, looked very much alike. Jemima even went so far as to assert that Ephum had just the same number of kinks on his head as she had on hers. They often measured and were of exactly the same height, and she was just as black and her nose just as flat as Ephum's.

Ephum's love for sucking eggs urged him on to greater things. The success he had in keeping his wanderings concealed from his mother—since her law was the only one he feared—was another great incentive. He had had one of his small toes nipped off in a steel trap in Col. Johnson's hen house, but he sufficiently explained this to his mother. These encouragements were too great, and one day Ephum almost unconsciously found himself stealing Mr. Knott's chickens. The poor boy was caught in this first attempt; he was taken to jail, and condemned to six months' work on the public road.

Jemima was almost heart-broken. To think that her "Eph" had been guilty of stealing chickens! She resolved never to love him again. She had been baptized and went to church on Sundays; but poor Eph had never seen the interior of a church. She had often told him of God, but he would never listen to religious talk. This ignorance of God, she thought, was the cause of Eph's downfall; but she could not disgrace herself by talking to him again.

Every day seemed a year to Ephum. He could not see Jemima. His little brother came to see him one day and told him that Jemima would not let her sisters and brothers play with Eph's. This almost killed poor Ephum, and his work seemed doubly laborious. It was strange to see this young negro so deeply grieved. To be grieved is so contrary to the nature of his race that it was all the more

noticeable. There were twelve or fifteen other negroes, all of whom were convicted of much greater crimes than Ephum, enjoying themselves as they worked with singing, joking, telling ghost stories and dancing. But Ephum was too much engaged with thoughts of Jemima to join in the mirth of his companions. Every swing of his pickaxe forced deeper thoughts from the young culprit's heart; each laugh of his fellows recalled pleasant memories and dreams he had once of a happy future he now deemed lost.

Ephum worked out his sentence. He left the prison and started home. Once more he thought, as he had often done during the last six months, that he would join the church of Jemima; this he resolved to do. His little sisters and brothers were wild with delight when he stepped in the door of his home. He had so changed in his manners, and the delight of the children brought tears to his eyes. That night his mother's welcome would have touched the heart of the strongest. It was a mother's welcome to a prodigal son.

At length he asked about Jemima. His brother Jack told him how sorrowful she had been, and that he had heard her say that if Eph had listened to her and been converted this trouble would never have happened; but she was not at home now, she was working at Mr. Knott's. Eph resolved to be converted; and was a postulant for baptism in the Methodist church, in which a general baptism would be held in September.

The day came for the baptizing. Ephum, accompanied by his mother and the children, was the first to be at the place of the ceremony. The crowd came gradually, and about four o'clock in the afternoon all was ready. The preacher gave the last instructions to the postulants, and then waded out up to his waist into the water. The choir, composed of all present, sang a suitable hymn, and Ephum stepped forth the first of all.

There, standing on the bank nearest to him and among the foremost of the singers, was Jemima. The hot September sun reflected his rays on her face as though it was a dark mirror. As the preacher prepared to dip Eph, the postulant's eyes met Jemima's. They spoke more than words. The minister pronounced the solemn words as he plunged Eph under the water.

"Dose yo' love me now?" cried Eph, catching breath as he rose from the water. And a voice, as if an echo from the bank, said: "I dose."

"The Lady of the Lake."

EDWARD J. MINGEY, '98.

He who thrilled the world with the chivalrous feats of a Richard and of an Ivanhoe possesses all his wonted brilliancy and fascination when portraying the adventurous deeds of Snowdoun's knight and Scotland's king, James V. That charming vivacity of style, the quick impulsive movement of the lines that carries you irresistibly along with it, the quaint beauty of description, the vein of chivalry and knight-errantry underlying and pervading the whole work—all combine to make the "Lady of the Lake" one of the best and most interesting of poetic romances.

The poem is one succession of changes, pleasing in their abruptness. The plaintive strains of the invocation slowly faint away, and immediately we are stirred with all the fervid emotions of the chase, following the stag in his swift flight through glen and mountain valley, over heath and crag, in wood and water. We traverse the wild woodland scene in all its weird, majestic grandeur; we stand enraptured on Loch Katrine's rocky shore, and, admiring and amazed, we gaze on the fair Ellen as she guides her skiff through the gleaming waves. In Roderick's halls we see her grace the board that welcomes and cheers the weary huntsman. And again we behold her sore pressed to choose between her love for Malcolm and the filial duty she owes her father, which prompts her to bestow her hand upon Roderick and thus secure the Douglas' safety. Her father, however, sees the struggle, and the love for his daughter overcomes all else.

Wafted slowly over the mountain air there came to the ear of Clan-Alpine's lord the faint strains of an "Ave Maria," and as the last notes lingered on the lips of the gentle Ellen, it sounded as the death-knell of all his hopes.

Following the fortunes of Fitz-James, we hurry along precipitous paths, through mountain gorges and over roaring torrents, arriving only in time to witness the shaft of Red Murdock quivering in the breast of the demented Blanche, and the swift pursuit and still more speedy death of the treacherous kern at the hands of the angry knight. Thus unwittingly was the first clause of the prophecy fulfilled,

"Which spills the foremost foeman's life,
That party conquers in the strife."

It does not surprise us to see the fierce

Roderick, imbued with all the chivalrous spirit of his ancestors, unrecognized in his rude attire, treat with generous hospitality his noble guest. Nor is it at all strange that he should so befriend an avowed enemy, who, both in word and deed, evidenced his hostility to Roderick and his band. Having proved the mettle of Fitz-James, the very nature of the Highland chief craved the adventure for himself, and hence the combat. Unfortunate the day for Roderick then, when the two champions fought beside Coilantogle ford; and sad yet fortunate again, the fate that there befell.

But Snowdoun's knight is now Scotland's king, cold and haughty in the royal park, witnessing the Douglas perform his feats of manly strength, and rewarding him with prizes and a prison. But it is not in vain that Ellen pleads; and Douglas, restored to his ancient rights receives his daughter from her quondam knight but now her new-found king. In vain the monarch regrets brave Roderick's death, but sadder still is the lament of the white-haired bard, Ellen's Allan-bane. Sorrow, however, turns to joy when young Malcolm Graeme regains his blushing bride, and love triumphant ends the romance. The poem itself is faultless in construction, except for a few minor details. The setting in of the story of the unfortunate Blanche, although it serves to give a romantic tinge to the defeat of Roderick and the death of Murdock, does not make for unity.

The author is certainly a master of the art of poetic narration. Where can be found a story of a combat more thrilling or more vivid in its recital than that between Roderick and Fitz-James, or that of the defeat of Clan-Alpine's band, as told by the harper Allan-bane?

The "Hymn to the Blessed Virgin," in the third canto, admirably displays the rare genius of the poet. Scattered throughout the romance are snatches of verse, many of which resemble in their style of beauty and expression the "Elegy" of Gray. Such is the following quatrain:

"The rose is fairest when 'tis budding new,
And hope is brightest when it dawns from fears;
The rose is sweetest when washed with morning dew,
And love is loveliest when embalmed in tears."

The "Lady of the Lake" is not altogether a romance of incident. Its chief merit and beauty lie in the freshness and vigor of its descriptions rather than in the events themselves. At best it is but a story simple in construction, yet with every detail charmingly worked out; a vivid portrayal of Highland scenes and Highland passions, combined with thrilling incidents, and the whole blended into one grand, poetic action.

Books and Magazines.

ESSAYS MISCELLANEOUS. By Brother Azarias.
Chicago: D. H. McBride & Co.

It is now generally admitted that Brother Azarias was one of the best educators of his day, that his mind was among the clearest and the brightest, that his hold on the attention of the student was strong, and that his opinions were almost invariably sound, logical and practical. He dealt much in literature, philosophy and education in general, and his knowledge of things was profound. We are all—or at least we should be—well acquainted with his "Philosophy of Literature," his "Essays Educational," and his "Essays Philosophical." They represent what is true and sound and best in thought. The present volume partakes of the nature of his other works. It adds nothing to his fame, nor does it subtract therefrom. It is of an even quality, containing nothing new, nothing strange, but it has the virtue of explaining more clearly than anything hitherto written many points in literature, philosophy and religion.

Primarily, Brother Azarias writes for young men. He has always in his mind the guidance of youth, the laying down for the young student the right principles, and the setting up before his eyes the right ideals. Indirectly, of course, he addresses students in general, young and old. He has this advantage over men who write for young people, that he does not descend to the plane of the student, but brings the student up to his level. His style is simple,—so simple, indeed, that even the humblest reader may understand him, and besides this quality of clearness he has the faculty of logical arrangement of his subject-matter.

The first essay of this book deals with the nature and influence of literature. He discusses the educational power of literature, Catholic influence in literature, the literature, school-life and books of the Middle Ages. Brother Azarias has a great admiration for the mediæval spirit. He discerns three distinct sources of our modern literature from that of the Middle Ages. First, he says, there is the stream of spiritual life and spiritual thought; secondly, scholastic philosophy and scholastic theology; thirdly, secular literature dealing with chivalry and knight errantry. His extensive reading and deep thought have produced the essay on "Religion and Education." This is a great plea for faith in the pursuit of learning. Instance is

added to instance to prove the necessity of religion in education. Brother Azarias's range of thought was wide. Here we have a paper on the sonnets and plays of Shakspeare that shows an intimate knowledge of the subject. The essay on the "Culture of the Spiritual Sense" is a deeply metaphysical treatise, which shows an acquaintance with the masterpieces of ancient and modern thought. "Our Catholic School System" was read at the Parliament of Religions in Chicago in 1893; "The Outlook for our Colleges" and "Church and State" are reprinted from the *Catholic Quarterly Review*. In type and paper and binding the book is excellent.

—The May number of *Harper's Magazine* is especially rich in fiction, four complete short stories and a serial taking up the greater part of the number. The South comes in for a large share of the local scenery and local characters described and portrayed in the short stories. "The Education of Bob" is a well worked out tale, pretty, natural and pleasing, and we are satisfied that Lizzie finally makes Bob "a real Virginia gentleman." Harriet Prescott Spofford tells a rather clever story with a breeze from the South in it. Connie Gilroy is a charming girl and Jack Knowles thoroughly deserves her love, and gratitude is the share of Tolly, their black "guardian angel," who brings about the marriage. "The Lion-Tamer" is a story of Chicago in the time of the World's Fair, and "The Captured Dream" is a story by Octave Thanet of her own Iowa. "The Martian"—that strange, subtle, fascinating novel by du Maurier—advances in its easy, graceful way, and in the present installment we are made to understand the character of Martia, as much as that fanciful character can be understood. Mr. Poultney Bigelow's paper on "White Man's Africa" is especially interesting this month. It treats of the white man's black man in the now-famous south of Africa. An interesting article to scientists is that by Dr. Henry Smith Williams on the "Geological Progress of the Century." Mr. Caspar Whitney contributes the first article in the magazine on "Cross-Country Riding."

—The March number of the *Records* of the American Catholic Historical Society of Philadelphia is interesting to Catholics and students of history. The object and work of the society are ably defined by the retiring president. The other papers are also important, chief among them being the History of Commodore John Barry by Mr. Martin I. J. Griffin.

NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.

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—The Honorable Timothy E. Howard, Class of '64, Judge of the Supreme Court of Indiana, will lecture in Washington Hall before the Faculty and students next Friday at ten o'clock. The subject of his lecture is "The Law of the Land," and is in the nature of the origin and present character of the law under which we now live, with some account of the courts by which that law is administered. Judge Howard is well known as one of the most distinguished alumni of Notre Dame, and most of us have had the good fortune of hearing him before with pleasure and profit.

—We are authorized to state that the Faculty of the University has set the date of this year's Commencement for Thursday, June 17. It will be a source of great pleasure to the friends of Notre Dame, as well as to those interested in higher education in general, to learn that the Right Reverend Monsignor Mooney, LL.D., Vicar General of the archdiocese of New York, will deliver the address on that occasion. The name of Monsignor Mooney is not new to us. His visit to the University last spring, when he acted as one of the judges of the oratorical contest, was highly appreciated by the Faculty and students.

Presentation of the Lætare Medal.

SPECIAL TELEGRAM TO THE SCHOLASTIC.



NEW YORK, April 30.—The formal presentation of the Lætare Medal took place at Doctor Emmet's residence last evening. There was present a most distinguished gathering of ecclesiastics and laymen. Rev. James J.

French, in behalf of the University, read the address, after which Archbishop Corrigan decorated the Doctor with the Lætare Medal, saying in substance:

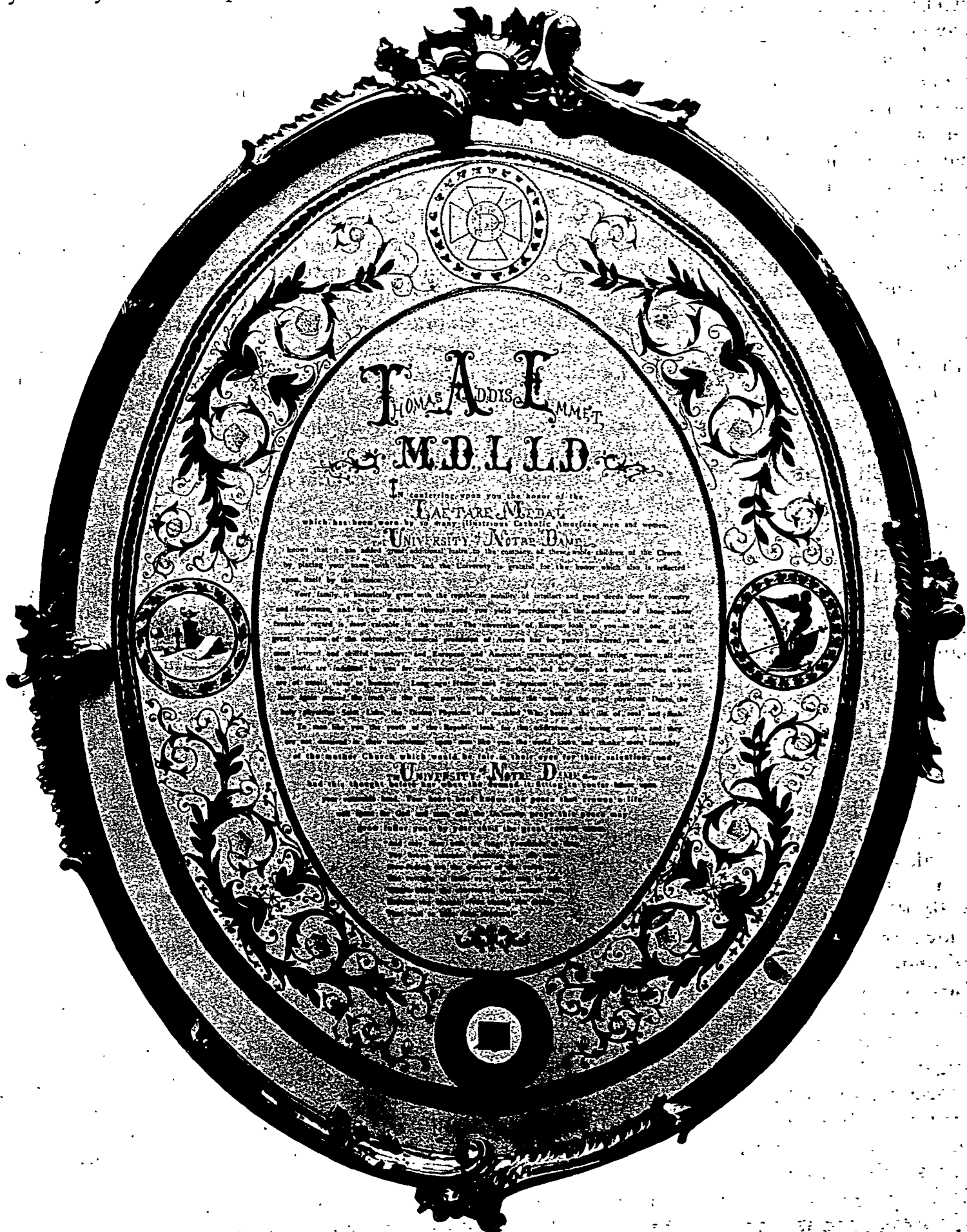
"This is the fourth time that I have had the honor of presenting the Lætare Medal, which has come to a citizen of New York. It is particularly pleasing to me on this occasion; for while I heartily endorse the sentiments expressed in the beautiful address, still your attainments in other matters besides medicine, your versatility in Irish history, your knowledge of our own government and history, give me additional pleasure in conferring this honor on you. I congratulate you and wish you many years of continued honor and esteem." The medal was then pinned on the worthy recipient, who gracefully replied as follows:



"Most Rev. Archbishop, I find myself at a loss to give full expression to my thanks and high appreciation of the honor which has been conferred on me. But after expressing my thanks, and after giving full expression to

my appreciation, there seems but little more to be said. Were I to express a doubt as to my worthiness, human nature is so constituted that my honesty would be questioned; or, should I

more to say regarding myself. I have been told that my old friend, the late Dr. Shea, was the first to suggest my name as one worthy of receiving the Lætare Medal. Knowing as I do



possess an exalted opinion of my own merits and were I to discuss how far they were appreciated by others, I would certainly commit a breach of good taste. So I shall have little

Dr. Shea's great personal worth and his remarkable literary ability, it is natural that I should feel highly flattered by his appreciation. But the recollection of this occasion must always

be associated closely with your Grace. I can not but feel that it is due greatly to your endorsement that the authorities of Notre Dame University were enabled to make their selection. It has now been many years since I have held your confidence and friendship. To have been considered worthy of such an honor by one who has been so self-exacting and by one who has lived up to so high a standard as you have done has been a most gratifying circumstance to me. The acceptance of the Medal should be a lasting incentive to well-doing. Of you, Father French, I would ask that you express fully my thanks to the President and Board of Trustees of the University, and that you would state that I accept this with the hope that the remaining portion of my life be passed in full accord with all that is implied in the presentation of the Lætare Medal."

Congratulations followed from all present. The illuminated address, which accompanied the Medal, as well as the artistic design of the Medal itself, elicited much favorable comment, and the wording of the presentation was well received as a model in such a line of diction. A luncheon, of which all participated, was served in the Doctor's house. It was late when the guests departed, after congratulating Dr. Emmet upon his newly-achieved honor and complimenting the University upon its choice.

Among the distinguished guests present were the Most Rev. M. A. Corrigan, Archbishop of New York; Bishop McDonnell, of the Diocese of Brooklyn; Bishop Farley, Auxiliary Bishop of New York; Mgr. Mooney, Vicar-General and Chancellor of the Archdiocese of New York; Mgr. Seton, Prothonotary Apostolic; Fathers Edwards and McGean, members of the Council of the Archdiocese of New York; Father Lavelle, Rector of St. Patrick's Cathedral; Father Pardow, ex-Provincial of the Jesuits; Father McKinnon, S. J., Rector of St. Lawrence Church; Fathers Colton, McCready, Hoey, Lynch, McCabe, O'Connor, Donohue; Father Wm Daly; Father Connolly, Secretary to Archbishop Corrigan; Fathers Tandy, Taylor; Father Barrett, Secretary to Bishop McDonnell; Judges Fitzgerald and Feitner; Hon. Richard Clark, LL. D.; Stephen Farrelly; Mrs. Lynch; Mrs. Lummis; Mr. Glover; John Crane; R. P. and C. N. Harris; T. J. Colton; M. J. Drummond; J. D. Emmet; Thomas Addis Emmet, Jr., M. D.; Robert G. Emmet; Herman Rider; David J. McClure; W. P. O'Connor; W. Hildreth Field; Thomas Kelly; Mr. Garland; Mr. McGuire, and others.

Major Brownson's Lecture.

Major Henry F. Brownson lectured in the Columbian room to the more advanced students of the University on Monday last. As was said by the Rev. President, when introducing the speaker, he needs no introduction to an audience of Americans. He is the son of Orestes A. Brownson and has added many new laurels to those his father won. He was consequently listened to with the most careful attention, and his audience seemed regretful when the lecture came to a close. The paper throughout was marked by that learning which has made Major Brownson so well renowned, and the epigrammatic terseness and keen satire of some parts forcibly recalled the style of his father. The delivery was distinct, but not oratorical, as the Major read from notes. Moreover, some of the things he said were in sharp antagonism to the sentiments of the audience; but, then, freedom of speech is a cherished right of Americans. The Major is a profound thinker, and the views to which he gave expression were marked throughout by the emphasis of striking originality. He gave in felicitous diction the results of his own reflections; and, as one who distinguished himself in the service of the Union during the war of the rebellion, his remarks had special claim upon the consideration of the patriotic young men who composed his audience. Like all strong characters, the Major is forcible, if not radical, in the declaration and advocacy of his opinions, and the unpopularity of a cause rather invites than repels his espousal of it. He is naturally a dialectician, and it is not surprising that the weaker or more unpopular side of a controversy so readily appeals to his sympathy and enlists his championship. He realizes, no doubt, that a thousand causes contribute to make men differ in their views upon almost all questions of public moment, and that the general average of these views ought to register the ultimate standard of public opinion and law. The interests of truth are never prejudiced by candid investigation; and the Major's criticisms in certain lines, while at variance with the pronounced trend of public sentiment, may, nevertheless, have a wholesome influence in stimulating investigation and thought. Indeed, whatever does that is salutary; for, as the diamond is brightened by the friction of polishing, so truth is made clearer by honest discussion.

Notre Dame, 10; Englewood, 3.

The game on Monday last was not very interesting to the spectators, but it was excellent practice for the Varsity. The visitors owe their defeat to numerous errors and inability to connect with Fitzpatrick's twisters at critical times. They played a clean, gentlemanly game, and displayed considerable knowledge of baseball science. McGinnis puzzled the local men more than did either Sheehan or Keith of Michigan. He was found for only five singles and one two bagger. He played an all-around good game, as his record of one three bagger, three assists, two put outs and three strike outs will attest. Hindel played out of his position, and the two errors charged up against him were mainly due to that fact. Lynch showed up well on second base, but did not have a chance to show what he could do in a hot game. Only one of the visitors' runs was made without the assistance of costly errors on the part of the home team. Teetzel got his base on balls in the first inning and came home on McGinnis's three bagger. The other two runs were due directly to errors. The game was featureless and devoid of excitement, save at a couple of times when, with three bases filled, the visitors attempted to come home, and got caught at the plate.

THE SCORE:

NOTRE DAME	A.B.	R.	H.	S.H.	P.O.	A.	E.
Fleming, l. f.	5	2	2	0	0	0	0
Hering, r. f.	4	2	1	0	0	0	0
Brown, 3d. b.	4	1	1	0	2	0	0
Powers (Capt.), c.	4	1	0	1	11	2	0
Daly, c. f.	4	0	0	3	1	1	0
Hindel, 1st b.	4	1	0	1	3	2	2
Shillington, s. s.	4	2	2	0	2	3	1
Lynch, 2d b.	4	1	0	1	1	2	0
Fitzpatrick, p.	4	0	0	2	1	1	0
Totals	37	10	6	8	21	11	3
ENGLEWOOD H. S.	A.B.	R.	H.	S.H.	P.O.	A.	E.
Teetzel, 1st b.	4	1	0	0	11	0	2
McGinnis, p.	3	0	1	0	2	3	0
Sandy, c. f.	3	0	0	0	3	0	1
Knox (Capt.), 2d b.	3	1	0	0	3	2	2
Maloney, 3d b.	3	1	0	0	0	1	0
Hutchinson, r. f.	3	0	1	0	0	0	0
Griffin, l. f.	3	0	1	0	0	0	1
Drew, s. s.	3	0	0	0	0	1	2
Ercisson, c.	3	0	0	0	2	5	2
Totals	28	3	3	0	21	12	10

SUMMARY:—Two base hits, Fleming. Three base hits, McGinnis. Stolen bases, Hering, Fitzpatrick, 2; Fleming, Daly, Shillington, 2. Double plays, Shillington to Lynch to Hindel, McGinnis to Teetzel. Bases on balls off Fitzpatrick, 8; off McGinnis, 6. Bases on hit by pitched balls, Hering, Brown, Daly. Struck out by Fitzpatrick, 8; by McGinnis, 3. Wild pitch, McGinnis. Time of game 1:45. Umpire, Cross.

Notre Dame, 13; Senators, 9.

The game on Thursday was the most exciting game that has been played by the Varsity this year, but the playing of both teams was anything but gilt edged. The Senators were stronger than they were two weeks ago and there was a great improvement in their batting. Hindel was on second and Hering went to the field, and this change may be held accountable for at least one, if not for both, of Hindel's errors. With practice he ought to be able to hold down second bag in fine form. The game detracted nothing from our opinion that we have a star team and that we shall be able to pull out every game we play this year. We may meet teams stronger than the Senators; but so long as the team sticks together and plays ball as a unit we can be sure of victory. The umpiring was done by two men, but even then there was general dissatisfaction over the decisions. We hope that hereafter a neutral man will be chosen as umpire, and then there will be no chance for either side to complain. Both Gibson and Fitzpatrick were steadier than they were a week ago, and they ought to be able to hold down Northwestern next Monday. Daly's home run and a neat double play from Cross to Keanelley were the features.

NOTRE DAME	A.B.	R.	H.	S.	P.O.	A.	E.
Fleming, l. f.	6	0	0	0	1	0	0
Hering, r. f.	6	0	0	1	1	0	0
Brown, 3d b.	6	1	1	0	1	3	0
Powers (C.), c.	6	2	2	0	10	0	0
Daly, c. f.	6	3	1	0	2	1	1
Hindel, 2d b.	5	2	2	0	4	0	2
Shillington, s. s.	5	2	0	0	1	4	2
McDonald, 1st b.	5	2	1	0	5	1	1
Gibson, p.	3	1	1	0	2	0	0
Fitzpatrick, p.	2	0	0	0	0	0	0
Totals	50	13	8	1	27	9	6
SENATORS	A.B.	R.	H.	S.	P.O.	A.	E.
Neenan, r. f.	5	0	1	0	1	0	0
Auer, c. f.	5	0	1	2	1	0	1
Genet, l. f.	5	0	1	0	0	1	0
Staats, 3d b.	5	2	1	0	1	1	0
Keanelley, 1st b.	5	1	1	1	12	0	0
Cross (C.), 2d b.	5	1	1	0	2	5	0
Arndt, s. s.	5	0	2	1	0	4	3
Smith, c.	5	2	0	0	10	0	0
Rapp, p.	2	2	0	0	0	1	1
Wagner, p.	2	1	2	0	0	1	1
Totals	44	9	10	4	27	12	6

SUMMARY:—Earned runs, Notre Dame, 1; Senators, 2. Two base hit, Gibson. Three base hits Hindel, MacDonald, Genet, Keanelley. Home run, Daly. Stolen bases, Hindel, MacDonald, Shillington, Brown, Fleming, 2; Arndt. Smith. Double play, Cross to Keanelley. Bases on called balls, off Gibson, 2; off Fitzpatrick, 2; off, Rapp, 2; off Wagner, 4. Bases on hit by pitched ball, Shillington, 2; Gibson, Brown, Daly. Struck out by Gibson, 5; by Fitzpatrick, 3; by Rapp, 6; by Wagner, 1. Passed balls, Smith, 2; Powers, 1. Umpires, Casey and Dean.

Exchanges.

Many of the Easter numbers of our exchanges contain the pictures of their board of editors. We are happy to make the visual acquaintance of the writers who have entertained us during the past eight months. We hope that we shall see the pictures of many of them gracing the pages of literary albums before many years shall have passed.

* * *

The Academic is the title of a neat little publication which is edited by the members of the Class of 1902, of Georgetown University. Of course it does not compare with the *Journal* in contents, but we predict that when the editors of *The Academic* assume control of the *Journal*, the latter paper will have its literary standard raised even higher than it is at present. The young writers have made a first step in journalism, and they will be experienced editors at an age when most editors are first beginning their literary work.

* * *

"An April Romance," in the *Tennessee University Magazine*, is a clever farce. "Why Monkeys Don't Talk" is a negro folk-lore story somewhat after the style of Joel Chandler Harris. Sharps and Flats are pithy and entertaining.

* * *

An article on John Milton in the *Portfolio* is both interesting and instructive. Many passages from the poet's poems are reprinted and discussed in an attractive manner.

* * *

We would like to be outside the sanctums of some of our exchanges, which are edited by members of the fair sex, when that ungallant of all ungallant papers, the *St. Vincent's Journal*, puts in an appearance. In the last number there are a couple of poems by revilers of the fair sex that would rouse the ire of almost any feminine heart.

* * *

We welcome the *Tamarack* to the world of college journalism. It comes from Detroit College, and bids fair to make a name for itself among college papers.

* * *

The Easter number of *The Adelpian* is filled with good things, and reflects great credit upon its editors. Most of the articles are short, but filled with expression. "Easter Sunshine" is a story well told.

Obituary

It was with deep regret that the death last Thursday of Mr. Fred Ellsworth of South Bend was learned at Notre Dame. Mr. Ellsworth was a student here from 1865 to 1867 and during his life remained a stanch friend of the University. The SCHOLASTIC, in behalf of the Faculty and students, extends its sympathy to his bereaved family.

Local Items.

—Only four weeks until the triples.

—The May devotions began last evening.

—FOUND.—A scarf-pin. Inquire of Paul E. Hartung.

—The Lawyers defeated the Hardly Ables last Thursday—15 to 1.

—LOST.—A ring setting with the initial "R." engraved. Return to L. C. Reed.

—"I want a letter *bad!*" remarked Boru. He got one in the next mail—a tailor's bill.

—Hereafter the Orpheus Club will meet every Tuesday evening at 7.30 o'clock. All members are earnestly requested to be present.

—During the past week the Carroll Specials have undergone many changes. Conspicuous among these was the choice of a new catcher.

—It may be seen from the Special Telegram printed in this issue that the SCHOLASTIC spares no pains to be in the front rank of college journals.

—Members of the Tennis Club who have not yet paid their dues are requested to do so before Thursday, May 6, otherwise they will be considered as non-members of the club.

—Reverend James J. French, Vice-President and Director of Studies, left for New York last Sunday to be present at the presentation of the Lætare Medal to Dr. Emmet on Thursday.

—Some of our aspirants for bicycle honors have been pushing their iron steeds over the uneven track during the past few days. Grady, Pim and Taylor display considerable speed.

—The baseball sweaters arrived on Monday. They are navy blue with old gold stripes on the collar—the athletic colors—and they make a neat appearance. The "N. D." monograms will be placed on the sweaters as soon as they are completed.

—At a meeting held in Sorin Hall on Monday evening Mr. John A. McNamara was elected captain of the Sorin Hall baseball team. The choice was a good one. If the other members of the team work as hard as Captain McNamara Sorin Hall will have a winning club.

—The firemen amused themselves on Thursday with washing the front of Sorin Hall. In consequence, a number of the students are once more able to see the light of day through their windows. Brother Gregory's flowers, which needed water sadly, were just out of reach of the feeble stream, though the window was open and—

—Dr. Thompson gave an interesting talk to the members of the Boat Club last Thursday evening on oarsmanship. He spoke in particular of the development of rowing among Eastern universities. Following Dr. Thompson's address, captains for the two 2d six-oared boats were selected, resulting in the choice of E. B. Falvey and R. E. Barry.

—A stranger wandering into St. Edward's campus would be surprised at the health and happiness of the Minims, at the dash and vigor with which they play their games, at the cheerfulness and pleasure they exhibit in all that goes on around them. And it is said that they are just as earnest in study as in play, for each of them is striving hard at present to win honors at his Commencement.

—It was a thing of beauty when we first saw it. Its color was that of the canary, and if it didn't warble like the yellow songster, it certainly contrived to "wobble" when its two riders got astride. The latter were evidently "birds," too, for when they saw a nice big tree at the turn they flew right into it. The blacksmiths have the yellow beauty now, and if they succeed in scraping all the fulvid enamel off the east side of the post-office, and picking all the steel splinters out of the porter's lodge, "the king" and his knave may next week ride a tandem.

—One day last week Coxey floated into the realm of the noble Greeks. He was in a condescending mood, and vouchsafed to show the exalted Hellenes a few points about the mysterious game of hand-ball. Time was when Coxey ruled the denizens of the Brownson alleys with an iron hand, and before his masterful strokes those fell who rose no more; but time worketh wonderful changes. A new generation has grown up since Coxey served the sphere, and the gentle zephyrs which played around the alley brought no laurel crown to the ancient champion when the game was over.

—There is a large number of beautiful maps in St. Edward's Hall, but none of them excels that of the Holy Land. This magnificent picture of Palestine graces a prominent part of the Minims' study hall. The places of interest—and there is not a spot of the land that does not recall some fact recorded in the Old or the New Testament—are clearly pointed out on the map, and any one that feels himself in possession of a deep knowledge of the geography of the Holy Land will be forced, on examining this representation of the land of

the Jews, to confess that there is still something to learn.

—It would seem from the exhibition given by some over-enthusiastic "rooters" at last Thursday's game that the counsels of the SCHOLASTIC have been either forgotten or disregarded. It is too bad that some men that ought to know better deem it the proper thing to give expression to ungentlemanly remarks and jeers in a manner that is most offensive, and it were but fair for visitors to learn that such remarks do not represent the feelings of the majority of the students of Notre Dame. We should all remember that our visitors are to be treated as gentlemen, and that the umpire knows more about his duty than every Tom, Dick and Harry on the bleachers.

—The following statement settles a question that was vexing many minds:

Some weeks ago the question of *Athletic* colors was brought up in a meeting of the Executive Committee. In choosing old gold and navy blue there was no thought of interfering with the University colors. It is customary to mark athletic teams with colors different from those of the institutions that they represent. It does no harm to follow good usage. Education and athletics go hand in hand; we are pushing far to the front in the former, it will be to our advantage to follow custom in the latter. To have intimated that the Executive Committee were meddling with matters outside their own sphere is the result of misunderstanding. Anyone that wears old gold and navy blue does so because he is an *active* member of the Athletic Association. Gold and sky blue should be worn at all times by every loyal student.—EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

—The Boat Club has never before had a coach, but she can now boast of as good a coach as any college crew. Dr. Thompson of Chicago, who arrived at the University Monday, is one of the best oarsmen in America. He has made a careful, systematic study of rowing and of developing the strokes. The ideal stroke would be one that puts every bit of energy to best advantage, the most speed into the movement of the boat, and yet with the least labor for the oarsman. The old English stroke has held its superiority for twenty years, but the extra long body swing throws an excessive strain on the abdomen. The Bob Cook stroke requires too much exertion for the legs. It is difficult to describe Dr. Thompson's stroke, but his idea is an original one and has met with great favor and success. It is a shorter body swing than the regular stroke and a shorter slide than the Bob Cook stroke. Although our traditions do not agree with the English, Cook or Dr. Thompson's strokes, still we are very willing to drop the old traditions for the sake of learning a good acknowledged stroke.

—About three o'clock one afternoon last week the students of Notre Dame were startled to see an immense column of red, white and green fire shooting heavenward near the shops. There was also a noise as if things were happening down that way. The excited students rushed pell-mell toward St. Joseph's campus; and when they arrived there they found that

a baseball game between the Sorin Hall and the St. Joseph Hall teams was the cause of all the disturbance. A great roar as of a thousand "Willie" Hindels in the coacher's box kept up for an hour and a half, and when the smoke cleared away at the end of the seventh inning the score was twenty to twelve in favor of St. Joseph's Hall. There were so many "features" of the game that it is difficult to pick them out. It is hardly necessary to say, however, that Wiseacre's batting, Ragan's throw from left field, Marmon's pitching and Sheehan's backstop work were *the* features. Individually the members of the Sorin Hall team are good players, but they seemed to have many things against them, the chief of which was the opposing team. Wiseacre's neat strike-out with three men on bases proves conclusively that even the heaviest batters have an "off-day." This was Sorin Hall's first appearance on the diamond this season. With a little more practice they will undoubtedly develop into a winning team. All the St. Joseph boys hit the ball and fielded well. Thirteen cents, three "set-ups" and four mince pies changed hands.

—The closing exercises of the classes in gymnastics were held at 10 o'clock Thursday morning in Washington Hall. The exhibition was highly interesting and redounded much credit to the genial instructor, Mr. Paul Beyer, who by his careful and systematic training has taught the young men under his charge to perform many difficult feats with the ease and agility which characterize the finished athlete. Too much praise can not be accorded the Minims for their highly effective work in the wand drill and ladder pyramids. The rooster fight was an amusing feature, and evoked shouts of laughter from the spectators, as the little fellows hopped about the stage and tumbled one another over amidst a chorus of barnyard clatter from the opposing sides. In the vaulting, buck and high jump, Messrs. Devine and C. Shillington carried off the palm for Carroll Hall, though mention must not be omitted of the work of W. Lovett, which was fully equal to that of his older and larger competitors. C. Schulte's exhibition of weight lifting demonstrated how much can be accomplished by one who knows how to use his strength. Mr. Peter Kearney is perhaps the most finished gymnast in the class. His movements are easy, graceful and confident, and his work on the swinging rings and horizontal bar was generously applauded. The exercises closed with an exhibition of club and lantern-swinging by Mr. Beyer. It is a matter of much gratification that the gymnastic classes have made such good progress this year. This method of physical training has always been warmly recommended by our Reverend President, and is unquestionably calculated to develop that condition of health, strength and agility which mark the perfect man.

Roll of Honor.

SORIN HALL.

Messrs. Arce, Atherton, Bennet, Barry, Bryan, Byrne, Cavanagh, Confer, Delaney, Fagan, Wm. Fitzpatrick, Geoghegan, Golden, Kegler, E. Murphy, Miller, Mingey, T. Medley, McDonald, McNamara, W. McDonough, F. O'Malley, R. O'Malley, F. O'Hara, R. Palmer, Piquette, Reardon, Rosenthal, Ragan, Reilly, Sullivan, Steele, W. Sheehan, Sanders, Steiner, Spalding.

BROWNSON HALL.

Messrs. Armijo, Arizpe, W. Berry, R. Brown, E. Brown, Burke, Brucker, Barry, Bouwens, Boze, Baloun, Bommerbach, Crawford, T. Cavanaugh, Corby, Campbell, Cuneo, Crowley, Cullinane, Conway, J. Cavanaugh, J. Casey, Dreher, Duperier, Dowd, Donovan, J. Daly, Dixon, Ellison, Fetherstone, Fadeley, Fitzgerald, Foster, Fox, C. Flannigan, Follen, Foulks, Fehr, Farrell, Franey, M. Flannigan, Falvey, Fleming, Grady, R. Garza, C. Garza, Gilbert, Gerardi, Guilfoyle, C. Gray, Hoban, Hengen, F. Hesse, Howard, E. Hake, Hanhouser, L. Hake, Henry, Hermann, Haley, J. Hesse, Howell, Hay, Hindel, Hurst, Jelonak, Johnson, Kidder, F. Kaul, I. Kaul, Kearney, Kraus, Lyons, Long, Lowery, Lieb, J. Murphy, Meagher, Mullen, Morris, Mulcrone, W. Monahan, Meyers, Monarch, Maurus, Martin, Miller, McCarrick, McCormack, C. Murphy, McNichols, McGinnis, McConn, McDonald, McKenzie, F. O'Shaughnessey, M. O'Shaughnessey, O'Hara, Pickett, Putnam, Pendleton, Paras, Pim, Quinn, Quandt, Reed, Rahe, Smoger, Stuhlfauth, Summers, Schermerhorn, Shillington, San Roman, Schulte, Spalding, Scheubert, Thiele, Thams, Tong, Tomlinson, Toba, J. Tuohy, Vogt, Weadock, Ward, Welker, Wiczorek, Wade, H. Wimberg, Williams, Wynne, Wilson,

CARROLL HALL.

Messrs. Abrahams, R. Armijo, P. Armijo, Alexander, Beardslee, Becker, Berger, Breslin, Burke, Burns, Brand, Cornell, M. Condon, T. Condon, Corby, Coquillard, Cowie, Curry, Curtis, Conklin, Darst, Dellone, Davidson, Devine, Dinnen, Druiding, Drejer, Dugas, Delaney, Elliott, Ellwanger, Ernst, Fennessey, Foley, Fox, L. Fish, A. Fish, Funk, Frank, Friedman, Fleming, Girsch, Garrity, Hoban, Houck, Herron, Hanley, Heffelfinger, Hinze, Herbert, A. Kasper, F. Kasper, Keiffer, Kelly, Kiley, Kirkland, Klein, Krug, P. Kuntz, J. Kuntz, Land, Leach, Lovett, Lyle, W. Maher, Meagher, Mohan, Mooney, Morgan, Morrissey, T. Mulcare, J. Mulcare, T. Murray, R. Murray, J. Murray, Moxley, Mueller, Merz, Michels, McCallen, McCarthy, A. McDonnell, E. McElroy, McIntyre, J. McMahon, O. McMahon, K. McMaster, G. McNamara, W. McNichols, A. McManus, C. McDonald, T. Naughton, D. Naughton, J. Naughton, T. Nolan, T. Noonan, A. Newell, E. Nast, F. O'Brien, G. O'Brien, E. O'Malley, Robert O'Neill, G. Ordetx, D. Padden, O. Peterson, Powers, Putnam, Pyle, Quinlan, Richon, Sample, Sanford, Schaffhauser, J. Scherrer, W. Scherrer, H. Schmidt, A. Schmitt, E. Sheeky, J. Sheeky, Shiels, Shea, Slevin, Stengel, Sullivan, Swan, Szybowicz, Swiney, Schwabe, Taylor, Tong, Waggenmann, J. Ward, H. St. Clair Ward, F. Ward, Waite, Walsh, Waterson, Wells, Wilson, G. Weadock.

ST. EDWARD'S HALL.

Masters Allyn, Arnold, Atkinson, Beardslee, C. Bode, Bosworth, Butler, Burton, Blanchfield, Casparis, Clarke, Cotter, Cowie, Coquillard, Cressy, Cunnea, Crawford, Craig, Davis, Dorian, Dugas, Dessauer, Dougherty, Ebbert, Engelmann, Ervin, Ellis, Fetter, Frost, Freeman, Frain, Fleischer, Griffith, Garrity, Hall, Hart, Hubbard, Hinsey, Jonquet, Kasper, Kelly, Lovell, Leisander, Lecerque, P. Manion, E. Manion, P. McBride, L. McBride, Willie McBride, E. McCarthy, G. McCarthy, McConnell, M. McMahon, J. McMahon, W. McMahon, S. Monahan, E. Monahan, J. McGeeney, E. McGeeney, Moore, Paul, A. Phillips, F. Phillip, G. Quertimont, E. Quertimont, Rees, Rennolds, Ryan, Redpath, Robbins, Spillard, Steele, Strauss, Shields, Strong, Seymour, Tillotson, Trentman, L. Van Sant, R. Van Sant, J. Van Dyke, G. Van Dyke, Veneziani, Welch, G. Weidmann, F. Weidmann, Wilde, Weber, Wigg.