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Life Dreams.

ELMER J. MURPHY.

HERE I sit and wonder what shall be
The story of the days unborn to me;
And while I wonder, lo! the dreams that are
Burst through the clouds of dim futurity.

YOUTH.

Here I sit and ponder; new and old,
All dross the dreams of youth that seemed all gold;
Ah! would that I, as then, in dreams could see
The glitter of the decades yet untold.

MIDDLE AGE.

Here I sit in dreaming. Ah, the past!
The withered leaves that be are falling fast,
The remnant of an idle life misspent—
A life of golden dreaming to the last.

OLD AGE.

A Modern Euphranor.*

THOMAS B. REILLY, A. B., '97.

.... quel ch' a par sculpe e colora
Michel, più che mortale, angel divino.—ARIOSTO.

EVERYTHING is beautiful to the one whose soul is susceptible to pleasures that spring from works of art and the fairer forms of human life and nature. A man thus fashioned does not live on an earth of commonplace existence; he stands aside from busy throngs in a vague sort of twilight, catching from behind the material veil ideals of the world beyond. He drifts out into the ways of contemplation, forgetting the dust of the journey, remembering only the scent of the wild rose that drifted upward from the wayside. He looks at the red-barred sunset which burns above the green sea-marsh, or flames

behind the blue hills, and he sees, as few men ever do, that half-retreating spirit of the beautiful, which lurks in the glowing depths of light. Many of us have never seen a sunset. The arrowed light that glances from a sea-bird's wing or glistens along the whitening wave, silvering the line of snow on grey sands; the star on fire in the west; the low fluting of a bird among the reeds,—all of these have for him a subtle charm and beauty which few men understand.

Such a man is not sentimental; he makes wings of material types, that he may soar through the deeps of spiritual order. He writes, and around the thought plays a halo, drawing us away from the noise and glare of city streets; leading us out to the hillsides flecked with sheep; along the winding brook where wearied cattle stand knee-deep in the cool water; up through meadow land and pasture; into the depths of shady woodlands, there to lie and dream of ideal worlds and ideal men and women. He catches the fragrance of the past, but he also plants new shrubs along the foot-path, watching them break into blossom, knowing that the scent thereof will be the richest burden on time's drifting breeze. His woof is made from the hearts of men, and from the loom of imagination he weaves the story of their dreams.

Such a man was Michelangelo Buonarroti. His life was nearly full; for its better qualities were rounded out under the touch of time. Some natures never unfold; for want of care, like withered buds, they sink to the roadside, sere and brown, unopened spheres that might have been the fairest flowers of all. The Florentine, however, was strong and sturdy, as the pure of heart must be; like those yellow flowers of autumn, his life was golden in its purity, its work, and its purpose.

* The medal essay.

As a painter and sculptor he is the one solitary figure standing between us and the golden age of Greece. With a mind far beyond his hour, he knew and felt that the highest object of art for thinking men was man. The masterpiece of God gave inspiration to his brush; life and warmth to the chiseled forms; a depth of purity, thought and beauty to the work of his pen.

Angelo is best known as an artist; yet, it seems to me, were we to know him fully, to see the color, space and shape of his world, we must read his verse. It is there especially we find his inspirations and his fears. Some writers have charged him with obscurity of thought—Angelo simply went beyond their depth. Power and ingenuity are, perhaps, the two most striking marks of his poetry. Now and then the form is bold and rugged, but vitality, fervor and a hidden sweetness permeate every line. Just as his half-emergent forms are held to the cold block by a few uncut edges of stone, so do we often find his words and thoughts ready at a touch to spring into life and action. We find in his poems a wealth of beauty, spiritual, not human, which for years has withstood the extravagant drain of criticism. We of the younger generation, perhaps, may see the full development of his worth; but even those who are now at life's turn can partly understand the depth of his ideals, his keen perception of the beautiful, and some of the innate truths of his bold, lofty nature.

Some one has said that style is "all that makes for the form in which thought of any kind is cast." I think it is greatly determined by the tendencies of one's nature and the influences with which one may be surrounded. Style must, above all else, be a reflection of the writer's character. For Michelangelo this shadow of self increased in clearness and strength, springing as it did from his association with the pious Vittoria Colonna,* who was for him, "*quella luce che fu guida della sua vita e lo trasse ad operar grandi cose.*"† Her love for painting and letters, together with her deep-grounded faith, served to draw the soul of the poet under her influence; giving rise to a friendship—I am tempted to

say love—that became stronger as the lives of each turned into the sere and yellow leaf. Religion, art, and philosophy were subjects dear to both; they tasted, as Pater says, "the sunless pleasures of weary people whose hold on outward things is slackening."

The restless activity of the poet's heart and mind was stilled by the power of woman's soul; just as a child is soothed by the cradle song of its mother. A calm and thoughtful spirit seized him, and his powerful emotions were drawn towards the realm of idealism, whose charm and potency were discovered in the higher affection of his friend.

It was during those quiet talks behind the white walls of San Silvestro that Angelo sounded the depths of Plato and of Dante. It was there he reached out beyond the material veil and caught up the high ideals contained in life and death. Dante must have fashioned the mould of his verse, yet a Platonic touch is seen in many of his thoughts. He did not seek the color, form nor composition of beauty, but he loved to catch the subtle spirit that moved behind it. His half-emergent forms in marble beautifully show to us this same spirit, chained and complaining, ready at a touch of his fingers to stand forth a breathing personality. The same strange element drifts through his poetry: "where the brooding spirit of life itself is and where summer may burst out in a moment."

If we would see Michelangelo's nature struggling to attune itself aright, we must read the verse rather than gaze at the material work. There are moments when he comes so near Dante that we imagine it is the latter himself who speaks. This is especially felt when he sings of love and death, or when speaking of Florence and the political life of his country.

In the vigor and boldness of his lines is a hidden sweetness, as one critic aptly calls it—"ex forte dulcedo." We can almost see the poet's soul in the expression of his thoughts: it lingers for a moment, vanishes, comes stealing out from the black type, retreats into darkness, and leaves us standing in a sort of twilight, uncertain of our thoughts and powerless to fathom his greatness. Not art alone, as some one has said, but especially poetry was the ladder upon which the "angels of his fancy were ever ascending and descending."

We should know that at the time in which the poet lived, nearly all educated persons in Italy wrote in verse; the sonnet was the

* She was the Marchioness of Pescara, who, after the death of her husband on the battlefield of Pavia, went into retirement at the convent of San Silvestro in Capite.

† Vide Saltini's preface to *Rime e lettere di Michelangelo Buonarroti*.

favorite form. What could be more natural for a soul that saw beauty in everything than to set free in words the drifting thoughts and cares and the thousand longings of a human life! He seemed to feel that he could never express in material work what he felt and saw in his mental conception. He could not bring himself to things of earth,—“non abassava gli occhi alle cose mortali.”

Michelangelo nourished himself with readings from Dante and Savonarola, yet through all his work we see only himself; for in the light of his own personality, which streamed through all he said or did, no other presence could live. He lingered in a dream world of thought, and his work is shot through with contemplations of a high ideal. He was not simply an artist, not a mere dreamer of dreams, but a man whose heart was eager in sympathy and love for his fellowman. A brooding twilight of melancholy, sorrow and sadness clung to him throughout his whole life. His brighter self was always in shadow; peace was seldom his. I doubt if the light of contentment ever broke upon his soul; if it did, he saw it only as through a mist, as sometimes we see the burning west veiled by the down-pour of summer showers. The fact that he suffered gives a charm to his verse, for it makes us feel that he was after all a man: and who of us will deny that from lips that have tasted sadness the sweetest and purest songs of life shall fall!

I like to think of a poet as one who dwells among the people of his own land, singing the song of their lives, and dreaming in the glow of their hearthstones. I would have him draw from the vibrant strings of his art such melody and charm as would lead me beyond the confines of a material life, open for me a higher sphere, where the contemplation of a soul's tumult, the pangs of regret, and the nameless longings of a thousand hearts may come in the peace and quiet of an infinite world. Let him draw from the gloom and darkness, from the suffering and misery of human life, ideals of faith and love, which may, in the calm light of hope, reach out into eternity. From his hand must come the storm and lightning, the rain and thunder of our lives, even the silent touch of an atmosphere should be present; but he must suggest also the blue of summer skies, the greening spring and the sunshine that is again to come.

Shakspeare did this; but he did more, for he seemed to have held in his hand a living heart; he felt its weakest beat; he breathed upon it,

bruised it with love, crushed it with despair, tore it apart with passion,—making of its life a transcription, at all times wonderful, now and then rising to the sublime. He was a child of nature; Michelangelo was a lover of mysticism. The creator of Lear took love as a theme and sounded every key; touched weird chords in minors, or rang out the full, deep tone of major strains. The hand that fashioned the *Pietà* sometimes struck such chords as might have come from “sweet bells out of tune,” for they were made up of the philosophy of the “*Commedia*,” the dreams of Plato, and the vagaries of a fourfold genius. The truest and most touching strains came from notes of piety, melancholy, and an intense love of art. How truly has it been said that Angelo stands like his own grand Jeremiah, “bowed down with the contemplation of human wickedness and woe,”—weary, sad, patient, sublime!

The echoes of that so-called Reformation had drifted across the Alps, and had given rise to religious talks between the poet and her whom he calls “the force” that urged him on to heaven—Vittoria Colonna. The result of these conversations was the budding of his thoughts into blossoms of poetry. The fires of youth had long since been chilled, yet as an argument in many of his poems we find a sort of spiritual love which comes only from a holy affection, and to those alone who are pure of heart.

In Italy they call him *uomo di quattro anime*—“the man of four souls.” The nation dearly reveres his name, for he proved to be a worthy son; and I think it is a characteristic of his people to love with a strength as deep as the bitterness of their hate; and still they allowed his reputation as a poet to rest for over two centuries on the work of an inferior mind. This is due to the classical spirit that came stealing out of the twelfth century.

That ever-recurring period of the Renaissance,—so complex, so interesting, and so little understood,—gave rise, by its tendencies and achievements, to a rapid movement in every walk of life. Art became beautiful in the concrete; strange individualities arose, and intelligence and imagination strode forward into the gloom of the future. The law that seemed to govern all work was the search for æsthetic charm. People were elevated to, and supported by, those higher planes of thought and existence, that sprang from a closer realization of ideals. The culture of the day had gathered

itself into one, complete, and almost faultless, type. The products of that movement, whether material or spiritual, were dignified and unique; and we find them, even in our age, exercising a direct influence upon the world of Fine Arts.

Men felt, in the subtle touch of a purer atmosphere, a keen sense of the beautiful, and this feeling served to bind them closer in the relations of life. One art drifted into the realm of another, and from the diffusion of many excellencies a more perfect type of civilization stood forth. The dreams of the philosopher were echoed in the songs of the poet; new lights and shadows flitted across the canvas sheet; the sculptured form took to itself fresh lines of grace; the influence of the Germans, the Lombards, and the Franks wore away, and the spirit of Greece and Rome again directed the hand of genius. The bold thought and rugged line were rounded off until they became refined and polished, even as Horace would have them—*ad unguem facta*.

Men, looking on life with clearer minds and with a more liberal spirit, sought hidden sources of intellectual enjoyment. The narrow channels of art and poetry were broadened, allowing the tide of revival to sweep out into other ages, catching in its current the loosened work of genius.

It was owing to this spirited movement, which shone through the Italian nature, that the great-nephew of Angelo deemed a reformation of his ancestor's literary work an absolute necessity. "He re-wrote," says Pater, "the sonnets in part, and sometimes compressed two or more compositions into one, always losing something of the force and incisiveness of the original." Indeed, the true lines are to the false what diamonds are to broken quartz: the one flashes with all the lights of a setting sun; the other scarce reflects the subdued glow of twilight. In the two texts there is a great difference of expression, strength and boldness of thought. In one we see a rugged, stern, manly touch—the expression of ideas is personal; the flashing thought is caught and held. The false lines are weak, shallow productions, moulded to suit the sentimentalism of the age: they are soft and over-elegant, and all thoughts that might offend politically are left out. We see the poet as through a heavy mist; we can never fully know him, for the work is not consistent with his character. We must look at Angelo in the light of sun-touched mountains; not in an atmosphere that is burdened with the scent of exotic plants, or

loaded with the heavy odor of the locust tree. He loved the pure, fresh air of his native hills; his thoughts were drawn from the blue deeps over his head, and were as bold and rugged as the white cliffs of the quarry wherein he worked.

In one of his early sonnets, Angelo says:

"L'amor mi prende, e la beltà mi lega,
La pietà, la mercè dell' alma vista
Ferma speranza al cor par che ne doni."

This love, however, was far from the worldly type; it was the enchantment of an ideal which dwelt in the sheer depths of his soul. The beauty that bound his heart with its golden chains was not of the sensual order; it was above all orders—it was infinite. Love and beauty were for him a blending of truth with perfected goodness; and from this union sprang art. He thought, as Guasti says, that the beautiful was nothing more than "a flowing out of the Eternal Beauty, as a river from a fountain." He felt that the nearer man approached God, the closer he was to perfection; the more intimate his knowledge of the Creator, the better would he understand the scattered beauty of the material world. As Angelo became more sensitive and responsive to those higher forms of human life and nature, his mind soared upward in search of the infinite which alone could quench its thirst. The accidents of nature bound down his spiritual self to things of earth, vainly trying to satisfy its cravings by feeding it with reflections of that "eterna bellezza," which Guasti calls the fountain-head of beauty.

The spiritual natures of some men are so highly strung that a single strain of music will draw them away from all that is human; make them forget their surroundings; place them amid fields of snow and ice, or in the luxuriant growth of a southern clime:—sunrise and morning light; the heat of day, the cooling showers; sunset and starless night—all these come stealing across such souls, when trembling notes from a master-hand ring out the song of life, or cry in the agony of death. Other natures, whose susceptibility to impressions has been deep and varied, catch the gleam and gloom of a lifetime, the joys and sorrows of a day, to send them out again after many years in some work of art. It was to both classes that Angelo belonged. He saw beauty everywhere; his soul seemed to lean out into eternity that it might feed itself with contemplations of the infinite.

What Michelangelo thought of art may be

found in this sonnet,* which is the only one that has not suffered from the touch of a lesser mind:

"Non ha l' ottimo artista alcun concetto,
Ch' un marmo solo in sè non circoscriva
Col suo soverchio; e solo a quello arriva
La man che ubbidisce all' intelletto.
Il man ch' io fuggo, e' l ben ch' io mi prometto,
In te, donna leggiadra, altera e diva,
Tal si nasconde; e perch' io più non viva,
Contraria ho l' arte al disiato effetto.
Amor dunque non ha, nè tua beltate,
O durezza, o fortuna, o gran disdegno,
Del mio mal colpa, o mio destino o sorte;
Se dentro del tuo cor morte e pietate
Porti in un tempo, e che 'l mio basso ingegno
Non sappia, ardendo, trarne altro che morte."

There is music, thought and feeling in every line. Varchi, in speaking of this work before the Academy at Florence, said: "Per maggiore e più agevole intelligenza del soggetto di questo grave e dottò Sonetto, avemo a sapere, nobilissimi uditori, che niuno affetto, o vero accidente (qualunque egli sia), è tanto universale, e tanto comune a tutte le cose, quanto l' Amore."

The lines addressed to Dante are as rich in poetic thought and beauty as any in the literature of Italy. It may be interesting to note the difference in the two texts. The first quatrain of the original is:

"Dal ciel discese, e col mortal suo, poi
Che visto ebbe l' inferno giusto e 'l pio
Ritornò vivo a contemplare Dio,
Per dar di tutto il vero lume a noi."

Condivi has it thus:

"Dal mondo scese ai ciechi abissi, e poi
Che l' uno e l' altro inferno vide, e a Dio,
Scorto dal gran pensier, vivo salì,
E ne diè in terra vero lume a noi."

It is in this sonnet that the poet says:

"Nè sare' 'l premio tutto 'l mondo rio:
Tu sol, che la creasti, esser quel puoi."

Not all the wicked world reward could be:
Alone canst Thou who hast created him.

Some critic has justly compared this thought with the one found in Saint Augustine's works: "Tu fecisti nos ad te; et inquietum est cor nostrum donec requiescat in te." The idea is also found in the "Imitation,"—"I am able to reward thee above all measure and degree."

Michelangelo, like his great countryman Dante, sang in exile; both men loved their native city. When the siege of Florence was

raised by the treachery of Baglioni, when Alessandro de' Medici marched through the Roman gate, and enemies had conquered, then it was that the poet, brooding in silence over the wrongs of his city, turned wholly to art and poetry, seeking rest and finding none. If you would fully know him, gaze at his *Thinker of San Lorenzo*, and repeat with its creator:

"Ohimè, ohimè! pur reiterando
Vo 'l passato tempo, e non ritrovo,
In tutto, un giorno che sia stato mio.
Le fallaci speranze e 'l van desio,
Piangendo, amando, ardendo e sospirando,
(Ch' effetto alcun mortal non mi è più nuovo)
M' hanno tenuto; ond' il conosco, e provo.
Lontan certo dal vero,
Or con periglio pero:
Che 'l breve tempo m' è venuto manco;
Nè sarie ancor, se s' allungasse, stanco."

Turn to his *Day* upon the sarcophagus below, and watch in the spirit of a chiseled form the undying energy of a genius struggling against despair. Stand before the figure of *Night* that seems asleep in dreams—for its maker thought:

"'Tis well to slumber, best to be of stone,
While shame endures and Florence is not free,"—
and see therein the longing of a soul to be at rest. And still we read:

"Destala, se nol credi, e parleratti"—

as though the poet longed for Florence as he once knew her,—longed for his youth, his steady hand and the brighter dreams—but in vain; for the flowers of one year die forever, and the thrush that now sings in the tangled copse will never return. We feel that in those days, for him, sunshine never fell; and that already the creeping shadows of night were lengthening out into the blackness of death.

It was not in art alone that the exile left his thoughts; all the regrets, indignations, hopes and fears that touched his heart found an outlet in the trembling song that passed his lips. His madrigals are tinged with the sufferings of a human soul.

"Ritorni a' nostri pianti
Il sol degli occhi tuo, che par che schivi
Chi del suo dono in tal miseria è nato."

Such was the plaintive appeal that his heart made to its lost Florence.

The music of the Italian tongue is almost denied to our ear. We can no more catch the full strain of a *terza rima* in the "Divina Commedia" than we can justly appreciate the full harmony of a Ciceronian period. The English language is strong and expressive, and wonderful effects have been produced by it in the hands of Shelley, Keats and Shakspeare. It is

* Vide Sonetti (xv.)—Le Rime di Michelangelo Buonarroti.—Da Cesare Guasti.

A complete exposition of this sonnet is found in the *Lezione di Benedetto Varchi*, which is included in Guasti's edition, page 85.

full of life and motion. Dante, who completed the work of Saint Francis of Assisi in the formation of a national language, uses the Italian tongue more like a sturdy Goth of the North than a native of Florence. Michelangelo is equally as strong, though, at times, less clear and polished. His mind outstrips his pen, leaving the thought to be rounded out by the reader himself.

In speaking of the death of his father the poet says:

"Nel tuo morire le mie morire imparo,*
Padre mie caro, e nel pensier ti veggio
Dove 'l mondo passar ne fa di raro.
Non è, com' alcun crede, morte il peggio
A chi l' ultimo di trasciende al primo,
Per grazia, eterno appresso al divin seggio;
Dove, Die grazia, ti prosummo estimo,
E spero di veder, se 'l freddo core
Mie ragion traggie dal terrestre limo."

This poem is especially beautiful for its Christian thought and belief.

The mind of the poet often turned to religious subjects, and his thoughts drifting out into the ways of God, filled his soul with aspirations, loaded his heart with sorrow, and lifted his mind from things of earth to the changeless dreams of eternity. "Touching and beautiful," says one writer, "are the religious sonnets of Angelo, for they show how in the light which streamed from the other world as he neared its confines, he judged rigorously of the failings and imperfections of a life which, in its purity and austerity, appeared to his contemporaries severe, and holy, and exemplary, as indeed it was." What is there more touching than this prayer, coming from a once strong and sturdy nature, which is now broken beneath the weight of sorrowing years!

† "Non basta, Signor mio, che tu m' invogli
Di ritornar là dove l' alma sia,
Non come prima di nulla; creata.
Anzi che del mortal la privi e spogli,
Prego m' ammezzi l' alta e erta via,
E fie più chiara e certa la tornata."

Even in the translation, which rubs off much of the pristine beauty, the thought is high and noble, worthy of the heart from which it came.

"Tis not enough, dear Lord, to make me yearn
For that celestial home, where yet my soul
May be new made, and not, as erst, of nought;
Nay, ere Thou strip her mortal vestment, turn
My steps toward the steep ascent, that whole
And pure before Thy face she may be brought.

* Vide—Guasti's edition, page 297, capitolo 3.

"In morte di Lodovico Buonarroti."

† Vide, Guasti's edition, page 238, sonetto lxx.

When old age had come upon him, and the gales of a stern life had wrenched the spars, and had torn in shreds the sails of his little bark, then it was that he turned to his Maker to find protection and a peaceful harbor.

"Scarco d' un' importuna e grave salma,
Signor mio caro, e dal mondo disciolto,
Qual fragil legno, a te stanco mi volto
Dall' orribil procella in dolce calma."*

The prayer that trembled on his lips in old age was:

"Teach me to hate the world so little worth,
And all the holy things I once did prize,
That endless life, not death, may be my wage."

When his hold on outward things was loosened, and he drew nearer the light of another world, he said:

"The impassioned fantasy that, vague and vast,
Made Art an idol and a king to me,
Was an illusion, and but vanity
Were the desires that lured me and harassed."

It is while studying the works of such a genius as Michelangelo that the reader feels the flight of time, and understands the expressionless formula of beauty. He is drawn aside from the pushing, surging crowds in commonplace life, and stands in a world of dreams, where the silent touch of atmosphere is no more; where thought alone can live; where all types are gathered into one being; where all beauty rests in a single point—the centre of the rose of Dante—where "all the good that will may covet there is summ'd; and all, elsewhere defective found, complete."

Although living in an age of moral dissolution and religious apostasy, Angelo kept his heart pure and clean; a man of charity and piety, mindful of his last end, for he often said: "bisogna pensare alla morte. Questo pensiero è solo quello che ci fa riconoscere noi medesimi, che ci mantiene in noi uniti." He was like to Euphranor, of whom Quintilian writes: "Admirandum facit, quod et ceteris optimis studiis inter præcipuos et pingendi fingendique idem mirus artifex fuit." Angelo, however, was more than this; he was, in the words of Guasti, the "grandi assertori del domma cattolica nella poesia, nella scienza, e nell' arte." He was a Christian philosopher and poet, to whom beauty and excellence were things of another sphere; a man that rose by means of material agencies—which are but steps,—to the contemplation of the great Ideal Himself—the Changeless God.

* Vide, Guasti's edition, sonetto lxxiii, page 241.

Varsity Verse.

BALLADE OF DEAD LOVES.

A SULLEN roar, a splash of rain,
A boom of surf from off the sea;
A rattle at my window-pane
And lo! the past comes back to me,—
All dreaming, never fancy-free,—
And there within the grate's red glow
I see the loves that used to be,
The dear, dead loves of long ago.

As once it was, you would not deign
To smile on me, Penelope;
A frown, a glance to give me pain,
Was all I ever got from thee;
But blind I was, I could not see
The love your little heart did know;
And so the Queen I christen thee
Of dear, dead loves of long ago.

And Grace and Dolly, I would fain
Enfold you in my arms, and we
Would be old make-believes again,
But such is not our destiny.
The old loves die, the new loves flee,
And passing years are never slow;
And Time hears not my heartfelt plea
For dear, dead loves of long ago.

L'ENVOI.

Good-night, my loves; and you, Marie,
One little kiss at parting,—so.
A few short years and I shall be
With dear, dead loves of long ago.

E. J. M.

A PROPOSAL.

"Love, my darling, comes not slow;
We met but one short week ago,
And since that time I've loved you so,
My darling,

"I could no longer watch and wait;
The words must come. At any rate,
In your dear hands I leave my fate,
My darling.

"And on that day when first we met
I swore I'd ask you. Will you, pet?"
And low she murmured, "Yes, you bet,
My darling."

A. L. M.

HOPE.

No sun at morn; the skies are dull and dark and dreary.
The passing hours drag slow their lengths along;
The great trees in the raining sigh "awearied, weary."
The woods are still, and hushed the summer song.

Then laugh I at the thoughts of melancholy:
Moping in the gloom is naught but folly;
Future joys will lend, if I shall borrow,—
Surely will the sun shine bright tomorrow.

A. L. M.

A Study from Life.

EDWARD J. MINGEY, '98.

One day in the latter part of August, while gathering clouds were fast screening the parched earth from the hot rays of the summer sun, a horseman set out from the "Red Lion Hotel," in the little town of Bryn Mawr, and turned into one of the roads that led from the village. For a time he jogged easily along, seemingly unconscious or unheeding of the approaching storm. The rising wind rustled the leaves in the trees along the road; the dust whirled past him in stifling clouds. Involuntarily he lifted his head to look at a farmer's wife as she darted around, taking the half-dried clothes from the lines and carrying them into a place of shelter.

With a quick, impulsive movement the traveller straightened himself in the saddle, grasped the reins with a firm hand, and glancing hastily about him, as though to be assured of his position, he drove his heel into the flank of his horse and cantered rapidly along the highway. As he rode the darkening sky was lit up by flashes of lightning followed by loud claps of thunder, that awakened both man and beast to a full realization of the condition in which they were placed. Their road lay before them, straight, unbroken and shelterless; while here and there over the surrounding country were scattered the low-lying farm-houses, all too distant to afford any protection from the storm. Rising amid the trees that crowned a neighboring hill-top, the traveller discerned the humble spire of a village church, and, deeming it wise to take whatever shelter he could find, he gave the rein to the restless steed and passed rapidly over the intervening ground. As he was about to draw up before the door of the chapel, a turn in the road disclosed to his view a number of out-buildings grouped around what appeared to be a large and comfortable dwelling. Just as the rain began to fall in large drops he galloped into the yard of the farm-house, and, dismounting, asked shelter for himself and his horse.

"Certainly, Mary; certainly. Show the gentleman in."

He turned at the sound of the voice and beheld, standing on the front porch of the cottage, a woman of probably fifty years of age, whose bright, cheery face, that shone with

an evident air of good humor, seemed to betoken a hearty welcome.

Telling the traveller to enter, she leant out in the direction of the barn, and called loudly: "Jim! Jim!" There was no answer. "Where can that boy be? Oh! here you are." As the last words fell from her lips there came a splashing in the long line of mud and water that marked the driveway, and a little head, bared to the deluge of rain that poured upon it, was thrust up at the corner of the porch, and a pair of blue eyes, that sought to lift themselves above the level of the board floor, looked up in mute inquiry.

"Jim, take the gentleman's horse to the stable. You can leave him in Duke's stall till John comes back from Merion."

With that the mistress of the farm-house moved toward the door and invited her guest to follow her. Not receiving an answer she turned to repeat her request, but as her eyes rested on the face of the stranger she stopped in amazement and stood watching him.

Leaning against one of the pillars that supported the roof of the porch, he stood all unconscious of the storm that raged about him. The rain beat against his bare head and ran in rivulets down the back and sides of his riding coat. His hat had fallen at his feet, disclosing a mass of coal-black hair plentifully streaked with gray. The tanned and weather-beaten face, that still showed traces of a once handsome countenance, was drawn and haggard with a look of intense pain, and his eyes were fixed upon the corner of the porch where the child's face had appeared. His lips moved and he muttered to himself: "It is strange that there could be such a resemblance." The astonished gaze of the woman seemed to awaken him to a sense of his position. He replaced his hat on his head and, feigning an excuse, walked away in the direction of the barn. The door of the stable was open, and, as he entered, his horse was contentedly crunching the ears of corn that had been thrown into the manger, while beside him stood the boy who had been called "Jim," struggling in a vain attempt to lift the heavy saddle from the back of the animal.

The traveller sprang lightly over the railing that divided the stalls, and taking the saddle in his strong hands drew it off with the air of the practised horseman, and placed it on the rack by his side. Turning to the boy who stood surprised at the unexpected assistance, he said:

"Well, youngster, there's no cause for astonishment. I like to see my horses well groomed, and you're an unlikely looking lad for an hostler."

The well-meant jest seemed to arouse some spark of professional pride in the breast of the boy. A faint tinge overspread his pale cheeks as he hastened to reply:

"Indeed, sir, you can see for yourself that if it hadn't been for the saddle, I could have unharnessed your horse without any trouble."

"No doubt you could, my boy; but still I hold to my position. How long have you been in the business?"

"In what business, sir?"

"Why, taking care of the horses. You surely haven't any other."

"Sometimes I help John to milk the cows, and we work in the fields together. But Mrs. Hansell says I'm not able to do any hard work yet. Indeed, though, she doesn't know how strong I am."

The eyes of the boy glistened, while a faint smile passed over the face of the man as he thought of the struggle with the saddle.

"But doesn't your mother consider this work too hard for you?"

The faintest suspicion of a tear lingered in the eye of the boy as he answered:

"My mother is dead, sir."

"But your father—"

"Is with my mother."

As the child spoke his delicate features relapsed into that look of patient suffering and of constant yearning for sympathy that had so strangely affected the traveller. The lips of the man opened as if he were about to speak, although nothing was heard but an indistinct muttering. He turned away and walked out into the driving rain and on to the house where an appetizing meal had been prepared for him.

Mrs. Hansell and her guest were seated at the table together, while the boy had gathered himself into a corner of a huge, old-fashioned sofa, and the blue eyes occasionally looked down from over the pages of a well-thumbed "Ivanhoe," that he was eagerly devouring. The conversation drifted from one subject to another until, finally, it seemed to settle by mutual consent upon the object of their common interest, Jim.

"Yes," the woman was saying, "he's crazy for books. Give him something to read, and he'll forget about everything else, if you don't remind him. But I can't complain; Jim always

does his work well; and besides, the child is not twelve yet."

"He told me that his mother was dead. I suppose he is your nephew."

"Oh no! he isn't any relation at all. You see his folks were neighbors of mine before I moved away from Marple. Our lands were adjoining, and we lived very friendly together for five years or more. But Lord bless you, sir, they were city folks, and none of them knew anything about farming. They usually put about twice as much money into the land as they got out of it. Jim's father had been an artist, or a painter, or something of the kind, and he had moved into the country on account of his health. But he might as well have stayed in town for all the good it did him. He did nothing but worry, worry, all the time; and I saw from the first that it couldn't last long. His wife was a right smart little woman, but you could see as plain as daylight that she had never done a day's hard work in her life. Well, they managed to get along pretty well till Jim was about seven years old. Then the times got hard, and between one thing and another the father fretted himself to death and his wife soon followed him. There was some talk at the time of a brother out West somewhere, but nothing ever came of it, and it seemed natural for me to look after Jim; so I took him to live with me, and he's been here ever since. I can't say that the boy is as happy as he might be, but I do the best I can."

The man moved uneasily on his chair, and his face paled as he asked:

"This painter, this farmer, that you speak of—do you know what his name was?"

"Well, now; what a question! Me living next door to them for nigh onto five years, and not know their names! Even young Mr. Markham himself would have laughed if he had heard you—But why do you start so?"

At the mention of the name the cup that the traveller had been lifting to his lips fell from his nerveless fingers and spilled its contents over the spotless table-cloth. He thrust his hand into the pocket of his coat and drew out an envelope that bore the evident marks of age and constant handling. With a rapid movement of his fingers he exposed to the view of the astonished woman the photograph of a child sitting on its mother's knee, its little hand clasping that of its father.

"Look there. Have you ever seen those faces before?" As he spoke the voice of the stranger quivered with suppressed excitement;

but the woman paid no heed to the sudden change in her guest's demeanor. At last she looked up with a mingled expression of surprise and pleasure on her face, and said:

"It's the exact likeness of the Markhams themselves. But I can't understand where you could have got this picture. You must be some relative."

The traveller took the photograph from her hand, and pointed to an inscription on the back—nothing but the words: "From Frank to James."

"Is it possible!" she exclaimed, "that you can be James Markham?"

The man answered nothing, but with a hasty step he moved across the room to the side of the boy who had been an attentive listener to the conversation. He lifted him from the floor and held him out at arms length while he gazed into the blue eyes that had so strangely fascinated him.

"Well, Jim," he said, "what do you think of your uncle?" The boy's face lit up with a glad smile as he murmured:

"Then, I'm not alone in the world!"

"Certainly not, Jim, while I'm left. Are you ready to start life on a Montana ranch? You wouldn't like it, eh? Well, never mind. As long as I've come all this way to find you I suppose there's no use in going back again. What shall we do; sell out? That suits you better, does it? All right; now run away to bed. We'll settle our plans in the morning."

When the boy had gone, Markham told how, long ago, he had quarrelled with his brother, and they had separated. He had struggled along in the far West, until by a stroke of good luck in the mines he had gained possession of a considerable sum of money. He invested it in a cattle ranch; the venture proved successful, and he found himself a rich man.

Then there came letters from his brother announcing his marriage, and afterwards the photograph was received. At length their correspondence ceased. Thus the years passed away until there came to the heart of the lonely man a longing for friends and home. He had arranged his affairs and come East in the hope that his brother might still be living. He found the old city home deserted and in the hands of strangers. After long inquiry he learned that his brother had moved with his family into the country, but where he could not determine. He had spent the days since his return in wandering from village to village, seeking to discover some traces of them, but all his efforts had proved unavailing. He had been about to start on one of these journeys when the storm overtook him and fate so strangely put an end to his wandering.

As the traveller concluded his tale the flame of the lamp flickered lower and lower and then flared up fiercer than before, as though it foreshadowed the dawn of a brighter day.

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ROY A. MURRAY,

—Back in the hot days of August, when Notre Dame lay quite still and silent in her summer sleep, the first number of this volume of the SCHOLASTIC told the last tales of the year that had gone. Here with the days of sunshine still upon us another year has crept in. The echo of the old has died away; let us leave to the past the things of the past. A paragraph or two—as a memory for those who have seen, as a guide for those who have not—is all that shall be written.

Time, it is we were girding up our loins for the toil of the present. The crackled crumbs of last year's ink, which rattled in the pot, have been shaken out, and a fountain of the new is ever ready for us to dip our pens. Quills—thank goodness we have none to sharpen! Glistening steel pens lie by us in the box. Everything is ready except to roll up our sleeves which is a matter of little trouble.

All the tears—which we hope will be few—all the joys—which we hope will be many—may come as they will, to be chronicled and bound by type and printer's ink, so that those who wish may look upon them out of curiosity, or seek them for guidance. Perhaps some of you older ones will say: "Not like it used to be"; but for us—who give a large part of our precious life for their existence,—these events will always be a source of happy thoughts and, perchance, fond dreams.

But I fear we look too far. All we can do is to sit and wait: let events come as they will. While we wait, a bit of prose, a bit of verse, can be spun off, and by giving us the best, which charms and delights, you may become an active member of this fraternity of ours, which is brimming full of good-will and *comoraderie*. If not, then sit beside us; watch carefully what we do that you may learn the mystery of it. So, dear readers, we wish you well.

—We now stand at one of the white stones which divide the courses Notre Dame has travelled into more than half a hundred parts. It would be well before looking upon it for the last time—for once passed it is passed forever—to consider the pathway that lies before and the best means of traversing it.

If you fail after the marking stone is left behind, you can not go back and begin again. Nor can you rest by the wayside. From the first the step must be firm and the heart true. Should you endeavor to cut short the journey by taking the smoother path of "cribbing" and "ponying," you will soon find yourself in a quagmire. Choose your course and go through it with hard, honorable work. At first the way may seem rough, but after a time, if you carefully apply yourself, it will become smooth, and you can jog along to the next milestone assured of finding success.

Do not think that it is the duty of those who are placed over you to cart you through the journey. The Faculty can only say: "You must take this path." The burden can not be shifted from your shoulders.

At the very beginning decide what course to follow, and if you come upon an obstacle, do not swerve into another path; for in the end you will find yourself far away from the high road, and several valuable years will have passed before you can find your way back to it. Accept the advice of those above you as the best guidance. They have been over the road before and know best what is the smoothest way for you to follow.

When it is finished, when you leave the last milestone in your course, and strike out into one of the many in the world, you will find, if you have worked well, that you will be able to guide yourself and keep in the right path. Your journey with your *Alma Mater* is only a training preparatory to the journey of life. With this warning and advice the SCHOLASTIC wishes you God-speed and leaves you to your travel.

Meeting of the Notre Dame University
Association of Chicago.

(COMMUNICATION.)

The Notre Dame University Association of Chicago met, at the Columbus Club on the evening of Monday, September the 6th. The Honorable Judge John Gibbons, President of the Association, presided. The minutes of the previous meeting were read and approved.

The report from the committee on arrangements made by Messrs. Charles T. Cavanagh, Edward Hughes, T. Collins, P. Sullivan, Otto Igoltz, Hugh O'Neill, Mark M. Foote and Henry Fitzgibbons showed a net profit of \$225 from the excursion to the University at Commencement.

After the transaction of the regular business of the Association, Mr. Hugh O'Neill moved the passage of the following resolutions:

WHEREAS, the Honorable Frank Scales, an ex-member of the Cook County Judiciary and a fellow-member of the alumni of Notre Dame, has been called from among us, be it

RESOLVED, 1st, That we deplore the loss of him who was a devoted son of the University and who was elected by the people to the exalted position of Judge of the County Court of Cook County, and was an eminent member of the Chicago Bar, a faithful friend and loyal citizen.

2d, That we extend to his family our heartfelt sympathy in this their hour of bereavement.

3d, That these resolutions be spread of record in the proceedings of the Association, and that an engrossed copy of same be furnished to the family of the deceased.

HUGH O'NEILL,
J. S. HUMMER,
J. CRUMMEY.

The resolutions were carried.

Resolutions of a like tenor on the death of Eugene J. Sugg, signed by the same parties were also carried and ordered spread of record.

It was moved and seconded that the Association hold its next annual meeting at the University on the 13th day of October (St. Edward's Day), and that the same committee have charge as at the last excursion. It was moved and seconded that the following members be added to the committee on promotion and organization:—Col. William Hoynes, Dr. Austin O'Malley, Judge John Gibbons, P. L. O'Mara and J. S. Hummer; the committee on organization and promotion to have full charge of the issuing of the prospectus on behalf of the Association. It was moved and carried

that the secretary have leave to employ a stenographer and pay other incidental expenses, and that all bills should be audited by the Board of Directors. The Board of Directors, consisting of Hugh O'Neill, P. T. Barry, K. Scanlan, H. Hemsteger and C. T. Cavanagh, were ordered to make arrangements for a permanent place of meeting.

The committee on entertainments reported that arrangements would be made for the delivery of addresses by eminent public men under the auspices of the Association, to be delivered some time during the fall, and that in due time a banquet will be given by the Association.

A number of new members were admitted into the organization, and judging by the size of the meeting, the reports of the committees and the speeches of members present, the organization is destined to accomplish all that its organizers had hoped for. The next meeting will be held September 20th, of which due notice will be given by the secretary.

Human Nature is Always the Same.

When perusing the writings of the great minds of antiquity, we find that few books present the imperishable traits which mother Nature has stamped upon them with such evidence as the Iliad and the Odyssey of Homer. They are like a fountain of perpetual youth,—a drink from them refreshes both mind and heart. There we find men in the unsophisticated state of nature. These men show themselves with a straightforwardness which commands recognition. They do not like people who have one thing in their hearts and another on their lips, and they have the courage to say so. These children of nature view life from a real and practical standpoint. They are not free from faults and weaknesses, and their naivety is at times enviable. We need not be astonished, then, to find that among them eating and drinking were considered very important factors in the enjoyment of life.

"Eating and drinking keep body and soul together." This fundamental truth was duly appreciated by all classes of people; the poor as well as the rich, the day-laborer as well as the landowner, the herdsman as well as the fiercest warrior, joined in the festive banquet to be freed from the cares and troubles of life. With wine libations were made to the gods; and on every festal day, or even every day

of sorrow, banquets were prepared. To give Æneas and his comrades a fitting welcome Dido prepared a magnificent feast, and over the wine cups tales of horror and misery were mingled with stories of good cheer. Horace is contented on his Sabine farm; because there he had food and drink in plenty.

The necessity of satisfying the stomach's craving clamored loudly for recognition, even in circumstances in which nowadays sentiment would exclude any such operation. The most heart-rending scenes were followed by sumptuous banquets. "It is wine that drives away all pain." Ulysses, the destroyer of cities, in his greatest sorrow asks for something to eat; for there is nothing so untractable as raging hunger,—that tyrant who does not spare man even when he is tormented by soulful sorrow. Admetus orders his servants to furnish at once with a bounteous repast his friend who comes during the solemn rites of the funeral of his spouse, although the scene just preceding is most touchingly sad, and shows the most unselfish love of a loving father in distress. If we can believe Homer, there is almost constant feasting, and libations follow libations. Thus when Nestor, the horse-tamer, had sacrificed to Poseidon, and all had taken their fill of wine, a new offering was made at once in honor of Pallas Athene, and again all drank the sweet balsamic juice of the grape. They never drank wine pure, but always mixed and sweet as honey; but even in this state it is astonishing what enormous quantities were consumed. Horace wants Mæcenas to drink a hundred cups at a banquet. Achilles entertained the ambassadors of the Greek army before he would listen to the speeches of his distinguished visitors, as if they needed that to perform their task well.

Besides the regular meals, eating and drinking was indulged in at all times of the day. In the description of the shield of Achilles Homer represents farmers plowing a field. As often as each of the ploughmen reached the end of the long furrow, a cup of heart-rejoicing wine was offered each in his turn. Near by is a field where the rich crop is harvested, and the servants are preparing the repast under a widespread oak-tree. These ever-recurring scenes do not tire the reader, for the most trivial details receive life from the creative genius of Homer. It would seem that solid friendship was impossible unless it was sealed by eating the "back of a pig," and the degree of friendship was apparently measured by the

size of the "back" offered. What is said of Milo transcends all limits of credibility. Even admitting that he could burst a stout rope by merely swelling the veins of his forehead, can it be possible that he carried a steer into the arena, killed him by one blow of his fist, and then proceeded to roast and devour him entirely on the spot? No matter how much the Greeks in Homer's time cherished this cannibalistic desire of a practical materialism, they abhorred a senseless gluttony; and the suitors of chaste Penelope made themselves odious, although they enjoyed good music, speeches, and other spiritual and physical entertaining features in their daily revelries. Dido had not forgotten this usage, and at the banquet given in honor of Æneas and his companions, long-haired Iopas tuned his lyre and sang the songs which mighty Atlas had taught him.

But the custom of "treating" was not practised as extensively nor in the same manner among the Romans as among the Greeks. Plautus speaks of a "symbolum," or contribution to a common fund for their banquets, and each participated in the affair according to his contribution: "Happy are they who put in the greatest symbol." Horace makes frequent allusion to this Plautinian Method, but on several occasions he wants a symposium in the old Greek fashion. "Who will give us a house in which to dine?" They cast lots to select a *magister convivii*, the Basileus of the Greeks, or an *arbiter bibendi*, and these convivial meetings were generally accompanied by song and music. The irrepressible and never-satiated parasite is always at hand, and there must have been side-doors whence they were rolled when top-full with cheer. Hetairism and ephebism were essential condiments at a Roman banquet. Euripides meditates and comments upon the social life of his day; he enters into minute details, and alludes to the ever-changing effects on the mind. Plautus does the same thing in a more extensive way, but he lacks the depth of his model. Lest any one should fancy that these banquets were limited to the highest society of an aristocratic people, Horace took care to inform us that persons in middling circumstances would vie with their richer and more influential neighbors and extend invitations to them:

"Changes are grateful to the rich,
And oftentimes a neat repast
Is spread at poor man's table which
By lavish wealth is unsurpassed."

Exchanges.

To the student editors of a college paper, the preparation each week of articles for publication is tedious work, especially when there are so many classes to be looked after. The work, too, of this nature is usually intrusted to the members of the junior and senior classes for obvious reasons—men that have even less time for outside work than those in the lower classes. When, therefore, the paper that they produce each week is spoken well of by the exchange editors of the different college journals, when everything, from the essays, stories and verses down to the "Local Items," receives its share of praise, the toiling editors feel that they are well repaid for their labors. So it is with great pleasure that we have gathered together a number of clippings from the outside college world concerning the Easter number of the SCHOLASTIC, an edition of which we were justly proud; for they will show the new Board of Editors that if they continue the good work of last year they need have no fear for the success of the year that is to come. Here are some of the kind things that have been said about the SCHOLASTIC:

The excellence of *The Notre Dame Scholastic* is so uniformly high that it is difficult to attribute special merit to any particular number. It is rich in varied and well-written prose and verse, and redolent with an air of brightness that can not but be refreshing to the reader. The delightful fiction, which is found in abundance between its bright and artistic covers, is always a feature of the *Scholastic*. The athletic columns and college notes are well edited.—*Vilanova Monthly*.

The special Easter number of the *Notre Dame Scholastic* has occasioned many favorable criticisms from several exchanges. Its beautiful half-tone cuts, and its columns being almost entirely filled with the literary work of the editors, make it a most valuable number.—*The Penn Chronicle*.

Notre Dame Scholastic.—Though not addicted to "poetical effusions" we certainly enjoy the verse of the *Scholastic*. Of the poems that have come under our notice the "Lakes at Notre Dame" deserves especial mention. "Gossip" is thoughtful and interesting, while "A Criticism of Wordsworth's Sonnets" bears the stamp of originality and thorough study.—*The Fordham Monthly*.

It would be discourteous on our part not to pay a tribute to the excellence of the Easter number of the *Notre Dame Scholastic*. The students have excelled themselves this time both in the appearance and contents of their journal. A design in Gold and Blue, the college colors, gives an elegant appearance to the cover. On the first page we are presented with the portrait of the

Scholastic editors for '96-'97, while further on a picture of the basket-ball team attracts our attention. The reading matter consists of short poems with almost every variety of prose from fiction to philosophy. We regret that college jokes, a pleasing, if not an important, feature of such a paper, are altogether wanting.—*University Monthly*.

Now in all the above clippings,—and we could publish many more had we the space—the only adverse criticism is that we have no college jokes. The exchange editor of the *University Monthly* is severe with our reporters. He should read the SCHOLASTIC's "Local Items" and he will find jokes galore. Probably they are not humorous to the outside world. If not we shall try to make them so. And in the meantime the SCHOLASTIC, with this number, is making its bow at the beginning of Act XXXI, and the new Board of Editors will do all in their power to sustain its good reputation until the curtain is rung down in June.

Obituary.

—On Wednesday, August the 18th, COLONEL ELMER OTIS, one of Notre Dame's noblest friends, died at San Diego, Cal., after an illness of nine weeks. He was born in Massachusetts in 1830, and he graduated from West Point in 1853. At the outbreak of the war he went to the front as Captain of First Cavalry, and was promoted to the rank of lieutenant-colonel in 1864. It was at this time that he came to Notre Dame, where he took charge of the military companies, and by hard, conscientious work raised them to a high standard. Colonel Otis joined the Church while a young man, and ever after was one of her most pious and loyal sons. The funeral services took place in St. Joseph's Church, San Diego. Right Rev. Bishop Montgomery of Los Angeles preached. That he may obtain the reward of his pure and saintly life is the heartfelt prayer of all at Notre Dame.

—A deplorable accident occurred on the afternoon of July 23, at Zimmer, Ohio, a small town near Columbus, by which JACOB REINHARD, JR., student '94-'96, lost his life. Young Reinhard, who was on a hunting trip with several companions, was endeavoring to climb a fence when the top rail broke, and he fell to the ground. In falling the gun was discharged and the full load crashed through his brain and caused death in a short time. The body was conveyed to the family residence in Columbus that evening, and the funeral took place on the following Sunday. The SCHOLASTIC, on the part of the Faculty and students of Notre Dame, extends the deepest sympathy to the grief-stricken friends.

Local Items.

—Happy New Year, fellows!

—Who will get the study-hall faculties? The suspense is awful.

—The Lawyers now have the best recitation room in the University.

—“Pard” is back and is determined now to go forward. Give him a chance, boys.

—Old members will be pleased to hear that a meeting of the St. Cecilians will soon be called.

—There are so many new students here this year that an old boy is almost a stranger in his own home

—Hugo’s Man Who Laughs is much sought for by curious students who have a mania for comparisons.

—The parishioners of Father Oechtering of Mishawaka made a pilgrimage to the Grotto last Sunday.

—Our fair cousins have never quite forgotten the “cake” matter and still feel very much hurt about it.

—Once more in the darkness of the night can be seen the familiar white water pitcher on its way to the pump.

—Students who have time should take a full course in elocution and oratory, which bids fair to be most interesting this year.

—The weather of the past week was splendid for carpet-laying. Eggeman says he got a small boy to put down his carpet for him.

—New-comers are gradually “getting onto the ropes.” Most of them now know “when and where to—and when and where not to.”

—The hand-ball alleys in the Carroll gym are crowded every “rec.” This is a good omen for the out-look in basket and football this fall.

—George Cypher is a scorcher; this is the awful fate that befell the man who won the bicycle last year. He is trying to keep up with himself.

—How fearlessly the ex-Juniors roll their cigarettes nowadays, and how much better a “drag” tastes when one doesn’t have to “rubber.”

—We are glad to see Pete Carney and Charlie Foulks with us again. Pete is still the same old boy—“A man of few words,” so to speak.

—The Lemonnier Boat Club elected captains for the first crews Wednesday evening. H. J. Rahe and O. W. Tong were the successful candidates.

—Several of the new students are the possessors of good voices, and Brownsonites are each night favored with a program of captivating music.

—The Carrolls enjoyed several swims during the week. Some of the youngsters would not mind the weather if the luxury of a daily plunge were assured.

—Sorin Hall now has a bicycle room. Each bicycle owner will have a certain stall for his wheel, and when not in use, it is expected to be in its proper place.

—Edward J. Callahan, the heavy batter of the team of ’94, has returned to school. The student athlete is never forgotten, and Ed will find a welcome among all the old boys.

—Will some one please find a quiet home for “Julius Cæsar.” He is not happy amid the turbulence of a great University. This is published at the request of Chuck Fleming.

—With the spacious new law room the law man can now gesticulate without cracking his fingers on the wall, and speak loudly without awakening Guilfoyle in the rear seat.

—When Poolskamp isn’t straightening his rugs, he busies himself chasing the sun from one corner of his room to the other. Sort of “pussy wants a corner—” effect, you know.

—“Ah! ’tis well,” quoth Albert Ignatius Theopholis, as he seated himself in the big armless chair in his new room and began to peruse a copy of the *Bullet County Bubble*.

—As soon as Slivers and Boze return Bob Franey will organize his football team. Fetherstone and Fisher are working for the same place, and betting on the lucky man is brisk at present.

—Isn’t it about time for some heart-sick or hard-pressed student to let loose an article on the old Stile and the naughty, mean workmen who tore it down and left not even a scrap to be preserved as relic?

—Alexander Carney has returned to school, having spent the vacation in the Wisconsin timber. He contends that wood chopping is the only thing known to develop the chest, and offers himself as evidence.

—There is a promising lot of candidates for the Varsity football team this fall. Coach Hering is putting them through a rigorous course of training; but we can not expect a last year’s team.

—There were several exciting games of baseball on Carroll Hall campus Sunday afternoon. The game between Pulford’s and Murray’s teams would be going on yet, if the ball had not disappeared under the gym.

—Ed and John are at last separated. But listen! This is not all—they are also angry. Yes, cruelly so, and Ed has announced that he will no longer allow Jack into his new room in Sorin Hall. This is terrible, but true.

—Members of the Orpheus Club are wearing very neat pins which were made especially for the society. They are in the form of pennants of gold and blue, and the word “Orpheus” appears in silver letters across the face.

—The air of Sorin is cut into thin strips by the sound of tack, hammers and "cuss-words." Whoever it was that tried to pound his thumb through the floor should have his room padded to prevent the escape of that pestilential language.

—In the Church of the Sacred Heart last Sunday Rev. John O'Rourke, C. S. C., sang his first Mass. Fathers Maguire and Ready, acting as deacon and subdeacon and Mr. Gallagher as master of ceremonies. Rev. Father Corby preached the sermon.

—Mr. R. A. Gann—who is of no kin to F. A. Gann—claims that the Maumee river is the most beautiful in the world—even more beautiful than the Chicago river. Let it be so. The stream that can boast of purer, more limpid waters than the Chicago must be beautiful. *Joe Ke.*

—He was not a philosopher, but he assured his hearer that he had a photograph or large tin type of his friend doing the smiling act. When called upon to produce the picture he explained his meaning by saying it was only a mental concept. The joke is upon the hearer.

—Ignatius IV., brother of John II. and Tom I. Mott—grads of Notre Dame—is now a student of the University. Mr. Mott is fast getting acquainted with the customs of the place. When last seen he was becoming still more enlightened in this regard through the efforts of the prefects.

—"Who is that fellow standing over there," asked the new student? "He has been in that spot with his friend these three hours—talking, I suppose." "Yes," answered the boy's companion, "that is Guilfoyle. He has just returned, and is merely saying: 'How-do-you-do' to a friend."

—Professor Preston the other day announced to a SCHOLASTIC reporter that there is more material for a good band this year than for many years past. During the few rehearsals which have been called thus far, several difficult pieces, entirely new to the boys, were executed with comparative ease.

—Peter the Punster arrived safe and sound from the wilds of Butler County on Thursday last. Peter announced to his friends that he had ceased "punning" and was going to "sail into his work in earnest," as he put it. But alas! as Peter walked away, he added: "Do you think it will be smooth sail-in?"

—Mr. Martin Fanning, of Chicago, has presented to the Historical Museum of the University of Notre Dame a tile from Christ Church, Dublin, and a sandstone cannon ball which was taken from St. Flannery's Church, Killaloe, County Clare. The Director of the Museum hereby expresses his thanks to Mr. Fanning.

—Students with talents or inclination for wind or string instruments should apply to Prof. Preston for place on the Band or Univer-

sity Orchestra. The rehearsals of the band during the afternoons of the past week were really gratifying to the Instructor, who says that the music of '97 and '98 must form an enviable result in the history of University Music.

—He has gone. Like a breath of summer wind he has stolen away. The leaves of the trees wither and shrivel into brown webs; the blades of grass pine away and now lie dead in the hot sunlight. Verily, the loss is great! No more will that gladsome voice say: "Great heavens! Brother;" nor will it utter in the wilds of *Rue de Rue*: "Well, I'm a son of a gun."

—The *Honorary Member*, who was noted for his scantiness of writing last year, can no longer sign after his name the "Hon. Mem." He is doomed to become active;—so active that he must toil in the sunshine that floods through his shadeless south window and wipe the sweat off his brow with his left hand, while he scribbles with the right. Moreover, he must labor further over the endless pages of Tolstoi.

—Time was when Sorin Hall established the mode. It was never rightly theirs to lay claim to the honor, and their presumption was so long maintained that it was mistaken for an indefeasable right. Now it is all changed; and if one be æsthetic he must look to Brownson Hall where it is quite proper to appear in the *negligée* of a smoking jacket and slippers while indulging in a quiet smoke on the campus.

—Somewhere in a northerly direction—in the wide sweep of monotonous fields, sand and burs—lie patches of watermelons and cantaloupe. Some students are seen departing thereto and returning with mysterious, heavy packages and a tightness about the waistband. Some time, "when the shades of night are falling fast," from that patch will vanish several large green objects, and ere the frost hath fallen only the leaves will be left.

—On the eight of this month the Right Reverend Bishop Rademacher raised to the dignity of the sacred priesthood the following seminarians of the Congregation of the Holy Cross:—Reverends James Ready, Thomas Crumley (A. B., '96), John O'Rourke, Michael Quinlan (A. B., '93, A. M., '97), Roman Marciniak and Casimir Smoger. The SCHOLASTIC takes pride in presenting the above list especially since two of the newly-ordained, Fathers Crumley and Quinlan, were at one time members of the Board of Editors. To these and the other Reverend gentlemen the SCHOLASTIC extends the hand of congratulation, and the earnest prayer for many years of usefulness in the sacred ministry.

—George W. Meyers, of Dubuque, Iowa, was a visitor at the College last week, having accompanied his brother Doorance, who was enrolled as a student in Sorin Hall. George Meyers may not be known to the students of

today, but in '85-'6-'7 he was an idol of the baseball enthusiasts. He covered short in the team of '87 when the invincible battery of Burns and Cooper electrified the students by their splended work. He was also in the Carroll Hall team of '86 that had the unique distinction of wresting the college honors from the Brownsons.

—In a magazine of this month it is asserted that in Ireland there are sixty thousand Murphys, the largest clan on the isiland. Notre Dame has her share of those who have not left the Fatherland. He whom we styled "The Count"—perhaps because of the total absence of dignity in his make-up—has left us for the more rigorous rules of West Point. The others—brilliant in their way—are still in America. With the influx of students another clique who bear this renowned name have replaced the old ones, and Notre Dame still has enough of them to hold up the dome without calling upon those who still hold down the sod in the Emerald Isle.

—For the benefit of the 'new' we give the names and locations of the various thoroughfares of Sorin Hall. On the second flat south, the old *Rue de Rue* 'famed of old' has been extended; and on the third flat above lies the *Boulevard Westport*, named after the birthplace of the clan of the two O'Malleys who live thereon. On the second flat north and south runs the *Place du Musique*, whereon livès Sir Francis D. Kette, a musician of great renown. On the third flat above is the *Avenue Police*, so named because it is the favorite beat and is continually parolled. The two north thoroughfares are nameless. Next week a map and full description will be given. On the third flat south lies at the corner of *Avenue Police* and *Boulevard Westport* the *Place du Chapeau d'Eau*, after a famous accident which occurred there.

—News of an important discovery to science has been sent to us from Schenectady, New York. The eminent paleontologist, F. A. Gann, while making excavations in the rear of his mansion, came upon the fossilized remains of an animal which he maintains are the bones of a young *Glyptodon*. Though the dimensions of this specimen do not exactly correspond to the accepted size of the *Glyptodon clavipes*, and though it is somewhat unusual to find the remains of a *glyptodon* in North America, Mr. F. A. Gann is unshaken in his belief that his specimen is the remains of a *glyptodon*. He will soon issue a treatise on the habits and migrations of the *Dasypi* with special reference to the *Glyptodon clavipes*. The reputation which the discoverer has gained on the subject of bones will lend weight to his opinion, and it is therefore with great pleasure that we announce to our readers that Mr. F. A. Gann's valuable work will be published in the SCHOLASTIC before being issued in book form.

Roll of Honor.

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