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The Example of Sir Thomas More.

BY MARIAPHILOS.

More held his office two years and seven months, and then sent in his resignation to the king. The latter would not, at first, listen to his request, but, after repeated appeals, granted it. The fact is, Sir Thomas saw a storm gathering that would turn the tide of his hitherto prosperous career, and expose him to the fury of a brutal monarch. Henry had become entangled in a disgraceful *liaison* with Anne Bolyn, which was rapidly changing the very nature of the man and preparing him for that sanguinary career which made his name a portent of evil through all Christendom. Already whisperings of a divorce reached the ears of More. The noble wife of twenty years' wedlock was to be rejected in order that her place might be occupied by an ambitious wanton, urged on by a *digue* of unscrupulous nobles.

In order to more fully understand the further treatment of this matter, it is well to glance at the condition of England at the epoch to which we refer. The claim of supremacy was merely the complement of the divorce. Passion initiated what heresy ended. Hence we shall take a general view of the state of religion immediately prior to the rebellion of Henry against the Church.

When St. Gregory VII fought the battle of civilization and progress against Henry IV of Germany, the chief abuse he desired to overthrow was the appointments to episcopal and abbatial positions. The wisdom of the great Pope's action must be apparent to every man of common sense. The qualifications which kings require are too often disqualifications in the eyes of the Church. A bishop and a courtier has ever been an obstacle to the independence of the Church. A greater than human authority has said: "No one can serve two masters." That is, where the principles of one and the other are radically antagonistic. When kings like Louis IX of France or Edward the Confessor reigned, little danger might be apprehended. But unfortunately for mankind, such rulers as Louis and Edward have been the exceptions in the annals of monarchy. The rebellious Barbarossas have been more common than the obedient Theodosiuses. The overweening exactions of kings,—the incense and flattery of hypocritical advisers,—the difficulty of influencing monarchs for their good—have ever been obstacles to the true progress of popular happiness and the welfare of states.

When the ecclesiastical authorities are dependent upon the civil ruler, the latter bends them in spite of themselves to his policy, however inimical it may be to the true interest of religion. The first attempt may fail, but the time comes when the rock begins to succumb to the constant dripping of the water. We speak, of course, of national Churches. The Rock, Peter, is beyond the control of kings. A striking illustration of this fact is seen during the reign of Louis Quatorze. The leaven of Gallicanism arose from the despotic ideas of that splendid monarch. Time-serving bishops, who sought inspiration in Versailles

rather than from Rome, allowed themselves to be carried away by the current. They forgot that when the head is chained the whole body is enslaved. They dreamed fine theories of the liberties of the French Church, forgetting that these very liberties were the result not of Caesar's concession but of Divine Providence. Happily for France, she possessed a man equal to the emergency. Bossuet understood "that the liberties of the Gallican Church" simply meant the unbounded autocracy of the king. He dexterously changed the direction of the storm, when unable to make head against it. He "stooped to conquer" by assuming to lead the new movement to fatal victory, but in reality delivered it over to the sweet yoke of the Church, and averted a schism. When Frenchmen style France "eldest daughter of the Church," let them bless the eagle of Meaux, for to him, under God, is due the preservation of that illustrious title.

The condition of things in England was similar in a great measure to that which existed during the critical Gallican movement in France. Nominally it was different, but the spirit was the same. The bishops were, with few exceptions, devoid of that ecclesiastical spirit which distinguished St. Thomas à Becket and other glorious champions of the Church. They had played the part of courtier, and now they were made to feel the fatal effects of their weakness. The example of Wolsey vitiated them. They imitated his time-serving policy but failed to imitate his repentance. When the day arrived which tried men's souls they were found wanting. History tells us the significant tale. "A majority of the clergy submitted to the demands of Henry."

As might have been expected a cowardly, unworthy clergy, made the people heretics. Yet, Englishmen, especially in the northern counties, did not succumb without a struggle. They resolutely took up arms for the cause of God and would, without doubt, have shaken the throne of Henry to pieces, had their bishops and higher ecclesiastics been true to their sacred trust. This is no bare assertion as the spontaneity of the Catholic restoration at the accession of the holy and much calumniated Mary proves. Nevertheless, their natural leaders having deceived them, those generous efforts failed, and the sad night of heresy sank gloomily down over the once fair land of Faith.

Sir Thomas More's fidelity to conscience is the more conspicuous from the circumstances of his case. The court which had corrupted so many men high in Church and State only served to purify him. The terrible examples of episcopal and lordly traitors to God and conscience, but strengthened him in his firm purpose of never bending the knee to Baal, or bartering principle for the smiles of a corrupt world. Even the terrors of a tyrant's rage were powerless before the unyielding conscience of this best of men.

When Henry stole up to a garret in his palace—perfect illustration of a guilty conscience—and was married to Anne Bolyn by the miserable Lee, he no doubt swore that More should endorse the act or should suffer for it. Sir Thomas was the Mordecai that sat at the gates of this Haman. He cared little for the suffrages of all England as

long as his ex-Chancellor stood out in silent protest against his crimes. He knew the immense influence of More's character and rightfully judged that if he assented or even pretended to assent to this practical divorce, men's minds would be quieted and the affair acquiesced in. But he little knew how high the noble soul of More was elevated above the favor or disfavor of kings. That calm, undemonstrative nature had within it silent depths which no earthly power could reach. He stood, a colossus of principle, and measured the petty vanities of this earth with the unerring rule of a pure conscience. Henry's power was dashed to atoms at the feet of More.

After having sounded Sir Thomas by means of his vile emissaries, the king had an act passed by a parliament that basely pandered to his worst propensities, which asserted two things: the validity of his marriage with Anne Bolyn, and the succession of the crown. With this pretence of law, Henry watched his opportunity—which as he could make it—was not long coming.

Some time before this the tyrant had become more infuriated than ever, on account of the ex-Chancellor refusing to attend the coronation of Anne. To afford him no excuse Henry, in a fit of magnificent generosity, sent More the sum of twenty pounds to "furnish him forth for the pageant" in the phraseology of the time. The knight thanked the king, but excused himself in a manner at which no reasonable person could take offence. He knew perfectly well what capital would be made out of his presence at such an exhibition of woman's folly and man's madness. Besides his loyal heart could not be so untrue to the incomparable Catherine who had to endure the intolerable insult of such a proceeding. Conscience is ever consistent. We have no doubt the king would have pounced upon his victim on this occasion if there existed the slightest pretext for such a course. The reason of our supposing so is based upon the absurd arrest of Sir Thomas for a pretended connection with the affair of Elizabeth Barton, known as the "nun of Kent." This poor, pious creature fancied she had visions,—like some sensitive souls in religion,—and was imprudent enough to have such visions as were peculiarly dangerous at this time. Such as the invalidity of Henry's marriage, the succession, etc. But we must be cautious in accepting the assertions of the Scribes of her age who thought little of fabricating little episodes of this nature in order to serve the harmless inclinations of the monarch to burning, hanging and beheading. However, true or not true, the "nun" and several persons, her "accomplices," were arrested. We are not told whether they were accomplices in that they, too, had visions, or that they perfidiously incited Elizabeth thereunto, but, "accomplices" they were judged and so executed, along with the innocent girl.

Unless we had historical testimony of the most authentic nature, it would be difficult to believe that England's ex-Chancellor—a man of the most solid virtue and studies,—a man whose judgment and common sense were the marvel of the age, should have been compelled to clear himself of

the charge of complicity with the dreams of a simple country girl. The whole affair is a striking exhibition of royal hatred, courtiers' subservience and Christian patience.

The two most infamous wretches in English annals, Thomas Cromwell, the man who advised Henry to imitate the German princes and make himself head of the Church and Cranmer, Archbishop of Canterbury, who "got the right sow by the ear"—in the words of the King—when he inspired the appeal to the universities on the question of divorce, together with Audley, Chancellor, and the Duke of Norfolk, were the Commissioners before whom More had to appear. A few words were sufficient to compel his judges to reluctantly acknowledge the absurdity of the charge against him. But the *animus* of the king was very apparent in the manner with which Sir Thomas was treated by the Commission. He was charged with base ingratitude toward his liege lord and a proud stomach in all that appertained to the obedience due his sovereign. Henry should have blushed at the very mention of ingratitude. When More resigned the Great Seal, he was rewarded with a cold "thank you." He gave up a practice at the bar worth ten thousand dollars of our money when the king, in a manner, compelled him to accept the office of chancellor. The heavy duties of the chancellorship broke down a naturally delicate constitution, so that—even if etiquette had not forbade it—he was unable to pursue his professional avocation. He was obliged to break up that happy community in which all his children, their husbands and children, lived for so many years. So impoverished did he become, that, at a later period, when in the tower, his wife Alice makes a touching appeal to Audley, her husband's successor, to obtain some assistance, alleging that she has to pawn her very clothes in order to furnish the few shillings for More's support in prison. And this at a time when the brutal tyrant was lavishing thousands upon the woman whom a few months after he consigned to the block.

The moment at length arrived when Henry laid his heavy hand on his long desired prey. The act to which we have referred was produced and Sir Thomas asked to swear to it. He refused to swear to that portion which invalidated the marriage with Catherine. As to the rest, which referred to the succession of the crown,—a question which parliament was perfectly competent to decide—he professed himself willing to swear. His distinction was not received—he was commanded to swear to the act as a whole—an act which made the good Catherine a king's mistress for twenty years and her children illegitimate. But he knew how to "render to Caesar the things which are Caesar's and to God the things which are God's." Upon his refusal, he was sent to the tower.

Now, it must be observed that the penalty of death was not attached to a refusal to take this oath. It was a *misprision* of treason, not high treason. The penalties of the former involved imprisonment and loss of goods. The punishment of the latter was by attainder and death.

But it was nothing less than the blood of Sir Thomas that Henry thirsted for. More's life was a standing rebuke to his excesses. He hated him with a hatred which surprised the worst enemies of More. Reckless and savage from the goading of a guilty conscience, he despised all laws human and divine. His heart grew as hardened as that of Pharaoh. Virtue and honesty he looked upon as enemies of his crown and person. What could More expect from a moral monster whose parallel it is difficult to find in the darkest days of imperial Rome. His father, Henry VII, had entrusted his education and guardianship to the sainted Fisher. Yet the tyrant's rage exhausted itself upon the venerable head bent down and grey with eighty years of honor and apostolic zeal.

There was, however, a difficulty in the way

which Henry easily overcame. More was guilty of misprision of treason. He was now suffering the consequences in prison. The injustice of the monarch and the cowardly servility of parliament inflicted, *by special act*, an attainder—somewhat similar in its practical results to the French civil death—which hitherto had been the appendage of high treason alone. By attainder the offender was incapable of any will, testament, etc., which transmitted property, and his heirs could not inherit. In More's case the injustice of its application was none the less because he had nothing to leave to others. It showed plainly that the king intended to proceed to extremities and that the ex-Chancellor should die, even if, like Richard III, he should become an assassin himself. The execrable Rich was sent to the tower in order to lead More into some positive expression touching the supremacy which might be tortured into high treason. The prudence of Sir Thomas baffled the spy; nevertheless, upon his representations, the victim of royal hate was brought to trial on several counts relating to the divorce, supremacy, correspondence with Bishop Fisher, etc. More's defence, according to Sir James Mackintosh was a model of calm reasoning and must have brought conviction of his innocence to any person not utterly prejudiced against him. The significant assertion of Cresacre that the judges were commanded by Henry to bring in but one verdict, easily explains the awful perjury which pronounced More guilty. He was sentenced to the brutal death, the barbarity of which is an eternal stain upon the English statute book. He was to be half hanged, drawn—that is, his vitals torn from him as a cook would *draw* the entrails of a chicken,—and quartered, as a butcher would quarter a beast in the shambles. A refined illustration of the humanity of the Anglo-Saxon. By a special *mercy*, More was spared the most repulsive forms of this kind of execution. He was merely to be beheaded. There is something peculiarly affecting in the words of Sir Thomas when this exceptional indulgence was told him. "I thank his highness," said he, "yet I trust none of my friends may be treated with such consideration." This was the sole rebuke the man of God breathed against a sentence which was so fearfully unjust.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

St. Peter's Chair in Rome.

THRENODO.

BY J. H. HUNTER, D.D.*

[Dedicated to Rev. Father Cooney, of South Bend, Indiana, by a sincere admirer of the enthusiastic eloquence with which he advocates what he deems the truth of God.]

Not the throne of mightiest sovereign,
Raised 'neath high imperial dome,
Doth the imagination govern,
Like St. Peter's chair at Rome.

Planted where the proud Patrician's,
Waiting until Brennus come
With his Gallic fierce divisions.
Stands St. Peter's Chair at Rome,

Where the Plebs against the Senate
From the Aventine are come,
While each father seems a Penate,
Towers St. Peter's Chair at Rome.

Where the chair of Cincinnatus,
Marching from his rustic home,
Felt the shouting crowds' Afflatus,
Thrills St. Peter's Chair at Rome.

While the Equi and the Volsci,
Barbarous horde or hostile Nome,
Fought "*Il furo nienti dolci*,"
Calm before the See of Rome.

* A Protestant minister.

Culture's great sons from thee have felt
Their noblest inspiration come:
And every muse and grace hath knelt
In homage round thee, Chair of Rome.

O'er thee built great Angelo
The Capital's heaven aspiring Dome;
While myriad forms of Beauty glow
On canvass round thee, See of Rome.

Thy Sistine Chapel, music's pride,
Tempt hosts from other lands to roam;
Thy dirge of Him, the crucified;
Thy *Stabat Mater*, Chair at Rome.

Vicar of the Heaven-sent Stranger,
Passing from his early home,
Calvary's Cross and Bethlehem's manger,
To thy summit, See of Rome.

Conquering all and still to conquer,
All things past and all to come,
Zion's mount could hold no longer:
Power must fill the Chair of Rome,

From thy mountain shrine, Moriah,
Worthy of a loftier dome,
Comes the world conquering Messiah,
His triumphant Chair at Rome.

From thy wilderness, Judea,
While earth's tyrants rage and foam,
High Priest, Pontifex, Deus, Dea,
Fits Christ is throned in Rome.

With thy seamless coat, blood tintured
By the long agony, well thou'rt come,
With Love's Coronet peace-cinctur'd,
To erect thy throne in Rome.

He no proud Porphyrogenitus
Bent in pomp, through earth to roam
Clad in his own blood-stained Benitus,
Sat first in the proud Chair of Rome.

Proud but with no barbaric gold,
Nor jewel's rest from freedom's home,
But lustrous with a radiance old,
And dearly thou, Chair of Rome.

E'en by thine unostentatious form,
Simple Antiquary, time overcome.
Ah, thou hast bided many a storm,
Which thunder'd round the See of Rome.

Palsied the hands, and curs'd the hearts,
To strip thee of thy Pompeic dome,
Transalpine or Cisalpine arts,
About, beneath thee, Chair of Rome.

What though, aspiring from the pit,
Hell's Locust Host rush forth to roam.
Over Earth's wide champaign, thou shouldst sit
Unmov'd, oh Pope! thy See of Rome.

This hovering mist will melt away;
Passeth off lawless power, the gnome;
Thou through the coming years shalt stay,
Religion's shrine, great chair at Rome.

More lustrous-like that Lucifer,
Sunk briefly 'neath the ocean foam,
Then, rising brighter, mightier
And more belov'd blest See of Rome.

Pius, to thee from the Far West,
This cheer from an old man has come;
Not much; and yet he's done his best.
Esto Perpetua, See of Rome!

—Irish (N. Y.) World.

CHARLES MATTHEWS, the younger, puts on record a laughable specimen of abbreviation. Going into an eating-house for lunch, he heard, as he entered and sat down, seven orders given in quick succession by a throng of as many customers, one calling for a basin of oxtail soup, two for mock-turtle soup, three for pea soup and one for bouilli. And the waiter, dashing to the speaking-tube that communicated with the cook, bawled out with immense rapidity, "One ox, two mocks, three peas and a bully."

[SELECTED.]

ERIC; or, Little by Little.**A Tale of Roslyn School.**

By FREDERIC W. FARRAR,
Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge.

PART FIRST.**CHAPTER XIII (Continued).****THE ADVENTURE AT THE STACK.**

Ten cables from where green meadows
And quiet homes could be seen,
No greater space
From peril to peace;—
But the savage sea between!—*Edwin Arnold.*

They reached Ellan, and went to the boat-house.

"Have you put out the life-boat?" said Dr. Rowlands anxiously.

"Ill luck, sir," said one of the sailors, touching his cap; "the life-boat went to a wreck at Port Vash two days ago, and she hasn't been brought round again yet."

"Indeed! but I do trust you have sent out another boat to try and save those poor boys."

"We've been trying sir, and a boat has just managed to start; but in a sea like that it's very dangerous, and it's so dark and gusty that I doubt it's no use, so I expect they'll put back."

The Doctor sighed deeply. "Don't alarm any other people," he said; "it will merely raise a crowd to no purpose. Here, George," he continued to the servant, "give me the lantern; I will go with this boy to the Stack; you follow us with ropes, and order a carriage from the King's Head. Take care to bring anything with you that seems likely to be useful."

Montagu and Dr. Rowlands again started, and with difficulty made their way through the storm to the shore opposite the Stack. Here they raised the lantern and shouted; but the wind was now screaming with such violence that they were not sure that they heard any answering shout. Their eyes, accustomed to the darkness, could just make out the huge black outline of the Stack rising from the yeast of boiling waves, and enveloped every moment in blinding sheets of spray. On the top of it Montagu half thought that he saw something, but he was not sure.

"Thank God, there is yet hope," said the Doctor, with difficulty making his young companion catch his words amid the uproar of the elements; "if they can but keep warm in their wet clothes, we may perhaps rescue them before morning."

Again he shouted to cheer them with his strong voice, and Montagu joined his clear ringing tones to the shout. This time they fancied that in one of the pauses of the wind they heard a faint cheer returned. Never was sound more welcome, and as they paced up and down they shouted at intervals, and held up the lantern, to show the boys that friends and help were near.

Eric heard them. When Montagu left he had carried Russell to the highest point of the rock, and there, with gentle hands and soothing words, made him as comfortable as he could. He wrapped him in every piece of dry clothing he could find, and held him in his arms, heedless of the blood which covered him. Very faintly Russell thanked him, and pressed his hand; but he moaned in pain continually, and at last fainted away.

Meanwhile the wind rose higher, and the tide gained on the rocks, and the sacred darkness came down. At first Eric could think of nothing but storm and sea. Cold, and cruel, and remorseless, the sea beat up, drenching them to the skin continually with its clammy spray; and the storm shrieked round them pitilessly, and flung about the

wet hair on Eric's bare head, and forced him to plant himself firmly, lest the rage of the gusts should hurl them from their narrow resting-place. The darkness made everything more fearful, for his eyes could distinguish nothing but the gulfs of black water glistening here and there with hissing foam, and he shuddered as his ears caught the unearthly noises that came to him in the mingled scream of weltering tempest and plangent wave. It was fearful to be isolated on the black rent rock and see the waves gaining on them, higher, higher, higher, every moment; and he was in ceaseless terror lest they should be swept away by the violence of the breakers. "At least," thought he, as he looked down and saw that the ledge on which they had been standing had long been covered with deep and agitated waves—"at least I have saved Edwin's life." And he bravely made up his mind to keep up heart and hope, and weather the comfortless night with Russell in his arms.

And then his thoughts turned to Russell, who was still unconscious; and stooping down he kissed fondly the pale white forehead of his friend. He felt then how deeply he loved him, how much he owed him; and no mother could have nursed a child more tenderly than he did the fainting boy. Russell's head rested on his breast, and the soft hair, tangled with welling blood, stained his clothes. Eric feared that he would die, his fainting-fit continued so long, and from the helpless way in which one of his legs trailed on the ground he felt sure that he had received some dangerous hurt.

At last Russell stirred and groaned. "Where am I?" he said, and half opened his eyes; he started up frightened, and fell back heavily. He saw only the darkness; felt only the fierce wind and salt mist; heard only the relentless yell of the blast. Memory had no time to wake, and he screamed and fainted once more.

Poor Eric knew not what to do but to shelter him to the best of his power; and when he showed any signs of consciousness again, he bent over him, and said, "Don't you remember, Edwin? We're quite safe. I'm with you, and Monty's gone for help."

"Oh! I daren't jump," sobbed Russell; "oh mother, I shall be drowned. Save me! save me! I'm so glad they're safe, mother; but my leg hurts so." And he moaned again. He was delirious.

"How cold it is, and wet too! where's Eric? are we bathing? run along, we shall be late. But stop you're smoking. Dear Eric, don't smoke. Poor fellow, I'm afraid he's getting spoilt, and learning bad ways. Oh save him." And as he wandered on, he repeated a prayer for Eric, which evidently had been often on his lips.

Eric was touched to the heart's core, and in one rapid lightning-like glance, his memory revealed to him the faultful past, in all its sorrowfulness. And he too prayed wildly for help both for soul and body. Alone on the crag, with the sea tumbling and plashing round them, growing and gaining so much on their place of refuge, that his terror began to summon up the image of certain death; alone, wet, hungry, and exhausted, with the wounded and delirious boy, whose life depended on his courage, he prayed as he had never prayed before, and seemed to grow calmer by his prayer, and to feel God nearer him than ever he had done in the green cricket-field, or the safe dormitories of Roslyn School.

A shout startled him. Lights on the water heaved up and down, now disappearing, and now lifted high, and at intervals there came the sound of voices. Thank God! help was near; they were coming in a boat to save them.

But the lights grew more distant; he saw them disappearing towards the harbor. Yes; it was of no use; no boat could live in the surf at the foot of the Stack cliffs, and the sailors had given it up in despair. His heart sank again, all the more for its

glimpse of hope, and his strength began to give way. Russell's delirium continued, and he grew too frightened even to pray.

A light from the land. The sound of shouts—yes he could be sure of it; it was Dr. Rowlands' voice and Montagu's. He got convinced of this, and summoned all his strength to shout in return. The light kept moving up and down on the shore, not a hundred yards off. His fear vanished; they were no longer alone. The first moment that the tide suffered any one to reach them they would be rescued. His mind grew calm again, and he determined to hold up for Russell's sake until help should come; and every now and then, to make it feel less lonely, he answered the shouts which came from the friendly voices in the fitful pause of the storm.

But Dr. Rowlands and Montagu paced up and down, and the master soothed the boy's fears, and talked to him so kindly, so gently, that Montagu began to wonder if this really could be the awful head master, whose warm strong hand he was grasping, and who was comforting him as a father might. What a depth of genuine human kindness that stern exterior concealed! And every now and then, when the storm blew loudest, the Doctor would stand still for a moment, and offer up a short intense prayer or ejaculation, that help and safety might come to his beloved charge in their exposure and peril.

Six or seven hours passed away; at last the wind began to sink, and the sea to be less violent. The tide was on the turn. The carriage drove up with more men and lights, and the thoughtful servant brought with him the school surgeon, Dr. Underhay. Long and anxiously did they watch the ebbing tide, and when it had gone out sufficiently to allow of two stout planks being laid across the channel, an active sailor ventured over with a light, and in a few moments stood by Eric's side. Eric saw him coming, but was too weak and numb to move; and when the sailor lifted up the unconscious Russell from his knees, Eric was too much exhausted even to speak. The man returned for him, and lifting him on his back, crossed the plank once more in safety, and carried them both to the carriage, where Dr. Underhay had taken care to have everything likely to revive and sustain them. They were driven rapidly to the school, and the Doctor raised to God tearful eyes of gratitude as the boys were taken to the rooms prepared for them. Mrs. Rowlands was anxiously awaiting their arrival, and the noise of wheels was the signal for twenty heads to be put through the dormitory windows, with many an anxious inquiry, "Are they safe?"

"Yes, thank God!" called Dr. Rowlands; "so now boys, shut the windows, and go to sleep."

Russell was carefully undressed, and put to bed in the Doctor's own house, and the wound in his head was dressed. Eric and Montagu had beds provided them in another room by themselves, away from the dormitories; the room was bright and cheerful with a blazing fire, and looked like home; and when the two boys had drunk some warm wine, and cried for weariness and joy, they sank to sleep after their dangers and fatigues, and slept the deep, calm, dreamless sleep of tired children.

So ended the perilous adventure of that eventful night of the Easter holidays.

WHEN some years since, the question arose at Oxford for altering the fees for *ad eundem* degrees for Trinity College, Dublin, the late Dr. Mansel settled the question on the following neat epigram:

When Alma Mater her kind heart enlarges,
Charges her graduates, graduates her charges,
What safer rule can guide the accountant's pen
Than that of doubling fees to Dublin men?

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The Weather.

A heavy fall of snow covered the ground on last Sunday night, and a furious west wind took upon itself to displace every particle of snow and send it whistling through the air to the great discomfiture of pedestrians and all others who were obliged to be out in the cold blast.

Very Rev. Father Sorin, who celebrated the 26th of last month the twenty ninth anniversary of his arrival at Notre Dame, told us that this weather vividly brought to his mind the first day he arrived here, and the first winter he spent in the little old house which was burned in 1856. He had made a weary journey from the southern part of the state and arrived late in the afternoon at South Bend, where he was hospitably received by Mr. and Mrs. Coquillard, the latter of whom still lives in South Bend, or rather in Lowell, which at the time of Father Sorin's arrival consisted of a log cabin and any number of trees.

Father Sorin was so eager to see with the eyes of the body the field of labor which he had often, no doubt, beheld with the "mind's eye" as he thought of what he could do for religion and education, that in spite of the fatigue of the journey and the coldness of the weather he came to Notre Dame, and viewed for the first time the twin lakes, clothed as they now are, with their pure white mantle of snow. Arriving on the bank of the lake where the "Farm House" now stands, he gazed on the scene, and those who know him cannot doubt as to the nature of his thoughts; and as he returned thanks to God for leading him to this land of promise, his grateful heart placed the beautiful domain under the protecting care of the Virgin Mother whose immaculate purity was typified by the resplendent whiteness of snow as seen in the last rays of a November setting sun.

After taking a general view of all that could be seen, Father Sorin, accompanied by some of the Brothers who had come with him from France, set out on a walk around the lakes. He skirted along the shores on the south side of the lower lake, came to the point near which the St. Aloysius' Scholasticate now stands, crossed over to the mound, which was then an island, where the Professed House is now built, and then making the circuit of the upper lake, passed by the spot now occupied by the Novitiate, and finally, leaving to the left the bleak field where the College and all the surrounding buildings now form a little village, he regained the point of departure, and, cold and weary in body, yet fervent and full of hope, he sought the hospitable roof of Mr. Coquillard.

Bro. Francis Xavier is the only one now living who accompanied Father Sorin in his first walk around the lakes.

That first winter, of 1842-43, was the coldest that has been felt here. The winter of 1863-64 came very near equalling it; in fact, it gave some specimen days of cold weather that surpassed any day produced by the winter of '42; but it did not hold out so long, nor with such trigid persistence as its predecessor of twenty-one years before.

The vigorous efforts put forth by the present

winter seem to indicate its determination to out-blow and outfreeze any winter that has ever yet reddened the noses of the College students, or brought bright roses to the cheeks of St. Mary's pupils.

Slang.

Many of the words that are placed in the category of slang express concisely an idea that would require several good and approved words to bring it out completely. And some of these finally attain an honorable place in the language. But there is a great difference between using such a term occasionally, even though it be not placed between quotation marks, and interlarding one's whole conversation with them, in such a manner that at times it would seem the speaker is no longer making use of his mother tongue, but of a foreign language.

If any one pays attention to the conversation of young men, even of educated ones, he will perceive what a great hold slang has taken upon them; and the result is that instead of the conversation of gentlemen you are listening to the low language of the bar-room and gutter.

Now this should not be so.

When a young man makes use of low words in conversation, it shows he has low, not to say mean and unworthy thoughts; when his lips give forth the language of the gutter it shows that his ideas are not more elevated than the ideas of those whose words he makes use of. This carelessness of speech brings on, if it does not already betoken, a carelessness of thought, an indifference to the courtesies of life, a contempt of good breeding and a looseness of morals; and when this state of things becomes general, it engenders a contempt for authority, which can be repressed only by a strict police—and even by the police only for a time.

Of course we admit that there are other causes at work that produce these evil effects; one might say that contempt for the courtesies of life and laxity of morals bring slang into use. Such is the case in many instances. But all know by experience that many pure minded, highly gifted young men have commenced a downward career to immorality by accustoming themselves to the "talk" of low ideas, before these low ideas had tainted their hearts. It is on this account that we dislike to hear slang terms used by young men whose position, talents and education should prompt them to discard it, and that a slang term used by a lady strikes us like an oath coming from the mouth of a deck-hand on a Mississippi steamboat.

We had the pleasure of receiving a letter from Rev. Father Brown. We were in fact truly glad to hear from him as he had maintained silence so long that we began to fear that the happy improvement in his health, commenced at Bethesda Springs, was retarded. The letter, though freeing us from our fears, informs us that owing to the failure of the supply of Bethesda water his health has not improved as much as it certainly would have done, had he been bountifully supplied with the health-giving waters. We hope Ed will send on several barrels.

MUSICAL SOIRÉE Sunday, the 10th inst.

ST. CECILIA PHILOMATHÉAN Exhibition Tuesday evening, 12th inst.

RIGHT REV. BISHOP BORGESS is expected next Tuesday for an ordination.

MR. JAMES EDWARDS, of Toledo, Ohio, has been obliged, by ill health, to return home. He is now much improved. We hope that "Jimmie" will soon revisit us in the full bloom of perfect health.

THE ice on the lake is thick enough for skating, had not the snow spoiled it. We expect, however, to have good times on the ice during the holidays.

THE Thespians will give us during the holidays two Comedies, instead of the long Drama which they intended at first. The Drama will be presented on the 22d of February.

PROF. A. A. GRIFFITH will probably be engaged to give an evening Reading before Christmas. Arrangements will then also, probably, be made to secure his services for the whole month of February. One month under Prof. Griffith's care will serve for a whole life, that is, provided one's skull is not too thick. We know that a great many students will be glad to join the Professor's class, and as the number of the students wishing to attend will decide whether the course of Prof. Griffith will be given or not, we hope that many will give in their names at the time of the Professor's Reading.

THE Messrs. Tiesset, of Chicago, paid Notre Dame a visit last Tuesday, and took occasion of their stay, at the request of the authorities, to give an impromptu concert, which was highly appreciated by the large assemblage of musicians and guests present in the large parlor. The piano performing of Mr. C. Tiesset was judged to be perfect. The rank which this young artist of twenty-three years occupies in the musical world can scarcely be surpassed. Many Conservatories and Musical Societies of Europe have aggregated him among their numbers, and high encomiums have been bestowed on him by the greatest masters living. His brother, Eugene Tiesset, who, although suffering from disagreeable catarrh—resulting from the night watching forced upon the burnt citizens of Chicago by the military authorities—gave us, by special request, two choice songs, which were very well received, and encored by the audience. Mr. E. Tiesset has a rich and highly cultivated voice, which, when in perfect trim, is susceptible of the widest compass. Mr. C. Tiesset, Sr., the father of the two artists, accompanied them, and from his personal merit as an accomplished professor of languages, and by his more intimate acquaintance with the members of the Faculty, justified the high opinion which all had of him. We hope that Notre Dame will be often favored by the presence of these worthy gentlemen, and even we dare hope that they will one day be numbered among her inmates.

THE WESTERN RURAL.—We are glad to see this excellent agricultural paper resume its former field of usefulness. Like so many other papers it was burnt out in the big fire in Chicago, and unlike some others of less usefulness, it neither sought another city, nor collapsed, but in very short time, which shews the enterprise of its publishers, it appears in its old familiar form, as large as life and just as natural, to the great comfort of its thousands of readers. It costs only \$2.00 a year. The principal office is at 407 West Madison St., Chicago; Michigan office in the Arcade Building, Detroit.

MR. JOHN W. OLDSHUE, son of Prof. L. Oldshue, of Pittsburgh, after a three years' siege at the "Philadelphia University," graduated yesterday with the highest honors conferred by that standard institution. He goes to Pittsburgh, where we presume he will enter into practice with Profs. L. & T. L. Oldshue. The Doctor carries the good wishes and sanguine hopes of a host of Philadelphia friends with him.—*Sunday Dawn*, November 26.

"SAM," said one little urchin to another, "does your schoolmaster ever give you any rewards of merit?" "I s'pose he does," was the reply; "he gives me a thrashing every day, and says I merit two."

Tables of Honor.

SENIOR DEP'T.

C. Proctor, N. Mitchell, W. Moran, P. O'Meara, N. Nugent, M. Basterasche, O. Wing, J. Bowen, V. Baca, J. Noonan.

JUNIOR DEP'T.

M. Foote, J. Sherlock, W. Quinlan, W. Breen, W. Fletcher, V. McKinnon, H. Hunt, W. Lucas, F. Ready, E. Olwell, O. Waterman.

Dec. 1, 1871.

D. A. C., Sec.

Honorable Mentions.

GERMAN.

A. Kleine, F. Anderson, W. Heckert, B. Fisher, P. Cooney, J. Devine, A. Schmidt, H. Hoffman, H. Beckman, J. Carr, H. Hunt, J. Bracken, H. Faxon, C. Beck, C. St. Clair, E. Plummer, J. Birdsel, J. Burnham, E. Olwil, F. Arantz, F. Phelan, J. Kilcoin.

PENMANSHIP.

L. Hibben, J. Pumphrey, B. Roberts, F. Arantz, J. Marks, H. Hunt, E. Howland, J. Burnside, V. McKinnon, J. McGinnis, J. Quill, O. Waterman, F. Ready, F. Devoto, Fiedeldy, L. Roth, H. Dehner, V. Baca, J. Wernert, E. Graves, E. Newton, J. Karst, H. Walker, J. McFarland.

MUSIC.

Violin—T. Ireland, J. Kauffman, J. Carr, R. Lange, W. Quinlan, J. Wuest, H. Heckert, J. Noonan, W. Lucas.

Vocal Class—M. Weldon, D. O'Connell, W. Emmonds, A. Filson, G. Riopelle, C. Gamache, J. McGlynn, L. Roth.

Piano—McHugh, W. Breen, J. Bowen, W. Ball, L. Bush, G. Riopelle, F. Ready, J. Juif, G. Juif, A. Schmidt, J. McFarland, M. Weldon, E. Raymond, A. McIntosh, M. Morton, T. Ireland, B. Roberts, W. Campbell, J. Voelker, J. Graham.

Guitar—J. McCormack, J. Howland.

Clarinet—Clark.

Palestrina.

The proper name of this great man was Giovanni Pietro Aloisio Da. He was called Palestrina from his native town, the ancient Præneste, near Rome, in which he was born in 1524. His eminent talents as a composer of music procured him admittance among the singers of the Pontifical chapel, and for a number of years he occupied successively the position of chapel-master at the churches of St. John Lateran, and Sta. Maria Maggiore. In 1571 he was appointed chapel-master at St. Peter's, and shortly after, *maestro* to the Congregation of the Oratory, then recently founded by St. Philip Neri, which office he retained during the remainder of his life. He died on the 2nd of February, 1594, and was buried in St. Peter's—an immense concourse of people being present.

The works of Palestrina form fifteen volumes. The late collection, edited in Rome, in 1845, by Rev. Pietro Afieri, chapel-master, form seven volumes in folio. We received this valuable collection a few weeks ago from Rev. F. Battista, our procurator in Rome.

The first volume contains nine masses, the first of which is the magnificent Mass called *Papæ Marcelli*, which is placed first in the volume because this was the mass that first gave a name to the author, having been approved by the Cardinals appointed by the Council of Trent, for the reformation of ecclesiastical music.

The second is the *Pro Defunctis; Per i Defunti*, for five voices, which is also splendid in its effect.

The third one, called *Canonica*, has been found under the name of Palestrina, but is now reported spurious by some.

The fourth, *O Regem Cali*, ever preserves a

sweet pathos. But if all the masses of Palestrina must be executed slowly, this one in particular requires, for due effect, the greatest expression on the part of the singers.

The fifth, *Eterna Christi Munera*, and the sixth, *Dies Sanctificatus*, are easy, and of a surprising effect. They are sung yearly in the Apostolic chapel.

The seventh, *Missa Ferialis*, is admirably adapted to its purpose, viz., of humble supplication.

The eighth, called *Missa Brevis*, although longer than the fifth, is executed every year before the Pope.

The ninth, *Fratres Ego*, reveals a wonderful talent, and is more *grandiose* than the first, *Papæ Marcelli*, but it has never been executed since the author's death. The other volumes contain a number of motets, psalms, hymns, etc., for four, five, and even twelve voices.

The music of Palestrina is particularly remarkable for its wonderful simplicity, its unsurpassed melody and harmony, which, combined together, produces on the ear a marvellous effect. It is said, indeed, that the Mass, *Papæ Marcelli*, caused so profound a sensation that the Pope compared it to the heavenly melodies which St. John heard in his vision.

Palestrina, evidently, was deeply imbued with the spirit of the Church in her sacred ceremonies. He well understood that her chant, which is but the expression of her faith, should ever remain grave, simple, and heavenly in its aspirations. Hence he knew how to preserve the simplicity of the Gregorian phrase while developing its melodies and adding to them a new majesty and strength, so as to affect the mind with emotions of tenderness and awe. His music is eminently religious. No wonder, then, if it met with the approbation of St. Charles Borromeo, who was one of the Cardinals commissioned by Pius IV to discuss once more the propriety of music in the Church. This great saint, so well known for his strict observance of Church discipline, could not find anything objectionable in the music of Palestrina. No less favorable to it was St. Pius V, who named Palestrina his own chapel-master. And St. Philip Neri, that admirable promoter of piety, who has been called the New Apostle of Rome, chose Palestrina for the chapel-master of the celebrated oratory he had founded in that city. The approbation of these three great saints, the contemporaries of Palestrina, is not a small eulogy for this music. But even now, up to this day, Palestrina's music is sung before the Pope and in the principal Basilicas Rome. Palestrina is justly called the prince of musicians. His music has exercised a salutary influence, and shown what church music should be. The greatest masters, both in his life time and after him, have formed themselves after his model, as Lotti, Vittoria, Caccini, etc.

But it should be well remembered by all that this style of music demands in its execution slowness and measure, otherwise, the beauties of its melody and harmony would neither be expressed nor felt. Our Choristers, we hope, will soon give us an opportunity to judge and appreciate this music by ourselves. The *Missa Brevis* is now ready for execution. Let them go to work and practise.

A. G.

We have been requested to publish the following letter, which was received by one of the students of the Junior Department, from a distinguished lawyer:

MY DEAR BOY: I have just received your letter so elegantly written and composed. The paper also came, and I should be very glad to get it as often as possible. I told your father that you might come into my office as soon as you have finished that portion of your education which is

indispensably preliminary to the study of any profession. You must realize that from now until you are a man is the time for you to lay up the capital in the way of learning with which to go through life. Busy men have little time for study—they draw on what they acquire in the leisure hours of boyhood. The studies which you are now pursuing are good ones. I should add French.

You should also pursue from this time out a course of reading, which will bear upon your profession. History is of the extremest importance, and the history of England is the most important of any, because it details the gradual foundation of that body of laws which govern at this day so many million of people.

If I were you I would read Hume's History of England, and afterwards read Dr. Lingard's. The last author was a Roman Catholic priest of great learning and singular fairness, and will correct many of the errors, both of fact and faith, which are committed by Hume.

While reading these works read also in connection with them the historical plays of Shakespeare. For instance, when you get along in your history to that time which is covered by the reign of Richard III, read the play of that name, and so on through all the plays which are designated by the names of the sovereigns to whose reigns they pertain. After you have read these, take up some good history of the United States, including the history of the Colonies before we became independent. Your preceptors will tell you what books to read on these subjects. All this while cultivate a love for poetry. It does most essentially refine the mind.

You must bear in mind that books are power. Just as in a mine of coal is stored away the heat by which great engines are moved, and ships made to cross the sea against wind and wave, so in the mine of books lie the forces which move the world and the men in the world.

Your excellent preceptors will advise you as to such points in which this letter may be deficient as to your course of reading.

I hope to hear from you again, and shall take pleasure in writing to you.

Your friend, C. K. D.

Tribute of Respect.

At the eighth regular meeting of the St. Aloysius' Philodemic Society, Tuesday evening, 28th ult, a committee was appointed to draft resolutions as a tribute of respect to the memory of ROBERT FINLEY, of Pana, Illinois, whose death occurred on the 17th of October, and who, during the scholastic year 1870-71, was an active member of the Association. The following were presented and adopted:

WHEREAS, It has pleased Divine Providence to remove from all earthly associations our former esteemed friend, ROBERT FINLEY, an honored, useful, and active member of the Association; and his loss is felt with the deepest sensibility, not only in the circle in which he moved, but also among his many friends at Notre Dame; therefore be it

Resolved, That in the death of ROBERT FINLEY the St. Aloysius' Philodemic Society has lost one of its former shining ornaments; its members, a true and trusty friend; society, an intelligent, respected, and valued citizen; and his family, an affectionate and dutiful member.

Resolved, That in offering this brief tribute to the memory of the deceased, the committee realize the feeble and imperfect manner in which they have discharged the painful duty imposed upon them:—they can only wish that it had fallen to more competent hands to weave a garland of affectionate remembrance with which to decorate his early tomb.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be forwarded to the family of the deceased, and be published in the Pana *Palladium* and the NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.

C. Gamache,
P. Fitzpatrick,
M. Carr,
T. A. Ireland,
M. J. Moriarty,

Committee.

Written by M. J. Moriarty

St. Cecilia Philomathean Association.

The eleventh regular meeting was held Saturday, December 2d. After the usual preliminaries, L. Hibben, F. Phelan, P. Cooney, J. Quil, F. Arantz, R. Hutchings and W. Kelly presented themselves for membership and were unanimously elected.

J. Quil's composition was rather humorous and elicited great applause. The principal feature of the meeting was the debate,

Resolved, "That Napoleon I was a great benefactor to mankind."

The affirmative was well sustained by M. Foote, D. Hogan and C. Hutchings. The negative by S. Dum, C. Berdel, and J. McHugh. M. Mahony and C. Dodge volunteered—the former in favor of the negative, the latter in favor of the affirmative.

The debate was well conducted, and M. Foote deserves great credit for the clear and forcible way in which he put forth his arguments. His manner was graceful and pleasing. S. Dum showed a good knowledge of history, and produced many good arguments in favor of the negative. His style was also pleasing. D. Hogan will make a good debater. M. Mahony and J. McHugh were this time a little too enthusiastic. C. Dodge is a good reasoner. C. Hutchings may be a good historian—he is certainly a good writer.

The President summed up the arguments and gave his decision in favor of the affirmative.

Rev. Father Lemonnier was present, and expressed himself highly pleased with the debate. Bro. Francis De Sales and others were also present.

J. HOGAN, *Cor. Sec.*

Astronomy—No. 8.

A SYNOPSIS OF ITS HISTORY.

[CONTINUED.]

[Owing to indisposition from a cold the author was unable to furnish the proper amount of copy to form a chapter for last week.]

There are a few more illustrious names so intimately connected with the subject of this sketch, that it would be imperfect without them.

William Herschel, one of the most illustrious astronomers, was born in Hanover. His father educated him to his own profession, that of a musician. At the age of fourteen, William was placed in the band of the Hanoverian Foot Guards. He was dissatisfied there, and determined to try his fortune in England, where he arrived in 1757. Whilst busily employed as a teacher of music, he found means to prosecute his studies in mathematics and astronomy. He particularly devoted himself to the construction of telescopes. He succeeded, after a number of trials, in making the most powerful one that had ever been constructed, in 1776, and with which he discovered the planet Uranus, as has been already mentioned. In 1816 he was knighted by the king, and in 1820 was elected first President of the Astronomical Society.

As an astronomer, he was surpassed by none of the present age; and the depth of his scientific researches and extent of his observations render him, perhaps, second to Newton.

But nothing can be more appropriate than to quote the words of that celebrated historian, Allison, in his "History of Europe": "Herschel, by multiplying with incredible labor and skill, the powers of the telescope was enabled to look further into space than any man had ever done before. He discovered a world hitherto unseen in the firmament, and in the Georgiam Sidus, added a new string to the lyre of heaven." This illustrious man died in 1822. His sister, Caroline Lucretia, as an assistant to her brother, has rendered her name famous by the publication, after her brother's death,

of a catalogue of five hundred and sixty-one stars, observed by Flamsteed; also, a general index of reference of every observation of every star inserted in the British catalogue, with introductory and explanatory remarks to each of them, by William Herschel, LL.D., a work which was rewarded by the gold medal of the Astronomical Society of London. This lady has received the highest commendations from many eminent writers of the present day. She died in 1848.

This celebrated telescope, that has a world-wide fame, is 40 feet long. The writer regrets that he has not the data from which to give a detailed account of this instrument. The wonderful discoveries made by its aid have filled the world with astonishment.

Believing that the bounds of the starry heavens had not yet been reached, Lord Ross, an Irish nobleman, of refined taste and scientific attainments, devoted the greater portion of his life and princely fortune to the construction of a telescope as superior to Herschel's as Herschel's was to those that were produced before his time. He succeeded in making a reflecting telescope with a six-foot reflector. After an amount of labor and expenditure that perhaps no other man living would have bestowed upon it, he lived to receive the thanks of the scientific world, and died a few years ago, regretted and honored by all lovers of Science, but by none more than the great body of Astronomers who have been so fortunate as to assist in the wonderful discoveries for which the nineteenth century has become so famous.

Astronomy differs very essentially from all other mathematical sciences, with regard to the connections of its propositions and the force of its demonstrations. In Geometry, for example, after the requisite definitions have been laid down and certain axioms and postulates granted, the reader finds no further claims made upon him for the admission of this or that hypothesis. In astronomy, on the contrary, a student is called upon for the admission of an hypothesis which is contrary to the evidence of his senses. While he and every thing about him are in a state of apparent permanent rest, he must admit that they are moving with an inconceivable velocity, and, on the other hand, that those bodies which, judging from his senses only, he supposes to be in rapid motion, are actually at rest. Moreover, he will have to wait till the whole chain of reasoning is established before he will be able to judge and be convinced of the truth of the hypothesis which he has previously laid down.

From the days of Adam, down to the teachings of Copernicus, mankind saw the sun rise in the East, saw it pass along the heavenly arch, and disappear in the West, while they stood still upon the earth, thinking what folly to suppose the sun and stars do not move. Look, do you not see that even the shadows upon the earth move from West to East! If the earth moves we would feel its motion. But it has no motion; 'tis fixed—immovable. All things revolve round it—sun, moon, stars. You see and feel it is so. He who says it is not so, is a knave, an idiot, a mere visionary. Such were the teachings of ancient astronomy, with all its attendants of solid orbs, epicycles, excentrics, deferents, trepidations, etc. New astronomy is the system that has been taught by Copernicus, by whom all these fictitious machines and arguments were thrown out, and the constitutions of the heaven's reduced to more simple, natural, and certain principles, the truth of which has been fully established by such men as Newton and Herschel.

No finer illustration of the perfection to which the science of astronomy has arrived, than is to be found in the discovery of the planet Neptune, on the 23d of September, 1846. In reading over the history of this transaction, it would seem that the talent, learning, and powers of calculation dis-

played in this event would seem to exceed the range of human intellect, and to approach the superhuman. The discovery of the planet Neptune took place under the most extraordinary circumstances. The existence of it was predicted. Its path in the heavens was assigned. Its mass was calculated upon pure theoretical principles. The astronomer was told where to point his telescope and he would discover a new planet. The telescope was pointed and there the planet was found. In the whole history of astronomy nothing so wonderful can be found. This discovery resulted from the study of the movements of the planet Uranus.

Uranus was discovered in 1787. It had been repeatedly observed, but taken for a fixed star. Nineteen observations of this kind are on record, one of them as far back as 1690. There was some singularity about this star that caused it to be observed for 40 years at the observatory at Greenwich; tables were constructed from these observations which were good up to 1821. In 1840 the calculations of Bouvard were overhauled by the astronomer Bessel, who recorded the irregularities in the movement of the planet. He and other distinguished men suggested that these perturbations were caused by the attraction of some unknown planet.

Dr. T. J. Hussey proposed and actually commenced a search for such a body, through the heavens. Mr. Airy, professor at Cambridge, afterwards Astronomer Royal, pronounced the problem hopeless.

In 1842 the Royal Society of Sciences of Göttingen proposed as a prize question the full discussion of the theory of the motions of Uranus. During this time Bessel was engaged in researches relative to this problem, but his labors were interrupted by sickness, and subsequent death. Mr. Adams, of Cambridge University, England, who after taking his degree of Bachelor of Arts in January, 1843, with the high honor of "Senior Wrangler," ventured to attack this problem.

It should be remembered that in accordance with the Newtonian law of gravitation, every body in the solar system attracts every other; that the attraction of each is proportioned to its quantity of matter, and that in the same body the power of attraction varies inversely to the square of the distance. In order therefore to compute the exact place of a planet in its orbit about the sun, it is necessary not merely to regard the attraction of the central body, but also to allow for the influence of all other bodies of the solar system.

Hitherto mathematicians had only aspired to compute the disturbing influence of one body upon another, when the magnitude and position of both bodies were known. But in the case of Uranus it was necessary to solve the inverse problem which Professor Airy has pronounced hopeless, viz., from the observed disturbance of one body to compute the place of the other body. In 1844, Mr. Adams having obtained from Professor Airy a complete copy of the Greenwich observations of Uranus from 1754 to 1830, he renewed his computations, which he continued during that and subsequent years. In September, 1845, he had obtained the approximate orbit of the disturbing planet. These calculations he submitted to Professor Airy, who pronounced them very satisfactory.

In the mean time this grand problem had been undertaken by another mathematician, who was entirely ignorant of the progress which Mr. Adams had made, for none of his results had yet been published. In the summer of 1845, M. Arago, of Paris, had requested M. Le Verrier, a young mathematician who had already distinguished himself by his improved tables of Mercury, to attempt the solution of this problem. This he accordingly did, and his success astonished the world. He then compared his theory with observation, and proved conclusively that the observations of Ura-

nus could not be reconciled with the law of gravitation except by admitting some extraneous action. These results were submitted to the Academy of Science, November 10th, 1845, and such was the reputation secured by this and his preceding memoirs that in January, 1846, he was elected to fill the vacancy which had occurred in the Institute, in the section of astronomy, by the death of Cassini. But it should here be remarked that Mr. Adams had already deposited with the Astronomer Royal, at Greenwich, a paper containing the elements of the supposed disturbing planet, and agreeing closely with the results which Le Verrier subsequently obtained.

Our space is so limited that it is not possible to give anything but the merest sketch of the arguments and calculations that were necessary to be gone through in order to arrive at a definite conclusion as to the exact point at which this disturbing body could be found. The problem to be solved, was: "Are the irregularities in the motion of Uranus due to the action of a planet situated in the ecliptic, at a distance from the sun double that of Uranus? If so, what is its present place, its mass, and the elements of its orbits?" The amount of the disturbance cannot be deduced directly from the observations, unless we know the exact orbit which Uranus would describe, provided it were free from this disturbing action; and this orbit in turn cannot be computed unless we know the amount of disturbance. What Le Verrier gave as a solution to this problem was, that the longitude of the disturbing planet must be about 325 degrees. The result thus obtained by Le Verrier differed but one degree from that communicated by Mr. Adams to Professor Airy more than seven months before.

The observatory at Cambridge is provided with one of the finest telescopes in Europe, presented by the late Duke of Northumberland, and was then under the direction of Professor Challis, who undertook the examination of a belt of the heavens ten degrees in width, extending thirty degrees in the direction of the ecliptic. He commenced his search July 29th, 1846, recording the position of every star down to the eleventh magnitude. Meanwhile, Le Verrier was proceeding with his computations, and on the 31st of August he announced to the Academy the elements he had obtained for the supposed planet. He assigned its exact place in the heavens, and estimated that it would appear as a star of the eighth magnitude. Le Verrier requested Dr. Galle, of the Berlin observatory—where is found one of the largest telescopes in Europe—to undertake a search for his supposed planet, and he assigned its supposed place in the heavens.

On the evening of the 23d of September, 1846, Galle turned his great telescope to the point indicated by Le Verrier, and found a star of the eighth magnitude, not marked in the Berlin chart. Its place was carefully measured, and the observations being repeated on the following evening, showed a motion of more than a minute of space. The new star was found in longitude 325 degrees and 52 minutes; the place of the planet computed by Le Verrier was 324 degrees and 58 minutes, so that the body was found within one degree of the computed point. Mr. Galle accordingly wrote to Le Verrier: "*The planet whose position you marked out actually exists.*" The news of this astonishing event spread rapidly over Europe. The planet was observed in Göttingen on the 27th of September, at Altona and Hamburg on the 28th, and at London on the 30th of September.

It is proper now to return to Professor Challis, whom we left exploring a large zone of the heavens. These observations were continued from the 29th of July to the 29th of September, during which time he made more than 3,000 observations of stars. On the 29th of September Challis saw for the first time Le Verrier's memoir of the 31st

of August. On the same evening, out of 300 stars whose position were recorded that night, he selected one which appeared to have a disk, and which proved to be the planet. On the first of October he heard of the discovery at Berlin, and now, on comparing his numerous observations, he finds that he had twice observed the planet before—on the 4th and 12th of August; but he lost the opportunity of being the first to announce the discovery by deferring too long the discussion of his observations.

The news of this wonderful event was brought to the United States by the steamers of October 4th, and every telescope was immediately turned upon the planet. It was observed at Cambridge by Mr. Bond, October 21st; It was seen at Washington October 23d, and was regularly observed there till January 27th 1847, when it approached too near the sun to be longer followed.

J. F.

[Translated from the German.]

The Death of Abel.

PART III.

[CONTINUED.]

"Yes, I shall startle all the demons of hell and cause them to mention my name with trembling," said he; 'I will go up to the earth now and find out what that means—'thou shalt die'—I will go up to the earth and kill.'

He now passed the portals of hell, taking the path which Satan had described, through ancient night, and through the confined realms of chaos. A well-equipped vessel, carrying pirates over the vast ocean, sails thus with extended sails through the night; soon it will touch at the hesperian shore; then they will surprise the peaceable inhabitants of some quiet village, and kidnap its promising youth; then shall the parents and sisters and the disconsolate bride weep and mourn and swear vengeance on the retreating robbers. Swiftly, yet for a long time, he wandered thus through the dark realms of night. Presently, at the limits of creation, the outermost suns appeared to him from afar. Like one, intent upon murder, approaches some royal city at night time, which, lit up by innumerable lights, lies before him in a vast plain, and timidly glides in avoiding every shining light, so does the reprobate stealthily sneak through creation until he arrives near the earth. Not long did he hover over it to spy out the habitation of man; his sharp, piercing eye soon discovered it, and now he swoops down from on high into a shady copse. Then he said:

"This is the earth which he cursed; while yef high in air I saw paradise, guarded by the flaming sword; it is beautiful, similar to the fields of heaven that they have lost. But this earth is far from being a hell! Perhaps they have mitigated His anger by their fawning entreaties; perhaps their coarser bodies are exposed to pains and pangs which could have no effect upon simple spirits or ethereal bodies; for here I could be happy if hell did not follow me everywhere. I also see angels wandering about here; I must try to avoid their observation so that they do not counteract every plan of mine. Yonder, very busy on the hill, I see them, the fallen ones, yet they do not appear to be miserable; perhaps their misery will only begin with death. . . . I will try it—I will kill. I will also tempt them to deeds,—for as it seems their hearts are exposed to every temptation. If Satan succeeded by a slight deception, while they were yet perfect, how much easier will it be now!—now when they are no longer perfect, and when they live under a curse. I will tempt them to deeds which shall cause the angels to quit this earth in horror, and Him who created them to annihilate them with His thunder, or hurl them deep into hell. Then, bursting with

laughter, I shall watch them from the black shores, how they roll about in the fiery waves of hell,—these beautiful inhabitants of the new creation! Yonder in the field stands one with gloomy, wrinkled brow; if I can trust the lineaments of his features, I shall perform great deeds through him. I will go up to him and spy out all his inclinations and thoughts."

Thus he spoke, and, carefully concealed, wandered among mortals, intent upon deception and murder. Even now the reprobate had hovered around Cain and his wife, and had listened to their conversation. Scarcely had they entered their hut, when he stood still, and, with a sneering laugh, said:

"Let not those scattered clouds of discontent gather in your breast. Combat this secretly insinuating grief. Ha! ha! noble champion! the good shall not prosper upon thy unwilling soil—I shall always destroy it. And the scattered clouds of discontent—ha! ha!—thicker and blacker shall I gather them over thy head,—as thick and as black as the clouds that surround with eternal darkness the tops of our hell mountains. Easy task! thou thyself art gathering them; I need only help thee. Delightful task! I shall help to gather them over thy head; then shall lamentation and misery—new misery, yet unknown to mortals—afflict men, and then shall a blacker gloom envelop their days—black as the night of hell!"

The bright morning sun now appeared: everything looked lovely and delightful. Cain took his implements about to start for the fields. Abel, after affectionately embracing his brother, was about to drive his flock to rich pastures. Mehalah and Thirza were just going into the garden in whose centre the altar stood, when Eve with sorrowful looks, left her hut. With anxious cares they surrounded her as she wept.

"Oh, mother, you are weeping! Oh, why do you weep?" they asked; and Eve, looking at them with sad, weeping eyes, answered, in sobbing words:

"Oh, my children, did you not hear plaintive sighs proceeding from the hut? Terrible pains have attacked your father in the night, and now he is contending against those pains that creep down his shaking limbs, and pierce his very bones,—contending against every sigh that escapes his heavily heaving breast, checking every complaint, intent only upon consoling me. Oh! my children, dismal forebodings pass before my mind, and my sorrow refuses all consolation. Often when he is at rest, and does not sigh, these serious thoughts oppress him; then perspiration flows from his forehead and tears burst forth from his eyes. Oh! how the terrible forebodings rest upon my soul like mountains. Help me, children—help me, wretched one and let us enter the hut."

She, weeping still, leaned upon Mehalah's shoulder, and went, followed by her sorrowing children, into the hut. They stood afflicted by the couch of their father. He was lying more at ease, and his countenance and manners showed how his soul ruled, unconquered, in the tumult of tormenting pains. With a tender smile he looked at the sorrowing ones, and said:

"Dearest, the hand of the Lord has afflicted my ashes with terrible pains, so that they rage in my innermost soul; blessed be He who wisely governs all things! Has He commanded these pains to dissolve the bonds which fetter my soul to my body? Shall the dust return to earth? Oh, then I shall await in submission and adoration the terrible hour, and praise Him, the Lord of life and death, until my body returns to dust; then can my soul more worthily praise Him, when liberated from this body, oppressed by the curse. Yes, Almighty, Thou allowest the soul of mortal thus proudly to think. Justly I deserve to be the first man to return his dust to the earth; but, oh, Almighty! do Thou assist me; let every

blest hope hover resplendent before my soul. Oh, do not abandon me when the hour of death passes over my head, and the last tremors run through my limbs! Do not torment me, Eve, and you, my dear children, by your grief. Perhaps these pains are the messengers of death, whom some distant hour is slowly leading on; perhaps the Lord will recall these pains from my limbs. But prepare your souls that they do not sink under the load of misery when He calls my soul away from this dust, from this earth, from you."

The father wept, and looked calmly at them, his tearful look resting upon each, but on Eve the longest. Then he continued:

"Oh, the sight of the first death will be terrible to you—it will make you tremble; but still more terrible will be the death of the first one May He, who never yet abandoned us in our misery, assist you. He will not abandon me in this terrible hour. Now go forth, children; go, pray; perhaps a calm rest will refresh my wearied limbs."

The father was silent; his weeping children leaned over to kiss his enfeebled hands.

"Oh, father," they said, "we will go; we will kneel down, and pray for you. May peaceful slumber refresh all your weary limbs, and may the Lord remove your pains before you awake."

The children, weeping, now softly left his couch, but Eve remained.

He now buried his face in the protecting skins, wishing to carefully conceal from his wife the mighty grief which was swelling in his anxious soul.

"Art thou it?" he thought to himself, "thou terrible hour! Yes, thou art it,—how terrible is thy approach! O God! O God! do not abandon me, a sinner! However terrible Thou art, it would yet be a consolation to me, if Thou wert even more terrible, if I could die for all, could return to the dust for all. But they will follow me; over each and every one born of woman, Thou wilt extend Thy terror and Thy awful uncertainty, for what else can proceed from me but mortal sinners? Whatever receives life from me must die—must separate from those who, weeping, surround me—must separate from those who adorn this life with a thousand noble joys. Yes, terrible, awful prospect! Will not my composed dust tremble when hapless children weep over their departed parents, when aged parents mourn the death of an only son—the support and comfort of their declining days, when brothers mourn the loss of their sisters, when the young wife is weeping over the pale of her husband, and the tender maiden at the bier of her affianced? Oh! curse me not, children,—curse not my slumbering ashes! Justly does approaching death come armed with awe and terror; justly do we feel the weight of the whole curse at the last hour, the hour which calls us away from this life of sin. Oh! curse not my ashes, my children. For this life is no life, but a disturbing dream. Depart, ye mountains that oppress my soul! If I die—yes, then I shall begin to live."

"Thus reflected Adam; and soft slumber overcame him, bringing comfort and peace. Eve, in the meantime, sat by his side, wringing her hands and weeping.

"Oh! what do I feel?" she said, in a low voice so as not to disturb the slumberer; "what do I feel? Yes, thou consequence of sin, thou curse, oppress me with a twofold weight; afflict me doubly with grief! Whatever pains and misery you suffer, is all caused by me! Oh, every evil that afflicts you pierces me with double pain! I was the first one who sinned. If you die—oh, how I shudder!—can the last shudder of death be more terrible!—if you die through my fault, Adam, oh! then, when the last death struggle seizes you, then do not look upon me with angry rebuke; then, children, do not curse me,—do not curse me. So far 'tis true, no reproach has

escaped your lips; but is not every sigh, every tear a tormenting reproach to me. Almighty, listen to the suppliant's prayer: recall these pains, or are they the messenger of death? shall his body return to the earth?—terrible anxiety! Oh, then, do not separate me from him—let me die by his side! take my soul first, that I may not behold him die!—I was the first to sin!"

Eve was silent; and, disconsolate, wept by the side of the slumberer. Cain had gone to his fields; the tears upon his cheeks were dried. As he proceeded, he said:

"I was forced to weep at the couch of my father; his sighs and his words pierced my very soul. Still, he will not die—I hope so. Oh! God, let not the dear one die! Yes, I was forced to weep; but I could not weep so effeminately as my brother—I could not do it. Will they say, perhaps, that I have an unfeeling heart, and that Abel love our father more, because forsooth I have not wept as he? I love my father as tenderly as he does; but I cannot command my tears to flow."

Discovering the Source of the Nile.

On the 14th of November, 1770, James Bruce, the traveller, traced up to what he believed to be the source of the Nile. It was the Bahr-el-Azrek, or Blue Nile, and not the Bahr-el-Abiad, or White Nile, which the exploration of recent travellers, as well as the authority of the ancient, have declared to be the true Nile.

Various travellers since Bruce's time have traced the White Nile, the largest of several branches of the same river, but it was reserved for Captains Grant and Speke, English travellers, to make the grand discovery that the Nile really rises in south latitude, and crosses the equator. In 1858 Captain Speke reached a beautiful lake, which he called Victoria Nyanza, the head of which is three degrees south of the equator. The lake is a large sheet of fresh water, from 3,000 to 4,000 feet above the sea level. Capt. Speke felt certain it was the source of the Nile; and whether it is or not, the world of science acknowledges it to be so, and yet not actually the source, for that is still further south of the lake. However it is shown conclusively that the Nile flows uninterruptedly from the lake to the Mediterranean, through no less than thirty-four degrees of latitude, and along a course exceeding 2,000 miles in length in a straight line, and perhaps 3,000 miles allowing for windings, it being extremely circuitous in its route. Thus, the post of honor is to be given, not to the Blue Nile, but to the White Nile, and at a point nearly a thousand miles further south than that reached by Bruce, a fact which, if Bruce were alive to know it, would, we have no doubt, make him look very blue indeed.

"EVERY SATURDAY."—With the close of the year 1871 *Every Saturday* will drop its pictorial character. Its last number in pictorial form will bear date Dec. 30, 1871. On and after Jan. 1, 1872, its publication will be continued in the original character in which, during a period of four years (1866-'69) it gained the highest favor from many thousands of intelligent and thoughtful readers throughout the country. The publishers confidently hope by making it emphatically "A Journal of Choice Reading" to commend it not only to its earlier readers, but to those who, during the two years of its publication as an illustrated journal, have afforded it the most substantial tokens of their appreciation and good-will.

A NOVELTY.—Ice-boats are now plying on Lake Minnetonka, two of them being now ready for business. One of these boats flew before the wind at the rate of fifteen miles in fourteen minutes a few days ago.—*St. Paul Chronicle*.

SAINT MARY'S ACADEMY.

ST. MARY'S ACADEMY,
December 3, 1871.

TABLE OF HONOR—SR. DEP'T.

December 3d—Misses H. McMahon, C. Crevling, J. Judy, A. McLaughlin, R. McIntyre, M. Goodbody, M. Kelley, A. Emonds, I. Taylor, B. McCarthy, H. McLaughlin, M. Moon.

HONORABLE MENTION—SR. DEP'T.

Graduating Class—Misses M. Kirwin, M. Sherland, M. Toberty, M. Dillon, L. Marshall, A. Clarke, J. Hogue, A. Borup, J. Forbes, G. Hurst, H. Tinsley, K. McMahon.

First Senior Class—Misses K. Zell, M. Cochrane, M. Lange, A. Shea, A. Todd, K. Haymond, M. Lassen, K. Brown, B. Crowley.

Second Senior Class—Misses L. and N. Duffield, E. Plamondon, I. Reynolds, V. Ball, N. Piatt, L. West, J. Coffey, J. Millis, D. Green, C. Woods, A. Woods, R. Spiers, I. Logan.

Third Senior Class—Misses A. Lloyd, R. Nelson, I. Wilder, M. Prince, R. Devoto, M. Letourneau, S. Johnson, B. Reynolds, I. Edwards, M. Armsby, N. Hogue, E. Culver, M. Leonard, J. Walker, M. Wicker, L. Ritchie, T. Donahue.

First Preparatory Class—Misses M. McIntyre, G. Kellogg, A. Hamilton, N. Sullivan, C. Latta, J. Walsh.

Second Preparatory Class—Misses M. Mooney, A. Conahan, F. Moore, M. Pinnie, I. Walshburn, N. Bowers, D. Willey, J. Luce, L. Eutzler, L. Brandonburg, E. Wade, B. Wade.

Third Preparatory Class—Misses K. Miller, L. Pfeiffer, E. Drake.

First French Class—Misses L. Marshall, M. Sherland, G. Hurst, H. Tinsley, J. Forbes, M. Kirwan, M. Quan, N. Gross, A. Clarke, Jr.

Second French Class—Misses M. Cochrane, L. West, M. Kearney, J. Kearney, K. Reynolds, M. Wicker.

First German Class—Misses A. Clarke, Sr., K. Brown, K. Zell, L. Pfeiffer, B. Schmidt.

Second German Class—Misses M. Faxon, C. Crevling, B. Cable, A. Rose.

WHEN, on one occasion, a country parson came up to take out the degree of D.D., by the process known as that of accumulation, where the M. A., to obtain a higher degree at once, writes a double essay, Mansel wrote:

When Rusticus, from Watercreases,
Comes to Oxford with his thesis,
It is safe to give the hood away,
When an ASS writes a ssa!

L. S. & M. S. RAILWAY.

SUMMER ARRANGEMENT.

TRAINS now leave South Bend as follows:

GOING EAST.			
Leave South Bend	10 28 a. m.	Arrive at Buffalo	2 10 a. m.
" "	12 22 p. m.	" "	11 00 a. m.
" "	9 20 p. m.	" "	2 00 p. m.
" "	12 35 a. m.	" "	5 30 p. m.

GOING WEST.			
Leave South Bend	5 05 p. m.	Arrive at Chicago	8 20 p. m.
" "	3 15 a. m.	" "	6 50 a. m.
" "	4 30 a. m.	" "	7 20 a. m.
" "	5 22 p. m.	" "	9 20 p. m.

Making connection with all trains West and North.

For full details, see the Company's posters and time tables at the depot and other public places.

Trains are run by Cleveland time, which is 15 minutes faster than South Bend time.

J. H. DEVEREUX, General Manager, Cleveland, Ohio.
CHARLES F. HATCH, General Superintendent, Cleveland.
C. P. LELAND, Auditor, Cleveland, Ohio.
JNO. DESMOND, Sup't Western Division, Chicago, Ill.
J. W. CARY, General Ticket Agent, Cleveland, Ohio.
C. MORSE, General Passenger Agent, Chicago, Illinois.
M. B. BROWN, Ticket Agent, South Bend.
A. J. WHITE, Freight Agent, South Bend.