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Disce quasi semper victurus; vive quasi cras moriturus.

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## Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

A LECTURE DELIVERED BEFORE THE ST. CECILIA PHILOMATHEAN ASSOCIATION OF THE UNIVERSITY OF NOTRE DAME, BY REV. DANIEL E. HUDSON, C. S. C.

The biographer of Frederic Ozanam relates that when his health failed, and he was recommended to travel, the Faculty of the Sorbonne, fearing it might retard his convalescence forbade him to touch a pen during his absence. But the impulse to write off to some absent friend an account of every place of interest that he visited proved irresistible. One of his brothers, on remonstrating with him for his disregard of the prohibition which had been laid upon him, was silenced by the touching argument: "I cannot see a beautiful landscape without longing to pass on my enjoyment to some one else." A feeling akin to this, young gentlemen, must be my explanation for appearing before you this evening in the rôle of a lecturer. Some time ago, I was presented by a kind friend with a beautiful new edition of the writings of our famous American poet, Longfellow, and in enjoying their perusal I felt the desire of sharing my pleasure with others; remembering, then, a promise I once made to your worthy President, it occurred to me that I might at the same time gratify the one and fulfil the other.

I shall not attempt a critical review of Mr. Longfellow's works, which, while carrying us far beyond our limits of time, would doubtless prove uninteresting to you; neither shall I contrast him with other writers. Let me secure to myself at least the merit of comparative brevity, so that if you have no approval to bestow upon what I shall say, you may not also regret that I had not said less. All that I know of Mr. Longfellow, and my estimate of his genius, might not be as profitable to you as to be informed of his writings and of some of the beauties contained in them.

It has been said of Longfellow that although a true poet he is not a great one. Without sharing this opinion, I fully agree with a learned critic that if he had not been preceded by Wordsworth, who, more than any other English writer, has created the taste for dispassionate poetry, he

could never have acquired the reputation which he enjoys. Since Byron's death, poets of his school have almost ceased to write, and the field has been left to the undisputed possession of their competitors. Naturally enough, those among them whose writings, while appealing to the popular taste, are characterized by deep and genuine pathos, have secured the honor of universal popularity. Pre-eminent among these writers is Mr. Longfellow. And if the quality of greatness can justly be ascribed to every author who leaves an impress on the age in which he lives, he ought to be esteemed a great poet as well as a true one. His works are household words wherever the English tongue is spoken, and in every land and language of Europe he is considered the representative of American song. It has been doubted, I know, whether Longfellow's popularity contains in itself the elements of permanence, and if he is not one of that class of writers who, stealing silently into public favor, seem fated, as the years roll on, to pass as silently into oblivion, remembered only as we remember the vanished joys of our childhood. For myself, I have no fear that the fame of America's favorite poet will not prove enduring. What has moved men's hearts once, has power to move them always. The story of *Evangeline*, which every reader finds so beautiful, so touching and tender, will live as long as the language in which it is written. The reputation of Longfellow rests mainly on this exquisite poem; and it must be confessed that much of what he has written principally commends itself to the attention of the world of letters as coming from the pen of the author of "*Evangeline*." Unlike Tennyson, however, Longfellow never publishes anything that would detract from his fame, although he has written many pieces that have not in the least enhanced it. "*Ultima Thule*," his latest volume, contains hardly anything of striking merit, and this is the verdict, as far as I have been able to learn, of the most enthusiastic admirers of Longfellow's muse; yet there is no one who regrets its appearance in the least.

In saying that Longfellow's wide popularity as a poet is mainly due to "*Evangeline*," I would not wish to be understood as implying that it is the only great poem that he has composed. "*Hiawatha*" is considered by many, whose judgment is entitled to the highest consideration, an equally creditable production. Be this as it may, it has never won a large number of admirers. "*The Task*" is a poem that, with all its excellence, few persons read; and I venture the prediction that before Longfellow has been dead many years, some one will say the same of "*Hiawatha*." Poets ought to be the best judges of poetical compositions, and yet the poems held in the highest esteem by them are not always those that are admired universally. The work of an author most regarded by the public at large may be said to be what his popularity rests upon. Were it not

for some particular poems which command general attention, many of our best poets would hardly be read at all. What I have said, then, of "Evangeline" is based upon a decision rendered by universal opinion.

Most of you whom I have the honor of addressing are still young, and you will be called young for a decade of years more. It will be no reproach, therefore, to your literary culture, to presume that your course of reading up to this time has not been very extended, and that there are many things contained in the writings of the author whom we have made the subject of this evening's monologue with which you are not familiar.

I shall not rehearse "Excelsior," those well-worn verses which Longfellow is said to have composed after receiving a letter full of lofty sentiments from Charles Sumner; or the "Wreck of the Hesperus," that beautiful poem which, I have heard, the author was led to write because the words "Norman's Woe," associated with disasters at sea, seemed to him so impressively sad; or the "Psalm of Life," so pregnant with noble aspirations which can never fail to call forth responsive echoes in young hearts. These minor poems of Mr. Longfellow have been read and admired, berated and overrated, quoted and misquoted, even parodied, wherever English literature is known. Let us forsake the beaten track, and seek for fresh flowers in the more unfrequented by-ways.

Of Longfellow's prose works, I do not purpose to speak at length; charming though they be, and exhibiting the same general qualities as his poetry, they are by no means as widely read. "Kavanagh" is full of beautiful passages, and not devoid of a vein of genuine humor; but as a story it is almost without interest. The character of Mr. Churchill is the only one strikingly delineated; the others are merely sketched. "Hyperion" is even less of a story than "Kavanagh," though in some respects superior to it; the characterization is less faint, and the landscape painting vivid and beautiful; the narrative, however, is not continuous. Either Mr. Longfellow does not comprehend, or he disregards, the fundamental laws of story-telling. The plot of his narratives, whether poetical or prose, is always subordinate. "What captivates the reader," to use the words of an eminent critic, "is the rapid portraiture of the finer feelings of the heart, the contemplation of the beautiful in man and in nature." It must be said, however, in justice to Mr. Longfellow, that although not closely connected, all the little incidents with which his prose writings are diversified are significant, artistically composed, and most of them delicate and touching. Some of his sketches possess a remarkable power and pathos. I should have been glad to quote one or two; but they would suffer by abridgment, and I fear to lay too severe a stress upon your patience. "Outre-mer: A Pilgrimage Beyond the Sea," is a handful of the brightest and most graceful sketches of travel in France, Spain and Italy to be found in our literature. "Driftwood" is a collection of odds and ends appropriately named.

I may here take leave of Longfellow's prose writings. With the exception of "Outre-mer," much as I admire his genius, I cannot say that I have ever read any of them more than once. So much for my own taste; and I venture to say that the number of those who re-read "Hyperion" and "Kavanagh" is not large. The Longfellow whose name is a dear and familiar one wherever our tongue is spoken, is rather the Longfellow of "Hiawatha" and "Evangeline."

"Hiawatha" may be a great work, but it is certainly not a felicitous exhibition of the author's powers. The meter is awkward and ungracious; the attention of the reader, in spite of himself, is diverted from the thought to the mode of expression. The poem cannot be appreciated until the ear has familiarized itself with the meter. But aside from this, there are other drawbacks; the subject-matter is not abundant, the incidents are few, and the thread of connection slight. The characters of Hiawatha and Minnehaha, too, do not stand forth in the memory with distinctness of outline; as some one has well said, "They are phantoms rather than persons." The descriptions of scenery, however, and certain of the pictures of Indian manners in the poem, are most charming: here we see Mr. Longfellow at his best.

I must not omit to call your attention to the handsome way in which the poet introduces his song. The beauty of the vestibule may lead you to investigate for yourselves, in some leisure hour, if you have not already done so, that of the temple.

"Ye, who sometimes, in your rambles  
Through the green lanes of the country,  
Where the tangled barberry bushes  
Hang their tufts of crimson berries  
Over stone walls gray with mosses,  
Pause by some neglected graveyard,  
For a while to muse, and ponder  
On a half-effaced inscription,  
Writ with little skill of song-craft,  
Homely phrases, but each letter  
Full of hope and yet of heart-break,  
Full of all the tender pathos  
Of the Here and the Hereafter;—  
Stay and read this rude inscription,  
Read this song of Hiawatha!"

Now let us take up the beautiful story of "Evangeline," which I regard as Mr. Longfellow's most successful work. In the first place, the subject was happily chosen; and in a higher degree than any other of his writings this poem exhibits continuity of purpose and completeness of execution. Whatever may be said of the meter, there is a tranquil dignity about it admirably suited to a narrative of such singular pathos. So great indeed is the power of the story, such is its beauty and sweetness, that those to whom the kind of verse which the author has chosen to employ is at first disagreeable, learn to love it.

The most prominent characteristic of Longfellow's muse is tender melancholy; indeed, in the wide range of his poetry there is hardly a trace of humor. Perhaps no more pathetic poem than "Evangeline" was ever written; at least it is a story to which many a reader, affected by a mysterious sadness in following the wanderings of the heroine, has paid the homage of tears. The key-note of the poem is struck in the prelude:

"This is the forest primeval; but where are the  
hearts that beneath it  
Leaped like the roe, when he hears in the wood-  
land the voice of the huntsman?  
Where is the thatched-roofed village, the home  
of Acadian farmers,—  
Men whose lives glided on like rivers that water  
the woodlands,  
Darkened by shadows of earth, but reflecting an  
image of heaven?—  
Waste are those pleasant farms, and the farmers  
forever departed!  
Scattered like dust and leaves, when the mighty  
blasts of October  
Seize them, and whirl them aloft, and sprinkle  
them far o'er the ocean.  
Naught but tradition remains of the beautiful vil-  
lage of Grand-Pré."

The story opens with a charming description of the

Acadian village from which Evangeline and all the rest of the inhabitants went forth when the land—now called Nova Scotia—was given over to the English, two hundred years ago. The first person we become acquainted with is Father Felician, the village priest.

Solemnly down the street came the parish priest,  
and the children  
Paused in their play to kiss the hand he extended  
to bless them.  
Reverend walked he among them; and uprose  
matrons and maidens,  
Hailing his slow approach with words of affection-  
ate welcome.

Then there is Benedict Bellefontaine, the farmer, and father of Evangeline. Then there are Basil Lajeunesse, the blacksmith, and his son Gabriel, Evangeline's lover.

Evangeline herself is thus described:

Fair was she to behold, that maiden of seventeen  
summers.  
Black were her eyes as the berry that grows on the  
thorn by the wayside,  
Black, yet how softly they gleamed beneath the  
brown shade of her tresses!  
Sweet was her breath as the breath of kine that  
feed in the meadows.  
When in the harvest heat she bore to the reapers  
at noontide  
Flagons of home-brewed ale, ah! fair in sooth was  
the maiden.  
Fairer was she when, on Sunday morn, while the  
bell from its turret  
Sprinkled with holy sounds the air, as the priest  
with his hyssop  
Sprinkles the congregation, and scatters blessings  
upon them,  
Down the long street she passed, with her chaplet  
of beads and her missal,  
Wearing her Norman cap, and her kirtle of blue,  
and the ear-rings,  
Brought in the olden time from France, and since  
as an heirloom  
Handed down from mother to child, through long  
generations,  
But a celestial brightness—a more ethereal beau-  
ty—  
Shone on her face and encircled her form, when,  
after confession,  
Homeward serenely she walked with God's bene-  
diction upon her.  
When she had passed, it seemed like the ceasing  
of exquisite music.

All this is charming, and gives the reader a picture of "that maiden of seventeen summers" which he cannot help loving.

Gabriel and Evangeline

Grew up together as brother and sister; and Fa-  
ther Felician,  
Priest and pedagogue both in the village, had  
taught them their letters  
Out of the self-same book, with the hymns of the  
Church and the plain-song.

Thus passed a few swift years, and they no longer  
were children.  
He was a valiant youth, and his face, like the face  
of the morning,  
Gladdened the earth with its light, and ripened  
thought into action.  
She was a woman now, with the heart and hopes  
of a woman.

But the peace of the village where the inhabitants "dwelt in the love of God and of man" was rudely disturbed. English ships appear in sight; and an order comes for all to meet on the morrow in the church to hear his Majesty's mandate.

Basil, the blacksmith, comes to the house of his friend Benedict Bellefontaine to announce the ominous news. After a while their thoughts turn to their children, who

are already betrothed. And while they are speaking, René Leblanc, the village notary,

Bent like a laboring oar, that toils in the surf of  
the ocean,

enters, and the marriage contract is signed and sealed.

Next morning the sun rose pleasantly over the village, cheering up every heart with its warm rays. Long before noon, all sound of labor was silenced, and the people flocked together to witness the marriage ceremony.

Under the open sky, in the odorous air of the  
orchard,  
Strip of its golden fruit, was spread the feast  
of betrothal.

Suddenly the church bells sound! The people enter the sacred portal with anxious, quick-throbbing hearts. Then the royal proclamation is read from the steps of the altar by the British commander, and the unhappy villagers are sentenced to transportation, and their lands and dwellings declared forfeit.

"As when the air is serene in the sultry solstice of  
summer,  
Suddenly gathers a storm, and the deadly sling of  
the hailstones  
Beats down the farmer's corn in the field and shat-  
ters his windows,  
Hiding the sun, and strewing the ground with  
thatch from the house-roofs,  
Bellowing by the herds, and seek to break their en-  
closure:  
So on the hearts of the people descended the words  
of the speaker.

In the midst of the strife and tumult of angry con-  
tention,  
Lo! the door of the chancel opened, and Father  
Felician  
Entered, with serious mien, and ascended the steps  
of the altar.  
Raising his reverend hand, with a gesture he awed  
into silence  
All that clamorous throng; and thus he spake to  
his people;  
Deep were his tones and solemn; in accents meas-  
ured and mournful  
Spake he, as, after the tocsin's alarm, distinctly  
the clock strikes.  
"What is this that ye do, my children? what mad-  
ness has seized you?  
Forty years of my life I have labored among you,  
and taught you,  
Not in word alone, but in deed, to love one an-  
other!  
Is this the fruit of my toils, of my vigils and pray-  
ers and privations?  
Have you so soon forgotten all lessons of love and  
forgiveness?  
This is the house of the Prince of Peace, and would  
you profane it  
Thus with violent deeds and hearts overflowing  
with hatred?  
Lo! where the crucified Christ from His cross is  
gazing upon you!  
See! in those sorrowful eyes what meekness and  
holy compassion!

Hark! how those lips still repeat the prayer, 'O  
Father, forgive them!'  
Let us repeat that prayer in the hour when the  
wicked assail us;  
Let us repeat it now, and say, 'O Father, forgive  
them!'"  
Few were his words of rebuke, but deep in the  
hearts of his people  
Sank they, and sobs of contrition succeeded the  
passionate outbreak,  
While they repeated his prayer, and said, "O Fa-  
ther, forgive them!"

Then came the evening service. The tapers gleam-  
ed from the altar.  
Fervent and deep was the voice of the priest, and  
the people responded,

Not with their lips alone, but their hearts; and the  
Ave Maria  
Sang they, and fell on their knees, and their souls,  
with devotion translated,  
Rose on the ardor of prayer, like Elijah ascending  
to heaven."

On the fourth day the villagers were hurried down to  
the sea-shore and forced to embark, they knew not  
whither.

"Even as pilgrims, who journey afar from their  
homes and their country,  
Sing as they go, and in singing forget they are  
weary and wayworn,  
So with songs on their lips the Acadian peasants  
descended  
Down from the church to the shore, amid their  
wives and their daughters.  
Foremost the young men came; and, raising to-  
gether their voices,  
Sang with tremulous lips a chant of the Catholic  
missions:—  
'Sacred Heart of the Saviour! O inexhaustible  
fountain!  
Fill our hearts this day with strength and sub-  
mission and patience!'"

Benedict Bellefontaine, broken-hearted, dies on the  
shore, and is buried in the sand.

"Motionless lay his form, from which the soul had  
departed.  
Slowly the priest uplifted the lifeless head, and the  
maiden  
Kneelt at her father's side, and wailed aloud in her  
terror.  
Then in a swoon she sank, and lay with her head  
on his bosom."

Gabriel and his father become separated, and are car-  
ried off in different ships. Father Felician, drawn to  
Evangeline by her great affliction, is sent with her to em-  
bark in another vessel. Meanwhile the village has been  
set on fire, and the last sight the exiles see of their be-  
loved home is the smoke and flames ascending to heaven.

Scattered like flakes of snow,

"Friendless, homeless, hopeless, they wandered  
from city to city,  
From the cold lakes of the north to sultry south-  
ern savannas,—

Long among them was seen a maiden who waited  
and wandered,  
Lowly and meek in spirit, and patiently suffering  
all things.  
Fair was she and young; but, alas! before her  
extended,  
Dreary and vast and silent, the desert of life, with  
its pathway  
Marked by the graves of those who had sorrowed  
and suffered before her,  
Passions long extinguished, and hopes long dead  
and abandoned,  
As the emigrant's way o'er the Western desert is  
marked by  
Camp-fires long consumed, and bones that bleach  
in the sunshine."

And so Evangeline wandered on for many a long year,  
ever seeking her lover. The description is so wonder-  
fully graphic that every scene is indelibly engraved on  
the reader's mind as with sympathizing heart he follows  
her footsteps. She hears of Gabriel again and again, and  
once passes near him; but they always miss each other.

Father Felician, Evangeline's faithful protector and the  
companion of her wanderings, tries to console her

" . . . . O daughter! thy God thus speaketh  
within thee!  
Talk not of wasted affection, affection never was  
wasted;  
If it enrich not the heart of another, its waters,  
returning

Back to their springs, like the rain, shall fill  
them full of refreshment."

In concluding the first part of the poem, the author  
thus happily expresses his purpose:

"Let me essay, O Muse! to follow the wanderer's  
footsteps;—  
Not through each devious path, each changeful year  
of existence;  
But as a traveller follows a streamlet's course  
through the valley:  
Far from its margin at times, and seeing the gleam  
of its water  
Here and there, in some open space, and at inter-  
vals only;  
Then drawing nearer its banks, through sylvan  
glooms that conceal it,  
Though he behold it not, he can hear its continuous  
murmur;  
Happy, at length, if he find the spot where it reach-  
es an outlet."

In the month of May we find Evangeline and the old  
priest floating down the broad and swift Mississippi in a  
cumbrous boat rowed by Acadian boatmen.

"It was a band of exiles: a raft, as it were, from  
the shipwrecked  
Nation, scattered along the coast, now floating to-  
gether,"  
Bound by the bonds of a common belief and a  
common misfortune."

Exhausted by a night of toil, the weary travellers moor  
their boat on the shore of a woody island, and slumber.  
Gabriel is approaching, for

"Nearer and ever nearer, among the numberless  
islands,  
Darted a light, swift boat, that sped away o'er the  
water,  
Urged on its course by the sinewy arms of hunters  
and trappers.  
Northward its prow was turned, to the land of the  
bison and beaver.  
At the helm sat a youth, with countenance thought-  
ful and careworn.  
Dark and neglected locks overshadowed his brow,  
and a sadness  
Somewhat beyond his years on his face was legibly  
written.  
Gabriel was it, who, weary with waiting, unhappy  
and restless,  
Sought in the Western wilds oblivion of self and of  
sorrow."

But they do not meet. Continuing their journey, Evan-  
geline and her companions come upon the home of a  
herdsman, and in the owner recognize Basil, the former  
blacksmith of Grand-Pré, Gabriel's father. But Gabriel,  
of course, was not there; he had departed for the Far West.  
The lovers had passed each other, as we have seen, and  
now were drifting apart again. But Basil explains that  
his son has been gone only the space of a day, and that he  
will probably halt at the old Spanish town hard by before  
going farther. Evangeline rests for the night, and in the  
morning, in company with Basil, follows the young man's  
trail. On reaching the town, they learn that Gabriel and  
his party had left on the previous morning. They pursue  
him, but in vain, till finally they arrive at a Jesuit mission,  
where Evangeline remains for some time in hopes that  
Gabriel will return that way in the autumn. Autumn, and  
winter come and go, but Gabriel does not return, and in  
the spring she renews the search. Thus did the years  
glide on.

"Fair was she and young, when in hope began the  
long journey;  
Faded was she and old, when in disappointment it  
ended.  
Each succeeding year stole something away from  
her beauty,  
Leaving behind it, broader and deeper, the gloom  
and the shadow."

Then there appeared, and spread, faint streaks of  
gray o'er her forehead,  
Dawn of another life, that broke o'er her earthly  
horizon,  
As in the eastern sky the first faint streaks of the  
morning."

Thus in the evening of life we find Evangeline in the city of Penn, where she becomes a Sister of Mercy. After some years, a pestilence appears which carries off many of the inhabitants. Evangeline was everywhere among the poor, the afflicted and abandoned. One Sunday morning she enters the alms-house,

"Many a languid head, upraised as Evangeline entered,  
Turned on its pillow of pain to gaze while she passed, for her presence  
Fell on their hearts like a ray of the sun on the walls of a prison.  
And, as she looked around, she saw how Death, the consoler,  
Laying his hand upon many a heart, had healed it forever.  
Many familiar forms had disappeared in the night-time;  
Vacant their places were, or filled already by strangers.  
Suddenly, as if arrested by fear or a feeling of wonder,  
Still she stood, with her colorless lips apart, while a shudder  
Ran through her frame, and forgotten, the flowers dropped from her fingers,  
And from her eyes and cheeks the light and bloom of the morning.  
Then there escaped from her lips a cry of such terrible anguish,  
That the dying heard it, and started up from their pillows.  
On the pallet before her was stretched the form of an old man.  
Long, and thin, and gray were the locks that shaded his temples;  
But, as he lay in the morning light, his face for a moment  
Seemed to assume once more the forms of its earlier manhood; . . . . .  
Motionless, senseless, dying, he lay, and his spirit exhausted  
Seemed to be sinking down through infinite depths in the darkness,  
Darkness of slumber and death, forever sinking and sinking. . . . .  
Heard he that cry of pain, and through the hush that succeeded  
Whispered a gentle voice, in accents tender and saint-like,  
"Gabriel! O my beloved!" and died away into silence.  
Then he beheld, in a dream, once more the home of his childhood;  
Green Acadian meadows, with sylvan rivers among them,  
Village, and mountain, and woodlands, and, walking under their shadow,  
As in the days of her youth, Evangeline rose in his vision.  
Tears came into his eyes; and as slowly he lifted his eyelids,  
Vanished the vision away, but Evangeline knelt by his bedside.  
Vainly he strove to whisper her name, for the accents unuttered  
Died on his lips, and their motion revealed what his tongue would have spoken.  
Vainly he strove to rise; and Evangeline, kneeling beside him,  
Kissed his dying lips, and laid his head on her bosom. . . . .  
All was ended now, the hope, and the fear, and the sorrow, . . . . .  
And, as she pressed once more the lifeless head to her bosom,  
Meekly she bowed her own, and murmured, 'Father, I thank thee!'"

Thus ends the story of Evangeline.

"Still stands the forest primeval; but far away from its shadow,

Side by side, in their nameless graves, the lovers are sleeping.  
Under the humble walls of the little Catholic churchyard,  
In the heart of the city, they lie, unknown and unnoticed.  
Daily the tides of life go ebbing and flowing beside them,  
Thousands of throbbing hearts, where theirs are at rest and forever,  
Thousands of aching brains, where theirs no longer are busy,  
Thousands of toiling hands, where theirs have ceased from their labors,  
Thousands of weary feet, where theirs have completed their journey!

"Still stands the forest primeval; but under the shade of its branches  
Dwells another race, with other customs and language.  
Only along the shore of the mournful and misty Atlantic  
Linger a few Acadian peasants, whose fathers from exile  
Wandered back to their native land to die in its bosom.  
In the fisherman's cot the wheel and the loom are still busy:  
Maidens still wear their Norman caps and their kirtles of homespun,  
And by the evening fire repeat Evangeline's story,  
While from its rocky caverns the deep-voiced, neighboring ocean  
Speaks, and in accents disconsolate answers the wail of the forest."

What power and pathos! The beauty of the narrative and a desire to present it to you as a whole have led me to give this epitome instead of a series of disconnected quotations, for which I should have to make an apology to you and to the author. I trust you are not wearied. Considering this poem as Mr. Longfellow's greatest work, and the character of Evangeline the sweetest and noblest in the world of modern poetry, I have dwelt upon it longer than I would otherwise have done. I wished also to illustrate the religious aspects of Longfellow, and to show that he is always most Catholic when he is most beautiful. All that is in the highest degree pure and lovely in this exquisite poem, it is plain, emanates from a perception, however faint it may sometimes appear, of the truth and beauty of the Catholic Church. And let me say in praise of the author that it could only have been written by a pure-hearted, earnest, benevolent man.

Another of the most important of our author's longer poems is the "Golden Legend," though it must be said that his success in the line of dramatic verse has not been very marked. The work is a sketch of the Middle Ages, and abounds in scenes illustrating the manners and religion of that good old time. These constitute its greatest charm. The incidents are few. I must limit myself to two of what I regard as the most beautiful pictures in the poem. The first is the old illuminator, Friar Pacificus:

"It is growing dark! yet one line more,  
And then my work for to-day is o'er.  
I come again to the name of the Lord!  
Ere I that awful name record,  
That is spoken so lightly among men,  
Let me pause awhile, and wash my pen;  
Pure from blemish and blot must it be  
When it writes that word of mystery!"

"Thus have I labored on and on,  
Nearly through the Gospel of John.  
Can it be that from the lips  
Of this same gentle Evangelist,  
That Christ Himself perhaps has kissed,  
Came the dread Apocalypse!  
It has a very awful look,  
As it stands there at the end of the book,

Like the sun in an eclipse.  
 Ah me! when I think of that vision divine,  
 Think of writing it, line by line,  
 I stand in awe of the terrible curse,  
 Like the trump of doom, in the closing versel  
 God forgive me! if ever I  
 Take aught from the book of that Prophecy,  
 Lest my part, too, should be taken away  
 From the Book of Life on the Judgment Day.

How sweet the air is! How fair the scene!  
 I wish I had as lovely a green  
 To paint my landscapes and my leaves!  
 How sweet the swallows twitter under the eaves!  
 There, now, there is one in her nest;  
 I can just catch a glimpse of her head and breast,  
 And shall sketch her thus, in her quiet nook,  
 For the margin of my Gospel book.

*He makes a sketch.*

"I can see no more. Through the valley yonder  
 A shower is passing; I hear the thunder  
 Mutter its curses in the air,  
 The devil's own and only prayer!  
 The dusty road is brown with rain,  
 And, speeding on with might and main,  
 Hitherward rides a gallant train.  
 They do not parley, they cannot wait,  
 But hurry in at the convent gate.  
 What a fair lady! and beside her  
 What a handsome, graceful, noble rider!  
 Now she gives him her hand to alight;  
 They will beg a shelter for the night.  
 I will go down to the corridor,  
 And try to see that face once more;  
 It will do for the face of some beautiful saint,  
 Or for one of the Maries I shall paint."

The Abbot Ernestus is thus portrayed:

"Slowly, slowly up the wall  
 Steals the sunshine, steals the shade;  
 Evening damps begin to fall,  
 Evening shadows are displayed.  
 Round me, o'er me, everywhere,  
 All the sky is grand with clouds,  
 And athwart the evening air  
 Wheel the swallows home in crowds.  
 Shafts of sunshine from the west  
 Paint the dusky windows red;  
 Darker shadows, deeper rest,  
 Underneath and overhead.  
 Darker, darker, and more wan,  
 In my breast the shadows fall;  
 Upward steals the life of man,  
 As the sunshine from the wall.  
 From the wall into the sky,  
 From the roof along the spire;  
 Ah, the souls of those that die  
 Are but sunbeams lifted higher.

..... Time has laid his hand  
 Upon my heart, gently, not smiting it,  
 But as a harper lays his open palm  
 Upon his harp, to deaden its vibrations.  
 Ashes are on my head, and on my lips  
 Sackcloth, and in my breast a heaviness  
 And weariness of life, that makes me ready  
 To say to the dead abbots under us,  
 'Make room for me!' Only I see the dusk  
 Of evening twilight coming, and have not  
 Completed half my task; and so at times  
 The thought of my shortcomings in this life  
 Falls like a shadow on the life to come."

Of Longfellow's minor poems, perhaps the most striking is the "Building of the Ship," familiar, I am sure, to each one of you.

We are far from having explored thoroughly the rich mine of our author's works; many another gem might be held up for admiration, but we must pass them by.

Of Longfellow as a translator, it is unnecessary to speak. His translation of the *Divina Commedia* of Dante is everywhere considered the best that has been made, and one of the most creditable fruits of American scholarship. If Longfellow had never composed a line of original verse, this work alone would have won fame for him.

Not having said anything of Longfellow's success as a sonnet-writer, which is pre-eminent perhaps, I cannot close more appropriately than with that famous sonnet "The

Sound of the Sea," which is considered among the finest in the language:

"The sea awoke at midnight from its sleep,  
 And round the pebbly beaches far and wide  
 I heard the first wave of the rising tide  
 Rush onward with uninterrupted sweep;  
 A voice out of the silence of the deep,  
 A sound mysteriously multiplied,  
 As of a cataract from the mountain's side,  
 Or roar of winds upon a wooded steep.  
 So comes to us at times, from the unknown  
 And inaccessible solitudes of being,  
 The rushing of the sea-tides of the soul;  
 And inspirations, that we deem our own,  
 Are some divine foreshadowing and foreseeing  
 Of things beyond our reason or control."

My lecture, young friends, if lecture it deserves to be called, may be compared to a handful of pearls strung on a straw; the pearls are the quotations from our author, the straw is my stringing-together. If anything seems to you worthy of praise, let it redound to the poet; but if ill, pardon my unskilfulness.

### Exchanges.

—The *Cornell Era* pays us its compliments, and gives us a bit of advice, for both of which we are thankful. We regret that we cannot comply with our friend's request to drop the Roll of Honor. It's a fixture here, and a very popular one. As to change of type and make-up, it is too late now for that, and, we regret to say, but a poor prospect for it in the near future. At one time, this year, a change of dress was decided upon, but no action was taken and the matter was dropped. The *Scholastic* has done good service, and we think, deserves well of the students of this and former years, but a change of dress in this back-woods locality is a matter of considerable expense—not less than \$500—and requires more concerted action than has heretofore been attainable. The *Era's* views are ours, with the exception of the Roll of Honor.

—One of the most entertaining little magazines it has been our good fortune to meet is *The Irish Monthly*, a neat octavo of 56 pages, edited by the Rev. Matthew Russell, S. J., and published by M. H. Gill & Son, 50 Upper Sackville street, Dublin, Ireland. The tone of *The Irish Monthly* partakes largely of the chaste literary taste of its editor; himself a prose writer and poet of some distinction, he delights in bringing before the public, in each number of his magazine, one or another of the literary or art celebrities of later times, and they are presented in such a charming way that one is doubly happy in making their acquaintance under such pleasant circumstances. The April number of the magazine gives a fine life-sketch of John Henry Foley, R. A., by the author of "The Life of Mrs. Aikenhead"—a sketch with which artists will be especially pleased. "Floreen's Golden Hair" is a delightful fairy story for children by Miss Rosa Mulholland, and "The Legend of the Sorrowful Mother" is told with faultless metre by Katie Tynan. The other poetic pieces in this number are such as might be expected to pass the supervision of an editor who is himself a poet. "When Pius Reigned in Rome" is a reminiscence by Henry Bedford, M. A. "Bracton, or Sub Sigillo," a tale of 1812, by Rev. W. H. Anderson, S. J., is a pleasing story from the pen of the veteran writer. Altogether, *The Irish Monthly* is a most entertaining magazine, and we thank Rev. D. E. Hudson, C. S. C., editor of *The "Ave Maria,"* for some pleasant half-hours over its pages.

—The *Notre Dame Scholastic* dotes on religious controversy. It devotes four columns for the disposing of a Protestant exchange. The present writer sees much fallacy in the *Scholastic's* arguments. But Queen's, is wholly undenominational, and numbers among its students both Roman Catholics and Protestants, so it is not for us to express our individual opinions. We refer the *Scholastic* to the *Presbyterian College Journal*, and *Rouge et Noir*. —*Queen's College Journal*.

No one can regret more than we do the necessity for writing so much as four columns for the disposing of an



exchange; but when our Church is calumniated, whether it be wilful or through ignorance, we should consider it a shame to allow the calumny to go unrebuked. That it was not done through malice we did not for a moment suppose, hence the double duty devolved upon us of placing ourselves in a true light and of correcting the mistakes of our contemporary of the *Courier*. We do not blame the editor of the *Courier* in the least, as he has from childhood, most likely, been taught to look upon the Catholic Church as a monster of iniquity. If we were educated as he has been, we might have written things equally hard of the Church. The blame lies farther back. Hence the smallest spark of ill-feeling has not been enkindled in us against the *Courier* editor, and we hope he entertains no hard feeling toward us for defending ourselves and our Church. Knowing the Catholic Church as we do—and we have read up both sides of the religious question—we glory in being a Catholic, and thank God that He has made us one to the manor born. If the exchange editor of the *Queen's College Journal* sees aught in our statements that is false he is at perfect liberty to correct us; no one can blame him for doing this, if it be done in a kindly way. We claim that what we cited on doctrinal points and in matters of history are facts, and cannot be gainsaid. What we say for the *Queen's College Journal* applies to other papers as well; matter appearing in public print is open to public criticism, and if *Rouge et Noir* or any other paper chooses to correct us it is free to do so. As to the *Presbyterian College Journal*, we understand it is edited by the President of a theological college, and as we are neither a president nor a professor nor a theologian we have not the audacity to court a controversy with the editor of that paper. We might as well say, though, that as far as the facts in the present controversy are concerned, we would have acted in the same way if it were the *Presbyterian College Journal* instead of the *Courier*. We had right on our side, and our task of defense was an easy one, although it required time, more time, than we could spare without making a sacrifice of our leisure moments; the facts we have presented dare not a tenth part of what have accumulated on our hands, in short-hand notes and otherwise, while reading up the subject. In the present instance it was compulsory reading for us, but we think it has done us good, even if it has not succeeded in convincing our opponent. With the article in this week's SCHOLASTIC we hope to let the matter drop. We may mention the fact that of the non-Catholic students here—and they are many, of various denominations—not one, that we have heard of, blames us for the action we have taken in defending ourselves against the gross aspersions of the *College Courier*. While they adhere strictly to their own religious opinions, they know us well enough to be convinced that the enormities laid to the charge of our Church are not true. There is at least one non-Catholic gentleman on the editorial board of the SCHOLASTIC whom we think the peer of any on the editorial boards of our non-Catholic college exchanges, and he knows that if we say anything seemingly harsh we have strong reasons for doing so. If non-Catholics did not possess superior advantages here they would not come, and if they were not treated with courtesy they certainly would not remain. But when our Church is attacked with calumnious charges it is our duty to repel them. (Our editor-in-chief informs us that our answer to the *Courier* is crowded out this week.)

—Eugene L. Didier contributes an excellent sketch of Geo. H. Miles to the May number of *The Catholic World*. The scraps given from this popular author's writings, both in prose and poetry, give a glimpse of the wealth of genius possessed by one who, although not as well known to the majority of the reading public as many who were greatly his inferiors, gave greater promise than any writer now before the American public. Geo. H. Miles was a Baltimorean, graduated at Mt. St. Mary's College, Md., in his 18th year, studied law in the office of Judge Latrobe, and entered upon the practice of that profession in partnership with Edwin H. Webster, who afterward represented Maryland in the U. S. House of Representatives. Mr. Miles's mind was of a literary turn, and found nothing congenial to it in the dry details of the law. As Mr. Didier says, he was a born *littérateur*. "His taste was pure, exquisite, and refined;

his imagination rich, vivid, and almost oriental in its warmth. He naturally took up the pen as Raphael took up the brush, Canova the chisel, and Alexander the sword." His first work was "The Truce of God," a story founded on the papal edict of the 11th century prohibiting, under pain of excommunication, warfare of any kind from the sunset of Thursday till sunrise on Monday, in honor of the Passion, Death and Resurrection of our Lord,—the Church in this way endeavoring to wean the semi-barbarous people of the middle ages from the intestine feuds and warlike spirit then so prevalent. In 1849, "Loretto, or the Choice," took a \$50-prize offered by *The Catholic Mirror* for the best story. It is a standard Catholic American tale, and has gone through repeated editions in book-form. In 1850 his play of "Mohammed" bore off, against one-hundred competitors, the prize of \$1,000, offered by Edwin Forrest for the best drama by an American. It is a masterpiece of composition, but was never acted, Mr. Forrest deeming it not adapted to the stage. His next work was a story, "The Governess," written for *The Catholic Mirror*. In 1851 Mr. Miles was sent by President Fillmore as bearer of dispatches to Madrid, and in 1864 again visited Europe. On his return he became a contributor to *The Catholic World*, *Brownson's Review*, *The "Ave Maria," The Southern Review*, and the *Mirror*. "Glimpses of Tuscan," and his longest poem, "Christine: a Troubadour's Song,"—the latter, with his other poems now in book form,—were published in *The Catholic World*; "Inkerman," a spirited lyric worthy of a place beside the famous "Charge of the Light Brigade," appeared in *Brownson's Review* in October, 1856; and "The Sleep of Mary," a prize poem written for *The "Ave Maria,"* was published in that periodical in 1866, taking precedence—although but slightly—over several fine poems that competed with it, all of which were published in *The "Ave Maria"* about the same time. The closest contestants were, we believe, Rev. J. M. J. Graham, now of Quebec, Canada, and Mrs. Anna H. Dorsey, of Washington, D. C. In the spring of 1857, "De Soto" Mr. Miles' five-act, blank-verse tragedy, was played at the Broadway Theatre, New York. A contemporary critic said of it: "We cannot do justice to the literary beauties of this play after once seeing it on the stage; but it contains many passages which struck upon our ear with a genuine poetic ring that made us think of the old dramatists, and wonder if they ever got off anything that would far surpass it." The same season, "Mary's Birthday," a comedy, was played in New York, and of it a critic in the *Courier and Enquirer* of May 1, 1857, said: "Mr. Miles may be congratulated on being the author of the two best pieces that have been produced in New York this season—'Mary's Birthday' and 'De Soto.' Baltimore has certainly given us the only young American dramatist who is deserving of the name." Similarly favorable notices appeared in the *N. Y. Times*, *Herald*, *Tribune*, *Evening Mirror*, and *Express*. In April, 1859, the year in which Mr. Miles married, his elegant comedy "Señor Valiente" was brought out in New York, Boston, and Baltimore on the same night, and proved a decided success. It is a genuine American play, presenting a picture of New York society at the time it was written. Towards the close of his life Mr. Miles projected a series of critiques of the tragedies of Shakspeare, but only one of these appeared, A Review of "Hamlet," in the *Southern Review*. It is a masterly production. Of it the writer in *The Catholic World* says: "We have seen 'Hamlet' represented by the greatest living actors, every point and beauty brought out with wonderful effect, but we confess that until we read Mr. Miles' *Review of Hamlet* we did not understand this most exquisite creation of Shakspeare's genius. All the mystery involved in the complex character of the young Prince of Denmark is satisfactorily explained away in this critique." Mr. Miles was engaged upon a critique of "Macbeth" at the time of his death, which took place at his residence, Thornbrook, near Mount St. Mary's College,—where he held the chair of *Belles-Lettres*,—on the 23rd of July, 1870, in the 47th year of his age. We hope the author of the beautifully written and critical sketch of this young American *littérateur* will not let his pen rust, but give us many more of the stamp of "An American American Catholic Poet" in *The Catholic World* for this month.

# Notre Dame Scholastic.

Notre Dame, May 7, 1881.

The attention of the Alumni of the University of Notre Dame and others, is called to the fact that the NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC has now entered upon the FOURTEENTH year of its existence, and presents itself anew as a candidate for the favor and support of the many old friends that have heretofore lent it a helping hand.

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—We publish Rev. D. E. Hudson's lecture on H. W. Longfellow entire in this issue. The length of the lecture has made the omission of College Gossip, Art, Music, Literature, Scientific Notes, and the promised reply to the *Courier*, a necessity. Our readers will be amply compensated for this by a perusal of what we consider one of the best and most interesting lectures that we have ever read. So closely woven together are the threads of the discourse that we found it impossible to divide the lecture without detriment to it. We therefore print it entire, confident that our readers will appreciate it as a rare literary treat. Only those who know Father Hudson well can appreciate the painstaking care and study which have enabled him to produce in this lecture an article at once valuable and unique.

—One of our Eastern exchanges, far below the standard of Eastern college work, mentions the four best Western college papers and leaves out the *Scholastic*. Of course the paper has a right to its own opinion; but there is no good reason why the *Scholastic* is not the equal of the *Chronicle* and infinitely the superior of the *Oberlin Review* and *Round Table*. At any rate, from Notre Dame we get neither the nastiness of Oberlin nor the abominable jokes and poetry of Beloit. The best articles in the *Scholastic* of April 9th, are "The Reformation" and "The Bone of Contention." In the former, the author takes the extreme view of the Church of Rome, which we cannot fully endorse, while admitting the honesty of his convictions. (The problem has often occurred to us: what value have our prejudices in forming an opinion of that

event?) The latter is an extremely intelligent and logical argument, well worth reading.—*Racine College Mercury*.

Although we make no pretension to the very high position the *College Mercury* would give our paper, we cannot but feel gratified at the good opinion our Racine contemporary entertains of the SCHOLASTIC.

—We notice in the columns of some of our exchanges advertisements of quack medicines and appliances, and from time to time have raised our voice in protest against so vicious a practice. The college press should be the last place in which to find advertised those worst of all humbugs, medical charlatans, who enrich themselves not at the expense of their dupes' pockets alone, but at the expense of their health and lives often. We were pleased to see that the *Notre Dame Scholastic* expressed something of the same views in the last issue.—*The University*.

We saw it announced in one of the South Bend papers, a few days ago, that a respectable-looking elderly man represented himself as a doctor, and made nearly everyone he met believe that some ailment existed for which he had a cure. He gave such a vivid general description of strange feelings to which everyone is more or less subject, and represented these feelings as symptoms of disease, that, sick or well, the intended victim believed herself (they were generally women) really sick, and bought the medicine. This is the way patent-medicine-venders do business. The success of the Holman Liver Pad (the first, and probably the only one possessing any merit) has emboldened quacks to get out pads of various kinds, and they depend on extensive advertising to make them pay. That some patent medicines possess more or less virtue may be conceded, but it is undoubtedly true that much the greater number are simply patent humbugs, and should not be advertised. They are the work of quacks, and should not be touched except by the advice of a practical physician. We have been pestered with proposals from the advertising agents of several of these, who are determined to get in their advertisements if possible, and at low rates; but we have invariably thrown them in the waste-basket, their proper place. An advertisement is, to a certain extent, an endorsement, or at least is generally looked upon as such; and a paper should not advertise in doubtful cases. With regard to physicians, also, one cannot be too careful. That a large number of bogus "doctors" have worked themselves into practice, is beyond a doubt, as will be seen by the following disclosures. As to advertising specialists, even if their claims be true, they can do nothing more than what any family doctor can do just as well, or better. When we see the phiz of a "specialist" staring from the page of a newspaper, we involuntarily set the man down as disreputable, or a humbug.

The Philadelphia *Record*, which publishes the confession of the bogus diploma vender, Dean Buchanan, now in prison, says he has given up all the books he had, and a mass of valuable information, including a list of the foreign diplomas sold, and a catalogue of addresses, including over five thousand names of persons who corresponded with him. "He gives the names of wholesale druggists in Philadelphia who sold his diplomas, and the names of parties to whom diplomas were issued. He relates how diplomas were signed by the faculty (?). In one instance, three professors, for five dollars each, signed five hundred diplomas for him, and for three dollars and fifty cents diplomas which were to go abroad were certified to by the Spanish consul. In all, about ten thousand names are



tangled up in his disclosures. He has given the names of many professional abortionists, and the means whereby they destroy life. He tells of the tricks of his trade, quack nostrums advertised to cure all diseases, and impostors who prey on the public credulity. He cites instances wherein he robbed graves, and how one day he stole five bodies from the Blockley alms house. He tells of twenty-five concerns in this country and Europe by which degrees are sold. He avers that *fully twenty thousand bogus diplomas* are current in America, and *forty thousand more in Europe*. He gives the authorities a lever by which they can uproot every diploma-dealer in America. Buchanan's papers also detail his trick to make the public think he committed suicide. A man dressed to resemble Buchanan jumped off the ferry-boat at night and was rescued by a man in a skiff stationed at the proper spot. As a result of the *exposé* of Buchanan's business, the charters of several institutions have been repealed." Oh, people will have it that this is a wonderfully enlightened age, but there are some very dark doings that escape the gaze of a public that thinks it knows everything, but which is in reality very shallow in its judgments.

The foregoing paragraph discloses a frightful state of affairs. The moral to be derived from it is, avoid strange doctors, quacks and quack medicines as you would a plague. We have reason to be thankful for those institutions that have a proper regard for human life in giving medical diplomas, and urge that they be encouraged in their good work. The *Queen's College Journal* has lately been lashing the bare-back advertisements and we hope that before long they will disappear altogether.

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—Anent the phonography boom that is now sweeping over colleges and high-schools, we find the following in the *Scientific American* for April 23d:

CLOSE WRITING.

A German having "written" on a postal card an incredible number of words (25,000, we believe) in a style of stenography used in Germany, the author of the system set up the claim that it was superior to any other in use. The claim was disputed by the disciples of Pitman in England, and a prize was offered for the largest number of words written in Pitman's style on an English post-card, the writing to be legible to the naked eye. The card of the winner, Mr. G. H. Davidson, is said to have contained 32,363 words, including the whole of Goldsmith's "She Stoops to Conquer," an essay on John Morley, and half of Holcroft's "Road to Ruin." It will be identified that probably not one of all these words was *written*, that is, had all its sounds expressed or even dictated. Such short-hand hints at words, but does not write them.

The complete series of lessons, exercises, etc., now given in *The American Short-Hand Writer* gives an excellent opportunity to learn the Pitman system of phonography. Students who cannot devote a special hour to the study, under a teacher, can with the *Short-Hand Writer* take it up during their free time. Anyone, young or old, can with a little perseverance acquire a sufficient mastery of it to make it in time a practical help in study, reading, or business. To become a reporter, however, requires not only a special talent, but considerable study and practice with word and phrase signs.

Ladies also have of late years turned their attention to phonography, and with considerable success. It is true that very few of the gentler sex act in the capacity of reporters—and this is but proper—but the uses and benefits of phonography are manifold. It comes into successful play in almost every mercantile business, and clerks,

male or female, possess in it an able adjunct. We understand that it is taught at St. Mary's Academy for young ladies, near by. Some of the copyists, or transcribers, of the notes taken of the Congressional reports at Washington are ladies. A remarkable achievement in phonography was that of the lady to whose kindness the Boston *Herald* was indebted for the accurate and almost verbatim report of Carl Schurz's fine speech in German at the reception by his Boston countrymen. The speech was *translated off-hand into English shorthand notes as it was taken*, instead of being taken in German and afterward put into English, as is generally the case. Mr. Thomas Allen Reed, of London, is regarded as the greatest shorthand writer in England, and his facility at taking both French and English equally well is considered a marvel. But when he takes a French speech, his notes are in French. In the Canadian Parliament there are two sets of shorthand reporters, one to take the speeches delivered in English, and the other those delivered in French. But the mental process necessary to such a work as that of the Boston lady will be seen to be remarkably complicated. First, there is the following of the speech in German, which must have been with the strictest attention. Then there was the instantaneous translation of the German words into their equivalents. And thirdly, there is the rendering of the English shorthand characters, while the ear is alert to catch the German. The quickness of wit demanded by such a performance is wonderful, and, as far as we know, it is unprecedented in the recording of public speaking. The lady gained her skill in this way, by practice in taking notes in German universities. There are several systems of phonography, but the one most in use seems to be that of Pitman, which Mr. D. L. Scott-Browne, of Browne's Phonographic College, N. Y., and editor of *Browne's Phonographic Monthly*, claims is the standard in America, being used, he says, "by the Congressional reporters here and in Ontario, and by about nine-tenths of the reporters throughout the country." The systems of Graham and Munson, based on that of Pitman, are also extensively used, and strong efforts are now making to bring Lindsley's tachigraphy into notice. The publishers of the latter system make us a proposal to furnish plates of the alphabet and exercises gratis, for publication in the SCHOLASTIC, but as we are not sure of its superiority, and Pitman's being in more general use, we decline the offer for the time being.

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—On Thursday evening, April 28th, Rev. J. A. Zahm lectured in Phelan Hall to about two hundred students on "Electricity and Magnetism." It proved to be an instructive and interesting one. The Rev. lecturer said that the great mass of facts bearing on the subject precluded the possibility of entering into details. All that he could hope to do was to give us a general outline of the subject, by calling our attention to such points as would be most worthy of consideration. He said that he proposed to make the experiments of the evening in such a manner as to show the progress of discovery in magnetic-electrical science, exhibiting them so as to make them appear, not as isolated facts, but as parts of one consistent whole. The lecturer then defined magnetism as being a property possessed by certain substances, especially an ore of iron, sometimes called magnetic iron ore, steel, and free iron, capable of attracting certain other bodies. Bod-

ies possessing this property of attraction are called magnets. The Rev. lecturer then gave the derivation of the word magnet, saying that it is derived from Magnesia, a town in Asia Minor, where the magnet was first obtained. It is also called a loadstone—from the Saxon word *loeden*, lead—because it was used especially by surveyors and navigators as a guiding or leading stone. The Chinese call it the directing or guiding stone. It was formerly called the love-stone, because of its apparent affection for iron. The French term for magnet has a similar signification. The Romans sometimes called it quick-stone, because it seemed to endow other small particles of iron with life. The old English called it sail-stone of adamant. The lecturer then went on to show how the attractive properties of the magnet were known from the earliest times, relating the well known story of the Greek shepherd, who, while watching his flocks one day on Mt. Ida, had his attention drawn to a peculiar mineral which was exerting an attractive force on his iron staff. The Chinese, who have forestalled the Europeans in so many important discoveries and inventions, and who were by many ages their predecessors in so many things pertaining to intellectual advancement, were acquainted with the attractive, and even the directive properties of the magnet long before the Greeks. Despite these facts, little attention was given the subject of magnetism until the time of Dr. Gilbert, physician to Queen Elizabeth of England, who, in 1600, published a work in Latin, in which are mentioned nearly all the facts and phenomena now known regarding magnetism. One of the most obvious properties of the magnet is that of attracting iron, steel, etc. This the lecturer illustrated by taking a box filled with large and small nails, many of which, when the loadstone was placed in the box, adhered to it. Besides the loadstone, or natural magnets, continued the lecturer, there are also artificial magnets, made of iron or steel. When made of iron they are called temporary magnets, because they retain their magnetism only while in contact with another magnet, or while a current of electricity is passing around them. When made of steel they are called permanent magnets, because, like a natural magnet, they retain their magnetism. Artificial magnets are made by bringing pieces of iron or steel in contact with magnetized bodies, or by means of electricity. This, the Rev. lecturer beautifully and strikingly illustrated by using the large box magnet, which, he said, is the largest one in the United States.

Artificial magnets are more powerful than natural ones, and, consequently, with them all the properties of magnets can be best illustrated. The magnet is made still stronger by bringing the poles together, when we have what is, on account of its shape, called the horse-shoe magnet. The force developed at the poles of a magnet although similar, are not identical. Both ends are capable of attracting iron, etc., with equal power; but the forces manifested at these ends are opposite in action.

The lecturer then took a needle, which was balanced on a pivot, and on bringing it in contact with the bar magnet, we noticed that while the magnet attracted one end of the needle, it repelled the other. The effect was reversed on using the opposite end of the bar magnet. This gave rise to one of the most important laws of magnetism, viz: "Like poles repel and unlike poles attract." This law was illustrated by bringing two needles with red and white papered ends in contact with the magnet. This directive

tendency of the magnet was not known to the Europeans prior to the twelfth century; or if known, was not utilized in navigation and surveying. The Chinese are said to have been acquainted with its attractive tendency two thousand years before Christ. The first mariner's needle was a single sewing needle, thrust through a cork, and allowed to float through water. The reason why the needle points in a northerly direction is that the earth, like the magnet, has magnetic poles which cause the magnet to assume a north and south direction. The magnetic and terrestrial poles, however, do not coincide. Sir John Ross (no relation to our "Charley"), the great navigator, found the North magnetic pole to be at 70 deg. 5 min. N. lat., and 96 deg. 43 min. W. long. The South magnetic pole has not yet been discovered, but is supposed to be in 75 deg. 5 min. S. lat., and 154 deg. 2 min. long. The angle which the direction of the needle makes with the earth's meridian is called the declination of the needle. This declination or variation of the needle varies in different places: at Notre Dame, it is 3 deg. 45 min. E.; at Pittsburg, 0; at New York, 6 deg. W.; and in Baffin's Bay the needle points due West. A line of no declination connecting points in which the needle points direction north and south, forms very nearly a great circle around the globe.

Our attention was then called to the needles "dip," or inclination, a term signifying the angle which a needle, delicately balanced, and then magnetized, makes with the horizon. At the magnetic equator the needle is parallel with the horizon, consequently the "dip" is 0. From the equator to the poles the "dip" constantly increases until it reaches the poles, when it assumes a vertical direction. The dipping needle and large bar magnet were here brought into requisition to show the "dip" in various parts of the magnet. The changes in declination and inclination of the needle were then fully explained.

The Rev. lecturer then spoke at length of the connection between electricity and magnetism, and of the production of electro-magnets, and their uses. Professor Oersted, of Copenhagen, was the first to experimentally verify, in 1819, the connection between electricity and magnetism. This discovery, though a simple one in itself, was the one which led to all the astonishing, startling inventions and discoveries in electricity and magnetism that have since been made; for without it, the electric telegraph, and the thousand-and-one practical applications of electro-magnetism, would have been impossible. Oersted's experiment was here made by the Rev. lecturer, when we observed that the needle was deflected as the wire, through which the galvanic current was flowing, was brought near it. He then referred to the discoveries in relation to the same point made by Arago and Ampere, all of which he illustrated. He again called our attention to the large magnet, gave a detailed description of its component parts, and by a number of interesting experiments with the same, gave us a very accurate idea of the properties of electro-magnets. One of these experiments was an attempt made by Kuhn and Healey, Senior department, who thought that they had muscle enough to pass a bar of iron between pointed pole-pieces, without touching them. They failed signally, and were loudly applauded for their unsuccessful efforts. Several of the younger boys had their pocket-knives permanently magnetized.

Soon after the discovery of electro-magnetism by Oer-

sted, the world was startled by the invention of the telegraph, the greatest and most useful application yet made of electricity and magnetism. Then it was utilized in the construction of electric bells for fire alarms, chronographs, electric clocks, etc. Finally it was proposed to use it as a source of power in place of steam and other forms of energy. The principle of the application of magnetism in all these cases is the same; it depends on the movement of the armature of the electro-magnet, which can readily be affected by passing a current through its coils. The mighty electric telegraph is nothing more than an electro-magnet, in connection with which, for convenience sake, several accessory apparatus are generally used. The old fashioned Morse sounder and instrument and electric bell were exhibited at this stage of the lecture. We were then shown the working of the electric motor and pump, practically illustrating the conversion of electricity and magnetism into mechanical power. The inventions of Prof. Jacobi, of St. Petersburg, and the late Dr. Page were interestingly described. The reason why the electric motors are not more extensively used is, that they are too expensive. They cannot supersede steam-engines, inasmuch as the steam-engine's energy is generated by the combustion of wood or coal—natural products; whereas, the energy of the electric-motor is developed in the battery by the action of sulphuric acid, or some other chemical solution on zinc; sulphuric acid and zinc being artificial, and, consequently, more expensive than natural products. The Rev. lecturer then produced the famous electric light from platinum wire and carbon points; explained the principle of electric illumination, and gave us an idea of its nature and effects. He then entered into an explanation of the cause of these curious and mysterious agents.

Rev. Father Zahm concluded this interesting lecture, during which he was frequently interrupted by well-merited applause, by saying: "As yet we know nothing definite about the cause of the properties of the magnet, and probably never shall—certain of the ancient philosophers deemed it impossible to arrive at a knowledge of the cause of the properties of the magnet—the stone *par excellence*, the divine *chef-d'œuvre*, as they called it, and contented themselves by saying that it was a secret which the gods had reserved to themselves. Probably we would show our wisdom if, in imitation of them, we were to acknowledge it to be one of those mysteries in nature which we can never comprehend. Indeed, it might be said that outside of facts, our knowledge—if knowledge it can be called—of magnetism is based on theory electro-magnetism. All the reasons heretofore assigned to account for the causes of magnetism, and the variations to which it is subject on the earth, and the needle, is only hypothetical, and may to-morrow be shown by some student of nature to be untenable. This is, however, only another proof of the extent of our ignorance; of how little we know of the real nature of those mysterious forces of nature which are constantly startling us by the varied and wonderful effects to which they give rise. In truth, the more we study nature, the more marvellous all its operations appear, and the more do we feel compelled to acknowledge mysteries in the natural as well as the supernatural order. None but the skeptic and the blind materialist would fail to see in the delicate adjustment and wonderful manifestations of the forces of which we have been speaking the hand of one who is as infinite in power and wisdom, as He is in goodness and love,—one to whom we owe thanksgiving for the pleas-

ure afforded us in the contemplation of the beautiful and mysterious in nature, as well as for those things that are useful and essential to our existence."

We hope that Father Zahm may soon again favor us with another of his interesting lectures.

### Personal.

- All our Watertown friends are well.
- President Corby was in Chicago Tuesday.
- E. Raymond, '77, is residing with his parents in Chicago, Ill.
- Bro. Rudolph, C. S. C., returned from Lafayette, Ind., Tuesday evening.
- Civil-Engineer Stace has been under the weather for some time past. Hope he may soon recover.
- Anson, '69, is Captain of the White Stockings, the champion Baseball Club of the United States.
- Rev. D. J. Hagerty was called to Chesterton, Ind., Tuesday, to assist Father Kroll, who met with an accident last week.
- Mrs. G. Woodson, of Ft. Laramie, Wyoming, Terr., is here visiting her son, Master G. J. Woodson, who is just recovering from a severe attack of pneumonia.
- Harry Faxon, '75, spent Saturday, Sunday and Monday at the University. We were happy to see Harry looking so well. He is travelling for one of the largest firms in Chicago.
- Rev. Father Delehunty has at last concluded to take an overland trip to San Francisco, Cal. He will be absent for several weeks. We are sure that Rev. Father Ford, Director of St. Aloysius's Home, whose faithful assistant Rev. Father Delehunty has been, will keenly feel the absence of him who has so ably assisted him in the discharge of his manifold and onerous duties of office. We hope that Father Delehunty may enjoy himself hugely in the China of America.

### Local Items.

- "It's as sweet as honey."
- Guy is steadily improving.
- No Society reports this week.
- May devotions every evening.
- "Ed" is looking after Grubbs.
- That "chincilla" has been found.
- "Duzen" excels as a lithographer.
- Philopatians some time next week.
- What has become of the fire-department?
- "Oh, my gold watch is ruined, destroyed!"
- "Buttercup" is Captain of the "Kearneyites."
- Let all join in the singing of the litany to-night.
- The bath-tubs are receiving a new coat of paint.
- The evening recreations are the most enjoyable.
- "Marshal" is an aspirant after oratorical honors.
- And now our friend John has become a type-setter.
- The Boat Clubs practice every evening, after supper.
- Read the lecture on H. W. Longfellow in another place.
- The "coal-heavers" are bad men to meddle with. Eh, Augusto?
- The Academy of Music is about to receive the finishing touch.
- Extensive improvements are being made on Mt. St. Vincent's.
- Vice-President Walsh celebrated last Sunday's 10-o'clock Mass.

—The Minims have decorated Raminagrobis's neck with a gold collar.

—"Judy" has a new driver. What has become of our gallant knight?

—The Surveying and Botany Classes were out on "biz" last Wednesday.

—Let all join in singing the praises of the Immaculate Queen of Heaven.

—Wanted:—Every student at Notre Dame to send us personals and locals.

—Everyone was satisfied with Father Zahm's lecture, last Tuesday evening.

—We confidently hope to see our young friend G. Woodson around in a few days.

—Three wild ducks on the lower lake, Wednesday. Where were the Nimrods?

—The singing of the evening May hymns have been all that could be desired, thus far.

—Capt. Cocke is untiring in his efforts to perfect the N. D. Cadets in the military art.

—Ask our friend from "Egypt" if he can tell the difference between an ape and a monkey.

—"Geawge" is wrathful. He says that the "fat boys" have a monopoly of a certain affair.

—Are you troubled with spring fever? Call on the Rev. Prefect of Discipline for an antidote.

—They say that our Vincennes friend got an invitation to the steam-house, Sunday afternoon.

—South Bend is well and largely represented here every Sunday, since the fine weather began.

—Let every one make the best use of the few weeks that now remain of the scholastic year.

—Burdett's wit is nowhere, we are informed, when compared to that of the Seniors' "funny man."

—"Pete" was out hunting Tuesday afternoon. More than one bird fell with the pull of the trigger.

—The SCHOLASTIC thanks the Rev. Editor of *The Ave Maria* for many favors during the past week.

—Bro. Emmanuel, Director Senior department, made a pleasant call to our sanctum, Tuesday morning.

—Rev. Father Zahm will soon give us one of those interesting entertainments with the magic lantern.

—Rev. Father Granger has given the Minims a handsome small bell, for which he has their best thanks.

—Geoffrey, Senior department, drew five hundred Havana cigars at Pollack's Donation, last Monday evening.

—The Minims have organized a new baseball club, known as the "Kearneyites." They play on sandy grounds.

—To-morrow, the Feast of the Patronage of St. Joseph, *Missa Regia* will be sung. Vespers p. 138 of the Vespers.

—We have disposed of the bazaar tickets. We hope that all who purchased one may receive something handsome.

—Our new itemizer got the *San Souci* Club reception and the Dancing Class Sociable slightly mixed in our last issue.

—Condon's pleasure steamer is ready for the transportation of excursionists from South Bend to the islands above the city.

—We'll give an excellent prize to the student furnishing us with the largest number of personals between this and June 22d.

—The B. B. League, Junior department, desire us to express their thanks to Bro. Lawrence, C. S. C., for favors received.

—All may witness a "Public Benefactor" at the coming Philopatrian Exhibition. Public benefactors are scarce mortals nowadays.

—The seminarians at Niagara Falls College must be heavy batters. They used up five balls in playing a game one day last week.

—"That fellow's the worst tricker at the University.

He always disguises himself before coming over here. He has a white wig," etc.

—Boston papers speak of a boy catching a butterfly at the South End. We would like to see him handle a bumble-bee at the same point.

—Has the University given up the idea of having any more *sororities*? Things look that way. At all events, let us have one during the coming week.

—Those who attended Rev. Father Zahm's lecture, Thursday evening, are to be complimented on their gentlemanly deportment throughout the entire lecture.

—How many Cadets would be able to write a letter in military form, if required to do so? This form of correspondence should be familiar to every Cadet.

—Some would do well to remember that the bath-rooms were made for *one* purpose only. A certain individual was evidently not aware of this fact one day last week.

—By the way, cannot the regulator of the Chimes be induced to expend a little time in putting them in proper shape? We have not heard them play for a long time.

—Pollack's Grand Donation came off last Monday evening. No prizes were drawn by any of "our folks," though Sordy says "that he came within one of the gold watch."

—The Minims' uniform is made of Navy-blue, a sky-blue stripe extending down each side of the pantaloons. We have yet to see a neater or more becoming uniform for boys.

—Prof. J. A. Lyons was on the sick-list this week. We are happy to state that he has now fully recovered, and has resumed the professional duties devolving upon him as Professor of Elocution.

—Our poet has at last been made joyful by the smiles of fortune. He went fishing Saturday afternoon, and caught several fine-looking bass. He says that he detests "taffy," so we'll give him none.

—"Sammy" would like to again meet that man who sold him those six sour oranges. We are sure that the fruit vender's desire to again see Sammy, or some one like him, is none the less ardent.

—Masters D. G. Taylor, C. C. Echlin, R. E. Costello, J. H. Dwenger and P. Yrisarri, of the Minim department, had the best notes for lessons, conduct and duties for the week ending April 30th.

—The May devotions were inaugurated with time-honored solemnity, last Saturday evening. President Corby preached the opening sermon, which was followed by Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament.

—Mr. R. E. Fleming, SCHOLASTIC Staff, and Mr. H. Rose, constitute the Junior study-hall Faculty for the month of May. "Charley Ross" and "Sordie" will hold that important office during the month of July.

—Master G. Woodson will be unable to act the *rôle* which had been given him for the Philopatrian Entertainment. We hope, however, that he may be well enough to be present. Master Schaefer will assume Guy's *rôle*.

—We are happy to state that our young and esteemed friend Master G. J. Woodson, who had been dangerously ill with pneumonia, is convalescent, to the great joy of his many friends of both the Minim and Preparatory departments.

—And now it's not "Did you see the elephant?" but "Have you seen the alligator?" If you have not, ask "Dan" or "Salty" to escort you to Phelan Hall, where you may see the carnivorous amphibious reptile. He's perfectly harmless.

—On the afternoon of the 1st inst., a game of baseball was played on the Juanita grounds between the Atlantics of the Manual Labor School and a picked nine of the Senior department, which resulted in a victory for the latter, by a score of 14 to 9.

—We have been accorded an invitation to the annual meeting of the Inter-State Collegiate Oratorical Association, to be held in Jacksonville, Ill., May 3d to 5th. We thank the Illinois College Oratorical Association for their kind invitation, which we found impossible to accept.

—More interest is being manifested in the National

Game at this University now than for years past. Four games were being played simultaneously Wednesday morning. This afforded good healthy exercise to seventy-two young men, while giving great pleasure to hundreds of spectators.

—We are informed that our friend C. J. B., Prep. department, is preparing a Letter-Writer for Schools and Colleges, which he will publish some time next month. We await its appearance with eager expectation. It cannot but be an excellent work, for all know that C. J. B. has a *mens sana in corpore sano*.

—The following are the names and positions of the members of the young America B. B. C., Minim department. Bro. Amandus, C. S. C., Director; A. Campau, Captain and pitcher; D. Taylor, catcher; A. Molander, s. s.; C. Droste, 1st b.; T. McGrath, 2d b.; H. Snee, 3d b.; P. Yrisarri, l. f.; J. Moroney, c. f.; T. Van Mourick, r. f.

—The students of the first class in the Minim department who gave satisfactory duties for the month of April in arithmetic and grammar were Masters D. G. Taylor, who received 43 perfect notes; C. C. Echlin, 43; J. S. Courtney, 29; A. A. Molander, 29; J. A. Kelly, 23; R. Costello, 23; H. Metz, 21; T. McGrath, 21, and E. Howard, 20.

—“Charley Ross” gives it as his candid opinion that Rev. Father Zahm produced that electric light, Thursday evening, by some slight off-hand performance. He says that it took a powerful steam-engine to generate the same light in Forepaugh’s Circus, last summer, and he don’t believe that Father Zahm has the strength of a steam-engine.

—On Wednesday morning a game of baseball was played between a nine of the Preparatory department and the “Young Americas” of the Minim department, which resulted in a tie at the end of the 9th inning, and, the Captains consenting, was declared a draw game. Score, 10 and 10. Time of game, 2 hours, 30 minutes. Scorer, C. C. Echlin; Umpire, Bro. Amandus, C. S. C.

—Raminagrobis, the Kilkenny cat, which was the subject of that knotty arithmetical problem given by Very Rev. Father General to the Minims, two years ago, after spending some time trying to puzzle the pupils of St. Mary’s Academy, is back again among the Minims, and will probably be used by Very Rev. Father General to test the brains of his young *protégés* at the June Examination.

—They say poets, like the average newspaper men, are seldom blessed with a superabundance of the world’s riches. Had those making such assertions seen our poet last Saturday evening, as he drove up the avenue with one of the finest livery rigs in South Bend, they would have beheld one grand exception to the general rule. They would have thought that Vanderbilt was coming to visit and endow the University.

—Some think that the Minims’ Cadet suits should be grey, like the Juniors and Preps. We hold an opinion to the contrary. In other universities, not only do the different departments, but even the various classes wear a distinctive uniform. The Minims have, in our opinion, and of many others, not only the prettiest, but the only uniform that would look well on boys. Let the Preps., Juniors and Seniors wear grey, if they choose; but let the light-hearted, happy Minims wear the blue.

—The “Wranglers” and “Dreadnaughts” played a game of ball on the Mutual B. B. grounds last Wednesday morning. The services of four umpires were called into requisition before the game was concluded. Johnson, captained the “Wranglers,” and Snyder the “Dreadnaughts.” The “Wranglers” won the game. Both nines were wranglers ere the game closed. Masters F. Krone, A. Gall, Mattes, Sells, Bennet, H. Devitt, Snyder, J. Hefferman and E. Gall did some remarkably fine playing. The score was rather small—25 to 30, in favor of the “Wranglers.”

—The *Detroit Evening News* has arranged for three grand pleasure tours from Detroit to the sea and return; a trip of over 2,000 miles, including Toronto, Montreal, Quebec, the Thousand Islands, St. Lawrence River, and the White Mountains, N. H. The Eastern terminus is Portland, Maine (only 100 miles, or four hours from Boston). The

excursion will leave Detroit July 1st, 14th, and 21st, tickets being good to return until September 3d. Tickets for the round trip, \$20. A circular will be sent free on receipt of stamp, or a handsome illustrated guide-book will be issued about June 1st and will be sent to any address on receipt of 30 cts. Address, W. H. Brearley, *Detroit Evening News*.

—A game of baseball took place on Wednesday afternoon between the “Cnissodiocototes” and the “Pternoglyhi” B. B. Clubs of the Senior department. The “Cnissodiocototes” is composed of the following players: W. Brown, c.; Fishburn, p.; J. Brown, s. s.; Baker, 1st b.; Thompson, 2d b.; Tracy, 3d b.; Garritty, l. f.; Steis, c. f.; English, r. f. Marlett, Brehmer, Zettler, Johnson, Healey, Zahm, Nosh, Taggart and Mathers constitute the “Pternoglyhi”. Brown, catcher for the first-named Club, distinguished himself by excellent playing behind the bat, making several difficult catches. Brown never disputes the Umpire. Marlett, catcher for the “Pternoglyhi” held his position without making an error. Tracy, Captain and 3d baseman of the “Cnissodiocototes, captured three hot liners on 3d base, making two neat double plays. Zettler, Captain and short-stop of the “Pternoglyhi,” played his position well. Tracy and Zettler make first-class captains. The “Cnissodiocototes” were victorious by a score of 22 to 11.

—On Friday, the 6th, the Feast of St. John before the Latin Gate, the Catholic members of the Sorin Literary and Dramatic Association assisted at Mass, and received Holy Communion, for Very Rev. Father General’s intention, St. John being his patron Saint in religion. They afterwards invited him to their Hall, where Master D. G. Taylor presented him an address in behalf of the Association. That Very Rev. Father General has imitated, and in many points bears a striking resemblance to his patron, no one can fail to see. Like the beloved disciple, he has a tender love for the Blessed Virgin, whom he has in a special manner “taken to his own” and constituted the Queen of Notre Dame. Like St. John, the gospel of his kind and affectionate heart is one of love. St. John was miraculously preserved from the fury of the boiling oil, which proved to him to be a refreshing bath; and did not the venerated Founder of Notre Dame undergo the ordeal of the boiling caldron on the 23d of April, 1879? But, like St. John, God wonderfully preserved him, and brought him out of the flames a stronger man; renewed, as it were, in youth and vigor for the great work of rebuilding. It is the heartfelt wish, not only of the Sorins, but of Very Rev. Father General’s numberless friends, that God may spare him to attain the long years of St. John.

—The Dancing Classes have made rapid progress under the tuition of Messrs Marlette and Marshal O’Neill. These gentlemen have good reason to feel proud of the success they have had with their pupils this season, and we hope that next winter will find them here, because dancing must have its allotted portion of time as well as any other lesson. Freshmen and Preps. must be taught that rudeness and coarseness are opposed to the easy manners of a gentleman. Most of us take lessons in the art of dancing, not because we expect to attend balls, or dance in after-life, but simply because the art facilitates the acquisition of ease and elegance in personal deportment. Pope says

“They move easiest, who have learned to dance.”

It is very important that when we appear in public life, we should be qualified for the best company, by a graceful carriage. An author on “Etiquette” says: “The manner of presenting one’s self, and of receiving others, in company, with a graceful propriety, and the easy and polite demeanor which is so becoming every where, are acquired most effectually by those who have studied the art of dancing.”

—The last issue of the *Notre Dame Scholastic* was called the fire number, Saturday being the second anniversary of the conflagration which destroyed the University. There was a supplement with the number, which contained some very fine illustrations of the ruins after the fire and of the handsome structure which has since risen from the ashes. The edition referred to also had a number of interesting references to the days of Notre Dame’s great misfortune. The fire was first discovered by



a Minim, Master Charles Garrick, "whose shrill cry of 'fire!' 'fire!' was soon taken up by the Juniors and Seniors." "The first one at St. Mary's Academy to see the fire at Notre Dame was a young lady, who was sketching the University building. While drawing the dome she saw the flames burst up around it, and immediately dropped her sketching implements, and went to inform Mother Angela of the disaster." There is one item regarding the fire at Notre Dame which has never been published and that is, that an acquaintance of ours, some three weeks previous to the fire, dreamed that he saw flames bursting from the roof of the University. The buildings destroyed and the contents not saved cost not far from \$200,000. There was only \$40,000 insurance on the buildings destroyed. "President Corby," says the *Scholastic*, "particularly mourns the loss of one of the finest collections of skeletons ever gathered in this country. It cost over \$7,400, and included a gorilla, chimpanzee, and other rare skeletons; also a museum, \$10,000." The 23d of April is known as "Conflagration Day" at Notre Dame.—*Chronicle Herald, Laporte, Ind., 28th ult.*

—Our predictions concerning the contest for the Junior championship are being verified beyond our fondest expectations. The second game of the series was played on the Excelsior Baseball grounds last Wednesday, and, as may be seen from the subjoined score, was a close and exciting one. Time would not permit a deciding innings to be played, both nines having the same number of runs; consequently, a draw-game was declared. The following is the score:

EXCELSIORS.	O.	R.	ACTIVES.	O.	R.
H. Rose, r. f.....	4	0	F. Klein, 1 b.....	4	0
J. Scanlan, s. s....	4	0	J. Heffernan, c.....	2	1
F. Wheatly, p.....	4	0	J. Maher, p.....	4	0
H. Morse, 1 b.....	3	1	J. Boose, 1 f.....	3	1
J. Devitt, 2 b.....	3	0	T. Hurley, 3 b.....	2	0
G. Truschel, c.....	3	0	F. Grever, s. s.....	3	0
A. Bodine, 3 b.....	2	1	E. Gallagher, r. f.....	4	0
J. Guthrie, c. f.....	2	1	A. Dick, c. f.....	3	0
M. Butler, 1 f.....	2	0	R. Fleming, 2 b.....	2	1
Total.....	27	3	Total.....	27	3

SYNOPSIS OF INNINGS:

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	
EXCELSIORS.....	0	0	1	1	1	0	0	0	0	—3
ACTIVES.....	1	1	0	0	0	0	1	0	0	—3

Umpire—F. T. Dever.

Scorer—Harry Dunn

Time of Game—1 hour and fifty-five minutes.

Passed balls—Truschel, 4; Heffernan, 7.

Wild throws—Heffernan, 1.

—The following is a list of the lucky numbers that took prizes at Pollack's Drawing, May 2d:

1st Prize drawn by ticket.....	19,089
1st Alternate.....	39,661
2d ".....	41,405
2d Prize drawn by ticket.....	32,144
1st Alternate.....	18,344
2d ".....	32,302
3d Prize drawn by ticket.....	7,224
1st Alternate.....	43,933
2d ".....	24,253
4th Prize drawn by ticket.....	6,771
1st Alternate.....	31,992
2d ".....	22,611
5th Prize drawn by ticket.....	23,620
1st Alternate.....	30,688
2d ".....	4,094
6th Prize drawn by ticket.....	30,231
1st Alternate.....	22,036
2d ".....	14,136
7th Prize drawn by ticket.....	35,602
1st Alternate.....	34,957
2d ".....	11,255
8th Prize drawn by ticket.....	20,409

1st Alternate.....	48,188
2d ".....	28,396
9th Prize drawn by ticket.....	5,244
1st Alternate.....	45,010
2d ".....	4,649
10th Prize drawn by ticket.....	21,804
1st Alternate.....	14,374
2d ".....	3,602

—The third game between the Star of the East and Juanitas took place on the grounds of the former Wednesday afternoon. President Corby and several members of the faculty witnessed the game, which was characterized by fair playing on both sides. Clarke and O'Donnell made two base hits; Dever captured a hot liner sent him by Sugg; Kuhn, Smith, Bodine, Noble, and "Bennie" made neat fly-catches; O'Donnell and O'Connor held their positions behind the bat with ability, making several excellent and difficult foul catches; Bloom is an effective pitcher, and bothered the batsman on the opposite side not a little. Gallagher, pitcher for Juanitas, was severely punished. Fumbling, and other errors, lost the game for the Juanitas. The following is the score:

STAR OF THE EAST.	O.	R.	JUANITAS.	O.	R.
F. Smith, 1 f.....	1	2	B. Pollock, 3 b.....	4	—
H. O'Donnell, c.....	2	2	G. Sugg, 1 b.....	3	1
F. Bloom, p.....	3	1	R. O'Connor, c.....	4	0
F. Devoto, 1 b.....	2	1	J. M'Namara, s. s.....	1	1
H. Noble, c. f.....	3	0	F. Clarke, r. f.....	2	0
W. McGorrisk, s. s.....	3	1	F. Kuhn, 2 b.....	4	0
F. Dever, 3 b.....	3	0	W. Arnold, c. f.....	2	1
J. Welch, 2 b.....	3	0	A. Bodine, 1 f.....	4	0
B. Smith, r. f.....	4	0	F. Gallagher, p.....	3	0
Total.....	24	7	Total.....	27	4

INNINGS:

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	
STAR OF THE EAST...	4	0	1	0	0	0	2	0	—	—7
JUANITAS.....	2	0	0	1	0	0	0	1	0	—4

Umpire—D. DANAHEY.

Scorers—E. MCGORRISK, W. SCHOFIELD.

Time of Game—2h. 45m.

Roll of Honor.

[The following are the names of those students who during the past week have, by their exemplary conduct, given satisfaction to all the members of the faculty.]

SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

R. C. Adams, W. Arnold, W. Brown, J. Brown, C. Brehmer, T. Bourbonia, W. Berry, F. Baker, F. W. Bloom, F. M. Bell, C. W. Bennett, A. A. Bodine, G. E. Clarke, F. Clarke, J. J. Casey, B. A. Casey, L. F. Calligari, L. E. Clements, D. Danahey, J. D. Delaney, M. B. Eaton, M. L. Falvey, G. L. Godfroy, F. M. Gallagher, G. L. Hagan, M. Healey, W. S. Huddleston, D. A. Harrington,\* W. Johnson, W. Kelly, T. Kavanagh, F. E. Kuhn, J. Kendel, J. C. Larkin, W. B. McGorrisk, E. McGorrisk, W. J. McCarthy, J. A. McNamara, L. Mathers, J. A. McIntyre, J. A. Monahan, J. J. McErlain, J. J. Malone, M. J. McEniry, J. C. Newman, G. Nester, H. O'Donnell, J. O'Rielly, E. A. Otis, J. N. Osher, A. Pimyotahmah, E. Piper, L. M. Proctor, J. Solon, H. A. Steis, P. D. Stretch, E. G. Sugg, H. C. Simms, Geo. Sugg, B. F. Smith, W. Schofield, C. A. Thiele, E. J. Taggart, S. P. Terry, G. S. Tracy, C. Van Dusen, J. H. Welch, W. R. Young, E. Yrisarri, A. Zahm, J. B. Zettler, J. Nash, W. A. Woolly.

\*Omitted by mistake last week

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

A. W. Ayers, P. Archer, A. A. Brown, J. M. Boose, C. J. Brinkman, M. G. Butler, J. H. Burns, A. Bodine, W. H. Barron, J. R. Bender, A. M. Coghlin, J. A. Casey, E. Cullinene, W. J. Cavanaugh, W. S. Cleary, H. P. Dunn, A. C. Dick, F. H. Dorsel, A. J. Dennis, N. H. Ewing, T. F. Flynn, J. M. Flynn, J. H. Fendrick, R. E. Fleming, Ed Fischel, Fred Fischel, J. Friedman, L. F. Florman, J. J. Gordon, L. P. Gilbert, E. F. Gall, A. A. Gall, J. W. Guthrie, F. H. Grever, W. W. Gray, T. J. Hurley, A. J. Hintze, J. T. Homan, J. L. Heffernan, G. J. Haslam, F. R. Johnson, A. T. Jackson, P. A. Joyce, F. A. Kleine, F. A. Krone, J. M. Kelly, C. C. Kollars, Sam Livingston, A. Mendel, J. M.

Mohan, F. McPhillips, J. L. Morgan, C. J. McDermott, C. M. Murdock, S. T. Murdock, J. F. Martin, J. S. McGrath, F. J. McKinnon, H. W. Morse, M. A. McNulty, J. McGinn, N. J. Nelson, E. C. Orrick, G. F. O'Kane, J. P. O'Neill, E. M. Prenatt, C. F. Perry, D. G. Paul, J. M. Powell, G. J. Rhodius, A. M. Rohrbach, H. L. Rose, C. F. Rose, C. F. Rietz, J. Ruppe, G. W. Silverman, W. E. Smith, Con. Schneider, G. Schaefer, J. W. Start, J. M. Scanlan, D. C. Smith, C. A. Tinley, F. J. Woerber, Guy Woodson, T. Williams, J. W. Whalen.

## MINIM DEPARTMENT.

W. Berthlet, D. Taylor, C. Droste, G. Tourtillotte, C. C. Echlin, W. Olds, W. Hanavin, T. McGrath, W. Taylor, J. Moroney, A. J. Kelly, A. J. Frain, E. A. Howard, A. J. Campau, J. E. Haslam, D. O'Connor, A. G. Molander, B. Powell, R. E. Costello, P. Yrisarri, J. E. Chaves, L. J. Young, M. E. Devitt, J. H. Dwenger, W. J. Miller, J. W. Kent, E. McGrath, E. B. Bagard, P. Campau, C. Campau, H. J. Ackerman, W. Rea, J. L. Rose, J. Ruppe, G. Price, A. B. Bender.

## Class Honors.

[In the following list are given the names of those who have given entire satisfaction in all their classes during the month past.]

## COMMERCIAL COURSE.

A. Coghlin, A. Hintze, P. Joyce, C. Rietz, J. Morgan, G. Silverman, J. M. Scanlan, J. H. Burns, J. Boose, W. L. Coghlin, E. Fischel, J. Guthrie, H. Hake, J. Heffernan, F. A. Kleine, C. Rose, J. Ruppe, G. Truschel, E. Gall, Jas. Heffernan, C. Kollars, W. P. Mahon, C. Murdock, N. Nelson, A. Bodine, D. Danahey, D. English, J. M. Falvey, W. Fishburne, G. L. Hagan, W. Hoffman, W. Johnson, W. J. Kelly, F. E. Kuhn, J. Malone, J. Newman, W. Ratterman, R. Seeburger, H. Steis, C. Thiele, W. R. Young, M. B. Eaton, A. Korty, E. Yrisarri.

## MINIM DEPARTMENT.

D. G. Taylor, C. C. Echlin, C. E. Droste, R. E. Costello, E. A. Howard, A. J. Kelly, H. C. Snee, H. A. Kitz, G. Tourtillotte, W. T. Berthlet, W. Taylor, A. G. Molander, A. J. Frain, A. J. Van Mourick, H. Metz, F. B. Farrelly, J. C. Haslam, D. O'Connor, T. McGrath, J. S. Courtney, A. J. Campau, G. Price, W. Thompson, W. M. Olds, W. F. Hanavin, C. Metz, P. Yrisarri, J. H. Dwenger, J. Ruppe, J. McGrath, J. F. Nester, A. B. Bender, B. Powell, W. Rea, J. L. Rose, J. W. Kent, L. J. Young, J. E. Chaves, W. J. Miller, F. B. Bagard, H. J. Ackerman, P. Campau, C. Campau, E. McGrath, D. L. McCawley, M. E. Devitt.

## List of Excellence.

[The students mentioned in this list are those who have been the best in the classes of the course named—according to the competitions, which are held monthly.—DIRECTOR OF STUDIES.]

## COMMERCIAL COURSE.

Arithmetic—R. Seeburger, J. Guthrie, J. Malon, C. Kollars, J. W. Start, G. Hagan, E. Gall; Book-Keeping—R. Seeburger, W. Young, W. P. Mahon, R. O'Connor, C. Brehmer, E. Yrisarri, P. Joyce, N. Nelson, A. Korty, M. B. Eaton, J. H. Fendrick, A. Bodine, A. Dick, C. Murdock, C. Kollars, J. O'Rielly, J. W. Kuhn, T. Bourbonia; Grammar—W. Cleary, P. Joyce, Jas. Heffernan, E. Fischel; Reading and Orthography—M. Eaton, D. Claffy, J. Kindle; Penmanship—C. Schneider, G. Castanedo, A. Coghlin; Geography and History—E. Fischel, J. Scanlan, C. Rose, E. Truschel, F. Wheatley, J. Courtney, J. M. Heffernan, H. Morse E. Prenatt, W. J. Kelly, G. L. Hagan, W. R. Young, J. Falvey, H. O'Donnell, J. B. Zettler.

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AND PENNSYLVANIA R. R. LINE.

Condensed Time Table, Nov. 7, 1880.

TRAINS LEAVE CHICAGO DEPOT, COR. CANAL AND

MADISON STS. (West Side), ON ARRIVAL OF TRAINS

FROM NORTH AND SOUTHWEST.

## GOING WEST.

	No. 1 Fast Ex.	No. 7 Pac Ex.	No. 3, Night Ex.	No. 5, Limit Ex.
Pittsburg,..... LEAVE	12.05 A.M.	9.15 A.M.	1.50 P.M.	7.30 P.M.
Rochester,.....	1.15 "	10.10 "	2.55 "	.....
Alliance,.....	3.30 "	1.20 P.M.	5.35 "	10.25 P.M.
Orrville,.....	5.00 "	3.18 "	7.13 "	.....
Mansfield,.....	6.55 "	5.40 "	9.20 "	.....
Crestline,..... ARRIVE	7.25 "	6.15 "	9.45 "	1.40 A.M.
Crestlin,..... LEAVE	7.50 A.M.	6.35 P.M.	9.55 P.M.	1.45 A.M.
Forest,.....	9.25 "	8.18 "	11.28 "	.....
Lima,.....	10.40 "	9.30 "	12.32 A.M.	.....
Ft. Wayne,.....	1.15 P.M.	12.08 A.M.	2.40 "	5.35 "
Plymouth,.....	3.46 "	2.50 "	4.55 "	7.16 "
Chicago,..... ARRIVE	7.00 "	6.00 "	8.00 "	9.40 "

## GOING EAST.

	No. 8, Fast Line	No. 2, Morn. Ex.	No. 4, Atlan. Ex.	No. 6, N. Y. Ex.
Chicago,..... LEAVE	9.40 P.M.	8.30 A.M.	5.15 P.M.	3.30 P.M.
Plymouth,.....	2.50 A.M.	11.53 "	9.25 "	.....
Ft. Wayne,.....	6.55 "	2.35 P.M.	12.15 A.M.	8.35 P.M.
Lima,.....	8.55 "	4.36 "	2.38 "	.....
Forest,.....	10.08 "	5.43 "	3.55 "	.....
Crestline,..... ARRIVE	11.45 "	7.10 "	5.30 "	12.35 A.M.
Crestline,..... LEAVE	12.05 P.M.	7.30 P.M.	6.40 A.M.	12.40 A.M.
Mansfield,.....	12.35 "	8.03 "	7.20 "	1.15 "
Orrville,.....	2.26 "	10.06 "	9.23 "	2.57 "
Alliance,.....	4.00 "	11.45 "	11.25 "	4.25 "
Rochester,.....	6.22 "	2.04 A.M.	2.10 "	.....
Pittsburgh,..... ARRIVE	7.30 "	3.15 "	3.15 P.M.	7.30 A.M.

Trains Nos. 3, 6, 5 and 4 run daily. Train No. 1 leaves Pittsburgh daily except Saturday. Train No. 8 leaves Chicago daily except Saturday. All others daily except Sunday.

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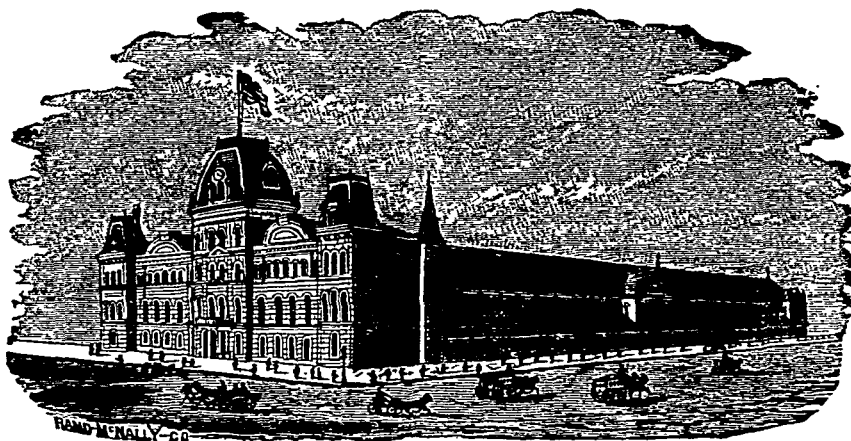
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On and after Sunday, Nov. 14, 1880, trains will leave South Bend as follows:

### GOING EAST.

2.25 a. m., Chicago and St. Louis Express, over Main Line. Arrives at Toledo 9.50 a. m.; Cleveland 2.30 p. m. Buffalo, 8.50 p. m.

11.05 a. m., Mail over Main Line. Arrives at Toledo, 5.25 p. m.; Cleveland 10.10 p. m.; Buffalo, 4 a. m.

9.12 p. m., Atlantic Express, over Air Line. Arrives at Toledo 2.40 a. m.; Cleveland, 7.05 a. m.; Buffalo, 1.10 p. m.

12.16 p. m., Special New York Express, over Air Line. Arrives at Toledo 5.40 p. m., Cleveland, 10.10 p. m. Buffalo, 4 a. m.

6.21 p. m., Limited Express. Arrives at Toledo 10.35 p. m.; Cleveland, 1.45 a. m.; Buffalo, 7.25 a. m.

### GOING WEST.

2.43 a. m., Toledo Express. Arrives at Laporte 3.35 a. m., Chicago 6 a. m.

5.05 a. m., Pacific Express. Arrives at Laporte 5.50 a. m., Chicago 8.20 a. m.

9.03 a. m., Accommodation. Arrives at Laporte 9.05 a. m.; Chesterton, 9.47 a. m.; Chicago, 11.30 a. m.

1.16 p. m., Special Michigan Express. Arrives at Laporte, 2.12 p. m.; Chesterton, 2.52 p. m.; Chicago, 4.40 p. m.

4.50 p. m., Special Chicago Express. Arrives at Laporte, 5.38; Chesterton, 6.15 p. m.; Chicago, 8 p. m.

### WESTERN DIVISION TIME TABLE.

EASTWARD.	2 MAIL.	4 Special N. Y. Express.	6 Atlantic Ex- press.	8 Chicago and St. Louis Express.	20 Limited Ex- press.
Chicago.....Leave	7 35 a.m.	9 00 a.m.	5 15 p.m.	10 20 p.m.	3 30 p.m.
Grand Crossing....."	8 09 "	9 31 "	5 50 "	10 56 "	.....
Miller's....."	9 10 "	.....	.....	12 05 a.m.	.....
Chesterton....."	9 32 "	.....	.....	12 32 "	.....
Otis....."	9 47 "	11 02 "	7 32 "	12 52 "	.....
Laporte.....Arrive	10 06 "	11 20 "	.....	.....	.....
Laporte.....Leave	10 08 "	11 22 "	8 20 "	1 20 "	5 38 "
South Bend....."	11 05 "	12 16 p.m.	9 12 "	2 25 "	6 21 "
Mishawaka....."	11 15 "	.....	9 20 "	2 35 "	.....
Elkhart.....Arrive	11 40 "	12 50 "	9 45 "	3 00 a.m.	6 45 "
Toledo....."	5 25 p.m.	.....	.....	9 50 "	10 50 "
Cleveland....."	4 50 "	10 35 "	7 30 "	2 55 p.m.	2 00 a.m.
Buffalo....."	10 10 a.m.	4 10 a.m.	1 25 p.m.	8 15 "	7 40 "
New York....."	.....	7 00 p.m.	6 45 a.m.	10 30 a.m.	10 10 p.m.
Boston....."	.....	9 45 "	9 20 "	2 40 p.m.	.....

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J. W. CARY, Gen'l Ticket Agt., Cleveland.

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