

Notre Dame Scholastic.

Disce quasi semper victurus; vive quasi cras moriturus.

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English Catholic Poets.*

This is the only work in the English language which consists exclusively of the productions of Catholic poets. Hence it appeals in an especial manner to all who are kindred by the ties of the one holy Faith. The non-Catholic world is very unwilling to believe or to acknowledge that true genius belongs to Catholicity as its birthright. History proves that the noblest minds in every walk of literature, science and art, have belonged to the Church, but never before has such a galaxy of English Catholic poets, extending through nearly five centuries, been flashed across the literary firmament to challenge the world's admiration. Particular stars, such as Chaucer, Dryden, Pope, and the like, have been known to every scholar, but their Catholicity has been studiously concealed or indifferently expressed. Even that line—so well known, so often quoted,—" *Lympha pudica Deum vidit et erubuit*," ("The conscious water saw its God and blushed,") has been handed down the ages without any acknowledgment of its author's Catholicity, and yet Richard Crashaw drew all his inspiration from that persecuted Church whose sad fortunes drove him from his English home into a life-long exile.

How few of our youth ever dreamed that Pope was a Catholic! and even if not as true a one as he should have been, he certainly owes none of his genius to the Reformation.

The present volume is simply a tribute to Truth, and is well calculated to prove that Poetry, as well as Painting, Sculpture, Architecture, Philosophy and Science, finds a most congenial home within the walls of Catholicity. And, coming down to our day, it is not presumption for us to claim as high poetic talent as any found outside the Fold.

We bow before Longfellow's exquisite muse, but he is Protestant only in name; and as his equal in fancy, and in the smoothness of rhyme, and stateliness of verse, we place Father Ryan:—and had not "Souls been always more to him than songs," we might have seen him first among the poets of America.

Catholics, it is true, admire their *own*; but they do not make such ado about them as non-Catholics, because with them, God is above His gifts, and they withhold praise which does not ascend from the creature to the Creator. Protestants, on the other hand, pay humblest homage to their gifted brethren, even when those gifts are perverted.

* The Household Library of Catholic Poets, from Chaucer to the present day (1350-1881). Edited by Eliot Ryder. Joseph A. Lyons: The University of Notre Dame. Notre Dame, Indiana.

Many of their best poets have written against Truth, but still the incense is wafted to their feet; others have put Purity to the blush, and yet the incense ascends; and not a few have ignored justice, and the adulation continues all the same. Catholic instinct recognizes genius, but it reverences Truth, and even when both are blended, it is not carried away by blind enthusiasm. The work before us seeks, however, to do justice, and to reveal to the world that, in all ages, Catholics have been poets without detriment to their faith, and poets have been Catholics without detriment to their genius.

The selections in the volume are not always happy; but the difficulties of choosing and discriminating must, in such a work, be very great. We are charmed with the two specimens of Eleanor Donnelly's muse, although they are far from being her best. Her tribute to Moore is almost as musical as the notes of the great bard himself, and her exquisite picture entitled "Missing" ought to inspire some artist's brush to transfer it to immortal canvas. We cannot resist the desire to reproduce these two compositions, and we take to copy them exactly:

THOMAS MOORE.

'Twixt the waning of Spring and the Summer's sweet dawning,
Ere the May-blossoms drooped on the bosom of June,
Thy coming, great bard, was in Nature's fair morning,
When the sun of her seasons was rounding to noon.

No breath of the Winter thy natal-day chilling;
The Muses beheld thee that morning, 'tis said,
With a Rose in thy mouth, and a nightingale trilling
His exquisite song at the side of thy bed.

Oh! surely no lips to the flowers were dearer
Than thine, where the rose-leaves of fancy lay furl'd;
And no nightingale's lay could be sweeter or clearer
Than the song *thou* wert destined to sing to the world!

The glories of Erin, her lights and her shadows,
The limpid delights of her loughs and her streams,
The blue of her heavens, the green of her meadows,
Were imaged, dear bard, in thy beautiful dreams.

Her joy was thy joy, and her sorrow thy sorrow;
Beside the blest graves of her heroes and kings,
Thou hast caught the old harp from the lone walls of Tara,
And struck a new strain from its mouldering strings.

Now soft as zephyr, now fierce as a whirlwind,
The breath of thy muse love or hate can inspire;
The gladness and grief of beloved old Ireland,
Out-ricing, by turns, from the chords of thy lyre.

If love from her limbs could have stricken the fetters,
How gladly *thy* hand would have broken her chains!
In the soil of her freedom, her children (thy debtors)
Would long since have cradled thy cherished remains!

But what tho' her wrongs thro' the centuries reeling,
Embalm thee with tears? Erin, helpless and poor,

Still clings to the treasures of fancy and feeling
Enshrined in the magical music of Moore.

Oh! well was it said, tho' the king rule the nation,
Tho' the making of laws to the statesman belongs,
Who reigns first, who reigns last in the hearts of creation,
Is the God-given poet who maketh our songs!

Place the crown on his head, place his hand on the helm
Of national glory—a king by God's grace—
Thou art monarch, O Moore, of a marvellous realm,
And thy throne's the warm hearts of thine own Irish race!

MISSING.

In the cool, sweet hush of a wooded-nook,
Where the May-buds sprinkle the green old ground,
And the wind and the birds and the limpid brook
Murmur their dreams with a drowsy sound;
Who lies so still in the plushy moss,
With his pale cheek press'd to a breezy pillow,
Couch'd where the light and the shadows cross
Thro' the flickering fringe of the willow?

Who lies, alas!

So still, so chill, in the whispering grass?

A soldier, clad in the Zouave dress,
A bright-haired man, with his lips apart,
One hand thrown up o'er his frank, dead face,
And the other clutching his pulseless heart,
Lies there in the shadows cool and dim,
His musket brushed by a trailing bough;
A careless grace in each quiet limb,
And a wound on his manly brow:

A wound, alas!

Whence the warm blood drips on the pleasant grass.

The violets peer from their dusky beds
With a tearful dew in their great pure eyes;
The lilies quiver their shining heads,
Their pale lips full of a sad surprise;
And the lizard darts through the glistening fern,
And the squirrel rustles the branches hoary;
Strange birds fly out, with a cry, to burn
Their wings in the sunset glory,

While the shadows pass
O'er the quiet face on the dewy grass.

God pity the bride who waits at home,
With her lily cheeks and her violet eyes,
Dreaming the sweet old dream of love,
While the lover is walking in Paradise!
God, strengthen her heart as the days go by,
And the long, drear nights of her vigils follow,
Nor bird, nor moon, nor whispering wind
May breathe the tale of the hollow!

Alas! alas!

The secret is safe with the woodland grass.

John Locke, in "Evening by the Hudson," shows the true melody of the Irish harp, and with only a little thread of thought, weaves a pretty web of poesy.

EVENING BY THE HUDSON.

Here I sit this silent even by the broad, blue Hudson's side,
While the flow'rets, fondly drooping, kiss the ripples on its tide:
All the clouds are blushing crimson, and the sunset's lingering ray
Lights the long, green maple woodland, stretching westward
far away—

While the wind rolls up the vapors to the mountains of the West,
And the cloud with folded pinions, bears the round moon in its breast.

But to me those evening beauties bring no thoughts of joy or pride,
For my weary heart is wand'ring o'er the ocean's troubled tide,

To a valley in green Erin, where the streamlets sweetly sing—
Where the winds creep thro' the clover, and the clover blossoms swing,
Where the lilies shimmer over blue lagoons of sunny sheen,
And the poplar woodland shadows parkland, slope and pasture green—

Where the bright-eyed village maidens while away the Sabbath noon,

And my youthhood's years rolled over—years that rolled away too soon!

Oh! that happy time of boyhood, when the sunshine of the Spring

Was not half so bright or glowing as my soul's imaginings!

When my young heart filled with gladness like a glade with summer flow'rs,

On the magic wings of Fancy roamed thro' Dreamland's rosy bow'rs,

Singing lays of love to Ireland, weaving sonnet-wreaths for May,

Twining garlands for my Kathleen till the Summer passed away.

Now I welcome not the Maytime, for its winds chant in mine ears

Naught but weary, woe-filled dirges for the hopes of buried years:

Summer comes with fruit and blossom, but no garlands now I twine,

For a weary weight of sorrow and a broken heart are mine;

Still beside this western river, mem'ries of the olden days

Come at times like autumn sun-gleams struggling thro' the harvest haze.

Years have rolled since I and Kathleen roamed around the fairy rath;

Many shadows since have fallen on the exile's darkened path:

Ah those cold, cold years of exile have been bitter years to me,
For where'er my footsteps turned still my heart strayed o'er the sea,—

Back again to those who loved me, to the maid who night and day,

Ever sent her dearest blessings to the wand'rer far away.

Now blow soft, ye winds of ocean, and bear tidings unto me,
Of the friends at home in Erin o'er the far Atlantic sea;

For tho' my friends or home or country Fate may ne'er again restore,

Round my heart their memories olden shall be twined for evermore.

The poem "Donner Lake," by Marcella A. Fitzgerald, is well chosen, showing much skill, fancy and delicacy of thought.

DONNER LAKE.

Like a gem in rarest setting, or a poet's dream of beauty,

Or that haven which a pilgrim pictures in his thoughts of rest,
Is the lake which lies encircled by the fairest, sweetest blossoms,

Sentinel'd by giant pine trees near the tall Sierra's crest.

O'er its waves of crystal clearness lightly dance the mountain zephyrs,

And across the fringing grasses come the timid deer to drink
While the songbirds carrol gayly many a joyous glee and anthem,

Resting on the branches bending downward to the water's brink.

Looking on it in the glory of the Summer's fairest moments,
Who would deem its echoes ever heard the wild despairing cry

Of that little band of heroes who had tolled through many dangers,

By its margin then so lonely, there to famish and to die.

When those lofty pines were writhing in the storm king's fierce embraces,
And the Winter's snow had drifted, forming barriers broad and deep,
While the craggy heights beyond it in their weird and dim outlining,
To the traveller's straining vision seemed an ogre's castle keep.

Here they rested worn and weary, the bright visions which allured them,
Veiled behind the cloud whose darkness low and dense obscured their way;
The wide vales of peace and plenty which their eager fancy painted,
Lying still so far beyond them at the Western gates of day.

Who can paint the dreary picture of those sadly length'ning hours,
When the moments, sorrow-freighted, slowly dragged their iron chain,
While across the tortured spirits of the sufferers came the haunting
Memories of the homes whose comforts they would never see again.

Pictures of the happy evenings spent around the blazing hearth-side,
Or when mirth and music cheered them round the joyous festal board;
Came to mock them 'mid the gnawing of the fearful pangs of hunger,
Or when 'mid the echoing mountains loud and fierce the tempest roared.

But from out the gloomy shadows which o'erhang that distant period,
Shine the names of valiant women, noble heroines who wrought
Marvels for their starving children, and with words of hope and cheering—
Courage to the fainting spirits of their hapless comrades brought.

Valiant women! noble mothers! give to them a deathless glory!
Laurels brighter than the warrior bringeth from the battlefield,
Write their name in fadeless letters on our land's historic records,
Who, though facing death and danger, to despair would never yield.

They have passed unto their guerdon, and oh! children, loved so fondly!
Let no cloud obscure the brightness of their memory thro' the years;
Cherish it with fond affection, teach your children to revere it,
Keep it green with the bedewing of your love's sincerest tears.

How the grand old pines of Donner seem to breathe the story over,
As their murmurings sound like echoes of the prayers heard long ago,
Sighing still as though in pity for the anguish which they witnessed,
For the heart-break and the sorrow, for the agony and woe.
Lake of weird romantic beauty! for the sake of friends who bravely
Quaffed the chalice of affliction by thy waters at that time,
For their sake, true friends and cherished, do I dare to make this offering,
To thy beauties and thy memories of this simple wreath of rhyme.

John B. Tabb's Sonnet, "To Shelly," is very graceful—but, having said "Earth, Air, Ocean," each claimed the poet as its own, we felt disappointed he had not added also *Fire*. This sonnet originally appeared in *Lippincott's Monthly*, and was much admired. The reader will be glad to see it again.

TO SHELLEY.

Shelley, the wondrous music of thy soul
Breathes in the cloud and in the skylark's song,
That float as an embodied dream along
The dewy lids of Morning. In the dole
That haunts the west wind, in the joyous roll
Of Arethusan fountains, or among
The wastes were Ozymandias the strong
Lies in colossal ruin, thy control
Speaks in the wedded rhyme. Thy spirit gave
A fragrance to all Nature, and a tone
To inexpressive Silence. Each apart—
Earth, Air and Ocean—claims thee as its own,
The twain that bred thee, and the panting wave,
That clasped thee, like an overflowing heart.

We cannot do more now than allude to a few of the poems in this book, and we deem it unnecessary to refer to the well-known poets whose reputation is world-wide. The most useful part of the work is the rescuing from oblivion of the old English poets, and for that alone it should be a household book in every Catholic family. E.

Art, Music, and Literature.

—Tennyson is reported to be at work on a new play.

—John Linwell, one of the most famous landscape painters of England, died on the 20th of January.

—It is rumored that a collection of Latin poems, by His Holiness, Leo XIII, will shortly be published.

—F. Metcalf Fellow of Lincoln, Oxford, is editing a twelfth century MS., "Passio et miracula Beati Olani."

—A volume of lectures and discourses by the Rt. Rev. Dr. Spalding, Bishop of Peoria, will be published during the spring.

—Carolus Duran's large picture entitled "Christ after the Descent from the Cross," will be one of the chief attractions at the next *salon*.

—Rev. Dr. Brann, of New York, will soon publish a work entitled "The Spirituality and Immortality of the Human Soul," a reply to the materialists.

—The advance sheets have been issued of a volume entitled "The Elder and the Younger Booth," by Asa Booth Clarke. It will be embellished with several portraits.

—Out of eight volumes of "Cambridge Texts with Notes," a new edition of the Greek and Latin authors, no less than six bear the name of F. T. Paley, formerly Professor of Greek at the Catholic University of Kensington.

—For the New Shakespeare Society, Mr. Furnivall is re-editing the *Digby Mysteries*. These mysteries are in the North Midland dialect, and our readers need no reminding that they are the same in character and execution as the famous Oberammergau Passion Play.

—In an early number of the *Century* will be printed a hitherto unpublished work of Carlyle. It is a full account of a tour in Ireland, in 1849, is written in the author's raciest style, and contains many observations on points of national character, of the highest interest at the present political conjuncture.

—Many beautiful fragments of columns and pillars and friezes have been found in the excavations which have been made for the extension of the great Basilica of St. John Lateran; also some chambers with very important mosaics on the floor, and specimens of antique marbles either unique or exceedingly rare.

—In a recent number of the SCHOLASTIC mention was made of a French translation of Fernan Caballero's work. This week we are able to state that Burns, Oates & Co., of London, are about to publish "Cuadros de Costumbres" under the title of "National Pictures,"—a well-deserved title, as the short stories are graphic pictures of Spanish life.

—R. Washburne, of London, announces *Christendom*, a new quarterly review, which will advocate a restoration of the Temporal Power of the Pope; loyalty to the Holy Father; loyalty to the Queen, and justice to Ireland, by giving to an Irish Parliament the control of Irish affairs. Special attention will be given to the interests of Catholic art and literature by careful reviews and notes.

—The "*Ave Maria*" is publishing some chapters from a Life of Père Hermann, the celebrated pianist, which lately appeared in Paris. Père Hermann was a convert from Judaism. Soon after his conversion he entered the austere Order of the Carmelites and in due time was raised to the priesthood. Until his lamented death he gave missions throughout France. He also spent some time in England at the urgent request of the late Cardinal Wiseman.

—On the 28th of January died R. B. Knowles, the son of the dramatist, Sheridan Knowles. He inherited some portion of his father's dramatic talent, and showed it in his successful play, "The Maiden Aunt." He was called to the bar in 1843, but devoted himself to literary work. In 1849 he became a Catholic. Much of his best work is hidden in the files of the magazines and newspapers;—he was for some time editor of *The Weekly Register* and *The Illustrated London Magazine*—but his edition of the Chronicle of John de Oxenede's will keep his memory green among historical students.

—The funeral of Dupré, the celebrated Italian sculptor, who died lately in Florence, was attended by an immense crowd of people. The bier was borne by the Brothers of the Misericordia, to which institution Dupré belonged. Besides the religious procession, the municipal bands of Florence and Siena preceded the *cortège*. The Mayors of both cities, and the Professors of the Academy, with other dignitaries, walked on either side, while behind followed no less than 300 friends and admirers of the deceased, each bearing a lighted torch. On the bier was placed a wreath, his uniform and sword as Commander of St. Lazare, and a number of decorations. Dupré was not only a great sculptor but a most charitable citizen and excellent father. He leaves two daughters, one of whom is a clever sculptor. He was assisted in his last moments by the Archbishop of Florence, and his great regret during his illness was that he should leave unfinished the colossal statue of the Virgin he had begun, and intended to be placed over the grand entrance of the new *façade* of the Cathedral.

—A week commenced with Oscar Wilde ought to be filled with the perfume of the lily, and the "silent reveling" of the rose, but æsthetics are not indigenous to America, and can well afford to be left to those who, aping English customs, speak of our down-town merchants as "tradespeople," and affect the four-o'clock tea business as if to the manor born. Oscar Wilde is a fine fellow, but not half as nice as his mamma, if we may judge from the following passage culled from Mrs. Margaret Sullivan's "Ireland of To-day:"—"When Sir Charles Gavan Duffy was on trial for loving his country—he was one of the patriots of '48—among the treasonable articles read by the prosecution was an editorial article clipped from the journal of which he was the conductor. It was a bold, powerful and persuasive denunciation of the Government of England in Ireland, and it was enough, probably, to have secured conviction at an earlier day, and to have sent Duffy to the scaffold of Robert Emmet. But when the reading had been finished a quiet voice spoke from the ladies' gallery, 'If that be treason, I am the culprit.' The speaker was Lady Wilde, one of the most eloquent poets of that brilliant period, the mother of Oscar Wilde, who has become so English in London circles, that in the recently published first volume of his poems, whose pages are full of tears for the sorrows of other lands, the name of his own miserable country is not mentioned." Yes, Lady Wilde is a noble, splendid woman, and Oscar has it in

him to be like her; doubtless he will, after he gets tired of advising ladies about tints in curtains, and whether the ornamentation of a chair belongs to the garland period of Louis XV or the fluted mouldings of l'Empire!—*Home Journal*.

Scientific Notes.

—The chief engineer of the St. Gothard Tunnel, William Hellwag, died lately in Austria.

—Prof. Dolbear's new telephone is so delicate that a whisper is said to have been distinctly heard through 350 miles of submerged cable.

—The contrivance for aerial navigation lately patented by Mgr. Capel and the Rev. A. de la Pauze, is said to be most ingenious, and to give proof of great inventive talent in its originators.

—The sum of £3,500 has been subscribed towards the foundation of an Institute for the advancement of anthropological study, to be erected in Berlin and to be called the Virchow Institute.

—The German Government intends to attach architects and engineers to its legations abroad, with a view of being kept informed of the improvements and inventions which may occur in foreign countries.

—Mgr. Laouëvan, the distinguished Vicar Apostolic, of Pondicherry, has written a learned work, full of interest on "The Celtic or Druidical Monuments of India." It is considered one of the most valuable contributions to the archæological annals of that country.

—The Paris Museum is said to have the most perfect collection of skeletons of cetacea in the world. M. Georges Pouchet, who was appointed last autumn to the command of a scientific mission in northern latitudes, has enriched the collection of that institution with a number of skeletons of whales.

—M. Dufourcet announces in *Les Mondes* that he has in his yard two bars of iron planted in the earth, to each of which is fixed a conductor of copper coated wire terminating in his receiver, apparently a telephone. These, he says, never fail to give notice twelve to fifteen hours in advance of every storm which bursts over the town.

—A kind of thermometer for determining very high temperatures has been devised by Mr. Andrews. By observations of its indications, and by calculation, the temperature of given substances may be determined. Thus, it was found that the boiling point of sulphur was 447° C., and that of phosphoric sulphide, 527° C.—*The Critic*.

—Mr. B. B. Hotchkiss, the inventor of the revolving cannon adopted by the principal Governments, has received the decoration of Chevalier of the Legion of Honor, on account of his services to the French marine. The Spanish Government has also conferred upon him the Cross of Denmark for similar services rendered to its artillery.

—Mr. James E. Munson, the stenographer, is credited with the invention of a machine that promises to revolutionize the manner of sending telegrams. By its use any person familiar with a type-writer can send despatches which will print themselves through a type-writer at the other end of the line. Patents have been secured both here and in Europe.

—Two stations for scientific observation of popular phenomena are to be maintained by Russia next year at a cost of 14,000 rubles. One is to be situated at the mouth of the River Lena, and the other, which is of a secondary rank, is to be established on one of the islands of New Siberia, but it will also deal with meteorological magnetic records.—*London Universe*.

—The last number of *Nature* contains an account of the observatory now in course of erection on the summit of Mount Hamilton, California. The cost is defrayed by Mr. James Lick, who has placed in the hands of trustees the sum of 700,000 dollars for the purpose of providing a telescope superior to, and more powerful than any yet made. Clark & Sons, of Cambridgeport, are now engaged on the

telescope which will have an object glass of no less than 36 inches aperture.

—When Gen. Grant returned to Philadelphia, after his great tour around the world, he brought to his friend, Mr. George W. Childs, a large hall clock, which he designed as a companion-piece to two remarkable timekeepers then in Mr. Child's possession; one had ticked for more than two centuries in an Austrian cloister, and had rung out the signals which daily roused the monks to their devotions; the other is the most complex and the most complete piece of time-measuring machinery that can be found in America.

—The Rev. A. A. Lambert, S. J., delivered an able and interesting lecture on Combustion at the Masonic Temple, last Sunday evening. It proved not only interesting to scientific men, but was so highly instructive on the causes, dangers and prevention of fires, that the Chief of the Fire Department and many of our prominent citizens, desirous that our people be instructed on this subject, have invited Father Lambert to repeat the lecture, and he has consented to do so at Masonic Temple.—*Catholic Advocate, Louisville, Feb 25.*

—Dr. William A. Hammond says that no one should ever smoke except after eating, and, preferably, after the labors of the day are over. He is of opinion that a cigar taken after eating has not only a beneficial, soothing effect upon the mind, but that it facilitates digestion, increasing the amount of gastric juice, as has frequently been shown by experiments. This, of course, refers to grown-up persons. Dr. Hammond says furthermore, and it should be remembered that he is an eminent authority: "If smoking makes a man irritable, fretful, and he feels as if he would like to jump out of his skin, it is injurious." That's the way a certain person felt after trying one of that "3 for a quarter" brand, and he has prudently quit smoking, at least for the present.

—As many as seven comets came within the cognizance of astronomers during 1881. Two of these were of remarkable brilliancy, and were generally observed. The first (a) was discovered by Swift, of Rochester, May 1. The second (b) was first seen by Tebbutt at Windsor (May 22), and also by Gould, of Cordoba (June 1), and in the latter part of June, as well as in July, it formed a conspicuous feature in the heavens for the northern hemisphere. The third (c) was discovered by Schaberle, of Ann Arbor, Mich. (July 16), and vied in brilliancy with the former, with which it was in part contemporaneous. The fourth (d) was Encke's comet, first seen (Aug. 27) by Mr. Common, at Ealing. The fifth (e) was discovered Sept. 20-21 by Bernard, at Nashville, Tenn. The sixth (f) by Denning, of Bristol, Eng. (Oct. 4). And Mr. Swift closed the roll he had begun by the discovery of a second new comet of 1881 (g) (Nov. 16-17.) In addition to these, Faye's periodical comet, first seen Aug. 2, 1880, attained its perihelion Jan. 22, 1881. It is noteworthy that four of the seven comets of 1881 were first observed by Americans. No comet, whose elements are known, will attain its perihelion during the present year.—*The Critic.*

College Gossip.

—Antioch College, of which Ex-President Hill was once president, has suspended for lack of funds.

—Within the last year the sum of \$19,000,000 has been given by private individuals to the cause of education.—*Penman's Art Journal.*

—Professor—"Do you know what the *sternum* is?" Student—"It's the bone the tail feathers grow out of." Class all have the colic.—*Harvard Herald.*

—Mr. William P. West, of Halifax, Nova Scotia, has left \$20,000 to Tufts College, the principal literary institution of the Universalists.—*Rambler.*

—Prof.—(Placidly producing the brains of a couple of sheep)—"I have been fortunate enough to secure some brains for the class." Class? ? ? !—[*Ex.*]

—Princeton and Cornell furnish the annual college

scandals. The two toos—too much religion [to much of what is called religion] and too little.—*Era.*

—The Marquis of Bute has promised to add \$50,000 to the fund for the proposed University College of Wales, provided the institution is established at Cardiff.

—The students of Princeton who were indicted recently for enjoying themselves in lamp-breaking and kindred amusements, had to pay costs and were fined \$20 each.—*College Mercury.*

—Professor Lamar has gone to New York to solicit aid for Marysville College (Knoxville, Tenn.). Fifty students have left or been expelled on account of troubles about negroes.—*Varsity.*

—The *Woman's Journal* thinks that in "the present epidemic of college rowdyism," only the co-educational institutions escape the contagion. Co-education did not save Cornell.—*Harvard Herald.*

—The new Jesuit school at Canterbury, England—transferred from St. Genevieve, Paris—has already 160 pupils, and there are so many applications that it is proposed to greatly enlarge the structure.

—Prof. Sumner, of Yale, says that the present college fashion is to "teach a bit of Latin, a bit of Greek, a bit of biology, and a bit of something else, so that in the result men hardly know anything."

—The Yale College faculty have declared that hereafter when the seniors or sophmores injure a freshman, the guilty parties shall be punished just as if they had injured a human being.—*Boston Star.*

—Some Princeton College boys offered to saw wood for a poor widow, but she replied that if they would relay the four rods of sidewalk torn up by their crowd, she would ask Heaven to see to the wood pile.—*Detroit Free Press.*

—Chief Justice Waite thinks the time has gone by when an eminent lawyer in full practice can take a class of students into his office and become their teacher. Hence he favors law schools, and even goes so far as to consider them a necessity.

—Twelve sophmores, under the direction of Professor Gayley, are working hard on the Latin play. The "Adelphi" of Terence has been chosen, and two rehearsals have been had already. The costumes will be made in New York.—*The Chronicle.*

—What a never-ending source of complaint is the Dining Association. First comes the high price of board; then as soon as the college press has canvassed that matter thoroughly, it is time for the report of last month to appear, and many are the anathemas hurled at the much-enduring board of directors.—*Harvard Herald.*

—Mr. Stephen Whitney Phoenix has left nearly \$1,000,000 to Columbia College. The gift consists of a valuable library, which will become the property of the college at once, and about \$600,000. Mr. Phoenix requests in his will that the library shall be kept together and be known as the Phoenix Library of Columbia College.—*Concordensis.*

—*Peck's Sun* of Milwaukee says "college students will, a dozen of them, pitch on to an unarmed, weak freshman, pummel him till he can't walk, and then leave him naked out in the woods to freeze, while Sullivan whips his man in a fair standing up fight, and then shakes hands with him. And yet Sullivan is a brute, and the college students are worthy members of the first society, sons of bankers, and preachers and capitalists."

—St. Catharine's College, Alexandria, Egypt, conducted by the Brothers of the Christian Schools, is attended by over 500 students. It is open to all without distinction of race, nationality or belief. The medium of instruction is ordinarily the French tongue, but English, German, Greek and Arabic are also taught as living languages. The French Consul presided at a late public distribution of prizes; near him were seated Mahmoud Bey, brother of the Khedive, with his aide-de-camp, Mochlin Bey; also the young princes, Said and Omar, and a number of pashas and beys, who are the principal government officials of Alexandria.

Notre Dame Scholastic.

Notre Dame, March 4, 1882.

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The Editors of the SCHOLASTIC always will be glad to receive information concerning former students and graduates of the University.

—*The Argo*, published at Williams College, takes exception to our column "Art, Music and Literature," saying it would not be tolerated in Eastern papers—that people prefer to get such news first-hand from literary journals. We beg to state that the department is not, as *The Argo* thinks, a mere compilation from literary journals. Much of what it contains is original matter gleaned from private sources. We select items from *The Athenaeum* and other home and foreign publications to which many of our readers may not have access. *The Critic*, *The New York Sun*, and other journals do the same. We know this department of our paper could be greatly improved, and we hope to be able to do it. "Art, Music and Literature," our readers assure us, has always been an attractive feature of the SCHOLASTIC.

—The Thespians bade their last farewell to Washington Hall on the evening of the 20th ult. So many generations of students have "trod the boards" and "faced the foot-lights" in the old hall, that few will see its day of glory eclipsed without a feeling of regret. Its memories are of a quarter of a century. Its scenes from the brush of various artists—Lachassaigne the melancholy, Louis Goselin the sanguine, Von Weller the inimitable, not to speak of Prof. Ackerman and others still present amongst us, are souvenirs of the old college. These scenes will hardly bear transposition to a new stage. Each has its little history, and the best among them were painted

from designs selected by the lamented Father Lemonnier, whose artistic and dramatic taste was one of his prominent characteristics. He would even wield the artistic pencil himself, when the work was to be hastened on, and some of his handiwork will perish with the old scenes.

—It is curious to observe how much anxiety has been excited in the minds of religious persons of all shades of belief by the philippics of Mr. Ingersoll. A great many who do not fear for themselves are concerned about their friends and the general public. It is a false alarm, or there never was one. The number of people whose religious convictions have undergone a change or been destroyed by Mr. Ingersoll's utterances is not large. He lessens the faith of those only whose faith was very weak before. His really attentive listeners are those who, without perhaps knowing it, have always shared the views to which he gives crude expression. If the number of such persons turns out to be larger than most of us supposed, it is simply a revelation of hearts. But not all who laugh at Mr. Ingersoll's wit and admire his occasional clever sayings think as he does. It is in the American character to applaud whatever pleases, and to laugh at a good hit no matter at whose expense; we are not too reverent. Ingersoll's success, or rather notoriety, is due entirely to his overflowing humor and keen sense of the ridiculous. It is not surprising that no victorious opponent has yet been matched with him. The only man that can successfully combat him is one that possesses the same weapons, and that man has not been found. To oppose Ingersoll with logical arguments is to fight a phantom. Serious discussions do not admit of buffoonery. When we hear of some really able speaker or writer entering the lists against Ingersoll, we are reminded of the hungry Irishman and the epicurean Englishman who went out hunting together, the one for a breakfast for his appetite, and the other for an appetite for his breakfast. Mr. Ingersoll has an uncontrollable desire to ridicule the Bible, and it is in him to do it; his antagonists would retort in kind, but they haven't the kind. The discussion that has taken place between Talmage and Ingersoll is simply a war of words in which the latter generally comes off best. Everyone has heard of the famous tilt between Daniel O'Connell and Biddy Moriarty, the fishwoman, famed for her abusive tongue. O'Connell was a match for her, and triumphed simply because he had a more voluminous vocabulary. When the old woman called him a "low spalpeen" he could retort by calling her such names as a hypothenuse and an isosceles triangle. Ingersoll is the fishwoman, and O'Connell has not yet appeared on the scene. Until then let anxious Christians possess their souls in peace.

—By mistake the first part of the programme of the recent entertainment was not noticed in last week's SCHOLASTIC. We supposed "Fidèle Dedie" would attend to it, and he supposed we would, and between us it was missed, much to our mutual regret. It ought to go on record that Mr. McGorrisk's oration—the oration of the day—was a fine effort, worthy of the occasion and the audience, and that the discourse of Mr. Clarke was also very creditable.

As several persons have expressed dissatisfaction with the *critique* of the performance already published, we take occasion now to make amends. We are sincerely sorry for certain omissions to which our attention has been

called, but we must say that we thought the article an excellent one. To satisfy those who are of opinion that it was not sufficiently appreciative and laudatory, we append a collection of adjectives and adulatory expressions which we beg some judicious person to distribute among the parties aggrieved, as they are not personally known to us. There ought to be enough to go round and to include the individual that fell down-stairs going home, and who says he will never again attend an exhibition given at night. He needs consolation. As we had not the pleasure of witnessing the drama, and not finding any one willing to assume the responsibility of writing another notice this is really the very best we can do, and we trust that all will be satisfied. Now for the qualifying phrases: "admirably well," "in his usual happy manner," eloquent, soul-stirring, excellent, very good, effective, splendid, "the best we have ever seen," "greeted with loud applause," faithfully portrayed, eclipsed, beautiful, incomparable, extraordinary, capital, sublime, "fully sustained his reputation," delightful, lovely, æsthetic, grand, exquisite, the very best, highly creditable, "worthy of a professional," gorgeous display, brilliant, astonishing, noble bearing, "surpassed himself," graceful carriage, distinguished, sweet, lofty, "leaves nothing to be desired," magnificent—fine.

The writer hopes that the foregoing remarks will be accepted in the same kindly spirit in which they are written. They may have no application except for one or two persons, and perhaps it was their friends that did all the complaining. It is to be hoped that future *critiques* of entertainments will always be fuller and more appreciative than the one of last week, and that Professor L— will take care to have a more abundant supply of red fire. We have often observed that the audience goes away better pleased, and that the actors themselves are more satisfied with their endeavors when there has been plenty of red fire.

—From an editorial entitled "Art and Religion," in the current issue of *Brainard's Musical World*, we take the following extract:

"Art and religion are closely allied or related. Ambros was correct when he said that art springs from religion and eventually leads back to it again. The earliest history teaches us that they co-operated. The art of the Greeks was so closely interwoven with their mythology, that neither could exist without the other. Their gods were beings like unto us, hence they represented them in our form, and in this particular they reached the highest state of perfection ever attained by man. The decalogue, however, forbade man to make a representation of the Deity. Jewish art, therefore, developed mainly in poetry, music and architecture. The art in the Christian Church drew largely upon the Bible; and we find aside from the building of temples and the writing of beautiful scores, representations of God, the Virgin, the apostles and saints. The reformers, however, resisted the tendency and demanded a purer and more spiritual worship. [!] Many Protestants dislike the arts because the Catholic Church has largely cultivated and employed them. While Protestantism at large, is to-day not adverse to the arts, giving them freedom to develop in their proper spheres, and recognizing their beneficial influence, there are still some churches, and many Christian people, who are hostile to them, as if they were designed to draw men's souls to perdition. Such people may be good and moral, for all they cause Christianity to appear as cold and uninviting. Such Christians may be learned in the Scriptures, for all their learning chills us, for we can read in their looks, in their speech and

action that the genial influences of the love of the beautiful have never penetrated them. The fact is, they have no poetry in them, they are as walking tombstones. Christ was a man of sorrow, 'tis true, but not one like these.

"When we kneel in the presence of God, when we rise upon the pinions of faith to the throne of grace, our worldly cares leave us, and Christ's sweet peace pervades our breasts. So when we hear or see a good work of art, we are absorbed, we are drawn away from this life, with its cares and toils, and we worship silently in the temple of art. Surely man can rise in art also to the very presence of God. The heart which is under art influences does not offer up prayer or praise, yet a good art work, as Schopenhauer says, is a shower-bath to the soul. When man's heart is thus shone upon by the genial rays of art, it sighs and is attuned to sympathy and love which leads to good deeds."

The writer says well that art—true art—"springs from religion and eventually leads back to it," and the no less striking truth expressed further on, that those who are hostile to art are cold and repulsive—that "they have no poetry in them," and "are as walking tombstones"—is a sad reflection upon the iconoclastic reformers who "demanded a purer and more spiritual worship." Their worship was without either music or painting, or sculpture or ritual. Strange, the writer should not have seen the palpable contradiction of terms here. Elsewhere he says "the heart which is under art influences does not offer up prayer or praise," but almost immediately adds:

"Art culture, that is the enjoyment of good art works, produces sympathy and love, and surely this is the foundation of religion. He who loves the arts has also opened within him a fountain of ever-flowing water, that shall refresh him as long as he enjoys the use of his senses. . . . Surely man can rise in art also to the very presence of God."

Who, that hears the *Te Deum Laudamus*, or its German counterpart, "*Grosser Gott*," sung by a well-balanced choir of good voices can remain cold and callous, and not have his heart touched by the fire of divine love? Who that beholds a finely-carved figure of the Crucifixion is not touched with a feeling of gratitude to the God-man who suffered so much for man's redemption? Nothing so touches the heart as love or friendship, and the feeling is intensified a hundredfold when a great spirit of forgiveness accompanies either. Here we behold represented the God-man, the Second Person of the Holy Trinity, who through love, for us voluntarily came down from heaven and took flesh in a virgin's womb in order to suffer, to satisfy for us the justice of an offended Creator. We behold His feet nailed, as if to await our coming; His arms outstretched, to embrace us; His head bowed, to give us the kiss of peace; His Heart opened, to receive us. Can anything, whether in sculpture, painting, or music, be more affecting than the representation of Christ crucified? We have read somewhere in the Old Testament that a great prophet or priest, when disturbed, called for music in order to soothe his feelings and prepare him to speak with God in prayer: what a tribute to the power of music! When we behold the manly, placid countenance of the Father of his country we have at once portrayed in our mind the great struggle of our forefathers for independence, and have enkindled within us a like ardor; when we behold the portrait of a deceased or absent mother what a flood of emotions inundate the heart? Here we behold the Catholic idea of art. The editor of the *Musical World*, like all true artists—whether they be poets, painters,

sculptors, or musicians—possesses at heart no little Catholic feeling, obscured, though it be, by the cold mists of unbelief that permeate the outward atmosphere.

Exchanges.

—The *College Lancet*, from the Southwestern Baptist University, is a fairly-edited paper. Its editors evidently pay attention to their work.

—The *King's College Record* continues its very interesting notes of travel entitled "From the 'La Plata' Home." Having visited some of the places which are described by the writer, and notably Rio Janeiro, we can vouch for the accuracy of the scenes so nicely described by him. The bay or harbor of Rio Janeiro is said to be the most picturesque in the world.

—The editress-in-chief of the *Clionean Argus* has become Gray, and the exchange editor of the same paper says she is "always glad to welcome a *Hurricane*." Strange girls, those Tennessee girls! Why, they sent to Mr. Longfellow for a contribution to their paper, and if it were not for his recent illness they might have gotten it too. What self-urance! But go in and win, young ladies! we wish you immense success.

—The *Vassar Miscellany* for February is an excellent number of that interesting monthly magazine. It contains a well-written story—"Licht, mehr Licht"—of a poor young girl struggling for an education, which she obtains by the self-sacrifices of her father, whom she rewards by her filial love and devoted attachment when the goal is obtained. It is to be regretted that the moral of this story is so rarely found in practical application in everyday life. "De Temporibus" is interesting, as usual, particularly the description of the Harvard "Annex," so-called. The other departments of the magazine are ably and judiciously edited.

—The February number of *Brainard's Musical World* has been on our table for some time, with other excellent periodicals which pressing duties prevented us from noticing earlier. The *Musical World* is the oldest musical magazine in the country, being now in its nineteenth year, and is edited with signal ability. The current issue consists of forty-four pages—twenty of which are music. The nine pieces of music in this number would alone cost, in usual sheet form, about \$2.50. The music consists of the following: "My Rose from Angel Mother's Grave," new song and chorus; "Golden Days," ballad; "The Story by the Stream," ballad; "Heel and Toe Polka," "One Little Word," for piano; "Storm Gallopade," piano duett, and three beautiful hymn tunes, all new and by the best composers. There is further notice of this periodical among our editorials.

—The *Milton College Journal* for February has a good article on "The Mission of Music" but the writer stretches one of his points a little too far when he says that "had the reformation occurred within a people less imbued with the spirit of music than the German it would have proved a failure." Catholics have always patronized music and the fine arts, and in many places the reformers kicked the former out of the church and decried the latter. Nearly all the great musical geniuses of Germany were Catholics, and even those who were Protestants wrote Masses and other Catholic church music, a fact that shows clearly whence they got their training and what spirit animated them. Even Bach, the most ultra Protestant among the latter, is not an exception. He deservedly ranks high, but his works have not attained such popularity as Mozart's, Haydn's, Von Weber's, and Glück's. With the exception of the foregoing point, the essay in the *College Journal* is as unexceptionable as it is well written. We cordially endorse the sentiment expressed in the following excerpt from an editorial:

"The benefit of a good paper cannot be computed. It is the exponent of the best thought of the school. In writing for it students generally do their best, and it is a good thing to get into the habit of doing our best. It also gives the editors a special training, and puts on them greater responsibility than any other thing of school life. It gives us something of the

sharp conflict of life, and we begin to realize that we are not all of creation. We find out that we are ranked by our merit and not by any self-conceited estimation of our own. The Exchange man does not fear to say just what he thinks. We believe that many a 'smart' boy has thus found out what he himself is, and has thereby begun to correct himself. But the benefits of a college paper have been so often set forth that it is getting 'old.' However, we feel that many of our students do not recognize the importance to us of the *Journal*."

—The exchange editor of *The Vidette-Reporter* devotes an entire page of his paper to an attempt—a weak and ineffectual attempt it is—to cover a shameful retreat on his part. He now wishes us to enter into an argument with him in regard to the position the Catholic Church holds in relation to liberty and progress; but of what use, we ask, would it be to argue with a man who, when convicted of forgery in open court, still maintains that our charge was groundless? We clearly proved that a quotation reproduced by him was altered from what it had been in his own paper, and from what it had been as reprinted in the *SCHOLASTIC*. If he or anyone else had any doubt about the matter they could ascertain the truth for themselves, as we gave the date of the *Vidette-Reporter* in which the quotation originally appeared. In the face of this fact—with the most withering evidences of guilt against him—he would have us push that matter aside and enter upon an argument of Church and State! He says that the paragraph quoted by us from the *London Universe*, stating that Gavazzi was sentenced to thirteen months' imprisonment in France, was probably manufactured by ourselves! Why, the paragraph was published in many of the American papers, as well as in the English papers; and not only that—which was bad enough—a second paragraph appeared, and received equal publicity, stating that the crime of immoral conduct charged against Gavazzi was of such a shameful character that the prefect or magistrate investigated it with closed doors. This second item we read, we believe, in the New York daily *Sun*, but after such a long lapse of time we cannot be positive. We said nothing about this second item before, because we have no interest in Gavazzi, but now that that obnoxious individual is thrust upon us a second time we bring the item in by way of protest. Roswell Smith, "proprietor of the *Century*, at New York, who is financial agent of the mission work represented by Gavazzi,"—so says the *Vidette-Reporter*—is brought forward as contradicting the first statement; and, with him, "Dr. J. B. Thompson, who accompanied Gavazzi through this country, and who is a member of the same official deputation from the 'Free Italian Church,' " who avers that "the party (*sic*!) in disgrace in Paris is an English minister of the same name." The subterfuge is too thin. Is it likely, we ask, that the *London Universe*, from which we got the report, and which besides the main office in London has branch offices in other parts of England, would not know of a second "English minister of the same name"—Gavazzi—if there were one? Besides, it is well known that Gavazzi paraded as a "minister" in England for many years, previous to the taking of Rome by Victor Emmanuel, and may by a technicality be called an "English minister." Does the editor of the *Vidette-Reporter* now begin to see light through the transparent subterfuge? If not, he is as blind as a mole, and we advise him to crawl into a hole and pull the hole in after him.

Personal.

—Charles L. Saylor, of '76, Antwerp, Ohio, and John P. Flaherty, '75, of Niles, Mich., paid us a flying visit last week. Both were on their wedding-tour. May blessings attend them.

—Very Rev. Father Sorin, Superior-General of the Congregation of the Holy Cross, took his departure for Cincinnati, on Friday, to attend the Ecclesiastical Council about to open there. He will be quartered at St. Joseph's College.

—W. R. Young, "Webster's Unabridged," writes from Pawnee, Ill., to renew his subscription for the *SCHOLASTIC*, but gives no information of himself. We hope he is getting on well, as he deserves, and that he still maintains his reputation as an authority in matters orthographical.

—Rev. Christopher Kelly, C. S. C., at one time Prefect of Discipline at Notre Dame, is now attached to the Church of the Sacred Heart, New Orleans, where he is preaching the Lent. We are indebted to him for a copy of the Carnival edition of the *Times-Democrat*, giving a full description of the Mardi-Gras festivities.

—Rev. Father Cooney, C. S. C., is absent for a couple of weeks at Valparaiso, this State, supplying the place of the Rev. pastor, who is to attend the Provincial Council in Cincinnati. At the request of Rev. Henry Fairbanks, of Milwaukee, Father Cooney will afterwards preach a panegyric of the Apostle of Ireland in that city.

—Among our visitors during the past week were Col. B. Dyer, United States Indian Agent, Quapaw Agency, Indian Territory. He was accompanied by his amiable wife, a former pupil of St. Mary's, then Miss Ida Casey, of Mound City, Ill.; Mrs. W. M. Devine, Chicago; Gen. M. R. Morgan, U. S. A.; Mr. F. Fehr, and H. J. Mousch, Louisville, Ky.; Aaron Jones, South Bend; Morris Fishel, Nashville, Tenn.; De Witt Smith, Adrian, Mich.; J. Fanning, Chicago, Ill., and Mr. John Slattery, Louisville.

—The old friends of Mr. John Hoynes, some years ago connected with the printing-office at Notre Dame, will be glad to see the following editorial item, clipped from the *Illinois Tradesman and Manufacturer*, a copy of which has been sent us by a friend in Peoria:

"Mr. John Hoynes, a thorough newspaper man and a gentleman of culture and ability, takes the editorial management of this paper with this issue. We bespeak for him a friendly greeting from Peoria business men and trust that they will give him all the news pertaining to the jobbing, shipping and manufacturing trade, as, by so doing, we can make the paper a power in increasing and developing this line of business to the great benefit and wealth of Peoria merchants."

The *Tradesman and Manufacturer* is ably edited, and is a live business paper.

Local Items.

—Oliver's voice is improving.

—"Mac" says he walks in his sleep.

—Cecil is putting on "airs" since he got his diploma.

—Great improvements have lately been made in the Novitiate.

—Jack dissolved partnership, and in consequence got promoted.

—Professor Gregori has started a drawing-class in the Minim department.

—Fresh bananas may be had at the students' store. "One for a cent apiece."

—Some of the Juniors have been reading "Better than Gold," and pronounce it a "boss" story.

—"Dick" makes himself at home now. He is not on the most friendly terms with the watchman.

—A four-bladed knife has been found. The owner can have the same by applying to the Junior Prefect.

—No matter how prompt the members of the Thespian Society are, there is one who is always Prompter.

—Our box might be more generously patronized than it is. Local and personal items may be handed to the prefects for us.

—We spent a pleasant hour with Rev. Father Shortis and his sociable confrère, Rev. Father Saulnier, on Monday evening.

—The President of the Horticultural Bureau complains of his alarm-clock. He says he has to get up every morning to set it off.

—We have missed the pleasant face of Bro. Leopold for a week or more. He has been "under the weather," but is now, we are glad to hear, convalescent.

—The Juniors went on their usual walk last Sunday, bringing home a plentiful supply of the finest hickory-nuts we have ever seen in this part of the country.

—An old Prefect feels deeply grateful to J—, a for-

mer student, for a handsome present. The fragrant "Pearls of Orient," are just "too good."

—The *South-Bend Tribune* gave a fresh evidence of its spirit of enterprise by publishing Mr. Blaine's eulogy of President Garfield, almost simultaneously with the Chicago dailies, and it was well presented.

—The Minims have a very fine canary in their study-hall. His beautiful and almost ceaseless song can be heard at quite a distance. Such a lively companion must be a welcome guest among the ever-happy Minims.

—We learn that Mr. Blaine's eloquent tribute to the late President Garfield will be read publicly in both dining halls as soon as the works now being read are finished. Good elocutionists will have an opportunity to distinguish themselves.

—Lithographs of Rt. Rev. Bishop Dwenger and his Vicar-General, Very Rev. Julius Benoit, were sent from Fort Wayne, last week, for the Sorin Society-room. The members of the Association return their best thanks to the Bishop and Father Benoit, for the handsome and much-prized pictures.

—On Wednesday evening, the printers announced that the *SCHOLASTIC* was filled to overflowing. A considerable amount of matter handed in a little late, as well as certain things already in type, had to remain over for next week. First come, first printed. Again, we request secretaries of certain of the societies to be a *little* more expeditious.

—It has been a source of pleasure and edification to all to observe the piety and decorum with which the students serve at the altar. None are admitted to this holy office but such as have the best records and are recommended by the prefects. The present servers are: C. Echlin, H. Hibbeler, H. Hess, P. Hoffman, A. Browne, E. Gerlach, J. Kahman, Harry and Charlie Porter.

—The Columbian Literary and Dramatic Society met Monday evening, Feb. 13th, for the purpose of electing officers for the second session. The following gentlemen were chosen to fill the several offices: President, Prof. J. A. Lyons; Vice-President, T. Kavanaugh; Recording Secretary, J. M. Falvey; Corresponding Secretary, J. Farrell; President, J. F. Browne; Marshal, J. Marlett; 1st Censor, J. B. Zettler; 2d Censor, W. Johnson; 1st Prompter, W. Grout; 2d Prompter, T. Fenlon.

—The regulations for Lent which Very Rev. Father General wished the Minims to follow were, "to take the three regular meals, and lunch in the forenoon and afternoon, as usual, to play to their hearts' content during the time allotted to recreation—even to make as much noise as they pleased, if that would add to their enjoyment, but during the hours spent in the study-hall and class-rooms to be more studious than ever, having their eyes and ears open to everything that was taught. Above all, he said he would expect them to be more fervent at their prayers.

—A regular meeting of St. Aloysius Philodemic Society was held Thursday evening, Prof. A. J. Stace, presiding. H. Noble declaimed "Erin's Hope," in a pathetic and eloquent manner, and a very interesting and elaborate paper on "Napoleon Bonaparte" was read by W. Bolton. The criticism of the previous meeting, given by E. McGorrick, deserved the hearty applause it received. It was admired for its terseness, its ability in pointing out defects, and its advice for improvement in reading and speaking. The masterly manner in which the members treated the subject for extempore debate must be very gratifying to the honorable President, who closed the meeting with a few remarks regarding subjects for future debates.

—The 16th regular meeting of the Sorin Literary and Dramatic Association was held on Sunday, Feb. 26th. A warm and protracted debate was held on the question, "Is Ohio a Better State than New York?" On the affirmative side were Masters J. J. McGrath, P. Campau and T. Norfolk; on the negative, E. Nash, P. Johnson and B. Powell. The question was decided by the President in favor of the affirmative. Declamations were delivered by Masters W. T. Berthelet, E. Nash, and F. Nester. The President then made a lengthy and somewhat humorous speech, after which the chair made a motion for the adjournment of the meeting. Will not our benevolent Minim reporter favor us with an account of some of the debates among his

little friends? We are told that they are highly enjoyable.

—The 10th regular meeting of the Archconfraternity was held on Sunday evening, Feb. 26th. The minutes of the previous meeting were read and adopted, and then followed the usual routine. At this meeting quite a number of visitors were present, including Rev. Fathers Granger, Toohey, and Stoffel, and Brothers Leander and Basil. Bro. Basil acted as organist. The ten-minute instruction was given by Rev. Father Toohey. M. Foote read a very good essay on Lent, and the obligations of the same, a synopsis of which was given by C. F. Porter. Master F. McPhillips, not being prepared, was appointed for next meeting; also F. Kengle and Joseph Courtney. F. Kengle will define the obligations of the Paschal duty, and Master Courtney will give a sketch of the Life of St. Joseph. The following is a list of the officers for the 2d session: First Vice-President, N. H. Ewing; Second Vice-President, J. L. Heffernan; Recording Secretary, J. W. Guthrie; Corresponding Secretary, M. T. Dolan; Treasurer, T. J. Hurley; First Censor, C. M. Murdock; Second Censor, J. C. Ruppe. The meeting closed with a few remarks from the President and the customary cantique.

—Among the residents at Notre Dame University are grandsons of Daniel Boone of Ky.; James Otis of revolutionary fame, and Hon. Thomas Ewing, Sr., of Ohio; nephews of Gen. W. T. Sherman; Major Anderson, of Fort Sumpter Farm; Donn Piatt, of Washington, and James G. Blaine; a son of a Potawatamie chief; two sons of a Peoria chief; a son of a Jewish rabbi; nephews of three Catholic Bishops; a lineal descendant of John Knox, founder of Scotch Presbyterianism; collateral descendants of Fenelon, John Rutledge of South Carolina, and Benedict Arnold; a priest 91 years of age, who was a surgeon in Napoleon's army at the battle of Waterloo; an ex-artillery man who pointed the cannon that killed Gen. Zollicoffer; an ex-marine who was in the chase of the Alabama and with Admirals Farragut and Lardner; several Brothers who were soldiers in the Mexican, Crimean, and late Civil War; Indians, Mexicans, Creoles, Yankees, Canadians; representatives from nearly all the States and Territories; Israelites and natives of England, Scotland, Wales, Ireland, Germany, Sweden, France, Switzerland, Luxembourg, Holland, Belgium, Italy, Spain, Austria and Australia, not to speak of our friend John, who was born at sea.

Roll of Honor.

[The following list includes the names of those students whose conduct during the past week has given entire satisfaction to the Faculty. They are placed in alphabetical order.]

SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

R. Anderson, J. C. Armijo, H. Akin, W. H. Arnold, J. B. Berry, W. B. Berry, W. H. Bailey, E. J. Bryant, J. F. Browne, F. M. Bell, R. Becerra, W. A. Cooper, T. Cullen, D. Corry, S. G. Clements, M. J. Carroll, E. V. Chelini, J. Conway, G. E. Clarke, T. F. Clarke, N. Commerford, J. Delaney, J. P. Delaney, J. Donegan, J. Drury, A. Dehner, M. E. Donohue, F. Ewing, E. J. Eager, B. Eaton, R. Fitzgerald, E. J. Fenlon, T. P. Fenlon, J. Farrell, R. E. Fleming, J. Falvey, M. Falvey, C. L. Fishburne, W. E. Grout, F. M. Gallagher, A. J. Golonski, F. H. Grever, T. D. Healy, M. F. Healy, W. Johnson, F. Kinsella, F. E. Kuhn, J. Kindel, A. Kuetsmann, G. M. Kerndt, T. F. Kavanagh, J. J. Kelly, J. C. Larkin, W. Minnis, J. R. Marlett, W. McCarthy, P. McGinnis, C. L. McDermott, H. W. Morse, W. McEniry, E. B. Mason, G. E. McLain, W. B. McGorrick, J. Nash, J. B. O'Reilly, J. P. O'Neill, T. O'Rourke, E. C. Orrick, E. A. Otis, A. J. Peery, F. Paquette, C. L. Pierson, S. Pillars, J. P. Peifer, F. A. Quinn, E. J. Ryan, W. E. Ruger, J. Solon, W. E. Smith, E. E. Smith, C. A. Smith, H. A. Steis, C. A. Tinley, M. Thompson, G. Tracy, C. B. Van Duzen, M. C. Van Loon, F. S. Weber, A. R. West, J. A. White, E. D. Yrisarri, J. B. Zettler.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

P. H. Archer, A. A. Browne, W. F. Bacon, W. H. Barron, A. S. Brewster, G. B. Buchanan, B. B. Baca, G. L. Castaneda, W. J. Cavanagh, M. Dolan, C. Devoto, C. C. Echlin, N. H. Ewing, Ed Fishel, Fred Fishel, W. E. Freyermuth, J. H. Fendrick, R. French, M. L. Foote, H. G. Foote, J. Friedman, H. E.

Gilbert, W. M. Graham, E. F. Gall, H. D. Hibbeler, T. J. Hurley, W. F. Hanivan, J. L. Heffernan, J. Halligan, W. E. Jeannot, C. C. Kolars, O. Kempf, S. Katz, J. T. McGordon, F. X. McPhillips, C. M. Murdock, S. T. Murdock, J. H. Meyer, J. E. Orchard, F. Orsinger, J. M. Powell, H. P. Porter, C. F. Porter, S. L. Peery, D. G. Quill, C. F. Rose, J. C. Ruppe, G. J. Rhodius, F. Ryon, G. H. Schaefer, E. G. Schmitt, H. C. Snee, G. E. Tourtillotte, A. T. Taggart, T. Williams, J. W. Whelan, M. J. Wilbur, E. J. Wile, J. E. Zaehne, C. Ziegler, A. M. Lournann.

MINIM DEPARTMENT.

H. J. Ackerman, E. Adams, W. T. Berthelet, J. S. Beall, C. D. Brandom, P. E. Campau, J. S. Chaves, F. J. Coad, S. E. Chirhart, M. E. Devitt, J. P. Devereux, J. H. Dwenger, W. P. Devine, A. Devine, H. C. Dirksmeyer, C. O. Davison, T. Ellis, F. Fehr, J. A. Frain, F. I. Garrity, L. P. Graham, J. H. Hopkins, H. Hynes, A. B. Hewitt, P. P. Johnson, J. A. Kelly, A. J. Kelly, J. T. Kelly, F. Kellner, J. McGrath, E. McGrath, C. H. McGordon, D. L. McCawley, W. J. Miller, C. Metz, W. M. Masi, E. P. Nash, T. Norfolk, J. F. Nester, F. P. Nester, D. A. O'Connor, F. I. Otis, A. J. Otis, D. A. Piatt, W. Prindiville, D. Prindiville, B. B. Powell, R. V. Papin, G. Price, C. Quinlin, V. A. Rebori, J. L. Rose, A. P. Roberts, W. J. Stange, O. Sommer, J. Tong, E. A. Thomas, D. Vosburgh, W. Welch, W. Walsh, F. S. Whitney, C. Youhg.

Class Honors.

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

PREPARATORY COURSE.

J. O'Reilly, A. Golonski, M. Van Loon, J. Larkin, H. Morse, L. Steiger, C. Cochanowr, Jas. Delaney, G. Clements, T. Kavanagh, W. Minnis, Jno. Delaney, W. McEniry, J. A. White, F. Wheatly, W. Vander Hayden, W. E. Grout, A. Dehner, J. J. Kelly, C. Smith, Geo. Smeeth, L. Gibert, P. Yrisari, A. Browne, J. Neeson, J. W. Start, S. Peery, W. M. Graham, J. Zaehne, J. Kahman, F. Lund, F. Fishel, C. Porter, G. Tourtillotte, E. Howard, J. McGrath, T. McGrath, F. McPhillips, S. Murdock, C. Murdock, E. Gerlach, H. Kitz, W. Hanavin, J. Castillo, E. Schmitt, J. Halligan, M. Wilbur, L. Rivaud, J. O'Donnell, A. Brewster, H. Foote, F. Danielson, J. H. Meyer, E. Drendel.

MINIM DEPARTMENT.

J. H. Dwenger, W. T. Berthelet, T. Norfolk, Ryan Devereux, D. A. O'Connor, E. P. Nash, D. A. Piatt, P. P. Johnson, D. L. McCawley, G. G. Gibson, C. Metz, L. J. Young, J. F. Nester, F. P. Nester, J. S. Chaves, C. H. McGordon, J. J. McGrath, W. Prindiville, F. I. Otis, W. Welch, W. Walsh, T. Ellis, M. E. Devitt, J. H. Hopkins, C. O. Davison, W. J. Miller, R. V. Papin, W. P. Devine, J. A. Frain, J. A. Kelly, A. J. Kelly, J. H. Garrity, P. E. Campau, B. B. Powell, W. J. Stange, H. C. Dirksmeyer, F. S. Whitney, C. C. Campau, J. P. Devereux, J. S. Beall, W. M. Masi, E. McGrath, H. Hynes, E. A. Thomas, O. Somner, D. Vosburgh, L. P. Graham, A. P. Roberts, F. I. Coad, D. Prindiville, J. Tong, A. Devine.

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.]

PREPARATORY COURSE.

Reading and Orthography—M. Van Loon, E. Gerlach; Grammar—C. Zeigler, H. Snee, M. Foote, J. Whelan, D. Taylor, H. Foote, W. Jeannot, S. Katz, J. Halligan, A. Richmond, J. Kahman, J. O'Donnell, H. Kitz, W. Graham, M. Lannon, T. Cullen, N. Comerford, F. Danielson, C. Garrett, T. Noonan; Arithmetic—S. Rosenheim, M. Wilbur, W. Minnis, G. Clements, G. Smeeth, W. Jones, W. Hanavin, M. Van Loon, W. Cooper, J. Murphy; Geography and History—A. Brewster, H. Hess, E. Howard, J. O'Donnell, E. Drendel, W. Baker; Penmanship—Christian Doctrine—J. Drendel, E. Gerlach, D. Quill; Latin—J. Heffernan, J. O'Reilly, J. McIntyre, T. Healy, R. E. Fleming, W. Coghlin; Greek—F. Murphy; Algebra—J. W. Start, W. Johnson, E. Orchard, S. Murdock; Reading and Orthography—E. Tappan, C. Warner; Geography and History—H. Metz, J. Gallagher; Latin—W. Cleary,

Saint Mary's Academy.

One Mile West of Notre Dame University.

—The solemn ceremonies of Ash-Wednesday were performed at eight o'clock Mass, accompanied by a brief but pertinent instruction by Rev. Father Shortis.

—The 22d, Washington's Birthday, to the pupils was a time of immunity from study, and class duties. The opening of Lent subdued the usual merry-making.

—On the opening of the Forty Hours' Devotion, Sunday, the 19th inst., the Rev. Chaplain, in a short and impressive sermon, explained the nature and purpose of the devotion, viz., reparation to God for sins committed during this season at the Carnival.

—Visitors: Gen. M. R. Morgan and Mrs. M. R. Morgan, U. S. A., Fort Snelling, Minn.; Miss M. A. Prince, St. Paul's, Minn.; Mr. and Mrs. Dyer, Quapaw Agency, Indian Territory; Miss C. Taylor, Niles; Mrs. Hale, Detroit, Mich.; Miss N. Talley, Chicago; Miss M. Sullivan, of Class '81, Plymouth, Ind.

—On Saturday 25th, the lovely statue of *Mater Admirabilis*, which so gracefully adorns the Juniors' study-hall, was completely surrounded with the fairest of fresh exotic flowers, in beautiful designs, all reflecting the sweetness and fervor of gratitude in the young hearts of those who presented these tokens of affection to a devoted Prefect.

—Among the visitors this week were old friends who have not seen the Academy for many years, as Miss Clementine Taylor, of Niles, Mich., Miss Mary A. Prince, of St. Paul's, and Mrs. D. B. Dyer, who was educated at St. Mary's. Thirteen years have passed since her last visit. Even though so long absent, many familiar faces welcomed these old friends, but many, too, were missing; among them, one who has so long been endeared to the pupils of St. Mary's, and whose image in reminiscences of the past comes up so vividly before us that we cannot forbear transcribing the following from "Rosa Mystica," of October 17, 1880, in memory of Mrs. H. A. Redman, who was for a quarter of a century a teacher in the Institution, and whose daughter, granddaughter and grandson, the late lamented Father Edward Lilly, of Notre Dame, rank as members of the Congregation of the Holy Cross.

(Selections from "ROSA MYSTICA" and "ST. MARY'S CHIMES," monthly MS. papers edited by the young ladies of the Senior Department.)

The Sweet, Pale Face

As in the Autumn days some noble trees
Are decked more charmingly than in the Spring,
So there are lives, meek, holy, Christian lives,
More gentle and more gracious in old age,
More winning in their tranquil loveliness,
Than those still blooming in the spring of years,
And brilliant in the joy of untried youth.
Such was dear "Grandma Redman"; *

Sweet, pale face!

'Tis hidden 'neath the graveyard's grassy mound,
But memory paints it every day afresh.
I see it now; and the white, shining hair
So smoothly folded from the marble brow;
The glances pure, a volume in each one,
Of deep heroic, Christian sacrifice;
Of nature stilled, to give life to grace,
Whilst cheerfulness, like moonlight on white flowers,

* The endearing name by which Mrs. Redman was known.

Sways like a veil around her.

Sweet, pale face!

It must be now among the radiant forms
Which dwell where woe and darkness never come,
For she was well prepared. Rest, rest in peace!

The Art of Literary Composition.

The art of literary composition is to the mind what the plough is to the soil, and of the many branches of learning which constitute not only a polished but even an ordinary education, this ranks among the most essential.

It may be considered both as a science and an art. The science consists in the collection and intelligent expression of ideas. It has no reference to either manner or language, provided the latter be correct.

The art of composition develops the expression of ideas, and aims to represent them in pleasing and beautiful language.

Belles Lettres, which is but another name for the elegant expression of thought, held a high place in the curriculum of the ancients, but at the present time this art, which should command at least a moderate degree of cultivation, is often omitted as unworthy of a place among the branches of a useful education.

In many schools attention is devoted to studies good in themselves, but which often crowd out what may be even better. Often we see those who can recite the grammar from cover to cover and yet are unable to compose an elegant letter. From its neglect, composition seems to be considered an optional acquirement.

Those who regard it in such a light commit a serious error, for, upon reflection, we find no study which contributes so much to the enlargement and development of the human mind; none which gives rise to, and command of so many new ideas.

As the plough furrows up the ground, and by exposing it to fertilization prepares it to receive the grain and become fruitful, so the art of composition awakens the latent energies of the intellect, systematizes the thoughts, and regulates the conceptions of truth and falsehood; it makes the student think for himself, teaches him to evolve his thoughts, makes him original; for no composition is good if it be merely the reproduction of the ideas of another.

Those who command a ready style are invariably those who have a wide range of information, and were there no other reason why *all* should labor to compose well, the fund of intelligence which this labor places in our hands should be a sufficient incentive.

But there is something higher and more important to be gained. A friend once said to a teacher who was weary of negligent and unappreciative composition pupils: "Do not be discouraged. When we reflect that it is the *thinking principle of our being that is to be saved*, can we attach too great importance to habituating children and youth to think for themselves, to discriminate between truth and error, to exercise *vigorously* the noblest part of our intelligence—the understanding?"

Memory is chiefly called into exercise by committing the contents of our text-books, if we except the mathematics, moral philosophy, and the like; but to acquire a noble style of composition, all the powers of the soul must be brought into exercise.

The Law of Expiation.

By expiation is meant satisfaction for sin. If we expiate our faults, we repair, as far as in our power, the injury done to the Supreme Majesty.

The desire to make satisfaction to God for sins committed, is absolutely necessary in order to obtain their remission, therefore expiation, or satisfaction is a law, a command.

The natural law, that of justice, is exercised in the case of one who usurps God's prerogatives and takes the life of a fellow-being. Justice demands compensation. Punishment is inflicted.

The law of expiation is laid down in Scripture. Man, for his prevarication, was not only banished from the Garden of Eden, but was condemned to "eat his bread in the sweat of his face," "till," in the words of Genesis, "thou return to the earth out of which thou wast taken, for dust thou art, and into dust thou shalt return."

The same law is reflected in the deprivation of the Israelites from entering the Land of Promise, but the strongest proof is exhibited in the touching and ineffable dogma of the Incarnation.

Sin was committed against an Infinite Being, and that the honor of which He had been defrauded might be restored, an infinite satisfaction was required. Our Redeemer assumed the nature of man, to satisfy the offended majesty of God. Do not all other evidences culminate in this one grand atonement?

Our Blessed Lady, as we see her standing at the foot of the Cross, with the last cruel sword piercing her tender heart, is there to expiate the sins of the world which have cruelly nailed her Divine Son to the instrument of our Redemption.

Happy would it be for youth did this unchangeable law assert a power over them to an extent not only to attract their respect, but to enlist their love.

Apprehending expiation as a law, a mind, accustomed to reason correctly, will find no difficulty in discovering the motive which has stimulated the saints, and which has constituted their sanctity, their charity entering into the divine decrees and satisfying for sin. The love of this law is the interpretation of the sublime wisdom marking the conduct of the saints in all ages. Folly to the world, it is the admiration of all pure and innocent souls.

But reject it or embrace it, the expiation will come none the less surely, for the sins of parents are visited upon the children to the third and fourth generation; and the justice of the just is imputed to their posterity, a fact beautifully illustrated in the protection of the Archangel Raphael over the young Tobias, in reward of the piety of his father in burying the dead.

Few men can do without praise, and there are few circumstances under which a man can be praised without injuring him. . . . Most men must have praise, their fountains dry up without it. Every one in authority knows this well enough. He has to learn to praise without seeming to praise. Now, kindness has all the virtues of praise without its vices. . . . Praise always implies some degree of condescension, and condescension is a thing intrinsically ungraceful, whereas kindness is the graceful attitude one man can assume toward another. So here is another work it does—it supplies the place of praise.—*Father Faber.*

Roll of Honor.

FOR POLITENESS, NEATNESS, AMIABILITY, AND CORRECT DEPORTMENT.

Par excellence—Misses A. Cavenor, C. Claffey, E. Galen, Hanbury, Walsh, M. Clarke, Dillon, Feehan, Bland, Beal, M. Campbell, Chrischellis, Rasche, Fendrick, R. Fishburne, Glennon, Simms, Heneberry, Lancaster, Shickey, A. Price, H. Van Patten, L. Van Patten, Call, Coryell, M. Fishburne, Keenan, Owens, Margaret Price, A. Richardson, M. Richardson, Thompson, Behler, Chirhart, Thomann, Fleming, Fenlon, M. Reutlinger, L. English, Mulligan, M. H. Ryan, Adderly, Clifford, Wagner, Newton, B. English, Gavan, H. Hicks, N. Hicks, Mulvey, Smith, Northrop, Ives, M. Watson. *2d Tablet*—Misses A. Nash, H. Nash, McKenna, Hackett, Wall, McCoy, McGordon, Mary Price, Rulison, Garrity, A. Watson, Harrigan.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

Par excellence—Misses C. Ginz, C. Lancaster, H. Ramsey, J. Spangler, S. Semmes, A. Clarke, M. Coogan, M. Dillon, L. Heneberry, G. O'Neill, A. Martin, Robertson, Bard, Fehr, Condron, Chaves, C. Richmond, J. Charles, J. McGrath. *2d Tablet*—Misses Considine, M. Morgan, M. Paquette, M. Rodgers, F. Hibbins, M. Wilkins, A. Welch, E. Mattis, M. Otero, M. Schmidt, D. Best.

MINIM DEPARTMENT.

Par excellence—Misses E. Rigney, A. English, J. English, Martha Otis, J. McGrath, A. Sawyer, M. Barry, E. Burtis.

CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC.

HONORABLY MENTIONED FOR FEBRUARY.

Named alphabetically.

SPECIAL COURSE.

Miss Galen.

GRADUATING CLASS—Miss Fendrick.

1ST CLASS—Miss Campbell.

2D DIV.—Miss Hackett and Wiley.

2D CLASS—Misses M. Beal and J. Reilly.

2D DIV.—Misses Bland, Coryell, Donnelly, Heneberry, Maude Price.

3D CLASS—Misses Barlow, Chrischellis, M. English, M. Ryan.

2D DIV.—Misses C. Claffey, Maude Casey, L. Fox, K. Fenlon, Keenan, Leydon, McGordon, Ave Price.

4TH CLASS—Misses A. Dillon, Garrity, Rosing, Shickey, H. Van Patten. Classed—Miss C. Campbell.

2D DIV.—Misses Behler, Casey, M. Ducey, L. English, M. Fishburne, Feehan, Fleming, Ginz, Gavan, C. Lancaster, Morgan, H. McGordon, Margaret Price, Rulison, Simms, Todd, L. Van Patten, E. Vander Heyden, Wagner.

5TH CLASS—Misses Adderly, M. Dillon, K. Ducey, L. Lancaster, McKenna, A. Nash, Reutlinger, Ramsey, Rasche, Robertson, M. H. Ryan, Thompson, Waters.

2D DIV.—Misses Chirhart, A. Clarke, Castanedo, M. Clarke, Glennon, H. Hicks, Legnard, Newton, Northcote, Patterson, Papin, V. Reilly, Williams. Classed—Miss Fehr.

6TH CLASS—Misses Black, Coogan, B. English, Fisk, I. Hackett, Hibbins, Mulvey, McCoy, H. Nash, G. O'Neill, Owens, J. Spangler, Smith, Thomann, Watson, Wilkins, Wall.

2D DIV.—Misses Bard, Chaves, E. Call, Davenport, R. Fishburne, Hanbury, Krick, Martin, Mattes, Mosher, Otero, Pease, Richmond, M. Richardson, A. Richardson, E. Wright.

7TH CLASS—Misses Coyne, Condron, Eldridge, Eager, Green, Harrigan, Mulligan, Otis, Rodgers, Schmidt, A. Wright, M. Watson.

8TH CLASS—Misses Brown, Barry, Sawyer.

9TH CLASS—Misses Best, Ives and Welch.

10 CLASS—Misses Campau, J. English, A. English.

HARP.

1ST CLASS—Miss Galen.

4TH CLASS—Miss Garrity.

5TH CLASS—Misses M. Dillon, Keenan, M. Price.

6TH CLASS—Misses Coryell, H. Hicks, M. Otero.

ORGAN.

Miss Claffey.

PRIVATE HARMONY.

Misses Fendrick and Hackett.

VOCAL DEPARTMENT.

2D CLASS—Miss C. Hackett.

2D DIV.—Miss J. Reilly.

3D CLASS—Misses H. Hackett, L. Coryell, and M. Reutlinger.

4TH CLASS—Misses Fenlon, Rasche, A. Waters, M. Campbell, Wall, Beal, Maude Casey, M. H. Ryan, M. Ducey, K. Ducey, Mary Casey, F. Robertson, H. Ramsey, M. Fishburne, M. A. Ryan, A. Rulison, M. Simms.

5TH CLASS—Misses B. English, A. Nash, H. Van Patten, A. Gavan, L. Van Patten, M. Mulvey.