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Disce quasi semper victurus; vive quasi cras moriturus.

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ROMULUS AND REMUS;

OR,

THE BUILDING OF ROME.

An Historical Tragedy; in Five Acts.

FLAIL. (ASIDE)—I am astonished, he's a genius! (ALOUD.) I say, sir.

DR. O'TOOLE.—I differ with you there, sir.

FLAIL.—I say that any man who would put such a book as Romulus and Remus into a child's hand would put the—the heathen conchology!

DR. O'TOOLE.—So I would, sir.

—THE IRISH TUTOR.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

AMULIUS, King *de facto* of Alba Longa.

NUMITOR, His Brother: King *de jure*.

ROMULUS } Twin Brothers, Grandsons to Numitor.

REMUS }

FAUSTULUS, Their Foster-father.

PLISTINUS, Brother to Faustulus.

DUBIUS, A Friend of Numitor's.

VACILLUS, A Courtier.

INSIDIUS

URSINUS } Herdsmen, Servants

SMILAX } of Numitor.

PROMISCUUS }

CELER } Partisans of Romulus.

FERONIUS }

SYLVIUS, Friend to Remus.

METICULOSUS } Guards at the Palace.

ATROX }

HIEROPHANT, Herald and other Officers at the Mysteries of Ceres.

VALENS DEFATIGATUS, An Old Soldier.

MARS, God of War, with Chorus.

PAX CÆLESTIS, with Chorus.

Attendants of Amulius

Crowd of Citizens.

PROLOGUE.

We come, a tale of old relating,—
'Tis found in many a mouldering tome,—
But still, with interest unabating,
We read the birth of Rome.

The wondrous twins by myth surrounded,
The fostering wolf, the mystic birds,
The death of one; the city founded
For fame too great for words!

But many versions of the story
We find at hand from which to choose:
And Romulus shall naught of glory
By Remus' murder lose.

We followed Livy, till a pleading.
Sweet voice from Plutarch's pages came:
No stain from fratricide proceeding
Shall mar our hero's fame.

Then listen to the kindly version,
Portray it feebly as we may;
Although we will not spare exertion
To win your praise to-day.

ACT FIRST.

SCENE FIRST.

A Forest in the Alban Territory.

(Enter INSIDIUS, URSINUS, SMILAX and PROMISCUUS, bearing a sheep.)

INSIDIUS.—Here, boys, here! This is just the spot. Here we can kill, cook, and feast upon our prey.

URSINUS.—What think ye? Is there no danger from Amulius' men?

SMILAX.—They never come this way. These are Numitor's woods.

INSIDIUS.—They are Numitor's as much as any other property that he calls his own; which is no more than Amulius forbears to rob him of.

PROMISCUUS.—There! I am rid of this burden at last. (laying down the sheep) It is a well-earned meal, after all; if we are only allowed to enjoy it.

SMILAX.—Those herdsmen of Amulius are as saucy as their master. We cannot call anything our own, even after having had the trouble of stealing it.

URSINUS.—Stealing! I don't call it stealing. We simply get back, by the exercise of a little sagacity, a small part of the plunder which that arch-traitor and tyrant, Amulius, has snatched from that good and guileless master of ours. If he had his rights, how prosperous would be our land! The reign of Saturn would again return.

PROMISCUUS.—Is Numitor the lawful king, then?

URSINUS.—Aye, that he is, boy. From him hath Amulius most unjustly usurped the kingdom, and deprived Numitor's children of their inheritance. Ægestus, the boy, he slew; and the girl he placed among the sacred virgins that tend the fire of Vesta, lest she might bear an heir to maintain her father's right.

PROMISCUUS.—The gods will punish such villainy!

INSIDIUS.—Come, come, time passes! Promiscuus, they say that you Heturians are skilled in the preparation of food. Canst kill and cook a sheep?

PROMISCUUS.—That can I; but methinks, after

carrying it hither, some other should perform these offices.

INSIDIUS.—What! a new-comer; murmuring at thy comrades, already? Do what is appointed to thee. Did we not show thee the way to a place of safety?

(Enter ROMULUS and REMUS.)

ROMULUS.—Safety! For what? Some new knavery, villain? I know thee!

URSINUS.—Alas! The twins of Faustulus!

REMUS.—That sheep is stolen! see! There are the earmarks of Amulius, and the brand!

INSIDIUS.—Thou liest, she-wolf's son! 'Tis ours.

REMUS.—The lie to me! Take that—and that—
(Beats him. They all fight. ROMULUS and REMUS drive the others off.)

ROMULUS.—Such the poor triumphs of a herdsman's life!

The rescue of a silly sheep from thieves.

Brother, what think'st thou, were we made for this?

I gaze upon thy noble brow, thine eyes
Pure and serene; the clowns with whom we live
Have sordid features. Are we like to them?

REMUS.—Oft have I heard our father, Faustulus,
When sitting at his after-supper ease,
Communing with himself. He'll shake his head,
And softly say: "Ye know not what ye are!"

He gazes on us, as I sometimes think,
With greater than a father's love; and yet
He useth not the free authority

That fathers use. He seems to do us homage.

ROMULUS.—These mysteries, Remus, have perplexed me long,

With others still more strange. To-morrow, I,
Accompanied by a chosen band of friends,
Will seek Carmenta's shrine, and once again
Ask a solution. Wilt thou come with us?

REMUS.—Not I! This jugglery of oracles,
Augurs and petty deities ill becomes
A noble soul! Ever my heart within me
Declares God is but one! These mountains, woods;
This broad, serene and radiant firmament;
These crystal streams, and endless harmonies
Proclaim one only God. His voice is heard
Beneath the smiling summer sky. Go not
To noisome caverns, temples all besmirched
With blood of beasts and reeking entrails,—frauds
To fill the pockets of some crafty priest!
No voice Divine is there!

ROMULUS.—Brother, I sigh
To think thy mind so haughty. Who shall scan
The means that Deities employ to speak
Their holy will? What seems uncouth to us
May be for trial of our submission. Woe
To him that doth the sacred rites despise!

REMUS.—I laugh at menaces such as these; and thou,

Romulus, wilt do likewise, when thine eyes
Are further opened.

ROMULUS.—Then thou wilt not go?

REMUS.—Sorry am I that thou shouldst ask it.
Now

Let us bear back this sheep to Faustulus.
Evening is closing in.

ROMULUS.—Yes; let us haste. (Exeunt, bearing off sheep.)

(Enter INSIDIUS, cautiously.)

INSIDIUS.—The hateful twins. The she-wolf's milk still stirs in them. They use some magic art to overcome us. Come on, boys, the coast is clear.

(Enter SMILAX and URSINUS.)

SMILAX.—See how that villain, Remus, bruised me!

URSINUS.—They have carried off our sheep, too. By Vesta! their insolence must be checked.

INSIDIUS.—Listen, boys, how we will break their power. But where is Promiscuus?

(Enter PROMISCUUS.)

PROMISCUUS.—Here, Insidius! Dost thou call this a safe place?

URSINUS.—No place is safe against the valiant twins. Were they not our enemies, I could admire them.

INSIDIUS.—Tush! tush! magicians! necromancers! Think'st thou two mortal men could vanquish twice their number—and four such men as we? But listen to my plan.

URSINUS.—What is it?

INSIDIUS.—You have noticed that they are powerful when together?

SMILAX.—We have, indeed!

INSIDIUS.—Separated, they will lose their power. I overheard their conversation. To-morrow Romulus goes alone to the temple of Carmenta to prosecute his infernal sorceries. Remus stays behind. Remus shall be our victim! What say ye?

PROMISCUUS.—Yes; yes! Remus shall be our victim! Which is Remus?

INSIDIUS.—The one that first attacked us.

SMILAX.—And bruised me black and blue.

PROMISCUUS.—I had rather make a victim of the other one. What is his name?

URSINUS.—Romulus.

PROMISCUUS.—He rather victimized me. If ever I catch him alone, and have sufficient backing—I think ten average fellows would be sufficient backing—

INSIDIUS.—Come, come, no more of this folly. We have lost our supper. Let us make the best of our way home. (Exeunt.)

SCENE II.

(A Room in the Palace at Alba Longa.)

(Enter AMULIUS, attended, and VACILLUS.)

AMULIUS.—(To his attendants.) Depart; (Exeunt Att.) I would confer awhile in private
With thee, Vacillus; many things there are
That do disturb my spirit. All the omens
Have become luckless. Dreams distress my sleep
With shapes of coming horror. Many years
Have I in triumph ruled o'er Alba Longa,
And no reverse of fortune dimmed my star.
Shall vengeance overtake me now? Again
Shall Numitor arise, and cast me down?
Such seem the portents to my troubled heart.

VACILLUS.—Be not dismayed; most noble king
Misgivings
Annoy sometimes the happiest of men—

And as to omens: often they deceive.
Frequent I've seen a circle round the moon
When no rain followed. Dreams will oft arise
From over-eating at the evening meal,
Or an unwonted humor of the brain—
Dismiss these fancies, king!

AMULIUS.—I bid them go,
But quickly they return,—a deep oppression
Weighs on my soul, and will not let me rest.
I've sought an answer at Carmenta's shrine:
It came ambiguous; nor satisfied
My hope of knowledge. Knew I but the worst,
I might prepare to meet it like a man.

VACILLUS.—New sacred rites are spoken of,—
long known
In Greece, but new to Latin shores,—in honor
Of Ceres, mother of the fruitful grain,
Our staff of life. She and dread Proserpine,
Her long-lost daughter, bride of Pluto, here
Are pow'rfully invoked, and they reveal
The laws of life, of death, and all the secrets
Of the dark after-life. Let us seek there;—
Become initiate at the mysteries,
And learn our fate.

AMULIUS.—Yes; learn our fate at once.
Away! dismay and doubt, and creeping fears,
Ye puny mutterings of a coming storm.
Away! and leave us to our native courage.

VACILLUS.—Let us prepare, then, for these sacred rites.
The word of greeting used therein, *Konx Om-*
pax,
You must remember.

AMULIUS.—What? *Konx Om-pax*?—what
May such words signify?

VACILLUS.—Listen, I'll tell thee,
Bend thine ear hither. (*Whispers.*) Have you
heard distinctly?

AMULIUS.—I have!

VACILLUS.—Upon your kingly honor, now,
Pledge me you'll not divulge it.

AMULIUS.—I will keep
This secret and all others most secure—
This is alone a revelation. Come,
Prepare we for the mysteries!

VACILLUS.—I attend
Upon your royal pleasure and behests. (*Exeunt.*)

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Washington.*

Sweetly, in a sequestered spot on the banks of
the beautiful and historic Potomac, repose the
ashes of the immortal object of this day's celebra-
tion. Embosomed in a fairer valley, in the lap of
lovelier nature than any, perchance; we have pic-
tured in some blest Arcadia, is this cherished
Mecca of America.

No lofty monument—no bronze or marble
sepulchre rises over that hallowed dust; but peace-
fully in the bosom of the land he loved so well,
rests the soul-deserted body of the immortal Wash-

ington, and there shall rest till the trump of judg-
ment peals out the doom of time. Sacred are the
associations of his chosen home; sacred the domain
adorned with the works of his taste; sacred the
spot hallowed by his tomb, and, save when the
tread of pilgrim feet disturb the stillness, the prim-
eval quiet that reigns around is broken only by the
murmuring of the waters, the whistling of the
winds, and the sweet warbling of the birds.

Within the narrow mansion of mortality sleeps
the worn-out body, the temple of clay that har-
bored the soul of America's greatest, grandest
hero; but, on the four winds of heaven, his fame
has been borne to the uttermost parts of the earth.
The greatness of his soul and the grandeur of his
character are emblazoned on the indelible pages of
immortality.

Washington lives in our hearts, and there shall
live as long as life animates a free people. Great-
ness of soul never dies. 'Tis ever fresh, ever new.
Love, that is born of liberty, warms the bosom of
the American people with an affection for Wash-
ington which shall be felt in every age till time
shall have been lost in eternity. His is not that
empty fame, that fluttering myth, woven by fitful
fancy, begotten of the emotional sentiment of an
impulsive people. It is the offspring of solid vir-
tue. It is founded in truth. An imperishable
monument reared by the nation into whose inani-
mate body he breathed life and liberty. His peer-
less virtue that, more than all else, survives his
mortal clay, makes him the boast and glory of his
country, the first of heroes, and a shining example
that shall elicit the delight and admiration of all
ages and of all climes.

Compare him with the heroes of the Old
World, and he will be found to be free from the
blemishes and to unite the excellencies of them all.
Like Hannibal, he was unappalled by difficulties;
like Epaminondas, successful; like Bayard, with-
out fear and without reproach. I might compare
him with the characters of the Sacred Records, for,
like Moses and Joshua, he conducted our fore-
fathers across the Red Sea, through the wilder-
ness, into the promised land; like David, he con-
quered the Goliath; like Abraham, a whole people
call him father.

He was not, like Alexander the Great, intoxi-
cated by success. No ruthless shedding of human
blood to appease the wrath of outraged vanity.
Revenge was foreign to his nature. Washington
battled for right, not for empire. His ambition
was not that of Cæsar. His aim was not a crown,
but liberty. His aim was not to found a mighty
empire, but to wrest from a tyrannical ministry
that justice denied the colonies, suppliant at
the throne. His achievements, unlike those of
Bonaparte, were not the gratification of an inor-
dinate appetite for personal honor and ambitious
vanity. He is not seen contending on a vast
theatre for glory with the greatest captains and
most powerful monarchs of the earth. He hur-
ries not from Memphis to Vienna, from Cadiz to
Moscow, striking terror into the soul of a Conti-
nent. His work, though the simple one of defend-

* Oration delivered at the celebration of Washington's
Birthday.

ing the hearthstones of his country, was truly gigantic. With an ill-clad and untrained body of patriots, he met and vanquished the victors of an hundred fields. He fought for liberty, dearer to him than life; for the freedom of a land without a past, without celebrity. No desolation, no destruction followed in the wake of this mighty conqueror; but from the fields of battle, where his glittering sword drank the foeman's blood, has sprung a glorious Republic, the trophy of his conquest, the inheritance of his ambition. Unlike the great Napoleon, who with one hand overthrew kings and crushed anarchy, and with the other stifled liberty and robbed nations of their independence, Washington fought because his country bade him—because it was his duty. His name marks the advent of a new era in the history of the world. On the foundation of a struggling and oppressed dependency of the English crown he built a mighty Republic whose walls shall stand while freedom fills the soul and electrifies the heart of man; a boon far more precious to his race than lofty fame or the empty glory of military conquest.

Washington, like Cimon, the son of Miltiades, was noble, generous and brave; wisely and skillfully he labored for the good of his country and left her at his death in prosperity and on the highway to glory. No braver, nobler, better figure e'er illumed the preface of a nation's life. He had the wisdom of Nestor, the prudence of Ulysses, the valor of Achilles, the intrepid courage of Diomedes, the dignity of Agamemnon, his own judgment and virtue than which none have been better, few equal.

A certain spirit of mystery seems to envelop the actions of Washington. A wise caution marks them all. He appears ever to have been filled with the solemnity and importance of his mission, which at all times, he feared to compromise by precipitancy or rashness. His trust was too great, too sacred to be endangered. His soul was filled with the destiny of his country, and no detail in its affairs was too minute, no problem too great, to attract his master mind to a ready solution. A man of infinite discretion and discernment, he counted the cost of every action. Brave as a lion, with a courage cool and calm that the danger of death itself could not cause to falter, he met disaster face to face, nor quailed in its ghastly presence. His noble soul, subduing the fear beneath which tamer natures shrink, bravely dared the peril of the hour. His passions, naturally violent, were ever subservient to the mighty rule of reason. His impetuous and iron will, tempered by a consummate judgment, was a power under control. Intelligent and thoughtful, his learning was of that practical kind acquired by long and varied experience, combined with deep thought, rather than that obtained from books,—yet his writings evince a culture and a wisdom that suffer not by comparison with the political masterpieces of the language. As a soldier, his actions speak for themselves with an incomparable eloquence. *Themselves eulogies;—no words of praise can*

raise, nor tongue of envy rob them of their greatness.

Upon him fell the awful responsibility of launching an untried but magnificent system of government upon the sea of popular opinion and experiment. How well he guided the Barque through the dangerous waters, despite the rocks of skepticism and prejudice, amid storms of envy and intrigue, the power and prosperity of our Nation at home and abroad now testify. Placed between the contending opinions and measures of such men as Jefferson, Hamilton, Knox and Adams—men differing widely in their views, yet powerful in thought, skilled in logic and able in action—it required no less a genius, if not a greater than them all, to determine which plans were the most feasible, which the most judicious, and which attended with the greatest good.

From the beginning of his first term, Washington was much embarrassed by dissensions in his Cabinet. Hamilton and Jefferson, whose abilities were so great, whose experience so valuable that neither could be spared without serious detriment to the government—were at war to the knife. The views and theories of each were the very antipodes of the other, and it required the greatest tact and most skilful diplomacy on the part of Washington to prevent the dissolution of his Cabinet. However men may differ as to the measures adopted, all will agree that the results obtained were undoubtedly the most desirable, the most practicable at the time. In addition to these difficulties, arose the serious complications with France and England, abroad; the Indian wars and factional dissensions, at home,—through all of which the master hand that had dealt telling blows for the life of the nation on the field of battle, at the helm of state guided it into peace and prosperity.

All should be familiar with that masterpiece of state papers, Washington's Farewell Address. For elegance of diction, depth of thought, and political wisdom, it is without an equal in the annals of history. It breathes forth the deep sentiment of his soul concerning the solution of the knottiest problems of political science. We are struck with the masterly skill with which the great and momentous questions of the day are in it discussed; the modesty, and yet the force, with which he lays before the people his fears and his suggestions. Unity of the Nation is the central thought. Believing that there can be no greater error than to expect or calculate upon any real favors from nation to nation—that all international aid and courtesies are the outgrowth of the selfish policy of the nation extending them, he warns the Republic against entangling alliances. He seeks to impress upon the people the necessity of brotherly love between all sections of this great and growing Commonwealth. It was his belief that, by a mutual dependence of each section upon the others, the bonds of unity and interest would secure the Republic, and with it that priceless heritage, liberty, won for us on the bloody fields of the revolution. That these bonds should be a common unity of interest, and not a bondage upheld by military des-

potism, he opposed the policy of supporting a standing army, lest by this means, tyranny creep in, and unlawful power undermine the free institutions of our Government. Had the wisdom of this policy been appreciated and acted upon, there had been no need for the myriad of stones that dot our fair land from Maine to California, from Oregon to the Gulf—marking the graves of noble men sacrificed in the late Civil War. None deprecated more than Washington the sectional divisions of parties into which the people are drawn by cunning and ambitious leaders. Himself a patriot of the purest type, he might well warn against the baneful influence of factional prejudice and bigotry. A man of virtue and religious morals, he might well propose virtue and religious morality as the keystone of state. Keenly alive to the importance of education tempered with religion, he was the ready advocate of a system which should raise the people to a realization of their own importance, that they might think and act for themselves, independently of the subtle argument and political sophistry of crafty and ambitious leaders. Of unimpeachable integrity, he sought to imprint upon the hearts and minds of the people principles for the strict observance of good faith and justice towards all nations, holding the maxim, no less applicable to public than to private affairs, that "honesty is the best policy." And when, on the 17th of December, 1796, he surrendered to the people, in that wonderful address, the trust which he had guarded so inviolably—and when he laid down the cares of public life to grace the shades of domestic retirement and tranquility, it was without reproach, and crowned with the blessing of a grateful people.

By quietly withdrawing from the theatre of action in which he had won so great a renown, untempted by the influence of ambition or the glittering splendor of pomp and power, Washington again excites our wonder and our admiration. By us, in the quiet seclusion of college life, the cost of so great a sacrifice, the conquering of so great a temptation, can scarcely be imagined or appreciated; for, after all, Washington was but a man—a man with all the susceptibilities of human beings. In our admiration of his deeds we lose sight of the man.

Not alone in the long list of his military and civic achievements need we look for evidences of his greatness. His is that greatness, the offspring of the soul's nobility, which strikes with the fiery darts of war the approaching foe, and, in the next hour, craves pardon for the guilty wretch who would betray him. He thought not of self. His love, his labor, and his life, he freely laid upon the altar of his country. We do not claim for him entire immunity from all the faults to which humanity is heir; but we feel that in his character the good, the noble, the true, the pure, so overbalanced the imperfections of his nature, that the faults are lost in the good. With admirable caution and rigor he bridled the appetites and curbed the baser passions of his nature. Modest and retiring, he did not seek the applause of men. Within

the peace and quiet of his home, his heart found greater joy and happiness than on the field of glory or in the halls of state. Generous, compassionate and sympathetic, he was not made of the metal for a selfish warrior, still none more valiant, none more brave than he. His character, like the massive Doric column, in its proportions, is grand—in its solidity, symmetrical—in the absence of all meretricious ornaments, beautiful—and in the material of which it is composed, immaculate.

Washington needs not the pomp of words to tell his greatness; needs not a Homer or a Virgil to sing his praise, to deck his story with the gaudy ornaments of verse, to charm with masterly creation when a strict recital of the truth would dim his glory. He is one of the few whom the truth of facts makes greater than their narration. Every act of his life, whether public or private, is gemmed with purity and nobility of soul. With his death closed a life, the like never seen before—perchance, shall ne'er be seen again. Unlike the close of the lives of the world's great conquerors, death came to him while in the peaceful enjoyment of a life well spent. No fetters bound his mighty hands. No warden watched his fleeting breath, nor hailed with anxious hope the hour which loosed the captive from his charge. The summons came swiftly and surely, softly and silently as steal the shadows of the night over a great city, quieting its restless pulse and hushing in slumber the noise and activity of life—sweetly, as fades the sunlight at the close of a glorious autumn day, came the shadows of the tomb, and the dark angel, Death, gathered in his harvest one of the grandest characters, the noblest heroes that ever trod the fields of glory or brightened the pages of history.

WILLIAM H. ARNOLD, '83.

Sea-Shell Murmurs.*

BY EUGENE LEE HAMILTON.

The hollow sea-shell which for years hath stood
On dusty shelves, when held against the ear
Proclaims its stormy parent; and we hear
The faint, far murmur of the breaking flood.
We hear the sea. The sea? It is the blood
In our own veins, impetuous and near,
And pulses keeping pace with hope and fear,
And with our feelings' every shifting mood.
Lo! in my heart I hear, as in a shell,
The murmur of a world beyond the grave,
Distinct, distinct, though faint and far it be.
Thou fool! this echo is a cheat as well,—
The hum of earthly instincts; and we craye
A world unreal as the shell-heard sea.

*This poem is presented simply on account of its literary excellence. Needless to say, the sentiment expressed in the concluding lines will find no response in a Christian heart.—(ED. SCHOL.)

DID a person know the value of an enemy, he would purchase him with pure gold.

Scientific Notes.

—Near the old Gordon stockade at Deadwood, blocks of mica, eight feet long by three wide, have been found.

—The production of artificial fuel, which is only just inaugurated in this country, amounts to 4,000-000 tons annually in Europe.

—The Geneva International Hygienic Congress offers a prize of \$400 for the best work on the cause and prevention of blindness, published in any modern language, before the session of the Congress in September, 1884.

—The Paris Academy of Medicine offers a prize of \$5,000 to anyone who may discover a remedy against diphtheria. One of our Western doctors claims in a local medical journal to have found a specific for the disease, but the Academy does not appear to recognize his claim.

—An astronomically inclined lawyer of Pesth has bequeathed \$400 to the Hungarian Academy of Sciences, to be offered as a prize for the best solution of the question how the inhabitants of the earth may be enabled to communicate with those of the moon. Anglo-Saxon law would hardly sustain such a bequest.

—The Australians are "going for" the sparrows with a vengeance. An Adelaide paper says: "The following figures, showing the number of sparrows and eggs that have been destroyed up to Nov. 6, have been supplied by the Under-Secretary: Heads, 27,345; eggs, 187,212. From Oct. 1 to Nov. 6, 5,420 heads were paid for and 44,685 eggs."

—A curious and important discovery is reported by the eminent scientist Brown-Sequard. It has been found that if a powerful stream of carbonic acid gas is directed against the throat or tonsils for one or two minutes they will become entirely free from sensation for eight to ten minutes, so that a surgical operation can be performed without pain, and undisturbed by any sympathetic nervous action.

—At seven o'clock on the evening of Feb. 23d, Prof. Lewis Swift, Director of the Warner Observatory, Rochester, N. Y., discovered a bright telescopic comet. Its right ascension is about 22 hours and 50 minutes, and its declination north about 29 degrees. Its tail is one-half a degree long, and its motion is slowly eastward. It is in the constellation Pegasus, near Beta Pegasi, and it is a bright, beautiful object as seen through a telescope.

—To measure very weak electric currents that change their direction very frequently, Dr. Hertz has made a new dynamometer. A very thin silver wire is stretched horizontally and wound about a steel cylinder vertically adjusted. When the current is passed through the wire it is heated and elongated, and the cylinder turned in a negative or positive direction, making movements which are observed by a mirror and telescope. This instrument is available only when the currents are weak and when other instruments fail.

—Mr. A. Le Neve Foster has, in the Trafalgar Collieries of the Forest of Dean, successfully carried out an electrical arrangement for the transmission of power. An electric motor is used to drive a pump in the underground workings. A dynamo machine is placed at the surface for generating the current, which is connected with the pump, a distance of 300 yards along the workings. The total vertical lift of the electric pump is 115 feet, while the length of the pipe through which the water is forced is 500 yards.

—Some interesting statistics of the public observatories of the world have been published. Their number is 118; 84 being in Europe, 2 in Asia, 2 in Africa, 27 in America and 3 in Oceania. Of the European observatories, Prussia has 29; Russia, 19; England, 14; Italy, 9; Austria, 8; France, 6; Switzerland, 4; and Sweden, 3. Spain, Portugal, Holland, and Norway each possess 2, while there is only one in Greece, Belgium, and Denmark. The most ancient observatory in Europe and in the world is that of Leyden, having been founded in 1632; then come Copenhagen, founded in 1637; Paris, in 1667; and Greenwich, in 1675. The Moscow Observatory is the oldest in Russia, dating from 1750. Prussia, now the richest country in the world in astronomical observatories, had none before 1805.

—People must remember that all attempts to reduce corpulence after it is once acquired is attended with more or less danger. The only safe remedy for those having a tendency to the excessive accumulation of fat is the preventive one—that is, the pursuance of those habits of life ordinarily observed by professional athletes. By the way, a first-class "trainer" of boxers could reap a rich harvest by publishing a little book, free of slang, where the secrets of his trade would be revealed to the general public. The instructions would be worth their weight in gold, and the doctor's bills for families would be reduced to almost nothing. No one enjoys the bounding sensation of life as much as a man whose physique has been brought up to its highest point, but who soon wastes it in a pugilistic encounter.—*Ex.*

—The influence of the electric light on health was lately discussed at a meeting of the Hygienic Society of Hamburg, and Dr. Krüss explained his views on the subject at some length. He referred to the influence of the electric light on the human eyesight, and expressed his opinion that it produces no evil effects, the light having a violet tinge under most circumstances. He referred to the somewhat exaggerated expectations which had been formed as to the distance at which the light was visible at sea; but, on the whole, he considered that the safety of human life at sea had been increased by the use of the electric light in light-houses. The electric light being free from the disadvantages incidental to the combustion of gas in the consumption of oxygen and the production of carbonic acid, he considered its development as being a hygienic measure of importance.

Books and Periodicals.

CURRENT DISCUSSIONS IN SCIENCE. By W. M. Williams. J. Fitzgerald, Publisher, 30 Lafayette Place, New York. Price 15 cents.

This forms Number 41 of the Humboldt Library of Science. It contains 16 chapters on a variety of scientific topics, such as "The Fuel of the Sun," "Sun-Spots and Climate," "Aerial Exploration of the Arctic Regions," "Meteoric Astronomy," "Lunar Volcanoes," etc., all treated in strictly popular style. The book is sent by the publisher to any address on receipt of the price, in postage stamps.

—*Donahoe's Magazine* for March contains a judiciously selected table of contents, embracing matter light and heavy, amusing and instructive. Among other articles of interest in the selected matter is the recent able article published by Rt. Rev. Bishop McQuaid in the *North American Review*—or the greater part of it, as the publishers of the *Review* do not permit the reproduction entire of articles from its columns, and have them copyrighted. The price of the *Donahoe's*, which contains about 90 pages monthly, is \$2 a year.

—*The Catholic World* for March opens with Part II of Father Hewitt's learned article on "The Eschatology of Origen." This part is taken up with an exposition of the doctrine of St. Gregory of Nyssa, with which, it will be shown, Origen's doctrine is substantially the same. St. Gregory's doctrine has been misunderstood through ignoring "the privative and negative nature of evil," and losing sight of "the essential difference between the natural and supernatural order." "Dr. Pusey: His Life and Doings," and "Was it Love of the Truth Made M. Rénan an Infidel?" are articles well worth reading. Father Hecker presents an able exposition of the "Impending Issue of the School Question." "The Location of the Early Paradise" is interesting, and displays great research. The other articles are: "At Tracadie, New Brunswick"; "Mountain Legends of Auvergne"; "Modern German Religious Poets"; "The English Lower Orders." Richard Storrs Willis contributes a beautiful poem entitled "Twilight Stars."

—*The North American Review* for March introduces an article on "Money in Elections," by Henry George, who brings to the discussion of that hackneyed subject a contribution full of originality, freshness and keen insight; he points out with admirable clearness one source of our political ills, and proposes a remedy that seems both eminently practicable and efficient. Robert S. Taylor writes of the "Subjugation of the Mississippi," a work which, in his opinion, and in that of the Mississippi Commission, of which he is a member, can be accomplished only by employing, for the purpose of deepening and straightening the channel, the forces developed by the river itself. Moncure D. Conway contributes a very striking study of Gladstone as a man and a statesman, showing how even the more or less sinister moral and in-

tellectual traits of his nature, quite as much as his pre-eminent native force and elevation of character, conspire to make him the foremost Englishman of his time. Hon. George W. Julian's "Railway Influence in the Land Office" is a grave, judicial exposure of the practices which, against the manifest intent of the law and the determinations of the highest courts, have won for corporations millions upon millions of acres of the public domain. Richard A. Proctor writes of the "Pyramid of Cheops"; Prof. Wm. G. Sumner, of "Protective Taxes and Wages"; Elizur Wright, of "Some Aspects of Life Insurance"; and, finally, there is a symposium on "Educational Needs," by Prof. G. Stanley Hall, Prof. Felix Adler, President Thomas Hunter, and Dr. Mary Putnam Jacobi. Published at 30 Lafayette Place, New York.

—The frontispiece portrait of Gambetta in the *March Century*, and the accompanying article by a writer who was intimately acquainted with Gambetta, appear now with a timeliness, which, a foot-note explains, is not to be credited to editorial haste or energy, since they were both in preparation for the *March Century* before Gambetta's illness. An excellent portrait of the father shows a man of strong will and eccentric character. A short biographical sketch of the late Dr. Leonard Bacon, with portrait, is contributed by his son, Leonard Woolsey Bacon, under the title, "A Good Fight Finished." Mrs. Runkle presents a plea for the higher education of women, apropos to the recent petition for the admission of women to Columbia College. It is called "A New Knock at an Old Door." John Burroughs, in "Signs and Seasons," chats charmingly and instructively of country life and Nature; and Elbridge Kingsley has illustrated the paper with several striking engravings. In contrast with the rural Americanism of this paper is H. H.'s study of local scenes and character in "The Village of Oberammergau," which she visited at the time of the last Passion Play. "The Architectural League of New York" is the title of a profusely illustrated paper by Roger Riordan, describing a club of young architects in the metropolis. Mr. Cable continues his illustrated historical series with "The End of Foreign Dominion in Louisiana," and Dr. Edward Eggleston, in his third historical paper, treats of "The Migrations of American Colonies." A realistic romance of the Russo-Turkish war, entitled, "Yatil," by Frank D. Millet, the artist and war correspondent, is the short story of the number. Mr. Howells, in his second part of "A Woman's Reason," which has already made a strong impression, introduces a catastrophe that changes the whole tenor of the heroine's life; there is also a detailed description of a Boston auction. Mrs. Burnett's "Through One Administration" is nearly finished, and Mrs. Mary Hallock Foote's striking story, "The Led-Horse Claim," is brought to an effective conclusion. The poems of the number are by Andrew Lang, Mrs. Julia C. R. Dorr, Ina D. Coolbrith, John Vance Cheney, W. P. Andrews, and others.

NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.

Notre Dame, March 3, 1883.

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 SIXTEENTH 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.

THE NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC Contains:

choice Poetry, Essays, and the current Art, Musical Literary and Scientific Gossip of the day.

Editorials on questions of the day, as well as on subjects connected with the University of Notre Dame.

Personal gossip concerning the whereabouts and the success of former students.

All the weekly local news of the University, including the names of those who have distinguished themselves during the week by their excellence in class and by their general good conduct.

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Address EDITOR NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC,
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Our Staff.

GEO. E. CLARKE, '83.	WM. H. ARNOLD, '83.
ALBERT F. ZAHM, '83.	R. M. ANDERSON, '83.
T. EWING STEELE, '84.	J. LARKIN (Law), '83.

—We begin this week the publication of Professor Stace's new play, "Romulus and Remus." We are sure it will prove both pleasing and instructive to our readers. The genial and learned Professor has written many plays, most of which have been produced at Notre Dame, meeting with great success, but this he characterizes as "the greatest effort" of his life. We commend its perusal to all.

—On next Wednesday the festival of St. Thomas Aquinas, the Orpheonics will give a grand musical *soirée*, complimentary to Rev. President Walsh. We have every reason to believe that the Entertainment will be of a high order of excellence, and surpass that which was presented last December, successful as it was. Our young musicians and their energetic directors deserve all possible praise and encouragement. We are glad to see the efforts made to raise the standard of our musical Exhibitions, and hope they will be crowned with success.

—To-morrow, Lætare Sunday, an elegant gold medal, accompanied by an address which Prof. Gregori has beautifully illuminated, will be presented in the name of Notre Dame University, by

Mr. Maurice F. Egan, of the *Freeman's Journal*, to Mr. John Gilmary Shea, LL. D. The medal is bestowed in recognition of Dr. Shea's eminent services in the field of History. We are pleased to hear that this medal, known as the "Lætare" medal, which was founded last year, will be presented each year to some one person eminent in the domain of art literature as a slight testimony of appreciation for learning and active talent. The following is the address to Dr. Shea prepared by Rev. Father Fitte:

HOC

AD MAJOREM DEI O. M. GLORIAM
CATHOLICÆ FIDEI AMPLIFICATIONEM
AC PRIMITIVÆ AMERICÆ FAMAM

D. JOANNI GILMARIÆ SHEA

SCRIPTORI HISTORIÆ FIDISSIMO
INDEFESSOQUE VERÆ RELIGIONIS DEFENSORI
NOSTRÆ DOMINÆ UNIVERSITATIS

FACULTAS ET ALUMNI
AMICITIÆ SEMPER MEMORES
PRECLARUMQUE INGENIUM MIRANTES
EXTRAORDINARIUM AURI NUMISMA
OFFERENDUM

UNANIMITER DECREVERUNT.

A. D. 1883

Nos juvat hoc parvum claro transmittere donum
Scriptori: summi pignus honoris erit.
Religio, pietas, proavorum gloria libris
Eminuere tuis, nostraque corda movent.
Gesta vales patrum semper narrare fidelis:
Candida sincero scripta colore nitent.
Te sacræ fidei testem mirantur amici;
Extollunt hostes laudibus ingenium.
Quum primos patriæ tentas depingere mores,
Simplex majestas grandis ubique micat.
Historiæ fideique simul defensor habetis:
Historicum nomen mundus uterque colit.
At mens alta solet famam superare silendo,
Et virtus timido pectore magna latet.
Nostrum est ingenii velum remove modesti,
Præmiaque eximio solvere digna viro.

Roma divinum Tiberim colebat;
Nilus Ægypto sacer, et deorum
Maximus, Rhenusque pio coruscat
Flumen honore.

Tu nostrum potius flumen venerabile dicis,
Quod campis late dulcia dona ferat.
Tu rapidum fluvii mavis describere cursum,
Tantaque de vasto munera nata sinu.
"O vitæ flumen, regionis et ornamentum,
Exclamas, "O Rex optime, magne Pater!
Salve, terra ferax, oculis ignota parentum:
Europæ veteri jam novus orbis adest! . . .

Quam procul vidit moriens Columbus,
Terra Gallorum genio patebis,
Et feras gentes domuit supremo
Numine Christus!"

Silvicolis cœli mysteria magna sacerdos
 Explicat, et Domini munera sacra docet,
 Undique vana cadunt veterum simulacra deorum,
 Servanturque pio pectore verba Dei.
 Nunc "vestem nigram" tenero venerantur amore;
 Nunc Christi servos odia summa manent.
 Ah! puro quoties rubuerunt sanguine rivi!
 Martyris ah! quoties sanguine silva madet! . . .

Jure quidem dignas volui persolvere grates:
 Millia enim libris sunt monumenta tuis.
 Hic oculis patriæ et fidei observatur imago;
 Invenit hic pietas intemerata Deum.
 Nec miror NOSTRÆ DOMINÆ te semper amicum:
 Virginis augustæ diceris esse cliens.
 Ne dubites alios Historiæ præstare triumphos:
 Namque favet genio SANCTA MARIA tuo!

—The second Art Entertainment, by Father Zahm, last Wednesday evening, was a pleasant and instructive affair, excelling, in beauty and interest, its enjoyable predecessor. The audience was large, and certainly well pleased. A great part of the evening was given up to characteristic views of Colorado, New and Old Mexico, celebrated statues, and, finally, of ye actors, orators, and other famous youths at Notre Dame. The first few scenes were taken from Denver; among others, the Tabor Building, containing the Mammoth Opera House. The majority of the Colorado views, however, were taken from the "Garden of the Gods,"—a spot crowded with natural beauties and wonders,—Manitou, the Royal Gorge, Twin Lakes, Leadville and vicinity. Next followed views from New Mexico, taken from Santa Fé, Albuquerque, Isleta, Santa Cruz, San Juan, and other noted places along the great Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fé Ry.

There is nothing prettier than the old Spanish towns, picturesque in their antiquity; and so perfect were the representations that one could almost feel upon him the languor of the tropic sun. In the meantime had been shown several magnificent statues, some of them by Thorwaldsen. The best of these was photographed from a masterpiece entitled "The Chariot," which was at once terrible and realistic. From New Mexico the Rev. exhibitor took his audience across the Rio Grande down to the capital of our sister Republic; thence to Vera Cruz *via* Cholula, Orizaba, Cordoba, Puebla, and then to several other well-known cities.

An interesting fact to be noted is the division of these places into the "old" and the "new" town. For our part, we are sorry to think how soon the old must give place to the new; the beauty of the past, to the convenience of the present! In the midst of its Mexican explorations the audience was surprised by the photographs of a number of our Spanish students, among whom Señors Terazzas and Delgado attracted great applause; on the whole, the entertainment was a complete success, and we hope Father Zahm will not be so hard-hearted as to refuse us another. More really useful knowledge was gained than any

twenty Geographies could teach; the artistic taste of the students was gratified by seeing many masterpieces of sculpture; while all were heartily amused. We can praise Father Zahm then according to the old precept: *Omne tulit punctum qui miscuit utile dulci*:

—An effort is being made at the present day to stir up a commotion with reference to a "proposed new Catholic University," and, strange to say, the question has been mooted and agitated principally by the non-Catholic press. The *Harvard Herald* of the 27th ult. had a long article on the "New University—A Catholic Rival of Harvard and Yale," to which the *New York Herald* lately called attention. It is alleged that

"There is a large and constantly increasing class of wealthy Catholic laity, to whose sons at present a university career is not open in this country, as the sense of the Catholic Church is averse to Catholic youth procuring their education in Protestant establishments. . . . It is intended to allow an opportunity of gaining the best scientific training, so that the Catholic youth shall be able to meet the great questions of the day, more especially in purely secular departments. The best professors are to be chosen in philosophy, theology, the physical sciences, history—in a word, in all the subjects treated at a liberal university. If such professors cannot be found or cannot be spared in this country, they will be called from Europe,—Louvain, Rome or Paris. Under such masters, it is hoped, students will be impelled to a love of the deeper and higher studies in all branches, and thus the school will be made a great centre of life and intelligence. The Catholic schools of the country are to feed the colleges and seminaries, and these in turn the university. It is intended that students shall not be admitted to the university without passing a preliminary examination which shall show that they are fitted by knowledge already acquired to enter on the higher course. Such an institution, it is hoped, must give Catholics quite a new standing in the intellectual life of the country."

Without noticing the flippant remark with which the quotation concludes, we may say that the plan of such an institution was spoken of some years ago by Bishop Becker, of Wilmington, in the *American Catholic Quarterly*; but we are told that Bishop Spalding, who is credited with being the originator of the present scheme, disavows connection with it. When the poor support given existing colleges and universities is taken into consideration, it seems doubtful that the time has come for another and higher institution of learning, however much it may be desired. And that it ever will come, at least during the present generation, we very much question.

We have yet to learn that the intellectual wants of the youth of the present day cannot be fully satisfied in most of our already existing Catholic colleges. These number in their Faculties Professors who, without perhaps the fame, are the peers, in the branches which they profess, of any in Harvard or Yale. Graduates, too, have gone forth from Catholic colleges who could well hold their own with any which those "Protestant establishments," held up as models, have sent out. It is, indeed, a defect, when a Professor is unable to give his whole and undivided attention to one branch; but we have Catholic institutions wherein this defect could

be easily remedied, were sufficient inducements offered. We think this talk of a "new Catholic University" untimely and uncalled for.

Personal.

—Very Rev. Father General Sorin, C. S. C., was absent a few days in Fort Wayne, this week.

—Rufus H. McCarthy, '71, has made a reputation for himself as an official Surgeon at Washington, D. C.

—We were pleased with a visit from Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Wright, of Denver, Colorado. They passed a few days with their sons, students at the University.

—One of the largest furniture manufactories in Chicago, is that of Sugg, Biersdorf & Co., Canal Street. Eugene, '74, one of the stockholders, superintends a force of 225 operators.

—J. B. Berteling, '80, kindly sends us an invitation to attend the Commencement Exercises of the 23d Session of the Miami Medical College, Thanks, John, but *you know* we can't get away. We are all happy to hear of your success. *Ad multos annos!*

—John A. Gibbons, of '80, has graduated with distinction at the college of Physicians and Surgeons, Keokuk, Iowa. He is now a full-fledged M. D. In our item of last week, through some oversight, this fact was omitted, as also an acknowledgment of the receipt of an invitation to attend the Commencement Exercises at his college.

—Among the visitors during the past week were H. J. Monch, T. Landenwich, Mrs. F. Fehr, Mrs. P. Deuser, J. M. Herrman, Louisville, Ky.; Mrs. S. H. Edgerly, Jackson, Mich.; J. A. Zaehne, Harris, Tp., Ind.; Mathew Ryan, Leavenworth, Kansas; Thos. McGill, Chicago, Ill.; John Ackerman, Lafayette, Ind.; C. Hess, and Miss Anna J. Hess, Wheeling, W. Virginia.

—We regret to learn that S. P. Terry, '82, who is engaged in the law business at Rochester, Indiana, is in poor health. He intends going, with his father Dr. Terry to spend some time in Florida, in the hope of restoring his health. Mr. Terry met with a painful affliction lately in the death of his mother; an affliction in which his many friends at Notre Dame will heartily sympathize. We hope Sam will soon return from the balmy South, reinvigorated for the battle of life.

—The many friends of Prof. J. A. Lyons will be glad to learn that, despite the severe nature of his injuries, his condition is fast improving. The Professor is daily in receipt of many letters of sympathy, and expresses his acknowledgments therefor. Among hosts of others, he would remember Mr. and Mrs. Clem Studebaker, of South Bend; Miss Hess, Wheeling, W. Va.; Mr. Schefler, Union Lithograph, Co.; D. J. Wile, Laporte; the officers of the L. S. & M. S. R.R., and the C. & N. W. R.R. To all his friends we would

say that, though he must necessarily be confined to his room for some weeks, yet, his physicians are confident that the end of the month will see him ready to resume his duties.

Local Items.

—Fine skating.

—Items are scarce.

—"Echo" answers —

—Let *me* show my shape.

—The wolf is *off* that hill.

—They were choice Havanas.

—Who will scare's up an item?

—Lent is now on the down grade.

—The Orpheonics next Wednesday.

—Where is that nine (9) dollar tidy?

—A public debate is the next thing in order.

—Read "Romulus and Remus" and be happy.

—The double windows will soon be removed.

—The Chinese newspaper was too much for him.

—He thought he would wait for the accommodation.

—Competitions next week in the Collegiate Course.

—Next time he masquerades, he should cover his ears.

—The President of the Horticultural Bureau is indisposed.

—Peruse the programme of the *Soirée* for next Wednesday.

—B. Frederick is doing some fine graining work in the third story.

—There's a splendid display of statuary in ye "Ed.'s" sanctum.

—Visitors invariably remark the healthy, happy faces of the *princes*.

—"Muldoon" says they sand-bagged the British at Bunker Hill.

—Our friend John says there's another *blaggard* (blizzard?) coming.

—Ye Colorado "princes" appeared with *éclat* last Wednesday night.

—March came in like a lamb. How will it go out?—that's the question.

—The "*Ave Maria*" has a considerable number of subscribers in India.

—"Our pretty boy" appeared to advantage in the *rôle* of the "Moorish Conqueror."

—It is rumored that the "Sorins" will give their debate on "Colorado" in public.

—Why did not our astrologer foresee and foretell those striking events of last week?

—Our assistant weather-prophet says "this climate is hard on humanity and beasts!"

—"Please, now!" (accompanied with a tap on the counter,) "no mashing here, please!"

—"Gray's Elegy" seems to have a depressing effect on the minds of some tobacco-chewers.

—A conversation:—"Where can I find Lieberman?" "Wait! I'll send a boy after him."

—To-morrow, the 4th Sunday in Lent, *Missa Parvulorum* will be sung. Vespers p. 32. Hymn p. 81.

—If you don't at first succeed, try, try again. So thought Mike; and at last success crowned his efforts.

—That moustache-cup daily becomes more and more useful. John W. says he will soon be ready to be presented with one.

—The Librarian is indebted to Mrs. Veale, for a valuable collection of correspondence concerning Mexico and New Mexico.

—Navigation will soon open.—N. B. We keep this item in type, so as to be there or thereabouts when the exposition occurs.

—CALCULUS OF PROBABILITIES.—If a Junior gets 2-2-1—in all his classes, is it *two to one* that he will get the Mason Medal?

—The Seniors rejoice in the possession of a new billiard table. We have heard it said, however, that better ones have been made.

—The subject for the final essay required in competition for the Grand English Prize Medal will be announced at an early date.

—Our Land-leaguer was there all the time, and is there every time, too—especially about this season of the year. Long life to him!

—He was bound to start for the West, so he took an emigrant train. His efforts to sustain a conversation in Flemish were attended with fatal results.

—Thursday of this week was the "sign day" by which our assistant weather-prophet regulates the weather for the spring quarter. He says we will have some weather.

—The Orchestra is in a flourishing condition. They hold rehearsals now twice a week. The "Bohemian Girl," and some of Strauss's waltzes are promised for the next *Soirée*.

—We are requested to announce once more that "on occasion of public entertainments in the Hall, persons unconnected with the performance should not come behind the scenes."

—We really do not know what to think about our astrologer this year. His "February thaw" has upset us completely. Might we suggest a more careful revision of *proofs* in next year's *Annual*?

—The Minims on finding out that the box of oranges given for their examination did not come from Florida but Chicago, laid the matter before Father General. He told them he would remedy the mistake by getting some from New Orleans.

—Rumors are afloat that competitors for medals have no time to lose. The prizes are many indeed; but invariably "the best man" wins—and, be it remembered, this last mentioned gentleman is not there, unless a *certain record* is made.—*Verbum sap.*

—He comes from a war-like race. Often members of the family have rushed up to the cannon's mouth and in many ways faced danger for love of country, but he, "the last of the Mohicans," as it were, cowed before the accurate aim of a few ball-throwers.

—A meeting of the Junior Archconfraternity was held last Sunday evening. The ten-minutes' sermon was delivered by Father Hudson. Papers were read by W. Mulkern, on "Lent"; J. Hagerty, on "Easter Duty"; and J. Courtney on "The Martyrdom of Brebeuf."

—The Crescent Club have sent out elegant invitations to meet Rev. President Walsh at a grand banquet to be given in his honor, to-morrow evening (*Lætare Sunday*). This is the only festive gathering during the Lenten season, and one that is permitted solely to keep up an ancient tradition.

—A visit paid by Miss Hess, of Wheeling, Va.; to one of the Study Halls on Thursday last, proved a boon to some poor unfortunates in "durance vile." The lady kindly intimated that "she had been there herself," not so long ago, and asked pardon for the delinquents. Of course her request was granted, and the release was dutifully and thankfully received.

—According to reports the Columbian exhibition will be given on Easter Monday. The Columbians are determined not to be outdone by the Thespians. They will also tackle Shakspeare. This time, it will be *Macbeth*. J. M. will not face the British Lion this year, all his energy is reserved for the title rôle of the aforesaid drama.

—The transparencies of the great Southwest, exhibited by Father Zahm, Wednesday evening, were prepared by Mr. E. L. Wilson, of Philadelphia, Pa. Mr. Wilson makes a specialty of views for the lantern, and carries the largest and best selected stock in the country. We can recommend his work, as not only artistic, but first-class in every respect.

—The 13th regular meeting of the Sorin Literary and Dramatic Association was held in St. Edward's Hall, Feb. 26th. An original composition on "Denver" was read by W. McPhee, and one on "Parrots" by J. Wright. A Norwegian declamation was given by W. Stange, and a German by J. Krause. The President gave as a subject of debate for the next meeting the question, "Is Fire a more Useful Element than Water?" After some interesting remarks from the Chair, the meeting adjourned.

—Our first item in these columns is calculated to leave a wrong impression as to the actual state of the weather in this vicinity. Of course, every one here knows that there is no skating, at least to any alarming extent. Well, we have to own up; but a word of explanation. There *was* "fine skating" when that item was written. So far, so good. Now, as regards the sending of such an item in this variable weather to a weekly paper, the responsibility rests with the astrologer and his famous *thaw*. He could not be consulted in time, and there was the *devil*—to get "copy." *Nuff sed.*

—The following is the programme of the Musical *Soirée*, complimentary to Rev. President Walsh, to be given by the Orpheonic Club, under the direction of B. Anselm, on Wednesday, March 7th, at 7:30 p. m.:

PART FIRST.

- Overture.....Orchestra
 "Una Voce Poco Fa"—Aria.....*Rossini*
 F. Johnson.
 "Whisperings in the Air"—Duett and Chorus...*Shattuck*
 Minims.
 "Euge, Serve Bone et Fidelis"—Anthem in Honor of
 St. Thomas Aquinas.....*B. A.*
 M. Burns, J. Murphy.
 "Nancy Lee"—Song.....*S. Adams*
 G. Schaeffer.
 "From the Alps the Horn Resounding"—Arietta Notturna
 *Prock*
 W. Devine.
 "Arise, O Peerless Notre Dame"—Duett and Chorus *B. A.*
 "Only as Far as the Gate"—Song.... *H. Dailey*
 A. P. Coll.
 "Bounding Boat"—Barcarole.....*F. Kucken*
 L. Gibert, H. Foote, J. W. Guthrie, M. Foote.
 "O Restless Sea"—Terzetto.....*C. A. White*
 M. Donohue, M. Burns, J. Murphy.
 "Moonlight on the Lake"—Chorus.....*C. A. White*

PART SECOND.

- Overture.....Orchestra
- "Only a Pansy Blossom"—Waltz-Song.....*F. Howard*
F. Johnson.
- "St. Joseph's Lake"—Duett and Unison.....*B. A.*
J. C. Larkin, B. Faton, J. W. Guthrie.
- "Peace of Mind"—Solo.....*H Sponholtz*
L. Gibert.
- "Let us Try to be Happy"—Duett.....*Concone*
J. Courtney, G. Schaeffer.
- "Some Day I'll Wander Back Again"—Song and Chorus
.....*W. Huntley*
J. McIntyre.
- "Far from Home"—Solo and Chorus.....*C. A. White*
J. R. Devereux.
- "Dreaming the Happy Hours Away"—Serenade-Quartette
.....*S. Foster*
- F. Johnson, H. Metz, W. Schott, J. Courtney, G. Schaeffer,
H. Foote, L. Gibert, H. Dunn, F. B. Devoto,
F. Kuhn, W. Arnold, J. Murphy.
- "Homage to His Holiness Pope Leo XIII"—Grand
Chorus.....*B. A.*
- The Chorusses to the several songs will be sung by
Messrs. F. B. Devoto, F. E. Kuhn, J. P. O'Neill, W. H.
Arnold, J. P. Keller, J. Murphy (*Bassi*). L. G. Gibert,
J. W. Guthrie, M. L. Foote, H. M. Foote, M. T. Burns, J.
C. Larkin (*Tenor*). (W. Schott, G. Schaeffer, J. R. Dever
eux, S. T. Murdock, T. E. McGrath, J. J. McGrath (*Alti*).
F. Johnson, H. Metz, J. S. Courtney, J. Hetz, W. Devine,
W. McPhee (*Soprani*).

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.]

SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

Messrs. Armijo, Ashford, Anderson, Arnold, Bowers, Brady, Burns, Browne, Buchanan, Craig, Comerford, Cavanagh, Cleary, G. Clarke, A. Coghlin, Conway, Campbell, Clements, Crawford, Cole, M. Donohue, Delgado, Eaton, Fogerty, T. Flynn, Fleming, Farrell, F. Gallagher, Grever, Golonski, Grange, Guthrie, Godfrey, Gooley, Grout, Hofstetter, Jones, Johnston, Kaufman, Kleiber, Keller, Kelly, Koehler, Kuhn, Larkin, W. Lally, Meyer, Galarneau, Molloy, W. J. McCarthy, Mason, McCabe, McErlaine, Mullen, S. Murdock, C. Murdock, McIntyre, Morse, T. McNamara, J. McNamara, Morris, Mathers, Noble, Neeson, Ott, O'Dea, Orchard, O'Connor, O'Neill, Otis, O'Reilly, Pour, Parrott, Pillars, Piefer, Ratterman, Rodgers, W.

Ryan, T. Ryan, Stull, Stover, L. Smith, Solon, Saviers,
G. Smith, Terazzas, Whalen, Warner, Wall, Zahm, Mar-
tin, O'Brien, Scholfield, Newman, Spencer, Zurbuch.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

Masters Armijo, Arnold, Bush, Browne, Berthelet, Bacon, Brewster, Curtis, Cavanagh, Cavaroc, Cain, Droste, Dupke, Dolan, Dillon, De Haven, Darling, Eisenhauer, M. Foote, H. Foote, Fendrich, Fishel, Foster, Gibert, Grothaus, Hagerty, J. Henry, Hermann, Halligan, W. Henry, C. Hornaday, Hibbeler, Hess, Hannavin, Hagen, Howard, Johnston, Jeannot, Kahmann, Kerndt, Kengel, J. Kelly, M. Kelly, Livingston. McCawley, Mug, Metz, McGordon, McDonnell, McGill, D. O'Connor, Ohnick, Porter, Robb, Rhodus, Rothchild, Ruppe, J. Ryan, Reach, Schott, Schillo, J. Smith, Seegers, Schaeffer, Stark, Subert, Violette, Warren, Wilkinson, Wright, Walsh, Wallace, Weber, Waixel, Zeigler, Taylor.

MINIM DEPARTMENT.

Masters Ackermann, Colwell, Cummings, G. Costigan, E. Costigan, Chirhart, A. Devine, Doherty, Keffe, Luther, B. Lindsey, McNaughton, McGordon, Metz, D. Prindiville, Spencer, C. Smith, Studebaker, F. Stamm, Schmauss, Shicker, Thomas, Whitney, Welch.

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.]

COMMERCIAL COURSE.

Messrs. McDonnell, Brice, Courtney, Kerndt, Jeannot, Mug, T. Walsh, Holbrook, Gerlach, Kengel, Dillon, Taylor, Dolan, Hess, Ziegler, De Haven, Bacon, Reach, Whalen, Mullen, Stull, Rodgers, Zähnlé, Köehler, W. Warren, T. McNamara, Pour, Brady, Austin, Buchanan, Ott, Ashford, Keller, Kipper, Morse, O'Dea, Witwer, V. Burke.

MINIM DEPARTMENT.

Master Adams, Bunker, G. Costigan, E. Costigan, Coad, Chaves, Cain, Dirksmeyer, A. Devine, Doherty, Harris, Hopkins, Huestis, Johnson, Keeffe, A. Kelly, Luther, B. Lindsey, C. Lindsey, Landenwich, J. J. McGrath, E. McGrath, McPhee, Morrison, Moss, Metz, Nester, F. Otis, A. Otis, Papin, W. Prindiville, D. Prindiville, Quinlan, Roberts, Rehori, Stange, Spencer, Schmitz, Smith Sommer, F. Stamm, G. Stamm, Schmauss, Schicker, Thomas, W. Walsh, Whitney, Wright.

List of Excellence.

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

COMMERCIAL COURSE.

Reading and Orthography—Messrs. Grout, Rodgers, W. Hetz, Seegers, Wile; Grammar—Messrs. C. Carroll, Hess, Halligan; Arithmetic—Messrs. Rodgers, Whalen, J. Smith, McDonnell, M. Foote, Scholfield, J. Flynn, W. Ryan; Geography—Messrs. W. Henry, Hess, Hagerty, Halligan, Cavaroc, McDonnell, Brady; United States History—Messrs. Halligan, Kahman, Reach, W. Murphy, Mulkern, Johnson, Howard, Keller, Brady; Penmanship—Messrs. Drover, J. Eisenhauer, Fishel; Book-Keeping—Messrs. Courtney, Witwer, J. Burke, V. Burke, Ott, O'Dea, Monohan.

For the Dome.

Mr. Lawrence Mulligan, Longmont, Col.....	\$10.00
Mr. Christian Hess.....	10.00
St. Rose's Academy, Laporte, Ind.....	5.00
Thomas E. Mullin.....	10.00
Mr. John Redmond.....	10.00

Saint Mary's Academy.

One Mile West of Notre Dame University.

—Among the visitors of the week were Miss Louise Henrotin, a former pupil, accompanied by Mrs. Scheppers, one of the leading vocalists of Chicago.

—Easter is approaching! We hope many "poor churches" may receive, from the work of Catholic ladies' hands, the ornaments to adorn the altars, and vestments fit to be used in the celebration of the august Mysteries. A few hours thus employed will be a pleasant thought at the hour of death.

—At the regular Academic reunion, Very Rev. Father General whose absence, on account of the weather, was a cause of deep regret, again presided. "ROSA MYSTICA," edited by the Graduates, was listened to with pleasure, being well read by the Misses Wiley, Fox, Wright, Clarke, and A. Ryan. The articles were sprightly and witty. The Rev. critics even found no fault. Mrs. Schmauss, who is visiting her two daughters at the Academy, Mrs. Costigan and Miss Meyers, were also present.

—A letter is just received announcing the death of Mrs. Montague, née Emma York, who graduated here in 1876. Her meritorious record here, joined to her many virtues, endeared her to all her teachers and class-mates; and, while offering our prayers to God for her dear soul, our heartfelt sympathy is extended to her bereaved husband and loving relatives. We have taken the liberty of transcribing a few sentences from the letter mentioned above, every word of which finds an echo in our hearts:

"CONVENT OF THE VISITATION, DUBUQUE, Feb. 23, '83.

... With feelings of deep emotion, I hasten to ask your prayers for the repose of the soul of my beloved sister-in-law, and your own dear child, Mrs. John Montague (Emma York). She died at seven o'clock this morning, fortified by the last rites of the Church. She loved you, dear Mother, and loved everything connected with dear St. Mary's, where she received the Faith; and, oh! to say how my family valued her, would be impossible! She was a most dutiful daughter to my aged parents; to each member of the family, a fond, generous and self-sacrificing sister. And how proud she was of being your child! Do, dear Mother, pray, and get your holy Community to pray for her bereaved ones."

May she rest in peace!

—Washington's Birthday is always one of recreation at St. Mary's. A light snow, falling in the night, gave the pupils the sleigh-ride which had been postponed, not for want of snow, which had come and gone, but for reason that the weather had been too severe. The 22d being bright and pleasant, the sleighs were soon freighted with merry girls, brim full of fun—for our good stewardess had issued orders to another *slaying* party, a few days before, that after the 21st no live turkey should be found on the premises,—and, strange to relate, those stoical girls shed no tears over the legend of extermination, but actually ap-

peared to enjoy the sight of the remains. In the evening, Rev. Father Zahm gave his 2d Entertainment. During the last three years we have remained comfortably at home, and, by the magical power employed by the Rev. gentleman, have made the tour of the earth; seen the grand architectural monuments of antiquity—churches, palaces, sculptures, paintings, and the most noted historical places of the Old World; visited Oriental lands, and revelled in their magnificence; ascended the mountains of Palestine, everyone of which was dear to us by its connection with biblical events; crossed the deserts, without the aid of camels; have scaled the Alps and Apennines, basked in the light of sunny France, and almost tasted the figs and grapes of the bright lands of Spain and Portugal; have explored the catacombs of ancient Rome, and scanned her storied monuments, admired the churches and their masterpieces of art—the treasures of the Vatican; aye, the treasures of the world gathered within the city of Rome. But for grandeur and sublimity of natural scenery, no country on the face of the globe can surpass Colorado, and the GREAT WEST. No pen may describe those stupendous "Formations," for they are beyond all art. Here, one feels the Presence and Power of the "Fiat" of the Great Creator—and to Him be all the glory. Our thanks, to Father Zahm.

—On Tuesday, Feb. 21st, the Directress of the Art Department gave the regular Lecture in the large study-hall so that all the pupils belonging to the three schools of the Academy might be present, viz., the Academic, Art and Music Departments. Among many of the finest specimens of landscape oil paintings secured for models in the studio, are three from the brush of Cyrinus Hall, who stands pre-eminent among the great living artists in America. Descriptions of these splendid paintings, representing Loch Katrine, Loch Lomond and Loch Achrey, formed the main subject of the most entertaining and instructive lecture of the kind this year. To fully understand and judge the merits of such paintings, the soul must be full of music, the eye capable of seizing the beauties of nature suggested or made palpable by the genius of the artist, and the mind stored with knowledge, human and divine. Scotland has often been compared by tourists to Switzerland. Amid its mountain heights and secluded glens, its charming lakes and wooded islets, rested secure those brave chieftains who guarded during past centuries their mountain fastnesses from the English foe. History has chronicled the wars and struggles of those dark days, but our knowledge of this fair land has come down to us mostly through the legendary lore, kept alive in every nook and dingle, by the songs of the Bards, and made known to the ends of the earth in our day by the mighty pen of the "Wizard of the North," Sir Walter Scott. Then, while we gazed on Loch Katrine and Loch Lomond, we forgot the pictured landscapes, so charming to the eye, for memory recalled the scenes and events so beautifully reproduced in word-pictures by Scott in his great poem, the "Lady of the Lake,"

from which quotations were freely made. The speaker pointed out on the landscapes the precise spot whence the "Knight of Snowdon" descried the brave maiden, Ellen Douglas, guiding her skiff from the islet to the foot of Ben Venue. The passage between the lakes also, where the barges bore the clansmen and their chieftain Roderick Dhu. In imagination, under the burning words, were heard again the echoes from the hills, as was read that glorious chorus-refrain, "*Roderick vich Alpine dhu, ho! iero.*" It would be impossible to reproduce all the passages pertaining to the charming views which exhibited to the eye those unique descriptions of natural scenery and national character which have distinguished Sir Walter Scott who never misplaced a tree, ford, or dark mountain pass, for the sake of beautiful imagery. All his descriptions of natural surroundings are so perfect that an artist who has never been in "Bonnie Scotland" could paint a true picture by simply following the indication of his wondrous pen. The pupils enjoyed the too short hour, and learned many useful lessons on copying and selecting real works of art, either in portraits or landscapes, wherewith to adorn their homes. They were taught not to be satisfied with mere daubs, on which careless visitors dote *but once*, usually with some hackneyed phrase, not always appropriate to the poor representation,—"How lovely! just look at those dear little sheep, and those elegant pink clouds," etc. Our young artists, it is hoped, will know how to judge and love real art under whatever form presented; this being the object of their study and labor in St. Luke's Studio, under the supervision of the directress and teachers.

A Trait of Reverence.

It was in Naples—a city celebrated for its gayety and also for its piety—that a party of tourists coming from Pompeii and Vesuvius, stopped at a small hotel and asked to wash their hands before taking their lunch. The mistress of the house hastened to fetch them some water. She noticed that one of the company was a priest, and immediately advanced, and took from him the towel, on which all the rest had dried their hands. "Allow me, my father: it is not proper that your fingers, which have touched the Body of our Lord, should use this coarse towel;" and she ran to her cupboard and brought out one of embroidered linen which she placed in his hand. An act of delicacy from a poor simple woman, but one which should stimulate our faith.—*Translated from the "Feuille D'or."*

Roll of Honor.

FOR POLITENESS, NEATNESS, ORDER, AMIABILITY, CORRECT DEPORTMENT, AND OBSERVANCE OF RULES.

SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

Par Excellence—Misses Adderly, Black, Clarke, Chirhart, Comerford, Dillon, C. Donnelly, Dunn, Dolan, Edgerly, Eldridge, Evarts, Gove, Gallagher, Heckard, Hunt, Har-

rigan, M. Hawkins, L. Hawkins, Halter, Harris, Johnson, Keenan, M. King, Kirkham, Kearns, Lancaster, Mohl, McCoy, McCarten, McKenna, Mooney, Maginn, Neu, O'Brien, O'Connell, Quinlan, A. Ryan, M. H. Ryan, V. Reilly, Sullivan, Semmes, E. Slattery, Sawyer, Stackerl, Schmauss, Steinem, Schaefer, Todd, Van Patten, Wright. *2d Tablet*—Misses Barlow, Beal, M. Campbell, Call, Danforth, Fox, Feehan, Fenlon, Gavan, M. Heneberry, Hamilton, Laffer, A. Leydon, Legnard, Munger, Madole, McCauley, Murphy, Pick, Pampell, M. A. Ryan, Rainsey, Reiser, Shickey, T. Slattery, Taylor, Unger, Wiley, Walsh, Wallace, Williams.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

Par Excellence—Misses Coogan, Chaves, Dignan, M. Dillon, E. Donnelly, Fritchen, Fisk, Hawkins, Halsey, Hetz, Haney, Johnston, Lucas, Nevius, Naylor, Richmond, Shephard, Schmidt, Van Horn. *2d Tablet*—Misses Best, Considine, Coyne, Duffield, K. Ducey, A. English, Fehr, Grist, Hibben, McGrath, Malbœuf, Morgan, Otis, Spengler, Snowhook.

MINIM DEPARTMENT.

Par Excellence—Misses Burtis, Chapin, Campeau, J. English, Lindsey, J. McGrath, McKennon, Otis, Prescott, Schmauss, G. Wallace.

SCHOOL OF DRAWING AND PAINTING.

HONORABLY MENTIONED.

DRAWING.

3D CLASS—Misses Shickey, E. Slattery, Pick, Agnes English, Richmond, Unger, Walsh, Shephard, Madole, A. Duffield, Johnston, E. Hawkins, M. Hawkins, Hoag, Dolan, Otis, Fehr, Coyne, Grist, Stackerl, Spotwood, Van Horn, Crawford, O'Brien, Halter, Dunn, Legnard, Quinlan.

PAINTING IN WATER-COLORS.

Mrs. G. Costigan; Misses Wallace, Shickey, Grist.

OIL-PAINTING.

1ST CLASS—Misses Fox, C. Campbell, Lancaster.

2D. DIV.—Misses Van Patten, Beal, Harrigan.

2D CLASS—Misses Donnelly, Wallace, V. Reilly, Heneberry, Clarke.

3D CLASS—Misses M. A. Ryan, M. H. Ryan, Barlow, Williams.

2D DIV.—Misses Richmond, Walsh, J. Duffield, Johnston, M. Hawkins, E. Hawkins, Stackerl, Dolan.

VELVET PAINTING.

Misses Van Patten, Fendrich, M. Hawkins, E. Hawkins, V. Reilly, Lancaster, Barlow.

GENERAL DRAWING.

SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

Misses Johnson, Black, Danforth, Mooney, Kolb, O'Connell, Sawyer, Hunter.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

Misses Nevius, Morgan, Otis, Rodgers, Brown, Fehr, Dignan, Coyne, Chaves, Van Horn, Morrison.

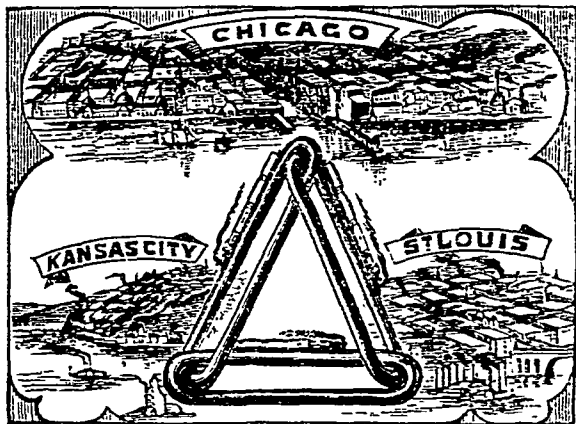
IN Mrs. George Ticknor's hall always stood a most impassive and impressive liveried footman, bearing a silver salver on which to receive cards, and showing usually no more emotion than the wooden hat-rack. But one afternoon, when Mrs. Ticknor was out, and the house was very quiet, an amanuensis, copying notes in an up-stairs room, was startled by a series of howls and yells from below. She kept at her work, thinking that if the servants in the kitchen were killing each other it was no business of hers. Soon up came a maid to ask if she was frightened. She said she was not. "Oh, ye ain't? Well, I thought I'd tell ye, mum, that it's only the footman. When the folks is out, an' the house quiet, he can't stand it, an' he has to holler. It's kind o' reliev'in' to him."—*Boston Transcript.*

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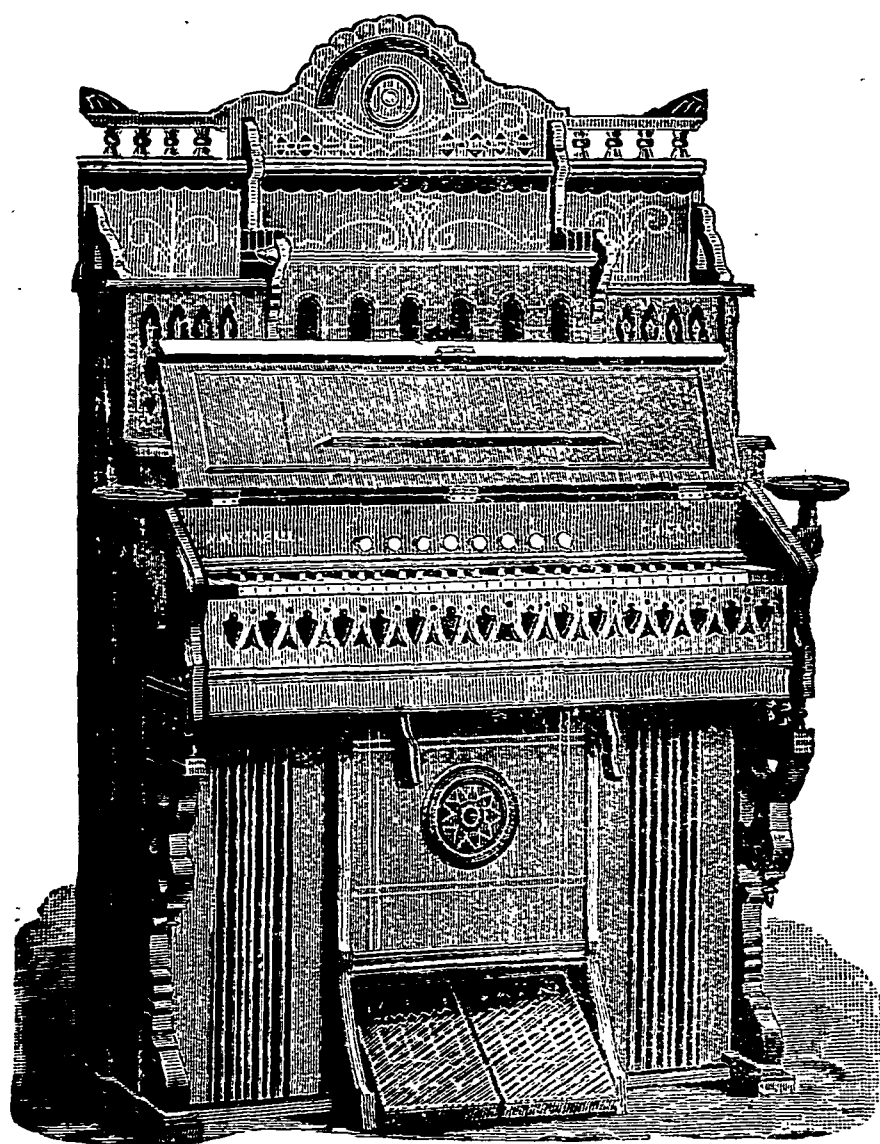
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GOING EAST:

2.32 a.m., Chicago and St. Louis Express, over Main Line, arrives at Toledo, 9.50 a.m.; Cleveland, 2.30 p.m.; Buffalo, 8.05 p.m.

11.23 a.m. Mail, over Main Line, arrives at Toledo, 5.35 p.m.; Cleveland, 10.10 p.m.; Buffalo, 4 a.m.

9.10 p.m., Atlantic Express, over Air Line. Arrives at Toledo, 2.45 a.m.; Cleveland, 7.05 a.m.; Buffalo, 1.10 p.m.

12.20 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.

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

GOING WEST:

2.32 a.m., Toledo Express. Arrives at Laporte, 3.25 a.m. Chicago, 6.10 a.m.

4.35 a.m. Pacific Express. Arrives at Laporte, 5.45 a.m. Chicago, 8.20 a.m.

8.02 a.m. Accommodation. Arrives at Laporte, 8.44 a.m. Chesterton, 9.40 a.m.; Chicago, 11.30 a.m.

1.30 p.m., Special Michigan Express. Arrives at Laporte, 2.15 p.m.; Chesterton, 3.10 p.m.; Chicago, 5.00 p.m.

4.35 p.m. Special Chicago Express. Arrives at Laporte, 5.18; Chesterton, 6.07 p.m.; Chicago, 8 p.m.

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