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Disce quasi semper victurus; vive quasi cras moriturus.

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## Glimpses of the Supernatural.\*

BY ELEANOR C. DONNELLY.

To Rev. Daniel E. Hudson, C. S. C.

A cloudland of crimson and silver  
With *fleurs-de-lis*, glittering, strewn,—  
I lean from the oriel-window  
To watch it, at sunset, alone.

For, here, on the broad sill before me,  
A dainty and delicate book  
Lies bathed in the roseate glory  
Which cloudland casts into my nook.

The mystical theme of its pages,  
(So like the rich clouds of the west,)  
My thought and my fancy engages  
With visions and miracles blest.

St. Antony, great Thaumaturgus;  
St. Stanislaus, seraph serene;  
The Carmelite friar, Père Hermann;  
The marvels of Lourdes and its Queen;

The tricks of malevolent demons;  
Devices of angels and saints;  
The chaste and ethereal dreamings  
Which Art in her purity paints,—

All these, from the oriel-window  
I see in the cloudland afar,  
In the cloudland of crimson and silver  
With the gates of the sunset ajar.

And I say to my soul, "If these glimpses  
Of Life supernatural, to me  
Are so fair in their vagueness and dimness,—  
How grand its full splendors must be!"

\* GLIMPSES OF THE SUPERNATURAL. THOS. B. NOONAN & CO.,  
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## Oliver Goldsmith.\*

In speaking of the deeds of men of other times, of the historic actors of the eventful past, we but speak of that immortality which lives through time,—of the scintillations cast by the wayside which illumine the darkness and enable us to penetrate the past mysterious night. For the deeds of great men are the land-marks and guide posts in the desert wastes of departed time; the golden links which unite the

past and present; the mortal to that immortality which survives the dead, and communes with, and vivifies the living. Goldsmith dead! He is not dead! Men of genius never die! They live in great deeds and in immortal words and are dead only to those incapable of appreciating genius. Goldsmith, Johnson, Burke, Reynolds, Pope, Shakespeare, and Milton played as important parts in the great theatre of life as Dante, Raphael, Virgil, Cicero, Plato, and Homer had done before them. Yet all are gone,—they have passed beyond the vale; but their deeds and words remain, and their names live on.

Goldsmith could only trace his ancestors to an humble but honest peasantry who esteemed virtue, charity, and integrity as the richest heritages to transmit from sire to son. He was born at Pallasmore, in the County of Longford, Ireland, November 10, 1728. His father was a minister of the Church of England, and his gentle life, simple habits and great benevolence endeared him to all with whom he had to deal.

"Truth from his lips prevailed with double sway,  
And fools, who came to scoff, remained to pray."

Two years after the birth of Oliver, the family removed to Lissoy in the County of Westmeath, that "Sweet Auburn" immortalized in "The Deserted Village." Here the pious pastor

"ran his goodly race,  
Nor e'er had changed, nor wished to change, his place;  
His house was known to all the vagrant train,  
He chid their wanderings, but relieved their pain;  
The long remembered beggar was his guest,  
Whose beard descending swept his aged breast;  
The ruined spendthrift, now no longer proud,  
Claimed kindred there, and had his claims allow'd:  
The broken soldier, kindly bade to stay,  
Sat by the fire, and talked the night away;  
Wept o'er his wounds or tales of sorrow done,  
Shouldered his crutch, and showed how fields were won  
Pleased with his guests, the good man learned to glow,  
And quite forgot their vices in their woe;  
Careless their merits or their faults to scan,  
His pity gave ere charity began."

Everyone familiar with Irish hospitality will see in this a picture true to nature. The latch-string hangs out, the stranger finds a ready chair and a cheerful meal; the long-remembered beggar, the last of a race—

"She only left of all the harmless train"

finds a hearty welcome at the fireside of old acquaintances who knew her in better days. It was amidst these early surroundings that the young mind of the poet was moulded, and from such a

\* Lecture delivered before the students by HON. JOHN GIBBONS, Esq., of Chicago.

source he learned those lessons of benevolence which he practised through life. The impressions thus formed amidst the haunts and scenes of his childhood were treasured and retained with all the vividness of recollection which belongs to genius. A great poet has said, that "The light which the poet sees around the forms of nature is not so much in the objects themselves as in the eye that contemplates them; and imagination must first lend glory to such charms before she can derive inspiration from them." What a flood of glory must have flashed upon the imagination of our poet as he grouped the pious pastor, the aged beggar, the broken soldier and the ruined spendthrift; and who, but an artist of exalted though of tender heart and pathetic soul, could so softly blend those varied natures into such sublime creations!

Mrs. Delap was Goldsmith's first teacher. She taught him the alphabet, and it would seem hers was not an easy task, as she pronounced him a dunce. While it may be said that his future life served to disprove her presumption, Goldsmith withal was not a man of transcendent genius. His smooth, easy and graceful style is more calculated to please than instruct; and, in admiring the simple charms of his homeliest creations, we are apt to lose sight of the author in raptures over the great good nature of the kind and indulgent man.

At the age of six, our hero passed into the hands of Paddy Byrne, the Hedge School-master, who served in the wars of Queen Anne, and who had treasured up many tales of his adventures in foreign lands. His oft repeated tales "of moving accidents by flood and field, of hair-breadth 'scapes," etc., were eagerly listened to by the willing young genius. These exercised a powerful influence upon Goldsmith's imagination, and awakened in him an unconquerable passion for wandering abroad in search of adventures. When about eight years of age, the small-pox, which scourged all Europe at that time and "ravaged the roses off the cheeks of half the world, fell foul of poor little Oliver's face and left him scarred and disfigured for life. This misfortune seems to have cast a gloom over his entire future life; and, to make up for the defects in his appearance, may be attributed his ludicrous eccentricities, in his manner of dress. But these peculiarities were of a harmless nature and did not in any degree affect the child-like simplicity of the man. His writings are not only models of purity in diction and phraseology, but of thought and sentiment as well. No word or line can there be found in them to cause a blush to mantle the brow of the most circum-spect. If we trace his varied life from the artless child at Ballymahon, the wandering adventurer traversing on foot the historic countries of continental Europe, the Grub Street scribbler and bookseller's hack, to the literary lion, in after years, we find him the same tender-hearted youth, the same benevolent and forgiving man. Under the most trying and provoking circumstances we can only discover in him a wounded pride, but no trace of malice or lasting resentment.

An amusing incident is related of Goldsmith's

youth, which happened while on his way home from college. He procured a nag for the journey, and started for home with a guinea in his pocket—quite a little sum in those days—which he determined to spend in princely style. Halting for the night at the little town of Ardagh, he accosted the first man he met, who happened to be something of a wag, and, with much swagger and pomposity, inquired for the best house in town. The wag directed him to 'Squire Featherstone's, a gentleman of fortune who lived in the village. Goldsmith rode up to what he supposed an inn, ordered his horse cared for, demanded supper, called for a bottle of wine, and invited the landlord, his wife and daughter to sup with him. Mr. Featherstone, being a man of humor, readily grasped the situation, and determined to give him full sway. Never did youth more fully appreciate his importance, or enjoy with more *gusto* the freedom of the tavern. To crown the glory of the achievement and to show that he was not wanting in the fine discernments and tastes of an epicure, he turned back, when about to retire for the night, and gave strict orders for hot cakes for breakfast. To this incident in the life of Goldsmith, it is said, the world is indebted for his admirable comedy, "She Stoops to Conquer, or, the Mistakes of a Night."

Goldsmith was a man of keen perception, of brilliant mind and versatile talent; but was, withal, a man without aim or purpose in life. Unfortunately, it was foreign to his nature to comprehend the force of the sentiment:

"The man who seeks one thing in life—and but one—  
May hope to achieve it before life be done;  
But he who seeks all things, wherever he goes,  
Only reaps from the hopes which around him he sows  
A harvest of barren regrets."

He was prone to many oddities and whimsicalities. He had brought from Ireland, he was wont to say, "nothing but his brogue and his blunders;" and the remorse which his memory treasured from past blunders often cast a gloom over his checkered life, even when fortune smiled upon him and the lamp of fame illumed and cheered his way.

He studied for the ministry, but had no taste for such a calling. In his biography of "The Man in Black" he presents a very comical objection to such a profession: "To be obliged to wear a long wig when I liked a short one, or a black coat when I generally dressed in brown, I thought such restraints upon my liberty that I absolutely rejected the proposal." His taste in the manner of dress savored of the Dutch of those days; he was fond of bright colors. When he presented himself for ordination he was arrayed in scarlet breeches. Whether it was his apparent fondness for the gay things of this life which caused the displeasure of the bishop is not stated, but that dignitary refused him ordination. He next sallies forth to London to enter the Temple as a law student, but is allured into a gambling house by an old fellow-student he meets in Dublin. He is soon relieved of the fifty pounds furnished him to pursue his studies. Having been so easily duped, he wisely concludes that

he never *was* calculated to make a successful lawyer, and dismisses the thought of pursuing that profession. Without money to proceed further or to return home, he loiters about in obscurity until found, after a long search, by his uncle. This indulgent relative furnishes him with some more money to enter the Medical University of Edinburgh. On his arrival in that city he takes lodgings, and places his baggage in charge of the landlady, and immediately rushes out to "do the town," without taking the number of the house, the name of the street, or the landlady. Lost, perplexed and bewildered in the crowded streets of Edinburgh, he fortunately meets the porter who had carried his baggage and, through his kindness, is conducted back to his quarters in safety. After attending lectures for a short time, the adventures of Paddy Byrne overshadow his every thought, and he quits the temple of Esculapius to visit the picturesque scenery and fabled spots of the chivalric Highlands. "I set out the first day on foot," said he, in a letter to his uncle, "but an ill-natured corn I have on my toe has, for the future, prevented that cheap mode of travelling; so, the second day, I hired a horse, about the size of a ram, and he walked away—trot he could not—as pensive as his master." After spending two winters at Edinburgh, he goes to Leyden, in Holland, to finish his medical studies. He remained a year at Leyden, attending the lectures of Gaubius on Chemistry, and Albinus on Anatomy. The money he borrowed from a friend to pay his way to Paris he invested in a few choice and costly tulip roots, to be forwarded to his uncle in Ireland as a testimonial of his deep sense of gratitude for many favors; but it was not until he had paid for them that he thought of having spent the money he borrowed for his journey. Too proud to give up his journey, and ashamed to make another appeal to his friend, he, then and there, set out to make a tour of the continent, with but one spare shirt, a flute, and a single guinea. In his amusing narrative of the adventures of a "Philosophic Vagabond" we find portrayed the expedients he was forced to resort to in his wanderings. "I passed among the harmless peasants of Flanders, and among such of the French as were poor enough to be very merry; for I ever found them sprightly in proportion to their wants. Whenever I approached a peasant's house towards nightfall I played one of my merriest tunes, and that procured me, not only a lodging, but a subsistence for the next day; but in truth, I must own, whenever I attempted to entertain persons of a higher rank they always thought my performances odious, and never made any return for my endeavors to please them."

After wandering in foreign lands for about two years, he landed in London, where his flute and his philosophy were no longer available as a means of subsistence. "The English boors cared nothing for music; there were no convents, and as to the learned and the clergy, not one of them would give a vagrant scholar a supper and a night's lodging for the best thesis that ever was

written." We have from his own magic pen—furnished, doubtless, from his own experience, the straits he must have been driven to in order to find shelter and sustenance in this great and busy metropolis. "The clock has just struck two. What a gloom hangs all around! No sound is heard but the chiming clock or the distant watch-dog. How few appear in those streets which, but some few hours ago, were crowded! But who are those who make the street their couch, and find a short repose from wretchedness at the doors of the opulent? They are strangers, wanderers, and orphans, whose circumstances are too humble to expect redress, and whose distresses are too great even for pity; some are without the covering even of rags, and others emaciated with disease. The world has disclaimed them; society turns its back upon their distress, and has given them up to nakedness and hunger. These poor, shivering females have once seen happier days, and been flattered into beauty. They are now turned out to meet the severity of winter. Perhaps now lying at the doors of their betrayers; they sue to wretches whose hearts are insensible, or debauchees who may curse but will not relieve them. Why, why was I born a man, and yet see the sufferings of wretches I cannot relieve? Poor, houseless creatures! The world will give you reproaches, but will not give you relief!"

Soon after his arrival in London he commenced the practice of medicine in Bankside, Southwark. His practice was chiefly among the poor; for he did not possess the insinuating address, tinselled polish, sycophancy, or assurance to succeed among the rich. The tarnished finery of green and gold was soon succeeded by a professional suit of black, to which were added the wig and cane indispensable to the medical gentleman of those days. He evidently did not possess much taste for this profession, as a slight quarrel with his apothecary, about the weight of a pill, caused him to cast aside the wig and cane and to return to the drudgery of a Grub Street scribbler.

He continued to write for various magazines and periodicals of every variety; apparently destitute of literary ambition, writing more from necessity than from choice. He finally conceived the idea of getting up a treatise of some magnitude, to be entitled "An Inquiry into the Present State of Polite Learning in Europe." In order to get his friends interested in the work he wrote several letters to Ireland. Among them was one to his cousin Jane, for whom he betrayed a warm affection in his youth. The letter is highly humorous, unique in its way, and characteristic of the writer, but owing to its length, I will only quote a few of its concluding sentences:

"I have already given my landlady orders for an entire reform in the state of my finances. I declaim against hot suppers, drink less sugar in my tea, and check my grate with brickbats. Instead of hanging my room with pictures, I intend to adorn it with maxims of frugality. These will make pretty furniture enough, and won't be a bit expensive; for I will draw them all out with my own hands, and my landlady's daughter shall frame them with the parings of my waistcoat. Each maxim is to be inscribed on a sheet of clean paper, and wrote with my best pen, of which the

following will serve as a specimen. Look sharp: Mind the main chance: Money is money now: If you have a thousand pounds you can put your hands by your sides and say you are worth a thousand pounds every day of the year. Take a farthing from a hundred and it will be a hundred no longer. Thus, which way soever I turn my eyes they are sure to meet one of those friendly monitors; and, as we are told of an actor who hung his room with looking-glasses to correct the defects of his person, my apartment shall be furnished in a peculiar manner to correct the errors of my mind."

After the publication of his "Inquiry" his circumstances became easier and his name more extensively known. He then began to receive visits of ceremony and to entertain his literary friends, among whom was Mr. (afterwards Sir Joshua) Reynolds. "They were men of kindred genius, excelling in corresponding qualities of their several arts; for style in writing is what color is in painting: both are innate endowments and equally magical in their effects." Reynolds soon understood and appreciated the merits of Goldsmith, and a sincere and lasting friendship ensued between them.

From the frequent meetings of men of talent at Sir Joshua Reynolds' festive board rose that association of wits, authors, statesmen and scholars renowned as "The Literary Club." The original members were Reynolds, Johnson, Burke, Burnet, Dr. Nugent, Langton, Topham, Beauclerc, Charnier, Hawkins and Goldsmith.

Dr. Johnson had now become one of Goldsmith's greatest friends and admirers. He knew all the weak points of his character; but he knew, also, his merits; and, while he would rebuke him like a child and rail at his errors and follies, he would suffer no one else to undervalue him. Goldsmith fully appreciated the soundness of his judgment, and his practical benevolence, and often sought his counsel and aid amid the difficulties into which his heedlessness was continually plunging him. On one occasion when arrested by his landlady for the non-payment of rent, he sent a message to Dr. Johnson that he was in great distress and implored his immediate aid and presence. Johnson hastened to his friend, talked with him over his affairs, and of the means by which he might be extricated from his present embarrassment. Goldsmith produced a novel which he was preparing for the press, submitted it to Johnson who immediately saw its merits, took it to the bookseller, and one of the grandest novels in the whole realm of fiction—"The Vicar of Wakefield"—was sold to Francis Newberry for sixty pounds!

Goldsmith had as yet produced nothing of moment in poetry, distrusting his qualifications to gain the favor of the muses, and doubting the disposition of the public mind to become interested in the matter sufficiently to pay due deference and respect to poetic genius. "I fear," said he "I have come too late into the world; Pope and other poets have taken up the places in the temple of Fame; and as few, at any period can possess poetical reputation, a man of genius can now hardly acquire it." At this time he had by him his poem of "The Traveller," which he had planned during his tour of the continent. It remained in a crude state for several years; and, it was with extreme hesitation

that he submitted it to his friend Dr. Johnson for perusal; the frank and warm approbation of Johnson encouraged him to finish it for the press. Its appearance at once elevated Goldsmith's intellectual standing in the estimation of society. Its great merit was universally acknowledged; and Dr. Johnson has pronounced it the purest poem that has appeared since the days of Pope. Miss Reynolds, who on one occasion toasted Goldsmith as the ugliest man of her acquaintances, after hearing Johnson read "The Traveller," exclaimed, I never more shall drink Dr. Goldsmith ugly."

Goldsmith's merits as a writer are not confined to poetry and fiction. He possessed a great fondness for the drama. He thought, too, that a vicious taste prevailed among those who wrote for the stage. "A few species of dramatic composition," said he, in one of his essays, "has been introduced under the name of sensational comedy in which the virtues of private life are exhibited rather than the vices exposed; and the distresses rather than the faults of mankind make our interest in the piece." Some symptoms of reform had recently taken place and were received into public favor, which aroused Goldsmith's emulation and induced him to write a comedy of the same class, entitled, "A Good-Natured Man." This would have been cast aside and consigned to certain oblivion while creeping through the rehearsals, but for the timely interference and manly support of Dr. Johnson. He attended the rehearsals, furnished the prologue, and frowned down all doubts and fears on the part of actor and author. Although coldly received on the first evening of its production the play grew in public favor and, notwithstanding the disappointment of the author and his friends as to its success, the profits resulting from it were five hundred pounds,—beyond any that Goldsmith had yet realized from his works. He at once opened his heart and hand and allowed himself to fall into all kinds of extravagances. His shabby lodgings were now exchanged for chambers more in keeping with a man of his ample fortune. He entertained his literary friends royally and gave supper parties to his young acquaintances of both sexes. His heedless extravagances soon brought him to the end of his purse; and when his funds were exhausted, he drew on futurity; obtaining advances from his booksellers and loans from his friends, in the confident hope of soon liquidating them. The debts thus thoughtlessly incurred in consequence of a transient gleam of prosperity, embarrassed him the remainder of his days; so that the success of "The Good-Natured Man" may be said to have been ruinous to him.

It was his custom during the summer time, when pressed by the multiplicity of literary labors or urged to the accomplishment of some particular task, to take country lodgings a few miles from the city. Sometimes he would remain closely occupied in his room; at other times he would loiter along the lanes and hedgerows and, taking out paper and pencil, note down thoughts to be expounded and connected at home. His summer retreat for-

the present year (1768) was a little cottage with a garden, pleasantly situated about eight miles from London. In the course of this summer he received the sad intelligence of the death of his brother Henry. Henry was his earliest and dearest friend. It was under his hospitable roof he passed the two happiest years of his life, after leaving college. How truly Goldsmith loved and venerated him is evident from all his writings, in which his brother continually forms his model as an exemplification of all the most endearing Christian virtues. Where, in all the pages of biography, in the eulogy of friends, in the tribute which true gratitude ever pays to generosity,—where can we find such tenderness of fraternal emotion awakened in human breast as is evinced in the tribute of affection paid his brother? When wandering in foreign lands he longingly looks over the past, and from the fullness of his soul unfolds a picture of domestic felicity which held empire at the fireside of his kind brother, which, in sublime simplicity, touching melody, and poetic grandeur, lifts the mind upward to the border-land of the Elysian—

“Remote, unfriended, melancholy, slow,  
Or by the lazy Scheld, or wandering Po;

“Where’er I roam, whatever realms to see,  
My heart, untravelled, fondly turns to thee;  
Still to my brother turns, with ceaseless pain,  
And drags at each remove a lengthening chain.

“Eternal blessings crown my earliest friend,  
And round his dwelling guardian saints attend!  
Blest be that spot where cheerful guests retire  
To pause from toil, and trim their evening fire;  
Blest that abode where want and pain repair,  
And every stranger finds a ready chair;  
Blest be those feasts with simple plenty crowned,  
When all the ruddy family around  
Laugh at the jests or pranks that never fail,  
Or sigh with pity at some mournful tale;  
Or press the bashful stranger to his food,  
And learn the luxury of doing good.”

To the tender and melancholy recollections of his youth, awakened by the death of the loved companion of his childhood, we may attribute some of the most beautiful passages in “The Deserted Village.” Much of the poem was composed this summer in the course of his solitary rambles along the lanes and bowers of his rural retreat. The death of his brother Henry, and the subsequent news from home of the condition of his shattered family, weighed heavily upon his mind. The crowning hope of his ambition was to return to the land he loved so well—“To husband out life’s taper at the close,” under the hospitable roof of his fondly-cherished brother. He now, for the first time in his life, seems to contemplate the future, “Without a home to welcome, or even the roof of a single relative to receive him.” Perceiving the shadow falling upon the dial of life, unerringly pointing to the allotted hour, he gives expression to his feelings in the following lines of touching regret and tender melancholy:

“In all my wanderings through this world of care,  
In all my griefs—and God has given my share—  
I still had hopes, my latest hours to crown,  
Amidst these humble bowers to lay me down;  
To husband out life’s taper at the close,  
And keep the flame from wasting by repose.  
I still had hopes, for pride attends us still,  
Amidst the swains to show my book-learn’d skill;  
Around my fire an evening group to draw,  
And tell of all I felt and all I saw:  
And, as a hare, whom hounds and horns pursue,  
Pants to the place from whence at first she flew,  
I still had hopes, my long vexations past,  
Here to return and die at home at last.”

Goldsmith was a man of rough, uncouth appearance, and to the shallow-pated, who never look beyond the surface for the latent beauties and sterling qualities of head and heart, he was everything but prepossessing. He had recently formed the acquaintance of a most agreeable family, which he met at the home of his friend, Sir Joshua Reynolds. The family consisted of Mrs. Horneck, her two daughters, and son. To the younger Horneck lady, known among her friends by the pet name of “The Jessamy Bride,” Goldsmith became very much attached. From its intimacy with the Reynolds, this family was prepared to appreciate the merits of the poet and the good qualities of the man, and in consequence a tender and lasting friendship sprang up between them, which forms the brightest recollections in Goldsmith’s checkered life. For once he had met with polite society by whom he was fully appreciated and in whom he could confide; for once he had met lovely women to whom his homely face was not repulsive. This family continued through life his truest and kindest friends—“cheered him in his joys and pitied him in his sorrows; travelled with him abroad, made him welcome at their home many a pleasant holiday. He bought his finest clothes to figure at their country home at Barton; he wrote them droll verses; they loved him, laughed at him, played him tricks and made him happy.”

Notwithstanding these temporary relaxations from care and toil, Goldsmith’s health was fast declining; and his perplexities in money matters drove him to dissipation. He had long since finished the comedy, “She Stoops to Conquer,” but on this, as on a former occasion, he met with much opposition from little men who, unable to rival, tried to ruin him by intrigue and deception. But the men of worth and genius, Johnson, Burke, Reynolds, and others, who appreciated the inherent merits of the author, would not tolerate the trifling objections urged against the play by the theatrical manager and his associates, so that the piece was finally put upon the boards. Those who championed its merits, irritated and mortified at the treatment it had received from the manager, marshalled all their forces to give it a brilliant and successful reception. The particulars of this combination and of its triumphant success are amusingly told by Mr. Cumberland in his memoirs:



"We had among us a very worthy and efficient member, long since lost to his friends and the world at large, Adam Drummond, of amiable memory, who was gifted by nature with the most sonorous and, at the same time, the most contagious laugh that ever echoed from human lungs. The neighing of the horse of the son of Hystaspes was a whisper to it; the whole thunder of the theatre could not drown it . . . I planted him in an upper box, pretty nearly over the stage, in full view of the pit and galleries, and perfectly well situated to give the echo all its play through the hollows and recesses of the theatre. The success of our manœuvre was complete: all eyes were upon Johnson who sat in a front row of a side box; and when he laughed everybody thought himself warranted to roar. In the meantime my friend followed signals with a rattle so irresistibly comic that the attention of the spectators was so engrossed by his person and performances, that the progress of the play seemed likely to become a secondary object, and I found it prudent to insinuate to him that he might halt his music without any prejudice to the author." Much of Mr. Cumberland's statement has been condemned as exaggerated, for, according to all accounts, such management was unnecessary—the performance of the piece being received throughout with the greatest acclamations.

As was his wont, when his coffers were replenished, he sought the companionship of the gay and giddy, but, alas! how soon will his mirthful glee be over! Wearied by the distractions and embarrassments of repeated drafts upon his limited exchequer he resolved to retire to the serene quiet, to the cheap and healthful pleasures of country life, and of passing only a few months of the year in London. He accordingly arranged to sell his right in the Temple Chambers, and in the month of March retired to his retreat at Hyde. At this time, broken down in health, dejected in spirit, inspiration fled, poetic fire was extinguished; a temporary spark aroused the slumbering muse. He belonged to an association of wits who dined occasionally at St. James' coffee house. At these dinners he was one of the last to arrive. On one occasion, more tardy than usual, a whim seized the company to write epitaphs on him as "The Late Dr. Goldsmith." The only one extant was written by Garrick, and has been preserved, no doubt, because of its pungency:

"Here lies poet Goldsmith! for shortness called Noll,  
Who wrote like an angel, but spoke like a Poil."

Goldsmith, in retaliation, wrote a series of epigrammatic sketches, which was the close of his account with the club and the muse. Characters originally intended to be inserted remained unattempted, while others were but partially finished; such as the sketch of his devout and cherished friend, Reynolds:

"Here Reynolds is laid, and to tell you his mind,  
He has not left a wiser or better behind.  
His pencil was striking, resistless and grand;  
His manners were gentle, complying and bland;

Still born to improve us in every part,  
His pencil our faces, his manners our heart.  
To coxcombs averse, yet most civilly steering;  
When they judged without skill, he was still hard of  
hearing;  
When they talked of their Raphaels, Correiggios, and stuff,  
He shifted his trumpet, and only took snuff."

The muse no longer his genius would inspire, his palsied hand no other line could trace, and "the friendly portrait stood unfinished on the easel." An access of local complaint, under which he suffered for some time past, added to a general prostration, occasioned his return to the city. The anxieties and disappointments which had previously sapped his constitution rendered his condition the more precarious. It was but a brief struggle, and all was over. He died the 4th of April, 1774, in the 46th year of his age.

It was the intention of his literary friends to have the poet interred with becoming ceremony at Westminster Abbey. Lord Shelburne, Lord Lowth, Sir Joshua Reynolds, the Hon. Topham Beauclerc, Edmund Burke and David Garrick were named as bearers of the remains; but, finding he was about two thousand pounds in debt, the project was abandoned, and the modest temple-church burying ground became his last resting-place. No courtly retinue or guard of honor led the way; no "mock mourners in trappings of affected woe" followed the cortege, or kept pace to the tuneless march and solemn procession of the poor and wretched of "outcast London" who came to pay the last tribute of respect to the remains of the noble soul that was. Women and men without a home and without a friend—those whom he had pitied and befriended in life—came to weep over the remains of him who had been the friend of all humanity. Reynolds, Keliy and others were there to drop the silent tear and take a last farewell. "The Jessamy Bride" and her sister—the steadfast friends of his declining years—were also there. They had loved him in life, they revered his memory in death. The casket containing his remains was opened at their request that they might take a lock of his hair to be kept as a treasured relic.

Cold ingratitude may bury past remembrances in the grave of oblivion, but in the unalloyed devotion of a true and constant friend the spark lives on, as the taper burns, until the life-giving fountain has ceased to flow.

Once, when Goldsmith visited Westminster Abbey in company with Johnson, the latter remarked, as they were examining the monuments in Poets Corner, *Forsitan et nostrum nomen miscebitur istis*—"Perhaps our names will yet be mingled with these." Goldsmith, with becoming modesty, had little hope of such distinction, and on reaching the temple where the figures of the Jacobin rebels who were beheaded appear, he said to Johnson: *Forsitan et nostrum nomen miscebitur istis*. He thought the appearance of his head on a pike some day was just as probable as that his monument would be placed in Westminster Abbey—that place

not inaptly called the Pantheon of the glory of Britain. For here lie nearly all the kings, queens and princes from Edward the Confessor to George the Second. At the mention of its very name what a crowd of thoughts rush upon the mind! Here kings and sculptors, princes and poets, philosophers and warriors, aged men and budding youth, the vulgar great and the author of imperishable strains, have silently mouldered into dust—and enduring marble embalms their memory. On entering Poets Corner from the south door, the third monument to the left is that of Oliver Goldsmith's,—a tablet with raised medallion profile, erected by his friends who soon after his death got up a subscription for this purpose. Johnson's monument is there also—so that we find his prophecy fulfilled.

We may say of Goldsmith, as he himself said of one of his heroes, "His simplicity in trusting whom he had no previous reason to place confidence in, seems to be one of those lights in his character which, while they impeach his understanding, do honor to his benevolence. The low and the timid are ever suspicious; but a heart impressed with honorable sentiments expects from others sympathetic sincerity." The merits of his writings have been weighed in the balance of public opinion for over a century, and they are assigned the highest place in the scale of English literature. "The Traveller," "The Deserted Village," and "The Citizen of the World" will continue in the future, as in the past, to edify, instruct, and amuse the reader; while the "Vicar of Wakefield" will live forever as a lasting monument to its gifted author. It has been translated into almost every language; and in every land its charm has been acknowledged.

He was a man of pure and guileless mind, of kind, generous and sympathetic heart—in a word, he was a good as well as a great man; and his life and memory bear witness to the fact that a man may become great—may make his name immortal, without becoming gross or vulgar in his writings. As gold casts off the baser metals while passing through the crucible, so also did the pure mind of Goldsmith cast off the contagion of moral leprosy arising from the society which necessity often caused him to come in contact with; and, "in all the miry paths of life which he trod, no speck ever soiled the spotless robe of his modest and graceful muse." On taking leave of him, who that has been charmed with his writings will not say:

"Adieu, sweet Bond! to each fine feeling true,  
Thy virtues many, and thy foibles few;  
Another's woe thy heart could always melt;  
None gave more free, for none more deeply felt!  
Sweet Bond, adieu! thy own harmonious lays  
Have sculptured out thy monument of praise.  
Yes, these survive to time's remotest day,  
While drops the bust, and boastful tombs decay!  
Go, thou, if numbered in the muses' train—  
Go, tune thy lyre and imitate his strain;  
But if no poet, then reverse the plan—  
Depart in peace and imitate the man!"

### Corporeity.

The form by which a body is body is not the same as that by which it becomes animate and receives its species among living beings. The human body cannot exist without the soul which is its *substantial* form. The union of the body and soul in man is a substantial one; but granting that the body had an existence before its union with the soul, were it as perfect as possible in regard to its structure, interior as well as exterior, it could not be called a human body, because it is the characteristic of intelligence that gives to human nature its specific distinction.

As a fact, it is possible for the body to exist as such before its animation by the soul; and in this condition it may have its own *form* by which it is constituted in a certain determinate species. How did God proceed in the creation of the first man? Did he not take matter already formed? He took the slime of the earth and fashioned it. Was it not matter? Was it not a corporeal thing? He thus fashioned? But we must admit that it was not until God breathed into the figure thus fashioned "the breath of life" that *man* existed; for, by this *spiraculum* the mere material form gave place to another form more perfect, more noble;—by this inbreathing man was made to the likeness of God Himself.

Suppose the body and soul separated: The body is matter; matter, *in ratione substantiæ*, something complete and having its own form. The soul also, considered as a spirit, is complete, and has a form;—a form higher in degree and more perfect than that of matter. Unite the two, and the human being exists: the body receives life from the soul, the soul substitutes its form, and the human species is constituted. Of course, each in itself is an incomplete substance—the one being created for and adapted to an union with the other; although, strictly speaking, they could exist alone and really do exist when separated after death, each with its own form. N.

### Art.

Giver to fancy of form true and clear;  
Endower of beauty to homeliest sight;  
Right's calm promoter, fair Art, heaven born,  
Tinge our lone lives with thy glorious light:  
Into our hearts shed thy beautiful rays;  
Ever illumine the dark pathway of life:  
Add thy sweet charm to each transient joy;  
Shed thy soft beams over pleasure and strife.  
Heaven, thy giver, hath brought by the gift  
To their abode weak and wandering hearts:  
Over religion thy radiance cast  
Noblest of thoughts, and the sweetest imparts.

C. P.

AN editor at a dinner table, being asked if he would take some pudding, replied, in a fit of abstraction: "Owing to a crowd of other matter, we are unable to find room for it."

# NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.

Notre Dame, May 17, 1884.

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 SEVENTEENTH 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.

Students should take it; parents should take it; and, above all,

OLD STUDENTS SHOULD TAKE IT.

Terms, \$1.50 per Annum. Postpaid.

Address EDITOR NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC,

Notre Dame, Indiana.

—Last Thursday morning, the Mendelssohn Quintette Club, of Boston, gave a concert in the Academy of Music, and, needless to say, it was heartily enjoyed and appreciated by the audience. The members of the Club are all artists and skilled musicians, and long playing in concert has enabled them to render the numbers in their *repertoire* with all the precision and attention to detail which present the best interpretation of the author's ideas in the works they produce. On the present occasion they gave the following

### PROGRAMME:

Quintette.....	Mendelssohn
	<i>Allegro.</i>
Romance and Rondo for Clarinette.....	Ryan
	MR. THOMAS RYAN.
Quartette in G, Op. 18.....	Beethoven
	<i>Allegro Moderato—Andante Cantabile.</i>
Tema con Variazioni from the } Quartette in D minor, }	Franz Schubert
Fantaisie for Violoncello on "O Cara Memoria," }	Servais
	MR. FRITZ GIESE.
{ a. Minuetto composed for Quintette.....	Boccherini
{ b. Rondo from Quintette.....	"

As may be seen, the pieces rendered were of a high order of music. In the concerted numbers the skilful execution of each player, combined with that mutual sympathy and fellow feeling so essential to concert playing, gave the best possible rendition of these *morceaux*. Mr. Thomas Ryan in his solo for the clarinette, and Mr. Fritz Giese in the number for the violoncello showed themselves perfect masters of their respective instruments, and they received hearty *encores*. Everyone was well pleased with the concert and hope to have the pleasure of hearing this Club at least once every year.

—Indications point to a large attendance of Law students next year. Arrangements are making to afford them all the accommodations and facilities for study offered by the most celebrated law schools in the country. Besides, they are to have the additional advantage of pursuing studies, as they may elect, in the regular undergraduate courses of the University; and they may be regularly graduated in the same, receiving the usual degrees, if they so desire. All the rights and privileges granted to the oldest and best-known law schools by the States in which they are respectively situated are now offered to the Law Department of the University of Notre Dame. In this regard the following letter fully explains itself:

CLERK'S OFFICE, SUPREME COURT,  
INDIANAPOLIS, IND., May 9, 1884.

WILLIAM HOYNES, ESQ.,

PROF. OF LAW, UNIVERSITY OF NOTRE DAME:

MY DEAR SIR:—In answer to your letter of the 6th inst., in reference to the admission of graduates from the Law Department of your University to practise in this Court, I am directed by the Chief Justice to say that all such graduates will be admitted, without an examination, upon proper motion, at any time when the Court is in session—subject, of course, to the Constitutional provision that all applicants for admission shall be voters in the State of Indiana.

Yours respectfully,  
S. P. SHEERIN, Clerk.

The certificate of admission to the Bar granted by the Supreme Court of a State, entitles the person receiving it to practise law in all the Courts of such State. To the Federal Courts in the State, both District and Circuit, it likewise entitles him to be admitted on motion. And after practising under it for three years it entitles him to be admitted on motion, or without examination, to the Supreme Court of the United States at Washington. Should a person remove to another State after having been admitted to the Supreme Court of Indiana, his certificate would, as a rule, entitle him to apply for admission, on proper motion, to the Supreme Court of such State, no examination being required. There are some States, it is true, that do not recognize this comity, but in the Mississippi Valley and Pacific Slope States the rule is as stated.

## The Philopatrians.

The Twelfth Annual Entertainment of the St. Stanislaus' Philopatrian Society took place in Washington Hall, last Wednesday evening. Numerous visitors were in attendance to encourage the young actors, many of whom were on the boards for the first time. The Band, for some reason or other, —perhaps on account of one of its periodical fits of *blues*—failed to put in an appearance. They were not missed, however, as the exercises were well opened by the rendition of an overture by the Orchestra, under the direction of Prof. Paul. After this, Mr. Jas. Solon, in a few, well-chosen words, addressed the Very Rev. A. Granger, to whom the entertainment was dedicated. The address of the



evening from the Philopatrian Society was read by Master F. Curtis, and was as follows:

VERY REV. AND DEAR FATHER:

"Conceive the earth, in her unvaried way,  
To glide along but two full moons or so,  
The vernal sun will cease to shed his ray,  
Nor gentle breezes longer blow;  
Effulgent summer then will mantle o'er  
The hills, the vales, the plains, with gorgeous dye;  
The woodland songsters joyfully will pour  
Their varied strains beneath a beamy sky.  
July the seventeenth, your festal day,  
When glorious summer in her brightest bloom  
Illumes the earth with her serenest ray,  
And nought is seen of winter's direful gloom,  
ALEXIS, humble, yet of noble birth,  
First saw the light on that auspicious morn.  
He came angelic 'pon this lowly earth,  
His soul with every virtue to adorn.  
The poor, the lowly ever had his love;  
His alms he scattered with no niggard hand.  
His soul e'er yearned towards regions far above,  
To join in chorus with the heavenly band.  
Obscure he lived, unknown to earthly fame,  
Nor did he court the flickering world's applause.  
Prayer his delight, he wanted not a name,  
But loved his God, and strictly kept His laws.  
The orphan needy tended he with care,  
And cherished them as his most loving friends;  
And told them how to shun the sinful snare  
That e'er upon a worldly life attends.  
So, Father dear, your life is much the same—  
Humble, unobtrusive, and withal sincere:  
You seek not honors nor an earthly fame,  
But e'er delight to give the needy cheer.  
How oft the widow's blessing you have gained  
By kindness to her orphans—hungry, poor!  
How oft the poor, imbecile, feeble, pained,  
Has gone rejoicing from your open door!  
May you on earth see many a festal day  
To scatter blessings in your useful sphere;  
To bring to Heaven's poor a hopeful ray,  
And fill their weary, downcast hearts with cheer!"

Master J. R. Devereux then appeared and read a voluminous address, at the same time exhibiting a fine oil portrait of the star actor. In this address the Thespians, Columbians, St. Cecilians, Euglossians and Orpheonics were paid most flattering compliments, though, at the same time, modestly reminded that they had not yet reached the Philopatrian ideal. The prologue was then gracefully delivered by J. Garrity; after which the curtain was rung up, and a pleasing little interlude given as indicated in the programme printed in our local columns. It was very successfully presented, and reflected no small credit on all who took part; and the continual laughter of the audience showed their full appreciation of the amusement afforded them.

Next, as *per programme*, followed the grand spectacular Drama in three Acts—

"THE PRINCE OF PORTAGE PRAIRIE."

The play is well known at Notre Dame, and needs no description. On this occasion the scenic

effects and the costumes were gorgeous in the extreme, many of the latter being made expressly for the occasion. Master F. Curtis, in the character of the "Prince," performed his part in a very creditable manner, though at times he spoke a little too fast. "Alexander" found a good representative in J. Ryan Devereux, who appeared perfectly at ease. Jas. McGordon, in the rôle of Duke of Goshen," did well, though a little awkwardness was displayed. The "Marquis of South Bend" was very well represented by C. Cavaroc. Master J. Fitzgerald as "Hermit of the Valley" spoke a trifle indistinctly at times, but was otherwise good. C. Mason took the character of the pompous "Dr. Pangloss" in a manner reflecting great credit on himself; his gesticulations deserve special praise. G. Houck, the "Burgomaster of Edwardsburg," excelled in his artistic impersonation. Master S. H. Holman seemed perfectly at home in the character of the "Barber of Mishawaka," and greatly amused the audience by his antics. The rôles of the "Necromancer of Niles" and the "Water Spirit" were well taken by Masters J. Crawford and J. Garrity, respectively. Among those who assumed the minor rôles and who contributed very materially to the success of the entertainment may be mentioned Messrs W. Reynolds, J. Nester, W. Breen, J. Kelly, G. Tarrant, P. Yrisarri, W. Wright, A. Eisenhauer, J. Henry and C. Duffin. The Zouaves also deserve especial credit, and their able commander the thanks of all.

After the grand tableau, J. Ryan Devereux delivered the epilogue, when Very Rev. Father Granger made a few remarks, bestowing the highest encomiums on all who participated in, and thanked them for the dedication to himself of one of the most interesting entertainments of the year.

Between the acts, Master M. Miller rendered a piano solo, "Rippling Waves," assisted by Prof. Paul with the violin, and Master H. Foote gave a violin solo, accompanied by Prof. Paul at the piano, both of which were excellent.

As a whole, the entertainment was all that could be desired, and we congratulate the Philopatrians and their respected Director, Prof. Lyons, on their success.

#### Exchanges.

—"Dull, dull, dull!" said Thomas Carlyle of George Eliot's "Daniel Deronda;"—the May number of the *Earlhamite* is lying open on our desk!

—The *Oberlin Review*, whose numbers are of very uneven merit, comes to us every week with due regularity. We are sorry it has no "exchanges."

—*College Chips*, a recent journalistic venture by our Lutheran friends in Iowa, seems to be quite a success. Although college poetry always struck us as a first-class infliction upon a suffering public, still, for mere typographical beauty, you might try a few verses upon one of your pages.

—We are glad to welcome *St. Mary's College Sentinel*. "The Life and Writings of Dryden" and "The Partition of Poland" are very readable essays. The exchange notes, as usual, are very well written. The small army of Catholic college journalists will always be the securer when guarded by Kentucky's pluckily *Sentinel*.

—The *King's College Record* says:

"The NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC has a kindly word for the *Record*, and is up to its usual standard of excellence. We were amused at the quotation in the last number of the *Lariat*, a paper, we are happy to say, we do not exchange with. 'The faith which Luther gave to men' is indeed a wonderful thing, but sober-minded men still, for the most part, prefer the old Faith—the Faith which Christ gave to men; the Faith once—and once for all—delivered to the saints."

—One of our best exchanges from the other side of the Ohio is the *Clarkson Record*, from way down in Tennessee. "Three Southern Writers" is the article of the issue. Sidney Lanier, Geo. W. Cable, and Joel Chandler Harris (whom our readers know best as "Uncle Remus" from the pages of the *Century*), are all discussed in graceful words of loving praise. By all means, let us hear from the modest author (whose name is not forthcoming) soon again!

—"The minutes of an imaginary convention of exchange editors which appear in the NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC are full of humor, and also contain some very good hits. The writer shows himself to be possessed of strong imagination and also to be well informed about the American college papers."—*Vermont Cynic*, April. 23.

The audacity of this man passes comprehension; an *imaginary* convention, indeed! Why, we were only this morning dunned again for the cigars we set up to you and the *Index*-man upon the happy occasion. "'Twas ever thus!"

—The exchange-editor of the *College Message* has been trying for fully four weeks "to say something funny about that 'Exchange-Editors' Convention, at Notre Dame,'" but as yet to no purpose. He is very humble about it, poor fellow! and says, "Wait till next time, and in the meanwhile, like the little boy that didn't succeed, we'll 'try again.'" By the way, some friends of ours up here consider our humor too deep for their comprehension; shall we ship you a bushel? You decline? What terrible taste Missouri people must have!

—The *Portfolio* from Parsons College, Iowa, comes to us for the first time, this April. "America's Mission"—we are happy to learn that she has one—with electric bells, free press, and all the modern improvements, is discoursed upon through many pages. "The Parallel Between Isaiah and Milton" is a magnificent subject, but treated about in the same way that Artemus Ward developed his lecture on "Africa." The members of the Aldino Society gave their presidential preferences, thusly: Blaine, 11; Lincoln, 4; Arthur, 3; Tilden, 2; J. F. Wilson, 2. Iowa is too cold a climate for democrats; make way for Blaine!

—The *Dickinson Liberal*, with bright green cover,—an index to the character of the paper—is here for April. That charming "love-story" reads

very well of an evening; and this hunk of advice, if bitten at daily, will soon be completely digested—but no, we won't quote; for the *Liberal*-man—except where he refers to our "Convention"—struck us as being very *prosy*, indeed. If you think we need a "Fat Man's-Corner," why, of course, we will make haste and get one. We all live high at Notre Dame, so most of us are fat; so all that we need is a *corner*, if you will but send us one! How will you swop for the wig of the *Index*? We expect it by every mail.

—"Hark, from the tombs a doleful sound!" The *Lariat* moaneth thus:

"The NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC possesses its usual literary merit. But it is apparently much incensed [*sic!*] at our honest criticism of its prejudiced criticism on Martin Luther. Most high and mighty NOTRE DAME! we are indeed accursed if 'obscure Wabash' ['the Harvard of the West'—poor Harvard!] has disturbed your equanimity. But we certainly deserve a better reply from 'liberal' NOTRE DAME than ridicule for our insignificance [how pathetic!]. The statement that our college is not bigger [is it?] than Minims' Hall at Notre Dame shows that our contemporary's ignorance and egotism is only exceeded by his bigotry [or, as Artemus Ward might say, "yur gud natur iz only ekseeded bi yur gud luks!"]"

—The *Xavier* for April, from New York City, is not quite as heavy as usual. "My College Double" is a humorous—lugubrious humor, indeed,—but still very humorous article. The idea, you know, is not a strikingly new one. There are too many verses scattered around; send some of them out to Iowa! The exercises of John Thebau 3d Gram. 1st Section, and the rest of his compeers, are not very exciting. Latin poetry is all very well, but

"—We'll take ours stewed."

"Pen Portraits, No. 1," is really a beautiful essay, abounding here and there in simple pathos seldom found in the ponderous tomes of *The Xavier*. A new paper, indeed, and one to whom we wish improvement—if there be room for it—and always *success*!

—"Honor to whom honor is due!" Let us congratulate the *Northwestern*! This estimable journal bears a striking resemblance to "the little girl who had a little curl right down in the middle of her forehead, and when she was good, she was very, very good; but when she was bad, she was horrid!" Well, the *Northwestern* for Friday, May 2d, is a "very, very good" paper. Not only has the color of its cover been changed from a dirty brown to an indeterminate drab and a bran new man with a "shad-belly" coat inserted in Mr. Wilde's picture thereon, but the paper, in serious earnest, shows on every page the signs of marked improvement. The editorials are well written, and the exchange notes, though of unusual length, are also of unusual merit. The leading essay, entitled "American Poetry," is worthy of repeated reading and earnest thought. The *Northwestern* is still treasuring up a little fling we gave in days gone by, but still affably murmurs that, "in spite of its saints and Rolls of Honor, the SCHOLASTIC contains much that is well for Protestants to bear in mind," etc., etc. Now, my dear boy of

the exchanges, why will you ape our dusky friends of the *Observer* who ape—I don't know who?

—The "Exchange Editors' Convention" has received flattering attentions from all sides. While we have no desire to emulate the *Indiana Student*, we may at some time in the future reproduce some of the notices. It can be but a short time before we must say *vale* to our brethren of the college press; but when the time comes we can speak the more kindly because we have felt that the majority of them had but the kindest feelings towards us. By the way, what is the matter with May? Some of our most reliable papers are sadly behind! *Miss Celancy*, of Vassar, where art thou? We want something very proper and solemn!

#### Personal.

—W. Johnson, '79, is very successfully practising law, in Kansas City, Mo.

—R. Parrett (Prep.), '80, is studying for the legal profession in Evansville, Ind.

—John F. McHugh, '75, is making his mark as a lawyer, in Lafayette, Ind.

—Frank Baker (Com'l), '80, is engaged in the lumber business at Ft. Wayne, Ind.

—Thos. Kavanaugh, of '81, is a railroad contractor with his father, in Des Moines, Iowa.

—E. Mullen (Com'l), '83, is engaged in the clothing business with his father, at Chicago, Ill.

—The best speech of the present Congressional session was made by Hon. Frank Hurd, LL. D., '78.

—F. Phillips (Com'l), '79, holds the position of book-keeper for the Brass Foundry Co., of Ft. Wayne, Ind.

—W. E. Ruger (Com'l), '83, is book-keeper in his father's wholesale grocery establishment at Lafayette, Ind.

—E. J. Taggart (Com'l), '81, is connected with the firm of Hatten Bros., leading pharmacists at Zanesville, Ohio.

—Chas. Ziegler (Prep.), '83, is assistant book-keeper for the firm of Geo. Ziegler & Co., wholesale confectioners, Milwaukee, Wis.

—It is rumored that Very Rev. Patrick Conway, '56, now Vicar-General of the archdiocese of Chicago, will be the next Bishop of Davenport, Iowa.

—Harry Noble, of '83, having finished his course of medicine at the Bellevue Hospital, New York, is now practising at his home in Tiffin, Ohio. We predict for him a bright future!

—Very Rev. Father General left last Thursday morning to visit the Houses of the Congregation in the North-west. We wish him a safe and happy journey, and a speedy return.

—Wm. J. Onahan, LL. D., '76, and Commencement orator of the same year, lately delivered an excellent lecture in Chicago on "Frederick Ozanam—the Model Layman."

—We had the pleasure last week of a visit from Sr. and Sra. José Arrache, of the City of Mexico. They were on a visit to their sons, Santiago and Antero, in the Minim department. They left for New York on Friday. We shall be glad to see them again.

#### Local Items.

—"O formose puer!"

—M—— is getting to be a tough.

—Our friend John has the spring fever.

—The fountains have begun to play again.

—The Bicycle Club now numbers 24 members.

—Commencement Day is fixed for the 25th of June.

—"You can just bet your boots I never do use slang."

—A portion of the Juniors' front yard has been sodded.

—The Sorin Cadets are getting handsome new uniforms.

—We hear that the Rotunda is about to receive a coat of fresco.

—Two new trapezes have been added to the Juniors' Gymnasium.

—The altar-boys will take a trip to the St. Joe Farm, to-morrow.

—The next competitions held will be the triples. Look out for them!

—"Waddie," as usual, distinguished himself last Wednesday evening.

—The St. Cecilians will soon be "on the boards" with the "Tempest."

—Several interesting games of baseball were played last Thursday.

—The Band got too *high-toned*. They should start again on a lower key.

—The last of the "Columbus' Series" of mural paintings have been finished.

—"Tommy" now sings: "We Never Speak as We Pass By." Poor fellow!

—The *burros* took part in the "Burning of Bertrand," Wednesday evening.

—Several apparatus for the department of Chemistry and Physics have been received lately.

—Our friend John says the music by the Band, last Wednesday evening, was unusually good.

—May 22d, Ascension Thursday, a number of the students will make their First Communion.

—It is rumored that "Louis XI" will be reproduced by the Thespians on Commencement.

—The poor children could not get "rec" to recuperate after their last supreme effort. So—they disbanded!

—"O Tempora! O Mores!" sang the classic Soph., as he got struck with a "foul" in the auricular appendage.

—Prof. Paul's choir is constantly improving. We expect grand things from them next Commencement.

—The Crescent Club will hold a grand reunion next Wednesday evening, complimentary to the SCHOLASTIC Staff.

—Gregori's new mural painting "Columbus at the Convent Gate," is an object of much admiration to all who have seen it.

—A grand reunion of the Junior T. A. U. will be held to-morrow evening. Some of our local advocates will make speeches.

—The iron-work for the crown of stars to be placed on the head of the statue is being made. It may be erected before Commencement.

—"The Literary Merits of Scott and Dickens" formed the subject of a lively discussion at the 30th regular meeting of the St. Cecilia Society.

—In view of the present state of affairs, the Philopatrians deserve the praise of intelligent audiences for doing away with brass band music at their entertainment.

—One of the most intensely tragical effects produced in the Philopatrians' play, was where the poor Dutchman died the sad death of a suicide,—he stabbed himself with a *bologna*.

—SCENE IN GRAMMAR CLASS.—PROF.: "Master B—, what is the imperative of the verb 'to go'?" B—: "I—I don't know, sir." PROF.: "Go!" He went, nor cast one longing, lingering look behind

—Last Thursday, the "Actives" defeated the Seniors' second nine, on the latter's grounds; score, 15 to 13. This is the fourth game played between the two nines, all of which have been won by the Juniors.

—A brilliant member of the Trigonometry Class recently asked his teacher: "What is the co-sine of Noah's arc?" (The tails of his duster were seen going through the transom, and he dusted around the corner.)

—The 22d regular meeting of the Sorin Literary and Dramatic Association (Minim department) was held on May 11. Essays were read by Masters E. Amoretti and L. Scherrer; declamations were delivered by B. B. Lindsey and Francis Nester.

—The Philopatrians express their thanks to Rev. President Walsh, Bros. Leander, Laurence, Albert and Bruno; Prof. J. F. Edwards, and also to Messrs. Ramsay, Bailey, Otis and Gallagher for kind favors received in connection with their last entertainment.

—A meeting of the Philodemic Society was held on Thursday evening, May 1st. The attendance was good, and the exercises interesting. M. T. J. McKinnery read an excellent paper, "The Monk's Vision." Readings and recitations were given by Messrs. E. Otis, W. Johnston, J. Solon, J. Conway, P. Goulding and T. Mahoney. Some business was then transacted, after which the meeting adjourned. This society has, during the past session, held many interesting debates, as well as literary meetings, and is thus far certainly one of the most prosperous in the house.

—The 20th regular meeting of the Columbian

Literary and Dramatic Club was held May 2d. The debate, RESOLVED, "That Protection is more Beneficial to the People than Free Trade," was the principal feature of the exercises. Messrs. D. Reach, J. M. Rogers, J. Combe, and J. McNamara, defended the negative, and Messrs. T. Callaghan, J. Carroll, P. Howard, P. Galarneau, J. Kleiber and T. Mathers, took the affirmative. Mr. P. Howard, presented a well-written criticism on the previous debate. Messrs. Carroll and Galarneau, closed the exercises with selections on the organ.

—Early last Thursday morning, the "Princes" assembled at the Presbytery to bid their venerable Patron "good-bye," on the occasion of his departure for a trip through the Northwest. Father General received them very cordially and gave them a few kind words of good advice in parting. As he was stepping into the carriage, the youngest—Master Vion Papin, of St. Louis,—came forward and, with one of his most graceful bows, presented him with a beautiful bouquet of flowers, an act which was greeted with prolonged cheers. Father General acknowledged the gift and then drove off amid repeated cries from his youthful *protégés* of "A safe journey and speedy return!"

—The first of the series of championship games was played last Thursday afternoon between "The Star of the East" and "The University" clubs. The following is the score:

STAR OF THE EAST.	A.	B.	O.	R.	UNIVERSITY.	A.	B.	O.	R.
P. Warren, c.	6	4	1		F. Wheatley, p.	5	2	2	
F. Gallagher, s. s.	5	3	2		V. Burke, c.	4	4	0	
J. Guthrie, p.	5	3	2		H. Steis, 1st.	5	3	1	
W. Bailey, 3d.	5	5	0		B. Snoufer, 3d.	5	2	1	
L. Cella, 1st.	4	3	1		F. Devoto, 2d.	6	6	0	
W. Hetz, l. f.	4	3	1		C. Carroll, s. s.	5	2	2	
F. Combe, r. f.	4	2	2		S. Dickerson, l. f.	5	2	1	
J. Murphy, 2d b.	4	3	0		H. Porter, c. f.	4	4	0	
J. Hafner, c. f.	4	1	1		W. Coghlin, r. f.	4	2	1	
TOTAL .....	41	27	10		TOTAL .....	43	27	8	

Innings:—1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9

STAR OF THE EAST:—1 0 0 3 2 0 0 4 —10

UNIVERSITY:—1 2 0 0 1 0 0 3 —8

Umpire, J. Neeson; Scorers, M. Sykes, and W. Mahon.

—We have now at Notre Dame a sportive little cuss—an alligator, about two feet long, presented to Bro. Frederick by Mr. F. Schneider, the fancy-glass manufacturer, 80 & 82 Market St., Chicago. To this alligator hangs a tale—not a final appendage, all alligators have that. It appears that some time before the first of April Mr. Schneider sent to New Orleans for some mocking-birds, and that a cage of these scaly quadrupeds was sent him instead of the feathered bipeds. The fellow is so rapidly growing in length, breadth and thickness that in a little while he will, no doubt, be large enough to swallow a darkey—if he can get one; alligators are as fond of darkeys as the Malaysian





## Saint Mary's Academy.

*One Mile West of Notre Dame University.*

—At the regular Academic reunion, in the Junior department, the readers were the Misses Snowhook and English.

—The Directress of St. Catharine's Literary Society wishes to render a public meed of praise to Miss Munger for her constantly obliging disposition, and for her valuable services.

—Through mistake, the name of Mabel Allen, of the First Junior Class, was omitted last week in the report of those who received 100 in lessons; also that of Nellie Quill, of the Junior Preparatory Class.

—Judge Fuller, of Marysville, California, has been spending a few days with friends. Very Rev. Father General is to leave, in company with the Judge, on his trip to Western Houses of the Congregation.

—In the catalogue of the Annual Exhibition of the National Academy of Design just received, among the works accepted we are pleased to note a piece by Miss Kate Young, of Class '72, whose first lessons in Art were received in St. Luke's Studio.

—On Saturday morning, the Rev. Father Tighe, of Chicago, offered up the holy Sacrifice of the Mass in the Chapel of Loreto. His sister, Miss Lizzie Tighe, a former pupil of St. Mary's, passed some days with old friends previous to embarking with her Reverend brother for a visit to Ireland.

—At the regular Academic reunion, in honor of the presence of Very Rev. Father General, recitations were given from the three departments. Miss Munger represented the Seniors, Hannah Stumer the Juniors, and Alice Schmauss the Minims. Great praise was lavished upon the young elocutionists.

—Rev. A. M. Kirsch, C. S. C., Professor of Natural Sciences at the University delivered his able lecture—"God in His Works"—in the presence of the young ladies, on Friday evening. The talented and scholarly speaker held his audience spell-bound from first to last. The only regret was that the close came too soon.

—The examination in Trigonometry took place on Saturday. The examiners were President Walsh and Prof. McCormack from the University; Rev. Father Shortis and Hon. Judge Fuller were present. The Judge declared that he had never seen young ladies who acquitted themselves so admirably in any like examination.

—The following are the names of those who received 100 in lessons: Miss Call, of the First Senior Class; the Misses Carney, Danforth, Mary Ducey and Heckard, of the 2d Senior; Miss O'Connell, of the 3d Senior; Miss Fehr, of the First Preparatory, and Miss Vradenburg, of the First Junior Class; a marked advance in serious application upon any previous week.

—The apparatus for the department of Natural Philosophy has received an excellent acquisition in the shape of a new electrical machine of beautiful and elegant workmanship from the manufacturing establishment of Tæpler & Holtz, in Europe. It was ordered for St. Mary's by Queens, of Philadelphia. The great superiority of the machine is its power of generating electricity, independent of atmospheric changes.

—On Saturday, for a subject as an exercise in facility of expression, to the Second Senior Composition Class was given "A Synopsis of the Lecture." The Misses Danforth and Carney deserve to be especially praised for correctness of detail and beauty of expression; the Misses Munger and Udall for comprehensiveness. The Misses Helpling, Heckard, Keating and Williams each gave a very creditable synopsis.

—By the generosity of Minnie Cox, who drew the Roman mosaic cross, and who relinquished her claim in favor of one who had always drawn but never won the precious prize, Ella Sheekey is this week adorned with the noble insignia. Their compeers were the Misses Allen, Chaves, Dillon Mary Ducey, Eldred, Fehr, Ella and Sybil Jackson, McEwen, Richmond, Shephard, Snowhook, Vradenburg and Wolvin.

—In graceful personal carriage and calisthenic drill, the following young ladies excel: The Misses Fendrich, Reilly, Ashton, Ginz, Gove, Cummings, Bruhn, Williams, Campbell, Munger, Danforth, English, Carney, Rosing, L. St. Clair, A. Murphy, Fuller, Gavan, B. English, Fisk, and C. Babcock, of the Senior department; the Misses Moshier, Dillon, Chaves, Richmond, Stumer, Schmidt, Van Horn, Otis, Regan, Campeau and Snowhook, of the Juniors; and Misses English, Chapin, Schmauss, Johns, Lindsey, and Paul, of "The Princesses."

### The Story of Kate Shelley—Iowa's Heroine.

#### (CONCLUSION.)

Down the path she goes, towards the track, while the rain, wind and darkness do their best to drive her back to her warm fireside. But Kate is not the girl to be daunted by trifles, reared as she had been among the hills, and accustomed as she was for years to hard labor. Many times had the little foot-bridge been swept away, leaving her cut off from the town, on the opposite bank, with no way of obtaining a supply of food for the family; and many a time had she been seen in the streets of the neighboring city selling wood which she had chopped the summer before with her own hands, brown as nuts, and hard and rough, but they are honest hands.

In the summer, one, if an early riser, could see her riding into town perched on a load of hay, always cheerful and content, returning at night to her humble home with food and clothing for the little ones. Such had been the life of Kate Shelley. Fear, she knew not, and the thought of the

lives dependent upon her prompt action fills her heart with a courage she had never before known. She reaches the track and steps upon it. Lo! what is that cry? She stops and listens. It comes again. A fitful flash of lightning reveals to her a lone figure clinging to the branches of a tree, round which the waters whirl and undulate like the waves of the ocean. She answers the call, and learns that the train will shortly be upon them. No help is nigh. She looks at the awful waters beneath her and then at the murky sky above; she thinks of the lives in that country train all unconscious of the dark fate before them. She alone can save the train. Shall she falter? The wind sweeps about her with a menacing sound. She heeds it not but crouches upon the cold, wet track; she begins slowly to cross the broken bridge that hangs tottering above the boiling tide.

Her only guide is the little tin lantern. Suddenly a fierce gust of wind, stronger than the rest, twists it from her grasp, hurls her from the track, swinging her far out over the water. By a great effort she regains her balance, and creeps along the bridge, clinging with all her strength. Now a fearful dizziness comes over her. She feels that she cannot hold out much longer; but with a masterly effort she overcomes herself and struggles on, and finally reaches the end of the bridge, where, the moment she touches the earth, she sinks down utterly exhausted.

But the train is not yet saved. She must not yield now. With a wonderful energy she presses forward through the blinding storm—through briars and brambles and tangled underbrush which tear her flesh till the blood runs; over sticks and stones she goes, unheeding her poor, bleeding feet.

With faltering breath and failing step she reaches the village. Inspired with new courage, she nears her destination. Eagerly she listens for the sound of the train, but all is still. What if she should be too late! Her breath comes quick and she shudders at the very thought. She gains the station at last. She flings open the great door, startling the drowsy keeper from his nap. A strange picture meets his gaze: The slender form of a young girl, with tattered garments, drenched with rain, with face aglow, and with eyes kindling with terror, stands in the doorway. "Save the express! The bridge at the river is gone!" she cries, and falls in a dead swoon on the floor.

Quick work must be done now. The signal light flashes out in the darkness. Scarcely is this accomplished when the rumble of the train is heard. The engineer from his cab sees the danger signal. Then comes the sound of the whistle, which says, as plain as words can say, "Down brakes!" Slowly the engine slackens its speed, and the panting monster stands there, still.

Now there is hurrying to and fro. Men come pouring out of the train to ask the cause of this delay. Then it is that the brave child tells her heroic story to the wondering crowd who owe their lives to her. They see her hands all torn and bleeding, and from her simple but touching words learn how much she has endured in cross-

ing the bridge to save the train. A boat was dispatched to the rescue of Wood, the sturdy engineer, and Kate Shelley that night enshrined her name in numberless hearts for the courage and energy which had armed her for the noble but perilous expedition.

L. UDALL.

### Roll of Honor.

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

#### SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

*1st Tablet*—Misses Adderly, Ashton, Beal, Black, Bruhn, Cummings, Campbell, Carney, Cirkel, Calkins, Dunn, Dowling, Fuller, Fitzpatrick, Fogerty, Addie Gordon, Alice Gordon, Heckard, Hale, Keating, Kearns, Kenny, Kearney, A. Murphy, M. Murphy, McNamara, Mooney, McCarthy, Neu, Newman, O'Connell, Quill, Reilly, Reynolds, Sheridan, Sheekey, Scully, Stackerl, Todd, Tynan, Taylor. *2d Tablet*—Misses A. Babcock, Billing, Call, C. Ginz, Gove, Gavan, Helpling, Lintner, McHale, Papin Ryan, Rosing, S. St. Clair, L. St. Clair, Udall, Williams

#### JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

*1st Tablet*—Misses Allen, Bailey, Chaves, Cox, Dillon Eldred, Fehr, Halsey, Haney, S. Jackson, E. Jackson, McEwen, Otis, Quill, Richmond, Shephard, Schmidt, Sheekey, Snowhook, Wolvin. *2d Tablet*—Misses M. Ducey, Lord, Morrison, Moshier, Vradenburg, Van Horn.

#### MINIM DEPARTMENT.

*1st Tablet*—Misses E. Chapin, J. English, L. Johns, V. Johns, M. Lindsey, B. Murray, M. Paul, G. Papin, M. Reynolds, A. Schmauss.

### Class Honors.

GRADUATING CLASS—Misses B. Johnson, E. Todd, L. G. Fendrich.

1ST SENIOR CLASS—Misses Ginz, Duffield, Gove, Dunn, Call, Campbell, Ramsey, Ashton.

2D SENIOR CLASS—Misses Danforth, Heckard, Carney, M. Ducey, Munger, L. English, Rosing, Udall, Black, L. St. Clair, Keating.

3D SR. CLASS—Misses O'Connell, Kearney, Horn, Hale, Kearsey, Dillon, Fuller, Sheridan, Stackerl, Shephard, M. Reynolds, Babcock, McNamara, E. Sheekey, McHale, Calkins, Adderly, Quill, Cirkel, Kenny.

1ST PREPARATORY CLASS—Misses Fehr, Kearns, Richmond, Wolvin, Snowhook, Lintner, Regan, Van Horn, Mooney, Peak, Ryan, Gavan, Halsey, Moshier, Schmidt, Alice Gordon, C. Babcock, Bailey, H. Jackson, Scully, Fisk, Billing, Lucas.

2D PREP. CLASS—Misses Fogerty, McCarthy, Hetz, Best, Campeau, Chaves, Lord, M. Murphy, Ewing, King, A. English, Leahigh, Dowling, Malbœuf, Otis, Newman, E. Roddin, Steele, S. Jackson.

JUNIOR PREP.—Misses Vradenburg, McEwen, Cox, N. Quill, J. English, L. Johns, B. Murray, M. Murphy, A. Schmauss, M. Ducey, M. Eldred.

1ST JR. CLASS—Misses Chapin, Lindsey, Paul, Allen.

2D JR. CLASS—Misses Reynolds, Van Fleet, G. Papin, V. Johns.

#### FRENCH.

2D CLASS—Misses Call, Bruhn, Sheekey, Castenado.

3D CLASS—Misses O'Connell, Crawford, Rosing, Adderly, Malbœuf.

4TH CLASS—Misses Duffield, Gove, Lord, Van Horn, Kearns, Ashton.

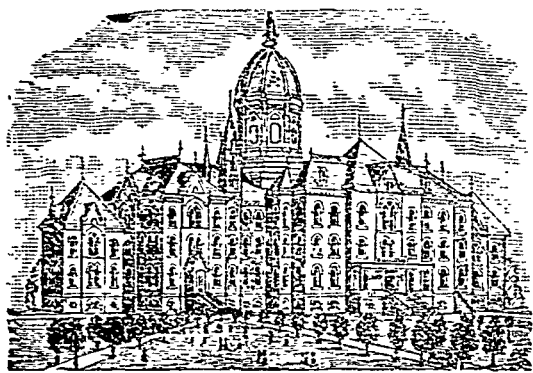
2D DIV.—Misses Moshier, Snowhook, Richmond, A. Duffield, Regan.

5TH CLASS—Misses Roddin, McEwen, Stumer, Chapin, M. Ducey, Murray, Reynolds, Papin, Eldred.

#### BOOK-KEEPING CLASS.

Misses L. Sheekey, Heckard, Stackerl, Kearney, Fitzpatrick, Sheridan, Kearns, Reynolds, Shephard, A. Babcock, Legnard, Dillon, Lucas, Wolvin, Morrison.

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