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Disce quasi semper victurus; vive quasi cras moriturus.

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Salutatio.*

Cur pueri trepidant oculis inhiantibus omnes?
Cur subito juvenum turba jocosa silet?
Ecce nova ante oculos nunc obversatur imago,
Quæ capitis proprio clara colore micat.
Miramur, miramur adhuc, avidosque serena
Frons, ridens facies nos satiare nequit.
Artificis nomen nemo nescire videtur,
Nam pictoris opus detegit ingenium.
Qui fortem nitida depinxerat arte Columbum,
Magnanimi nobis exhibet ora viri..
Hic vir hic est BROWNSON, Magnus Sapiensque vocari
Dignus, et robur Americæque decus.

Jure cantabo patriæ Parentem,
Qui novo mundo, domitis tyrannis,
Liberas leges tribuit atque almæ
Munera pacis.

Nec pios Christi taceam ministros,
Qui serunt Verbum Domini per orbem,
Et suo veræ Fidei labores
Sanguine signant.

Sed novum lumen patriæ coruscat,
Alta mens, pectus animo robustum,
Vir bonus, constans, hominum Deique
Dignus amore.

Hic erat BROWNSON pietate clarus:
Ut Patres, verbum docuit Magistri,
Fortis et miles Fidei superbos
Obruit hostes.

Quid? Deus sola ratione certus
Esse monstratur, nihilo creari
Mundus, humanæque animæ beata
Vita parari.

Quid? Deus caro fieri probatur,
Nascitur pravi Mediator orbis
Christus, æternamque homini meretur
Morte salutem.

Petrus agnorum est oviumque primus
Pastor, ut semper ratio docendi
Constet, et Christi genuina tangat
Gratia mentes.

Quin honorari precibus Beatos,
Corpore exutas animas juvari
Credit, et pœnas vitium manere,
Præmia justum.

Scripsit hæc BROWNSON monumenta: lucet
Noster ut NEWMAN nitida loquendi
Gratia, firma ratione vocandus
Alter AQUINAS.

BROWNSONIS suadet meditari Scripta profunde
Religionis honos et rationis amor.
Optimum enim vitæ libris exemplar habemus:
Vivit et in nato gloria vera patris.
Nosque juvat NOSTRAM DOMINAM exorare patronam,
Sit vitæ lumen, gratia, certa salus.
O nobis liceat semper sperare, clientes
Ne parvi faciat Virgo Maria suos!

The Tragedy of Belem.

Little is known of the history of Portugal outside the limits of that ancient kingdom; a few episodes, indeed, are world-famed,—such as the touching story of the beautiful but ill-fated Ignez de Castro—but for the most part Portugal and its history are *terra incognita* to the general reader.

The extirpation of the entire family of Tavora—one of the noblest in Portugal—and the public execution of its members for a conspiracy which only existed in the fertile brain of Carvalho, Marquis of Pombal, reads like an incident in the career of some Oriental despot rather than a scene which could have taken place in a civilized country so late as the eighteenth century. But Pombal's warmest admirers have not ventured to contradict the facts about to be related.

I shall pass briefly over the preceding circumstances which led to this sentence, merely relating what is necessary for my readers to know in order to understand all the atrocity of the crime. Carvalho belonged to a vindictive and cruel family counted among the *petite noblesse* of Portugal; by his marriage with the Countess Daccu he became connected with the "blue blood" of that country; but the haughty nobles related to the countess resented his alliance as a degradation, and took every opportunity of manifesting their sentiments. The Count of St. Priest relates that he wished to marry his son to a daughter of the house of Tavora, and having sounded a monk, who was a member of that family, on the subject, the good Father replied, with simplicity: "Your Excellency looks very high." In the words of St. Priest, "from this moment the scaffold of the great was erected in the mind of Pombal, and he vowed, from the depths

* Poem read at the Brownson celebration.

of his soul, the ruin of those to whom he could not assimilate himself.

Years passed on, and a quarrel occurred between the Duke of Aveiro and Pedro Teiceira, the king's infamous favorite and confidant. The duke vowed revenge, and posted assassins on the road between the Ajuda palace and Junqueira, with directions to fire on Teiceira when his carriage should pass to the palace.

It was the night of the 3d of September, 1758, the court was in mourning for the king's sister, the Queen of Spain, who had died on the preceding 27th of August, and by the laws of Portuguese etiquette, the king could not leave the palace until the prescribed period of mourning had expired. The weak and sensual monarch was in the habit of retiring to his chamber with Carvalho at an hour before midnight; everyone supposed they were transacting important affairs of State; the reality was, the king went out by a private staircase, accompanied by Teiceira, and Carvalho remained alone in the king's room in order to deceive the queen.

On the night in question,—the fatal 3d of September—secrecy was more than ever imperative on account of the mourning for the Queen of Spain, so his two confidants advised the king to use Teiceira's carriage; he did so, went to the house of the young Marchioness of Tavora,—one of his chief favorites—and after some hours returned to the palace of the Ajuda with Teiceira. The assassins hired by the Duke of Aveiro, never dreaming of the king's presence in the carriage, fired as it passed the spot where they were lying in wait. The king was slightly wounded in the arm. The postillion cried out: "The king is in the carriage!" the assailants at once fled. The king was driven back to the house of the Marquis of Ougeja in Junqueira, where his wound was dressed.

Next day it was announced that the king was ill, and Pombal felt that the hour had now come for executing the project so long nurtured and revenging himself on the haughty nobility of Portugal. For three months he kept the king confined to his room, and, except the surgeon in attendance and Teiceira, he was seen by no one else. At the end of that period, a proclamation was issued declaring that a horrible conspiracy had been formed against the king's life; soldiers surrounded the houses of the Marquis of Tavora, the Duke of Aveiro, the Marquis of Alorna, the Count of Obidos, the Count of Villa Nova, the Count of Athonguia, and many others. Numbers of ecclesiastics—above all, Jesuits,—were arrested, and the State prisons were filled to overflowing. The Duke of Aveiro, under torture and with a false promise of pardon, made avowals inculcating the Tavoras and Jesuits, in fact, all whom the ferocious Minister had determined to destroy, and still more tortured by remorse, he afterwards declared all he had said to be entirely false. But Pombal had what he wanted; the recantation was of no avail. The examination of the case was placed in the hands of Antonio da Costa Freire, fiscal advo-

cate for the crown, a man of such reputation for legal knowledge that he was said to be unequalled in Europe; and the king often said to him: "Antonio, you are the glory of my crown." This man had the audacity to tell Pombal, on examining the case, that the accused were entirely innocent. Transported with rage, the Minister instantly accused him of connivance, had him arrested and thrown into prison, where he remained till his death, without ever having been tried.

Pombal then instituted a special tribunal, consisting of himself and two of his own spirit—D. Luiz da Cunha and D. Joaquim da Casta Corte Real. Carvalho was accuser and judge in this iniquitous tribunal, and the sentence was pronounced on the 12th of January, 1759, in accordance with his views.

By it the Duke of Aveiro, the Marquis of Tavora, his wife, the aged Marchioness, his two sons, D. Luiz and D. José, his son-in-law, the Count of Athonguia, and three commoners, Braz Romeiro, João Miguel and Manoel Alvares, were condemned to be publicly executed, their goods confiscated, and their houses razed to the ground.

The 13th of January was appointed for the execution. Large bodies of troops were ordered up from the provinces, and every precaution taken to prevent a rising of the people (for the Tavoras were greatly beloved), and in the square of Belem the scaffold was erected. I quote the graphic account of the final scene given by Diniz in his "History of Portugal":

"The fatal day dawned—a cold, foggy, January morning. The populace thronged the streets and squares of Belem with the sinister curiosity generally manifested on such occasions, eager to witness the horrid spectacle. The soldiers were at their posts; armed patrols traversed the city in every direction, scrutinizing all who passed, especially if they were cloaked or muffled. The gloom of the winter morning was rendered still more dense by an eclipse of the moon. Through this pale twilight the immense scaffold loomed like the spectre of a horrid dream with all the frightful engines of torture destined for the execution. Beside the quay a bark was moored, filled with wood and barrels of pitch. The assemblage of all these hideous preparations struck the spectators with horror.

"At a quarter to seven the curtain rose on the first act of this most terrible tragedy; the prison gate was thrown open and the criminal officials of Lisbon, wearing long black mantles, issued forth in a lugubrious procession, preceded by a detachment of dragoons. They were followed by the condemned chair, draped with black, and accompanied by two Vincentian Fathers; an escort of dragoons brought up the rear, and when the scaffold was reached the chair stopped, while the Ministers of Justice (*sic*) formed a gloomy circle round it and their victim.

"The Marchioness of Tavora was the first to mount the scaffold, which she did with a firm step, and rapidly like one who desires to end quickly a sorrowful scene. During the time of her imprisonment she had not been allowed to change her dress, and she now appeared on the scaffold in the robe of dark-blue satin which she wore at the moment of her unexpected arrest. The executioner and his two assistants wore black cloaks and caps, and thus they received the Marchioness, making her traverse the entire scaffold so that she should be perfectly recognized by the people. The judges, with pretended clemency, had remitted all preliminary tortures in the case of this innocent and noble matron; but by a refinement of cruelty a moral torture was substituted, which only the most fiendish hatred could have devised. One by one, the executioners showed her the engines of cruelty which were to lacerate the

members of her husband and sons, explaining to her, in the most minute details, all their atrocious effects."

Thus those cruel men inflicted on that hapless wife and mother a thousand deaths, giving her a foretaste of the torments to be endured by those beloved beings whom she preceded to heaven. When they had finished, the once haughty Marchioness, prostrated by her terrible mental agony, implored death as a relief; torrents of tears gushed from her eyes, and the hapless lady confessed that she could no longer endure the torture. Then the executioner removed his cloak and prepared to discharge his repulsive duty. In the presence of death D. Leonor recovered that calm serenity which had beforehand distinguished her. With downcast eyes she submitted to be blindfolded, bound to the fatal chair, and prepared for her death-stroke. When the executioner removed her mantle, the crowd beheld the hands of this noble and virtuous matron tied behind her as if she were the commonest malefactor. When the handkerchief was taken from her neck, she said, quickly: "Do not disarrange my dress." That was all. The axe gleamed for an instant in the dim light of that winter morning, and then, falling on the Marchioness' neck, severed it from the body. For a moment it hung suspended by the skin of the throat, with the white hairs streaming down on the lap, and then the executioner, having shown it to the people, threw it with the body on one side of the scaffold, where it remained covered with a black silk pall until the hideous drama was concluded.

We have not the heart to dwell longer at present on the tragedy of Belem, and what we have written is quite sufficient to show the perfidy and heroism of Pombal. For a more complete history of this infamous deed we refer the reader to the author from whom we have quoted, and to the Rev. Arthur Weld's exhaustive work on the suppression of the Jesuits in the Portuguese dominions.

D.

[Dedicated to the Botany Class.]

Les Plaintes du Bluet.

"J'empêche les enfants de maltraiter les roses." V. Hugo.

Botanistes fameux qui savez ergoter,
Sentez-vous battre un cœur, sentez-vous palpiter
Une âme au sein de chaque feuille?
Non! non! lorsque je dis: "L'arbuste qui fleurit"
Sent, vit, pense peut-être . . ." alors le savant rit,
Mais le poète se recueille!

Oh! si, dans la campagne où vous vous égarez,
Foulant l'herbe, brisant les boutons azurés,
Coupant les plus fraîches corolles,
Un jour une fleur bleue, au souffle du zéphyr
Ouvrait soudainement des lèvres de saphir,
Et laissait tomber ces paroles:

"Bourreaux inconscients, vous qui nous arrachez,
Qui déchirez nos flancs, ô vous qui nous tranchez,
Petites fleurs à peine écloses,
Si nous pouvions crier bien fort, si nos sanglots
Parvenaient jusqu'à vous:—plainte des mélilots,
Plainte des bluets et des roses,—"

Epouvantés, hagards devant votre forfait,
Vous vous diriez: "Malheur! ô malheur! qu'ai-je fait?
J'ai torturé des fleurs vivantes!
J'ai fait souffrir,—hélas! que de fois, que de fois!—
Les êtres inconnus dont résonne la voix
Au sommet des tiges tremblantes!"

Si notre sève encore se transformait en sang,
Inondant de rubis notre corps pâissant,
Et si, lamentables victimes,
Nous tordions notre feuille;—oh! vous tous qui riez
En dépouillant l'azur de nos fronts, vous diriez:
"Hélas! que j'ai commis de crimes!"

"Mais non! non! végétaux, nous sommes ainsi faits:
Nous devons incliner, pliant sous vos méfaits,
Silencieusement nos têtes!
Nous devons, sans mot dire, exhaler nos parfums;
Nous devons embaumer de nos souffles défunts,
Cruels, la splendeur de vos fêtes!"

—Que répondriez-vous à cela? Vous allez
Ravageant la campagne et les jardins peuplés
De ces petites créatures
Qui ne peuvent,—hélas!—vous conter leurs douleurs:
Vous qui n'entendez pas le langage des fleurs,
Vous ne saurez pas leurs tortures.

S. F.

Historical Introduction to the British Literature of the Nineteenth Century.*

THE AGE OF SCOTT, NEWMAN, AND TENNYSON.

I. GREAT BRITAIN IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.—The nineteenth century is our own age, and is, perhaps, too near to write its history. But we may glance at some of the most important events that influenced British literature. Since the year 1800, four rulers have occupied the English throne—*George III*, *George IV*, *William IV*, and *Queen Victoria*.

Toward the close of the last century the *French Revolution* led to a dreadful social, irreligious, and political upheaval. It rocked France like an earthquake. The shock was felt in England and throughout Europe. It involved France in war with the other great powers, and raised up the most brilliant military genius of modern times. For years the gentle voice of peace was drowned by the tramp of armies and the thunder of artillery. Again and again, England and her allies grappled with *Napoleon*, and were made to bite the dust. Britannia, indeed, "ruled the wave"; but on the land, France was supreme. In 1810, *George III* lost the little reason he ever had, and his son, the Prince of Wales,† was appointed Regent. The extraordinary career of *Napoleon* was also drawing to a close. Flushed with triumph, this soldier of fortune grew dizzy in his elevation, and forgot to be just and religious. His treatment of the Vicar of

* From Chap. VI, Book II, of *LESSONS IN ENGLISH LITERATURE*, by John O'Kane Murray, M. A., M. D. (with the author's permission.)

† Afterwards *George IV*.

Christ was shameful. The bubble of success burst. Disaster frowned on his arms, and, in 1815, his last hopes were buried on the blood-stained field of Waterloo. England and her allies rejoiced in the hard-won victory.

The insane George III died in 1820, and was succeeded by his son George IV, who for ten years had acted as Regent. His short reign was full of political excitement. Its most glorious event, however, was the emancipation of the much-oppressed Catholics in 1829,* which was brought about chiefly by the manly, persevering exertions of *Daniel O'Connell*, the fearless and eloquent champion of civil and religious liberty. George IV was called "the first gentleman in Europe," but he dabbled in scandal, quarrelled with his wife, swore like a jockey, and made anything but a clean reputation. He was a worn-out voluptuary. He had some ability but no virtue.

George IV died in 1830, and his brother William IV came to the throne. His reign of seven years would be a complete blank except for the passage of the *Reform Bill*.† William had little brains, and was rough and boorish in behavior. He had been an unmanageable naval officer before being clothed with regal power; but, certainly, he was better fitted by nature to walk a quarter-deck than to guide the destinies of a great kingdom.

The crown passed to the youthful Victoria, daughter of the Duke of Kent,‡ in 1837, and her already long reign has been marked by many historic events. In 1840 she was married to her German cousin, *Prince Albert*. About this time an extraordinary movement began in the *Anglican Church*—the Protestant Church of England as by law established—which has gone on increasing, and which must at no distant period lead to its destruction. The days of savage fanaticism were passing. A spirit of honest inquiry led some of the best and brightest minds of England to study Christian antiquity and the claims of the Catholic Church. A new world of truth was revealed. The scales of prejudice and ignorance fell from their eyes. Grace completed the work. Many of these noble and gifted men sacrificed every earthly consideration, and returned to that ancient faith from which their fathers had apostatized in the reigns of Henry VIII and Elizabeth. The

* Many years before this, William Pitt had given the Catholics a pledge that he would relieve them from their disabilities. But old George III—fanatic that he was—was hopelessly obstinate in his anti-Catholic feeling. He even intimated that he should regard every man as his personal enemy who would urge the claims of the Catholics to emancipation.

† The Reform Act (passed in 1832) bestowed the privilege of the franchise in towns upon occupants who paid a rental of ten pounds; in counties upon those who paid a rental of forty pounds. It gave the people some influence over a corrupt representative government. At the beginning of the present century, fully two-thirds of the members of the House of Commons were appointed by peers or other influential persons. Seats in the House were openly sold, and amongst the buyers and bribers of members was the king himself, George III.

‡ The Duke of Kent was the fourth son of George III. Queen Victoria was born in 1819.

leader in this glorious movement was the learned *John Henry Newman*,* of Oxford University. He became a Catholic in 1845. "I am this night," he wrote to some friends on October 8th, "expecting Father Dominic, the Passionist. . . . He is a simple, holy man; and withal gifted with remarkable powers. He does not know of my intention; but I mean to ask of him admission into the One Fold of Christ."† *Faber, Manning, Digby, Ward, Allies, Marshall, Dalgairns*, the *Marquis of Bute*, and other eminent men followed his example; and during the last thirty-five years over 2000 of the master-intellects and the highest nobility of England have sought peace and truth in the One Fold so happily reached by Newman.

The gaunt figure of famine visited Ireland in 1846, and in a few years over two millions of that faithful and sorely-tried people took their way to the silent tomb, or were scattered over the wide world. The great O'Connell died in 1847. Three years later Pope Pius IX re-established the Catholic hierarchy in England, with *Cardinal Wiseman* at its head. "Catholic England," wrote the new Archbishop, "has been restored to its orbit in the ecclesiastical firmament from which its light had long vanished, and begins anew its course of regularly adjusted action round the centre of unity, the source of jurisdiction, of light and of vigor." Protestant bigotry shouted itself hoarse; and the boundless fanaticism and big lungs of the Briton became the laughing-stock of the world. Parliament, in a fit of insanity, passed an act forbidding Catholic bishops to take titles from their sees, but it was never put in force. Nobody troubled about it, and many years after (1871) it was quietly repealed. The attack on Russia, known as the *Crimean War*, lasted nearly two years (1854–1856), and England retired from the contest with little glory and less reward. The manner in which disaffected portions of the British Empire are "governed," even in this age, was well represented in 1857, in the treatment of the rebellious Sepoys of India, who, when captured, were hung in groups upon any convenient tree, or were fastened to the muzzles of cannon whose discharge shattered their bodies into fragments. The Anglican Church in Ireland was disestablished in 1869; and ten years later Leo XIII re-established the Catholic hierarchy in Scotland. Thus the great English apostacy of the sixteenth century has proved in our own day that it is a mere thing of time—the work of man, and like him subject to change, decay, and dissolution.

2. THE NINETEENTH CENTURY AS AN "AGE OF PROGRESS" IN GREAT BRITAIN.—The nineteenth century has really been an "age of progress" in Great Britain. In the early part of the century the social, religious, and political condition of the people was lamentable. They were crushed by taxation. Bread was taxed. The light of heaven was taxed. Windows were taxed, and rather than pay it people shut out the sunlight to the great injury of health and comfort. Newspapers were taxed about seven cents a copy, in order it seems, to render such

* Now Cardinal Newman.

† Apologia.

reading too costly a luxury for the workingman. The high price of soap from taxation made filth inevitable. Even salt was taxed to the extent of forty times its cost, and it was with much difficulty the toiling millions could obtain it. At the beginning of the century, it was estimated that a poor mechanic paid nearly *half* his scanty income to the government in direct and indirect taxation. One by one, however, those crying abuses were swept away by a progressive legislation.

The British criminal laws were savage, and were administered with brutal ferocity. Eighty years ago the law recognized *two hundred and twenty-three capital crimes*.^{*} Every rogue, great or small, was put to death. If a man thoughtlessly shot a rabbit, or cut down young trees, he was hanged: his punishment was the same as that of the murderer or the highway robber. But these needless cruelties were gradually abolished. In 1837 the list of capital offences was reduced to *seven*.

A general coarseness of manners prevailed. Profane swearing was the constant practice of gentlemen; even ladies swore orally and in their letters. The Protestant chaplain cursed the sailors, because it seemed to make them more attentive to his sermon. Lawyers swore at the bar. Judges swore on the bench. The king swore incessantly. Thus when the "head of the Anglican Church" and the "first gentleman in Europe" wished to express approval of the weather, of a handsome horse, or of a dinner which he had enjoyed, he supported his royal word by a profane oath. Among high and low this coarseness was deplorable. Conversation was stained with wickedness, and society clothed itself with cursing as with a garment. The ordinary manners at the courts of George IV and William IV were such in truth as could not be seen in a decent bar-room of the present day. The accession of Queen Victoria, however, brought about a much-needed change; and both manners and conversation have since greatly improved.

England had fallen into an abyss of ignorance in spite of the boasted "Reformation." Education was as far advanced in the reign of Henry VIII as in that of George III. At the beginning of the present century, England had only about 3,300 public and private schools. Fifty years later they numbered 45,000; but it was only in 1870 that the work of public instruction began with real earnestness. In 1837 there were only 58 persons in every 100 who were able to sign their names to the marriage-register; in 1876 the number had risen to 81 in every 100, and is steadily growing.

It was only in 1807 that gas was first used to light the streets of London. When the battle of Waterloo was fought it took the despatches three days to reach the English capital. But soon the *steamboat*,[†] the *railway*,[‡] and the *tele-*

graph^{*} came, and the world moved as it never did before. At the beginning of the century the *printing-press* was still a rude machine able to throw off no more than 150 copies an hour.[†] To-day a machine, driven by steam, is fed with huge rolls of paper, and gives out newspapers, cut and folded, at the rate of 25,000 copies an hour. The postage-stamp dates from 1840.

At the beginning of the century the human hand performed all the work that was done, and performed it badly. Now machinery sews our clothing, reaps the fields, thrashes the grain, moves the steam-locomotive at a mile a minute, and drives the majestic steamer across the Atlantic in a week. *Chemistry, physiology, medicine*, and all the natural and physical sciences have made magnificent advances.

"One cannot but feel how fortunate," says Henry Reed, "how providential it was that the wonderful results of physical science which this century has witnessed were not accomplished in the last century, at a time when a low state of religious opinion was prevailing, when scepticism was dominant in literature; for at such a time the victories of science over the powers of the material universe, instead of raising our sense of the Creator's power, and inspiring that humility which true science ever cherishes, the more deeply at every advance it makes,—instead of this, an age of unbelief, whose literature had divorced itself from revelation, would have been ready to use the results of science to decoy men into that insidious atheism which substitutes Nature for God, and would have entangled our spiritual nature in the meshes of materialism.

"The truest cultivation of science and the truest cultivation of literature in our day have shown this harmony, that alike for the scientific and the literary study of man and nature—for the naturalist, for instance, and the poet—there is needed the same humble, willing, dutiful inquiry, a power of reciprocity as well as of search. The man of science and the poet, equally, will miss the truth, if either the one or the other grows to deal boldly with nature instead of reverently following her guidance; if he seals his heart against her secret influences: if he has a theory to maintain, a solution which shall not be disturbed; and once possessed of this false cipher, he reads amiss all the golden letters around him.[‡]

3. THE ENGLISH LITERATURE OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY, AND SOME OF THE AGENTS THAT INFLUENCED IT.—The nineteenth century has greatly enriched English literature. It has been a period of noted intellectual activity and bold, original investigation in Great Britain. Its history, of course, throws much light on its literature. In its early years we trace the dark, stormy influence of the French Revolution and the conquering career of Napoleon—events that stirred the mind of Europe and left their impression on English letters. The poetry of *Byron*—the "Napoleon of the realms of rhyme"—is a true reflection of that wild and warlike period. Much that was then written is unhappily tinged by the prevailing coarseness, skepticism, and indelicacy of the times. The efforts that finally produced Catholic

* Among these was the "terrible crime" of being a Catholic.

* First successfully used in 1807 by Robert Fulton on the Hudson River, and soon after introduced into Great Britain.

† A railway from Liverpool to Manchester was formally opened for traffic in 1830.

* Morse's telegraph came into practical use in 1844. The first successful submarine cable was laid between Dover and Calais in 1851. The first successful Atlantic cable, connecting the Old and New Worlds, was laid in 1858.

† From the date of the invention of printing down to the close of 1814 there had been almost no improvement made on the printing-press.

‡ Lectures on English Literature.

emancipation gave birth to the fiery, splendid and powerful eloquence of *Grattan*, *Shiel*, *O'Connell*,* *Doyle*, and the keen, witty mind of *Sidney Smith*. For better or worse, German literature, more than that of any other nation, has greatly influenced the British intellect of the present century. This influence is most distinctly traceable in the writings of *Coleridge*, and especially those of *Thomas Carlyle*. The religious movement which gave *Newman*, *Faber*, *Manning*, and so many bright, noble spirits to the Catholic Church has a rich literature of its own.

But infidelity and materialism have profanely invaded the domain of both science and literature. The ant, snail, frog, and ape are as eagerly studied and misread as if each had a boon or a revelation to confer upon the whole human race. The soul of man is neglected, but his body is honored with patient and minute investigation. God is ignored. The earth is asked to bear false witness against its Almighty Creator. We have such an abundance of profound babble, "scientific" lies, and blasphemous nonsense, that it has grown unfashionable to "read sermons in stones," or express a belief in everlasting punishment. Such gifted men as *Darwin*, *Huxley*, *Tyndall*, and *Spencer* have set themselves to the work of teaching a false philosophy, degrading to man and hostile to God and the Christian religion. The same false and pernicious principles have been carried into general literature by such able writers as *Mill*, *Buckle*, *Lecky*, and "*George Eliot*." English literature is cursed with a growing pagan element. This is an age of intellectual pride, but the repulsive pride which attacks truth inspires no kind feeling. It is the spirit of Lucifer: It deserves nothing but scorn and punishment. "I believe," says Ruskin, "the first test of a truly great man is humility." But humility is a virtue almost unknown in English letters, which for over three centuries have been pride-stricken, suffused with falsehood, and in a state of revolt against the truth.

Another feature is quite noteworthy. British bigotry and anti-Catholic fanaticism, it need hardly be said, have largely found expression in print. Nor is the present century an exception. During its early portion England was overflowing with intolerance, and every branch of literature was pervaded by an ignorant and malignant spirit of hatred towards the Catholic religion. Even the school-books on grammar, history, geography, logic, and rhetoric were pressed into the service of falsehood and fanaticism. Picking up a school-dictionary, issued about sixty years ago, we turn over a few leaves and read: "*Anti-Christ*, one who opposes Christ—the Pope." Nor was this miserable teaching without its fruits. "When I was young," says Cardinal Newman, "and after I was grown up, I thought the Pope to be anti-Christ. At Christmas 1824-5, I preached a sermon to that effect."† Pulpits rang with abuse of the Pope from one end

of the year to the other. The blind led the blind, and England was full of brutal, blinding bigotry. Even such men as Sir Walter Scott in his *Waverley Novels*, Macaulay and Hallam in their *Histories** and other works, and Archbishop Whately in his *Elements of Logic*, could not rise above the narrow spirit of anti-Catholic intolerance. Happily, there is now less to complain of. The doors of the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge were opened to Catholics in 1871; and, on the whole, English letters are marked by a more just and generous spirit towards the ancient faith.

The first thirty or forty years of the present century constitute one of the great creative periods in English literature, and, as is usual during such periods, poetry rose in popularity, and held the supremacy. It was a time of transition from the cold, artificial formalism of the eighteenth century to something more warm, hearty, and natural. The names of *Scott*, *Byron*, *Moore*, *Coleridge*, *Campbell*, and *Wordsworth* belong to this period. Later years can claim no such array of poetic genius. Our own day may be represented by *Mrs. Brown*, *Miss Procter*, *Robert Browning*, and *Alfred Tennyson*.

The present century has witnessed the decline of the British drama even below the point at which it stood one hundred years ago. Why this is so it would not be easy to explain; but there is no doubt as to the fact that the plays written by men of genius within the last sixty or seventy years have generally proved ill adapted for the stage, while the authors of the successful plays have not been men of genius.†

Prose has had a growth that is truly marvellous. It covers immense fields in fiction and periodical literature, not to mention other departments of letters. Scott's *Waverley Novels*, and the works of Dickens, Thackeray and other writers of fiction would, in themselves, make a large library.

As to British periodical literature, it may be said that its size and variety baffle description. At its two extremes stand the *quarterly* and the *daily*. *The Edinburgh Review*, the oldest of the quarterlies, was started in 1802 by Sydney Smith, Francis Jeffrey, and a few able young men. It was followed by *The Quarterly Review* (1809), *The Westminster Review* (1824), *The Dublin Review*‡ (1836), and some others. Among the chief monthlies are the *Gentleman's Magazine* (1731), the oldest of its class; *Blackwood's Magazine* (1817), *Frazer's Magazine* (1830); and of later growth are *The Cornhill*, *Macmillan's Magazine*, *The Month*,|| *The Fortnightly Review*,

* It may be stated, once for all, that there is not a single British Protestant historian who does not in some way bear false witness against Catholics and the Catholic Church; but whether this systematic injustice is to be attributed to invincible ignorance or invincible intolerance in the writers it would indeed be hard to conjecture. English history is crammed with falsehood, and Cobbett has bluntly said that it contains more lies than all the other books in the world.

† Thomas Arnold.

‡ The chief organ of the Catholics of Great Britain.

|| Catholic.

* The productions of these Irish writers are noticed in Book III.

† *Apologia*.

The Contemporary Review and *The Nineteenth Century*. Among the most prominent of the British weeklies are: *The Saturday Review*, *The Athenæum*, *The Spectator* and *The Tablet*;* while among the principal dailies we may note *The Times*, *The Daily News*, and *The Daily Telegraph*—all published in London and having a large circulation.†

The present age has produced the greatest historians in English literature. No other century can point to such men as *Lingard*, *Hallam*, *Macaulay*, *Alison*, *Grote*, *Carlyle*, *Stubbs*, *Green*, and *Freeman*. The fields of art, science, criticism, politics, philosophy, biography, and theology have all been ably and ardently cultivated. The chief names in this connection are *Ruskin*, *Brewster*, *Hamilton*, *Faraday*, *Whewell*, *Darwin*, *Huxley*, *Tyndall*, *Spencer*, *Mivart*, *Jeffrey*, *Sydney Smith*, *Cobbett*, *Lockhart*, *Wiseman*, *Faber*, *Newman*, *Manning*, *Marshall*, *Dalgairns*, *Ward*, and *Harper*.

English letters, in Great Britain, seem to be drifting into a period of decline. The old masters are rapidly passing away, and their places remain unfilled. Nor can much hope be gathered from the intellectual condition of the nation at large. While a taste for reading of some sort is daily increasing, the taste for serious study of any kind is diminishing among the great mass of the English people. It is the age of rapid living and rapid reading. Books are devoured, but few study. "A true student," says a recent English writer, "will soon be as rare as the dodo, and a true *littérateur* be as old-fashioned a spectacle as a true scholar is to-day."

* Catholic.

† The *Times* has a reputed circulation of 100,000 copies a day; the *Daily News*, 160,000 copies; and the *Daily Telegraph*, 220,000 copies.

College Gossip.

—The convent schools of Ireland have an attendance of 50,000.

—Laval University has published, in pamphlet, the documents and speeches that formed its vigorous protest against the violation of Catholic rights perpetrated in the robbery of the Propaganda.—*Catholic Review*.

—Two Seniors of Dartmouth College, Ladd and Tovell, both members of the editorial staff of the *Dartmouth*, have been indefinitely suspended, and the trustees recommend the withholding of their diplomas, on account of publishing articles disrespectful to the Faculty, and calculated to provoke insubordination.—*Press*.

—President White, of Cornell University, has received a letter from Hiram Sibley, making the following donations to the University: For an additional building for the Sibley Mechanic Art School, \$30,000; for increased equipment, \$8,000; for an increased endowment for the same department, \$50,000.—*Crimson*.

—Among the eminent men who received the degree of doctor at the semi-centenary of the University of Louvain was the Rt. Rev. Bishop Spalding, of Peoria, Ill. It is a high honor, in the conferring of which, on a prelate of such eminent talent, Catholic Americans must feel themselves honored.—*N. Y. Freeman's Journal*.

—Out of a population of 25,000,000, England sends 5,000 students to her two universities; Scotland, with a population of 4,000,000, has 6,500 university students, and Germany, with a population of 48,000,000, has 22,500 in her various universities. The New England States, with a population of 4,110,000, sends 4,000 students to their eighteen colleges and universities.—*Ex*.

—It is said that Lovering, the brilliant Harvard student who worked himself to death, has been known to make \$1,200 in two months just before the mid-year examinations. His custom was to give lectures in his college-room to large groups of students who were behindhand in their studies, and his lectures were so valuable that students were willing to pay a large admission fee.

—The University of Louvain, Belgium's chief Catholic seat of learning, has been celebrating the 50th year of its revival. The original University was founded in 1426 by John IV, Duke of Brabant, and by 1590 the University counted 42 colleges and nearly 8,000 students. In 1797 it was suppressed by the French Directory on the ground that it was not in harmony with Republican institutions. It was re-established in 1833.

—A bill has been presented in the United States Senate establishing a National University of Medicine. The bill appropriates \$100,000 to be expended in ground and buildings, and \$1,000,000 to be placed at interest, the proceeds to meet the expenses of the university. The professors' chairs are to be opened to all medical schools, the great object of the institution being the general advancement of science.—*Michigan Argonaut*.

—The Harvard *Crimson* has the following regarding cremations and funerals of text-books:

" We are glad to see that these childish exhibitions are becoming more and more uncommon. A few years ago cremations and kindred celebrations were the rule and not the exception at many colleges; now, however, they are decidedly the exception. Brown College was the last to give up this absurd custom. At a meeting of the juniors last week the 'majority of the class seemed of the opinion that the traditional funeral was an unenjoyable and senseless ceremony, and that it was belittling to the class to get up a circus and play the role of clowns for the benefit of outsiders.' With the increase in the average age of the freshman, and the continual raising of the standard of admission, accompanied by a more manly spirit, we may soon hope to look upon cremations and other childish exhibitions of forced celebrations as a thing of the past."

SOME heartless wretch caught two cats, tied them by the tails, and flung them into the cellar of a Connecticut church. They kept pretty quiet until about the middle of the sermon, when they began to complain, and the pastor sternly remarked, "Will the choir please wait until its services are required?"—*Ex*.

NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.

Notre Dame, June 7, 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.

Our Staff.

T. EWING STEELE, '84.

J. A. McINTYRE, '84.	W. H. BAILEY, '84.
ELMER A. OTIS, '84.	C. A. TINLEY, '84.
JAMES SOLON, '84.	W. H. JOHNSTON, '85.
C. F. PORTER, '85.	

—A letter from Rome to Very Rev. Father General Sorin says: "The energetic protest of the Faculty of the University of Notre Dame against the spoliation of the Propaganda property has been presented to the Holy Father and has created quite a sensation in the Eternal City." As far as we have learned, this was the first formal protest presented from outside of Italy.

Reception to Bishop Borgess.

The Rt. Rev. C. H. Borgess, Bishop of Detroit, was the guest of the University during Sunday, Monday, and part of Tuesday of the past week. The visits of the eminent prelate, though "few and far between," are a source of much pleasure to all at Notre Dame and he is always assured of a hearty and respectful welcome.

On Sunday evening, an impromptu entertainment in his honor was gotten up by the Euglossian Association and the following programme presented:

Overture.....Orchestra
Address.....J. Solon

Recitation (Patriotic).....J. R. Devereux
"Alonzo the Brave".....J. J. Conway
Recitation.....J. Garrity
Chorus.....Orpheonics
Scene from Richard III.....F. Dexter
"Black Horse and Rider".....E. A. Otis
Selections.....W. E. Ramsay

The programme as given above was well carried out. The Orchestra rendered the introductory piece with skill and precision, except in one movement, when some of the players failed to keep the proper *tempo*, but the defect was soon remedied. The recitations and declamations were all that could be desired, each of the speakers presenting his selection in a manner to reflect credit upon himself. Mr. Solon's address of welcome to the Bishop was very appropriate and well spoken. The vocal music was good, though we think that a much better effect would have been produced had the pieces been interspersed among the other selections instead of presenting all at once. The solos were well rendered, but the choruses were not up to the usual high standard,—the first especially being greatly marred by discords.

After the performance, Bishop Borgess arose and expressed his pleasure at again meeting the students and complimented all who took part in the entertainment. In his own pleasing and humorous way, the good Bishop announced an extra holiday for the following Tuesday,—an announcement which was greeted with prolonged applause.

The Brownson Celebration.

On Tuesday forenoon, at 9 o'clock, Signor Gregori's portrait of Dr. Brownson was unveiled in the Music Hall. Among the distinguished visitors who honored the occasion with their presence were the Right Rev. C. H. Borgess, D. D., Bishop of Detroit; the Right Rev. P. M. Osouf, Bishop of Arsinoe and Vicar-Apostolic of Northern Japan, now on a visit to the United States in behalf of his diocese; the Very Rev. Edward Sorin, C. S. C., Superior-General of the Congregation of the Holy Cross, and who during Dr. Brownson's lifetime enjoyed his intimate friendship; the Rev. Father Van Dyke, of Detroit; the Rev. Father Alfred Pettier, of Japan; the Rev. Joseph McManus, of the Diocese of Detroit, together with a number of the Rev. Clergy of the Congregation of the Holy Cross. Besides the large concourse of professors and students, several ladies and gentlemen were present to witness the ceremony.

A few minutes after the hour appointed,—9 a. m.—the large hall being crowded and the visitors all seated, the Rev. Stanislaus Fitte, C. S. C., after uncovering the portrait, said:

"I feel proud and happy in the honor conferred upon me, of unveiling this beautiful painting, and, at the same time, paying a tribute, a public homage of gratitude and veneration, to the memory of the illustrious Doctor Orestes Brownson. Tongues more eloquent than mine will explain our reasons for honoring this illustrious man so highly. He was, in truth, the greatest philosopher produced by the New World,—an eminent critic admired in both continents,—one of the ablest defenders of human reason and divine revelation,—a pure, noble, energetic

character,—in a word, a man whom posterity will, I hope, place beside Newman as a writer, and Thomas Aquinas as a thinker. Therefore it is, gentlemen, that in the name of the University and Faculty of Notre Dame—in the name of religion and philosophy, whose immortal principles were so forcibly advocated by Dr. Brownson, I request your attention to a few lines written in his honor in the strong, harmonious language of Rome.”

Here followed the chaste poetic tribute which will be found on our first page.

Rev. Father Van Dyke, the orator for the occasion, was introduced by Rev. President Walsh, of the University, and, with only a few brief notes in his hand, he ascended the platform and for more than half an hour held the close attention of his audience by his eloquent

ORATION

on the great American publicist and philosopher.

The speaker said that under different circumstances he might find it a constraint on him to stand before an audience and deliver a discourse on the great and distinguished man whom they had assembled to honor, but if it was always a duty to call attention to, and inspire admiration in youth for the great men of the past, and to excite a spirit of emulation for the great things they had done, it was especially so in the case of the illustrious Dr. Brownson; and when we take into consideration the fact that the writings of the Doctor are now being edited by his son, it would be presumption for him, the panegyrist, to adopt any other style in speaking of him. These works give the history of the Doctor's great mental struggles and his wanderings through the mazes of error until he gained the effulgence of light and the glorious freedom of the Catholic Church.

The speaker went on to give a sketch of the life and character of this greatest of America's philosophers and publicists from his birth in Stockbridge, Vermont, in 1803, under Puritan influences, until the culminating of his career in the Catholic Church. In his early years he was precocious, of a religious turn of mind, and read everything that came in his way, devoting special attention to the Holy Scriptures and such polemical works of the great lights of Protestantism as came within his reach. He tells us himself that before he had reached the age of eight he had read all these, and knew a great part of them by heart before he had reached his fourteenth year. Properly speaking, he had no childhood; brought up among old people, imbued with Puritan ideas, he was debarred from all the sports, plays and amusements of children, and had the manners, tone, and tastes of mature age. At the age of eighteen he had the Scriptures nearly by heart, and in addition knew the works of the greatest Protestant theorizers of the world. The Scriptures were his chief study, and from the inspiration drawn from them resulted a certain settled religious conviction, a desire for an infallible teaching authority which never entirely left him amid his wanderings in search of truth.

Owing to the prejudices resulting from his early training and associations, Brownson never once thought of inquiring into the claims of the Catholic Church, and there was no reason to imagine,

humanly speaking, that he should ever become a Catholic. * By turns, a Presbyterian, a Universalist, Congregationalist Unitarian, and a World-Reformer or disciple of the various schools of Socialism, Dr. Brownson knew nothing of Catholicism but as it was presented to him by Protestants. But his great mind and philosophical penetration, with an ardent desire for truth, would not permit him to rest in any of the sects, and, by degrees, he laboriously worked his way through the labyrinths of Protestantism, in all its phases, as he tells us in “The Convert.” He was in a world of trouble, but his thoughts were enlarging and his mind developing towards the truth. He lived in a malarial atmosphere, but though he suffered from its effects his strong vitality refused to succumb.

The periodical that he edited was not devoted exclusively to religious subjects, but rather to the discussion of great questions generally, whether religious, political, philosophical or social, and upon all these the gigantic mind of Brownson carried great weight and left its impress. His philosophy had weighed Protestantism and found it wanting, and he now found himself so far advanced as to hold, albeit unintentionally, many Catholic doctrines. One of his articles in this advanced stage pleased his Unitarian friends, a third drew warm approbation from the Presbyterians, a fourth threw the Tractarians into ecstasies, and Dr. Seabury, in the *New York Churchman*, announced that a new era had dawned on the Puritan city of Boston; the fifth and sixth articles attracted the attention of Catholic journals, and were reproduced with approbatory remarks. This first drew Brownson's attention to the Church; but he had formed a poor opinion of Catholics, and did not wish to cast his lot with them. What he wanted was a reunion of Christendom on a philosophical basis subject to no authority—a Catholic Church without the Pope, so to speak—but here was the difficulty, he could not have a Catholic Church without the Pope, the living, teaching authority, and he found it difficult to hold his independent position or defend the theory on which he was acting. Further research convinced him of the truth of the Roman Catholic Church as she is, and Dr. Brownson placed himself in the hands of Bishop Fenwick for instruction preparatory to his reception into the Church. Bishop Fenwick turned him over to his coadjutor, Bishop Fitzpatrick, and after some time under his able instructions he was received into the Church on Sunday, the 20th of October, 1844, in the 42d year of his age. Brownson now found himself at rest, and, like Newman after his conversion, he felt that his countrymen had need of him. Although similar in many points, there is a great contrast between Brownson and Newman. The latter was born a scholar, so to speak, and possessed a cultivated imagination such as no other English writer ever had; the other, deprived of an early education, possessed a master mind and wrote with a brilliancy and originality such as no other American writer ever possessed. In this respect there is a great similarity between Brownson and Newman. So, too, in their influences. Their influence

had been felt, and will be felt for many and many a generation, and the speaker hoped that the writings of these two great men would be appreciated as they deserve, and be read and studied by every young man who appreciates vigor of style and purity of thought.

Rev. Father Van Dyke's panegyric was received with loud and prolonged applause. At its close, the Right Rev. Bishop of Detroit was asked to make a few remarks, and turning to the audience, he said, in substance:

"I am called upon to make a little speech on Dr. Brownson, whose portrait has just been unveiled, but Father Van Dyke has handled the subject so well that I could not improve upon it. All I need say is that I hope you will learn to appreciate the merits of this great American genius,—that you will, one and all, try your very best to follow in the footsteps of Dr. Brownson,—that you will try to prove Brownsons for the honor of this country and for your own honor. I have always been a great admirer of Dr. Brownson as a genius and a learned man; but more than that, I was privileged to be in his company for the better part of a week and had thus an opportunity of knowing him personally and seeing the many beautiful traits in his character. Being out on a lecturing tour, he accepted my hospitality, and during that time I assure you my admiration for this wonderful man, far from being lessened, became warmer because of his childlike humility. I have, I presume to say, known great men, and learned men, but none possessing a greater genius than Brownson; I hope we shall have greater men than Dr. Brownson in this country, but you will not be surprised when I tell you that I have some doubts as to the realization of this hope."

The Bishop's remarks were greeted with great applause, and when he had concluded the audience dispersed. Thus happily ended a ceremony which will do not a little towards perpetuating in the minds of the students of '84 the memory of America's greatest philosopher.

Personal.

—Joseph McKernan, of '68, is a real estate dealer, in Indianapolis, Ind.

—F. P. Black (Com'l), '83, is now in business with his father at Decatur, Ill.

—J. Scanlan (Com'l), '80, is head salesman in his father's commission house, Chicago, Ill.

—John J. Flemming (Com'l), '72, is cashier of the First National Bank, Burlington, Iowa.

—W. Ad. Hardenbergh, of '79, has written that he will be present at the Commencement exercises.

—F. Johnson (Com'l), '83, and our leading vocalist of last year, is prospering in business at Memphis, Tenn.

—George L. Hagan (Com'l), '81, and winner of the Commercial Medal of the same year, resides at St. Augustine, Ill.

—Walter J. Kelly (Com'l), '81, is a practising physician at Kewaskum, Wis., and enjoys a large and lucrative practice.

—Eugene F. Arnold, of '78, in company with his brother-in-law, W. H. Landvoigt, is doing a prosperous law business in Washington, D. C. We see it stated that Messrs. A. & L. recently gained a case in the Supreme Court of the United States

in which two of the oldest and best lawyers of the District were opposed to them.

—We see by late Washington papers that Mr. W. H. Arnold, of '83,—now attending the Columbian University Law School, in his native city, Washington, D. C.—pulled the stroke oar in one of the Columbian Boat Club's four-oared shells in a race on the Potomac. From the fact of Mr. Arnold's being chosen for the responsible post of stroke we should judge that his training on the lake, in the Notre Dame Boat Club, is acknowledged to be effective. His old comrades and many friends at Notre Dame wish Willie success at the ash!

—Very Rev. Father General Sorin returned from his trip to the "Far West" last Saturday evening. His visits to the Houses of the Congregation in that distant part of the country were, as might be expected, the source of the greatest joy, and everything was done to show him honor and extend a hearty welcome. In the Academies at Salt Lake City and Ogden, Utah, appropriate entertainments were gotten up, which, consisting of addresses, music, etc., displayed the talents of the pupils, and the careful training of the good Sisters in charge; and, at the same time, served as an expression of the joy of all at the presence of their venerable Superior. The Very Rev. Father speaks highly of the pleasure of his journey, and says it has made him feel ten years younger. No doubt it was to give evidence of the truth of this remark that he officiated next morning at the solemn services of Pentecost.

—The Rt. Rev. P. M. Osouf, Bishop of Arsinoe, and Vicar-Apostolic of Northern Japan, and Rev. Alfred Pettier, Missionary-Apostolic of Japan, arrived at Notre Dame last Saturday and remained until Thursday the guests of Father General Sorin. The Bishop has come to this country with the permission of the Holy See and a recommendation of Cardinal Simeoni, Prefect of the Propaganda, to solicit alms of the faithful of America for the numerous needs of his extensive mission. There is an immense field of labor for the Catholic missionary in Japan, and, it is needless to say, to carry on the good work, pecuniary means are a necessity. No resources can be found in the country itself where the Christians are poor and few in number, and it has therefore become necessary to apply to Christians in more favored countries. It is to be hoped that the Catholics of America will not fail to respond liberally to this call, and thus contribute towards procuring the gift of faith to this nation.

—We present the following among the letters received regarding the Brownson celebration:

INDIANAPOLIS, IND., May 29, 1884.

REV. T. WALSH, C. S. C.,

President of Notre Dame University.

DEAR REV. FATHER:—Thanks for the invitation from "the President and Faculty" to be present at the unveiling of Sig. Gregori's portrait of Dr. Brownson. My engagements prevent my acceptance of what would give me much pleasure for several reasons, independent of meeting yourself and those whose kindness I experienced two years ago. The Rev. orator is one of those with whom I was

connected in the Eternal City, and who gave promise then of oratorical ability of no common order. Besides, Dr. Brownson, whom as a young man I greatly admired, exercised considerable influence over my early days, and his massive eloquence, on the day of our graduation at Mt. St. Mary's College, served as a foundation on which our own lighter structures rested. I feel grateful to Notre Dame for honoring his memory.

With best wishes for the success of the ceremony,

Very truly yours in Dno.,

✠ FRANCIS SILAS CHATARD,
Bishop of Vincennes.

DETROIT, June 2, 1884.

DEAR FATHER WALSH:

I regret exceedingly that it is impossible for me to avail myself of your kind invitation to visit Notre Dame. I have a very important case in court to-morrow, which I cannot postpone. No one could take a greater interest in the occasion than myself, but I am also sorry to lose such an opportunity to see you all again.

Yours very sincerely,

H. F. BROWNSON.

REV. T. E. WALSH, C. S. C., *President.*

Local Items.

- Hurrah for Iowa!
- The triples are in progress.
- The Bishop granted "rec.," Tuesday.
- The first pages of the Catalogue are printed.
- Next Thursday is the Feast of Corpus Christi.
- The Juniors caught lots of fish last Thursday!
- The "Class Day-book" will be out to-morrow.
- Examinations will commence on the 20th inst.
- The Bulletins for May were mailed last Thursday.
- "Where is the Juniors' Campus?" "Can't you read?"
- The evening recreations are very much enjoyed by all.
- The Juniors will soon have a picnic at St. Joe Farm.
- Invitations for Commencement are to be sent next week.
- When Murphy pitches, he objects to any one calling balls.
- "Why don't some of the circuses get a white black-bird?"
- Many improvements have been made on the College lawn.
- The Euglossians live up to their motto—*Semper paratus!*
- There will be three more issues of the SCHOLASTIC this year.
- The report of the Iowa boys' picnic will be given next week.
- The Boards of Examiners will be announced in our next issue.
- The Juniors' Campus begins to assume the appearance of a *parterre*.
- The chimes now delight us every day with a number of beautiful airs.

—Many interesting games of baseball were played during the week.

—The examinations of the Graduating Class will be held next week.

—The religious societies will appear in regalia at the procession on Corpus Christi.

—The Crescent Club Orchestra distinguished themselves last Wednesday evening.

—The St. Cecilia and Total Abstinence Societies will take a trip to the Farm to-morrow.

—The Junior Baseball Association have procured handsome gold medals for each member of the winning nine.

—Our astrologer's horoscope of the Republican Convention has been verified. Blaine was nominated on the 6th.

—The 26th Annual Banquet of the St. Cecilia Philomathean Association will take place next Tuesday afternoon.

—The Gregoris received from Rome, last week, palms blessed on Palm Sunday by their relative, His Eminence Cardinal Nina.

—The Iowa boys return thanks to Rev. Father Toohey and Bro. Marcellinus for kindness extended in preparation for their picnic of last Thursday.

—Thanks to the genial editor of the *Milwaukee Catholic Citizen* for information as to the whereabouts of the *May Century*. That wasn't the one we meant.

—An article of gold was lately found on the old Scholastic grounds. Owner can have his property by applying to Mr. Daly, or to the finder, Mr. Whitty.

—Mr. J. E. Farrell, of the Law Department, passed a very creditable examination before the Court Commissioners on last Tuesday and was admitted to practice in the Courts of Indiana.

—The grand Cecilian Mass last Sunday was beautifully and artistically rendered by Prof. Paul's choir. It was generally admitted to be the finest music produced at Notre Dame for a long time.

—Crayon portraits from photographs of Dr. John Gilmary Shea and Maurice F. Egan have been made by two of our local artists to be placed each side of Gregori's magnificent painting of Dr. Brownson.

—The Minims were delightfully surprised on Tuesday by the arrival at their study-hall of a box of oranges and one of bananas. They were a present from their venerated patron to whom they are grateful.

—The Curator of the Museum is indebted to Hon. Gavin D. Hall, of San Francisco, Cal., for a valuable contribution to the Cabinet of Natural History, and for a copy of a newspaper published in the year 1800.

—The Junior banner boys enjoyed a pleasant afternoon in South Bend, last Thursday afternoon. Through the kindness of B. Albert, they succeeded in making a visit to the Studebaker Wagon Works. They passed a most delightful afternoon.

—The Juniors' Baseball League returns thanks to the President of the University and to the Professor of History for the "strawberry festival" given to the first nines, last Monday evening. The committee of arrangements—Masters Fendrich and Nester—deserve special praise for the pleasant time enjoyed by all who were present.

—The Sorins gave a select musical and literary entertainment on Monday, to welcome Very Rev. Father General home from his Rocky Mountain tour. At the close of the exercises, the Very Rev. Father complimented the Sorins on the marked improvement in their elocution and music as well as their graceful manners, and interested them by a vivid description of his trip.

—On last Sunday, the Festival of Pentecost, Solemn High Mass was sung by Very Rev. Father General as celebrant, assisted by Fathers L'Etourneau and Fitte as deacon and subdeacon. An eloquent sermon was preached by Rev. Father Fitte. The ceremonies were well conducted by Mr. M. Regan, C. S. C. The altar-boys deserve particular mention for their fine appearance and the order and precision with which they performed their duties.

—The Classes of Zoölogy, Botany, and Surveying, with their Professors, combined in a very pleasant excursion to Barron Lake, Mich., Thursday, May 28th: the botanists for the purpose of studying the flora, and the zoölogists the fauna of the region, with the surveyors at hand for use in numerous exigencies. A very enjoyable time was had, the pleasure of which was greatly increased by missing the train at Niles and a subsequent ten-miles' ride home by carriages. Our reporter has failed to learn with what success, from a scientific point of view, the expedition was attended.

—The third of the series of championship games was played last Thursday afternoon between "The Star of the East" and "University" Clubs. The score is as follows:

STAR OF THE EAST.	A.	B.	O.	R.	UNIVERSITY.	A.	B.	O.	R.
P. Warren, s. s.	5	3	0		V. Burke, c.	6	3	2	
F. Combe, 1st b.	5	5	0		F. Wheatley, p.	5	1	3	
J. Guthrie, c. and p.	5	4	1		H. Porter, 1st b.	4	2	2	
W. Hetz, l. f.	5	4	1		F. Devoto, 2d.	5	3	1	
J. Hafner, c. f.	5	2	2		B. Snoufer, 3d.	5	3	2	
F. Gallagher, p. and c.	5	2	3		C. Carroll, s. s.	5	1	2	
J. Hotaling, c. f.	5	2	1		S. Dickerson, l. f.	5	3	1	
C. Kolars, r. f.	4	3	1		W. Coghlin, r. f.	5	4	1	
W. Bailey, 3d.	4	2	0		J. Shea, c. f.	6	4	2	
TOTAL	43	27	9		TOTAL	46	24	16	

Score by Innings:—1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9
 STAR OF THE EAST:—4 0 1 0 4 0 0 0 0=9
 UNIVERSITY:—3 1 0 0 0 5 0 7 =16

Umpire, T. Callaghan; Scorers, M. Sykes, and W. Mahon. Time of game, 2 hours.

—The Princes were honored during the week by a visit from Rt. Rev. Bishop Borgess, of Detroit, and the Rt. Rev. P. M. Osouf, Bishop of Japan, with the Abbé Alfred Pettier, Apostolic missionary of Japan. The Minims entertained the

distinguished visitors with an impromptu entertainment which so pleased his Lordship of Detroit that he remarked that Notre Dame may well be proud of such boys. The Bishop of Japan, in a few kind words, expressed his approbation and requested the Abbé Pettier to sing a Japanese song for the Minims, to which he very kindly consented, his song receiving the loudest applause.

—The Orchestra never played better than at the Brownson celebration, last Tuesday morning. Indeed, too much cannot be said in praise of the manner in which the overture was rendered. A great fault on previous occasions has been a failure to observe the proper *tempo*; but last Tuesday morning the time was perfect, the members were in accord and sympathy with each other, and all the movements and degrees of intonation were observed with all the nicety and precision that the most accomplished musician could desire. In a word, it was without a flaw. We do sincerely hope that the Orchestra will maintain its present organization, and thus we may be assured that the music will be among the most enjoyable features of Commencement time.

[Communicated.]

A Sad Affair.

SOLEMN BURIAL OF ARISTOPHANES.

"What news, my lord?"—*Shakespeare*.

"And in the hollow oak he lay as dead,
 And lost to life and use and name and fame."—*Tennyson*.

"And will he not come again?
 And will he not come again?"

No, no, he is dead,
 Gone to his death-bed;
 He never will come again!"—*Hamlet IV, V*.

"I sincerely regret that the bad state of the roads between your place and Boston precludes my acceptance of your kind invitation to be present at the burial of Aristophanes. Bitter as I am against all Greek authors, I have a special antipathy for Aristophanes. I suppose, however, that when an author is once conveyed across the River Styx, a professor never 'sticks' you on his works."

CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS.

"I sincerely regret that, as I must bury either myself, Jim Blaine,—or both this week, I cannot assist at the burial of Aristophanes."

CHESTER A. ARTHUR.

Aristophanes is dead! This was the melancholy announcement that spread like wild-fire through the College on Saturday morning last. Aristophanes is dead! The news came so unexpectedly, broken to us so abruptly; that the shock is for many of us still a sad reality. We learn from the *Athenian Howler* (June 17, 347 B. C.) that the poet on that morning had gone about his usual occupations with apparently no presentiment of his impending doom; no one, therefore, was prepared for the sad announcement of Saturday last. It had been often noticed that the poet's health was failing, and it was feared that the Senior Greek Class was too severe a strain on his system;

but we had always hoped that the poor old gentleman might live to enjoy a farewell wrestle before Commencement.

Life is strewn with blasted hopes and petrified regrets!—Saturday morning found Aristophanes a corpse! Then it was that the question of burial was agitated. The Rev. Professor of Greek was of the opinion that the State had the first right in the matter; but the Greeks maintained that to them belonged the last sad duty to their departed master; Gallagher, indeed, went so far as to say that the dying author's last request had been that he (Gallagher) should act as pall-bearer. At any rate, by Saturday noon a handsome bier and coffin had been provided. The Greek room presented a very weird and beautiful appearance: above the remains were gracefully grouped beautiful pine trees, and the room draped in conventional black. A large multitude from the different schools of the University were constantly applying for admission. The excitement, however, may have been increased by the report that Father Stoffel was dead. The popular pronunciation of Aristophanes being *Harystoffel*, it is easy to see how the misunderstanding came about. By Sunday, the *οἱ πολλοὶ* had it that it was either *Father Stoffel* or one of the *Graduates who had died*; although a small party from the Manual Labor School claimed that the real corpse was Prof. Gregori.

Meantime, the disciples of Aristophanes were plunged into the depths of woe. By Monday morning the necessary permission for a day's "rec." had been given and important steps taken towards a grand funeral. It was a really solemn sight to see the little procession clad in tunics bearing the remains of the dead poet down the long Columbus' corridor, through the grand entrance to where the sombre equipage was waiting to receive it.

Well, the procession started at nine o'clock, Monday morning, and

"The shades of night were falling fast,"

when five jaded Hellenists, with empty baskets and buckets, lost in a maze of astonished tunics, came back to the University. Their proceedings, we are told, were very mysterious, and impressively secret. We learn, however, that a grave was luckily found already made; that the good old man was buried with a solemnity that must have warmed his heart towards the whole of America; that two pennies were put in the coffin to satisfy Charon; that the Rev. Prof. and all his Class, including "Dick," were prostrated with grief; that Bailey made a Greek speech, and Ewing sang a dirge; that Gallagher and Steele did all the hard work, and that all the participants took a solemn oath to never reveal the burial-place till their reunion in the days to come.

At any rate, they had a jolly day; though a little experimental bare-back riding in search of water, etc., have disabled them from any active exercise ever since. It is to be greatly regretted that the spirit of our author should have disturbed the

house the night before his burial. It is only probable that he was searching for his eleven children to give them a few words of parting admonition. It is well known that the poet was so high-spirited that he ranks, with Quintilian and St. Basil, among the authors that will allow no one to "ride over" them.

But we wander. It is late in the week, and already we may exceed what space remains to us. If we cannot say a prayer for the soul of poor Aristophanes, we may at least say, peace to his ashes!

D.

Roll of Honor.

SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

Messrs. Anchondo, Ancheta, Aguilera, Alvarez, Arce, Baca, Banigan, Bowers, Barron, Becerra, Bailey, Browne, F. Burke, V. Burke, J. Carroll, Coll, Cass, Crawford, Callaghan, Creel, De Groot, De Wolf, A. Dennis, Delaney, F. Diaz, A. Diaz, Feltz, Fogarty, Farrell, T. Fenlon, Fitzgerald, Grothaus, Gandrup, Goulding, Gonzalez, Gutierrez, Gray, F. Gallagher, Howard, Hamlyn, Johnston, Kaufman, Kolars, Kleiber, Lechuga, McErlain, Mathers, Marquez, C. Murdock, McIntyre, J. McNamara, T. McNamara, McLaughlin, Madden, Mahon, G. O'Brien, Ott, O'Dea, O'Rourke, Orchard, Otis, O'Kane, C. Paschel, H. Paschel, Pour, Proudhomme, Rudge, Rogers, Reach, Rul, Solon, Steis, Slattery, Spencer, Steele, E. Smith, J. Smith, G. Smith, Sanchez, Sagreda, Tinley, Uranga, E. Fenlon.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

Masters Arnold, Anchondo, Aguilera, Borgschulze, Baur, Berthelet, Barela, Braun, Benner, Breen, Cohen, G. Cartier, Courtney, Curtis, Chaves, Cavaroc, Cleary, Clarke, Costigan, Coleman, Dwenger, Dorenberg, Dexter, Dennis, Duffin, Ewing, Eisenhauer, Fitzgerald, Fehr, Fendrich, Fierro, Foote, Finckh, Garrity, Gerlach, Gimbel, Grunsfeld, Hemisbaugh, Hagenbarth, E. A. Howard, Halligan, Huestis, Houlihan, Harris, Houck, Hagerty, Jensch, Johnson, M. Kelly, Letcher, R. Lewis, Mulkern, Monschein, Mullane, Muhler, Mason, Murphy, Mug, Major, Martinez, McDonald, O'Brien, O'Donnell, C. Porter, Perley, Parres, J. Proudhomme, E. Proudhomme, Partillo, Pohl, Quill, Rogers, Regan, Reynolds, Ruppe, Ruffing, Sedberry, L. Scheuerman, Schmauss, Schott, Schaefer, Stubbs, Talbot, D. Taylor, G. Tarrant, Uranga, W. Wagoner, Wabraushek, Wright, Williamson, Wilkes, Muessel, Servis, Adler.

MINIM DEPARTMENT.

Masters Ackerman, Adams, J. Addington, H. Addington, Amoretti, A. Arrache, S. Arrache, Boos, Bunker, Butterfield, Benner, Brown, Comins, Calvin, Crawford, Curtis, Crotty, Cole, Costigan, F. Coad, M. Coad, Cummings, Dunford, L. Doss, J. Doss, E. Doss, Dirksmeyer, Delaplane, Devine, J. Devereux, A. Devereux, Ernest, Fitzgerald, Fulwiler, W. Grimes, A. Grimes, Garrity, Grunsfeld, Henry, Harris, C. Inderrieden, R. Inderrieden, Johns, Jones, Krause, J. Kelly, E. Kelly, La Tourette, Landenwich, Lewis, B. Lindsey, C. Lindsey, Loya, W. McCourt, M. McCourt, J. McGrath, E. McGrath, T. McGuire, W. McGuire, McGill, McPhee, McVeigh, Murphy, Manzanares, Meehan, Morrison, Morgan, F. Mullen, A. Mullen, Noonan, F. Nester, A. Nester, M. O'Kane, B. O'Kane, Otis, O'Connor, Prindiville, R. Papin, V. Papin, Paden, Perkins, Quinlin, Quiggle, Quill, Rebori, Studebaker, Stange, Sumner, Schmitz, Salmon, Spencer, Shöne-man, Sokup, L. Scherrer, C. Scherrer, E. Scherrer, Smith, Thomas, Uranga, West, Weston, W. Welch, A. Welch, Wright, Young.

For the Dome.

Mrs. L'Etourneau, Detroit, Mich.....\$10.00
Friends from South Bend..... 10.00

Saint Mary's Academy.

One Mile West of Notre Dame University.

—At the eight o'clock Mass on Sunday, offered by the Rev. Father Spillard, an eloquent sermon on "Christian Dogma" was delivered.

—Miss Josie Marion, of Denver, Col., *en route* for Paris, France, Mr. Hiram Miller, of South Bend, and Miss Day, of Detroit, Mich., are among the visitors of the week.

—Rev. Father L'Etourneau, kindly said Mass and preached a sermon for the Children of Mary, on Thursday morning. Those participating in the great favor beg to offer grateful acknowledgments.

—The Second Senior Chemistry Class passed their written examination on Tuesday. The fatigue of their extra mental exertion was consoled by a delectable little feast, in the refectory, at four o'clock.

—At the regular reunion in the Junior department, Mary Dillon read from "Glimpses of the Supernatural," and Clara Richmond recited, in a neat and graceful style, a selection from Miss Donnelly's writings.

—At the regular Academic reunion, instead of the usual distribution of weekly honors, cards with the Gifts and Fruits of the Holy Ghost printed upon them were given by the Rt. Rev. Bishop Osof, of Japan.

—The prize for graceful calisthenic drill and salutations, in the Junior department, was accorded as rightfully due to the Misses A. English, C. Richmond, and H. Stumer. The drawing resulted in favor of the last-mentioned.

—Those who drew for the Roman mosaic cross were the Misses Bailey, Chaves, Cox, Dillon, Eldred, Fehr, Halsey, H., E. and S. Jackson, Lord, McEwen, Richmond, Sheekey, Schmidt, Snowhook, and Wolvin. It was won by Sibyl Jackson.

—The young ladies were rejoiced to welcome back from his late trip to the Rocky Mountains the Venerable Father Superior-General, who has been visiting the Houses of the Congregation in that part of the world. All are happy to see him in the best of health and spirits.

—The exquisite silver jewel casket—awarded the most successful character in the French play performed on Monday morning—was won by Miss Jennie Duffield. Those who drew with her were the Misses Call, Bruhn, and Sheekey. It was the gift of Miss Grace Taylor, St. Louis, Mo.

—A prize—Father "Faber's Life and Letters"—was offered to those of the Children of Mary who were most punctual in attendance upon the exercises of the month of May. Those entitled to draw were the Misses Adderly, Dunn, Kearns, Mooney, O'Connell, Reynolds, Scully, and Sheridan. Miss Dunn was the favored one.

—On Pentecost Sunday, Rev. Father Shortis received to full membership in the Society of the

Children of Mary the following young ladies: the Misses Neu, Carney, S. St. Clair, M. Helping, and M. Reynolds. The ceremony took place in the Chapel of Loreto, and was accompanied by an excellent instruction from the Rev. Chaplain upon the duties and obligations of a child of Mary.

—At the closing of the month of May, the usual procession was formed in front of the Chapel of Loreto, at about half-past six p. m. The spectator looking from the windows of the Academy could behold a vision of more than fairy-like beauty, as the graceful figures with their waving banners flashed in and out from the midst of bright foliage, which breathed fragrance from the trees that border the avenues; while the various costumes blended with the hues of the fresh spring landscape in an exquisite harmony of which no picture could present an idea; and as the rich chanted tones of the Litany of Loreto or the *Magnificat* rose upon the air, one might well believe "the world to be all unfallen still," so pure and so heavenly was the scene. Passing along the river bank, onward to the well-known "Rosary Circle" in front of the Academy, the procession reached the Convent building and through the broad portals passed on; then into the chapel, where, after an eloquent discourse on the Mysteries of the Rosary by Rev. J. M. Toohey, of the University, the ceremony of crowning the Blessed Virgin was performed by Miss Sarah Dunne, President of the Children of Mary, after which Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament was given, and all retired with renewed and grateful sentiments of deep devotion to Mary, the "purest of creatures" and the Holy Mother of God, the "Word made Flesh" to dwell among us.

—On Monday, at 11 a. m., an entertainment was given in honor of two distinguished guests, the Rt. Rev. Bishop Borgess, of Detroit, and the Rt. Rev. Bishop Osof, and as a "Welcome home to Very Rev. Father General." The following programme was carried out:

Entrance March.....	Misses Beal and Neu
Chorus.....	Schubert
	Vocal Class.
Scherzo.....	Mendelssohn
	Miss Gove.
Song—"Adelaide".....	Beethoven
	Miss Hale.
"Coming Thro' the Rye".....	Foell
	Miss Cummings.
Recitation.....	Miss Murphy
Polonaise.....	Chopin
	Miss Beal.
Cavatina.....	Centemeri
	Miss Bruhn.
Rhapsodie.....	Adder
	Miss Fendrich.
Grand Chorus—from "Creation".....	Vocal Class
	"LA TREILLE DU ROI."

(*Opérette en un Acte.*)

Prologue.....	Miss E. Call
Marie Teczinska, Reine de France.....	Miss J. Duffield
Louise de Breteuil.....	Miss M. Bruhn
Clotilde de Soudré.....	Miss E. Call
Ursule de Palençay.....	Miss L. Sheekey
Agnès d'Appreville.....	Miss L. Van Horn
Elvire d'Equerville.....	Miss W. Moshier
Armande de Grécourt.....	Miss K. Lord

Eugénie de Beaumont.....Miss F. Castanedo
 Berthe de Dumond.....Miss H. Stumer
 Mme. d'Appreville (Vieille Gouvernante).....Miss Gove
 Orphelines.....Misses Richmond, McEwen, Malbœuf

"Am I my Brother's Keeper?"

Little does the larger proportion of the human race understand the extent to which personal influence is exerted. Those only who are experienced in dealing with a variety of characters can form any estimate of its power. Often those who possess a wide range of sway over others are themselves quite unconscious of the part they are enacting; but still more frequently those fully aware of the influence they wield do not cast it on the side of wisdom, but recklessly draw others on in the path of danger. The latter must be classed with him who, with blasphemous temerity, first employed the words which we have taken for our theme—"Am I my brother's keeper?" Am I responsible for the actions of those who are led into error by my example? Must I answer for the weakness of mind which made the individual subject to my stronger will?

To so painful a question we will not pretend to reply; for the "mark is upon the forehead" of the one who from his heart propounds an inquiry so dishonest. Therein we discover the voice of selfishness which is unwilling to acknowledge anything that may abridge in the least a so-called personal liberty—a liberty which would ignore the power of bad example, and leave the unprincipled free to indulge in that which is detrimental to society. The young in particular should endeavor to realize the influence which, whether they will or not, they must be called upon to exert; and, furthermore, they should be deeply impressed with the obligations involved. They should learn to regard the possession of such a power as a precious deposit from on high; one with which they may not dare to trifle.

With this consideration the question naturally arises, "How can such trifling be avoided?" The first means is to become thoroughly convinced that there is no escaping the influence of other minds, or of suppressing the mental force or persuasion, which, spite of ourselves, we must exert. It must be taken for granted that, no matter how healthy, how vigorous, how upright the mind, the heart, the soul may be, as social beings we are more or less responsible for the example we set to those around us. One disinclined to respect the judgment and opinions of others is most unfortunate. He places himself outside the pale of human sympathy, and his distrust of his fellow-creatures redounds upon his own nature; it chills, blunts and destroys all the finer feelings. He is the cynic, the misanthrope.

But none the less unhappy is he who accepts indiscriminately the views, the advice and the guidance of those who always stand ready to present them. By so doing his individuality is dashed to pieces in the merciless whirlpool of fluctuating preferences, sentiments and dispositions. He is the

dupe; the man with no mind of his own, and a being to be greatly commiserated. To avoid trifling with the influence placed at our command, we must acquire and use the judgment which will enable us to shun the extremes just pointed out.

In the second place, we must be cordially imbued with respect for the advantage of others; with an esteem which will render us as steadfast and enthusiastic in our exertions to compass the good of those whom our efforts can reach as if that good were to be our own exclusively. Inasmuch as we would not deliberately subject ourselves or those most dear to us by human ties to an injurious influence, true to the golden rule, we must as religiously avoid exerting the like influence over others, or of permitting it to be exerted.

In our sphere, little or extended, as it may be, we must each employ the missionary spirit which is ready to forego all personal, human satisfaction for the object of furthering the general welfare. To this spirit nothing is difficult; no obstacle is insurmountable. All things are feasible which will advance the growth of virtue in the hearts of companions.

See how it nerves the possessor to crush the petty uprisings of passion; the strife of anger, the sullen temper of revenge; the distorting imaginations of envy, which cast their hideous, gloomy coloring on the brightest things of earth, and can never be trusted! Constantly does this celestial spirit adjust the focus of pure intention, and beholds the actions of others in the calm distance of stellar light, bathed in the mystic effulgence of divine charity. What a prize it must be in the home-circle! But grace alone can foster this exalted principle in the human heart. Grace alone can render us truly happy, and imbued with its lofty inspirations, we shall be guided to deal justly with all, and never to betray, directly or indirectly, the trust imparted by the clemency of Heaven in the sway which we are permitted to hold over the minds of our fellow-creatures.

B. JOHNSON.

Roll of Honor.

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

SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

1st Tablet—Misses Adderly, Beal, Black, Bruhn, A. Babcock, Cummings, Cirkel, Calkins, Dunn, B. English, Fuller, Fitzpatrick, Gavan, Addie Gordon, Alice Gordon, Heckard, Helpling, Hale, Keating, Kearns, Kenny, Kearney, Lintner, A. Murphy, M. Murphy, McHale, McNamara, A. Mooney, Neu, O'Connell, Quill, Reilly, Ryan, Reynolds, S. St. Clair, Sheridan, Sheekey, Scully, Stackert, Tynan, Williams. *2d Tablet*—Misses Dowling, Fogerty, Hetz, McCarthy, Newman, Steele.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

1st Tablet—Misses I. Allen, Best, Bailey, Cox, Dillon, Ducey, Eldred, Fehr, Halsey, H. Jackson, E. Jackson, S. Jackson, Keyes, McEwen, Murphy, Richmond, Shephard, Schmidt, Sheekey, Snowhook, Wolvin. *2d Tablet*—Misses Brown, Chaves, Quill, Vradenburg.

MINIM DEPARTMENT.

1st Tablet—Misses Chapin, English, L. Johns, V. Johns, Lindsey, Murray, Papin, Paul, Reynolds, Van Fleet, M. Ducey, Schmauss.

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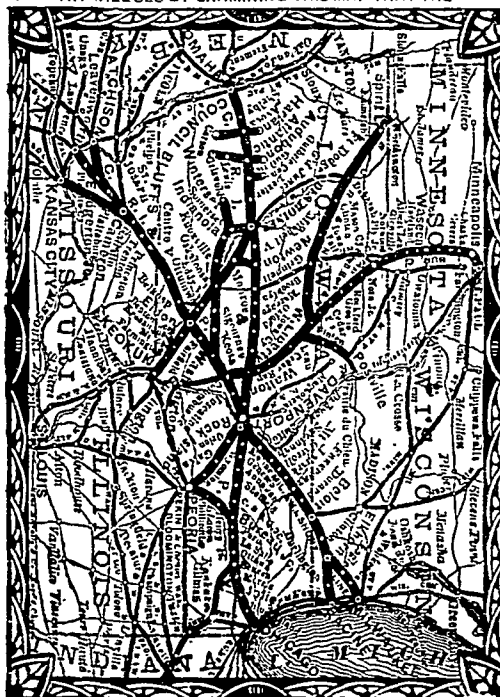
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