

# THE NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.

Disce quasi semper victurus; vive quasi cras moriturus.

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## The Pioneers.

MARION MUIR.

Past are the days, when, in a golden dream  
Lay the Great Mountains: lost the weary team  
That flagged on Kansas levels, and the men  
Who, thirsting, followed desert phantoms then,  
Departed all; but no successors stand  
To match the grandeur of that scattered band.  
Not law compelled, but driven hard by Fate,  
They crossed the plains, the builders of a State.  
Here are the walls they lifted, here, the crowd  
Goes mocking by, where Genius would have bowed.  
Theirs were the hands that answered our desires,  
When the smooth Platte was red with Indian fires.  
Friends of the weak were they, not white with those  
Fed on the husks of feeling, strong, in prose;  
And I, whom they defended, needs must place  
Before their shades, the offering of my praise.

## John G. Whittier.

Glancing over the group of American authors, we find that but few of the poets have succeeded in obtaining the suffrages of the reading public and of the literary world. Among these few John Greenleaf Whittier occupies a prominent position,—not the first, but near the first, uniting with Bryant and Longfellow in giving our literature its characteristic style.

When these authors commenced their career, American literature was in the formative stage of existence, and it was theirs to decide wherein the product of the thought of the New World should differ from that of the Old. This distinguishing feature consists chiefly in the desire for originality exhibited by our authors, and in the reserve which they always maintain in regard to themselves. In this respect, Whittier may be said to be more eminently American than the other national poets; his works seeming to be affected by foreign influence in a less degree than those of the other authors.

It is interesting, when possible, to trace the lives of eminent men from their childhood, through the succession of tangled paths and by-ways, to their places of eminence and renown.

The seventh year of the nineteenth century gave birth to the child who was in after years to become

the flower of his family—a poet. Though not devoid of incidents, the life of Whittier has not been a remarkable one,—

“He had his share of care and pain,  
No holiday was life to him.

“Yet Heaven was kind: and here a bird,  
And there a flower beguiled his way;  
And cool, in summer noons, he heard  
The fountains splash and play.

“On all his sad and restless moods  
The patient peace of Nature stole;  
The quiet of the fields and wood  
Sank deep into his soul.”

Born in Massachusetts—a Friend of Friends—Whittier inherited an antipathy to Puritanism, by which so many of his productions are characterized. His educational advantages were not of the best: his early opportunities of acquiring knowledge being limited to a district school and one year of academic life; while the home-library consisted, as he tells us,

“Of books and pamphlets scarce a score;  
One harmless novel, mostly hid  
From younger eyes, a book forbid,  
And poetry (or good or bad),  
A single book was all we had.”

Yet he possessed much “knowledge never learned of schools;” for in him one recognizes the veritable barefoot boy, who,

“Eschewing books and tasks,  
Nature answered all he asked;”

and during his boyhood, surrounded by

“The common unrhymed poetry  
Of simple life and country ways,”

his soul imbibed the “outward sunshine, inward joy” which in after-life he gave to the expectant world. The tender sympathy of the boy has wrought the crowning glory of the poet, and the echoes of the homely life are still ringing in “Snow Bound.” When the snow fell like a soft, white mantle over the world, his mind drank sweet, quiet draughts of inspiration from the beauty of nature, and in after years embodied them in a poem which, unsurpassed by any of its kind, vividly portrays the picture of a New England winter.

Though Whittier first became known to the literary world as a writer of prose, his fame rests

upon his poetical works, and as a writer of verse only shall we consider him. Besides the miscellaneous productions, Whittier's poems, by the different subjects of which they treat—the aboriginal Indians; the difficulties between the Puritans and Quakers; the oppression of the slaves, and the labors of mankind,—are naturally divided into four grand classes.

First among these, in point of time, are the Indian poems, presenting to the mind the picturesque savagery of the primitive red man. These—"Mogg Megone" and "The Bridal of Pennacook"—are, as he tells us in his notes, founded upon facts; but in some instances, at least, his authority must have been erroneous. In the former, the poet has displayed a lack of knowledge entirely inexcusable, impugning the character of a godly man by the imputation of a base scheme, to be carried out through the agency of the hero, Mogg Megone, an Indian chief.

Though these poems are doubtless faithful descriptions of the life of the red man, the ideas on which they are founded are not poetical, at least the author has failed to extract the poetry from them, and instead of allowing the events to relate themselves he has caused them to savor too much of description.

The next class of poems portray episodes in the Colonial life of the Puritan and Quaker. They denounce with bitter enmity the persecution which the Friends received at the hands of the former.

The Anti-slavery poems display the noble spirit with which Whittier always supported the part of the oppressed and persecuted. They are most earnestly written. The poet was carried away by his righteous indignation, and followed his honest convictions in the fiery denunciation of cruelty indulged in by the Southern slave holders, but as the events which suggested them were of a temporary character, and as they were not the outgrowth of spontaneous poetical inspiration, there is hardly a line that might well be omitted. From this critical condemnation let us exempt the captivating portrayal of the "Yankee Girl," so replete with the spirit of national independence, and noble love of liberty, which can brook no manacles on any human form:

"She sings by her wheel at that low cottage door,  
Which the long evening shadow is stretching before,  
With a music as sweet as the music which seems  
Breathed softly and faint in the ear of our dreams.

"How brilliant and mirthful the light of her eye,  
Like a star glancing out from the blue of the sky!  
And lightly and freely her dark tresses play  
O'er a brow and a bosom as lovely as they!

"Who comes in his pride to that low cottage door,—  
The haughty and rich to the humble and poor?  
'Tis the great Southern planter,—the master who waves  
His whip of dominion o'er hundreds of slaves.

"Nay, Ellen,—for shame! Let those Yankee fools spin,  
Who would pass for our slaves with a change of their skin;  
Let them toil as they will at the loom or the wheel,  
Too stupid for shame, and too vulgar to feel!

"But thou art too lovely and precious a gem  
To be bound to their burdens and sullied by them,—  
For shame, Ellen, shame,—cast thy bondage aside,  
And away to the South, as my blessing and pride!

"O come where no winter thy footsteps can wrong,  
But where flowers are blossoming all the year long;  
Where the shade of the palm tree is over my home,  
And the lemon and orange are white in their bloom!

"O come to my home, where my servants shall all  
Depart at thy bidding and come at thy call;  
They shall heed thee as mistress, with trembling and awe,  
And each wish of thy heart shall be felt as a law."

"O could ye have seen her,—that pride of our girls—  
Arise and cast back the dark wealth of her curls,  
With a scorn in her eye which a gazer could feel,  
And a glance like the sunshine that flashes on steel!

"Go back, haughty Southron, thy treasures of gold  
Are dimmed with the blood of the hearts thou hast sold;  
Thy home may be lovely, but round it I hear  
The crack of the whip and the footstep of fear!

"And the sky of thy South may be brighter than ours,  
And greener thy landscapes and fairer thy flowers;  
But dearer the blast round our mountains which raves  
Than the sweet summer zephyr which breathes over slaves.

"Full low at thy bidding thy negroes may kneel,  
With the iron of bondage on spirit and heel,  
Yet know that the Yankee girl sooner would be  
In fetters with them than in freedom with thee."

As a poet of Labor, Whittier reached the zenith of his inspiration, being far more successful here than in the other departments. With a greater power than that of the ancient Alchemist, he has extracted living, breathing poems from the crude materials of thought connected with the various handicrafts. The associations which cluster around the labors of mankind are poetical, but poets are required to detect them. They appeal not to the superficially poetic, but to the soul imbued with the profound spirit of poesy, which discovers in common things a pathos, a beauty, a grandeur, even, that is not seen by others. Who but such a one could extort so pure a melody from the labors of the disciples of St. Crispin?

"For you, along the Spanish main  
A hundred keels are plowing;  
For you, the Indian on the plain  
His lasso-coil is throwing;  
For you, deep glens, with hemlock dark,  
The woodman's fire is lighting;  
For you, upon the oak's gray bark  
The woodman's axe is smiting;  
For you, from Carolina's pine  
The rosin-gum is stealing;  
For you, the dark-eyed Florentine  
Her silken skin is reeling;  
For you, the dizzy goat-herd roams  
His rugged Alpine ledges;  
For you, round all her shepherd homes  
Bloom England's thorny hedges."

Though in some of his works the author has displayed ignorance upon certain religious subjects,

and at times even a disregard of the truths of the Scriptures themselves, there is yet a deep, sacred undercurrent running throughout many of his songs. Undoubtedly, Whittier's fame will ultimately rest upon but three or four of his simple ballads, as "The Barefoot Boy," "Maud Muller," and "The Angels of Buena Vista." These are poems which must survive the vicissitudes of time, and which American literature can ill afford to let die. The first is an exquisite study of character, and there is no reader who does not readily enter into the aspirations and discontent of "Maud Muller"; while "The Angels of Buena Vista" is a poem whose theme carries the author above himself as his address to Pope Pius IX has dragged him down beneath himself.

The dignified pathos of the following stanzas breathe the supernatural purity which hovers around the Sisters of Charity, whose heroic deeds the poet so admires, yet the exalted source of whose energy he so blindly ignores:

"Sink, O night, among thy mountains! let the cool, gray shadows fall!

Dying brothers, fighting demons, drop thy curtain over all!

Through the thickening winter twilight, wide apart the battle rolled;

In its sheath the sabre rested, and the cannon's lip grew cold.

"But the noble Mexic women still their holy task pursued,  
Through that long, dark night of sorrow, worn and faint,  
and lacking food,

Over weak and suffering brothers with a tender care they hung,

And the dying foeman blessed them in a strange and Northern tongue.

"Not wholly lost, O Father, is this evil world of ours—

Upward, through its blood and ashes, spring afresh the Eden flowers;

From its smoking hell of battle Love and Pity send their prayer,

And still Thy white-winged angels hover dimly in the air."

Whittier's poems are clear, simple and sincere, possessing many admirable traits, and

"Why drag for curious ear and eye  
His faults and follies out?"

In "My Namesake"—a keen searching examination of his own mental qualities, the intention and scope of his poetry—will be found a more accurate, more comprehensive criticism than can be written upon his genius even after a careful study of its productions. As he himself has said,

"Not by the page, word painted,  
Let life be banned or sainted;

Deeper than written scroll,  
The language of the soul.

Sweeter than any song,

My song that found no tongue;

Nobler than any fact

My wish that failed of act."

B. JOHNSON.

ST. MARY'S.

### Conversation.

Language, as the means of conveying thought, deserves our constant attention. More especially is this necessary as regards the art of conversation, which is the universal medium of ideas and knowledge. To the student of English this department opens an endless source of study, observation and amusement, and, if properly developed, must surely be of immense profit. Every day affords us opportunities for the cultivation, refinement, and exercise of this most important branch, requiring but little effort on our part to turn them to advantage.

Now, the surest and most effectual means by which we can obtain these results is to closely observe the conversations of others; for we are never led to examine our own particular failings more critically than when we observe these same faults in others. Our fellow-men are, indeed, true mirrors wherein we may see our each and every fault faithfully reflected. Some of the greatest orators and teachers that the world has ever produced thought it more instructive and advantageous to criticise the faults of speech in others than to spend years in the study of rules.

However, when we speak of criticising conversations it does not imply that we should, under all circumstances, express our opinions, and thus overstep the bounds of good breeding. For, if Mr. A— should happen to violate the rules of grammar, Mr. B— is not thereby placed under obligation to gravely shake his head and inform the offender of his error. On the contrary, we should form our conclusions without any outward appearance, which would surely indicate impertinence and pedantry.

We derive a twofold benefit from such a course of observation, as, at the same time, we cultivate both our moral and intellectual faculties. Certainly there is a moral benefit; for naturally, as we seek to improve ourselves by criticising the conversation of others, we will seek to avoid and condemn immorality of speech as being the essence of impropriety.

Fortunately, it was never ordained by Providence that men should be imposed upon by their fellow-creatures, in the affairs of life, without instituting some means to protect them.

It is in a person's conversation that we find the truest marks of his character; and if we but compare impressions thus received with the reality we shall find them to be generally correct. It must be evident, therefore, that by closely observing conversation we can easily judge our associates; for, as is the character of the man, so is his conversation affected.

The old saying, "Show me your company," etc., would more nearly express the truth if changed to "Let me hear you talk, and I will tell you what you are."

That we are benefitted *intellectually* must also be evident; for no one would deny that to master any branch of science it requires constant exercise

and practice in that particular study. To master mathematics, we must frequently have practice in those theories; and so if we wish to become master of our speech, we must cultivate ourselves by watching the speech of others.

It is said of Charles Dickens that he would sit for hours in the parks and inns to listen to the conversations held there, and it was this alone that enabled him in his works to exhibit his great insight to character.

The observant student will find new attractions every day; and, like one who just enters upon some beautiful scene, each step will bring to view something more new and interesting.

In conclusion,

"Learn then what morals critics ought to show,  
For 'tis but half a judge's task to know.  
'Tis not enough, taste, judgment, learning, join:  
In all you speak, let truth and candor shine;  
That not alone what to your sense is due  
All may allow, but seek your friendship too."

F. H. DEXTER.

#### Spring Fever.

I asked a boy the other day  
Who sat upon me gazing,  
If he were sick at heart just then,  
Or had he got a "hazing;"  
"No, no, indeed," he frankly said,  
"Sir, I am no deceiver,  
The weather's now so very hot,  
I've caught the vernal fever."  
"How do you feel," I calmly asked,  
"When you are thus affected?"  
He answered, with a languid smile,  
"Sir, I am much dejected;  
My 'Duties' all are cast aside—  
Nor axle, wheel, nor lever,  
Can give me any pleasure, now  
That I have caught the fever."  
"And studies, too, are very hard,  
To thumb the leaves is weary;  
To memorize is even worse,  
Yes, very, very dreary.  
Indeed, I truly must confess,  
Of time I'm no retriever;  
For who can work, I humbly ask,  
When suffering from this fever?"  
"To say the truth, a little sloth  
Has ever been my failing;  
Instead of books I loved the fields  
Or on the calm lake sailing;  
And books are dry old crusty things,  
In them I'm no believer:  
And, oh! how very dull they are  
Since I have caught the fever!"  
"Vacation sweet is drawing nigh,  
And freedom's day is dawning,  
And then I'll rest beneath the trees—"

Fair nature's lovely awning;  
I'll shelve the books with joyful heart,  
For them I'll be no griever;  
For 'Duties' now are doubly hard  
When in this vernal fever."

"The 'Elegy' I've word for word—  
'Twill be a consolation  
To oft repeat its glowing lines  
While spending my vacation;  
Ah! oftentimes I've heartily prayed  
For some benign reliever  
To memorize its lines for me,  
When suffering from the fever."

"Hurrah for June's declining days—  
How quickly they are coming!  
Away with these old musty books  
I've been so often thumbing!  
Farewell to piston, valve and crank,  
To Leyden-jar, receiver,  
To Georgium Sidus, Venus, Mars,  
And farewell, vernal fever!"

J. Mc.

#### How Bills are Passed.

A bill may be introduced in either House of Congress, if it does not provide for raising revenues for the Government. But if its aim be to accomplish that purpose, it must first be submitted in the House of Representatives. When introduced in either House, a bill is read once by its title, providing no objection be made, and thereafter it is referred to the committee having charge of the affairs to which it pertains. If it meet with the sanction of the committee, it is returned, with a recommendation that it be adopted. But if the committee should not favor it, a report expressive of that sense is returned to the House or Senate, as the case may be. This report may be accepted or rejected, the matter being wholly within the discretion of the majority of that body. If, however, the bill should be recommended for passage, it receives a second reading by its title and is referred to a committee of the whole for discussion. If it be favorably passed upon by this committee—or rather by the House or Senate when sitting as a committee of the whole—it is ordered that it shall be engrossed for a third reading, with such alterations or amendments as have been made by such committee. After the third reading a vote upon it by yeas and nays is taken. Should it receive a majority, it is declared "passed." Afterwards it is sent to the other House, and there it is referred in the first instance to the committee of the whole. If the report made upon it be favorable, it is ordered read, and voting is then in order. Should a majority favor it, the duty of Congress in the premises is finished, and it is transmitted to the President for his signature. If he regards it as constitutional, and not opposed to public policy, he signs it, and it is then a law. If he should not sign it, nor return it with his veto to the House in which it originated, it would become

a law in ten days. Should he return it, with his veto, which is a formal statement of his objections to its passage, the latter would be read, and Congress might agree with or differ from the views embodied therein. A two-thirds vote of the two Houses could make the bill a law, despite the objections of the Executive.

#### Area of the United States.

The total land area of the United States, Alaska excepted, is 2,970,000 square miles. The aggregate area of water surface, comprising lakes, bayous, rivers and streams, is 55,000 square miles. The coast waters, such as bays, sounds, gulfs, etc., have a total area of 17,200 square miles. Thus it may be seen that the aggregate area of the United States, including land and water, is 3,025,000 square miles. A comparison of the relative areas of some of the leading countries of Europe and the United States may not be uninteresting in this connection. We exclude Russia from consideration, because much the larger share of that Empire—almost three-fourths of it—lies in Asia, being the bleak, barren and almost uninhabited table-land known as Siberia:

#### EUROPEAN NATIONS.

Square Miles.	Square Miles.
Austro-Hungary .... 216,406	Italy ..... 112,677
Germany ..... 212,091	Spain ..... 182,758
Great Britain and Ireland ..... 121,230	France ..... 201,900
	Sweden ..... 170,880

Those areas seem very small when compared with the 3,025,000 square miles of the United States. In fact, several of our States and Territories are as large as leading nations of Europe.

The area of Alaska is 600,000 square miles—nearly three times the area of France. Its soil compares favorably with that of the major portion of the Russian Empire. In a little more than a century the United States has sprung from the helplessness of dependent and struggling colonies to the acknowledged position of greatest, most prosperous, and most powerful nation in the world.

#### Art, Music, and Literature

—It has been said of Millet's "Angelus" that it is the only picture in which sound has been painted.

—An English writer declares that only two men among the English men of letters are certain to stand the test of time by virtue of style, and style only. These two are Cardinal Newman and John Morley.

—Lady Wilde has ready for immediate publication a volume to be entitled "Drift Wood from Scandinavia." The work will give an account of the visit paid by the authoress some years ago to the northwest regions of Europe, in company with her husband, the late Sir William Wilde.

—Julian Arnold says his father, Edwin Arnold,

wrote the most of the "Light of Asia" on the cuff of his shirt sleeve while riding in the cars to and from his office. Mr. Arnold, says the son, went into London every morning, and during the ride would write on his cuff with pencil. In the evening, after his return home, he copied the lines off on paper, and in this way wrote most of the poem.

—Archduke Rainer's collection of papyri confirms the original idea of their importance. A speech, hitherto unknown, against Isocrates, another fragment of Thucydides in addition to one already mentioned, a manuscript of the eleventh book of the Iliad, fragments of an æsthetic treatise belonging to the second century of the Christian era, of the Fathers, etc., are said to have been unearthed; also a leaf of a translation of the book of Ruth in the Sahidic dialect.

—The first number of the "Ave Maria Series" of cheap Catholic literature will appear in a few days. The opening volume is the biography of Francis Macary, by Henry Laserre,—a recital which attracted great interest when first published in the *Ave Maria*. Macary had been an infidel, and in recovering his bodily health, he was also restored to a life of fervent faith. His cure (by means of the Water of Lourdes) is certainly among the most extraordinary of the innumerable miraculous events of our day.

—An inventory has just been made of the National Library of France. It contains 2,500,000 volumes. The cabinet of manuscripts includes 92,000 volumes, either bound in boards or in portfolios; as well as 144,000 medals of all periods, both French and foreign. The collection of engravings comprises over 2,000,000 plates, preserved in 14,500 volumes and 4,000 portfolios. The more precious volumes, amounting to 80,000, are kept in the reserved gallery. In 1868, 24,000 readers attended the reading-room and in 1883, 70,000.

—Two cantatas by Beethoven have been discovered in Vienna by Herr Armin Friedman, in the papers of a Leipsic antiquarian, all trace of which had been lost for nearly a hundred years. The works in question are among the earliest of the great musician's, and were composed when Beethoven was living at Bonn. One of the cantatas was written on the occasion of the death of the German Emperor, Joseph II, who died in 1790, and the other on the accession to the throne of his successor, Leopold II, who reigned from 1790 to 1792.

—To Wagner's famous trilogy, "The Ring of the Niebelungen," an admirable key has been prepared by Madame Octavia Hensel, who had the advantage of a personal acquaintance with the master and of a long familiarity with his compositions as produced in Vienna and other musical capitals of Europe. She gives in this little pamphlet a *résumé* of the incidents which make up the story of the "Prologue Rheingold," "The Walkure," "Siegfried" and "Götterdämmerung." With the description is joined a running commentary on the chief motives and other features of the

musical score which, being accompanied by liberal quotations, will be particularly welcome to musicians.

—Gounod, the production of whose new opera, "Sappho," is the great musical event of the season in Paris, thinks, like many another man of genius, that the career in which he has made his name is not that in which he was best qualified to excel. Raphael and Ingres both thought that they would have done better as fiddlers than as painters. Delaroche believed that he was born to be a diplomatist, and Nourrit, the tenor, never doubted that preaching was his real vocation. Gounod would, if he could, give up music altogether and devote himself exclusively to metaphysics. He read, some little time ago, to a select circle of friends, a study on the philosophy of politics, which is supposed to be a fragment of a great work on which he is working. It contains original views on æsthetics, philosophy and the exact sciences.—*Home Journal*.

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#### Scientific Notes.

—For the prize of 10,000 lire (\$2,000) offered by the Italian Government, in connection with the Turin Exhibition, for the best means of transmitting electric energy to great distances, there is only one entry—that of the Gaulard-Gibbs system.

—A contributor to a London scientific paper says that a very simple and effective way of coloring a meerschaum bowl is by painting it while you are smoking, and after it becomes warm, with the creamy surface of good milk (or with cream), by means of a common hair-pencil, which brings out the brown and yellow colors beautifully, and as by magic.

—The Paris *Société d'Acclimatation* lately gave a banquet composed of articles of food which were derived entirely from countries other than France. Many of the dishes were exceedingly curious. There were some American articles, such as California salmon and Canadian moose, while curious items were Tonquin pork, with Annamite sauce, Chinese yak, kangaroo stew, holy pheasants, ostrich eggs, and African shrimps.

—French public prizes are something worth having. The following have just been awarded by the Academy of Sciences: M. Legrand du Saulle, \$2,000, for medico-legal studies on epilepsy and the value of wills made by insane or hysterical testators; M. Fauvel, \$1,000, for studies on cholera; MM. Strauss, Roux, Nozard, and Huillier, each \$2,000, for studying the cholera in Egypt; and MM. Gaston Tissandier, Duroy de Bruignac, and V. Jatin, \$600, for advancing the science of aeronautics.

—A new and very interesting discovery is that by which spoken language can be represented by a series of curved lines on a receding surface composed of white paper covered with soot. The experiments were originated from observations made through watching the movements of the soft palate when conducting experiments connected with the human throat, and are made with an in-

strument which is very simple and easy of operating. By means of this is registered on the surface of sooted paper the lines and curves that represent the various phonetic sounds of the human voice.

—The new kind of gunpowder lately introduced by M. Himly is superior to all others now in use, in the ease and rapidity of its production and the entire absence of danger in the processes of manufacture. Its freedom from any hygroscopic qualities is also evident from the fact that 100 grams of the article, exposed to damp weather for some four days in an open window, showed no gain of weight, with a delicate balance. It is two and one-half times more powerful than common powder, and there is but a very slight residuc. Another advantage is the slight amount of smoke given off, and this, as contrasted with that from nitro-explosives, is totally innocuous.

—An achievement in telegraphy is reported by the *Telegraphist*, whose representative recently paid a visit to the offices of the Indo-European Telegraph Company in London, and was put into communication with the clerk in charge at Emden. After a few signals the line was opened to Odessa; and afterwards to Teheran. At the suggestion of the operator at Teheran, Kurrachee was called, and the signals still found clear and good. Kurrachee opened the line to Agra, and Agra switched on the line to Calcutta, and, to the surprise of all concerned, the Calcutta clerk asked, "Are you really London?" The signals were excellent, and the speed not less than 12 words a minute. The total length was 7,000 miles of wire.

—The greatest whispering "gallery" in the world is that of the Grand Cañon, Colorado. For years this chasm has been a matter of surprise to prospectors and miners on account of its wonderful transmissions of sound, and it has only been since the advent of the railroad that any definite idea has been entertained of the great distance it travels within its walls. A train of cars crossing the bridge at the Needles can be plainly heard on a quiet day at Cottonwood Island, a distance of eighty-four miles. The fife and drum at Fort Mojave is distinctly heard at Bull's Head, a distance of eighty-four miles. The report of the sunrise gun at Fort Mojave can be heard at El Dorado Cañon, a distance of ninety-six miles.

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#### College Gossip.

—New buildings are being erected at St. Mary's College, and a new addition is being made to the chapel.

—It is rumored that a certain member of the Yale Faculty has offered a cup for kicking the football.—*Crimson*.

—A Catholic college, dedicated to St. Patrick, has been founded at Wellington, New Zealand.—*Catholic Visitor*.

—Trinity College has obtained a map of Amer-

ica published in 1522. It was made according to the ideas of Columbus and printed at Madrid.

—Talk about comfort! A Harvard student has already spent one thousand dollars in decorating his room and is thinking of more improvements.

—*Niagara Index.*

—The *Vassar Miscellany* says, with cool irony: "We are glad to learn, on the authority of the *Concordiensis* and of the *Targum*, that a 'glee club' has been formed at Vassar."

—The estimated value of the apparatus and collections of Columbia College according to the Trustees' report to the Regents of the University is \$209,284.46; that of the Herbarium is \$26,300. —*Spectator.*

—The two suspended *Dartmouth* editors, Aldis Lowell and Fletcher Ladd, have been reinstated in their class in their original standing by the Faculty. An apology for the articles on account of which they were suspended will be published in the next issue of the *Dartmouth*.—*Ex.*

—The students of Manhattan College, New York, recently sent an address, accompanied by a purse of Peter's pence, to the Holy Father, and received a letter of thanks for their zeal and thoughtfulness. Hampered as the Pope is by the bankrupt Italian Government he must be greatly in need of funds.

—There is a negro graduate at Harvard this year—Robert Hebberton Terrell, a Virginian, and the son of slave parents. He went to college as a waiter, and at that time was illiterate; but some of the white students took a fancy to him, and helped him through a preparatory course, after which he supported himself by teaching a Boston class of negro boys.

—Says the *Acta Columbiana*:

"Take a little egotism,  
And a slice of scepticism,  
Mix well together with a 'culchaired' Boston drawl:  
Add a little Darwinism,  
Just a smack of positism,  
And flavor with the essence of unmitigated gall"—

And you have—what?

—Harvard will be represented at the tercentenary celebration of Emmanuel College at Cambridge, England. This college was the *Alma Mater* of John Harvard, the founder, and also of Henry Dunster, the first President of Harvard University, who gave the name of Cambridge to the Massachusetts town, in memory of its English prototype. The celebration takes place on Saturday, June 14.

—"The electric lights in the Library have been in successful operation for three weeks. The numerous shapes and designs of shades and globes on trial give the Library at present the air of a wholesale gas fixture establishment." —*Columbia Spectator.*

We hope before long to witness the opening of the Library Hall at Notre Dame, illuminated by the electric light. The lamps from the outside of the College could easily be transferred to the Library.

—"Bread!" exclaimed a Vassar girl—"bread!

well, I should say I can make bread! We studied that in our first year. You see the yeast ferments, and the gas thus formed permeates everywhere, and transforms the plastic material into a clearly atomic structure, and then—" "But what is the plastic material you speak of?" "Oh, that is commonly called sponge." "But how do you make the sponge?" "Why, you don't make it; the cook always attends to that. Then we test the sponge with the thermometer and hydrometer, and a lot of other instruments, the names of which I don't remember, and then hand it back to the cook, and I don't know what she does with it then, but when it comes on the table it is just splendid!" —*Ex.*

—We find in *The Ave Maria* an account of an interview with the now celebrated Don Bosco, the humble but learned and saintly priest who by his unaided labors has done more for popular education in various countries than is done by all the public schools of the United States combined. In the course of the interview this great educator said: "Talent consists in discovering in children the germs of their good dispositions, and trying to develop them. As no one likes to do anything but what he knows he can do, I apply this principle carefully, and all my pupils work not only with activity but with love. For forty-four years that I have been a professor I have *never once punished*. I can say with a kind of pride that I am worshipped by my pupils."

—Macaulay won a fair share of University honors, being twice awarded the Chancellor's medal for English verse, and also obtaining the Greaves Essay prize. Without doubt, it was only by the life of easy sociability which he led, and by the active part which he took in all the affairs of the student world around him, that he was prevented from winning the highest honors. As it was, though he failed to secure a place in the Tripos of his year, he gained a Fellowship with distinction, and narrowly missed being awarded one of the three silver goblets for excellence in declamation. He always looked back with intense satisfaction upon his college life, and regarded the years during which he was in the enjoyment of his fellowship as the happiest of his career.—*Crimson.*

—Professor Eliot, of Harvard, discussing, in the *Century*, the study of Hebrew, Greek and Latin in our colleges, asks these questions:

"And now, with all this wonderful treasure within reach of our youth, what is the position of American schools and colleges in regard to teaching English? Has English literature the foremost place in the programmes of schools? By no means; at best only a subordinate place, and in many schools no place at all. Does English take equal rank with Greek or Latin in our colleges? By no means; not in the number and rank of the teachers, nor in the consideration in which the subject is held by Faculty and students, nor in the time which may be devoted to it by a candidate for a degree. Until within a few years the American colleges made no demand upon candidates for admission in regard to knowledge of English, and, now that some colleges make a small requirement in English, the chief result of the examinations is to demonstrate the woe-ful ignorance of their own language and literature which prevails among the picked youth of the country."

# NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.

Notre Dame, June 14, 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.

—The "Class Annual" will be bound to-day, and offered for sale at the College, Tuesday morning next. After delaying for days in South Bend, the cut for the cover was ordered from Chicago. The Committee at present are somewhat behind, but they hope that their endeavor to make the book of popular interest may justify their reliance on generous help from the students of Notre Dame.

—It has often been observed that as the year draws to an end there is a tendency to relax in the observance of college discipline. This ought not to be, and only those who are wanting in self-respect and in regard for the College authorities will be culpable in this matter. It is not too much to expect that every student will comport himself in a gentlemanly manner, not only throughout the year, but also at its closing, when the fear of punishment and the hope of reward can no longer influence his conduct. It is a note of unmanliness—which we trust none of us would care to have—to take advantage of circumstances by refusing to obey laws that may not be enforced to their fullest extent.

It may be well to add a word of warning. Two classes of students are apt to grow careless in the matter of discipline as Commencement approaches: those who consider themselves sure of honors, and those who are without hopes of such recognition. As regards the first, we have

only to remark that rewards are sometimes forfeited during the very last month of the year. It is the end that crowns the work and that can in some cases retrieve the past. Those who do not expect or care for commendation of good conduct during their college life and who generally disregard existing rules as far as they dare, should bear in mind that there have been expulsions during the very last days of the scholastic year.

Let all remember that to be a gentleman one should act as such at all times and under all circumstances.

—A year ago preliminary steps were taken to found a scholarship at Notre Dame, and a committee to aid in accomplishing the undertaking was chosen at the last meeting of the alumni. Rev. Father Walsh, President of the University, stated that he would contribute \$100 toward the realization of so laudable an object, and all present concurred in the belief that it ought to be an easy matter to raise annually the other \$200 necessary to complete the amount. It is to be hoped that definite and final steps can be taken in the matter at the next meeting of the alumni. There are many who believe that generosity in this direction would do much good and be creditable to the University and all concerned. The number of graduates is now sufficiently large to make the outlay of each comparatively small in founding and maintaining a scholarship, and all will admit that nothing could more practically or worthily testify to their unabated interest in the welfare of their *Alma Mater*. It would serve to draw the alumni together by a new tie of common interest, and the satisfaction and pleasure incident to their reunions would thereby be increased. Those who have taken action in the matter sincerely trust that all others will cheerfully second what has already been done and speedily take definite steps to found a scholarship. It is to be presumed that several scholarships will ultimately be established at Notre Dame, and the honor of founding the first of them is due to the alumni. It will, of course, be open to competition, and the young man who is found by that test to be most deserving will be entitled to it. Let the alumni scholarship begin this year. So desire and say all who have given attention to the matter.

—The principle that all organizations which compel their members to swear obedience to undefined obligations should be sedulously opposed by Church and State needs no defence from us;



but in view of the late Encyclical of Leo XIII against Freemasonry, it is well to recall the opinions of some representative men of our age on the subject of secret societies.

The late Wendell Phillips, writing to a friend under date Jan. 23, 1874, opened his mind in this wise:

"I wish you success most heartily in your efforts to rouse the community to the danger of secret societies. They are a great evil; entirely out of place in a Republic, and no patriot should join or uphold them."

Daniel Webster expressed himself as follows:

"All secret associations . . . are especially unfavorable to harmony and mutual confidence among men living together under popular institutions, and are dangerous to the general cause of civil liberty and good government. Under the influence of the conviction, it is my opinion that the administration of all such oaths and the formation of all such obligations should be prohibited by law."

William H. Seward once declared that before he could place his hand between the hands of other men in a secret lodge, order, class or council, and, bending on his knee before them, enter into a combination with them for any object, personal or political, good or bad, he "would pray to God that hand and knee might be paralyzed."

Madison, Adams, Quincy and many others of the greatest American statesmen denounced secret societies in the severest terms; but we have not space, nor is it necessary to quote their words. As to the oft-repeated statement that the great and good Washington was a Freemason, we may say that this has never been proven, and, judging from his own words in condemnation of secret confraternities, it seems most questionable; in fact, till the contrary is established we are justified in declaring that Washington was not a Freemason.

We think the above is more than sufficient evidence that Masonry, and like associations, whatever else they may be, are decidedly unAmerican.

—In connection with the energetic movements at Notre Dame to strengthen the total abstinence principle, and to adhere to it closely on the grounds of reason and common sense as opposed to a foolish and dangerous custom, it will not be out of place to quote the remarks of Gen. Swift before a Harvard audience, at Sever Hall, on the 18th of April. Two years ago the lamented Wendell Phillips delivered his last public speech, directed to the educated men of the country, in behalf of abstinence from intoxicating liquors,—his argument being based on the double ground of personal benefit and patriotic devotion to the general good. Gen. Swift's address was delivered before the Total

Abstinence Society of Harvard University. We quote from the *Crimson*:

"In these days, when everything seems hung in the balance, when settled convictions are so rare in all questions,—of religion, of science and of art, the lecturer was glad to find a body of young men who had reached any 'conclusion, to any extent, on any subject.' The members of this society have concluded that, 'for the time being at least,' they will be better off without alcoholic liquors of any kind. The speaker next dwelt on the severity of the tests to which men professedly devoted to total abstinence are sometimes put. These trials must be looked for by those who depart from the ordinary tenets of the age. As Emerson expressed it, 'There has never yet been found an easy way to perform heroic conduct.' The lecturer recommended Sumner's advice to Stanton, 'stick.' The social habit of drinking is essentially vulgar. 'The manhood of man is lessened' as he becomes more appreciative of the superiority of French wines manufactured especially for the American market. Intemperance stands pre-eminently among the evils known to civilized nations, and is, moreover, the foundation of a great part of the other evils. In Europe, where formerly nobody got drunk because everybody drank, the cry is arising in almost every country, both on account of drunkenness, and on account of the adulteration of liquors. France herself has become frightened, and from an analysis of 1,700 samples of what was sold as pure liquor, only 60 were found unadulterated.

"The one prime foundation of the evil of alcoholism is found in the fine theories which pervade society about moderate drinking. Every man that ever became a drunkard has expatiated on the beauties of the 'golden mean.' The lecturer dwelt at length on this error, and illustrated its danger by its results in the lives of personal acquaintances. The most brilliant men in several fields whom he ever knew—in law; mathematics, architecture, mercantile life, oratory,—all fell victims to this curse, and by it lost their lives.

"The major part of the address was devoted to the duty of individuals to sacrifice their own tastes and convenience for the good of mankind. Some call the total abstinence doctrine narrow, a 'moral strait jacket,' but the lecturer thought differently. 'I propose,' said he, 'to do no act, to set no example, which, if followed, may bring ruin on my fellow-man.'"

#### Exchanges.

—The June *Vassar* just received; so, too, a *Vidette-Reporter*, that comes to say *Au revoir!*

—The *High-School Bulletin*, acknowledges our notice of a few weeks ago. It still ranks high as ever among our exchanges.

—The *Volante*, from the University of Chicago, contains just fifteen pages. Of these *eleven* are devoted exclusively to the *Alumni*. This statement, of course, appears simply preposterous; but anyone familiar with the sheet will bear us out in saying that this is not for the *Volante* a very unusual proportion.

—The *Delaware College Review* is here for May. It might as well be here for January. A characterless paper, as of yore! In the funny column occurs the following brilliant *bon mot*:

"PROF.: 'Mr. Hiram G—, what can you say about the Fall of Troy?'"

"HIRAM: 'I heard nothing about Troy on the Hudson' [this is the nature of a foot-note] 'burning down. I haven't seen the late papers, though.'"

—We have often been accused of giving undue favor to our Eastern exchanges. Yet we can safely say, that at worst we have only *ignored* our weaker Western brethren. Following out this policy we propose to pass over the bigoted, pointless asininity with regard to some Catholic school "raffle" which appears in the Exchange-column of the *Hesperian Student*. It was probably inserted to draw some respectable paper into a controversy. Let us pray that somebody may notice the *Student*.

—The Germans have a proverb that what is good infallibly becomes better, and what is bad almost as invariably becomes worse—the first clause of which is undoubtedly verified in *The Catholic Union and Times*, of Buffalo, N. Y. Following the lead of that other sterling weekly, *The Catholic Standard*, of Philadelphia, *The Union and Times* has lately been fitted out with a new dress of type and other belongings, and looks as bright as—a new dollar, if you like the simile. The news departments have been thoroughly remodelled, are carefully edited, and one knows where to find just what he wants, whether it be local or foreign. The paper is now cut, trimmed and pasted, so that lazy subscribers or those in a hurry can have no reason to find fault.

—*The Boston College Stylus* has just arrived for May, and we are sorry to fall back on the old stereotyped expression and say, it is not up to its "usual high standard." We will send by the morning's mail to the Ex.-editor of the *Stylus* a copy of the *SCHOLASTIC* for April 5th, wherein he will find that, invited or uninvited, he was actually on hand at the famous "Convention." Did your delegate never return, and has Uncle Sam been stealing your papers, that you had to gather an account of the proceedings from our good-natured friend of the *Index*? As to the remark made by the latter concerning the Georgetown delegate, you should be scholastic enough to distinguish between "Tommy" and the really very fine paper that his peevishness was wont to obscure in the days gone by. Come again, *Boston!*

—For the benefit of the *Harvard Crimson Staff* we reproduce, from an old number of the *Louisville Advertiser*, the following:

"A distinguished scholar, and a professor in Harvard University, was travelling in England and went to see Lord Brougham. After conversation on various subjects, Lord Brougham said: 'And what have you to tell me of Orestes A. Brownson?' This question took the Professor somewhat by surprise; for, like others of the Boston literary clique, he had been accustomed to look down on Brownson as a vulgar locofoco. 'Why,' said he, 'I haven't much to say about him; we don't think much of him in Boston. Indeed, I am not acquainted with him.' 'Then,' replied Lord Brougham, 'I advise you to become acquainted with him in Boston as soon as you get home. Let me tell you, sir, he is one of the first thinkers and writers, not merely of America, but of the present age.' The learned Professor, it is said, went away somewhat abashed."

And so we say to those who are not acquainted with Dr. John Gilmary Shea, the son of the Co-

lumbia College Professor—but far more eminent as a historian and writer than was his father as a Professor,—that the sooner they get acquainted with him and his work the better it will be for their own reputation. Any John Smith may regard his professedly-entire ignorance of William Shakespeare as an eternal quietus to the famous bard; but some people might be mean enough to imagine that this sarcasm is of the boomerang nature, and therefore sadly liable to waste its crushing force upon the raw youth who happens to use it.

—There is somewhere in Pennsylvania a Swarthmore College, and it rejoices in a little paper, for some reason or other called *The Swarthmore Phoenix*. The editors, we think, try to furnish a very good paper. We know at one time they offered ten dollars for a prize essay; though we really don't think the effort was very much appreciated by the reading public. But this happened several months ago; now they've got a brand-new board of editors, and a course of "editresses." But, really; their initial number is very weak. You can generally augur no good for a paper that has a two-column salutatory. It betrays an absence of the *fons et principium* of good writing; a mournful lack of common sense. But the Exchange-editor (or "editress") is really amusing. He tries to whip the home-faculty over our innocent shoulders. After trying to placate us by alluding to "a nameless dread in facing that merciless [*sic*] Exchange-editor of the *SCHOLASTIC*," he guilelessly says:

"The NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC for April 5th contains a very interesting and humorous article entitled 'The Exchange-Editors' Convention.' After many witticisms on college papers and take-offs in general, and having nothing better to say [how delightful!], the funny man gives vent to his pent-up surplus wit [now we're getting at it] in the following style regarding the *Phoenix*: 'Some order by this time being restored, a motion was made to elect a presiding officer. The *Swarthmore Phoenix* rose and pleasantly said that he preferred himself for that position; but, of course, he could make no motion till he telegraphed home for permission [which he couldn't obtain, should be added to make the slap complete].' Why *pleasantly*, *SCHOLASTIC*?"

Well, really, we can't consume our time and talents in answering riddles. But here is a piece of advice, you may as well learn and remember: "When you wish to 'kick' against the espionage to which your paper is subjected, do it like a man!" Now, brace up, remember this, and never call us "merciless" again!

—The Ex.-Editor is at the present writing hopelessly mixed on the Greek verb and the Triassic period. He sincerely hopes, however, by the 17th to emerge from the *débris*, and then, to one and all his old exchange *confrères*, to say—adieu!

#### To Correspondents.

VIRTUOSO:—Yes: a number of rarities have been received already for the new Museum. Among these we may mention:

1. A Day in June. We have poetic vouchers for the rarity of this article; and yet specimens of it, in an excellent state of preservation, although rather damp, have been continually arriving lately,

and are likely still to do so until within a short time of the Celebration of our National Independence.

2. A *ἀπὸ τῆς λεγόμενον*. It is alive, but not dangerous, having had its fangs extracted. The Curator of the Museum has performed several experiments with it already, occasioning nervous tremors in the audience, but apparently without any fatal result.

3. The George Washington Hatchet. This is not so much a rarity, as an article that no respectable museum should be without. The one we used to have has not been seen since the great fire; and is supposed either to have been burned or lost in the ruins. It is like meeting an old friend to see it again.

SATAN.—You wish to know whether any offensive personality is intended by the serpentine border lately scooped out of the new extension of the Minims' park. We don't know; better ask those who laid it out. Perhaps it only means that "the trail of the serpent is over them all." Your allegation that the serpent is regarded as the origin of sin because of its sinuosity, is plausible, but has been condemned by several learned theologians. We are afraid you are a bad lot.

P. PILATE, ESQ.:—Yes: Kalamazoo is the right form for the patronymic derivable from Kalamazoo.

HEROD:—The poet Ovid became so unpopular at one time that he could not go out at all without being pelted with potatoes. You could hear the little girls saying to one another: "Ovid's met a murphy, sis," and chuckling with fiendish delight over each new catastrophe. Such is fame! Sometimes they would pronounce the "u" in "murphy" as if it was an "o," out of compliment to the private secretary of the king of Spain.

J. ISCARIOT:—No: the Eagle of Meaux is not generically related to that exclusively American bird, the Mohawk; although both belong to the category of Birds of Prey. Now: don't give this away.

BELZEBUB.—The novel to which you allude is called "The Painted Backstop; or, Whither are We Drifting?" The scene where Mulkern rescues the Professor of Aërostatics from the perilous consequences of his experiment with his newly invented flying machine, is very highly wrought up and interesting.

#### Personal.

—J. Brennan, (Com'l) '75, is in the lime business at Alton, Ill.

—J. Wolf, of '74, is engaged in the dry-goods business at Streater, Ill.

—L. Proudhomme (Com'l), '75, is engaged in business in Natchitoches, La.

—N. S. Mitchell, '72, has an excellent practice as a lawyer at Dubuque, Iowa.

—J. D. Coleman (Com'l), of '76, is at work in a dry-goods establishment at New Haven, Ind.

—Mr. John L. Boone, of Fort Wayne, spent a day or two at Notre Dame this week, on a visit to his sons.

—Miss E. L. Dorsey, of Washington, D. C., a daughter of the well-known and favorite Catholic writer, Mrs. Anna H. Dorsey, visited the College and St. Mary's, on Corpus Christi.

—M. F. Healy, of '83, lately had occasion to display to advantage the good elocutionary training he received at Notre Dame. At a concert given by the Young Mens' Catholic Lyceum at Newton, Mass., the play of "Pizarro" was presented with Mr. Healy in the title rôle. The *Newton Journal* says of him:

"His representation of the ambitious, restless and cruel Spaniard was such as to draw rounds of applause. Fierce, relentless and remorseless, he swept on in defiance of justice and humanity and gave a personation never before seen in Eliot Hall. The fencing by him and Alonzo in closing was terribly realistic and worthy of a Boston stage."

—Yesterday morning *The Tribune* gave notice of the arrival of the Very Reverend Edward Sorin, Superior-General of the priests and brothers of the Congregation of Holy Cross throughout the world, and Ecclesiastical General of the Sisters of the same congregation. Although his arrival was at a late hour in the evening, he was driven first to St. Mary's Academy, where he received the hearty greetings of the Sisters, and from thence he was conveyed to the Hospital of the Holy Cross, where he is stopping during his stay in the city. St. Mary's Academy with its fine corps of teachers and many well trained and educated pupils, is prepared to get up a pleasant reception on short notice, and yesterday the Academy very appropriately tendered to this eminent visitor a most excellent greeting with a programme almost faultless in itself. Father Sorin, accompanied by Fathers Scanlan, Clarke and others, were escorted to the large hall or school-room on the second floor of the Academy, where they were greeted by over two hundred girl and young lady pupils of the institution. After Father Sorin had been seated in the arm-chair on the platform, the entire school arose and bowed in reverence, after which the following programme was carried out:

"Welcome Greeting".....General Vocal Class  
 "Welcome Address".....Miss Heath  
 Piano Duet.....Misses Childs and Shutliff  
 Vocal Duet.....Misses McIntyre and Morier  
 Piano Trio.....Misses Childs, Hawley, Cullinan  
 "Danube River," sixteen voices, accompanied by piano  
 and seven guitars.

"Socrie Setting a Hen" (an amusing recitation)  
 .....Miss I. Hitchcock  
 Song (with three banjos) Misses M. and A. Kenney, Garvich  
 Piano Solo—"Alice".....Miss Shurtliff  
 French recitation.....Miss Watters  
 Song—"Pilgrim".....Private Vocal Class of thirty voices

The programme was most excellently rendered throughout, and it was greatly appreciated by the honored guest, who at its close made some fitting remarks in response. He thanked them for the pleasure of meeting and being thus honored by an institution in which he felt such a deep interest, and expressed his surprise at the proficiency of the school. He had been greatly surprised to find such a magnificent hospital as the Holy Cross,

and such a fine institution as the Academy. Father Sorin is a hale, reverential gentleman, 70 years old, and with his very long and heavy white beard and hair and pleasing countenance and general bearing, wins the confidence and esteem of all with whom he comes in contact. He will remain in the city some time.—*Salt Lake Tribune*.

Semi-Annual Examination, Thursday, Saturday, and Monday, June 19th, 21st, and 23d.

COMMITTEES OF EXAMINATION, UNDER THE GENERAL SUPERVISION OF REV. T. E. WALSH, PRESIDENT.

CLASSICAL BOARD—Rev. N. J. Stoffel, presiding; Rev. S. Fitte, Rev. J. O'Brien; Prof. Edwards, Prof. Lyons; Prof. Unsworth, Secretary; Prof. Hoynes.

SCIENTIFIC BOARD—Rev. J. A. Zahm, presiding; Rev. A. M. Kirsch; Prof. Stace; Prof. Devoto, Secretary; Mr. A. F. Zahm.

COMMERCIAL BOARD—Rev. J. M. Toohey, presiding; Bro. Philip Neri, Secretary; Bro. Marcellinus; Prof. Lyons, Prof. McCormack, Prof. Edwards; Mr. W. J. Kelly.

SENIOR PREPARATORY—Rev. J. A. O'Connell, presiding; Mr. J. Thilman, Secretary; Bro. Remigius, Bro. Emmanuel, Bro. Paul; Mr. W. J. O'Connor.

JUNIOR PREPARATORY—Rev. A. Granger, presiding; Mr. M. Regan, Secretary; Mr. J. Van Geloven; Bro. Alexander, Bro. Leander, Bro. Luke, Bro. Julian, Bro. Hilarion, Bro. Cajetan.

#### Local Items.

- Class Annual!
- The end draws near!
- Everybody buy an *Annual*!
- The *Annual* will be out Tuesday.
- Everybody appears busy these times.
- The Band played well last Thursday.
- The fountains in the park have been repainted.
- That "Class Day-Book" local was too previous.
- The "Boards of Examiners" appear in another column.
- Our friend John is jubilant over the nomination of Blaine.
- Mr. N. H. Ewing is the Valedictorian for the Class of '84.
- The procession on Corpus Christi was nearly two miles long.
- The Seniors are to have a grand *fête champêtre*, next Thursday.
- Dr. Brownson's portrait has been hung in the main corridor of the College.
- The Band has reorganized, and are vigorously rehearsing for Commencement.
- The Euglossians' Oratorical contest will take place on the evening of the 23d.

—The examinations of the Graduating Class will be held on Monday and Tuesday.

—The last brick on Science Hall has been laid. The roof is now being placed upon it.

—The St. Cecilians have postponed their play until next year, owing to circumstances.

—There are indications that the attendance at Commencement will be unusually large.

—Neat and elegant invitations, and of an unique design, were sent out to the Cecilians' banquet.

—The French and German Classes have been examined during the week, with satisfactory results.

—The Grads. are passing sleepless nights, wrestling with the manes of Quintilian and Geology—Don't mention it!

—The St. Cecilians' Banquet will be held at half-past three this afternoon, in the Juniors' refectory. We hope to present a full report in our next.

—Our friend John says: "The Patent Combination Back-Stop & Campus' Sign-Board' should be turned around." P. S.—Let John be patient. It has already begun to turn.

—The St. Cecilians enjoyed a very pleasant trip to the Farm, last Thursday. They desire to express their thanks to Rev. Father Walsh and Bro. Leander for kindness extended them on the trip.

—On last Sunday Father Zahm took his Western Minims on a grand excursion to St. Joseph's Farm. Professor Edwards and Mr. Albert Zahm accompanied the party, and a most pleasant time was had.

—The Lemonnier Library has been enriched by a volume bearing the autograph of the Abbé Moigno, the greatest of living scientists. The learned Abbé has also sent autograph letters and good photographs of himself to the editor of *The Ave Maria* and to the Professor of Sciences at Notre Dame.

—For the benefit of the Band in future processions of the Blessed Sacrament, we would suggest that the members leave their hats in the band room or some other suitable place. It is no doubt very awkward to carry hat, music and instrument and play at the same time; but all difficulty would be avoided and no disrespect shown by adopting the suggestion aforesaid.

—Father Zahm is the fortunate possessor of a beautiful and exceedingly rare work of art—an Aztec feather-painting of Our Lady of Guadalupe. The picture is made wholly of small feathers, so interwoven according to shade and color as to present a veritable portrait. It was made by an Aztec Indian, and is one of that class of pictures so well described by Prescott in his "Conquest of Mexico."

—The Librarian and Faculty of the Law Department return sincere thanks for forty or more volumes of law books and law magazines belonging to the late Judge Devereux, of Kansas City, and presented to the University by the Judge's widow, the estimable sister of Archbishop Ryan, of St.



## Saint Mary's Academy.

*One Mile West of Notre Dame University.*

—A rich bouquet of Cape May Jasmines and Magnolia received from Miss Gordon, of Cairo, are gratefully acknowledged.

—The instruction in Loreto was on the noble traits of the family—especially of the mother—of St. Isidore, who lived in the seventh century in Toledo, Spain.

—Of the visitors of the week, we will name Mrs. M. M. Hayden, musical graduate of Class '75; Miss Minnie O'Connor, Class '78, and Miss Cecilia Ford, of Chicago, Ill.

—The "gold spoon" of the Princesses was borne in royal state to the pastoral residence on Sunday, and after the usual ceremony of drawing, it was found that the first claim belonged to Mary Lindsey.

—On Tuesday the Princesses gave an entertainment in the southwest Lourdes class-room. The recitations, songs and *Tableaux* were truly beautiful. They return especial thanks to the Misses Williams, Udall and Wolvin for kind favors.

—The Roman mosaic cross was won by Ella Jackson. Those who drew with her were the Misses Bailey, Chaves, Cox, Dillon, Eldred, Fehr, Halsey, Helen and Sybil Jackson, McEwen, Moshier, Otis, Quill, Richmond, Shephard, Schmidt, Sheekey, and Snowhook.

—The beginners on harp and guitar acquitted themselves admirably for the short period of their tuition, which their programme attested. Miss Beal played "Amaryllis," *air du Roi*; Miss Van Horn, "A Medley," and Miss A. English, "Carnival of Venice Variations." Miss Fitzpatrick made "Music Among the Pines" on the harp. This instrument is far better for such pieces than the piano.

—Examinations of theoretical Music began on Wednesday and closed on Saturday. The Misses Reilly and Beal answered without hesitation every question, taken at random through the Thorough-Bass Book, giving examples on the piano, to the entire satisfaction of the examiners. Miss Bruhn showed herself well versed in the laws of harmony. The General Classes, from the first down to the little Minim, passed a creditable examination.

—Warm good wishes are extended to Mr. Frank Bennett and his amiable bride,—*née* Miss Annie Cortright, of Hyde Park,—who were united in the holy bonds of wedlock on the 11th inst. Miss Etta Rosing was first bridesmaid to her cherished friend. The two accomplished young ladies are graduates of Class '81. Mr. Bennett is to be congratulated upon his happy choice. Joy attend them, not only on their contemplated European bridal tour, but throughout the period of the long and happy life which we trust will be their worthy portion.

—The examination of the Graduating Class in General History was held in the Library on Sun-

day, at two o'clock. The Rev. President of Notre Dame, Rev. Fathers Fitte, Shortis and Saulnier were kindly present. The literary criticisms were read at the close of the examination. That of Miss Todd was on "Poetry of Henry W. Longfellow"; that of Miss Fendrich upon the "Writings of Eleanor C. Donnelly"; while Miss Johnson chose for her author "John G. Whittier." The Rev. examiners seemed well pleased. Rev. Father Walsh proposed that they should be published in the SCHOLASTIC.

—The picnic to St. Joseph's Farm, on Thursday, gave fresh elasticity to the minds of the young intellectual athletes who are already earnestly engaged in the contest for June prizes and premiums. Six omnibus loads of merry, light-hearted children left the Academy at precisely eight o'clock a. m., and filling the hours with every imaginable and practicable sport, when the day had passed, they made the groves around St. Mary's ring with the music of gay voices as they reached home at just half-past eight p. m. The young ladies present their thanks to their kind hostesses at St. Joseph's Farm as well as to the thoughtful Prefect of Studies who was chiefly instrumental in obtaining for them the pleasures of the day.

—On Sunday evening, the usual Academic reunion was held in the pavilion of Mt. Carmel. An address of felicitation to Very Rev. Rev. Father General on the forty-sixth anniversary of his first Mass—Trinity Sunday, 1838,—was read by Miss Murphy. It was short, but feelingly alluded to the eventful period intervening between Trinity Sunday 1838 and Trinity Sunday 1884, also to his fast approaching Golden Jubilee. The address closed as follows:

"In the Sacred Heart of Jesus  
We rest our earnest plea,  
That for many, many years beyond  
Your Golden Jubilee,  
You shall, our Father dear, remain.  
To multiply and fill  
The measure of your gracious life,  
And to work its wonders, still!"

Father General commented upon the marked improvement in the graceful bearing and the salutations of the pupils.

—The entertainment, so complete in all its parts, the programme of which was given last week, deserves more than the passing notice which it received. The distinguished audience expressed their unlimited satisfaction,—a very high praise when we consider that the main feature was in a foreign tongue. The *Opérette—La treille Du Roi*, with a cast of fourteen characters, was presented in a manner faultlessly natural, with nothing stiff or unreal in the action of any one of the performers, but the more important *rôles* of the Misses Bruhn, Duffield, Call and Sheekey made prominent their charming truth to nature. While the brilliant solos sung by "Louise de Breteuil," and the noble traits embodied, gave a moral precedence to her part; the stately *Reine de France*, with

her superb accent and her royal bearing, naturally took the first rank. *Clotilde de Soudré* and *Ursule de Palencay* were simply charming, the last-named receiving high encomiums for her perfectly natural rendition. The *Vieille Gouvernante* sustained her part admirably. The same may be said of the minor parts, especially of those performed by Hannah Stumer and Lillie Van Horn. Before an audience skilled in the "language of the polite world," no one found anything to blame. The music was up to its usual standard; and it was said of Miss Murphy that she never recited with better effect. To the three who drew with Miss Duffield for the prize V<sup>é</sup>ry Rev. Father General presented beautiful books.

### L'Alchimiste.

*Dedicated to Albertus Magnus.*

Aux sources du Danube, en pleine Forêt Noire,  
S'ouvrâit une caverne à la lugubre histoire,  
Suspendue aux flancs verts du mont, près d'un vieux pin,  
Entre la roche à pic et le profond ravin.

Tout bruit dormait autour de cet antre sauvage  
Et fumeux. Un sorcier (comme on dit au village),  
Alchimiste au front blanc, formidable écolier  
D'Hermès, dans cette grotte avait son atelier.  
Plus loin, dans un jardin perché sur la colline,  
Des simples vénéreux végétaient: la sabine  
Y roulait en buissons un feuillage noirci;  
La svelte digitale y fleurissait aussi;  
L'aconit bleu de cuivre, et la grande ciguë,  
Et l'if, s'y mariaient avec l'ortie aiguë.  
Une épaisse fumée au loin se répandait  
En noirâtres flocons, puis dans l'air se perdait,  
Après avoir flétri les fleurs sur son passage;  
Et les petits oiseaux redoutaient ce nuage  
Qui pour eux recérait la mort.

—Mais toi, vieillard,

Dans ton laboratoire où règne un jour blafard,  
Que fais-tu donc, savant à chevelure blanche?  
Que prépares-tu donc en retroussant ta manche?  
Et que sortira-t-il de ton sombre alambic?  
Un dragon vert?—de l'or?—des vapeurs d'arsenic?

Dans ta grotte de pierre où se meurt la pervenche,  
Lorsque sur ton fourneau ton front rêveur se penche,  
Quand ton œil est fixé sur les métaux fondus,  
Et cherche à distinguer dans le sein du mélange,  
Si le filon grossier en lingot d'or se change,  
Tes labeurs sont-ils donc perdus?

Réaliseras-tu ton Idéal? Le monde  
Sera renouvelé par ton œuvre féconde:  
Paracelse l'a dit: cela suffit: tu crois!  
Tu suis aveuglément les pas du grand prophète;  
Tu marches hardiment à l'ombre de sa tête,  
Comme un chrétien fidèle à l'abri de la croix!

Non! la pierre philosophale  
N'ornera jamais ton réduit!  
L'or, le diamant et l'opale  
De tes travaux obscurs ne seront pas le fruit;  
Mais ta main, si débile encore,

Ouvre les portes de l'aurore  
A l'astre grandissant qui dore  
Le front du monde ténébreux!  
Mais, fruit de ton expérience,  
Fruit de ta longue patience,  
Celle qu'on nomme la Science  
A percé la voûte des cieux!  
Ta main a déchiré le voile  
Qui recouvre la vérité!  
Sur ton front a brillé l'étoile  
Qui brille sur le front de la Postérité!  
Oh! vieux rêveur du moyen-âge,  
Vieux sorcier au blême visage,  
Sois fier, sois fier de ton ouvrage!  
Sois heureux, vieil halluciné!  
Tes découvertes sont célèbres!  
Soulève tes voiles funèbres:  
Du siècle fécond des ténèbres  
Le siècle de lumière est né!

M. B.

### Roll of Honor.

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

#### SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

*1st Tablet*—Misses Adderly, Beal, Black, Bruhn, Call, Cummings, Calkins, Dunn, L. English, Fuller, Ginz, Gove, Alice Gordon, Heckard, Helping, Hale, Kearns, Kenny, Kearney, Lintner, M. Murphy, McHale, McCarthy, Neu, Reilly, Ramsey, Ryan, Reynolds, S. St. Clair, Sheridan, Sheekey, Stackerl, Todd, Tynan. *2d Tablet*—Misses Fendrich, Fitzpatrick, Gavan, Addie Gordon, Johnson, Keating, Legnard, Mooney, O'Connell, Quill, Rosing, Scully.

#### JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

*1st Tablet*—Misses Best, Bailey, Chaves, Cox, Dillon, Eldred, Fehr, Halsey, H. Jackson, E. Jackson, S. Jackson, McEwen, Malbœuf, Moshier, Otis, Richmond, Shephard, Schmidt, Sheekey, Snowhook.

#### MINIM DEPARTMENT.

*1st Tablet*—Misses Chapin, English, L. Johns, V. Johns, Lindsey, Murray, Papin, Paul, Reynolds, Schmauss. *2d Tablet*—Misses Ducey, Van Fleet.

### SCHOOL OF DRAWING AND PAINTING.

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*2D CLASS, 2D DIV.*—Misses Udall, Heckard, Dunn, E. Sheekey, Stackerl.

##### PAINTING IN WATER-COLORS.

Misses A. Duffield, Van Horn, Hale, Dowling, Leahigh, Murphy, Fuller.

##### PORCELAIN PAINTING.

Misses Campbell, Papin, A. English, Tynan, Shephard, Fehr, Chaves, Legnard, Ashton, Williams.

##### DRAWING.

*1ST CLASS*—Misses Campbell, Beal.  
*2D CLASS*—Misses Legnard, Shephard, Fehr, Chaves, Danforth, Black.  
*3D CLASS*—Misses Dillon, Richmond, M. Reynolds, Fuller.

#### GENERAL DRAWING.

##### SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

Misses C. Babcock, R. Billings.

##### JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

Misses I. Allen, N. Sheekey, Best, Regan, Cox, Keyes, E. Jackson, S. Jackson, Moshier, Halsey, Wolvin, Bailey, Schmidt, Murphy, Durlacher.

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South Bend, as follows:

## GOING EAST:

2.04 a.m., Chicago and St. Louis Express, over Main  
Line, arrives at Toledo, 9.20 a.m.; Cleveland, 1.55 p.m.;  
Buffalo, 7.35 p.m.10.54 a.m., Mail, over Main Line, arrives at Toledo, 5.05  
p.m.; Cleveland, 9.42 p.m.; Buffalo, 3.30 a.m.8.41 p.m., Atlantic Express, over Air Line. Arrives at  
Toledo, 2.15 a.m.; Cleveland, 6.35 a.m.; Buffalo, 12.45 p.m.11.53 a.m., Special New York Express, over Air Line,  
arrives at Toledo, 5.10 p.m.; Cleveland, 9.40 p.m.; Buffalo,  
3.30 a.m.5.54 p.m., Limited Express. Arrives at Toledo, 10.00  
p.m.; Cleveland, 1.10 a.m.; Buffalo, 6.40 a.m.

## GOING WEST:

2.04 a.m., Toledo Express. Arrives at Laporte, 2.56 a.m.,  
Chicago, 5.40 a.m.4.28 a.m., Pacific Express. Arrives at Laporte, 5.25 a.m.  
Chicago, 8.00 a.m.7.11 a.m., Limited Express. Arrives at Laporte, 7.52 a.m.  
Chicago, 10.10 a.m.1.02 p.m., Special Michigan Express. Arrives at Laporte,  
2.02 p.m.; Chesterton, 2.47 p.m.; Chicago, 4.30 p.m.4.15 p.m., Special Chicago Express. Arrives at Laporte,  
5.07 p.m.; Chicago, 7.40 p.m.

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TIME TABLE—DEC. 9, 1883.

**NILES AND SOUTH BEND DIV.**

## GOING NORTH.

## GOING SOUTH.

Lv. So. Bend, 9.10 a.m.,	6.05 p.m.	Lv. Niles, 7.00 a.m.,	4.10 p.m.
" N. Dame, 9.18 "	6.15 "	" N. Dame, 7.34 "	4.44 "
AR. Niles, 9.55 "	6.55 "	AR. So. Bend, 7.40 "	4.50 "

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