

# THE NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC



Disce quasi semper victurus; vive quasi cras moriturus.

VOL. XVIII.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, DECEMBER 6, 1884.

No. 14.

Longfellow.

BY MARION MUIR.

Departed wearer of the laurel crown,  
In those brief moments when the dreaming soul  
Unfolds the wing and loses earth's control,  
On whom, we wonder, will thy gift come down?  
Or near or far from thy New England town,  
Where first I listened to the sound of song  
From Eire's harp and Albyn's stormy throng,  
And loved the magic of thy grave renown;  
The pines primeval and the Northern sea,  
The grim, lost rovers of the swamp and shore;  
The stern exile who pierced the mid-earth's core:  
The loss, the pain, the great soul's victory,  
When Modin's heroes heard the war-cry swell  
Through Syrian hosts, nor trembled at the knell.

## What Constitutes Greatness?

Turning over the pages of the new American Cyclopædia, the student of literature is constantly tortured by the recurring inquiry, "Who was he?" There appears the name of a man of whom he has never as much as heard, and he reads on for information only to learn that he is the celebrated author of a long list of books of which he has no more knowledge than of the building of Solomon's Temple. The Sphinx itself is a more intelligible riddle to him than how such a man ever came to have a place in history. It is a subject for grave and curious inquiry, and the student returns from his speculations unenlightened and uninstructed.

The great difficulty is, the world has not a proper appreciation of merit, and fame has become a comparatively cheap thing. We are too credulous, too easily humbugged. We sit in our private boxes and see the play go on, allowing the false glare of the stage to charm us into a *quasi* acquiescence, and we see the stars that illuminate the stage-sky, the moon that looks so natural, and passively allow ourselves to be deluded into the belief that they are real. A moment's reflection would demonstrate to us that the artificial fragrance of our cigar is not more transitory. A moment's observation by daylight would show us the trick that was played on us; but we do not reflect; we do not take the trouble to observe, and the conjurer's victim is not more deluded than we.

There is a deep and beautiful philosophy underlying all this. And blind is the man who will dare affirm it as the result of chance. Is fame necessarily an ephemeral thing? We shall see. History is but a monument of which every stone is a personal biography, and a peculiar mosaic patchwork at best. Cæsar, the scholar, is forced by events to turn his pen into a sword, and with that weapon conquer the world, and, returning to Rome, render his name imperishable by writing his own version of the event which advanced the civilization of the world by at least a century. The world delights to contemplate such a character; it feels the power he has evolved, and cannot fail to pay tribute to his genius. Homer wrote a glorious epic; and unborn nations, of which he never dreamed, have rendered him famous by reading it; but it is not so much the poem that they remember as the spirit of the people and the time of which he spoke. Aristotle collected the scattered and fragmentary speculations of the philosophers who preceded him into a grand system of abstract and applied science; and though he held the world in bondage for centuries to the grandeur of his genius, the spirit of inquiry and investigation at last declared his system false, and has risen above and beyond it; yet the world has not ceased to admire and eulogize the man. Kepler remained a slave to his master, Tycho Brahe, because of his admiration of that tutor's learning; but when he began to think for himself he saw the fallacy of his master's theory, and, by proving it, he made a place for himself in history. The lives of those men may have been pure and noble, or the exact reverse, for all we know, and this is the striking defect of history. It loses sight of the men themselves in the dazzling brilliancy of their achievements; and here is wherein our history has the advantage over all others of the past, and at the same time suffers from a corresponding disadvantage.

The men of our nation are not heroes removed by centuries that have rolled in between, but their lives are as familiar to us as the friends whom we see on the street every day. "But we have lost immensely," says Franklin, "by being transplanted." Yes, we have lost our title to the past; the hierarchial succession of history passed on beside us, but we belonged not to it, and our pretensions to a lineage are as ludicrous a mockery as the attempt to foist the American Indian into the place

vacated by the "Lost Tribe of Israel." The Church of Jesus Christ did not abandon Protestants. Protestantism maligned and abandoned the Church, and that moment forfeited and forever lost the right of succession; whatever it may gain must date from that period; it cannot go beyond it. The unbroken succession passed on as if Protestantism had never been, and the result is only a matter of history. We are a people of yesterday; and, notwithstanding all the Fourth-of-July orations ever spoken, the events of our history lack the grandeur and magnitude which invest the nations of the Old World with such unimpeachable dignity. We scout the very idea of "caste" in our democracy, and yet it is the background without which the Drama of Aristocracy cannot be successfully presented; and when we play it to our satisfaction on a provincial stage and then bring it to a great metropolitan city we find ourselves laughed at and hissed by the refined audience, and retire in shame and humiliation from the just anger we have provoked. And thus it is with our history; we lack the age which is necessary to give it interest; a history *in toto* which, so far as the world is concerned, might easily be written on the fly-leaf of a child's primer instead of filling fourteen large volumes, each one labelled "Bancroft's History of the United States," which no one pretends to read. The work is made from the purest gold, we know, but it lacks what it can never have—a background, and is, withal, hammered out so thin that the reader cannot help the feeling that he is being imposed upon and that the author was running his distaff without flax. And again, fancy an author with all the genius of Homer writing an American epic! An insane asylum would be his proper home. Our orators tell us we are a great people, and if boasting makes a people great then we are pre-eminently so, for if we have one national trait more peculiarly developed than another it is the habit of *lauding* ourselves, forgetful of the old proverb: "Self-praise is censure." We are wealthy and talented, it is true, but, withal, our history lacks unity and interest; read it once through, and you are done with it. There is nothing to draw upon the imagination, no symmetry, no beauty,—nothing but a few miscellaneous facts with very little method, and we turn to the history of the Old World with a pleasant sense of relief that there is such a grand thing as an Old World to furnish us food for thought.

The great men of a country must always depend on the competition—the intellectual training and culture—of their colleagues and opponents. To be great means to be superior—to be above, to be better than those who form our ideals of ordinary men; and in proportion as our ideals change so do our opinions of our great men. I do not pretend to say this is a good definition, but it is the popular one. The common thief may regard his brother reprobate as a great man because he has better success and more ability to evade the just punishment of his crimes, and his opinion is at least as justifiable as the popular canonization of men whose private lives have been a burning reproach to so-

ciety, simply because they were endowed with genius which they have basely abused by their evil lives. By what tenure does Edgar A. Poe hold his place in our hearts?—A man whose vices were as gigantic as his intellect. By what authority does he preserve his niche in the temple of fame? By the power of intellect alone. We cannot help our admiration of his genius, but it should ever be coupled with execration of the man. And is this so? We know that it is not. There is a sympathy in vice, and a sordid avarice which prompts men to praise him that, by so doing, they may excuse their own moral turpitude, and elevate their base, brainless lives into respectability upon the ladder of his acknowledged mental power. There are men who admire Aaron Burr, the traitor and libertine, whose name can scarce be mentioned by a true patriot without disgust, and by a true, pure woman without contamination—men who would fain doubt the integrity of his accusers sooner than the fame of the *murderer* they affect to admire. There are certain public men who have almost held the destiny of the nation in their hands,—men whom we were proud to name as kings in the realms of intellect—truly have they "taught us lessons of disgrace;" and while they are repaid by honors and increased emoluments, where is our guarantee that the lessons in licentiousness which they inculcate by example will not be practised by those who are to take their places to the complete subversion and destruction of all we hold most dear—religion, freedom, and happiness?

Men who hold a high rank in society are always men of great intellect, and if they have great temptations and strong passions God has given them great power to overcome them. And to those men and women who have intellect to comprehend the enormity of their moral delinquencies, I can extend no charity, no moderation, no extenuation, no rewards. To the humble and ignorant, whose lives are hedged in by the forced contact of vicious and debasing associations, whose homes are cold and cheerless—a place to exist in rather than a home—whose hearts have never been lifted into the sunlight of God's smile, I can extend sympathy and compassion, and their vilest deeds pale into insignificance beside the corrupted passions of those whose duty it is to become their teachers. The power of a great bad life is too potent in its lessons of evil and corruption to demand one moment's sympathy, one single sigh of pity. I do not wish to step in between the certain justice of the Divine law and the infallible sanction which God has given to it; but, at the same time, just so far as rewards and punishments go in this world, I cannot, and will not, write my judgments in the sand. I know and feel the truth of the spirit of forgiveness,—the purest, sweetest faculty of our nature, and which could come alone from a God of love and mercy,—and I can comprehend the awful struggle between conscience and temptation in the heart of him who was trusted and who betrayed that trust; and while I feel that, placed in the same situation, I might have fallen, yet I cannot withhold nor change my verdict of condemna-

tion. The spirit of forgiveness may be abused—carried too far,—and it has become the curse of our American society. It is wrong, and it works evil in a multiplicity of ways. It is an insult to virtue, and loosens the very foundation of our national strength by assisting wicked men to make respectable that which is most foul and loathsome. I would sign no man's death-warrant until he himself has signed it; but the moment he does, I would lay aside my sensitive scruples and affix my signature with a fearless and unshrinking hand.

Public opinion has more to do in shaping the exterior lives and actions of our great men than most of us imagine; but it is our great men who shape and give currency, force and direction to public opinion, and so sure as the one relaxes and becomes effete the whole structure will crumble to the dust. Political life and political influence are the great objects of an unnecessary majority of our young men. They recognize the fact that a greater amount of publicity may be secured in less time and by the expenditure of less real labor than by the adoption of any legitimate profession. Thus the bar becomes thronged with men who know nothing of jurisprudence, whose moral principles have long since been sacrificed to one all-absorbing mania for public station and its attendant notoriety, and public offices are consequently entrusted to men who are mentally and morally bankrupts; and thus our ordinary criterion of greatness is most shamefully debased. By the intrigues and obliquities of such men the path to eminence through the field of politics has become so thronged with the mire and slime of calumny, so beset with deadly assassins whose highest aim is to murder the reputation of any who pass that way, so dishonorable in every respect, that men of integrity, of ability, and real moral worth will not venture upon the path at all, and the consequence is, the most important offices in the nation are occupied by men who are the least capable of filling them. The course of training a man is compelled to submit to before he can become a successful politician, instead of making him more worthy and capable, serves to so debase and ruin his character that he becomes unworthy the confidence and support which he has spent the best years of his life to attain. The ability to manage a primary or ward-meeting is as far from being a recommendation for honesty and efficiency as the absurd idea that a man made a better President because he once built a log cabin, or split rails, or managed a tannery. If men would only think before acting, such absurdities would never have a place in history.

Because a man is a professional politician it does not necessarily follow that he is a dishonest man and a vulture in society; but I think observation and experience go so far to prove it that at present there is not a single exception. Select every professional office-seeker you know, and study their characters faithfully and impartially, watch their actions closely, follow out their motives, and you will find in them an intense love of self over-ruling and controlling their every thought and perverting

their every action. This is not necessarily so, but experience has proven that it is the case. This fact is as humiliating to our pride as American citizens as it is undeniable. Traverse the world from one extreme of it to the opposite, and you will find nowhere else such baseness, deceit, and calculating depravity in political circles as is exhibited in our own free Republic. To one who does not understand the complete working system and machinery of our Government, this would seem a startling and unaccountable statement, and he would find it very difficult to harmonize it with the evident prosperity and continued tranquility of our national affairs; but there is nothing contradictory or impossible in it when we reflect upon its universality coupled with the checks and balances which are so wisely imposed on every position of any importance. It is inseparable from the nature of poison to kill—to destroy life; but there is no danger to be apprehended from an over-dose, for it then reacts upon itself; and so it is in politics. A thief will not permit another thief to steal unless he can share the profit, for he feels that by so doing he would be diminishing the chances for his own enrichment; and thus politicians hate and watch one another, and by so doing relieve the nation of the necessity for a vast amount of vigilance. This is why our Government rolls so prosperously along; but the fact is so very disgraceful in itself, and so repugnant to our principles of equity and morals, that, from time to time, there arises a great cry for reform,—a cry that rings from one boundary of the Republic to the opposite, whose tones sound the death-knell of dishonest officials then in power, and whose echoes make the great, virtuous pulse of the nation throb with just anger at the indignity which has been forced upon it, and for a time the cloven hoof of Rapacity disappears; but the affairs of Government are too extensive and unwieldy for the eye of Vigilance, and corruptions begin to creep in as reform is forgotten, and soon a new revolution is demanded and obtained, only to follow in the beaten track of its predecessor; and thus they continue after each other like the motion of a wheel, one reform differing from another only in point of time. And this is the life for which young men of talent and moral integrity will sacrifice the pleasures and amenities of home, the religious principles that pious parents have engraven on their hearts, and the certain and steady advancement which attend legitimate trades and professions; they must sacrifice these and stifle the voice of conscience ere they can hope for advancement in the pursuit of their choice. It is not worth the sacrifice, even if you were certain of reaching the highest position to which it can elevate you. Oh! young man, if such be your ambition, abandon it! You are capable of better things. Let the altar whereon you sacrifice the best years of your life be a more worthy one. Follow no pursuit in which you must bind down conscience and forfeit your self-respect. Remember the path is abandoned by respectable men, and strewn with wrecks, the most pitiful and sad,—of men who were weak

enough to set out in the sunny, delusive atmosphere of hope; but when they discovered whither they were going they were not base enough to proceed, and they could not retrace their steps; they had forfeited their self-respect, lost their faith, sacrificed the approving smile of God, and their ruin was complete.

There is nothing in the whole round world so sad to contemplate as a life thus thrown away, and there are multitudes of instances in the world's history every day. You wish to be a great man, you wish to build the ladder with which you may mount to the pure sunlight above the clouds, where your voice can be heard and your form seen, and your name carried on the breezes till it is heard in every household on the earth; and it is a worthy ambition; but oh! beware of the means you use. If you accept a base and dishonorable agent to advance your cause, remember you do it at the expense of your own self-respect, and the time will come when you will most poignantly regret the folly of your choice. If you feel that you are called upon to exercise your talents as a lawyer, do not forget that you must master the science of jurisprudence as well as the petty details of office drudgery. The world is thronged with practitioners, but jurisprudence is sadly in need of able exponents. You can become a great man in this profession if you wish, but you must work for it—and wait. That reply of one of America's great lawyers—when asked if the profession were not crowded, he answered: "Yes, down below, but there is plenty of room up above"—was enough to give him an honorable place in history. It is a grand truth, applicable now as then, and will ever continue so long as the superficial education, so prevalent now, is continued. While you remain in the lower positions of the profession you will find the avenues thronged with the cormorants and shysters, who give such an unhealthy odor to a noble profession; but as you advance, the crowd gradually diminishes, until at last you will find ample room and very little company.

T. D.

#### "Quare Fremuerunt Gentes?"

Alta voce canunt, nec fallere mente volutant,  
Ejectus! gratis asseritur, sed quando citati,  
Hanc molem Jovis evolvunt et fulgura jactant  
Cum tonitru: minimam nequeunt expromere noxam.  
Attoniti stant! "Est nocuus" sonus æra replet;  
"Vimine percutitur, palo meritusque ligari."  
Ohe! promeritus contra est hic ferre favorem,  
Sentio; cur palus? virgæ?—fors culpa nefanda?  
Rem date. . . Nil! Minus haud poterit! Cum causa  
capessit  
Hinc rationis opus, pravæ mentisve vigorem,  
Tunc clypeum, reor, est sapiens deponere, amici.  
Quidquid significat "excedo"? nonne voluntas?  
Vultis abire, patet! Non illi exire patebat;  
Undique quippe fuit juvenis tentamine multo  
Tentatus: voluit, (non vos voluistis,) et inde  
Nunc, o quod bardum arbitrium! fuit ille recessus,

Ergo redire nequit! Risu quatienda videtur  
Res; tamen, iste potens, agitat sub vertice casum,  
Et "veto" proclamat! post hoc potiusque movendi  
Montes quam retrahat dictum.—Meliora secuta!  
Ast, quomodo poterint extemplo pectora gentis  
Mutari, sum voce carens et lingua loquelæ  
Omnino est expers; monumentaque facta stupenda  
Accipiunt. O mens hominis cum pectore juncta!  
Partes, quas nullus sapiens est scalpere navus.

J. S. L.

#### The Seven-Headed Hydra.

Many have, no doubt, often heard or read the expression "as many lives as a Hydra," and therefore it might not be uninteresting to consider the foundations on which this strange and curious expression is based. Many, too, have often conjured up in their imaginations what might perhaps be the nature and appearance of the wonderful being referred to, and called Hydra. Some have represented to themselves a grim and fierce monster of most horrible description, of most savage nature, dwelling in the most inaccessible places, far removed from the haunts of men, and woe to that man whom he should find near his den. He has been pictured as a horrid, scaly monster, with glaring eye-balls of fire, and with seven monstrous horns protruding from as many heads of the most terrible aspect; his forked tongue has been seen darting in and out as if to signify the monster's readiness to devour another victim.

Now, laying aside our imaginations and fancies, let us examine the animal such as zoölogists describe it to us, and lo! instead of a grim, scaly monster we find a small, inoffensive creature, little larger than a pin, and only about half an inch in length. The creature is very common in our waters, and is to be found in any pond or stream, generally attached by one end to a twig, while the other floats about in the water. The animal has seven small tentacles or arms surrounding the head; these arms it can extend or constrict as it pleases, and this is done with the rapidity of lightning. The Hydra (*viridis*) in one respect is the most curious animal in the entire animal world, being able to turn itself inside out. The animal, by one end of its body which is furnished with a sucker, attaches itself to some floating or stationary object in the water, and then, extending its arms, it moves them to and fro in search of food. It is sure to have collected in a short space of time sufficient to fill up its digestive cavity, which is a simple excavation in the animal's body; as soon as the nutritive matter has been extracted from the food and absorbed by the surrounding tissue, the animal deliberately turns itself completely inside out, thus ridding itself of all waste matters.

Trembley, the Dutch naturalist, performed a most curious experiment with this animal. By the aid of a horsehair he succeeded in turning the creature inside out, and then, by means of a very minute pin, contrived to keep it in that position. The Hydra continued to live and eat in the same manner as before.



The monstrous story of the "Seven-headed Monster of Mythology" is simply an exaggeration of a curious physiological property possessed by this tiny creature; for, if any of the seven tentacles about the Hydra's head be severed from the main body, the severed part will soon develop into another Hydra of a nature precisely similar in every respect.

F. J. H., '87.

#### Novels and Novel-Reading.

A novel, as defined by Jenkins, is a fictitious history of surprising and entertaining events in common life. It differs from the romance in the interest which turns upon marvellous and uncommon incidents. But this definition will not include all novels nor exclude all romances so that the boundary is very complicated and difficult to determine. The chief object of a novel is to amuse and not to instruct. Some readers of novels take as reliable information all things found in them, and thus mix up the truth with fiction. Novels are divided into the historical, domestic and religious. Under the first come all novels which have any connection with history or that bring in historical personages, etc., into the story. The most celebrated historical novel-writer is Sir Walter Scott. Under the second come all those that treat of incidents occurring in private life. By far the greater portion of the novels written belong to this class. The greatest writers of this kind of novel are, perhaps, Dickens and George Eliot. The third class consist of novels written to destroy the bad effects of the common novel. These novels do not enjoy the undeserved popularity of the former.

The amount of novels published of late years is simply enormous. No less than two-thirds of all the books now published are novels. The chief aim of the novelist is to excite the curiosity of the reader. The incidents being his own manufacture, he contrives so to arrange them that the interest is kept up to the very end of the story. He does not start out by telling what is going to happen; if he did, there would be very few novels read. The curiosity of the reader is not the only means on which the novelist relies: another principal means is the delight of a well-drawn character. The delineation of character in the novel differs from that of history in this way: in history the writer must take his characters as he finds them, in the novel the writer creates his characters. He may give any character he pleases, and create for them circumstances that enable them to bring out these qualities in the sight of the reader. Such a process is always delightful to the reader, and the field is only bounded by the faculties of conception and intention of the writer. Many novels, however, have a higher aim than that of mere amusement. Some of Dickens' novels, for example, are aimed mainly at social vices, as for instance, "Oliver Twist."

The effect of novel-reading to excess is bad; it gives the reader wrong ideas of life; it unfits him both for reading of a more elevated kind, and for the

active duties of life. Although Sir Walter Scott's novels give a better insight into the character and customs of the age of which he writes than can be obtained by the reading of history, still he is not to be relied on for historical knowledge. Novels are good only when read for amusement, and when tired of the more arduous tasks of life. The reading of novels should only be indulged in when one's taste has been modelled to correctness and purity by long and regular discipline.

F. J. C.

#### Light.

##### AN ARGUMENT AGAINST UNBELIEF.

In light we have a most remarkable illustration of the doctrine of the Holy Trinity, which is an article of faith with many, of doubt with some, and of disbelief with others; but if we can prove by ocular demonstration that there exists in nature a trinity in unity and a unity in trinity quite as marvellous, it ought to confirm the faithful, convince the doubtful, and overthrow the sophistry of the unbeliever. An investigation into the laws and properties of light will enable us to do so. Light is easily separated into its component colors, by transmitting it through a glass prism, where it is resolved into red, orange, yellow, green, blue, indigo, and violet, which constitute, when combined, white or ordinary light. This band of colors is called the prismatic spectrum. Now, it will be perceived that red, yellow, and blue are its primary or essential colors, the others being merely produced by the admixture or overlapping of two adjoining primary colors; thus, orange is found between the red and yellow, green between the yellow and blue; so that, in fact, we have only the three primary colors to deal with, each of which has its peculiar properties and attributes distinct from the others; thus, the red is the calorific or heating principle; the yellow is the luminous or light-giving principle; while it is in the blue ray that the power of actinism, or chemical action is found.

Now, it is this trinity of red, yellow, and blue which constitutes, when combined, the unity of ordinary or white light. When separated, this unity of light is divided into the trinity of colors. Although one and the same, neither can exist without the other; *the three are one, the one is three*. Thus we have a unity in trinity, and a trinity in unity, exemplified in light itself; and "God is light." Plants will live and grow luxuriantly under the influence of the red and yellow rays; but, however promising the appearance, the blossom dies, and no fruit can be produced without the enlivening power of the blue rays. When this invisible action is wanting, the trinity in unity is incomplete; life is unproductive until the three, united in one, bring all things to perfection. Thus, each member of the trinity in unity of light has its especial duty to perform, and is in constant operation, visibly or invisibly, although only one power. Even far beyond the visible violet ray of the prismatic spectrum the

spirit of actinism prevails; its chemical influence can be proved to extend beyond the limits of our vision. Thus there is in light an invisible agency: always in action; and the more the subject is investigated the more striking is the illustration between the Holy Spirit of God made manifest, and the wonderful properties of light which have been gradually unfolded by the researches of man.  
—*Temple Bar.*

#### Art, Music and Literature.

—The first impression of the first volume of Mr. Parkham's new work, "Montcalm and Wolfe," consisted of 1,500 copies. It was disposed of on the day of publication.

—There are now three vacancies in the ranks of the French Immortals. Mr. Alphonse Daudet denies that he is standing for one of them. He says he has never offered himself, and "never will offer himself."

—The Conservatory of Music in Mexico has over 2,000 pupils, and a high degree of musical talent, with all necessary means for its cultivation, exists in that country. Nearly every house has a piano; music is taught in the schools, and the military bands are unsurpassed in excellence.

—Mlle. Emma Nevada, or Miss Emma Wixom—the young American prima donna, made her American *début* at the Academy of Music, last Monday night, in "La Sonnambula," and received a warm welcome from a large and enthusiastic audience. Miss Nevada displayed a light but flexible soprano voice which has been well cultivated and with which she can execute brilliantly.

—Mr. Charles E. Dallin, a young Boston sculptor, not yet twenty-two years of age, has been selected among ten competitors to execute a statue in memory of Paul Revere, the famous Boston hero of the revolution. The statue is to be of bronze, double life-size, and will be mounted upon a granite pedestal. The motive of the work is the famous incident in the life of Paul Revere—his memorable ride to Lexington.

—Mr. Blaine has already made \$200,000 from the sales of his first volume of "Twenty Years in Congress." As his profit is 70 cents for each volume sold, this represents a sale of more than 285,000 copies. Seven thousand copies have been sold in Washington alone. His second volume must be published, according to contract, by May, and his present intention is to go to Europe as soon as the manuscript is given to the printers.—*Press.*

—Hillebrand, the distinguished German writer, has just died at Florence. He lived for a long time in France as a professor, and wrote some remarkably interesting articles in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*. Buloz, who was not too mild with his editors, and pretended to teach them French, said one day before several of his staff: "In fact, gentlemen, there are only two men left in the

world who write good French, and they are Germans—Albert Wolff and Hillebrand."

—The municipality of Rome has placed on the ruins of Martial's Villa on the Janiculum the following inscription, made by the poet himself, and to be found in the sixty-fourth Epigram of the IV Book:

Hinc septem dominos videre montes  
Et totam licet æstimare Romam.  
Albanos quoque Tusculosque colles  
Et quodcumque jacet sub urbe frigus,  
Fidenas veteres brevesque Rubras  
Et quod virgineo cruore gaudet  
Annæ pomiferum nemus Perennæ.

—St. Joseph's Cottage, 299 Huron street, the home of Miss Eliza Allen Starr, the distinguished Catholic writer, is now the centre of attraction for the *élite* of Chicago. We wish we could say there were more Catholics than persons outside the Fold attending the art lectures given by Miss Starr every Saturday evening during the winter months. St. Joseph's Cottage is a Christian studio filled with beautiful examples of Catholic art. Miss Starr is a convert, and was received into the Church in 1854. For several years she resided at St. Mary's Academy, Notre Dame, Ind., where, at the request of Mother Angela, she commenced to deliver her celebrated lectures on Catholic art. Mr. W. Starr, a young sculptor of decided genius, lives with his venerable aunt, and many specimens of his industry are to be seen in the hallway and reception rooms of St. Joseph's. His best known works are a bust in marble of the late Bishop Foley, and an original statue of the Spouse of the Blessed Virgin.—*Catholic Review.*

#### Scientific Notes.

—The city of Hamburg is about to erect a Museum of Natural History at an estimated cost of 900,000 marks. Plans in competition have been solicited from architects, and upward of 100 are likely to be received.

—Among the curiosities of western Kauai are the famous barking sands. This phenomenon of sound is attributed to the attrition of the angular grains of sand against each other, when the mass is in slight movement. It is especially noticeable in dry times, and scarcely perceptible after a rain. Happily, one may see the thing, or rather hear it, on a small scale. It is common for those residing in the region to keep a bag of the sand at home. When this is taken in the hands and reversed repeatedly, allowing the sand to fall, first to one end of the bag and then to the other, a faint sound results, though it requires some imagination to liken it to a bark or a yelp. The same phenomenon may be observed at Manchester-by-the-Sea, in Massachusetts, and other localities in the United States.—*Cor. Providence Journal.*

—A machine has been constructed at Troy, N. Y., for reducing saw-mill refuse to pulp for paper manufacture. The machine is cylindrical, about fourteen feet high and six feet in diameter, stand-

ing on end, and rollers suspended from steps on the main shaft, and geared at top of cylinder, travel about its inner circumference, rollers and shaft weighing 20,600 pounds. A fifteen horse-power engine will operate the machine, converting a charge of 1,600 pounds of sawdust, in three hours' time, into 1,200 pounds of pulp. The pulp is said to display a fine, long fiber, which can be cleansed and bleached for 50 cents per ton, and experiments are said to have produced therefrom a fine quality of letter paper, as well as book, news, and wrapping-stock. It is also claimed that this machine will do away with beating engines and much ponderous machinery used in paper-mills, and that the product is in every way equal to that manufactured from rags, jute, straw, and other material.

—The report comes from Quebec of the discovery of a great lake, east of Hudson's Bay. Mr. F. H. Bignell, of a Canadian Geographical Society, has just returned from an exploring expedition to the northeast of Quebec—an expedition which he left in June last, to discover, if possible, a great inland sea which has for some time been identified with Lake Mistassini, just north of the Province of Quebec. Mr. Bignell reports having navigated 120 miles on a great lake which he assumes to be an expansion of Rupert River, without having really reached the body of the lake. He says it lies from the southwest to the northeast, stretching away from Foam Bay and a height of land in the southwest to an unknown distance towards eastern Maine and Labrador. The waters of the lake swarm with fish of all kinds, and fur-bearing animals are abundant. The climate is agreeable and the region is suitable for agricultural purposes. It is said that the Hudson Bay Company have had an agency there for upwards of one hundred years, but have kept the fact secret that a lake of such dimensions ever existed in that part of the country. It is supposed to be as large as Lake Superior.

#### College Gossip.

—PROF. (to sleepy student):—"Shall I send out for a bed for you?" SLEEPY STUDENT.—"No, thank you; I have a crib."—*Record*.

—A thousand dollar scholarship has been left to Dartmouth College, upon condition that no student using liquors or tobacco shall receive the benefit of it.—*Ex.*

—A piece of sponge cake made by a Vassar girl has been presented to President-elect Cleveland. It is said that Mr. Cleveland prizes it highly, and will use it as a paper weight when he goes to the White House.—*Ex.*

—The first lady teacher of Latin and Greek in Rome, says the *N. Y. Sun*, is just now attracting great attention. Prof. Miss Giulia Cavallari, who studied at the University of Bologna, and is 25 years old, has been entrusted with a chair in the High School for Ladies.

—Science Hall of the State University at Madison, Wis., was totally destroyed by fire on the

night of the 1st inst. The building originally cost a little over \$80,000, and recent improvements took up the cost to about \$100,000. Its contents were valued at over \$200,000.

—The provincial institution at Manchester, known as the Victoria University, has to some extent followed the example of the University of London in throwing open its degrees to students of both sexes; with the exception, however, of those in the medical and surgical sciences. Recently four scholarships have been awarded to women, on the express understanding that the holders shall pursue their studies at Owen's College, Manchester, with a view of obtaining their degrees in arts and sciences at the Victoria University. At present the only examining bodies granting licenses to women to practise in Great Britain are the University of London, the King and Queen's College in Dublin, and the College of Physicians in Ireland.

—The College and Seminary of Our Lady of Angels, Suspension Bridge, N. Y., celebrated its twenty-eighth birthday on the 21st ult. Archbishop Lynch, of Toronto, who may be called the Founder of the Seminary, was present, and added to the interest and enjoyment of the occasion by a recital of the events connected with Niagara's early days. From very humble beginnings Niagara's College has risen to a proud position among the educational institutions of the land, and well does she perform her noble work in the cause of Religion and Science. We heartily re-echo the wish of the *Index*: "May success ever attend her, and may she reach that point of advancement where even her accommodations and facilities of to-day, grand though they be, will be looked upon with curiosity as the rude efforts of by-gone times!"

—On their way to the Council, Archbishop Alemany and Bishop O'Connell passed through Ogden, Utah Territory. Stopping over a short time, they were entertained by the Sisters and pupils of the Sacred Heart Academy, an institution conducted by the Sisters of the Holy Cross, under the kind and able direction of Mother Mary Annunciata. The Salt Lake City *Tribune* gives the following account of the visit of the two prelates:

"In the afternoon they were tendered a brilliant reception by the young ladies of the Academy. Addresses, instrumental and vocal music constituted the programme which was rendered in beautiful style. The fame of the Sacred Heart Academy extends far and wide, and on this occasion the young ladies by their grace and artistic skill showed that their training was in every respect excellent. The venerable prelates, who have always taken a deep interest in education, were agreeably surprised to find in Utah an educational institution where such high training was imparted, and so much talent displayed. The prelates were shown the great facilities which were offered there to give a practical education. A fine library, where the most approved authors of all branches of learning were to be found; a museum of antique relics, and old letters and papers dating back to the days of Washington, some of the letters being in the handwriting of the father of our country; a cabinet of rich and rare specimens; a laboratory and chemical instruments, a fully equipped telegraph office with instruments and wires in the building, and all for the benefit of the pupils, to give them a practical knowledge of these sciences."

# NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.

Notre Dame, December 6, 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 EIGHTEENTH 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.

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

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

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C. C. KOLARS, '85.	FRANK H. DEXTER, '87.
FRANK J. HAGENBARTH, '87.	

—We are requested to announce that classes will be continued until the evening of Saturday, Dec. 20th. Students intending to spend the holidays at their homes will be free to leave any time thereafter.

—A Total Abstinence Society of thirty-five members has been organized among the students of St. Mary's College; Rev. Father Fennessy, President of the college, is Spiritual Director. Thus, St. Mary's sends greeting to Notre Dame; Kentucky joins Indiana with a college society.—*Louisville Catholic Advocate.*

Notre Dame sends greeting to St. Mary's. May success attend its undertaking! Let the good work go on far and wide among the youth of the land, instilling those principles of self-control, so essential to form that perfect manhood which alone can be the mainstay of society and our country.

—We call the attention of Commercial students and others to the article on the type-writer in this week's SCHOLASTIC. Although there has been here, for some years, a teacher in the Telegraphic department who thoroughly understands both of the leading machines, the Remington Type-writer and the Calligraph, very few of the students, comparatively, seem to have had any idea, or cared to know, how useful to them would be a knowledge of the type-writer. So important is it considered

elsewhere that nearly all the business colleges have a special course in type-writing, with, in most cases, such a special price for tuition as might at first seem exorbitant. But it is not exorbitant. The course is short, the machines are very expensive, and the time of a thoroughly qualified teacher is worth a good deal. With such a teacher, a few weeks' instruction will ordinarily suffice. The course here includes not only practice in fingering and working, but also a thorough knowledge of the various mechanical parts of the machine, with a view to keeping it in good order, and adjusting it in case of accident.

—It is said of the popular literature of the present day that its effect is to enervate and enfeeble the mental powers, to blunt and vitiate the moral perceptions by undermining every noble and pure principle implanted therein. Notwithstanding this fact, how eagerly and indiscriminately does the so-called reading public devour this literature! The sound literary merit of a work is the last question thought of—the result of its perusal upon the character of a reader being a matter not deemed worthy of consideration.

A sound mind must be accustomed to sound, vigorous and healthful reflection, just as the strength of the muscular system must be maintained by regular and healthful exercise. But in light literature what is there to promote vigorous mental exertion? The best that can be said of the more respectable works of this class is, that they afford relaxation to the mind when overtaxed. If the portrayal of selfish and evil passions, mingled with insignificant gossip and specious immorality, the insidious poison of unchristian and false principles, promotes a good result, then is our popular literature falsely accused; but if, on the contrary, familiarity with evil imagery destroys the moral vigor and weakens mental force, have we not everything to fear for those young men who experience no pleasure in reading books of a more elevated stamp?

Light reading does not exercise the mind. It only entertains the imagination, and through this channel stimulates the passions; or if not so bad as that, it directs the attention from more worthy pursuits. The effect is similar to that of the gossiping disposition, so deplorably universal and so destructive to the peace of society and of families. Indeed, a passion for light reading and a love for slander and detraction generally accompany each other. Show me a lover of scientific works and those published for the purpose of ennobling the mind and heart—one who has a care for some reading above the current news of the day and the best new story, and I will show you one whose conscience will not permit him to be entertained by the tongue of the slanderer and the detractor. Show me a confirmed novel-reader, and I will show you one who avoids the society of the learned and the thoughtful, and who seeks that of the trifling and vicious.

It is the happy prerogative of youth to decide



his own future, by forming his own habits. Happy those who have escaped the passion for light reading; for it is from the ranks of this class of vigorous-minded, whole-souled, whole-hearted young men that we must look for the great men of the future.

—As might be expected from the distinguished body of Prelates now assembled in Council at Baltimore, representative of the learning, zeal and piety characteristic of the teachers in the Church in the United States, the sermons that have been preached since the opening of the council are masterpieces of eloquence and erudition. At the same time, they deal most opportunely with questions which are living issues of the day, for those who walk in paths at variance with all religion or opposite to the teachings of the Catholic faith. Each of these sermons, treating in a special manner and exhaustively of timely questions is worthy of being preserved and extensively circulated in pamphlet form. We understand that this good object will be accomplished by a "Memorial Volume" to be issued under the auspices of the publishers of the *Catholic Mirror* in Baltimore, shortly after the close of the Council. This paper has already signalized its enterprise by its largely-increased weekly editions, containing the history of the Church in Baltimore, and the various councils, provincial and plenary, held in that city. We hope that it will meet with all encouragement in the publication of the memorial volume.

\* \*

In connection with this subject we may be permitted to refer briefly to one of the sermons preached during the Council, and which has attracted wide-spread attention. We mean Bishop Ireland's discourse on "The Relation of the Church to Government." One of the standing accusations against the Church is that she is opposed to liberty, and therefore her progress and development here are inimical to the best interests of our country. Says Bishop Ireland:

"I respect too much my fellow-countrymen not to be glad, when the occasion offers, to declare to them the truth, and to guard them against deceiving tongues. I love too deeply the Catholic Church and the American Republic not to be ever ready to labor that the relations of the one with the other be not misunderstood. It is true, the choicest field which Providence offers in the world today to the occupancy of the Church is this Republic, and she welcomes in delight the signs of the times that indicate a glorious future for her beneath the starry banner. But it is true also the surest safeguards for her own life and prosperity the Republic will find in the teachings of the Catholic Church, and the more America acknowledge these teachings, the more durable will her civil institutions be made. I speak beneath this Cathedral dome no less as an American citizen than as a Catholic Bishop. The Church is the mother of my faith, the guardian of my hopes for eternity. America is my country, the protectress of my liberty and of my fortunes on earth. I could not utter one syllable that would belie, however so remotely, either Church or Republic, and when I assert, as I now solemnly do, that the principles of the former are in thorough harmony with the interests of the latter, I feel in the depths of my heart that I speak the truth."

The learned prelate then speaks of civil society, the necessity of authority therein, the power of

those who govern is God-given, but the people may choose those who exercise that power." "The Catholic Church is equally opposed to anarchy and to despotism, the Guardian of Society and the Defender of true Liberty." All this is demonstrated from facts historical and the very organism and teachings of the Church. Our limited space permits us only to call attention to the sermon, and we hope it will be widely read. Bishop Ireland thus eloquently concludes:

"Republic of America, receive from me the tribute of my love and loyalty. I am proud to do thee homage, and I pray from my heart that thy glory may never be dimmed—*Esto perpetua!* Thou bearest in thy hands the brightest hopes of the human race. God's mission to thee is to show to nations that man is capable of the highest liberty. Oh! be ever free and prosperous, that liberty may triumph over earth from the rising to the setting sun. *Esto perpetua!*—but forget not that religion and morality can alone give life to liberty, and preserve to it a never-fading youth. Believe me, thy surest hope is from the Church which false friends would have thee fear. Believe me, no hearts love thee more ardently than Catholic hearts; no tongues speak more loudly thy praises than Catholic tongues, and no hands will be lifted up stronger and more willing to defend thy laws and thy institutions in peace and in war than Catholic hands. Again, *Esto perpetua!*"

#### The Type-Writer.

During the past few years the type-writer has come into almost general use, and is rapidly superseding the pen for business writing of all kinds. The average speed of the pen is from fifteen to twenty-five words a minute—oftener fifteen than twenty-five; the type-writer will average from thirty-five to forty, and a few experts claim that they can write eighty words a minute with it.

The now familiar click of the type-writer can be heard in most of our large business offices from morn till night. The machine is used by our leading business and professional men everywhere—by merchants, manufacturers, lawyers, authors, editors, railway and telegraph companies, clergymen, etc. The business correspondence of nearly all the large firms in this country, as well as court reports and other legal work, is written with the type-writer. The merchant dictates his letters to a stenographer; these are afterwards written out upon the little keyed machine, addressed and sent off, saving the care-worn merchant four or five hours a day in many cases, which were formerly taken up with his extensive correspondence.

The correspondence of a mercantile house is one of the most important parts of its business—too important to be attended to, in most cases, by anyone save the head of the house himself; therefore it has always received his special personal attention. Shorthand, and afterwards type-writing, proved a great boon to the overtaxed merchant, saving both time and labor, and he speedily availed himself of the aid of both. When the mail arrives in the morning, the proprietor or manager calls his stenographer to his side, and as he opens his letters he dictates the answer to each, which the stenographer takes in a note-book, or more frequently on the back of the letter itself, a few

of his pot-hook hieroglyphics sufficing for an entire letter, and enabling him to write with the rapidity of common speech. In a short time the whole mail is disposed of in this way, after which the proprietor is free to attend to other important work. In the mean time the stenographer dictates the answer to each letter, from his shorthand notes, to one or more type-writers, after which the answered letters are filed away for future reference. Large offices have frequently from four to six type-writers constantly employed.

In these progressive days it is generally understood that no large business office—or even a small one—is fully equipped for work without stenographers and type-writers. The first questions asked an applicant for a position as clerk or secretary may, therefore, be readily inferred. “Are you a good shorthand writer? . . . Do you work the type-writer, or the calligraph?” are questions that generally require an answer in the affirmative in order to secure the position. As a natural consequence, most of the leading business colleges throughout the United States now give instructions on the type-writer, just as they are given here at Notre Dame in connection with telegraphy and shorthand. So important has it been considered here for students in the Commercial department that lessons on the type-writer and the management of the hektograph are made an elective, independent of the telegraph and shorthand departments. Every shorthand writer, telegrapher, and commercial student should learn to operate the type-writer and keep it in good working order; also to take duplicate copies on the hektograph and to manifold on the type-writer.

The type-writer is one of the requirements of the age, and should not be overlooked by those who desire a thorough commercial or business training.

#### Exchanges.

—The *Swarthmore Phoenix* deserves a high rank among college papers. It is creditable alike to its editors and the college that it represents.

—The *Wooster Collegian*—a new arrival—contains some fair contributions and sensible editorials. It is neatly gotten up, and well edited. No trash. A similar remark could truthfully be applied to the *Delaware College Review*; another new visitor.

—The *Hamilton College Monthly* is a very neatly gotten up and very peculiar publication. Some school and college papers have nothing in the shape of essays or literary work,—the *College Monthly* has about thirteen prose essays, five editorials, a poem, and three selections, all within the compass of nineteen pages;—approaching the other extreme, we think. Some of the local items are of an odd kind, and the “Art Column” starts oddly enough. At this distance we can hardly determine what relationship such items as “Red jersey,” “No gossiping, girls,” “What time is it, Miss

Lou!” can have to art. Perhaps the *Hamilton* editors will be kind enough to enlighten us.

—We are glad to see the *Catholic Sentinel*, of Portland, Oregon, again making its regular weekly visit, and, apparently, endowed with new vigor after its rest. Portland, and not only Portland but Oregon, sadly needed a Catholic paper to check the spread of such calumnies as those of the *Oregonian* against the Plenary Council and the Catholic Church. As Archbishop Ryan remarked, in his discourse at the Plenary Council, “a fundamental error of our day, and the source of many other errors, is a wrong popular conception of the natural office of the Church in the Christian system.” Sham-religious cranks of the Davidson, Fulton and Burchard stripe, having long sought to keep their people in error, are now fairly wild at seeing light breaking and the fog of prejudice dispersing.

—We promised lately to republish the criticisms of other college papers, to show what opinion outsiders entertain of the *SCHOLASTIC*, but however much we would like to do so we cannot reproduce the compliments of the *Monmouth College Courier*. These compliments are coupled with such coarse, ungentlemanly remarks, that we think once is just once too often to have the item in print. If our United Presbyterian friends at Monmouth cannot so far repress their splenetic bigotry as to speak with common courtesy of Catholic priests, they should at least sufficiently respect themselves to keep silence. The “high-sounding eulogy on Catholicism” was not written by a “bald-headed fossilic priest,” as the *Courier* alleges, but by a student. Such dyspeptic utterances as the foregoing—à la Carlyle—hurt only those who stoop to use them. “Ah me!” said the snarling Scotch dyspeptic, “forgive me my ferocities!” Well might the miserable old crank plead for forgiveness—and to none more especially than the wife whom he had made miserable, wretched—whose happiness he had blasted. Like Carlyle, the U. P. Exchange-editor of the *College Courier* no doubt feels thoroughly miserable himself, and cannot forbear attempting to make others feel equally God-forsaken. His condition is a pitiable one, and we do pity him. He may well exclaim with Carlyle, “Ah me! . . . forgive me my ferocities!”

—If asked which paper in the large pile of exchanges before us we consider the best—coming the nearest to our ideal of a model college paper—we think we could unhesitatingly answer, “*The University Cynic*, from the University of Vermont. Although not of the gilt-edged and morocco bound kind, it is very neat in appearance, which fact goes for little in comparison with the intrinsic merit of its literary work. The *Cynic* is one of the few leading college papers that has steered clear of the political maelstrom; but now, that the campaign is ended, and people are in possession of their heads again, it comments sensibly and strongly on the extraordinary and disgusting spectacle presented by press and people during the campaign—as usual a campaign of slander and calumny, disgraceful

to a civilized people. The *Cynic* closes its editorial as follows:

"In respect also of deliberate libel against personal character, which is of all things the most necessary for a man to preserve untarnished, the past three months have been notoriously conspicuous. . . . The inconsistencies of the campaign of 1884 must have placed a terrible strain upon the theory of the political optimist. Nevertheless, with him we have faith to believe that there is now and always will be sufficient good in the world to preponderate over the bad, and bring things eventually to a correct termination."

The Exchange-editor of the *Cynic* is, we fear, somewhat of a sensationalist. He starts his department this month with an account of his chum's fearful collision with the *Daily Sun*—not the large daily luminary in the heavens above, but the little daily that illuminates the precincts of Cornell University—in which the *Cynic's* editorial functionary got the worst of the "mash." We cannot understand how such an innocent-looking atom as the *Sun* could produce such a fearful result as that described by the *Cynic's* Exchange-editor. The latter individual must have had a heavy strain on his imagination when writing up the "mash."

#### Books and Periodicals.

—The *Ave Maria* for November is an exceptionally interesting and instructive part of this truly excellent magazine. The beautiful life-sketch, "A Troubled Heart, and How It was Comforted at Last," is continued with interest unabated, presenting in its captivating style the edifying and instructive history of a convert's life. Among other articles are "A Letter of St. Hilary of Poitiers"; "The Author of the Imitation of Christ"; "The Office of Vespers," by Mgr. Freppel; "The Litany of the Blessed Virgin," by Rt. Rev. C. P. Maes, etc. The usual timely and interesting "Catholic Notes" on religious subjects are also contained. The poetic contributions for the month are by Eleanor C. Donnelly; Harriet M. Skidmore; W. D. Kelly; E. P. Ryder; Anna T. Sadlier, and others.

—The *Century* for December has for its frontispiece a profile portrait of General Grant, engraved from a recently-found photograph taken in 1862. It accompanies the second of the papers on the Civil War, "The Capture of Fort Donelson," which is contributed by General Lew Wallace, who commanded the Third Division of Grant's army during the siege. A score of illustrations present views on the field, portraits of officers, maps, and (not the least interesting) an autograph copy, recently made by General Grant, of his famous "Unconditional Surrender" dispatch to General Buckner. The "Recollections of a Private" are continued, with descriptions of the early "Campaigning to no Purpose" along the Potomac, with illustrations. In both papers the drawings are nearly all from photographs. The fiction of the number embraces a story, "Braxtons' New Art," by William Henry Bishop, author of "The House

of a Merchant Prince"; and "The Price I Paid for a Set of Ruskin," by Grace Denio Litchfield. In addition are the closing parts of Cable's "Dr. Sevier," and of Boyesen's novelette, "A Problematic Character." "The Cœur d'Alène Stampede" is a graphic account by Eugene V. Smalley of the growth and decline of the recent mining craze.

—The opening paper in the *Catholic World* for December, on "The Present and the Future of the Negro in the United States," treats of what has become the great and difficult problem for the statesmen of our country, viz., how to dispose of an alien race—already a great factor in our social organism, and rapidly increasing—between whom and the whites a chasm exists which cannot be bridged over. To use the words of the writer of the article, "those ebony millions of strong muscles and warm hearts cannot remain at a stand still; . . . and, growing in numbers, they will grow in wealth. . . . Will their ideas be righteous, chaste and honest? . . . If their future career is downward, what a dreadful scourge they will become! . . . Who could stay the downward rush? She alone who changed the Hun, the Goth and the Vandal into the nations which to-day make up Europe—the Catholic Church." In his second paper, on "Scriptural Questions," Father Hewitt disposes of the objection from science in general against Revelation, and treats of the chronology of the Adamic species. The other articles are: "An Italian Pessimist"; "The Quartier Latin since the War"; "St. Mona's Lambs"; "An Apostle of Doubt"; "Leaves from English History—A. D. 1570-'76"; "Solitary Island," Chaps. IV, V; "Shakspeare and His Æsthetic Critics"; "Home-Life in Colorado"; "Katharine," Chaps. XVII, XX; "The Glenribbon Baby."

—John G. Whittier opens the Christmas *St. Nicholas* with a beautiful poem, entitled, "The Light that is Felt"; while Lord Tennyson is represented by a charming portrait of his two grandchildren, from the painting by Anna Lea Merritt, which accompanies her interesting paper, "A Talk About Painting." Another artist-author, Mary Hallock Foote, writes and illustrates a delightful sea-side article, called "Menhaden Sketches—Summer at Christmas-time." J. T. Trowbridge contributes a new serial, called "His One Fault," F. R. Stockton, in his second "Personally Conducted" paper, jumps from France to Genoa, with a graphic description of "The City of the Bended Knee." The second part of "Among the Lawmakers," Edmund Alton's recollections of his term as a page in the United States Senate, is at once amusing and instructive. Among the distinctively Christmas features are "Visiting Santa Claus," a poem, by Lucy Larcom; another Christmas poem by Grace F. Coolidge; the Very Little Folk's story, "Madie's Christmas," by Mary Mapes Dodge; a description by Rev. H. A. Adams of several noted Christmas feasts in Westminster Hall; and a clever little sketch, "What the Philosopher Said on Christmas-day," by Mrs. W. H.

Daniels. A prominent feature of this number of *St. Nicholas* is a beautiful wood-engraving of a painting by the Spanish painter Velasquez, which is considered one of the finest child-pictures of the world. It is a portrait of the Infanta Marguerita Maria, daughter of King Philip of Spain, who was Velasquez's patron and friend.

### Personal.

—Celestine Velurne, '72, is practising law at Indianola, Texas.

—Louis C. Vant Wood (Com'l), '73, is agent for the Canada Pacific R.R., at Boston, Mass.

—Ed. McGorrick, of '81, of Des Moines, Iowa, paid a short visit to his *Alma Mater* last week.

—Edward Gerlach (Com'l), '84, is assistant book-keeper for his father at Portsmouth, Ohio.

—Rev. T. O'Sullivan, of '58, is engaged in erecting a new church at Irondale, South Chicago, Ill.

—Rev. D. A. Clarke, '70, the talented editor of the *Catholic Columbian*, has been appointed Rector of Holy Family Church, Broad Street, Columbus, Ohio.

—Mr. John R. English, '75, of Columbus, Ohio, is passing a few days at Notre Dame, preparatory to making a journey to New York, where he will engage in business.

—Geo. Rhodius (Com'l), '81, passed a few days at the College last week. He was warmly greeted by many friends, all of whom were pleased to see him in good health and to learn of his success in life.

—C. L. Saylor (Com'l), of '77, is in business in Chicago. His brother, B. J. Saylor, of the same year, has his residence at Ft. Wayne, Ind., and acts as travelling agent for a Dayton (O.) business firm.

—Rev. Father Zahm was called home to Huntington, Ind., during the week by the news of the serious illness of his mother. We pray the Rev. gentleman will have reason to entertain hopes of his good parent's recovery.

—Very Rev. Father General Sorin writes that the closing session of the Council has been deferred until Monday, the Feast of the Immaculate Conception. He cannot, therefore, be again in our midst until some time next week.

—Mr. Thomas F. Hansard, of '75, and Miss Mary E. Burke were married at St. Columba's Church, Youngstown, Ohio, on the 12th ult., High Mass being celebrated by Rev. Father Murphy, a former schoolmate of the bride. Mr. H. C. Cassiday, also of '75, was groomsman, and Miss B. Ryan bridesmaid. Mr. Hansard has the congratulations and best wishes of his many friends at Notre Dame.

—For several weeks workmen have been busy decorating and refurnishing the interior of St. Malachy's Church, Chicago. Professor Gregori, Director of the Art Department of Notre Dame University, is now painting a series of pictures in

the sanctuary. He has already completed frescoes of the Annunciation, Nativity and Crucifixion.

—*Catholic Review*.

—An event which the friends of both parties have anticipated with great pleasure occurred yesterday morning in the marriage of Mr. Thomas A. Dillon to Miss Sadie A. Riley, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Riley. The ceremony was held at the Church of the Holy Family, Rev. Father Shaffel officiating. Solemn High Mass was celebrated at 8 o'clock, Lambillotti's Mass being rendered. As they stood at the altar the appearance of the bridal pair elicited subdued murmurs of admiration; and certainly it is seldom that so handsome a couple are seen together. . . . Mr. and Mrs. Thomas A. Dillon started for St. Louis and the East on the Wabash train, and will be absent two weeks. Next Monday evening they are to be given a reception in Chicago by Mr. and Mrs. Cavanagh, the latter of whom is a sister of the groom. On their return they will take up winter quarters at the Millard. Both are great favorites in this city.—*Omaha Herald*, Nov. 27th

Mr. Dillon was a student at Notre Dame during the years '67, '68, and '69. While distinguishing himself by his progress in studies, he at the same time, by his qualities of mind and heart, created for himself among his professors and fellow-students a marked popularity such as seems to have since characterized his career in life. His many friends here extend their congratulations and best wishes to himself and bride for a long and happy life.

### Local Items.

—Snow, snow, beaut—

—Julius wants to be a gladiator.

—Listen to the jangle of the rusty skates.

—Practice is making some of our athletes perfect.

—The question of a *sanctum sanctorum* for the Staff is being agitated.

—Lyd.'s favorite exercise is to (st)roll-er-skate. Especially the former.

—Signor Gregori has on his easel an unfinished portrait of Master Eugene Amoretti, of Landers, Wyoming Ter.

—The "princes" return thanks to Mrs. S. Doss for two canaries. Their clear, beautiful notes are enjoyed by the inmates of St. Edward's Hall.

—The members of the Junior branch of the Archconfraternity were the guests of the C. C.'s last Saturday evening. A pleasant time is reported.

—Mrs. James O'Kane, of Cincinnati, Ohio, has the thanks of the Sorins for the handsome cover which adorns the speaker's table in their Society room.

—The choir, under the direction of Prof. Paul, will render Schöpf's grand Cecilian Mass on Monday next,—the Festival of the Immaculate Conception.

—A committee has been appointed by the Thespian Association and instructed to choose an appropriate play for the 22d of February. They are to report next week.

—Thursday morning, the Boat Club held a meeting for the purpose of settling matters relative

to the "closing of navigation." The sequel may be found in another column.

—We regret to say that the magnificent bust of Bishop Rosecrans, generously donated by Major Gen. Rosecrans, arrived in a sadly mutilated state, injured beyond repair in its transportation.

—As the first, second and third days of the month determine the weather for the season, we may confidently expect a rather mixed-up-but on the whole, mild winter. So says our astrologer.

—A medal is to be given by the Athletic Club to the most popular member. This Association has adopted a badge, the design of which is a gold wreath encircling two Indian clubs, and suspended by chains from a dumb-bell.

—If there is one thing that will cause the poet's *sole* to "soar from earth to heaven and from thence to earth," it is the melodious lay of a tom-cat on the back fence. We know, for we lost a no. nine once when we threw at Sir Thomas, and it went through a stone wall.

—The St. Cecilians gave their first rehearsal last Wednesday night. From all present appearances, their play will be the most complete success ever witnessed at Notre Dame. The play is one that has not been given since the fire; it will be finely mounted in every respect—new costumes, new scenery, etc., but *old* actors.

—The 6th regular meeting of the Columbian Association took place November 29th. A debate on the "Evils of Intemperance and Pernicious Literature" occupied the time of the meeting. Principal speakers were: J. Wagoner, A. Willard, L. Austin, W. Rothert, and A. McMurray. This Association will appear in full force March 17th, in a literary and dramatic entertainment.

—The sixth regular meeting of the Sorin Literary and Dramatic Association (Minim department) was held on Tuesday, Dec. 2d. The debaters on the occasion were: Masters W. McPhee, J. Kelly, I. Bunker, T. McGuire, F. Weston, J. Grunsfeld, G. Henry, W. Henry, B. O'Kane and E. Kelly; W. McPhee especially distinguishing himself. Compositions were read by the following members: J. Peck, C. Mitchell, and F. Cobbs.

—On Sunday evening, November 30th, the Thespian Association held their 3d regular meeting. An election to fill the present vacant office of Treasurer occurred, and resulted in the choice of Samuel J. Murdock. Mr. F. Dexter succeeded Mr. Murdock in the office left vacant by his promotion. Miscellaneous questions were discussed, and the appointment of a committee to arrange upon a suitable play for the 22d of February was made by the President. The gentlemen on the committee are, Messrs. McKinnery, Steis, Murdock, Browne, and Ramsay.

—The 3d regular meeting of the Philodemic Association was called Wednesday evening, Dec. 4th, mainly for the purpose of reading the *Constitution* of the society, and the *amendments*. The Vice-President, H. A. Steis, filled the chair, and appointed a committee to form several new by-

laws. For a future meeting a debate was announced, the subject being "Resolved, that the Ancients Attained a Higher Degree of Civilization than the Moderns." Mr. T. Mathers was appointed leader on the affirmative, and F. H. Dexter, on the negative, with privilege of choosing their associates.

—The 7th and 8th regular meetings of the St. Stanislaus' Philopatrian Association took place Nov. 16th, and 24th, respectively. Masters Meehan, Vandercar, Baur, S. Cartier, Donnellan, P. Waggoner, and E. Amoretti were elected members. Master Tewksbury read a criticism on the previous meeting. An interesting debate on the "Seasons" took place; those that took part were: P. Mullane, G. Tarrant, M. Luther, M. O'Kane, M. Houlihan, D. Tewksbury, R. Morrison, F. Garrity, A. Hoyer, O. Haring, W. Morrison, L. Rose, W. Stange, and B. Morrison. Master A. Ackerman closed the meeting with a pretty song.

—The Law Class held its third regular Moot Court on the 29th inst., Judge Hoynes on the bench. The case was a civil suit for damages, and involved some very nice and delicate points of law. The attorneys for the plaintiff were Messrs. Conway and Burns; for the defendant appeared Messrs. Steis and Callaghan. Witnesses for the plaintiff were Messrs. Wilson and Conlon; those for the defendant were Messrs. Goulding and Ancheta. The case was ably conducted on both sides, and though the attorneys for the plaintiff labored under some disadvantage, nevertheless they succeeded in obtaining a verdict in their favor for the full amount of damages claimed. After the delivery of the verdict, the court adjourned until the December term.

—The Librarian is indebted to Rev. A. M. Kirsch, C. S. C., for the following Syrian manuscripts: "Extract of the 62d Syrian Codex" (The transcription from the original, preserved in the National Library of Paris, was made in the year 1858, by Mgr. Thomas Lamy, Professor of Scripture and Oriental Languages in the Catholic University of Louvain); "The text of an extract from the same 62d Syrian Codex edited by Prof. Lamy in his *Concilium Seleuciae*." Prof. Lamy says: "In looking for the texts of canons, I found the text of a council of 40 Persian bishops held at Seleucia, Thesiphon, on the banks of the Tigris, in 410. It is worthy of note that the canons of this council begin with the profession of faith in the Procession of the Holy Ghost from the Father and the Son—*Qui ex Patre et Filio est*. This testimony of 40 bishops separated by war from the oriental empire is remarkable and confirms the Roman doctrine."

—The 9th, 10th, and 11th regular meetings of the St. Cecilia Philomathean Association were held Nov. 17th, 24th, and Dec. 3d, respectively. The time of the first two meetings was taken up by a Moot Court. Those taking part are as follows: F. Hagenbarth, W. Daly, and C. Stubbs counsel for the defence. J. Monschein, M. B. Mulkern for plaintiff. E. Porter, clerk of the court; W. Cong-



don, reporter; S. Holman, sheriff; C. Cavaroc, foreman of the jury; W. Wabraushek, J. Garrity, H. Sedberry, L. Grever, J. Crawford, J. Dempsey, jurors; G. Myers, C. Mason, C. Regan, C. Harris, B. Morrison, witnesses. The case was a very exciting one. J. Monschein, W. Daly, and F. Hagenbarth made able speeches. After mature deliberation, the jury failed to agree, but stood six to one for the defence. The last meeting was taken up in a rehearsal of the play, which will be given some time before Christmas.

—THE CLOSING OF NAVIGATION.—On Thursday, Dec. 4th, this important event of the Boat Club Association was celebrated with appropriate and festive ceremonies. In the morning a meeting was called, and all the necessary business, including a solemn dirge sung by the members relative to the event, was transacted with formal and solemn rites. Commodore Guthrie reported that the boats were snugly stowed away in their winter quarters. The Treasurer's books were all closed, with the exception of the cash book, which may be found open at any time for the purpose of receiving, on *cr.* side, the autographs of delinquent members. (N. B.—The Treasurer will hold open house, New Year's.) After the business of the meeting had been accomplished, the Rev. President made an announcement to the effect that arrangements had been perfected for the regular annual banquet, which would be given in the afternoon. It was then resolved to send formal invitations to the members of the following bodies: the Faculty, the Hon. body of Graduates, the Thespian and Philodemic Associations, the Columbian Society, and the Band.

\* \* \*

At four o'clock, the guests repaired to the Senior dining-hall where, upon entering, was found a most sumptuous array of viands, such as delight the palate of the student, and can make glad his heart. Among the Faculty and invited guests were Rev. Fathers Walsh, Regan, Fitte, Kirsch, Stoffel, and Rev. Fathers Johannes and Fallize, of South Bend; Bros. Marcellinus, Leander, Anselm, and Augustine; Profs. Hoynes, Edwards, Gregori, and Mr. John English, '75, of Columbus, Ohio.

Too much praise cannot be given the entertainment and the efficient and successful manner in which it was arranged. That it was appreciated was testified by the vigorous and intensely thrilling manner in which the guests (shall I say it?) *attempted* (?) to do justice to the occasion. It needed not thecoxswain's melodious cry of "stroke!" to give these muscular seamen encouragement. Our orator was so filled with the spirit of the occasion (and turkey) that, several times, he was on the point of waxing forth in an address to "the epicurean fowl and his sad-eyed companion, the subtle bi-valve." The toasts were numerous and eloquently responded to. Rev. President Walsh began by making appropriate and congratulatory remarks upon the high standing of the Boat Club of '84, and the unanimity which prevailed among the crews. Father Fitte said he did not remember whether the "Blues" or the "Reds" won,

nor was it fit that he should do so, as the present occasion was one of common congratulation. He then surrendered the floor to Prof. Hoynes, who, in a most felicitous manner, spoke of the advantages which the exercise performed by the oarsman possessed, both for the benefit of body and of mind. With the accuracy of an oarsman, he described the sensations which the seamen of the University feel when bounding o'er the briny waters of St. Joseph Lake. (Landlubbers, how unfortunate!) In a few remarks Father Fallize humorously narrated his experience in receiving a pass for a contemplated boating tour up Salt River and, with all the guests, hoped to return in time for the Boat Club banquet of '85. In the name of the Boat Club of '84, Mr. T. McKinnery and John Guthrie, in neat and pointed speeches, expressed their satisfaction and sincere thanks for the kindness and interest of Rev. President Walsh and Rev. M. Regan, President of the Club.

As a fitting finale to the festivities, a *soirée musicale et dansante* was provided in the rooms of the Crescent Club, which was heartily enjoyed until the hour for retiring struck. Thanks for the music furnished on the occasion are tendered to Prof. Paul and Messrs. M. Sykes and A. Ancheta.

OWEGO.

### Roll of Honor.

#### SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

Messrs. Arce, Ancheta, Alvarez, Browne, Barbabosa, Bustillos, Felix Baca, Becerra, J. Baca, M. Burns, V. Burke, Breen, Callaghan, Conlon, Wm. Collins, Crawford, Casavantes, Creel, F. Combe, C. Combe, Crilly, De Groot, Donohue, Dexter, Dickerson, Ewing, Freyermuth, Goulding, Guthrie, Halligan, Howard, Hausberg, Johnston, King, Kolars, J. Lechuga, M. Lechuga, Livingston, McCabe, McMillian, McNulty, G. Miller, McErlaine, McCartney, McMurray, Marquez, Mathers, A. Miller, Noonan, O'Connell, Perley, C. Paschel, H. Paschel, P. Prudhomme, J. Padilla, Prudhomme, H. Porter, C. Porter, Piefer, Rothert, J. Ryan, Reach, Rice, Riley, Rivard, Ramsay, Rahilly, A. Smith, J. Smith, G. Smith, Sheridan, Steis, Sanchez, Spangler, Troy, Troxell, W. Williams, Wagoner, Willard, A. Williams, Warner, Zeitler.

#### JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

Masters Ackerman, Arnold, Arts, Amoretti, Adams, Borgschulze, Butterfield, Byerly, F. Benner, Baur, Berthel, Burns, Combe, Congdon, Cummings, G. Cartier, Cavaroc, Cleary, E. Dillon, O. Dillon, Dorenberg, Daly, Darrah, Dempsey, Donnellan, Dougherty, Ewing, Finckh, Fisher, Fehr, Flood, Frain, Finrock, Grunsfeld, L. Grever, Hoyer, Howard, Harring, Hieronimus, Hibbeler, Holman, Houlihan, Hagenbarth, Henry, J. Hasson, Johnson, Kelly, Kegel, Kenny, Luther, Mulkern, Müllane, W. Morrison, Monschein, Myers, Macke, J. McGordon, Meehan, Oxnard, O'Brien, O'Kane, Portillo, Prudhomme, Regan, Real, Rose, Ratighan, Rebori, Ruffing, Remish, Reynolds, Ruger, Rogers, Stubbs, Senn, Shields, Sokup, Soden, Stange, Schmauss, Shaw, Sedberry, Talbot, Vandercar, Wabraushek, W. Wagoner, P. Wagoner, Weiler.

#### MINIM DEPARTMENT.

Masters J. Addington, Ackerman, Berry, Bull, Crotty, Comins, Cobbs, F. Dunford, G. Dunford, J. Doss, L. Doss, Ernest, F. Falvey, E. Falvey, Grunsfeld, Henry, Haney, Hopkins, C. Inderrieden, R. Inderrieden, C. Jones, S. Jones, Landenwich, McPhee, Murphy, Morgan, McGill, J. Mitchell, Moncada, Mahon, Mason, McNulty, McGuire, Mooney, Nusbaum, Nester, F. Peck, J. Peck, Piero, Paul, Quill, Quinlin, Sweet, Scherrer, Stone, Shöneman, Williamson, Weston, Zozaya.

## Saint Mary's Academy.

*One Mile West of Notre Dame University.*

—The Roman mosaic cross was won by Grace Stadtler.

—At the regular Academic reunion, the readers were the Misses Munger and A. Donnelly.

—The readers at the regular reunion in the Junior and Minim departments were the Misses E. Preston, O. Boyer, F. Johnson, E. Burtis, and E. Blaine.

—In the semi-weekly German conversations, the Misses Horn, Fehr, Rheinbolt, Rose, Laur, Carmien, Dillon, Donnelly, Dwan, Blair, Cox, Maggie Smith, Blaine and Stadtler are worthy of commendation.

—St. Edward's Reading-room, and the young ladies in charge of the apartment, are under many obligations to Profs. J. A. Lyons and J. F. Edwards, of the University, for beautiful and most acceptable donations; also to Mrs. Ward, of Chicago, for kind and liberal remembrance.

—Thanksgiving Day—after the inevitable turkey dinner—was enjoyed very much, as the pupils were free to seek diversions to suit their respective tastes. On Wednesday evening the Junior recreation room was the scene of an impromptu dance, in which Seniors, Juniors and Minims engaged to their hearts' content.

—The beautiful stereoscopic views of Mexico, obtained by Father Zahm on his late visits to that interesting country, were presented by him in the study-hall, on Tuesday evening. Plantain fields, orange groves, banana plantations, palm trees, century plants, and the cactus in its multiform varieties blossomed and waved, and shed their fruit, or produced their beverages for the satisfaction of the beholders. White cascades danced from the height of dark, fierce mountain ranges into the calm valleys beneath, and the spectator was led along the acclivities of Popocatepetl, into the very crater. With Father Zahm, who described his descent into the yawning chasm, they even went in imagination down into the crater, thereby performing a feat seldom achieved on account of the rarity of the atmosphere. Gladly would we follow the panorama, and give clear pen and ink sketches of those massive cathedrals with altar-railings of solid silver, and with aisles and archways that vie with the most magnificent edifices of Europe, far surpassing many of those distinguished for their great beauty. The weird and haunting history of the Aborigines, the Aztecs with their inhuman rites, was brought to mind by the exhibition of the "Sacrificial-Stone." To the vision it is but a harmless block, apparently of granite, standing out in bold and admirable relief against the heavy shade of grand, luxuriant foliage. The representation is a fine specimen of the power of art to reproduce the works of nature; but how sickening the memories to which the picture gives rise. How the immense service of

Christianity to the human race looms up in supernatural beauty, when we recall the millions descended from those unhappy pagans who now enjoy the advantages of Christian civilization. The "Calendar Stone," was another very interesting picture—a memorial of the arts of the Aztecs. The magnificent statues of Our Lady of Guadalupe, another of Humboldt, the great naturalist, and the Equestrian statue of Henry II of Spain, are strong indications of the perfection which must characterize modern art in Mexico. Father Zahm remarked, in the course of his lecture when exhibiting views of the Indians and their beautiful churches, that the Europeans who settled Mexico did not kill the natives off, but set to work and civilized them. The views were superior to any that have been presented at St. Mary's, and closed very appropriately with a fine picture of "Our Lord Blessing Little Children." The pupils would gladly have remained another hour, but the inexorable nine-o'clock bell robbed them of the satisfaction.

### Father Faber as a Poet.

Father Faber is so widely known as the most charming of writers on religious subjects, and his reputation is so identified with these publications, that even persons who sing his hymns, and delight in his faultless translations of Latin Church anthems and offices sometimes forget to whom they should attribute the beautiful literary work.

To one whose customary labor for years covered sixteen hours per day, as a rule, we may not look for the nicely-poised rhythm in his longer poems that is to be found in Roger's "Pleasures of Memory," or in Campbell's "Pleasures of Hope," but there are points which give to most of them a higher value, since they embody a more noble object. Whoever has perused the prose works of Father Faber must admit that they are full of the most perfect poetry. The imagery, the language, the construction are musical beyond description; but above and beyond the charms of style there is the thought that far transcends all mere poetry; the ideal conceptions of grand truths which elevate the soul and enlarge the scope of mental vision. In his larger poetical works, the rhyme, the rhythm seems to hamper the lofty thought, but we can well understand the significance of the expression which the poet Wordsworth made use of when he first heard the news that Frederick William Faber was to study for the ministry: "The Church has won a saint," said he, "but the world has lost a poet." We may add that the development of years has proved that not only the saint but the poet was likewise won for the Church.

Our purpose, when we began to write, was to draw attention to "Prince Amadis," one of the longest poems,—perhaps the longest next to "Sir Lancelot"—published by Father Faber. It is a biography of an Italian prince who was so enamored of beauty, especially scientific and material beauty, that he became lost to everything else, even to natural affection:

"He cared for no sympathy, living in throngs  
Of his own sunny thoughts and his mute inward  
songs;  
He studied with joy the old mossy walls,  
And probed with his finger their cavernous halls  
Where the wren builds her nest, and the lady bird  
slumbers,  
While winter his short months of icy wind numbers.  
All things were holy and dear to his mind;  
All things—except the hot heart of his kind.  
The wrongs of the peasant, the woes of the peer,  
Ne'er wrung from the prince a true sigh or tear."

Living on in a rapture of delight, in the wonders of nature, at length appears to him

"The essence of beauty; the spirit of earth,  
The Kosmos, that lurked in the marvellous birth  
Of the outlying universe,"

and the Kosmos proposes the conditions upon which Amadis may enter into the exterior life of creation. He closes his speech with,

"If thou sheddest one tear, my gift is all vain,  
Magnificence cannot be meek in a creature,  
'Tis a stretch that would wear out and break up his  
nature,  
To be high,—high above all our kind we must dwell;  
He who longs to be grand, must be cruel as well."

Prince Amadis is soon borne on through illimitable ether, fathoming all the mysteries of sea, earth, and air, and stellar space, until at last

"He was sick of the luscious cup nature had brought  
him,  
And began to distrust the thin truths she had taught  
him.  
At last came the time when a soul full of beauty  
Should feel the one lovely thing wanting is duty."

At last

"—He had lighted below,  
Near the dwelling of man, where the plaining of woe  
On the warni, spicy wind arose touching and wild:  
'Twas a mother just closing the eyes of her child.  
First there came o'er his heart a most strange  
agitation,  
Then it flashed o'er his mind like a new revelation—  
No love without depth, and no depth without sorrow,  
For the tears of to-day are the joys of to-morrow."

The poetry of the biography is in its truth, for the happiness of the prince came with his sympathy for the sorrows of others, and the poem closes with the following couplet:

"And a kind-hearted soul, with a sad sort of bliss  
In his hoary old age, was the Prince Amadis."

Were there space for a full criticism, we could not forbear giving quotations which, in point of beauty, surpass what we have taken for the purpose of unfolding the character of the special poem we have chosen. We write to suggest rather than to perform the more pretentious work of criticism.

As a smooth, poetic composition "The Styrean Lake" is superior to "Prince Amadis"; but the familiarity with physical science, so artfully blended in the descriptions of the latter, renders it more desirable to the general reader, and in particular to the collegiate or academic student. The "Dream of King Cræsus" is full of classical allusions, and for that reason should interest the scholar.

Father Faber's mind was that of a true poet

because his heart was that of a true Christian. Sympathy, depth of affection, piety and the strong instinct of adoration are indispensable ingredients in the character of the true poet. Without these a man may be a rhymster, a coldly metrical writer; but he lacks the inspiration to make his productions worthy the title of poesy.

### Roll of Honor.

#### SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

*Par Excellence*—Misses M. Adderly, M. Bruhn, L. Blaine, N. Brady, M. Blair, L. Carney, Congdon, E. Call, C. Cox, S. Dunne, N. Danforth, E. Donnelly, A. Donnelly, M. Dillon, A. Dwan, B. English, D. Fitzpatrick, J. Foster, Filbeck, B. Gove, C. Griffith, A. Gordon, A. Gordon, M. Hale, A. Heckard, B. Heckard, L. Hutchinson, L. Hayes, N. Kearns, B. Kearney, C. Lang, J. McHale, T. McSorley, A. McSorley, E. O'Connell, H. Ramsey, D. Reynolds, M. Reinholdt, E. Rose, M. Schmidt, M. Shea, M. Scully, C. Scully, A. Schidler, E. Taylor, L. Walsh, A. White. *2d Tablet*—Misses F. Carmien, C. Fehr, C. Ginz, N. Keenan, L. Sheekey, S. St. Clair, L. St. Clair.

#### JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

*Par Excellence*—Misses O. Boyer, M. Barr, F. Hertzog, A. High, L. Norris, M. Paul, C. Prudhomme, E. Preston, C. Richmond, G. Regan, Margaret Smith, G. Stadler, B. Snowhook, N. Sheekey, G. Searls, L. Trask, L. Van Horn. *2d Tablet*—Misses N. Brown, M. Cox, M. Ducey, T. Haney M. Murphy.

#### MINIM DEPARTMENT.

*Par Excellence*—Misses E. Blaine, E. Burtis, E. Chapin, F. Johnson, L. Johns, V. Johns, M. Lindsey, D. Lee, B. Murray, F. Spencer, A. Schmauss, S. Van Fleet.

### Class Honors.

[The following-named young ladies are best in classes—according to competitions held during the month.]

Geology—Misses Ginz, Call, Dunne, Gove, Ramsey, Sheekey; Trigonometry—Misses Ginz, Munger; Geometry—Misses Danforth, A. Heckard, Carney, Kearney, Cummins, Keenan, Barlow, Helpling, M. Ducey, Williams, S. St. Clair; Algebra—Misses A. Heckard, Carney, B. Kearney, Barlow, M. Ducey, Danforth, Keenan, Horn, A. Murphy, Dillon, Kearsey, C. Griffith, Fuller, Wolvin, Congdon, Myler, Morrison, L. St. Clair, O'Connell, E. Sheekey, Shephard, C. Scully, C. Cox, McHale; Arithmetic—Misses O'Connell, A. Murphy, Horn, Wolvin, Fuller, Hale, C. Griffith, Shephard, McHale, Kearsey, Congdon, Morrison, C. Scully, Dillon, Myler; Botany—Misses Kearney, C. Griffith, Munger, Danforth, A. Heckard, Carney, Cummins, Barlow, S. St. Clair, M. Ducey, Helpling, L. St. Clair, L. Williams; Rhetoric—Misses Regan, Snowhook, Kearns, B. Heckard, Trask, T. McSorley, Richmond, High, Rose, B. English, Fehr, Schmidt, M. Cox, Eisenstadt, Brady, Fisk, Alice Gordon, Addie Gordon, Carmien, Taylor, M. Scully, Schidler, Reinholdt, L. Walsh, Schulze, Morse; Philosophy—Misses C. Griffith, B. Heckard, Fuller, Congdon, Regan, C. Cox, Kearns, Richmond, High, McHale, A. Donnelly, B. English, C. Scully, Shephard, L. Blaine, Snowhook, Fehr, Trask, Rose, L. Walsh, N. Donnelly; Modern History—Misses Kearney, Dillon, Adderly, Wolvin, Horn, E. O'Connell, Morrison, Sheekey, Keyes, A. Murphy; Ancient History—Misses Eisenstadt, Richmond, Kearns, Snowhook, L. Trask, Carmien, Fehr, Schmidt, Regan, Alice Gordon, Addie Gordon, Fisk; French History—Misses Barlow, A. Heckard, Carney, Munger, Danforth, M. Ducey, L. Williams, L. St. Clair, Helpling; English Literature—Misses Danforth, A. Heckard, Barlow, Cummins, Fitzpatrick, Munger, Carney, Helpling, M. Ducey, L. St. Clair, S. St. Clair; Latin—Misses Lang, Helpling, L. Blaine, Trask, C. Scully; German—Misses Rose, Kearney, Danforth, Taylor, Eisenstadt, Schulze, Henry.