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Disce quasi semper victurus; vive quasi cras moriturus.

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Looking Westward.

Throned Lord of destiny, a leader lost
From Gothic story, slept beneath the walls
Of mountains whitened by the torrent's falls.
Therein he read, whose step the cavern crossed,
Above the dreamer's brow a text engrossed:
"Beware! beware!" the mystic warning calls,
"Of idle entrance to enchanted halls;
Break not the silence, lest thou rue the cost!"
Washed with wild waters are the hills that hold
My future in their keeping; learn them well,
For in them fight the powers of heaven and hell.
And none can tell, through all their summits cold,
If the dark strength that lies reserved below
Will rise for me with welcome or with woe.

MARION MUIR.

Linguistics.

BY A. B. CONGAR.

Linguistics is, in every sense of the word, a modern science. It is only within the last few years that it has arisen to the position of eminence which it now occupies. Linguistics treat of the origin and relationship of language, of the formation and changes of languages, and of the laws and modes which govern its formation and changes; of the reasons why we speak, and why we speak as we do, and of the relation existing between language and thought. It aims to show, by tracing back and analyzing language, the habits, characters, and intellectual capabilities of prehistoric races, of whom scanty records remain.

This is a study as interesting, as fascinating as a romance, even to those conversant only with their mother-tongue. It is not, as some imagine, a science founded upon shrewd queries, but one whose reasoning and methods of deduction are as valid and enlightened as those of any other modern science. Geology claims to prove that the six days of the creation, mentioned in Genesis, were but symbols of as many long ages. If geology

can do this upon the testimony of the structure of the earth, its rocks, fossils and ancient landmarks, so also can linguistics determine the prehistoric condition of man upon the testimony of language, its present and ancient forms and landmarks.

Geology has a grand field of work spread out before it; but linguistics has one more grand, more important. Geology is to discover the prehistoric conditions of the earth, its formation and development; linguistics, the hidden past of the grandest of God's creations—man. This is a science with which all men of any pretensions to learning should be conversant. From its study are to be derived both pleasure and knowledge—an addition to conversational powers, a sense of responsibility in regard to the use of words in familiar discourse, an outline of the veiled portion of the history of man, and an acquaintance with which—if the prophecies of many distinguished linguists can be believed—will, before long, take its place in the foremost rank of the sciences of the age.

This study shows how insignificant the state of civilization to which man could attain without the aid of language. It discloses the close relation existing between language and all high intellectual development. Thought can exist without language, but only of a vulgar grade. Without language, man could never have become the wonderfully-endowed and enlightened being which the nineteenth century beholds him. Once dispossessed of this power of communication, the human race would fall from the lofty eminence to which thought and language have exalted it back into the abyss of ignorance, soon becoming so degraded as to think of nothing save those things necessary to the prolongation of its useless existence. When an intelligent man reflects upon these truths he cannot but be grateful to the all-wise Creator who endowed him with the power of speech. Neither should the enlightened nations of the nineteenth century forget the debt they owe to the myriad generations of the past, that have—each in its turn—aided in the perfection of those avenues of thought, now so beautiful and perfect that they might be mistaken for the languages of angels, instead of men.

How few of those who speak with ease and fluency the graceful languages of modern times ever reflect upon the fact that it required ages to bring language to its present advantageous form, or that generation upon generation were occupied in engrafting into it the knowledge which is now considered so simple and easy! One word, in every-day use, may convey in its meaning the knowledge which it required ages to develop.

The question of the origin of language has of late attracted much attention in linguistic circles. One thing alone is certain—that God endowed man with the *power* of speech. Further than this there is room for much debate. Did God place in the mouth of our first parents a ready-made language, or did He merely endow man with the *power* of speech, and leave him to form, develop and perfect a language? Of course this is a question that can never be answered positively, but reason seems to favor the latter supposition. God has always left man to his own free will, and never forces anything upon him. God endowed man with the power or capability of accomplishing many great works, but has allowed him to make use of those powers in his own time. Language itself testifies that it was originally very imperfect, and that it steadily improved as man advanced in civilization and knowledge. Such is the decision of the greatest linguistics of the age, and such will probably continue to be the accepted theory.

The first in importance, both historically and politically, of the great families into which linguistics divide the human race, is the Indo-European. With nations belonging to this family are peopled the greater portion of Europe, America and Australia; the countries of Persia, India in Asia, besides many scattered colonies founded by the nations of this family.

To this family belong the thinking, acting and advancing nations of the world. To the great men and nations of this family the world owes all the knowledge developed, all the sciences perfected, all the discoveries made and difficulties overcome since the time of Christ. Take from the history of the world since the Christian era the history of this family, and there is left—a blank. From ancient history abstract all trace of the Greek, Latin, Iranian and Indian branches of this family, and from modern history blot out all that has been achieved by the Latin, Teutonic, Celtic and Slavonic branches, and there would remain nothing worthy of the name of history. This family has been the great civilizer and ruler of the world, and bids fair to remain so.

When this family first appeared upon the world's stage, in the great drama of the human race, man was a rude barbarian, uncouth, uncultured, idolatrous; after twenty centuries of Indo-European rule, he is the civilized, educated and enlightened man of the nineteenth century. This family of nations has swept from Europe the cloud of idolatry, wrested from their lofty pedestals the pagan idols, dispelled the night of ignorance, and cleared away the rubbish which before obscured the rays of the sun of reason.

To the Indo-European family the world owes more than to all the other races of the earth combined. It would almost seem that God had chosen this family as the instructor of mankind, for nations of this family have always been the believers and advancers of Christianity.

The Indo-European family is divided into seven principal branches—the Indian, the Iranian, the Greek, the Latin, the Germanic, the Slavonic, and the Celtic. Each of these branches includes several nations, speaking different languages. The Latin includes the classic Latin and the modern Italian, French, and Spanish. The Greek comprised the classic Greek as well as the modern Greek and Romaic. The Teutonic includes the Gothic of days past and the modern German dialects, as also the English. The Indian family consists of the old Sanskrit and the modern tongues of India. The Celtic embraces all the Gaelic tongues, living and dead. The Iranian family is composed of the Persian languages and dialects. The Slavonic is made up principally of the old or church Slavonic, the Russian, and the Polish.

The first in polish and beauty in this group is the language of the nation which so long ruled the intellectual world—the language of Athens, the ancient centre of refinement and learning; the language of ancient Greece, the great nursery of poetry, and the birthplace of what seemed to the nations of that age of tyrants as imaginary as poetry—liberty.

"The land where Truth, pure, precious and sublime,
 Woos the deep silence of sequestered bowers,
 And warriors, matchless since the first of time,
 Rear their bright banners o'er unconquered towers!

"The tuneful nine (so sacred legends tell)
 First waked their heavenly lyre these scenes among;
 Still in your greenwood bowers they love to dwell;
 Still in your vales to swell the choral song!"

In the language of the Greeks, Homer wrote the most beautiful of epics. In this language a Demosthenes thundered forth those eloquent exhortations to "March against Philip, to conquer or die!" In the melodious accents of this language Alexander addressed the little army which conquered the world. Once the greatest and noblest of the nations of the earth, now their name figures but little on the record of the world's events. But when their glory faded and died, they left a glorious legacy to posterity. They left the most perfect and beautiful of all languages, adorned with the writings of some of the greatest men the world ever produced. They have left as standing monuments of their greatness the Acropolis at Athens, the Acrocorinthus at Corinth, the temple of Jupiter Panhellenius in Ægina, and many other grand edifices—or rather their ruins,—all of them inimitable triumphs of architecture which are still feebly copied, but whose beauty and excellence are never approached. To their wise men the world owes the feeble beginnings of philosophy, the advancement of mathematics, the perfection of poetry, the cultivation of history, the love of liberty. To them liberty owes the glorious example given in the battles of Thermopylæ, Marathon, and Salamis.

The language of the Romans differs from that of the Greeks in nearly the same manner in which their natural characters differed. The Greeks were the rulers of the intellectual world; they were the most refined, polished, educated and liberty-loving people of their time. The Romans were the rulers of the physical world; they were the warlike, aggressive, conquering nation. "To be a Roman was greater than a king," and the name was a password and a protection to those possessing a right to invoke it,—a right for which large sums were sometimes paid by persons not Romans by birth. All the known world was beneath their sway; their word was law; their armies invincible; their generals and statesmen the greatest the ancient world ever beheld. In intellectual acquirements, in polish and refinement, they were the inferiors of the Greeks. They have left to posterity a literature too perfect to admit of their being accused of a disregard of intellectual and literary acquirements, but their own writers acknowledge their inferiority to the Greeks in this respect. The languages of these nations have ever been the study of men of learning, and it is to be hoped that they will continue to be.

Old Time has long since swept the noble generations of Greece and Rome from the earth, but their influence is still at work; as it is with nations, so it is with the individual man. Death may banish him from the earth, generations to come may pass away, the memory of his name and family be blotted out, but his influence still lives on. Shall this influence be for good or bad? It is a question which every man can decide for himself. As a mountain appears more huge and imposing when seen towering up through the fog upon a hazy morning, so these wonderful old nations appear more grand and impressive when viewed through the obscure medium of history. Their glory and greatness have passed away, but the memory of their great achievements in both the physical and intellectual world is still fresh in the minds of men, and will, no doubt, ever remain so unless some great and unforeseen revolution should sweep away all traces of the past. That such a revolution may come, is not beyond the range of possibility. Many have been the revolutions which shook society to its base, and inundated the world with blood; but never since the creation has so powerful and insinuating an enemy struck at the heart of society as is Communism. To-day this dread destroyer appears like a gigantic cloud, darkening every door, threatening all the nations of Christendom, and endangering the very foundations of all social order.

First among the Indian languages, and oldest and most venerable among those of the entire Indo-European family, is the ancient Sanskrit. When the Latin and Greek were spoken and flourishing languages, the generations which spoke the Sanskrit had long since passed away. Twenty-five centuries at least have come and gone since this language was a living tongue. As far back as its history can be traced, it was a dead language, used only by the learned men in their writings,

and for the purposes of religion. The antiquity of the Greek and Latin appears insignificant when compared with that of this language of the twilight ages. It is not, however, as some suppose, the fountain-head from which all the Indo-European tongues sprang, but merely their elder sister.

The Sanskrit is divided into two portions—the classical Sanskrit, and the language of the Vedas or Hindoo Bible. The language of the Vedas is of greater antiquity than the classical Sanskrit. The latter is the richer of the two in literature, as it possesses many curious works on philosophy, some very good epics and dramas, as well as other works of value. The Sanskrit is of great value both to the linguist and the historian; otherwise it is of little worth. It is a vast and ancient monument, which carries the mind back to the hidden ages of antiquity, just raising the curtain of that veiled past enough to awaken the curiosity, and then dropping it, leaving the world as much mystified as ever. It is well known that the modern Indian races are corrupt and degraded. Of those who spoke the Sanskrit, little is known but their language; and the writings with which it is adorned, as well as the existing remains of their architectural artistic skill, bear testimony that they were as highly civilized as the other nations of that period. Leaving this aged memorial of the past to outlive as many generations more as it has already seen fade from the earth, the Persian and Slavonic branches next attract the attention.

The Persian languages can lay no great claim to literary worth. They possess a few curious works upon religion, but the Persian nation deserves rather to be remembered for its triumphs in the physical than in the intellectual world.

The Slavonic portion of the Indo-European family has a literature, almost entirely modern, of some worth. The Russian language is fast becoming a cultivated and literary language; and the nation speaking it, unless it receives a great check, threatens to rule Europe. The statesmen of Europe are beginning to realize the truth of Napoleon's prophecy, that Russia at Constantinople is mistress of the world. The Polish language fell with Polish independence, and, with the latter, may never rise again.

The Celtic languages are still spoken in some parts of England, Scotland and Ireland, but are practically, however, dead languages. The Irish Gaelic has always been, in literary worth, the leading language of this branch. During the fifth, sixth, and seventh centuries, when nearly the whole of Europe was enveloped in darkness and ignorance, Ireland alone stands out as the retreat of learning. When perusing the history of those ages, the monotony of general ignorance is relieved only by occasional glimpses of learning from Ireland. Indeed, the history of that period may be likened to a stormy night, when the awful and oppressive darkness of the scene is at times relieved by the splendor with which it is clothed when, for an instant, the moon appears from behind the clouds only to be again obscured by the darkness by which it is encompassed. As the beauty and splendor of

the moon is enhanced by the darkness of the surrounding clouds, so does the ancient glory of Ireland appear more grand when contrasted with the surrounding degradation and ignorance of that age. The language of Ireland is acknowledged by all to possess great beauty, and seems to have a peculiar fascination for persons of linguistic tastes, as evidenced by the ardor with which it is studied by the scholars of Germany. The beauty of its literature, the richness of its vocabulary, and the regularity of its grammatical forms seem to attract persons of intellect and refinement, who only require to become slightly acquainted with it to continue its study.

The French, Spanish and Italian languages are the offspring of the classic Latin, and are intimately connected with it. They all possess great literary merit—the French, however, taking the lead at present.

The next family which by the beauty of its languages and its literary value demands attention is the Germanic. The principal languages belonging to this group are the high and low German and the English. The German language has but lately become an eminently literary language, but has in a short time accomplished much. One quality peculiar to itself is, that it rigidly excludes all foreign words and terms, depending entirely upon its own resources for all necessary introductions and additions to its vocabulary.

For three centuries the English language has been the greatest literary language of the world, and for about the same length of time have an English-speaking people been the sovereign people of the world. Nations, like men, live and flourish but a day; but it should be the ambition of every American to make his language universal. England bequeaths to America the finest literature the world ever produced—the stirring memory of the triumphs of men speaking that language, and the sturdy ambition to obtain the victory. Every American should look to this, and not only consider every action as tending toward the physical and moral triumph of his nation, but remember also that every noble thought adds to its intellectual ability, and that every word he utters tends to polish and refine or to corrupt and degrade his mother-tongue. Nations, like men, cannot live always; but they can, like men, make their memory glorious. Let our country ride on and win; let every American strive onward, stopping for no obstacle, each man aiding to make his country, like Rome of old, the ruler of the world.

KIND words are the music of the world. They have a power which seems to be beyond natural causes, as if they were some angel's song which had lost its way and come on earth, and sang on undyingly, smiting the hearts of men with sweetest wounds, and putting for the while an angelic nature in us. Hard words, on the other hand, are like hailstones in summer, beating down and destroying what they would nourish were they melted into drops.—*Ex.*

The Tenant of Gable End.

MAURICE F. EGAN, IN *The Ave Maria*.

In that delightful region to which justice has yet to be done (although John Burroughs, in one of his unique studies from nature, has tried to do it)—the vicinity of Washington—is Gable End.

Fancy a plain, large, double cottage. Rock Creek, where the yellow jasmine blooms first, and the second bloom of the honeysuckle lingers last, is within sight of this homelike house. Beyond stretches Washington the city, with the noble dome of the Capitol hung above; and on a half-sunny, half-cloudy day you can easily imagine that gigantic angels, with huge white wings and glittering crowns, are holding it in mid-air. No wonder that the tenant of Gable End loves the western sky; for there is no western sky on earth like the western sky of the southwest of her house. You find the glory of it in her books. Its gold and purple, its fiery vermillion and soft azure have passed into her works. The clouds have messages for her; "the Heavens and the earth are full of His glory" and of His Mother's glory. The angels are always with her, and with them she sings "*Sanctus*" all her days. Read any of the stories she has written for *The Ave Maria*—to my mind the best of her works—and there, as an undercurrent, you will find this close undercurrent of praise, born of God's grace and the contemplation of the supernatural in nature. I refer you to "Beth's Promise," "Warp and Woof," and "The Old House."

Fancy—but I am afraid my fancy and enthusiasm have run away with me,—fancy a little garden which in the spring yields the earliest violet, and almost into the spring again a late chrysanthemum, or, perhaps, a rose. These flowers are loved by the tenant of Gable End for themselves, but more for the sake of that Immaculate Mother to whom Mrs. Dorsey has dedicated her pen and her life.

In the southwest corner of the house is a room—fancy the sunset sky!—in which Mrs. Dorsey lives, and sometimes lies imprisoned by the "grim jailer Pain." It has been made as pleasant as loving hands could make it. A flower-strewn rug covers the floor. It is draped with bright stuff in dim reflection of the sunsets. When the glow of the sun fades from the room, the glow of the wood-fire in the grate takes up the theme of the symphony of this high, pure life, which is as cheerful and rich as the sunset. Fading and brightening, in the glow above the fireplace is the face of the Immaculate Conception; the clouds at her feet are often tinged with the glow of the sun, which never seems to leave Mrs. Dorsey's heart or her room. There are portraits of the writer's ancestors, scions of the noble houses of Vasa and De Rastrick; a crucifix indulgenced for Good Friday; other religious objects, and books—books—books.

I know that there are thousands of the readers of *The Ave Maria* who would like to know more about their favorite writer—who would like me to photograph her, if I could, and then to see the

background of her picture. I will do my best. Mrs. Dorsey and her daughters have made up for their lack of wealth by an abundance of taste. The "living room," as it is called, holds a hundred evidences of refined thought. It is the home of music and cheerfulness. I may compare this home to another home, also delightful in its taste and cheerfulness, that of another writer—Miss Eleanor C. Donnelly. There, too, music, art, content, and the seeking after the Kingdom of God make life joyful.

At Gable End, in this "living room," is the *Ecce Homo*, painted by Mrs. Dorsey, after Guido's famous picture. Another painting is that of her favorite, dead grandchild, presented to her by her friend, the artist Healy. There is a portrait of the mistress of Gable End, loved of her children, and before which they are never tired of burning (metaphorical) incense. An Italian statue of the Blessed Virgin—who is honored in every room of the house—ornaments the room. In winter the walls, covered with choice engravings and well-chosen "bits" of canvas, are warmed by draperies of cardinal and yellow—more sunset colors; but in summer the veranda, with its clustering clematis and honeysuckle, is the gathering place of Mrs. Dorsey's friends and admirers. Here she holds her *salon champêtre*.

Fancy, then, a figure of medium height, with white hair, and dark lashes, under which the eyes, young and brilliant, dark and expressive, seem to contradict the record of time in her snowy hair. Her face is of that fine type which our grandfathers called "aristocratic," but which we call "distinguished." Her manner is full of repose and sweetness. "To be near her," writes an enthusiastic young friend, "is to feel at rest. I think she is almost as fond of pictures as you are of your Salvator Rosa etchings, although she does not brag so much about them; but I think she loves her sunsets and her roses best; for when that terrible heart-trouble—traces of which you notice in the sweet patience of her face—does not rend her delicate frame, she loves to cherish her flowers as if they were children. I see her now, with her two charming daughters and a group of young friends, on the veranda, on the day when she told us again the lesson of her 'Coaina'—a lesson against envy and evil-speaking."

Gable End is not a house of ease, but of sacrifice. One of Mrs. Dorsey's daughters—Mrs. Dorsey has had five children—is a chronic invalid. A third daughter, unmarried, and entirely devoted to her mother and sister, lives at home. Another daughter lives in Georgetown, D. C., having a promising family, the members of which shared with the author in the blessing which His Holiness Pope Leo XIII recently sent her. One of her children fell in the Federal ranks at Fort Hall; another died young.

If there is any *sangre azul* in America it flows in Mrs. Dorsey's veins. Her family—the Hansons, the Lungans, the Lees, and the McKenneys—are famous in the records of Maryland and Virginia. But for us, Mrs. Dorsey lives in her works,

not in the lives of others, whose glory is more ephemeral than her own.

I remember long ago—since Mrs. Dorsey has been a widow these thirty-three years, I may say "long ago"—reading, in what was then an old magazine, the beginning of "The Student of Blenheim Forest." At that time (at least twenty years ago) boys and girls had few Catholic story-books to read. It is different now, but I doubt if they read as much; and the finding of this one Catholic story was a revelation. I had read "Geraldine: A Tale of Conscience," not with the same pleasure as "The Scottish Chiefs," however; I had devoured an early one of Lady Georgiana Fullerton's; and here was another story of Catholics. It was a delight which I shall never forget. Afterwards I had "Nora Brady's Vow," and "Mona the Vestal"; and I read and re-read them, because hitherto all the literature I had seen was somewhat out of my sympathy because a Catholic thought never entered it, unless dimly and obscurely. If Mrs. Dorsey is aware that her books have given this same pleasure—more than pleasure—to others, she has a great reward, which even the gnawing cares of straitened daily life can not take away.

In 1837 Mrs. Dorsey became the wife of a son of the well-known Judge Dorsey, of Elk Ridge, in Maryland. Several years after this happy marriage, reverses of fortune came, and she turned to her pen for help. Mrs. Dorsey and her husband were converts to the Church; and even while struggling for a livelihood she never sold that pen, but kept it pure and God's and her own. Mrs. Dorsey's talent has been recognized in all parts of the world—in France, England, Austria. In Scotland, her "Sister of Charity" was the first Catholic book published after the "Reformation."

Mrs. Dorsey's Irish stories deserve to be gathered together in a separate "set." They are full of that sympathetic insight into the Celtic nature that comes of a union of faith and genius. In matters of detail, the Irish critic of these stories will find slight reason for cavil; but he will easily overlook it in the flood of sweetness and tenderness which sweeps trifling oversights in these stories out of remembrance.

Among my favorites is, first, "Coaina." It is an idyl; it deserves to be a classic. It is perfect in its way—as perfect as Boyesen's "Gunnar" or De la Motte-Fouqué's "Undine." It is a work of art, with a higher purpose than either of the masterpieces I have mentioned. Mrs. Dorsey's fearless and truthful preface to that book is one of the most lancet-like utterances made to us Catholics from the pulpit or the press. Those words of hers about the prevalence of uncharitableness in words among us ought to cut deep. There is every reason why they should; and every reason why they should be repeated.

Mrs. Dorsey has for over twenty years been writing in these pages. I think *The Ave Maria* has had the best of her work, although there are those who will disagree with me. Her work for it has been more even, because, perhaps, she was

sure of appreciation, and that is the greatest incentive to an author. "The Flemmings" is a very popular book; and "May Brooke," which is, I think, out of print, ought to be a popular one. In addition to "The Old House at Glenaran," lately finished, and "Warp and Woof," "Ada's Trust," "Beth's Promise," "Woodreve Manor," Mrs. Dorsey has written "Guy the Leper," "Oriental Pearl," "Tears on the Diadem," "May Brooke," "The Student of Blenheim Forest," "The Flemmings," "Nora Brady's Vow," "The Sibyls," "Zoe's Daughter," "Coaina, the Rose of the Algonquins"—read that!—"The Old Gray Rosary," "Adrift," "The Irish Improvisatrice," "The Heiress of Craigmona," "Fair Play's a Jewel," "Ellen Ahern," "The Lost Heir," "The Young Countess," "A Brave Girl," and at best a dozen others, the names of which her admirers will recall.

Now, just consider the value of this one woman's work in directing and upraising young minds and consoling older hearts through parables—the means our Lord used. Consider the temptations that the necessities of life must have kept near—temptations to sell her pen to the service of mere frivolity, sensationalism, if not worse.

Literature in this country can make life pleasant to its professor, if he accept the guerdon the world holds out to him. Some may make compromise, and move their pens on a line between God and the world. They cannot serve two masters. The old days, when authors starved in garrets, and produced immortal works in ragged clothes, have passed away, if they ever existed. It turns out that the bewept Goldsmith starved during the last ten years of his life on \$4,000 a year—a sum worth much more in his time than now. And at the Papyrus Club in Boston, or the Authors' Club in New York, the writers who congregate there are not without a fair share of this world's goods. But worldly reward is at present denied to the writer for Catholics. The non-Catholic world will receive him with plaudits and more solid tokens of appreciation; but his own people—their enemies say through ignorance—have no praise for him. But it is not ignorance that keeps back sympathy and the reward of her labors from Mrs. Dorsey: it is apathy.

In a late number of the *Freeman's Journal* there occurred the following passage, quoted from, I think, George Cary Eggleston. I italicize, because it has application to the case of Mrs. Dorsey, to the case of others I could mention, particularly of one—a scholar, a devoted and indefatigable delver after the most deeply-buried particulars of Catholic American history, Dr. John Gilmary Shea:

"There is another way of encouraging literature, which never so much as dimly occurs to our men of wealth. Wordsworth was made independent and kept alive for years by the bequest of a young admirer—Raisley Calvert, who, dying early, left him a small competence. Without that, it is doubtful whether the poet could have endured through the long period of neglect which he had to undergo before his work could be done or be taken at its true value. The name of Calvert now will last as long as the story of Wordsworth's

life. . . . But no one now thinks of endowing an author or establishing prizes. We know of but one instance in which a small legacy was left to an author because he was an author; but we have heard of a man made suddenly rich, who, in the desperate hope of doing something for intellectual progress, undertook the expenses of a new superfluous translation of the Bible. The encouragement of literature, which we have suggested, offers a field in which benefactors may build themselves monuments of enduring fame."

So far as I know, the only *tangible* honor conferred on Dr. Shea has been the Lætare Medal of Notre Dame. All honor to her for the foundation of that medal! It is like a divine light breaking through a great, stupid labyrinth of bricks and mortar in a country where the setting up of buildings and the bulling of stocks, the getting of money and the forgetfulness of all beyond the material, will make it a waste. No country, no phase of life has ever existed long without art and a literature. The Catholic Church has had, in all countries but this, its art and its literature. But perhaps the sunset which Mrs. Dorsey so loves will to-morrow be preceded by a sunrise. If our instructors of youth do their duty, there *will* be a sunrise. *In spem!*

Mrs. Dorsey is less known now as a poet than prose writer; but those who possess her collection of verses, "Flowers of Love and Memory" (printed by John Murphy, Baltimore, in 1849), prize it highly. "I would not Live Alway," which appeared in the *Metropolitan Magazine*, had a great success. The poems in the book are characterized by high devotion, vivid fancy and imagination, and an ease of versification recalling Mrs. Hemans. "O'Connell's Heart" is one of the sweetest and most feeling poems of the collection.

"Bear it on tenderly,

Slowly and mournfully,

Where sleep the Apostles, where martyred saints rest:
Lay it tenderly down near the shrines of the blest;
For the spirit that lit up its casket of clay
Hath gone with the lustre of faith round its way."

Full of dignity and pathos is the poem on the death of Gregory XVI, beginning:

"Morn on the hills of Rome; light on her graves."

A knowledge of Mrs. Dorsey's poems will surprise even her ardent admirers into fresh admiration for her exquisite taste and wonderful versatility.

And now I will let my young correspondent end this article for me.

"If you ask me what is the characteristic of this brave writer's life, the *pivot* of her life, I will answer devotion to Our Blessed Lady. Father H—— (God bless him!) said you would write about her. *Un poët d'un poët!* Well, don't forget to say that the Mother of God is honored in each room of her house in some delicate way and tasteful way. Our noble old lady is not afraid to 'show her colors.' I think that if the consolation of the presence of Our Lady of Victory at Gable End were removed, she could not find strength to live and to work for others. She complains—no, she suggests regretfully—that her publishers might be fairer to her. But over and over again I have heard her thank God for the kindness and constant encouragement of Notre Dame."

Art, Music and Literature.

—Verdi now shuns hearing music sung or played, whether his own or another's. He never touches the piano, but frequently hums to himself simple old Italian songs.

—A crucifixion attributed to Raphael, once in the church of San Domenico, at San Gemignano, has been discovered in the Musée Galitzin, at Moscow. It is composed of three figures only.

—The diary of Marquis de Luchesi, who was one of the intimate friends of Frederick the Great, and who wrote down the table-talk of the Prussian court, during the last years of the king's life, will shortly be published in Germany. The world will owe this publication to the efforts of the crown princess, who has persuaded the emperor to bring out the MS. from the obscurity of the royal archives.

—In the second volume (completing the work) of Mr. Barry O'Brien's book—"Fifty Years of Concessions to Ireland"—which is now being published, the narrative is carried down to 1881, and includes a history of the Land League agitation and a sketch of the Parnellite party. It also contains a history of the relation of landlord and tenant from the treaty of Limerick to the passing of the land-law act.

—Several Celtic tumuli in the district of Geinberg, in Upper Austria, which have been opened during the last two years, were found to contain valuable relics of prehistoric times; and a similar tumulus was discovered a few days ago near Matighofen, in the same neighborhood, which was found to contain a diadem of pure gold, richly carved in the well-known style of old Celtic art.—*Home Journal*.

—The contents of the State Library at Monaco are being catalogued by a well-known French *savant*, who has discovered there a mass of correspondence of immense historical value. There are many documents of the greatest interest, as well as some 20,000 letters, including many written by successive kings of France, and by Richelieu, Mazarin, Catherine de Medicis, Louvois, Colbert, and Montaigne.

—A Berlin newspaper publishes a private letter of Anton Rubinstein, giving some curious particulars as to his new work "Moses," on the composition of which he is at present engaged. He writes:

"My 'Moses' is the least practical work that a composer can undertake; but I have given all my strength to it, and shall not rest till it is finished. The work, the performance of which will last four hours, is too theatrical for the concert-room, and too much like an oratorio for the theatre: it is, in fact, the perfect type of the 'sacred opera' that I have dreamed of for years. What will come of it I do not know, and I do not think the work can be performed entire. As it contains eight distinct parts, one or two may, from time to time, be given, either in a concert or on the stage. I am half through the work, which I hope to have finished by the end of September. I am speaking of the sketch; for completing the score I shall require a whole summer, so that the work will not in any case be ready to appear before September 1886."

College Gossip.

—A student of Loyola College, Baltimore, presented to President Cleveland a copy of his inaugural address translated into Latin, and inscribed upon parchment.

—Charles Camp, a wealthy farmer near Macon, Ill., donated to the Illinois Wesleyan University, of Bloomington, a farm of 360 acres. The farm is estimated to be worth \$27,000.

—Since the death of her brother, D. F. Call, Miss Leona Call has filled the professorship of Greek in the Iowa State University so acceptably and efficiently that probably she will be called to the chair and regularly installed as professor.

—A girl at Harvard, Miss Brown, of the Annex, led the entire college in all its departments. She passed the examinations to enter on an equal footing with her brothers, took instructions from the same professors, though at separate recitations, and headed them all in rank. She could not take a diploma, but she received a certificate of testimony of what she had done.

—The College of St. Francis Xavier, New York city, has been endowed with one hundred thousand dollars by John F. O'Connor, S. J., a graduate of the class of '72. The college authorities intend devoting the endowment to the removal of the old church on Sixteenth street, and to the building of a new wing to the college on Sixteenth street, which will be in harmony with the other buildings and the church. Work will be commenced at once, and the improvements will be completed in about a year. Mr. O'Connor is the son of the late David O'Connor, of Seventeenth street, who was for many years one of the pillars of the parish of St. Francis Xavier, and he gives to his *Alma Mater* the share of the estate of his father that came to him at the recent division of the property.

—Evidently the life philosophic tends to longevity. There are at present at the various German universities no fewer than one hundred and fifty-seven professors between the ages of seventy and ninety. Of these, one hundred and twenty-two deliver their lectures as usual, seven of them being more than eighty-five years of age. The oldest is the veteran Von Ranke, the historian, who is now in his ninetieth year, but is not considered fully equal in vigor, memory, and other faculties to Professor Elvenich, who is thirty-nine days his junior. After all, it is not remarkable that a professor should live to a good old age. He has a secured income and congenial pursuits. He ought to be devoid of the unworthy passions that shorten existence, and to lead a life as placid as that of the gods of Epicurus. But Germany, in spite of the figures we have quoted, cannot show a professor equal to M. Chevreuil, of Paris, who still lectures, still writes, still conducts experiments in chemistry, still walks every day from his house to his laboratory, and will, if he lives, be one hundred years of age in the August of next year.—*London Register*.

NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.

Notre Dame, September 19, 1885.

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 NINETEENTH year of its existence, and presents itself anew as a candidate for the favor and support of the many old friends that have heretofore lent it a helping hand.

THE NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC Contains:

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

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

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

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

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

OLD STUDENTS SHOULD TAKE IT.

Terms, \$1.50 per Annum. Postpaid.

Address EDITOR NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC,
Notre Dame, Indiana.

—In view of the many letters of inquiry received, we deem it proper to state that we have followed the custom of our predecessors in deferring the issue of the second number of the new volume of the SCHOLASTIC to the week following that which marks the opening of the collegiate year. As a general thing, the first week permits of but little editorial work, the regulation and disposition of studies occupying the attention of the Staff. We hope our friends will be satisfied with this brief explanation, and be assured that the editors will spare no effort to make the SCHOLASTIC for '85-'86 more than ever deserving of the patronage of its readers.

—Notre Dame has entered upon another collegiate year of existence under the brightest and most favorable auspices. The number of students in attendance fully satisfies the most sanguine expectations of the authorities and friends of the University. Most of the sub-graduates have returned to complete their various courses, while at the same time many new students have come to take the places of those who left their *Alma Mater* to enter on the battle of life. Thus our ranks are filled, and even increased; and we are ready to go forward, and, after our two months' respite, resume once more the work of preparation for the great mission of life.

—The erection of the gas-works, spoken of in the last number of the SCHOLASTIC, has been indefinitely postponed, owing to the failure of the Ft. Wayne contractors to meet their engagements. However, this has not only caused no disappoint-

ment, but it has even been a source of pleasure to the authorities, as it will also be to the students, inasmuch as it enables them to adopt another and better plan to improve the lighting facilities of the University. It is intended now to introduce the incandescent electric light in the main halls and principal rooms of the University buildings. This plan will be carried into effect before the end of two weeks, as all the arrangements have been completed. Brilliant illuminating effects will thus be produced, while a soft, mellow light will be shed around, to the joy and delight of the student and the reader.

—September 14th, Feast of the Exaltation of the Holy Cross, was the forty-fourth anniversary of Very Rev. Father General Sorin's first landing in New York—on the shores of the Western World to which he had come on that grand mission in the cause of Religion and Education, in which he has ever since labored with such magnificent results. It is a subject of congratulation on all sides that, notwithstanding the severe labors consequent upon the annual retreats at Notre Dame and St. Mary's, the important councils, and the extensive correspondence necessitated by his government of the numerous houses in Europe and America, Father Sorin is in the enjoyment of most perfect health. His ardent, poetic nature and warm, affectionate heart impart to him the youthful vigor and elasticity, both mental and physical, which would seem to belong rather to the enthusiastic prime of life. But if on this continent there is one who merits to be signally protected by Heaven it is he who for nearly half a century has so steadfastly devoted himself to the honor of the Blessed Virgin in America. May she continue to maintain the honored Founder of Notre Dame and St. Mary's for long years to come in the same health and vigor, as the best guarantee of the future success and growth of the two dearest objects of his affection—Notre Dame and St. Mary's!

—On Tuesday, the 8th inst., classes were organized, and the scholastic year '85-'86 was begun. The formal opening, however, was postponed to Sunday, the Feast of the Holy Name of Mary, when the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass was offered to secure the blessings of Heaven on the labors of the year. The Rev. Prefect of Discipline, Father M. J. Regan, was the celebrant, assisted by Rev. Fathers Toohey and Héli as deacon and subdeacon. The sermon was preached by Rev. President Walsh, who very appropriately addressed the students on the subject of Education. He eloquently dwelt upon the necessity of a complete, perfect education—one in which the training of mind and heart would go hand in hand. This twofold education was the special object aimed at in the University. Every advantage was placed within the reach of the students to enable them to co-operate successfully with the efforts of skilled teachers, and thus lay a solid foundation of learning and virtue. President Walsh concluded by referring to the fes-

tival of the day, and the great assistance which students might expect from the patronage of the Blessed Virgin, the Seat of Wisdom.

—The surfeit of "Selection" books which inundate the market (though much of the matter which some of them contain is far from select, in the best sense of the word) has come to be the next thing to a reproach on current authorship. The compilers seem to take as their motto "There is nothing *new* under the sun;" or, perhaps, they look upon the intellectual world in the benevolent light by which the inventors of patent medicines view the medical world, or, like the caterers. Intellectual digestion is poor: they will hash the mental meat for the world; they will spread the mental bread and butter, and cut it up into pieces for ready use, so that the indifferent reader shall have no trouble when he sits down to his literary table.

But some of these compiling would-be authors cut a little *too* much. They introduce incompatible, and sometimes even nonsensical, elements into what was originally good sense. Their ambition for book-making sometimes leads them a little too far beyond the pale of common justice to allow them to pass unnoticed: for example, one of the most widely popular poems of the graceful English writer, Mrs. Hemans—"Bernardo del Carpio"—in one case is robbed of its true title, and, after being known to the world for half a century by its true name, appears under the caption "The Spanish Champion." At least fourteen grave mistakes, not in printing simply, but in sense, are made. As a specimen, we will show the carelessness of the work by the absurdity of the line rendered

"Then lightly *rode* that loyal son and bounded on his steed," instead of

"Then lightly *rose* that loyal son and bounded on his steed"!

He rose from his kneeling posture when acknowledging his vassalage. For "lance in *rest*" (a clear and graphic allusion to the old method of warfare, when the utmost speed of the charger was requisite to impart necessary force to the lance which was in "rest," ready for the thrust, when the combatants met), this version tamely renders "lance in *hand*." Others out of the fourteen, equally slovenly, could be cited. In another print of the same poem the sense of the last lines is completely changed. "The Old Arm-Chair," by Eliza Cook, is also mutilated in the third line, and instead of

"I've treasured it long as a holy prize,"

we have a "sainted prize." Sainted refers to persons, not things. In one instance, Longfellow's poem—"The Wreck of the Hesperus"—is given with two grave encroachments on rhythm, which would not have been tolerated by the author. The poet would shudder to hear

"The skipper, he stood beside the helm,
With his pipe in his mouth;"

instead of

"The skipper, he stood beside the helm,
His pipe was in his mouth."

In the thirteenth stanza, the second line—

"With his face turned to the skies"—

the compiler has rendered with the word "*turned*" omitted; and the beautiful closing stanza is left out altogether.

Were these marked exceptions to the rule, they could be passed over lightly; but mutilations in the hap hazard work of compilation are so common that one who writes would do well to congratulate himself on his exclusion rather than on his being represented. Imagine the conglomeration in these books of selections. For example, "Intimations of Immortality" and the "Burial of Sir John Moore" sandwiched together with "Jim"; a combination of blanks for blasphemy; and of slang with vulgar rhymes; "Little Yacob Strauss" side by side with Miss Proctor's beautiful poem, "*Per Pacem ad Lucem*."

Incongruities of this nature are everywhere too apparent in most of the collections under consideration. But the wise parent or teacher will refer the child to the original works: to the books as published by the authors, and approved. They will excuse these random compilers of good and evil, elegant and vulgar writing, mixed and mingled without a mark on either by which they may be known from usurping their right of "selections" to be placed in the hands of the young immortal souls confided to their charge.

If compilers wish to be esteemed for good taste, let them be careful to give their quotations as the writers have penned them, "nor hope to mend the matter." Let them compare the "proofs" *carefully* with the *best versions of the originals*, and, *above all*, let them exclude all doubtful or openly vulgar productions from their pages.

Headache Blossoms.

It is by their popular names that plants will enter the poet's world. Botanical names are, like the numbers used in penitentiaries, an excellent means for identification, but conveying nothing to the heart. Hence, in my excursions in search of new specimens, I have always sought to find the name by which a flower is currently known, if there be such, which is infrequent, for our wildflowers are not a theme for conversation in the rural districts, even among children. Some are too conspicuous, however, to escape recognition. Among these is the cardinal flower—*Lobelia cardinalis*—whose brilliant red is visible for a quarter of a mile, or more, amid the surrounding greenery. The boys in some parts of Michigan call it "nose-bleedins," and I was anxious to know if that poetical name attached to it in our own State. It was near the headwaters of the Yellow River, where all semi-aquatic vegetation attains great luxuriance, that I pointed out a splendid specimen of the cardinal lobelia to a young Hoosier, and asked him what he called it:

"That!" said he, in unfeigned alarm, "that's a

headache blossom—don't look at it: it'll give you the headache!"

Was the propounder of this extraordinary theory a dude—the delicate result of excessive culture and a morbid nervous system? Hardly. In fact, quite the reverse. Noticing a suspicious-looking bottle-neck protruding from the rear receptacle of his canvas breeches, I asked him if he had anything good to drink.

"Oh, yes!" said he, "whiskey and alcohol. Pa put the alcohol in it to make it stronger. We've got a whole keg of it in the cellar. Have some?"

I do not, as a rule, indulge in intoxicating drinks—that is, not habitually. But here it seemed to be a matter of scientific investigation. Strictly in the interests of science, therefore, I took a moderate swig of the proffered beverage, and it scarified my œsophagus from the pharynx even unto the cardiac orifice, and below it, for the very coats of my stomach seem to be the worse for wear ever since. I feel myself entitled to rank with the proverbial frog as a "martyr of science." But how wondrous are the eccentricities of human cerebration, that a boy capable of deriving habitual refreshment from such a terrific compound should quail before a red lobelia!

So it was, however, for this sketch is no freak of fancy; and as they say every superstition has a substratum of truth as its basis, I should be glad to know the ground and origin of this particular fallacy. Gazing steadfastly at a bright object may produce hypnotism, and hypnotism may issue in headache; but then our agricultural element does not put in its time gazing at lobelias, and if it did, the more startling phenomena of hypnotism would leave a deeper impression than the resulting headache. I think it more probable that the poisonous nature of the plants combined with their attractive appearance may have induced parents to invent a deliberate lie in order to keep their children from trifling with them, but even this conjecture is not satisfying. There is nothing to tempt children to eat any part of the plant, and unless taken internally it could not be injurious.

Will some of our botanical friends find out if the name and the superstition in which it originates are popular elsewhere?

FLORENTIUS.

Personal.

—T. J. Cochrane (Com'l), '70, is prospering in business in Chicago.

—Anthony W. O'Malley, of '60, is extensively engaged in railroad business, and resides at Central Park, Cook Co., Ill.

—Mr. Albert F. Zahm arrived yesterday (Friday) evening from the City of Mexico, where he had spent the vacation.

—Thos. H. Quinn (Com'l), '77, is book-keeper for the firm of J. J. McConnell & Co., Cotton Yarn Manufacturers, Philadelphia, Pa.

—Mr. Hec. Dulaney, '80, of Marshall, Ill., has the sympathy of his former Professors and old

friends at Notre Dame in the loss of his brother Charles, who died at Albuquerque, N. M., on the 27th ult.

—Mr. M. Grace, a gentleman well known and highly respected in business circles throughout Northern Iowa, visited Notre Dame on Tuesday; but, owing to prior engagements, could remain only two or three hours. Mr. Grace is a cousin of Prof. Hoynes.

—It is with the deepest sorrow we learn of the sad bereavement which has befallen a former classmate, Dan. Taylor, in the death of his mother, who was buried at St. Louis last Sunday. He has the sympathy of his hosts of college friends in this his great affliction.

—James E. Hagerty (Com'l), '77, and Miss M. Mullaney, both of St. Louis, were married in that city on the 9th inst. The groom's many friends at Notre Dame extend congratulations to himself and his estimable bride, and proffer their best wishes for a long and happy life.

—Wm. Mug, the winner of the Mason Medal in '83 and the Sophomore Medal in '84, is his father's right-hand man in the business affairs of the Lafayette Hominy Mills. He is one of the many successful disciples of Bro. Marcellinus, who have a brilliant prospect before them.

—Mrs. James Mooney, of Chicago, accompanied by her mother, Mrs. Halcomb, of Brooklyn, N. Y., and her sister-in-law, Mrs. Christopher Mooney, of Kansas City, visited the University and St. Mary's on Thursday. Mrs. Mooney came to place her son in the Minim department.

—A most welcome visitor to the College last week was Major Henry Brownson, of Detroit, son of the distinguished American philosopher, the late Dr. O. A. Brownson. The Major came to make arrangements for the entrance of his son at Notre Dame, and his daughter at St. Mary's.

—We regret to learn the death of the Hon. Emory A. Storrs, of Chicago, which sad event occurred suddenly on the 13th inst. Mr. Storrs made a brief visit to Notre Dame last May, on which occasion he addressed the students and made many friends. He then promised himself the pleasure of a more extended visit in the near future. His death is generally regretted by the bar of Chicago, of which he was the brightest ornament.

—Charles and W. W. Dodge, both of the Class of '74, are meeting with deserved success in the practice of their profession as Attorneys in Burlington, Iowa. From late Burlington papers we learn that William Dodge recently delivered an eloquent and telling address at a large meeting of "old settlers." He is also mentioned as a strong candidate for the Democratic nomination for State Senator from Des Moines County. He has the best wishes of his many friends here for his continued success.

—Mr. M. E. Donohue, '81, of Boston, Mass., is passing a few days visiting his *Alma Mater*. Mr. Donohue has, during the past two years, been engaged in theological studies with a view to enter-

ing the sacred ministry, but ill health has compelled him to suspend his studies for a time. His many friends are glad to meet him at Notre Dame, and all hope that the much-desired boon of good health may soon be his again, and that a long, active and useful life in his chosen calling may be in store for him.

The Late Judge Stanfield.

At a meeting of the Faculty on Wednesday, the Rev. Thomas E. Walsh, President of the University, feelingly directed attention to the fact that, in the death of Judge Stanfield, which took place about 11 o'clock Saturday night, September 12th, the University has lost one of its earliest, truest and warmest friends; and a committee was appointed to draft resolutions expressive of the sentiments of sympathy and condolence which the sad news of his decease awakened at Notre Dame. The Committee reported the following

RESOLUTIONS:

WHEREAS, It has pleased Almighty God to call from the labors of a long, active and useful life the Hon. Thomas S. Stanfield, of South Bend, whose ability, integrity, fidelity, generous traits and broad-minded views, were exemplified in all the relations of friend, citizen, advocate of education, champion of the public interests, judge on the bench, and practitioner at the bar; therefore, be it

Resolved, That the University of Notre Dame, the cause of education, the purity of official life, the interests of the community, the city of South Bend, and the State of Indiana, have lost in the death of Judge Stanfield a staunch friend, an earnest champion, a generous advocate, and a public-spirited citizen.

Resolved, That the Faculty of Notre Dame tender assurance of heartfelt sympathy and condolence to the family of the deceased in this sad hour of bereavement, and trust that consolation may be found in the reflection that he rests well after a life so long, so active, so useful, and so honorable.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the family of the late Judge Stanfield, and that other copies be sent for publication to the NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC, and to the *Tribune*, *Register*, and *Times*, of South Bend.

REV. N. J. STOFFEL, C. S. C.,
BRO. MARCELLINUS, C. S. C.,

WILLIAM HOYNES,
JOSEPH A. LYONS.

Committee.

Local Items.

—Bear and forbear.

—Bro. Leopold has resumed business at the old stand.

—The Elocution classes are numerous attended.

—Now doth the festive watermelon begin to appear.

—Prof. Stace is perpetual secretary of the Faculty.

—The new play "Falsely Accused," published by Prof. Lyons, is now ready.

—The attendance at present is much larger than expected, and "still they come."

—FOUND—A pocket knife. The owner may have it on application at this office.

—The shadow of Hercules has departed from the Boat Club. Alas, for the pigmies!

—The incandescent lights will be placed in the study and main halls by the 7th of October.

—The fine appearance and gentlemanly bearing of the students elicit universal admiration.

—Prof. Ackerman has tastefully painted appropriate names on the presses in the printing-office.

—The Euglossians are "on deck," and will soon begin active preparations for the celebration of the 13th.

—Several society reports have been unavoidably crowded out this week. They will appear in our next number.

—On Wednesday and Thursday evenings the University Regulations were read and explained in both study-halls.

—The weather during the past week has been very mild and pleasant, in great contrast to the cold, wet weather of the previous week.

—Our "box" is in the old place in Father Maher's Office. Deposit your contributions, nicely written *on one side of the sheet only*. All are welcome.

—Bro. Augustus, our genial Director of the tailoring establishment, spent two days in Chicago during the week procuring new supplies for his department.

—The recent damp weather has caused numerous *fungi* to spring up everywhere. The thoughtless should refrain from partaking of them indiscriminately.

—Among the many new faces are seen a great many familiar ones of last year; yet we miss a few of the popular boys who "made the campus merry with their smiles."

—The autumnal tints which now grace the foliage present a very beautiful spectacle. The Shumac, Black Gum, and Maple trees were the first to show their red tips.

—The young bear that accompanied the Denver delegation has been kept in retirement since his arrival. It is said that, although an omnivorous animal, he should be fed very judiciously.

—We have heard delightful strains of music issuing from the precincts of the band room, though we have not as yet received any information as to the reorganization of this important association.

—In a few days work will begin on the artesian well, which will be sunk to the depth of 1500 feet, between the Presbytery and the College. There will then be a constant supply of the purest of pure water.

—In order to encourage active interest in athletic exercises, arrangements have been made to secure the attendance of two distinguished athletes from Chicago who will give an interesting exhibition some day during the coming week.

—"Justin Thyme" is the pen-name of Professor A. J. Stace, of Notre Dame University, Notre Dame, Ind. His delightful little volume of humor-

ous verse, miscalled "Vapid Vaporings," has won high praise in literary circles.—*Boston Pilot*.

—Most of the societies have now reorganized for the session, and the members enter upon their work with great energy. It is said that never before has so much enthusiasm been displayed at the opening of a collegiate year, and it augurs well for a happy and successful issue.

—Work has progressed so rapidly on the extension to the church that the walls are now almost completed, and the joists and rafters placed in position for the roof of one of the chapels. There is every probability that the whole will be under roof before the winter sets in.

—Very Rev. Father General, whose presence into the study-hall is hailed with delight even by the "new comers," recommended the princes to eat, play and sleep well; as to the studying, there was no fear but that would be attended to faithfully under the vigilant care of the teacher.

—The first game of baseball of the year was played Thursday last on the Seniors' campus, between the "Blues," captained by A. McNulty, and the "Whites," by P. Chapin. The game was remarkably well played, considering that it was the first time the boys had played together. Score: 4 to 14 in favor of the "Blues."

—Among the many valuable articles lately placed in the Cabinet of the Historical Department is a white silk damask chasuble, richly and chastely embroidered with pure gold bullion. It was presented by the members of the famous Irish Brigade to their beloved chaplain, Rev. W. Corby, C. S. C., late President of our University.

—Our Local editor who ground out the weekly instalment of newsy items, whiskered jokes, and funeral sketches last year has returned from a two months' reckless dissipation of time, and will be found at his old stand, where he is prepared to write up complimentary items or scathing comments for so many "set ups" *per capita* or yard.

—The September *Century* contains an article entitled "The Twilight of the Poets," in which appears the following allusion to our Prof. Stoddard:

"Among other poets of the Pacific Slope, Warren Stoddard and Phelps seem more indifferent to local flavor, and refine their work in the usual manner of the Eastern school."

—The NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC, which we very much missed during the vacation at Notre Dame University, is again welcome to our table. Bright, fresh and vigorous as of yore, it enters on its nineteenth volume with many new claims on the generous patronage of the discriminating public. We wish it God speed and hope it will obtain the very liberal support it deserves.—*New Record*.

—All mail matter intended for persons residing at Notre Dame should be addressed simply—NOTRE DAME, IND. Many mistakes and annoying delays have occurred in consequence of addressing letters, etc., to "Notre Dame University, Ind.," or to "South Bend," or "Notre Dame, near South

Bend." Remember, then, the proper address is "NOTRE DAME, IND.," as it is by that name our post-office is known.

—The Director of the Historical Department desires us to return public thanks to his Grace the Most Rev. Archbishop of San Francisco, to the Most Rev. Archbishop of Philadelphia, Most Rev. Mgr. Gibbons, Archbishop of Baltimore, for favors received from these venerable Prelates. He is also indebted to the Sisters of Providence of St. Mary's of the Woods, near Terre Haute, for valuable additions to the Historical Cabinet.

—The St. Stanislaus Philopatric Society held its first meeting Sept. 14th. The following officers were elected: Director, Rev. T. E. Walsh, C. S. C.; President, Prof. J. A. Lyons; Honorary President, Prof. J. F. Edwards; Promoters, Bros. Alexander and Leander; 1st Vice-President, G. Meehan; 2d Vice-President, J. Baur; Recording Secretary, M. O'Kane; Corresponding Secretary, L. Rose; Treasurer, C. Senn; 1st Censor, A. Hoyer; 2d Censor, R. Frain; Librarian, S. Nussbaum.

—The first regular meeting of the Thespian Association was held September 14th, for the purpose of reorganizing. The following are the officers for the ensuing session: Rev. T. E. Walsh, C. S. C., Director; Prof. J. A. Lyons, A. M., President; Prof. C. W. Stoddard, Critic; D. C. Saviers, 1st Vice-President; F. H. Dexter, 2d Vice-President; S. Murdock, Recording Secretary; P. J. Goulding, Treasurer; A. A. Browne, Historian; A. J. Ancheta, Corresponding Secretary; T. Mathers, 1st Censor; F. Combe, 2d Censor.

—The first regular meeting of the Columbian Literary and Dramatic Club was held September 15th for the purpose of reorganizing. The following officers were elected for the coming session: Director, Rev. T. E. Walsh, C. S. C.; Assistant-Director, Rev. M. J. Regan, C. S. C.; President, Prof. J. A. Lyons; Honorary President, Prof. J. F. Edwards; Promoters, Bros. Emmanuel and Paul; 1st Vice-President, M. Burns; 2d Vice-President, A. McNulty; Recording Secretary, J. Bates; Corresponding Secretary, C. Duffin; Treasurer, P. Maguire; Critic, J. J. Rice; Censor, M. White; Historian, A. Gordon.

—Last week's issue of the NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC contained a notable illustrated article giving the history of Indiana's great Catholic university. Although professing to be only a college journal, the SCHOLASTIC exhibits so much enterprise, and contains such an amount of valuable reading in each issue that it ought to be of universal interest to Catholics. It is wonderful to contrast the change since the time when the now venerable and widely known educator, Father Sorin, arrived on the site, over forty years ago, only to be greeted by a few aborigines on the bleak prairie, and the noble institution which now towers aloft—a monument to the vitality of Catholic education.—*Catholic Mirror*.

—The members of the St. Cecilia Philomathean Association held their first meeting Sept. 14th, for

the purpose of reorganizing. The officers of the ensuing session are as follows: Very Rev. E. Sorin, C. S. C., Honorary Director; Rev. T. E. Walsh, C. S. C., Director; Rev. M. J. Regan, C. S. C., General Critic; Prof. J. A. Lyons, A. M., President; Prof. J. F. Edwards, LL. B., Honorary President; Bro. Alexander, C. S. C., Promoter; Bro. Anselm, C. S. C., Director of the Orpheonic Branch; Jos. Courtney, 1st Vice-President; W. Wabrushek, 2d Vice-President; T. Cleary, Recording Secretary; E. Porter, Treasurer; G. Myers, Corresponding Secretary; S. Holman, 1st Censor; A. Cooper, 2d Censor; L. Chute, Historian; R. Oxnard, Organist; J. Garrity, Monitor; D. C. Regan, Sergeant-at-Arms.

—A special meeting of the Sorin Association (Minim dept) was held in St. Edward's Hall, on Wednesday, September 16th, for the purpose of reorganizing. Rev. President Walsh, who was present on the occasion, advised the members to follow the example of the other societies in choosing the best men for office; but he said, from what he knew of the boys before him, he thought there would be no difficulty in finding good officers. The election closed with the following result: Rt. Rev. Joseph Dwenger and Very Rev. E. Sorin, Honorary Directors; Rev. T. E. Walsh, C. S. C., Director; Rev. J. A. O'Connell, C. S. C., Promoter; Prof. J. F. Edwards, President; Bro. Cajetan, C. S. C., General Critic; G. Landenwich, 1st Vice-President; J. Moncada, 2d Vice-President; D. Sweet, Secretary; F. Cobbs, Corresponding Secretary; J. Piero, Treasurer; F. Peck, Librarian; F. Dunford, Marshal; E. Farmer, 1st Monitor; J. McNulty, 2d Monitor; R. Inderrieden, 1st Censor; F. Chute, 2d Censor; C. Ramsay, 3d Censor; F. Crotty, 4th Censor; C. Mooney, Sergeant-at-Arms; A. Williamson, *Chargé d'affaires*.

—Signor Gregori's recently completed, full-length portrait in oil of his Eminence Cardinal McCloskey has been hung in Bishops' Hall. It is a companion-piece to the portrait of Archbishop Gibbons, and, like the latter, is a faithful representation of its subject, while, at the same time, displaying the skill and resource of the artist in coloring, expression, and all the various details that go to make a masterpiece. The portrait represents his Eminence in cassock, rochet, cappa, magna and mozetta, standing near a draped table. His left hand rests on the table, and in his right he holds the Papal document appointing him a prince of the Church. The Cardinal's beretta, books, documents, letters and other accessories lie on the table. The features are well delineated and they, as well as the entire figure, stand out from the canvas in bold relief. Great skill has been displayed in the handling of the light, which is so arranged that it reflects on the head and bust of the Cardinal and then fades away until lost in the obscurity of the corners. In draperies Gregori is always successful. The brilliant scarlet of the heavy silk robes harmonizes wonderfully well with the dark olive tints of the background. One almost expects to hear the silk rustle, it appears

so crisp and natural. Every fold and every crease has been arranged with a view to effect, and the reflections have been disposed of to advantage. Even the details of the heavy gold pectoral cross and ring, with their delicate mosaics and rich jewels, have not been forgotten in the general treatment. The painting is on a canvas 8 feet by 4½, and framed in heavy gold.

—The *Catholic World* for August contained the following notice of Prof Stace's new book—"Vapid Vaporings"—published by the SCHOLASTIC Publishing House, Notre Dame, Ind. Price, \$1.00:

"The author of 'Vapid Vaporings' is a humorist, and his humor has a genuine flavor of its own. It is a sunny, winning humor, in which the element of boyish fun might be said to predominate, only that it is kept in check by another quality—wit. In reading this book—which we did right through without being tired—we met suggestions of several qualities of humor—of Leigh Hunt's, of Tom Hood's, of Dr. Holmes', of Bret Harte's, of even Thackeray's. But they were only suggestions—the author's quality is new and of its own class. Of course, since the book was 'mainly written for the students of Notre Dame University' (where the author seems to be a professor), there is much in it of so local an interest as not to be appreciable to the general public. But there are numerous pieces, from the first, 'An Undesired Prefix,' in which the vain attempt to flee from the title of 'Professor' is described, to the last, an 'Italian Operette,' in celebration of a certain historical episode connected with a little hatchet, which would make the reputation of a comic journal. In a department called 'Exemplifications of Style' a poem on 'Poetic License' is capital, and nothing could be happier in its way than 'The Commentator,' an extract from a work of the dim future in which a learned antiquarian devotes two pages of annotations to four lines of a fragmentary poem left by the ancient Americans and entitled 'Kathleen Mavourneen.' An 'exemplification of style' in parody of 'Coming thro' the Rye' begins:

"Cumming was a temp'rance man
When other folks were by;
But p'rhaps you'd better not inquire
Where Cumming threw 'the Rye.'

"In Chansons Physiologiques,' 'The Strawberry Festival' and 'The Lady Anatomist' are better, to our view, than similar handlings of the sesquipedalian language of the physiologist by Bret Harte."

—THE NEW CECILIA HALL is a spacious apartment, about fifty by twenty feet, not taking into the reckoning a niche ten feet wide by fifteen high, beautifully arched, and extending several feet back into the wall behind the President's chair. This niche has a very pleasing effect, facing as it does any audience that may be in the hall. Two Gothic columns uphold the frescoed arch overhead, whilst between them, elevated on a pedestal,

"The bright Cecilia strikes her tuneful lyre," attired in Roman robes, and holding aloft an ancient melodium. To the right and left of the main niche are two minor ones, in whose recesses rest "St. Aloysius, Patron of Youth," and a Guardian Angel guiding some happy child on in the path of virtue. Two main points of attraction greet the eye—the portrait of Shakspeare, by Gregori, and the grand Cecilian organ. The portrait of Shakspeare, suspended immediately above this, is pronounced by all art critics as Luigi Gregori's masterpiece. Prof. Lyons as giver, and the St. Cecilians as recipients of this magnificent work of art, are

to be congratulated; the one on his taste, the others on their tact in placing

"Sweetest Shakspeare, Fancy's child, Soul of the age,—
The applause, delight, the wonder of our stage!"

appropriately presiding over the youthful debaters and declaimers!—the rightful prestige of the Father of English Literature and the Drama. Above this is seen the seal of the society—a beautiful monogram and figure expressing that,

"Beneath the rule of men entirely great,
The pen is mightier than the sword."

It is nicely entwined with bending twigs and evergreens. On either side of the organ are hanging oil-paintings of Fathers Granger and Dillon, both of whom are identified with the history of Notre Dame. Neatly disposed near these paintings are two statuettes—one representing Minerva, the other Mars. The walls of the room are graced with huge gilt frames in which are enclosed the photos of all the St. Cecilians up to the present time; whilst almost hidden amidst the gracefully twining wreathes of roses and budding vines are panels containing busts of distinguished writers and preachers, among whom are Father Thomas Burke and Daniel O'Connell. Tastily disposed throughout the room are busts of Pope Pius IX, Daniel Webster, and Stephen A. Douglas; whilst to the left the "Father of his country" rests on a pedestal, holding the Declaration:—

"His awful memory—
A light for after times."

The work on the ceiling is truly a *chef d'œuvre* of decorative art. Surrounding an inner panel of great beauty are arranged, in graceful profusion; Gothic friezes and rosettes; whilst the inner panel itself is a heap of arabesques and fanciful flowers, fantastically turning and twisting all over the ceiling, among whose foldings sport chubby Cherubs and birds of brilliant plumage. The colors are exceedingly gorgeous, but so nicely and artistically grouped as to defy any attempt at adverse criticism.

To Profs. Gregori and Ackerman the St. Cecilians are indebted for the finest hall at Notre Dame. Prof. Ackerman is now at work there, and characteristically exclaims: "I'll fix up for these young men the finest room in the country!"

Let us hail the St. Cecilians, who, in an age of degenerate tendency, strive, with plausible exertions to revive and preserve the honor of the Drama and Art, and whose lofty sentiments manifest to all that they have well devoted themselves to "The Good, the Beautiful, and the True." H.

Roll of Honor.

SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

F. Ashton, A. A. Ancheta, H. Barke, L. C. Bolton, T. Becerra, M. Burns, E. J. Burritt, D. Byrnes, J. Bates, F. Baca, J. Crawford, C. Crowe, J. Crowe, E. Cody, W. Congdon, Walter Collins, P. Chapin, Geo. Crilly, Jno. Dohany, Jno. Dempsey, C. Duffin, Geo. De Haven, J. S. Emmons, C. Finlay, F. Forbes, A. Frash, J. Ford, Albert Gordon, Alex. Gordon, G. V. Goble, P. Goulding, Jno. Hamlyn, J. Horn, A. T. Hagerly, G. Houck, E. M. Hampton, J. W.

Hampton, F. Hagenbarth, C. Harris, G. C. Harrison, C. Hausberg, L. Howard, L. W. Holden, J. Hasson, Jno. Jackson, J. A. Judie, A. Jones, F. Jewitt, T. Keys, F. Kreutzer, A. Karst, J. Kabat, H. Long, L. Martinez, Geo. Morrison, P. Morrison, Jno. Murphy, A. McNulty, L. Mathers, S. Murdock, C. Neill, Jno. Nestor, Wm. O'Rourke, P. P. Prudhomme, J. L. Prudhomme, C. Paschel, H. Paschel, P. Paschel, K. W. Perley, H. Philips, H. Price, V. Padilla, Jas. Remish, E. Riley, C. Rothert, J. C. Rudd, W. J. Rochford, J. M. Regan, C. Stubbs, T. Sheridan, R. Snapp, C. Shaide, I. Straus, D. Saviers, F. S. Smith, W. Tiernan, A. S. Triplett, H. Vandercar, C. Voorhees, A. S. Williams, Wm. Williams, M. White, Jno. Wagoner, E. A. Zeitler, A. Meir, Geo. McErlain, R. McCartney.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

E. Adlesperger, A. Adams, W. Austin, D. Ackerman, E. Berry, G. Benson, J. Benes, O. Benes, E. Bodley, G. Brabrook, J. Baur, H. Blakeslee, P. Brownson, J. Boose, E. Bowles, F. Benner, I. Bunker, W. Borgschulze, L. Baci-gulpo, W. Curtis, A. Cleveland, M. Colina, J. Courtney, T. Cleary, A. Cooper, M. Cummings, C. Cain, J. Dougherty, A. Duffield, E. Dillon, E. Ewing, R. Edgeworth, C. Epple, R. Frain, A. Finch, T. Flood, F. Fehr, J. Fisher, J. Fitzgerald, G. Myers, A. Grothaus, F. Goebel, C. Galarneau, J. Garrity, F. Garrity, W. Gordon, A. Hoye, W. Hoffman, W. Houlihan, H. Hustin, T. Hake, A. Hake, J. Hayes, S. Holman, W. Harris, H. Jewitt, P. Jacobs, N. Jacobs, E. Jeffs, D. Klaner, N. Kern, F. Konzen, W. Konzen, P. Levin, M. Luther, H. Lesh, F. Long, D. McKendry, W. McCourt, A. Muesel, H. McConn, A. Meehan, A. McVeigh, C. Mueller, W. McPhee, J. McIntosh, R. Newton, J. Nealis, L. Newton, F. Noud, S. Nussbaum, F. Nester, R. Oxnard, M. O'Kane, J. Portillo, L. Phillips, A. Press, E. Prudhomme, L. Preston, E. Porter, D. Regan, W. Rattigan, A. Redlich, C. Ruffing, A. Ruffing, H. Robinson, L. Rose, F. Smith, L. Smith, S. Smith, H. Smith, W. Short, C. Shields, C. Senn, C. Spencer, L. Scherrer, P. Servis, L. Thompson, W. Thompson, J. Talbot, F. Thurston, W. Vandercar, M. Violet, W. Vancelow, H. Warner, W. Walsh, W. Welch, W. Wabraushek, P. Wagoner, C. West, T. Williamson.

MINIM DEPARTMENT.

W. Ackerman, J. Bull, W. Bailey, S. Ciarcoschi, J. Connor, E. Connor, F. Crotty, F. Cobbs, C. Campeau, F. Dunford, G. Dunford, E. Doss, M. Dewald, T. Falvey, F. Falvey, E. Falvey, E. Farmer, R. Graham, F. Garber, E. Garber, C. Grant, A. Griffin, J. Healy, R. Inderrieden, S. Jones, E. Jewitt, J. Kintz, F. Kellner, A. Kintz, O. Kintz, G. Landenwich, F. Mainzer, J. Moncada, W. Martin, M. McCourt, J. McNulty, F. Murphy, J. McIntosh, C. Mooney, H. Morgan, W. McGill, A. Mason, A. Nussbaum, C. Nealis, B. Nealis, L. Paul, J. Piero, J. Peck, F. Peck, C. Quinlin, C. Ramsay, J. Riordan, L. Stone, D. Sweet, G. Sweet, A. Smart, W. Smart, C. Scherrer, E. Scherrer, H. Tillenburg, H. Wormer, A. Williamson, Philo Keffe, F. Chute.

For the Dome.

Miss Annie Ryan.....\$5.00
John Reiley.....5.00

A Christian man must be, by right,
Above all others most polite.

One used to circles of first class
Will let no point of manners pass;

His faultless etiquette will shed
A charm where'er his feet may tread;

He will adopt the best, nor let
Loose customs mar his etiquette;

And, winning hearts by fine address,
He will be sure to meet success.

—Apothegms from "New Arts."

Saint Mary's Academy.

One Mile West of Notre Dame University.

—Miss Kate Young has presented a beautiful lamp to the Confraternity room.

—Prof. J. F. Edwards, of the University, will please accept thanks for kindness extended.

—Mrs. Shields, widow of the late distinguished General Shields, U. S. A., has placed her daughter at the Academy.

—A lovely statue of St. Anthony of Padua has been placed in the south-west Lourdes' class-room. Many thanks to the giver.

—Acknowledgments are tendered to a friend at Notre Dame for a splendidly-framed picture of Our Lady of Good Counsel.

—Thanks are extended to Mr. Egan, of Dakota, for gifts to the Museum of a curious Indian pipe and several mineral specimens.

—The literary societies reorganized on the 15th inst. The result of the election of officers will appear in the next SCHOLASTIC.

—Mrs. Ada Crowley Readinger, of Marquette, Mich. (Class '63), has entered her eldest daughter as a member of the Senior department.

—Dr. Clendenen, of Chicago, whose wife (*née* Miss Belle Burke) was a pupil of St. Mary's some twenty-six years ago, has placed his eldest daughter in the old school-home of her mother.

—A literary friend of the University will please accept warm thanks for the gift to St. Catharine's Library of a number of volumes; also from the French Department for books in that language.

—The visits of Mr. and Mrs. Hertzog, and Mr. and Mrs. Prudhomme, of Natchitoches, La., were most welcome; as was also that of Mrs. Johnson, of Chicago; Mrs. Fink, and Mrs. J. W. Johnson, of Peoria, Ill.

—In the eastern Lourdes' class-room is a fine new organ from the firm of Clough & Warren, Detroit, Mich.; Rev. Father L'Etourneau, and Bro. Basil, of the University, superintended the setting up of the handsome, finely-built instrument.

—An indefatigable and ever thoughtful friend to St. Catharine's Library has augmented his list of rare and valuable gifts by the late addition of Heffle's "Life of Cardinal Ximenes," and two handsome volumes, "The Life of Catharine Emmerich."

—A host of beloved familiar faces are now gathered, and the unanimous satisfaction with which the last year closed has borne its natural fruit in a full attendance and prompt return of a large majority of former pupils, and a full accession of new.

—Among notable pupils of the present year we are glad to register the name of a granddaughter of the "greatest of American writers"—Orestes A. Brownson. Her father, Major Brownson, of Detroit, on Tuesday came to make arrangements for her entrance into the Academy.

—In the *Rockford Register* of August 28 we find the following from an account of a Lawn Festival, given in aid of the St. James' School Fund at the residence of Mr. Leonard Schmauss:

"Little Alice Schmauss, daughter of the generous hostess, and Mary Lindsey, of Denver, who, by the way, seem rival elocutionists, gave several appropriate selections that proved their oft-acceded excellence in voice and gesture."

—It is our painful duty to record the death at St. Louis, Mo., on Sunday, the 13th inst., of Mrs. Taylor, the amiable and accomplished mother of the Misses Angelique and Grace Taylor, who were for several years the much-beloved pupils of St. Mary's. The most affectionate sympathy and warm condolence in their deep affliction is extended to the bereaved family. As, for some months, a parlor boarder at St. Mary's, she endeared herself to a large circle of friends.

—The formal opening of the session was at the High Mass on Tuesday, the 8th inst., Feast of the Nativity of the Blessed Virgin Mary. The celebrant was Very Rev. Father General Sorin. The chanting of the Convent choir was exceptionally good. At the close of the Mass, the Very Rev. celebrant gave an impressive and eloquent sermon on the nature of the feast and the devotion which it honors. In the evening, at Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, Rev. Father Spillard officiated and preached an excellent sermon.

—Grateful acknowledgments are extended to Very Rev. Father General by the French pupils, particularly those of the First Class, for his kindly words of encouragement on Sunday evening. His marked interest in those who are endeavoring to acquire his beautiful vernacular is not to be wondered at. Independent of the rich literary treasures to which the language introduces the learner, the fluent charm of this musical tongue is enough to win the lover of the æsthetic. The French classes embrace the larger proportion of the best pupils.

—The third meeting of the Alumnae Association of St. Mary's Academy took place in St. Mary's vocal music hall, at 4 o'clock p. m., on Tuesday, the first day of the Annual Commencement Exercises. Ten Post-Graduates were present. It was voted that the fees collected shall be expended in the purchase of a window to adorn the new church at St. Mary's. The election of officers was next in order, with the following result: President, Miss Kate Young; Vice-President, Miss Etta Rosing; Treasurer, Mrs. W. W. Ryan; Secretary, Miss Ada Walsh; Corresponding Secretary, Miss Jennie Bennett; Essayist, Miss Nellie McGrath; Mistress of Toasts, Miss Libbie Black.

—From the *Hillsdale Leader* of September 4 we clip the following:

"A few evenings since we enjoyed one of the pleasantest hours we have passed in a long time, listening to recitations by Miss Marie Cressy Fuller, of St. Mary's Academy, Notre Dame, Ind., who has been visiting her aunt, Mrs. R. G. Wilbur. Among the selections we heard was Longfellow's 'Legend Beautiful'—for which Miss Fuller took the Gold Medal prize for Elocution at the Academy Commencement, as noticed in our columns. Miss Fuller's recitations show

she is possessed of great natural talent, cultivated by careful study and training under good masters. If she intended making Elocution a profession we should predict she would prove a dangerous rival for the best professionals of the day; as it is, her gift will afford great pleasure to her friends and prove one of her many attractions."

—On the Feast of St. Clare, Aug. 12, the anniversary of the death of Mrs. Harriet Ann Redman, who was for nearly thirty years a music teacher in the Academy, the Novices adorned the grave of the beloved departed with a fragrant memorial—a rich mosaic of warm bright blossoms placed in saucers, and arranged in the form of a huge cross, reaching from head to foot, the arms extending over the complete width of the grave from side to side. Mrs. Redman will be remembered as the venerable mother of the Directress of Music, and the grandmother of the late Rev. Father Edward Lilly, C. S. C., of the University, and of Sister Mary of St. Cecilia, all of whom are so lovingly remembered by the friends of the two institutions. She was the gifted head of the musical family whose genius, skill and exceptional virtues have established the reputation of St. Mary's Conservatory of Music.

—On the eve of the Exaltation of the Holy Cross Very Rev. Father General accepted the invitation of the young ladies, and, accompanied by Rev. Fathers Shortis and Saulnier, repaired to the Seniors' study-hall to receive the congratulations of the young ladies on the forty-fourth recurrence of the anniversary of his landing on the shores of the western World. As he took his seat, Miss Fuller, accompanied by Miss Mary Dillon and Miss Estelle Horn, read the following address:

Thanks, our dear Father, that your kindly smile
Greets us with welcome on our glad return
To this—for ten swift, busy months—*our home*.

Here come we, youthful sculptors, eager souls,
To carve our future. Labor, patience, zeal,
Must be the price we pay for the high gift
Which indolence and selfish love of ease
Can never, never win.

Our happiness
Must be in *efforts*; painful oft, no doubt,
But ever welcome, since they are to braid
The brilliant laurels that we yearn to wear.

But grateful greetings o'er, a proud event
We have the honor to commemorate.
The day now calmly drawing to its close
Is one that every child who knows and loves
The Congregation of the Holy Cross
Must signalize and hail with special joy.

Just forty-four eventful teeming years
Have passed, dear Father, since your gallant ship,
Charged with most precious freight, her anchor cast,
Landing her passengers in New York Bay.
The Exaltation of the Holy Cross,
The Tuesday morning following that eve,—
You, our dear Father, offered holy Mass.

Ah, not by accident. Divine decrees
Ordered the deep, significant event!

For the first time upon Columbia's soil
A priest of a new Order says his Mass;—
A *priest of Holy Cross*, whose future course
Was to transform a dense, dark wilderness,—
To make it thrive and blossom as the rose—
Comes in the name, and by the power divine,
Which brought salvation to a fallen race;
And as the glow of the September morn,
Which followed his first landing on our shores,
Opened the grand Feast of the Holy Cross,
This youthful, ardent *priest of Holy Cross*
Enters upon his life-long, glorious work!

We reap the golden harvest of your toil,
Our deeply honored Father! Take, we pray,
Our best congratulations, and believe,
More than our words can tell, we feel the grace
That we now share in the sublime success
Inaugurated on that happy morn.

Very Rev. Father General graciously accepted the address, and for some time entertained his audience of eager, attentive listeners with a delightful detailed account of that first voyage. Himself and six companions—Brothers of the Order—were too poor to pay for cabin passage. As they embarked at Havre they found that a colony of Ladies of the Sacred Heart, whose destination was America, had been waiting for some time to meet with a priest who was to set sail, as they were forbidden to embark without being thus accompanied. Eventually, after many adverse circumstances, all set sail together. The Captain regarded it as quite an uncalled-for humility on the part of the young priest to remain in the steerage with his Brothers, but in the end was greatly edified. A little girl was in the steerage and was baptized by Father Sorin. "She afterwards died and was buried at sea. Her little body went to the fishes," said the speaker, "but her soul went to heaven, where she has been praying for me, as I then prayed to her, and have every day since, because I have a claim on her: had I not taken steerage passage, she would not now be in heaven, as she would not have been baptized." The entire journey, the meditation and spiritual reading usual to religious communities were made daily by Very Rev. Father with his Brothers, and again with the Ladies of the Sacred Heart, a Miss C——, an American, and a non-Catholic, but a perfect mistress of the French language, reading for the last-named. Father Sorin was able to celebrate Mass eleven times during the memorable voyage.

WE must lend an attentive ear, for God's voice is soft and still, and is only heard by those who hear nothing else. Ah, how rare it is to find a soul still enough to hear God speak!—*Fenelon*.

A German proverb says: "The beauty of women, of the forest, and of the rainbow lasts but a moment." An Italian one on the same subject is: "Beauty is like a flower—it quickens, it blooms, and it dies."