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## Lines.

(On the receipt of the likeness of VERY REV. EDWARD SORIN,  
Founder of Notre Dame, and Father-General of the  
Congregation of the Holy Cross.)

A noble head, symmetrical and stately,—  
A flowing beard as white as Christmas-snows,  
Broad brows,—bright eyes,—the whole resembleth greatly  
The head of Moses—(Michael Angelo's):  
The grand old patriarch who led his fellows  
Out of the desert to the Promised Land,—  
Time, as it passes, only smoothes and mellows  
His massive semblance from a master-hand.  
And is not here another modern Moses,—  
Nay, more, a priestly Aaron, grave and mild?  
—Crown him, ye angels, with your fadeless roses,  
The while he journeys through Life's desert wild;  
And with him, guide his brave, devoted band  
Safe to the joys of Heaven's Promised Land!

ELEANOR C. DONNELLY.

## Poetry.

In the primeval ages men were moved, as to-day, by those powerful manifestations of nature which excite emotion. The sun, the moon and stars provoked them to wonderment, till, lost in admiration, unconsciously they broke forth in strains: "Hail Thou, O Sun, that travellest thy mysterious ways in such splendor! Hail Thou, O object of terror, yet our life and necessity! Hail Thou, O King of Day! And hail Thou, O Moon and Stars! pour down thy light upon us! And hail Thou, O Almighty power, Ruler of the hills and valleys! Omnipotent Sovereign of oceans and seas! Thou, who hast done all these things for our good, hail! thrice hail!"

In days of old, the ancients, wont to celebrate their gods in song, indulged in these orisons. By degrees, a certain formula of words came into use, and, finally, growing regular by repetition, that harmonious spirit, inherent in all men, set the words

to music, or metre; corresponding to the movements of the body.

Here we have the earliest form of poetry. Thus the ancient Egyptians observed the festivals of their god Apis with songs and dances; the Grecian ceremonies abounded with choruses and hymns sung and danced at their sacrifices and games. From the Phœnicians they borrowed the damnable Orthyan song, recited whilst slaughtering their children on an altar consecrated to Diana. The Romans had their *carmen seculare*, and on certain festivals the priests sang and danced through the streets of Rome; the Israelites also exulted:

"And Miriam, the prophetess, the sister of Aaron, took a timbrel in her hand, and all the women went out after her with timbrels and with dances, and Miriam answered them: 'Sing ye to the Lord'; 'And David danced before the Lord with all his might.'"

The Gauls and Britons sang the wild melodies of their bards at their sacrifices; the Goths' carousals were religious exercises celebrated with songs of triumph; the Mahometan Dervaise dances to the sound of the flute till, giddy, he falls; the Chinese march in sacred processions to the accompaniment of song and instrumental music; Negroes, Caffres and Laplanders commemorate their divinities with song and dance. As a deduction from these facts, an eminent writer has ventured to state that "poetry is the universal vehicle in which all nations have expressed their most sublime conceptions."

At first confined to religious exercises, poetry did not enjoy a broad scope; but eventually she advanced a step, and tragedies, comedies, odes and satires made an appearance. The participants in those wild scenes near the rural altar of Bacchus, having assumed the club and mask of Melpomene, essayed higher things. Taming down the entertainment within the pale of respectability, they transferred the scene of action to the city. At first they coursed the streets in carts or wagons—as the name *Κωμῳδία* implies, being derived from *κωμη*, a street, and *ᾠδή*, a poem. Horace alludes to this origin as follows:

"Dicitur et plaustris vexisse pœmata Thespis,  
Quæ canerent agerentque peruncti facibus ora."

"Thespis, inventor of Dramatic art,  
Convey'd his vagrant actors in a cart:

High o'er the crowd the mimic tribe appear'd,  
And played and sang, with lees of wine besmeared."

Even more ignoble was the origin of the word "tragedy." The author of "Ars Poetica" stigmatizes it as "*vile certamen ob hircum*"—a mean contest for a he-goat. The name *Τραγῳδία*—meaning the goat-song—comes from *τράγος*, a goat, and *ὠδή*, song. Its primary object is expressed in the following lines, translated from Horace:

"The tragic bard—a goat his humble prize—  
Bade satyrs naked and uncouth arise;  
His muse severe, secure and undismay'd,  
The rustic joke in solemn strain;  
For novelty alone, he knew, could charm  
A lawless crowd, with wine and feasting warm."

I wonder if the originator of this happy idea ever dreamt that on this humble foundation would arise the magnificent structure of Shakspeare? perhaps the story of the acorn and the adage "small beginnings," etc., were not as old then as now.

Satire, likewise, sprang from a quaint source. It was originally a "clownish dialogue," spoken by rustics, attired in costumes representing Satyrs—whence the name. It was in reality an intellectual sparring contest, though oft-times the altercation grew serious enough. The Cyclops of Euripides, in which Ulysses is the principal character, is an early satire, as also the Atellanæ of the Romans. This latter grew in such favor at Rome that the participators enjoyed many privileges of citizenship.

Tragedy and comedy were reared in the same cradle, though they soon afterwards separated. Thespis is styled "the inventor of the dramatic art" because he raised the drama from a dissonant hub-bub to something loftier—the portrayal of the exploits of heroes; he improved the diction and versification, and instituted the dialogue; after him Æschylus; but Horace speaks well:

"Post hunc personæ pallæque repertor honestæ  
Æschylus, et modicis instravit pulpita lignis;  
Et docuit magnumque loqui nitique cothurno."

"Then Æschylus a decent vizard used,  
Built a low stage, the flowing robe diffused;  
In language more sublime the actors rage,  
And in the graceful buskin trod the stage."

Now have we the wagon and native woods supplanted by stage and costume. Sophocles added the finishing by entirely detaching the drama from those religious features with which it teemed. The Bacchalanalian priest, interested, murmured against, but the people approved of the plan—the latter prevailed, and the tragedy thus inaugurated has developed into that of to-day.

Aristotle calls comedy the younger sister of tragedy, which admirably sets forth their nature. Like satire, but differing from tragedy, the former consisted in an attack on living persons, in which their follies and frailties were dwelt upon, on occasions of public worship and festivity.

Homer is said to have made the first step towards the institution of the regular comedy. It was in his *Margites*, which exposed the anility and folly of a lax character. To Athens, however, belongs the glory of foster-mother of comedy. Under the tutelage of Eupolis, Cratinus, and Aristophanes

the smiles of fortune hung on her with such persistence that no one was exempt from her attacks. She even dared to assume the attire, the air, and even the name of the highest personages of the commonwealth and hold them up to ridicule:—

"The comic poets, in its earliest age,  
Who formed the manners of the Grecian stage—  
Was there a villain who might justly claim  
A better right of being damn'd to fame?  
Rake, cutthroat, thief, whatever was his crime,  
They boldly stigmatized the wretch in rhyme."

Alcibiades and even Pericles, the peerless statesman, did not escape a censure.

By the Athenians Aristophanes was crowned the king of Ancient Comedy, but he has merited reproach for the wantonness with which he directed "the shaft of ridicule" against Socrates, a philosopher, the greatest the world has seen; a man of irreproachable life, and able to tear the choicest sophisms of Aristophanes to pieces and cast the shreds to the winds. This Ancient Comedy gratified the spleen of men, and excited their mirth; but repetition makes the best of things monotonous, and the ancients were clamoring for a change. Accordingly, a law was passed forbidding the use of personal invectives on the stage. This gave rise to what has been called the Middle Comedy. The law, however, not being stringent enough to effect its purpose, a second ordinance was issued, promising severe penalties for any allusions to living persons. This enactment resulted in the New Comedy, in which vice and folly are ridiculed in general terms, and was precisely the same as at the present day. Diphilus and Menander wrote new comedies, but nothing of their works is now extant, excepting some fragments.

Opposed to the drama, there exists another species of poetry which we might style "the poetry of individuality"—that is, poetry with which one person only was associated, including under that head epic and lyrical poets, odes and elegies.

Contradistinguished from the motives which cause us to find pleasure in the drama, are others, impelling us to higher, nobler thoughts. The former is apt to please that element which finds it delectable to hear of bold deeds and heroic exploits; is apt to glut the savagery in our nature with images of great bodily trials, sufferings and endurances, or with scenes of carnage; is apt, in comedy, to feed that instinct which loves to see our own follies and failings exposed in others. These kinds of pleasure I would characterize as physical. With the latter, grander things are allied; here the mind is consulted, the heart concerned. We deal no more with the petty desires of a physical being, but strive to satisfy the cravings of a soul—cravings infinite in their range and sublime at all times.

Homer, the Greek, and Virgil, of the Romans, were among the first to realize these facts, and whose poetry satisfies, in a degree, the keen longing of the human soul for intellectual enjoyment. The *Illiad* and *Æneid* are so well known that any remarks concerning them would be out of taste; suffice it to state that even in these masterpieces are discernible the marks of an unlettered

age. Homer compares Ajax to an ass, and Ulysses to a beef-steak broiling on the coals; and Virgil has drawn a parallel between the queen of King Latinus and a top, which "boys lash for diversion."

Milton's "Paradise Lost" in our own literature, and Dante's "Inferno" in the Italian, are, no doubt, the most perfect specimens of epic poetry under the sun; they realize all the conditions that make poetry poetry. Both are sublime, from their subject even to the minutest detail. And here, at last, is every craving of the soul satisfied to the full.

There has lived a man—the Bard of Avon—whose pen, guided by the hand of Nature herself, has united in that one grand structure—Shakspeare—the varied excellencies of all ages. To borrow a figure from Queen Scheherezade, his slaves, the genii of nature have reared aloft another Aladdin's palace; were a window wanting, who could reproduce it? Whence could come another Hamlet, another Macbeth?

There's yet a third faculty in the human mind which discovers poetry in all nature; which detects a faint harmony in the scurrying clouds, a cadence in the falling snow, a thrilling music in the winds, a ravishing melody in the brook. The interpreters of this universal language of nature constitute the great class of partly imaginative, partly imitative poets.

In general, polite literature embraces the liberal arts of poetry, music, painting sculpture and architecture, all of which are founded on imitation. Aristotle declares that in man there is a natural propensity to imitate, which from his very infancy manifests itself. Thus the earliest ideas of a child are acquired; and indeed it seems to be a law of nature that man must learn by imitation, and she has supplied herself as our great model: the artist aims to reproduce her effects upon canvas; the musician strives to re-echo the harmonies with which she abounds, but he, sublimer still, who will stand

"And muse on Nature with a poet's eye,"  
delves deeper into her mysteries than either, and exposes to our view, coupled with her greater manifestations, the very gist, the essence of her minutest workings. Witness the famous hyperbole of Shakspeare:

"Oh, then, I see Queen Mab hath been with you;  
She is the fairy's midwife; and she comes,  
In shape no bigger than an agate stone  
On the fore-finger of an alderman,  
Drawn with a team of little atomies  
Athwart men's noses as they lie asleep:  
Her wagon-spokes made of long spinner's legs,  
The cover, of the wings of grasshoppers,  
The traces of the smallest spiders web,  
The collars of the moonshine's watery beams;  
Her whip the cricket's bone, the last of film,  
Her wagoner a small, gray-coated gnat,—  
Her chariot is an empty hazel nut  
Made by the joiner squirrel or old grub  
Time out o'mind the fairies, coachmakers, etc."

What painter could put this scene on canvas? It requires a mind cultivated by taste to obtain a just perception of the beauties of this passage—to seize at once its dainty beauty, its symmetric grace; "yet," says Quintillian, "study, precept, and observation will nought avail unless nature assists"—

*Illud tamen imprimis testandum est, nihil præcepto atque artes volere, nisi adjuvante natura.*  
"Natural taste," says Goldsmith, "is apt to be seduced and debauched by vicious precept and bad example;" hence, it is most necessary that our tastes be kept intact from all that might endanger its purity; for in a depraved state it cannot appreciate those keener sensibilities of the charms and beauties of nature which alone makes life a pleasure. Virtue and sentiment constitute the keystone, the magic spring of taste; without them there is no taste—all else is glaring tinsel, and beauties are "sweetness wasted on desert air"; it will not tell us that there's the most enchanting poetry in the psalms of David and Solomon; it will not unfold the sublimity of Cæsar's *veni, vidi, vici*; of the reply of Anaxagoras, when told that his sons were dead, "I knew they were mortal"; nor of the four words uttered by the "gallant Macduff, in "Macbeth," when informed that his wife and children had been slaughtered by the command of the tyrant: "He has no children."

"It is a poor rule that does not work both ways." The same conditions of taste that bind the reader also check the poet. Everyone has heard the story of Zenxis: being asked to paint a picture of Helen for the temple of June, he selected the five most beautiful maidens of Heraclea, and combined them into a model of amazing perfection. So it is with the poet. He is ever guided by taste, culling, as he proceeds, only the choicest flowers of his fancy, and transplanting them. Through the poet's mind are ever coursing innumerable ideas of the Good, the Beautiful and the True. These, combined with sensible and pleasing images, have formed all the poetry that ever was or will be. In the process, an "excited and creative imagination is brought into play, and

"The poet's eye, in a fine frenzy rolling,  
Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven;  
And as imagination bodies forth  
The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen  
Turns them to shapes, and gives to airy nothing  
A local habitation and a name."

FRANK J. HAGENBARTH, '87.

#### The Phrenologist in Love.

Entrancing was her figure, so shapely and so neat,  
As with lithe and dainty footstep she tripped across the street;  
She'd a world of tender feeling, from her eyes I saw it beam,  
And a nobby little bonnet on her bump of Self-Esteem.

A string of pearly jewels enringed her lovely neck,  
And manifold the gems that did her charming form bedeck;  
"Ah!" said I, with rapture, "gladly would I take the whole  
in charge!"  
But I saw with consternation that her Cautiousness was large.

Though oft external beauty is allied to inward vice;  
Yet this a blest exception was, I noticed in a thrice;  
For if she nourished in her breast a temper fierce and rude,  
Her Combative Propensity would make her ears protrude.

Gentle as were her manners, there was something yet to fear—

Some gentle girls will make remarks we do not like to hear—  
A sarcastic disposition might cost me many pangs;  
Both her Mirth and her Comparison were hidden by her bangs.

I hesitated, therefore, an inviting glance to try—  
(You know, the bump of Language is located in the eye)—  
Her cranial developments would tell the tale aright;  
But she stepped into her carriage, and it whirled her out of sight.

As there I stood in anguish, I this lesson pondered o'er,  
And wondered how the force of it I'd never felt before,—  
To act with calm decision, avoiding doleful dumps,  
And to first secure your sweetheart, ere you scrutinize her bumps.

BOYLE DOWELL.

### Julius Cæsar.

Caius Julius Cæsar was born B. C. 100, in the sixth consulship of Marius. In his boyhood he was amiable and kind, but of a very determined disposition. His aunt Julia was the wife of Caius Marius. At the age of fourteen he obtained the office of *Flamen Dialis* (High Priest of Jupiter). In his sixteenth year he lost his father, a man of prætorian rank, who died suddenly at Pisa. In his seventeenth year he married Cornelia, the daughter of Cinna, by whom he had a daughter, Julia. His relationship to Marius and Cinna—the two great opponents of the dictator Sylla—exposed him to the resentment of the opposite faction.

His first campaign was served under M. Thermus in Asia, and he distinguished himself at the capture of Mitylenne, a city in the island of Lesbos (B. C. 79 or 80). In the following year we find him on the staff of Servilius Isauricus in Cilicia. The news of Sylla's death brought him back to Rome, B. C. 78. After his unsuccessful impeachment of Cornelius Dolabella, for bad management of affairs in his province, he retired to Rhodes, and for a time became the pupil of the rhetorician Milo, whose instructions Cicero had attended, B. C. 75.

While on his voyage to Rhodes, he was captured by pirates near the island of Pharmacusa off the coast of Asia, where he was detained for nearly forty days, and was obliged to dispatch some of his friends and servants in quest of money for his ransom. Fifty talents having been paid down, he was landed on the coast; immediately collecting some ships, he pursued the pirates, captured them, and inflicted the punishment with which he had often threatened them in jest.

Being elected one of the military tribunes, B. C. 69, he procured an enactment for the restoration of Lucius Cinna, his wife's brother, and of those partisans of M. Lepidus, who after his death had joined Sertorius in Spain. The following year he was quæstor in Spain, and on his return to Rome, he was elected *curule ædile*, B. C. 65. This gave Cæsar an opportunity of indulging his taste for magnificence and display, by which he secured the favor of the people.

Cæsar, who was now thirty-five years of age, had enjoyed no opportunity of distinguishing himself in warfare, while Cn. Pompey, who was only six years older, was spreading his name and the terror of the Roman arms throughout the East. By a prudent application of money among the poorer voters, and by his personal influence among all classes, he obtained the *Pontificatus Maximus* (B. C. 63), or headship of the college of *Pontifices*—a position to which an official residence in the *Via Sacra* was attached.

At the time of the debate on the conspiracy of Catiline (B. C. 63), Cæsar was *prætor designatus*, and accordingly spoke in his place in the senate. He was the only person who ventured to oppose the proposition to put the conspirators to death; he recommended that their property be confiscated, and that they be dispersed through the different municipia of Italy, and kept under a strict surveillance.

The year 61 B. C. was spent by Cæsar as quæstor in his province of Southern Spain, where he speedily restored order in his circuit through the province by authority from the prætor, and hurried back to Rome before his successor came to canvass for the consulship. The aristocratical party saw that it was impossible to prevent Cæsar's election; their only chance was to give him a colleague who should be a check upon him. Their choice of Bibulus was singularly unfortunate for their designs.

Bibulus, after unavailing efforts to resist the impetuosity of his colleague, shut himself up in his house, and Cæsar acted as sole consul, B. C. 59. Pompey was dissatisfied because the senate delayed confirming all his measures in the Mithridatic war and during his command in Asia; opposed to him was Crassus, who was the richest man in the state, and second only to Pompey in influence with the senatorial faction. If Cæsar gained over only one of these rivals, he made the other his enemy; he determined, therefore, to secure them both.

He began by courting Pompey, and succeeded in bringing about a reconciliation between him and Crassus. It was agreed that there should be a general understanding among the three as to their course of policy. To knit their alliance more closely, Cæsar gave Pompey his daughter Julia in marriage. He himself on this occasion took a new wife—Calpurnia, the daughter of Lucius Piso, whom he nominated one of the consuls for the ensuing year—B. C. 58—and who was to succeed him in the consulship.

One of the most important measures of Cæsar's consulship was an agrarian law for the division of some public lands in Campania among the poorer citizens, which was carried by intimidation. Clodius, the enemy of Cicero, was, through Cæsar's influence and the help of Pompey, adopted into a plebeian family, and thus made capable of holding the office of tribune.

Clodius, the next year, having been elected a tribune, drove Cicero into exile, B. C. 58. As the Gallic provinces, under the name of Cisalpine Gaul, at this time were subject to Rome, Cæsar obtained

them from the people, as well as the Gallia Ulterior of the provinces. The latter country extended from the Mediterranean to the Cebenna mountains, and included other provinces towards the East. On the North it joins the Alabroges, we read about in the first book, *De Bello Gallico*. During this time he stopped the Helvetii, who were emigrating from their native country, with the intention of settling in the southern part of Gaul.

He defeated Ariovistus, a powerful German chief, with immense slaughter. Some of the fugitives escaped across the Rhine in boats, and Ariovistus with them. The two sons of Ariovistus and one daughter were killed in the fight, and another daughter was taken prisoner. With wonderful ability and bravery, he subdued this country in about ten years, and carried the terror of his arms into Germany and Britain, till then unknown to the Romans.

Having vanquished the Britons, he exacted from them contributions and hostages. Amid such a succession of prosperous issues, he experienced only three times any disaster: once in Britain, when his fleet was nearly wrecked in a storm; in Gaul, at Gergovia, where one of his legions was put to flight; and in the territory of the Germans, his lieutenants—Titurius and Aurunculeius—were cut off by an ambuscade.

In 45 B. C., Cæsar was sole consul, and dictator for the third time. During the greater part of this year he was absent in Spain, where Cn. Pompey, son of Pompey the Great, had raised a large force. The great battle of Munda, in which thirty thousand are said to have fallen on the side of Pompey, terminated the campaigns of Cæsar. The energy of Cæsar's character, his personal accomplishments, his courage and skill in war, and his capacity for civil affairs, render him one of the most remarkable men of any age.

His great ambition now was to obtain the consulship a second time, and a special enactment had been already passed enabling him to stand for that position in his absence. Cæsar, who was at Ravenna, in his province of Gallia Cisalpina, sent Curio to Rome with a letter in which he announced his willingness to give up his army and come to the city, if Pompey would also give up the command of the troops which he had. The senate passed a decree that Cæsar should give up his army by a certain day, or be considered an enemy of the state.

The tribunes, M. Antonius and Q. Cassius, the friends of Cæsar, attempted to oppose the measure; but their design was treated with contempt, and thus they gained a good excuse for hurrying to Cæsar with the news. Upon receiving the intelligence, Cæsar crossed the Rubicon—a small stream which formed the southern limit of his province—and directed his march towards the South, B. C. 49. The alarm now became very great, and Pompey, with a large part of the senate and his forces, hurried to Brundisium, whence he succeeded in crossing the sea to Dyrrachium in Epirus.

Cæsar, who had reached Brundisium before

Pompey left it, advanced to Rome, where he took possession of the public money, which the other party in their hurry had left behind. He immediately set out for Spain, where Afranius and Petreius, who were on the side of Pompey, were at the head of eight legions. After reducing this important province, he on his return took the town of Massilia, the siege of which had been commenced on his march to Spain.

Thence Cæsar marched to Hispalis, which sent deputies to sue for pardon, and obtained it. Though the citizens assured him that they were able to defend the town with their own forces, he nevertheless thought it proper to send Caninius—his lieutenant—thither with some troops, and encamped before the place. During these transactions, deputies arrived from Carteia with accounts of their having secured Pompey, hoping by this service to atone for their former fault of shutting the gates against Cæsar.

The Carteians, while Cæsar was employed in reducing the other towns upon his route, fell into a disunion about young Pompey. There were two parties in the town, one that had sent the deputies to Cæsar, and another in the Pompeyan interest. These last prevailing, seized the gates, and made a dreadful slaughter of their adversaries. Pompey himself was wounded in the fray, but escaping to his ships, fled with about thirty galleys.

Pompey had departed with so much haste from Carteia, that he took no time to furnish himself with water, the want of which obliging him to stop by the way, Didius came up with him after four days' sailing, took some of his ships and burned the rest. Pompey, with a few followers, escaped to a cave, where he could not easily be discovered. But he was betrayed by some of the prisoners taken. He was captured and slain, and his head brought to Cæsar, the twelfth of April, B. C. 48. Here is a portion of the reply of Cæsar to Ptolemy, King of Egypt, when the latter, having secured the head of Pompey, brought it to the conqueror:

"Egyptians, dare ye think your highest pyramids,  
Built to outdare the sun, as you suppose,  
Where your unworthy kings lie rak'd in ashes,  
Are monuments fit for him? No, brood of Nilus,  
Nothing can cover his high fame but heaven;  
No pyramids set off his memories,  
To which I leave him. Take the head away,  
And, with the body, give it noble burial:  
Your earth shall now be bless'd to hold a Roman,  
Whose braveries all the world's earth cannot balance."

When the Roman senate heard of Cæsar's victories, they proclaimed a solemn thanksgiving to the gods. Supreme power was granted to him for life, with the title of dictator, and his person declared sacred and inviolable. He had now but one wish to gratify, and that was to bear the name of king. He endeavored to gain the good will of the soldiers and people, in order that they might further his ambition. For this purpose he spent immense sums in entertainments and magnificent exhibitions.

On a certain occasion, he made a feast for the whole Roman people. Twenty-two thousand



tables were set out in the streets of Rome, heaped with all sorts of delicious food and drink; even the meanest beggar was at liberty to sit down and eat his fill. The people therefore had a fondness for their ruler; they loved to see him, and were even ready to fall down and worship him. There were others, also, who hated Cæsar, because he had wronged them, or because he was more powerful than they. These formed a conspiracy to kill him.

About sixty persons were engaged in the conspiracy against him, but the chief among them were Brutus, Cassius, and Marcus. It was at first discussed whether they should attack him in the Campus Martius, or throw him off the bridge, whilst others should be ready to stab him upon his fall; or else in the *Via Sacra*, or at the entrance of the theatre. But public notice having been given for the senate to assemble upon the ides of March (15th March), in the senate-house built by Pompey, they approved both of the time and place as most fitting for their purpose.

On the fatal morning, Cæsar set forth from his house. There was a great throng of flatterers and false friends around him. When he had descended the portal, a gray-bearded old philosopher pressed through the crowd, and put a paper into his hand, warning him against the plot. If he had read it, it would have cost the conspirators their lives, and saved his own; but he gave it to one of his secretaries and passed on. As he walked through the streets, he looked around at the crowd of senators, and listened to the shouts of the multitude, considering himself the most exalted man in the whole world.

The proud procession ascended the steps of the senate-house and entered the hall; it was ornamented on all sides with statues of many famous Romans, and among them stood a marble image of Pompey, whose bloody head had been brought to Cæsar. Just as he was passing in front of it, Metellus Cimber, one of the conspirators, knelt down and took hold of his robe—this was the signal for the attack.

Casca, who was behind Cæsar, drew a dagger and stabbed him in the shoulder. Cæsar seized him by the arm, and cried aloud: "Wretch! what doest thou? The other conspirators now rushed upon him; but he defended himself with the valor that he had shown in a hundred battles. At length, Marcus Brutus pressed forward and struck him with his dagger. When Cæsar saw that the hand of his dear friend was raised against his life, he made no more resistance, but said, with one reproachful look: "and thou, too, Brutus!"

He was stabbed with three-and-twenty wounds; uttering a groan only, but no cry, and covering his head with his mantle that his enemies might not behold the death-pang in his face, he fell down at the pedestal of Pompey's statue. The conspirators dipped their weapons in the blood that flowed upon the pavement; Brutus raised his dagger aloft, and, pointing to the prostrate form of Cæsar, cried to Cicero, the illustrious orator and patriot: "Rejoice, father of our country, for Rome is free!"

The conspirators intended to throw his body into the Tiber as soon as they had killed him; to confiscate his estate, and rescind all his enactments; but they were prevented, and abandoned their intentions. Cæsar died on the 15th of March, B. C. 44, in the fifty-sixth year of his age; he was enrolled among the gods, under the appellation of Divus Julius, not only by a formal decree, but in the belief of the vulgar. R. W. O'KEEFE.

#### Art, Music and Literature.

—A statue recently discovered in the bed of the Tiber proves to be a Bacchus. He stands six feet high, is cast in bronze, with ivory eyes, is exquisitely modelled, and in excellent preservation.

—A hitherto unknown "Madonna and Child," by Raphael, bearing his initials, and the date 1510, has just been discovered in Lausanne, by Professor Nicole, and is at present exhibited at the Art Union in Basle.

—Andrea Maffei, the Italian poet, has died at Milan, at the ripe age of 82. The deceased wrote the books of operas for Verdi, and translated a great portion of the works of Thomas Moore into the language of Tasso. He passed away in retirement.

—The Marquis of Lorne, Col. Ingersoll, Millionaires Astor and Carnegie, an Irish Member of Parliament elect, John Boyle O'Reilly, Cassius M. Clay, Sir John MacDonald, and Frank B. Sanborn have articles in the January number of the *North American Review*.

—The international art exhibition will open in Berlin, on May 18, 1886. The historical department will be a prominent part of the exhibition, and will cost \$190,000. There will be buildings and costume processions to illustrate Greek works of art, and a diorama of the German-African possessions, and the Egyptian temple. An electric light will be used in connection with the diorama.

—Gen. Beauregard gives a history of the Shiloh Campaign in the January number of the *North American Review*. He claims that Gen. Algernon Sydney Johnson acted only as a corps commander at Shiloh. Gen. Beauregard emphatically asserts (contrary to the common belief) that he was the sole commander on both days, and, without naming them, controverts the reports of Grant and Sherman as to the nation's forces being taken by surprise.

—Harper's publishing house, writes "Opal," is a curious example of the architecture that has grown with the demands of its business. It must occupy now an entire block, and is a perfect citadel—a fortress—in its iron and brick. Curious connections and iron stair-cases and mysterious passages abound in this immense fire-proof establishment. The private room of the head of the house is fitted up in old-time style. A great fireplace, furniture and hangings of the colonial period, and antique ornaments make it an apartment from which Peter Stuyvesant might have just stepped out.

—The London *Athenæum* states that the story of Goldsmith's arrest by his landlady and Johnson's sale of the "Vicar of Wakefield" are in danger. It is impossible that this account, received from Johnson himself, should not be substantially true; yet, in his introduction to Mr. Stock's new *fac-simile* of the first edition, Mr. Austin Dobson shows that it will have to be reconciled with certain inconvenient facts. He holds that the book, as early as the 28th of October, 1762, became the property of three persons, one of whom was Benjamin Collins, the Salisbury printer. This exonerates Mrs. Fleming—Goldsmith's Islington landlady—from her traditional reputation for asperity, as Goldsmith, at that date, had not gone to Islington; and it fixes some time anterior to October, 1762, for the composition of the book, which was a point hitherto in some obscurity.

### College Gossip.

—The laws regulating the government of Yale College prescribe that the President of that institution must be a clergyman. This excludes several of the proposed candidates for President Porter's place.

—The "students' number" of the *Progrès Médical*, describing the status of medical education in thirty countries containing medical schools, makes it appear that the requirements for a medical degree are lower in the United States than in any of the places named, excepting China and Turkey.

—The class in meteorology at the University of Texas was up for examination. "Has the mean temperature increased or fallen off during the last three centuries?" asked the professor.—"Professor, I can't remember anything that happened so far back. I only entered the university last year."—*Texas Siftings*.

—In the Diocese of Bathurst, Australia, which on the advent of its first Bishop, in 1866, had but five priests, three churches, and as many schools, there are now over 100 priests, handsome churches in every parish, fifty-seven schools with an attendance of 4,000 children, a diocesan seminary, a college and an orphanage.

—Among the German-speaking universities, that of Vienna has the largest medical faculty, the number of professors and other teachers being 134. Berlin has 100 instructors, and Munich 42. The smallest is that of Rostock, with 11 teachers; but even there an instructor is provided for every eight or nine students, there being but 92 medical scholars in the university.

—A professor at — was explaining some of the habits and customs of the ancient Greeks to his class. "The ancient Greeks built no roofs over their theatre," said the professor. "What did the ancient Greeks do when it rained?" asked Johnnie Fizzletop. The professor took off his spectacles, polished them with his handkerchief, and replied, calmly: "They got wet, I suppose."

—"The human lungs reverberate sometimes with great velocity

When windy individuals indulge in much verbosity,  
They have to twirl the glottis sixty thousand times a minute,

And push and punch the diaphragm as though the deuce were in it.

"Chorus: The pharynx now goes np;

The larynx with a slam,

Ejects a note

From out the throat

Pushed by the diaphragm."

—*The Harvard Advocate*.

—*The Richmond College Messenger* calls upon some of his "fairer sex" exchanges to solve the following:

*Arithmetic*: (1) If Susie has a new dress, and Clara has 2 new dresses, how many more callers will Clara have during an evening?

(2) If Arabella likes Claude, and Claude likes somebody else, what does Arabella think of somebody else?

*Geometry*: Problem—(1) To construct a brown-stone building and establishment on the base of a nine hundred-dollar salary.

(2) Square a milliner's bill.

*Natural History*: What bird is most appropriate for a walking-hat?

*Astronomy*: State the reason for the son's declination to take the hint concerning a moon-light drive?

*Latin*: Translate *Femina mutabile semper*.

### THE SAD FATE OF A POLICEMAN.

An officer stood at the crossing one day,  
Who with answering questions was tired,  
When a beautiful maiden, passing that way,  
The road to the "depo" inquired.

The weary policeman directed her straight  
To the street through which she should go,  
When an elderly lady, who seemed to be late  
For the train, wished to find the "depoe."

Then a man with his arms full of crockery-ware—  
Cups, saucers, a pitcher and teapot—  
Came up and inquired, with an anxious air,  
The most direct route to the "depot."

The officer gave the directions to these,  
Though he was annoyed, it was clear;  
Then a rustic approached him and said: "If you please,  
Is it far to the 'daypo' from here?"

A man in pursuit of a runaway pair  
Came up with the speed of a hippo—  
Griff winging its flight through the ambient air,  
Inquiring the way to the "dippo."

The officer silently pointed the way;  
His mind was in sad tribulation,  
For then came an Englishman, asking: "I say,  
Can you tell me the way to the station?"

\* \* \* \* \*

The officer's seen at the crossing no more,  
For something's gone wrong in his brain,  
And his family has placed him, his mind to restore,  
In a home for the harmless insane.

To visit him often his old comrades go,  
And he seems to find some consolation  
In asking them: "Say, is it depo, depoe,  
Dippo, daypo, depot, or station?"

—*Boston Courier*.

# NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.

Notre Dame, January 2, 1886.

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.

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Notre Dame, Indiana.

If a subscriber fails to receive the SCHOLASTIC regularly he will confer a favor by sending us notice immediately, each time. Those who may have missed a number, or numbers, and wish to have the volume complete for binding, can have back numbers of the current volume by applying for them. In all such cases, early application should be made at the office of publication, as, usually, but few copies in excess of the subscription list are printed.

The Editors of the SCHOLASTIC will always be glad to receive information concerning former students and graduates of the University.

## Our Staff.

FRANK H. DEXTER,  
F. J. HAGENBARTH,

P. J. GOULDING,  
T. J. CLEARY.

—An item is going the rounds of the press to the effect that “‘Xmas’ no more spells ‘Christmas’ than it does ‘Fourth of July.’” The starter of the item simply betrays his ignorance of the reason of an usage which dates its origin from a very remote period of Christianity. The “X” in *Xmas* is the Greek letter *X*, the first letter of the word *Χριστός* (Christ), and therefore a very appropriate abbreviation of the word *Christmas*. Thus, besides the sanction of long usage, it has also the merit of propriety, not being a mere arbitrary symbol, like many another abbreviation.

—The year 1885 is now numbered among the things of the past. 1886 has begun, and with it another period in life’s journey has been opened to us. The year just gone by seemed long, as we

looked out upon its days, weeks, and months stretched out before us; and yet, how imperceptibly the minutes, hours, and days glided by until, almost before we knew it, the end was at hand! How has this time been spent? is the question which must naturally suggest itself; and with it comes the thought of what the future shall be. To make amends for the faults of the past by greater devotion to duty in the future is the terse expression of the resolution that each thoughtful student, as he enters upon the new year, must take, with a determination to make it practical. In this way, each one will make for himself a truly happy New Year. We, of the SCHOLASTIC, are pleased to be able to greet our readers—as we heartily do—thus early with that best, and most expressive of all compliments—A HAPPY NEW YEAR!

—Much more praise than our haste and limited space would permit us to give in our last number, is due to the St. Cecilia Philomathean Association for the very creditable manner in which they acquitted themselves at their exhibition on the 19th ult. Those to whom the speaking parts were allotted—and they were not a few—showed themselves skilled in elocution, and possessors of good dramatic talent. Without exhibiting any undue partiality to them, and speaking only the unanimous verdict of all who had the good fortune to attend the entertainment, we say that they made a splendid appearance; and, while reflecting credit upon themselves, gave evidence of the just and careful training of their worthy Director, Prof. Joseph A. Lyons. Through an oversight, the name of Master G. Myers, who took the part of “Bozza,” was omitted from the report. He made a capital old man, and filled the rôle with a quiet dignity of manner and correct intonation of voice in perfect keeping with the character. The St. Cecilians are justly proud of the results of their efforts, and promise still greater attractions at their entertainment in June, when, we can assure them, a better proportioned mead of justice will be meted out to them.

—Two valuable donations have just been made to Science Hall, for which grateful acknowledgments are due to the munificence of the Edison Electric Light Co., of New York, and the Armington & Sims Engine Co., of Providence, R. I. The contributions consist of a complete electric-light plant—the gift of the Edison Co., and of a beautiful, high-speed, automatic steam-engine,—given by the well-known inventors and mechanicians Armington & Sims. The donations were made by the companies named as their contributions to the advancement of science at Notre Dame. They are in every sense of the words noble gifts, and gifts which reflect credit on the gentlemen who made them, showing, as they do, in a most substantial way, that they have the cause of practical scientific education at heart, and that they are willing, in the most effectual manner, to assist in its



## Our Ghost!

THE MANES OF ARISTOPHANES, A LEGACY OF EIGHTY-FOUR

*Bonus dies*, Sir Toby; for, as the old Hermit of Prague, that never saw pen and ink, very wittily said to a niece of King Gorbodue that that is, is—*Twelfth Night IV, Sc. 2*.

According to his virtue, let us use him with all respect and rites of burial.—*Cæsar V. Sc. 5*.

Rumor hath it that ever since the bright May morning the Hellenists of '84, clad in their tunics, issued solemnly forth from the chamber of death, bearing aloft the mortal remains of Aristophanes; since the sun-lit afternoon they stood above his open grave pouring libations upon him, and Bailley delivered that extempore harangue of unimpeachable Attic, and Ewing sang his weirdly beautiful monody; since the early twilight falling shadowed their noble forms as, foot-sore and weary, they returned to *Alma Mater*; ever since then, till now, we repeat, rumor hath it that the spirit of the great comedian, restless and unquiet, still haunts the nearer banks of the River Styx, and, roaming through the corridor that in days of yore the Class of '84 were wont to inhabit, renders the sleep of their successors troubled and uncertain, and makes the night-season hideous with strange disquiet and weird commotion. Whether it be that the great Athenian still clings with pagan prejudice to a desire for cremation, or whether, as has been suggested, he is still resenting his interment in a grave already found prepared for burial, or whether his feelings were seriously wounded by the failure of Charles Francis Adams to attend his obsequies, we are not prepared to say. Certain it is that Sophocles, whom alone of men the crusty playwright respected, regarded burial of the most constructive kind in a mere handful of dust as sufficient to insure the departed spirit a speedy ride across the Styx; and, on the other hand, the most rigid Athenian could not but regard the finding in a wild and pathless place of a grave already dug for burial as a most auspicious omen, speaking the favor of the gods.

We are therefore unwillingly forced to conclude that the very serious responsibility for this very serious disturbance must rest on the venerable shoulders of Mr. Charles Francis Adams who, not content with declining to attend the obsequies, added insult to injury by perpetrating the following letter:

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

"CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS."

Not content with a bungling excuse for his failure to attend the funeral, Mr. Adams displays an unseemly joy over the death of the illustrious poet, and, by means of a malodorous pun, seeks to exclude the Birds, the Frogs, the Clouds and the rest of his favorite works from the consideration of our schools. Until some better expedient be sug-

advancement. They are gifts, too, of which any scientific institute might feel proud, and we think we know the directors of the Scientific Department well enough to state that no one could appreciate the donations more, or put them to better use.

The students of electrical and mechanical engineering will have in the Edison dynamos and appurtenances, and in the Armington & Sims engine, the latest and most perfect models of machinery that have yet been devised for utilizing the forces of steam and electricity. And the students of physical science will have in these noble machines the means of experimentally illustrating on a grand scale the laws governing the correlation and conservation of the various forces of nature that they are called upon to investigate.

The electric light plant will, we understand, be used not only to illuminate the various laboratories and lecture-rooms with incandescent lamps, but also to supply electric currents when needed for purposes of experiment or illustration, especially in magnetic and dynamo-electric researches. The engine, besides being employed as the motive power for the dynamos, will be also used in the Laboratory of Mechanical Engineering, particularly in the line of experimental work, for which its uniform speed and high efficiency so admirably adapts it.

While thanking the Edison, and the Armington & Sims Cos., for their generosity, and applauding them for the part they have taken in furthering the advance of practical science, we cannot forbear mentioning the kindly interest taken in the matter by their able and gentlemanly representative, John R. Markle, of Detroit. He, too, will be gratefully remembered by those in charge of Science Hall for the part he has taken in the good work.

The work of putting the plant in position has already been commenced, and we hope soon to be able to record its completion. When in running order, the plant will be one of the attractions of Science Hall, and will be to the scientific student—we say it without fear of contradiction—"a thing of beauty, and a joy forever."

## A Card from Very Rev. W. Corby, C. S. C.

To answer separately all the letters received on the occasion of my "Silver Jubilee," and to thank each of my friends for the testimonies of affection then expressed, would be an almost endless task. I, therefore, avail myself of the columns of the excellent SCHOLASTIC to express my thanks to my many friends, and my deep appreciation of their kindness. Indeed, I did not intend in any way to publish or celebrate my "Jubilee"; but it became known without any act of mine, and the result was far beyond what I had any right to expect. Thanking from my heart all who took part in the celebration, and wishing them all the blessings of this holy season, I am their

humble servant,

W. CORBY, C. S. C.

gested, our own humble advice is for the Rev. Professor of Greek to introduce Aristophanes into all of his classes, and for the Astrologer to be earnestly prayed to write Mr. Adams by return mail a still more heart-rending *bon mot* and order him, under pain of death, to read the President's message for a week. Thus may the spirit of the great poet be in some degree mollified, and at last he may betake himself from Grad. Street to the ferry of Charon—pay down his obolus already given him, cross the dark-fabled river, and join the contending Æschylus and Euripides below.

If this remedy proves unavailing, we can only wait for the promised reunion, next June, of the Class of '84.

\* \*

Among numerous letters and telegrams of regret received by the Committee of Arrangements, we quote the following:

From the dark god.

Ἀλδάντος, May, 1884.

TO THE HON.

THE COMMITTEE OF ARRANGEMENTS:

GENTLEMEN:—Yours, of the —, requesting me to *serve* as a pall-bearer at the funeral of Aristophanes, at hand. As your letter seems to be a *civil* one, I will regard it as a Civil Service letter, and give it my profound respect and my important approbation accordingly.

G. C. (*The dark god*.)

From the Supreme Court of Ohio.

TO THE HON.

THE COMMITTEE OF ARRANGEMENTS:

GENTLEMEN:—Your favor of the —, requesting our attendance as a chorus of Theban Old Men at the funeral of Aristophanes, received. Although we are accustomed to play second fiddle with considerable success, we are not in *vocal* training, and therefore must peremptorily decline your kind invitation.

SUPREME COURT OF OHIO,

DALTON, C. J.

From the Commander of the Hoplites.

H'D'Q'RS U. S. ARMY, WASHINGTON, D. C., May, '84.

COMMITTEE OF ARRANGEMENTS:

SIRS:—Your requisition for Hoplites at the funeral of Aristophanes on file. I regret exceedingly to say that one-third of the U. S. A. is compiling the present document; one-third is at present blackening my boots; a third-third is running opposition to your Astrologer at Notre Dame, by making weather predictions which, he says, are of signal service to the United States. The rest are nowhere to be found. Moreover, your request may only be the Iowa term for *light-hops*, which would be most reprehensible.

SHERRY DAN.

From a Hard Student.

Βοστών, May, 1884.

MESSRS. F. W. GALLAGHER, AND OTHERS:

GENTLEMEN:—I will be very glad, indeed, to attend the funeral of my arch-enemy, Aristophanes, provided, only, that Father Stoffel be placed under heavy bond to make no personal remarks on verbs in *μ*.

Tearfully yours,

Φατ. E. WALSH.

From an old Prophet.

KENTUCKY, KAINUCKY, KINTUCKY, May, '84.

LITTLE BOYS:—It is too far for me to come to see the funeral of Aristophanes. I am 6000 years old to-morrow, and Mr. Sophocles intends to use me in thirty more plays before I die. Be regular in your habits; remember what toil and trouble the irregularity of a few Greek verbs have caused countless generations. I begin to grow old—Good-bye.

TERESIAS, of *Kantuck*.

## Books and Periodicals.

H. B. BRYANT'S NEW MANUAL OF BOOK-KEEPING. Chicago: H. B. Bryant & Son. 1885.

A very good work, designed, as the author says in his preface, "to remedy the unfortunate consequences of incomplete preparation, and to give the student a high degree of thoroughness and efficiency." To this end, the "journalizing" of the sets presented is left entirely to the student and his instructor, the statements of losses and gains, and of resources and liabilities, being a sufficient test of the accuracy with which journal and ledger have been derived from the day book entries given. Of these sets there are seven, proceeding gradually from the most simple to more complicated transactions, the last set being the books of a brokerage business. Each set is followed by simple rules, developed naturally by the necessities of the course as it proceeds. The work concludes with useful exercises in commercial arithmetic,—Partial Payments, Interest, etc., and with the forms of Notes, Drafts, etc., used in the sets. An excellent manual, and admirably adapted to the purposes for which it is designed.

THE SCHOLASTIC ANNUAL. For the Year of Our Lord 1886. Edited by Joseph A. Lyons. Notre Dame, Ind.

This popular *Annual*, now in its eleventh year, is not inferior to any of its predecessors. In addition to the usual information common to all calendars, this favorite year-book presents a well-selected collection of interesting and instructive literary articles in prose and poetry. Among the contributors this year we find Rev. Thomas E. Walsh, C. S. C.; Rev. John A. Zahm, C. S. C.; Rev. Dr. Howley; Arthur J. Stace, A. M.; Charles Warren Stoddard; William Hoynes, A. M.; W. J. Onahan, LL. D.; Marion Muir; E. P. Ryder, and others. A very prominent and distinctive feature of the work, since its inception, has been the Astrological Predictions, which have attracted more than passing notice. This year the Astrologer takes what he calls his "Farewell"—which we shall not attempt to describe. We hope, however, that, for the sake of the toiling millions, he may be induced to reconsider his determination. The *Annual* should be read by everybody. Price, 25 cents. N.

—A compact selection of home and field games for boys and girls is the "Household Game Book," mailed free for two 2-cent stamps, by D. Lothrop & Co., Boston. *The cheapest yet!*

—*Art and Decoration* is the title of a monthly journal that has lately come under our notice. From the few numbers we have seen, we think it entitled to an extensive circulation by reason of the utility and artistic quality of its contents. The publishers announce that an improvement is to be made in the work, commencing with the January issue,—the size will be increased from 32 to 40 pages, and a Ladies' Home Department will be introduced, under the management of a lady writer of ability and experience, who is thoroughly ac-

acquainted with the wants of ladies who have homes and a desire to decorate them. It is believed that this department will be found of great value, besides being of great interest to the lady readers. The suggestions given in this department will be of a higher order than the simple directions for embroidery and needle work, which, admirable in their way and in their proper mediums, should be superseded in this journal by the description of work more directly in the line of furnishing and decorating. The readers of this journal, in other words, are believed to be pretty generally acquainted with the rudiments of needle work—it is now proposed to take them a step beyond that. The subscription price is only \$2.50 a year. Published by Art and Decoration Co., 7 Warren Street, New York City.

—*St. Nicholas* for January is, both in point of time and contents, another Christmas number. W. D. Howells leads off with his long-promised story, which is delightfully unconventional, and has the bewilderingly suggestive title "Christmas Every Day," and some amusing illustrations by his little daughter. Sophie May has a bright and timely story about "Santa Claus on Snow-Shoes," with a full-page picture by D. Clinton Peters; and Hezekiah Butterworth tells how his "Grandmother's Grandmother's Christmas Candle" repelled an Indian invasion in colonial days. "Nick Woolson's Ride" is a clever winter sketch by Rose Hawthorne Lathrop, well illustrated by George Foster Barnes; there is a full-page polar bear picture to John R. Coryell's sketch, "The King of the Frozen North"; and Susan Coolridge's verses, "The Secret of It," tell their own story without the need of illustration. There is another "Ready for Business" paper,—this time "An Architect" and the chances for young men in the profession of architecture are practically discussed; "Among the Law-Makers" contains a profusely illustrated chapter on the many curiosities and points of interest about the Capitol; while a brief life of Richard Wilhelm Wagner ends the "From Bach to Wagner" series.

#### Personal.

—Bro. Stanislaus, C. S. C., left last Tuesday for an extended visit to the East.

—Bros. Marcellinus and Paul passed the Christmas vacation at Watertown, Wis.

—Prof. C. W. Stoddard has been spending the holidays at Covington and Cincinnati.

—E. L. Spitley (Com'l), '73, is doing well in the lumber business at Los Angeles, Cal.

—Mrs. G. Sweet, Savannah, Ga., passed a few days at the College, visiting her two sons.

—Prof. James F. Edwards passed the vacation with relatives and friends at Toledo, Ohio.

—Bro. Justinian, C. S. C., of Nativity School, Chicago, spent part of the holidays at the College.

—Prof. Hoynes, our genial Director of the Law

Department, enjoyed the vacation in professional pursuits in Chicago.

—Prof. Lyons has been making his usual double diurnal oscillations between Notre Dame and Chicago during the week.

—Rev. President Walsh has taken advantage of the holidays to enjoy a much-needed rest and vacation in the sunny South.

—Rev. John Bleckman, '67, Rector of the Church of the Immaculate Conception, at Michigan City, Ind., paid a pleasant visit to the College during the week.

—Dr. John A. Gibbons, '76, of Keokuk, Iowa, and Edward Fischel, '80, of New York City, with other old St. Cecilians, send greetings to friends at Notre Dame.

—Rev. S. Fitte, C. S. C., assisted in the Christmas services at the Church of the Holy Angels, Chicago, of which Rev. D. A. Tighe, '72, is the efficient Rector.

—Rev. R. Maher, C. S. C., formerly Professor at Notre Dame, has returned from missionary duty at the Black Hills, Dakota. He is now spending a few days of vacation with friends in Michigan.

—Lieut. Joseph P. O'Neill, U. S. A. (Marshall), '83, is stationed at Fort Leavenworth, Kansas. He writes to one of his old professors, recounting interesting and practical applications of his well-known elocutionary talents.

—The numerous clerical and lay friends of Vicar-General P. J. Conway, '57, of Chicago, will tender him a grand banquet on the eve of his departure for Europe, on the 13th inst. We wish the Very Rev. gentleman *un bon voyage!*

—The Church of the Assumption, on Illinois street, is nearly completed—only awaiting the painter's finishing touches and the artistic sketches. The services of Professor Gregori, of Notre Dame University, Notre Dame, Ind., have been secured, and that gentleman is now preparing his designs.—*Chicago Inter Ocean*.

—We were pleased to see T. E. Steele, '84, and J. A. Larkin, of '83,—both formerly of the SCHOLASTIC Staff—who came to spend a portion of the holidays at their *Alma Mater*. Mr. Steele is now located at Cincinnati, where he is engaged in the study of Law; and Mr. Larkin occupies a professional chair in one of the Chicago institutes. They enjoyed their visit, which afforded much pleasure to their many old friends.

—James Norfleet '72, is meeting with great and deserved success in the practice of his profession as a lawyer, at Tarboro, N. C. He was recently elected to fill the vacancy occasioned by the resignation of the Presiding Justice of the Interior Court. *The Tarboro Southerner* says:

"Mr. Norfleet is a young Lawyer of very great promise. In his new position we have no hesitation in predicting that he will more than meet the expectations of his friends and most worthily fill the place of predecessor."

—John R. Berringer, of '74, writes us a very interesting letter from Ironwood, Ontonagon Co., Mich., where he is engaged as mining clerk with

the Pabst Mining Company. The district in which he is located is a splendid iron field, and is destined to become one of the finest in the United States. Near by, where but six months ago not a single soul lived, is now a town containing between 1500 and 1800 inhabitants. The Pabst Co. is one of several others started, about six months ago, working mines on both sides of the Montreal River. There is every prospect of a successful and prosperous field of labor. Mr. Berringer, we are glad to hear, is a happy *paterfamilias*, with two bright little boys, whom he intends to send to Notre Dame in the near future. We learn from his letter that Ed. Maas and Arnold Lonstorf, of the same year, are also interested in the mining business, and Rudolph Maas is a successful physician at Negaunee, Mich.

#### Local Items.

—HAPPY NEW YEAR!

—Our friend John did not take that sleigh-ride.

—The electric light will be introduced into St. Edward's Hall.

—Such weather as this would upset any system of weather prophecy.

—Santa Claus dealt very generously with the Minims on Christmas night.

—Lost—A plain gold ring with initials "K. D." Finder will please return to Bro. Emmanuel.

—The Minims enjoyed a very fine "Christmas Tree" on Thursday eve. Full report next week.

—Any number of Christmas boxes came during the holidays, and, needless to say, were heartily enjoyed.

—The uniform of the Sorin Cadets is blue. It makes a very handsome suit, in every way becoming to the Princes.

—It was a beautifully appropriate sight at midnight on Christmas Eve to see the statue of Our Lady resplendent with its electric crown and crescent.

—Several of the students—among whom the "Count" is deserving of special mention—have been stopping during the week at the Matteson House, Chicago.

—There is a very good representation of Bethlehem in St. Edward's Hall—Carl Dolci's famous picture of the Virgin and Child carries out the idea very perfectly.

—Our Astrologer requests us to print an item, but we must decline. It had something in it about "fantastic tricks before high heaven," and that is as far as we want to go.

—The officers of the L. S. & M. S. RR. are deserving of thanks for the special car furnished the students leaving for home, and the general courteous treatment bestowed.

—The Minims' Christmas Tree was not only

laden with gifts, but most tastefully decorated. The Princes return a vote of thanks to Mrs. S. Doss, and Mrs. W. Smart, and others, for favors in connection with their Tree.

—The Minims return their deepest thanks to Very Rev. Father General for the many marks of affection he has shown them during the year. They wish him, through the SCHOLASTIC, many happy returns of the New Year, and hope that 1886 will be one rich in happiness for their beloved Patron.

—The meteorological record of the past week is somewhat similar to that of the corresponding week last winter, only a little more so. The record is thus summarized: (1) Week opens with a general thaw, the sufferings of which are mitigated by excellent skating; (2) rain, unmitigated; (3) high winds and colder weather.

—The article entitled "Historical Certitude," which recently appeared in the NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC, is one of the best we have yet read in college papers. The SCHOLASTIC is either a good paper, or it has become the fashion to praise it; but, good or bad, in the fashion or out, such is our opinion of the article.—*St. Mary's Sentinel*.

—The 27th of Dec., the Feast of St. John the Evangelist,—the Saint whom Very Rev. Father General chose as his patron saint in religion—was celebrated by the Princes with addresses, speeches, etc., in St. Edward's Hall. The little entertainment not only delighted the Very Rev. Superior, but also a number of ladies and gentlemen who were present to honor the occasion.

—The "stay-at-home" students have, with the aid of their genial Prefects, spent an enjoyable time during the holidays. Although the snow and tinkling sleighbells were conspicuous by their absence, resources for amusement were not wanting. Excursion parties were organized and visited the neighboring towns. The surface of St. Joseph's and St. Mary's Lakes were for several days covered with a smooth floor of crystal, and Senior, Junior, and Minim indulged in the healthy exercise of skating to their hearts' content.

—The Christmas services of the Church were carried out with great splendor at Notre Dame. Solemn High Mass was sung at Midnight by Very Rev. A. Granger, assisted by Rev. Fathers Stoffel and Regan as deacon and subdeacon. All the Catholic students, with the members of the Community, received Holy Communion at this Mass. At ten o'clock a. m., Solemn High Mass was again sung by Very Rev. Father L'Etourneau, assisted by Rev. Fathers Robinson and Heli as deacon and subdeacon. Rev. Dr. Howley preached an eloquent sermon appropriate to the festival.

—Yesterday morning, at nine o'clock, the members of the Faculty waited on Very Rev. Father General and extended the usual New Year's greetings from the institution which he founded and still continues to direct. The address on the occasion was made by Prof. Ewing, who congratulated

ulated the venerable Superior on the success which had attended him during the year just past. Very Rev. Father General replied in the kindest terms, praising the members of the Faculty for the splendid results of their labors during the year, and expressing his high regard for them as learned and polished gentlemen. Father General then gave his blessing, and after a short time spent in social converse, all dispersed.

—As usual, our venerable and Very Rev. friend, Father Sorin, the noble Founder of the grand old Notre Dame,—which he has seen assume the front rank among the colleges of the country,—remembers the editorial fraternity with his usual Christmas basket of cake, fruits and confections, accompanied by the compliments of the season. The good Father seems well to understand the art of making his goodness extend; not only about the grand institution of education that he has reared from the wilderness, but far beyond its limits are those who have experienced the outward working of his kindly heart. Here is to you, noble friend, the history of whose goodness is a history of your life. May the frosts of many winters fall very lightly upon your head! May many glorious summers come and go, and, like your Christmas time, let them be merry; like your New Year's season, may they be happy! is the wish of *The Times*,—is the wish of all.—*South Bend Times*.

—The students of the Senior department enjoyed a pleasant treat on last Tuesday evening. During the day Bro. Emmanuel informed the students that he desired them all to be present at an entertainment in the reading-room that evening. When asked what the programme would be, he looked wise, and said little; but one could see by the merry twinkle of his eye that something good was in store. Everyone was then on the *qui vive*, and it is needless to say all were present. Prof. Paul presided at the piano, and J. A. Ancheta seconded him on the violin. In the centre of the room was a row of tables covered with mysterious-looking objects. Bro. Emmanuel stepped to the door, returning in a moment, accompanied by a grotesque-looking individual, who, by his tall hat, peculiar cut garments, was recognized as Santa Claus—who, it was said, was a little late in his Christmas rounds, owing to the difficulty he experienced in running his sleighs on the bare ground. After waltzing around the room, and raising a roar of laughter by his ludicrous actions, he seated himself at one of the tables, and gave a signal, when the drawing for prizes began. The principal prizes drawn were: a rattle-box, by J. Crawford; a piano by Budely Prudhomme; a horse and buggy by R. Rudd; and a ten-dollar bill by J. Dohany. But the prize that occasioned the greatest amount of merriment was a full-dressed doll, drawn by T. J. Sheridan. After the distribution of prizes, the floor was cleared, and under the direction of manager R. Byrnes, calisthenic exercises occupied the remainder of the evening.

—The Juniors' Christmas Tree was formally exposed to view in Washington Hall last Wednes-

day night. Hardly had the curtain risen on the very pretty picture of the green tree, covered and decked with Christmas things and the mellowed light of the Chinese lanterns falling over all, when a loud tooting from behind the stage announced that His Highness, King Santa Claus, was approaching. After acknowledging the applause his entrance awakened, the old fellow commenced to strip the handsome and heavily-laden tree, dispensing his gifts with truly Christmas munificence. Each lucky Junior left the old Snow-King with a broad smile on his face, and content in his heart, while the audience of invited guests by their close attention showed their interest in, and keen enjoyment of, the whole affair. The amount of candy distributed may yet bring a temporary "tightness" on the College store, and we venture to say that a boy could very well dispense with any remembrance from home with such a "mine-host" as Santa Claus to do the honors at Yule-tide. Profound interest centred in the drawing of box of cigars—the lot falling on Professor Steele, who struck the letter A. The affair was a brilliant and unique success. Boundless credit is, of course, due to Bros. Leander, Laurence, and Alexander; as also to Messrs. Courtney and Regan, who, as the Executive Committee, were tireless in their labors for a grand success. Others of the boys are doubtless deserving of praise,—and indeed the affair was a credit to the entire department. Father Zahm, acting President, lent his invaluable aid towards the enjoyment of the evening, with the pleasing result the reader can readily anticipate. It is an old saying that "Father Zahm always takes care of his friends," and it seemed that on this occasion the entire department and all of their friends fell within the list.

—The 28th annual Christmas exercises of the St. Cecilia Philomathean Society, of the University of Notre Dame, complimentary to Rev. Thomas E. Walsh, C. S. C., President of the University, were given at Washington Hall, Saturday night to a large audience, composed of students and many visitors from the city. The entertainment was a most excellent one in every respect, and embodied some musical and dramatic features of a high order of merit. A most pleasing feature of the exercises were the stirring numbers rendered by the University Cornet Band. The band was never so large and never so perfectly drilled as it is this year, though the former bands have been a credit to the director and the students. The crowning feature of the whole performance, however, was the drama, "If I were a King,"—a beautiful pastoral play of four acts, written especially for the Society, and presented by the students with fine effect. This is one of the favorites in the Society's repertoire, and has been rendered on former occasions at the University, but never with more marked excellence than on Saturday night. The costumes were elegant and costly, and enhanced the interest of the play. . . . The closing remarks, by Rev. T. E. Walsh, President of the University, was a feeling acknowledgment of the compliment



paid him by the students. His earnest words of admonishment and his appeal to the honor and manhood of the young men were characteristic of the man, full of pathetic tenderness and love. He admonished them that the honor of Notre Dame was in their keeping; and he enjoined them, as they were about to depart for their homes, to spend a well-merited holiday vacation, to do nothing that would not redound to the honor and glory of their *Alma Mater*.—*South Bend Tribune*.

—Through the kindness of Maj. Gen. W. S. Rosecrans, Register of the Treasury, the following works were recently added to the Lemonnier Library: "Report of Supervising Architect of Treasury," for 1873—1881—1882—1883, and 1884; "United States Geological Survey"—1883—five copies; "Gold and Silver in United States"—1881—two copies; "Gold and Silver in United States"—1883—one copy; "Postal Laws"—1879—one copy; "Report of Postmaster General"—1881—one copy; "Message and Documents Post Office Department"—1881—82; "Report of Postmaster General"—1883; "Report of 1st Assistant Postmaster General"—1883; "Report of 2d Assistant Postmaster General"—1883; "Report of General Superintendent Railway Mail Service"—1883; "Report of Commissioner Indian Affairs"—1880; "Report of Commissioner Indian Affairs"—1884; "Report of Life Saving Service"—1881; "Report of Life Saving Service"—1882; "Report of Attorney General"—1882; "Report of Attorney General"—1883; "Report of Attorney General"—1884; "Report on Sorghum"—1882—two copies; "Report of Chief of Engineers"—1882—pt. 2; "Navigation of United States"—1879; "Entomological Report"—1878—79; "Metal Tests"—1881—Vol. I; "Report of Comptroller of Currency"—1882; "Report of Commissioner of Internal Revenue"—1883; "Report of Internal Commerce"—1884; "Report of Director of Mint"—1877; "Report on Forestry"—1878—79—Vol. II; "Report of Navy-Yard Commission"—1883; "Report of Adjutant General"—1881—82; "Report of Adjutant General"—1883; "Report of Commissioner of Pensions"—1885—two copies; "Report of Register of Treasury"—1885; "Report of California Bank Commissioners"—1885; "Report of Auditor of Kansas"—1884; "Report of Bond of Equalization" (California)—1883—84; "Report on Heavy Ordinance" (48th Congress)—34 copies; "Army Register"—1883—two copies; "Official Register United States Military Academy"—1882; "Official Register United States Military Academy"—1884; "Official Register United States Naval Academy"—1881—82; "Register Department of Justice"—1883; "Rules of Practice United States Patent Office"—1883; "Official Gazette, United States Patent Office"—1885; "Patentee List United States Patent Office"; "Smith's Constitution and Digest"; "Tariff Compilation"—1884; "Congressional Directory, 48th Congress"; "Dixwell Tariff"; "Appeal of Catholics United States"—four copies; "Resources of Arizona"; "Florida Resources"; "American Meteorological Society," Vol. III, twenty copies; "Miscellaneous."

## Saint Mary's Academy.

*One Mile West of Notre Dame University.*

—The Crib is of such uncommon beauty this year that it elicited the public praise of the Very Rev. celebrant at Solemn High Mass.

—A handsome basket of flowers by some unknown donor is gratefully acknowledged. It arrived by express, just in time for the last Mass on Christmas Day.

—A fine large portrait of Father General, in the new style of crayon by a Chicago artist, now adorns the walls of the Library. It is framed in massive gold. An aquarium of gold fish is also a recent acquisition.

—The usual lecture before the St. Cecilia Society was given on Saturday, December 19. The subject was, "The Origin of Tarentelles, and Scilianos," so frequently used by our tone-masters at the present day.

—Grateful acknowledgments are extended from the custodian of the Museum for rare coins presented by Col. Keefe; among others, those of Pope Pius, Gen. Washington, Queen Elizabeth, George III, and Abraham Lincoln.

—Mr. Cornelius W. Caddagan writes to his little daughter from Cuba:

"You may subscribe for the SCHOLASTIC. It is an interesting, entertaining paper, and should be extensively circulated. The editor may feel proud of it. It is not only ably, but delicately edited."

—Among the rare treasures at St. Mary's may be ranked a Christmas gift to Miss Fannie Gregori from her friend, Mrs. Brennan, of Chicago. It is a masterpiece of art, painted, with tender, paternal love in every line, her own portrait, by her father, as she was at the age of seven years. Of all the portraits of the great artist Gregori, none excel—if any equal—this. It is magnificently framed, and is a worthy gift to one whose lovely character is widely appreciated, notwithstanding her unobtrusive modesty.

—The following visitors are at St. Mary's: Mrs. M. A. Stace, Miss Anna Stace, Marshall, Mich.; Mrs. Phillips, Mrs. H. P. Smart, Midville, Ga.; Mrs. Doherty, Mrs. Hunter, Crawfordsville, Ind.; Mr. and Mrs. Anderson, Frankfort, Mich.; Mr. Henry Monsch, Louisville, Ky.; Mrs. W. Sweet, Denver, Col.; Mr. J. P. Miller, Miss Lizzie Miller, Mr. Stafford, Mrs. M. Ritchie, Miss Ripley, Miss McGuire, Chicago; Miss Clara Ginz, Class '85; Miss Mary Chirhart, Miss Julia Hagan, former pupils; Mrs. John Knoblock, Mrs. John Hooper, Mrs. G. W. Matthews, Mrs. De Rutte, South Bend.

—The Midnight Mass was sung by Very Rev. Father General. It was accompanied by one of his most eloquent sermons upon the subject naturally suggested by the occasion. All the Catholic pupils, who had made their First Communion, received at the Midnight Mass. The Very Rev. celebrant offered the second Mass of the three—to which every priest is entitled on Christmas Day—

immediately after the first. His third—a Solemn High Mass—was sung at half-past eight o'clock, Rev. Fathers Shortis and Saulnier acting as deacon and subdeacon. At this Mass Father General preached on the prerogatives of the Blessed Virgin—his favorite theme.

—Respectful and grateful acknowledgments are extended to Mrs. P. Ducey, of Muskegon, Mich., for a munificent Christmas gift; to Miss Maggie Ducey for a model "Christmas card,"—eight photographs of "Madonnas" and "Nativities" from the Masters; to Miss Virginia Reilly, of Savannah, Ga., for a beautiful Madonna; to Miss Kate Young, New York, for an exquisite work of Bouguereau; to Miss Belle Gove—Class of '85—Mrs. Lee, of Chicago, Mrs. Fitzgerald, of New York, and to donors of flowers, especially to Mr. J. F. Murphy, Woodstock, Ill., for a large and choice basket of roses which arrived just in time for Midnight Mass; also to Madame Gregori for beautiful flowers.

—To the Juniors fell the happiness of adorning the Christmas tree which was planted in their recreation hall, and was chiefly for their amusement. The arrangement was confided to the Misses Grace Regan, Ella Sheekey, and Lily Van Horn, who performed their office well. The distributors were Ella Blaine, Cora Prudhomme, Erna Balch and Dotty Lee. Rev. Father Maher, from the Black Hills, as a guest at the pastoral residence, joined Very Rev. Father General and Rev. Father Shortis, who paid the little people the honor of being present at the distribution. The most interesting gift was presented at the hands of Miss Regan, from the Prefect of Studies to Very Rev. Father General. It is a beautifully executed miniature painting of Our Lady of Good Counsel at Genazzano by Signor Gregori. The painting is enclosed in the adroitly excavated interior of a twenty dollar gold piece, the lid and spring so delicately fashioned as to be scarcely perceptible. Father General intends to send it to Rome to receive the blessing of the Holy Father Pope Leo XIII, and finally to suspend it on the walls of the Chapel of Our Lady of Good Counsel at Notre Dame. Many very fine gifts were distributed, but time and space will not permit of their enumeration.

#### Gerald Griffin.

In Limerick, on the 12th of Dec., 1803, was born a poet of whom Ireland may justly be proud. Although she can boast of many illustrious characters, certainly she can recall none more deserving of commendation than her brilliant novelist and poet, Gerald Griffin. He was of poor, though of highly respectable, parentage. His mother, a woman of refined taste and great elevation of character, made every endeavor to cultivate the mind of her son; and it is to her he is indebted for that nobility of sentiment which shines forth in all his works. His father, having been unfortunate in business while in the city of Limerick, removed his family to a delightful little country home, known as "Fairy

Lawn." The Shannon ran but a short distance from the house, and the placid waters of this majestic river appeared to spread out into a floor of the purest silver, on whose bright surface the sinking sun mirrored nature's surrounding beauties; while from the heights of Knock Patrick might be viewed the ancient towers and mouldering ruins of the sunny isle of Scattery. Thus, we see, the early home of our author was in every way conducive to the development of the poetic spirit. The following lines, from the opening of his Shanid castle, will exhibit his intense love for this hallowed spot, as well as his great admiration of nature:

"On Shanron side, the day is closing fair;  
The kern sits musing by his shieling low,  
And marks beyond the lonely hills of Clare;  
Blue, rimmed with gold, the clouds of sunset glow.  
Hush! in that sun the wide-spread waters flow,  
Returning warm the day's departing smile,  
Along the sunny height, and pacing slow;  
The keyriacht lingers with his herd the while,  
And bells are tolling faint from far St. Simon's isle.  
O, loved shore! with softest memories twined,  
Sweet fall the summer on thy margin fair,  
And peace come whispering like a morning wind!  
Dear thought of love to every bosom there.  
The horrid wreck and driving storm forbear  
Thy smiling strand, nor oft the accents swell  
Along thy hills of grief or heart wrung care;  
But Heaven look down upon each lowly dell,  
And bless thee for the joys I yet remember well."

Gerald was, at the desire of his father, to be educated for the medical profession, but this idea was soon abandoned, and he devoted himself with great ardor to literature. He began to contribute to a newspaper when a mere school-boy, and all his early pieces are characterized by a peculiar strength and grace of expression. The following, written at the age of seventeen, may serve as a specimen:

"I looked upon a dark and sullen sea,  
O'er whose slumbering waves the night mists hung,  
Till from the morn's gray breast a fresh wind sprung  
And swept its brightening bosom joyously;  
Then fled the mists its quickening breath before  
The glad sea rose to meet it; and each wave,  
Retiring from the sweet caress it gave,  
Made summer music to the listening shore.  
So slept my soul, unmindful of Thy reign;  
But the sweet breath of Thy celestial grace  
Hath risen,—oh! let its quickening spirit chase  
From that dark seat each mist and secret stain,  
Till, as in yon clear water mirrored fair,  
Heaven sees its own calm hues reflected there."

At the age of nineteen, Griffin was permitted to go to London in order that he might try his fortune in the literary world. He was thus separated from all good influences, and left to battle with the disappointments and hardships to which most young writers are subjected in a great city. Besides numerous failings in his literary career, he had to contend with extreme poverty and ill health, both of which he endured with great fortitude. He possessed such strength of purpose, together with so firm a reliance upon Divine Providence, that he was not conquered by these heavy trials; but by his invincible spirit he plucked from beneath the cold frosts of adversity the bright flowers that composed his everlasting crown. The peculiarities of his disposition served to increase his embarrassments in

London. Being always very reserved towards strangers, and having a natural aversion toward going into society, it was long before he made the necessary acquaintances among influential literary characters, and he was so independent that he would scarcely consent to receive assistance of any kind, even from his most intimate friends. Although his first attempts in London were vain, he finally, by great perseverance and untiring industry, succeeded in establishing a high and lasting reputation in the annals of English literature. When he had attained the fame he so long coveted, and was on the road to wealth, he turned from the literary career in which he had so determinately fought, and so gloriously conquered. Neither fame nor wealth could satisfy the yearnings of his heart; he became a monk among the Christian Brothers,—an order devoting itself to the education of the poor,—a vocation in which he ardently labored as long as life endured.

Gerald Griffin was certainly a man of superior genius; few have written so much, and yet so differently. His works may be divided into three classes: dramas, romances and poems. Of his dramas, the tragedy "Gyssippus" is the best. It is generous and elevated in sentiment, dramatic in style, and many of the incidents are striking and pathetic. He wrote three romances—"The Collegians," "The Duke of Monmouth," and the "Invasion." Of these "The Collegians" is the most popular, and the one on which his fame chiefly rests. Gerald Griffin is a delightful story-teller; the most common-place facts, and the wildest legends are at his command; His stories are very varied; they are characteristically Irish; but Ireland has no need to be ashamed of them: "Their spirit is national, but their genius is individual."

His poems fill one large volume. His lyrics are characterized by great sweetness, feeling and fancy. Some one has said: "Had he chosen to write songs of Ireland, and for Ireland, though he might never attain the refinement of Moore, his songs would have had in them more music of the heart and more homely nationality." Some of his lyrics have been frequently quoted; one, "Old Times, Old Times," exhibits beautifully his fond affection for his childhood's home.

His imagination was usually gay and lively, but it occasionally sank into a sombre mood; and it was in one of these moments of despondency that the following lines were written:

"My soul is sick and lone,  
No social ties its love entwine;  
A heart upon a desert thrown  
Beats not in solitude like mine.  
For though the pleasant sunlight shines,  
It shows no form that I may own,  
And closed to me is friendship's shrine—  
I am alone! I am alone!  
And such shall be my day  
Of life, unfinished, cold and dead;  
My hopes shall slowly wear away,  
As all my young affections fled.  
No kindred hand shall grace my head  
When life's last flickering light is gone,  
But I shall find a silent bed,  
And die alone! and die alone!"

Griffin was an ardent admirer of Nature, as well

as a fair describer of it; but his greatest aim in all his writings was to be in every manner strictly original. The poem "Mat Hyland" is unexcelled in the English language for exquisite poetic expression. His mind seems to have been such a complete embodiment of beautiful and noble thoughts that he penned them without the slightest efforts. In the fate of "Kathleen" we find the following stanza:

"The maiden calmly, sadly smiled;  
She plucked an opening flower;  
She gazed along the mountain wild,  
And on the evening bower.  
'I've looked,' she said, 'from East to West,  
But sin has never found me;  
I cannot feel it in my breast,  
Nor see it all around me.'"

One of his most popular poems is "The Sister of Charity." It was written in remembrance of a very dear friend who had just entered a convent. The young lady referred to was a person of gaiety, possessing culture, wealth, and, in fact, all that could render the world dear, all of which she forsook to merit an eternal heritage. The fate of Kathleen is a poem written on a legend, first brought into notice by Sir Thomas Moore. The legend is a most interesting one, and is greatly enhanced by the language in which it is narrated.

One other peculiarity, and I close; namely, the moral spirit of Gerald Griffin's writings. It has often been said that a sure test as to the good influence of a writer is, that when we lay aside the book we feel better in ourselves, and we think better of others. This, I think, all who have read the works of our poet will attest.

In 1840, Gerald Griffin, having won and worn the laurel crown of fame, passed with delight to receive the reward of the Master whom he had long, most lovingly and devotedly served. On June 12th, the icy breath of death extinguished life's flickering ray, and his soul soared to its eternal rest.

HEPSEY RAMSAY (Class '85).

In these days, and in the present condition of the world, when the tender age of childhood is threatened on every side by so many and such various dangers, hardly anything can be imagined more fitting than the union with literary instruction of sound teaching in Faith and morals. For this reason, We have more than once said that We strongly approve of the Voluntary Schools, which, by the work and liberality of private individuals, have been established in France, in Belgium, in America, and in the Colonies of the British Empire. We desire their increase as much as possible, and that they may flourish in the number of their scholars. . . . For it is in and by these schools that the Catholic Faith—our greatest and best inheritance—is preserved whole and entire. In these schools the liberty of parents is respected; and, what is most needed, especially in the prevailing license of opinion and of action, it is by these schools that good citizens are brought up for the State; for there is no better citizen than the man who has believed and practised the Christian Faith from his childhood.—*Letter of the Holy Father.*