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DISCE QUASI SEMPER VICTURUS.

VIVE QUASI CRAS MORITURUS.

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## The Easter Melodies.

A year ago I heard the blessed bells  
Peal jubilantly on the warm Spring air,  
Telling anew the tale which ever tells  
The glorious joys of Easter and of prayer.  
I heard the priest intone the solemn Mass,  
The mighty organ and the sweet-voiced choir,  
And felt an ecstasy naught can surpass,  
Which made my soul to heavenly heights aspire.

To-day I hear no blessed Easter bells,  
Nor solemn Mass, nor organ's tone, nor song;  
Yet, worn with illness, in my heart there dwells  
Of echoes sweet a dear and wondrous throng.  
Thus, while I lift my grateful prayers on high,  
I hear the melodies which cannot die.

—E. P. RYDER, in *Ave Maria*.

## Orestes A. Brownson.

BY FRANK J. HAGENBARTH, '87.

A few years ago this greatest of American philosophers was laid to rest; but his glorious work survives him, and, an eternal monument to truth, it shall perpetuate his memory to future generations. By the iron hand of death the strong frame was stricken, the manly voice forever hushed. Never again will that hand grasp the all-powerful pen in defense of innocence and injured truth, nor that voice proclaim the principles of right and liberty.

Whilst he lived, like all great men, his enemies were many; now, when he is gone, all unite in sounding the cymbals of praise. It is a fact to be remembered that it was in the heat of discussion where he created enmities; for outside of controversy, and under the influences of his home, Dr. Brownson was universally beloved and respected. It is true that on the battle-ground of thought and in polemical controversy he could brook no opposition, but, in the tourney of argument, he bore down all before him. Whilst honestly setting forth his

principles and reasonings, Brownson's logic was invincible. As an orator, he forced conviction on unwilling ears, often ending amid thunders of applause, where ominous silence, or groans, had greeted his first appearance.

This force of character he could communicate to his pen, as is manifest in his writings. In the polemical field he was over-bearing; in argument sometimes rash, impatient of contradiction, and crushing in his denunciations; always honest in its convictions, the mighty intellect that ruled him would endure neither opposition nor restraint. His admirers, taking this for "conscious strength," grew more and more numerous and enthusiastic; his opponents, who suffered under the lash, never forgave or forgot the sting, and even to-day remind us that *the living dog can bite at the dead lion*.

Brownson's intellectual activity was always wonderful. He was ever studying or writing; no effort, however great, seemed to weary him. Possessing great versatility of genius, he has written powerfully, and with brilliant originality, upon almost every literary, political or religious subject; often stirring up storms against himself, but more frequently making hosts of friends and admirers, both at home and abroad.

Endowed with one of those deep, broad philosophic minds fit for a Thomas Aquinas or an Albertus Magnus, Brownson was always on the *qui vive*. No subject, however trifling, did he deem unworthy of notice; no phenomenon, however inexplicable, did he fear to grapple with. He has left the giant foot-prints of his genius in all the fields of thought, at one time whiling away an hour with phrenology, or spiritualism; at another, striving to grasp the origin of ideas—the most abstruse and difficult problem in philosophy—

"With too much quickness ever to be taught;  
With too much thinking to have common thought,"

Brownson hurried far in advance of the leading Protestant minds of his day in political and religious reform. Born in error, it seemed he could not rest in it; he sought for truth, simple and pure, and rested not until he found it.

Orestes Augustus Brownson was born at Stockbridge, Vt., Sept. 16, 1803. In consequence of his

parents' poverty, he was, at an early age, adopted by an old couple of Royaltown, distant relatives of the family. By them he was reared with as much kindness as the rigor of the New England orthodoxy of that period would permit. Every influence of his childhood was chilling to the last degree, and he ever afterwards used to say, when referring to this rigorous early training, "I was long a man before I ever was a child."

His adopted parents, being strictly religious, inculcated in him, at a very early age, all the odd-fashioned Puritan doctrines and beliefs then so prevalent. Though naturally "generous, buoyant and light-hearted," young Brownson's deeply religious nature manifested itself from the first, and it is the religious experience, the struggles, the defeats and the triumphs of fifty years of a giant intellect on the battle-grounds of truth and error that make his life the more remarkable, interesting and glorious.

When about fourteen years of age, he left the kind old couple who had sheltered him in his boyhood, and entered upon that path in life destined for many to be one of sin and death. Brownson's clouds were lined with silver, and the lowering storm of an early life was destined to burst forth with the grandeur of an April sun shower. He took up his residence at Saratoga, New York, not to "carve his name in the temples of fame," but, simple and honest as he was, to gain a simple and honest livelihood.

He soon found himself in the midst of new and strange scenes, where he was surrounded by sinful and corrupting influences. Happening to fall in with a set of deists, atheists, and bad men generally, who, professing no religion, willingly bowed their heads to the rule of passion, his young mind soon became confused by the many contradictory opinions he heard advanced, till at last he became almost persuaded that all religion was a farce, and delusion; a snare, and a trap for the unwary. For awhile his intellect was darkened, and he wandered in a labyrinth of doubt with no helping hand pointing to the saving exit. For the space of five years he was utterly miserable, knowing not which way to turn for relief.

One day, when about nineteen years of age, he happened to be passing a Presbyterian Church. It was a Sunday, the people were gathering for divine worship. Brownson lingered around till the last worshipper had entered his pew, and with bowed head communed with his God. The sight edifies the quasi-atheist, and, acting on the impulse of the moment, he enters. The thought strikes him that it has been a long, long time since last he was in the house of God. He begins to meditate. One thought leads to another, till at last a complete revulsion shakes his soul. He is much affected, even to tears, and his pious neighbors are edified by the bowed head and penitential mien of the infidel.

From that happy hour, Brownson had firmly resolved to relinquish his present mode of life, and to devote himself, thenceforth, to the search for truth. Having told his experiences and resolutions to the

Presbyterian minister of Ballston, New York, where he had been pursuing his academic studies, he was persuaded by him to enter the Presbyterian fold. This happened in October, 1822. Shortly after, becoming dissatisfied with Presbyterianism, he severed his connection with that sect. But his theological knowledge being very slight, and his mind easily confused, he soon drifted to the other extreme of Protestant liberalism, and became a Universalist, after a severe mental struggle, during which he passed through various phases of what is termed "Liberal Christianity," and launched boldly into a sea of rationalistic belief bordering on atheism.

But a man of Brownson's natural intellect and understanding could not long be satisfied with such surroundings. He

"Spurred boldly on, and dashed through thick and thin,"

till he had satisfied himself where to stop. Through all these wanderings there ever lingered in his heart the craving for an unfailing guide, commissioned by God to lead us heavenward. This recognition of divine authority remarks, in substance, one of his biographers, was the good seed which, hidden though it was in the dark soil of error and doubt, never lost its vitality; but, striking out deep roots through his entire nature, developed into that foliage of truth which the winds of revelation and inspiration hugged on till they landed him secure in a haven of safety and rest.

Brownson soon became a preacher in his new creed. Entering boldly into schemes of political and religious reform, he wrote much, and edited papers and periodicals in defense of his views. However, being still in a state of unrest, he was attracted by the writings of Dr. Channing. These, for a time, totally changed the drift of his ideas. Accordingly, in 1835, we find him a Unitarian preacher.

It was now that Dr. Brownson began, for the first time, the systematic study of theology and philosophy: Being thenceforward thrown into society more or less literary, he began the study of the French and German languages. To such prominence had he attained that, in 1836, several distinguished persons invited him to Boston as a lecturer. Having acceded to their request, he, in a first lecture, made so many converts that he was enabled to organize the "Society for Christian Union and Progress," the directorship of which he retained till 1843, when he ceased preaching.

He established the *Boston Quarterly Review* in 1838, of which he was sole proprietor and almost the only writer for five years, when it was merged into the *Democratic Review* of New York, which he continued for a year, and then quit its publication. In 1844, at the earnest request of his numerous friends, he resumed its publication, under the title of *Brownson's Quarterly Review*. This he continued without interruption till 1863.

We have at last reached the turning point of this wonderful man's eventful career, having ere now safely passed the Scyllas and Charybdes of youth, and with manly strokes hurried on the path

of duty, and conquered the siren voice of passion. We have reference to the period of his entrance into the Catholic Church. It would be practically impossible to follow out, in a limited space, the course of thought which led him to the portal of the Church. Brownson was at this time just forty years of age, in the prime of a glorious manhood, in comfortable circumstances, blessed with a wife and family. What more could he desire? He had won for himself a prominent station in the American literary and political world; yet his position was peculiar and embarrassing. While yet a Protestant, nominally a Congregational-Unitarian, he had defended in his *Review* many Catholic doctrines which others attacked, but which his powerful understanding, aided by deep research, pronounced true and consistent with reason. His friends often reminded him of the folly (?) of his course, and advised him to follow in that rut of abuse against the Catholic Church which distinguishes Protestant religions. But Brownson's simple "would-not" settled the matter.

Having eventually examined Catholicism fully, impartially, and understandingly, he was surprised and confounded! Here he had been seeking for the truth for twenty years, or more, in almost every nook and corner where one would expect it. He had sped from Materialism to Spiritualism; from Puritanism to lax Rationalism; now he finds it in the Catholic Church,—the last lurking place, the very last, in which he would have sought for it,—in that Church which his imagination, influenced by Protestant prejudices and Protestant misrepresentation, had thrust aside as a despicable thing, unworthy of any consideration whatever, and painted as the very personification of every superstition and error, the very fountain-head and mother of witchery, heathenism, and lies! Now he stands convinced beyond a doubt that the Catholic Church is the one, the holy, the catholic Church, established by Christ, and propagated by the Apostles; all was clear to his mind. But here lay the crisis: what should he do? Embrace Catholicity, with the knowledge staring him in the face that he should then become an unworthy, a despised renegade in the eyes of his best and dearest and oldest friends, and, worst of all, be thrust aside by them as contemptible, mean, and half-witted? or remain as he was, belieing all the convictions of his reason and judgment? The latter could not be thought of; Brownson was far too noble to stoop so low as that to public favor at any time, much more so when honor and self-respect were at stake. So, throwing aside every human consideration, he followed the course pointed out by his reason, aided by faith, and was received into the Church on the 20th of October, 1844, by Bishop Fitzpatrick, of Boston.

Just as he and his new friends had expected, his enemies immediately began to assail him on all sides; they accused him of inexplicable inconsistency; of unaccountable contradiction. Finally, the whole non-Catholic press united in trying to break the force of his conversion by representing him as eccentric, variable, a lover of notoriety,

tossed about by every wind of doctrine; they prophesied that he would soon reject and scorn the Catholic Faith as he had hitherto done all forms of Protestantism; but it was all to no purpose. Their charges were lies, and everyone knows how miserably they failed in their prophesy, how steadfast was his adherence to truth and allegiance to lawful authority.

The whole tone of his *Review* immediately changed. In it he discussed and defended, with great ability, the doctrines of the Church, till 1863, when domestic trials, and the infirmities consequent upon old age, compelled him reluctantly to give it up.

During the war he was a steadfast northerner, and advocated the strongest of war measures; the slaves had his pity, the South his execration, the North his love and services. In politics a Democrat, his word carried weight; and it is said he was once considered as a candidate for the nomination for the presidency.

In 1873, being persistently urged by his many friends, among both the clergy and laity, he was moved to re-establish the *Review*. On its re-appearance it was greeted with the utmost cordiality, and was well supported all over the country. In October, 1875, forced by family bereavements and failing health and sight, after much hesitation, and against the advice of his most valued friends, it was again discontinued. He retired to Detroit, where he had a son living, at whose home he shortly afterward died.

Dr. Brownson married, early in life, a Miss Sarah Healy, of Camillus, New York, a woman of "singular sweetness of character, deeply religious, single-hearted and clear-sighted." Through all her husband's wanderings after new theories she remained unblinded. When he became a Catholic she followed him into the Fold, where she died an edifying death, in 1872. Eight children were the fruits of the union—seven sons and one daughter—all Catholics, of whom but three survived their father.

The death of his wife and children was one of the principal reasons which induced Dr. Brownson to discontinue his public life. After that he seemed to have lost all ambition and energy, only writing an occasional article for some *Review*, or other periodical. Where will we find a more beautiful tribute to a father's affection and husband's love than this?

His health, which had hitherto been good, slowly declined, and on the 1st of January, 1876, he was confined to bed by a severe ailment, from which he was slowly recovering, when he suffered a relapse. He lingered on until the 17th of April of the same year, when he died, after being fortified by the Last Sacraments. After services at St. Anne's Church, the mortal remains of the illustrious convert and publicist were interred in the Catholic cemetery of Detroit.

By the death of Dr. Brownson the Church lost a faithful and staunch supporter; the commonwealth a patriot, tried and valiant; the world of letters a philosopher and essayist of rare merit. Truly sings Edward Young:

"Pygmies are pygmies still, though perched on Alps;  
And pyramids are pyramids in vales.  
Each man makes his own stature, builds himself:  
Virtue alone outbuilds the pyramids;  
Her monuments shall last when Egypt falls."

In private virtues, Brownson was a Sir Thomas Moore; in stern integrity and honesty of purpose he was a Samuel Johnson. All gifts of head and heart were his,

"And the elements  
So mixed in him that Nature might stand up  
And say to all the world 'This was a man!'"

What his personal appearance was we can conjecture from an anecdote related of him shortly before his death. A little daughter of one of Dr. Brownson's intimate friends who was visiting him, after gazing at him intently for some minutes, exclaimed: "Is he not just like a great lion?"

"Nothing," says a cotemporary, "could be more graphic or accurate than this sudden and happy stroke of a child's wit. We never saw Dr. Brownson, or read one of his great articles without thinking of the mien or roar of a majestic lion; we have never seen a remarkably fine old lion without thinking of Dr. Brownson. His *physique* was entirely correspondent to his moral and intellectual power, and his great head, crowning like a dome his massive figure, and surrounded in old age by a mass of white hair and beard like a snowy Alp, made him a grand and reverend object to look at, such as we might picture to ourselves Zoroaster, or Plato, St. Jerome, or St. Bruno."

From the time of his conversion, Dr. Brownson had written indefatigably. Besides the articles for his *Review*, the *Catholic World*, and the *Ave Maria*, he put forth "The Spirit Rapper" (1854), an investigation of the question of spiritism; "The Convert; or, Leaves from My Experience" (1857), an account of his own religious experiences; "The American Republic" (2d edition, 1873—dedicated to Bancroft the historian), an elaborate work, in which the divine foundation of all authority is profoundly and eloquently set forth; "Liberalism and the Church" (1865), a little book controverting the errors of the liberalists; "Charles Elwood; or, The Infidel Converted" (1838), a "philosophic religious" work in the form of a novel. Having changed his views shortly after its publication, only one edition appeared in America, though it went through several in England. Nearly all of Brownson's works are translated into French, German, Spanish, and other tongues. In fact, he is better known outside of America than at home, and an anecdote will illustrate the fact. It seems that an American of note was conversing with Lord Brougham on American and international affairs, and then men. The conversation had lagged some minutes, when the learned lord, suddenly brightening up, remarked: "What do you think of Brownson, the greatest of all your writers and philosophers?" The American was thunderstruck, he had never heard of Brownson.

His *Review* was the first American publication ever reprinted in England, where it had a large circulation for some twelve years.

The great story of Brownson's life is thus

summed up in a beautiful and striking word-picture by a prominent writer in the *Catholic World*:

"Dr. Brownson was generous and disinterested. He obeyed his conscience, devoted himself to truth and justice, served God and his fellow-men, without pride, in poverty, and with a total neglect of popularity and worldly honor, comfort, enjoyment and every sort of earthly pomp and ostentation. In a merely natural point of view, he was like the simple men of the Greek and Roman heroic age. His austere figure is an example and a reproach to a frivolous, luxurious, skeptical, perfidious generation. What a contrast between his incorruptible integrity and unpurchasable allegiance to truth and right, to virtue and honesty, to order and liberty, and the venal trafficking of some of our so-called statesmen, who swindle soldiers and artisans, barter and trade in notes and offices; who renounce their faith for political preferment; who bid for honors by appeals to sectarian animosity, and who sell their most sacred rights and interests for their own selfish advantage! Amid this mean crowd he stands out like Aristides among the demagogues of Athens; and, compared with that other brood, which has settled down on the domain of the press and lecture-hall—the professors of Atheistic materialism,—he is like Sophocles among the Sophists. . . . The Catholic laity of the United States have furnished one illustrious champion to the *corps d'élite* of Catholic laymen distinguished by their eminent superiority and illustrious services to the Church. He loved the Church, first of all; then next, his country. He deserved well of both for Christian and civic virtues; sacrifices on the altar of God, and the battlefield of the Republic; wise and eloquent pleadings for Catholic law in the Christian commonwealth, and constitutional right and order in the American state."

As an evidence of Dr. Brownson's simplicity of heart, the settled state of his mind, the satisfying to the full of his ardent religious inspirations I need only quote the closing words of his Valedictory in the last number of his *Review*:

"I did not seek admission into the Church for the sake of wealth, honors, or popularity: . . . . What do I care for popularity which I never sought, and on which I turned my back when not yet of age? I have, and I desire to have, no home outside of the Catholic Church, with which I am more than satisfied, and which I love as the dearest, tenderest, and most affectionate mother. My only ambition is to live and die in her communion. I love my Catholic brethren; I love and venerate the bishops and clergy of the Catholic Church, especially of the Church of my own country. I am deeply indebted to them, beyond any power of language of mine to express. I hope I am grateful to them, but God only can adequately reward them."

#### An Allegory.

She was not wont to leave the solitude  
That reigned where she immured in hallowed shade;  
Unbreathed on by the world, passed best  
In peace secure her consecrated life.  
But on this day a sweeter music in the call  
Of breezy ocean, and her desire to cull  
Some flowers lured her out upon the mead,  
That lay full green before her sheltring copse.  
In joyous mood she walked 'midst clover-bloom  
And flowers bright with morning dew,  
To where the sun-bathed ocean rolled.  
Nestling there on mother Nature's lap,  
She gazed, the look of heaven on her face,  
Out on the wide expanse, then t'wards  
The beck'ning sky, and dreamt bright dreams  
Of better homes beyond its fleecy clouds.

Whom when he saw  
 A giant from a cave that darkly yawned  
 And frowned 'midst wrecking cliffs at ocean's feet,  
 With arms outstretched and eyes lust-laden,  
 Towards the dreaming virgin rushed, and cried,  
 Louder than the thundering waves:  
 "Come, fairest, come! 'tis folly thus to live!"  
 And not more fiercely from the clouds black keep  
 The zigzag lightning darts to smite  
 The quaking oak than now the giant Vice  
 On maiden Virtue; but nor more swift  
 Than she but seen was gone.  
 Her startled cry was heard by him alone,  
 Her struggling form amidst the leaping waves was seen,  
 That softly on their heaving breast the sweet  
 Charge bore to where a saving island lay.—  
 Vice stood abashed, and dared not follow.

B. T. BECKER.

### Capital and Labor.

Some writer recently remarked that, while America is not up in arms fighting battles of war, there is, nevertheless, a great social revolution taking place in our midst. Those unacquainted with the secret workings of the under-strata of society, existing under every government, will be at a loss to find a reason for this remark; but they will see it exemplified in the great contest at present taking place between capital and labor.

It is a great tribute to American honor to see with what quietness the labor organizations have been effected, and it reflects the intelligence of the people to see how thoroughly the working man is educated to his own individual rights and duties. In conduct, the Government sees nothing to cause alarm, or that which might prove injurious to our institutions.

Other nations have frowned down, and looked with contempt on any effort to organize the laboring classes, other than to recruit their standing armies. They have looked on the laboring class as an ignorant body of people, easily misled by the demagogue into violent outbreaks against themselves. This belief may be strengthened by experience in the countries of Europe where the lower classes have been kept in subjection and, through absence of educational advantages, also in ignorance.

But in America, with our educational facilities, the case is otherwise. The American laboring man is better educated to-day than ever before. He is now able to act, to think, and to speak for himself. That he is doing all three, is an assertion that is borne out by facts. The day of his galling bondage is over, and he looks forward to a brighter era.

Organized labor, in the past few years, has made wonderful progress. Labor organized to protect its own interests has extended itself over the whole country, and the effect is felt in every quarter. It is teaching no revolutionary doctrines, but its designs and purposes are simple and just. Under the banner of protection it has arrayed itself against capital, and on this ground stands determined.

To the reasonable and consistent demands of labor, capital must lend a willing ear, and, if possi-

ble, concede its rightful demands. The public at large are not going to array themselves under the one banner or the other, but are going to be a neutral party, anxious to see, and willing to aid in any measure that will prove beneficial and just towards both. If labor, feeling its strength, asks for too much, this neutral party will object; if capital continues in the future as in the past, we can see in which way the coalition will form. A result must follow, and we may feel assured it will prove satisfactory to all. Let us hope it will.

Organized power should have for its object to obtain justification for wrongs done, or rights that will grant redress in the future. If successful in the accomplishment of a lawful end, it should, then, desist from outward demonstration. Should injury be a result of its movements, howsoever laudable be the actuating purpose, an irreparable loss will be sustained.

Labor is about to teach capital a lesson that should have been taught in years past. Capital must bend to the rights of the laboring man, and that it will is only a question of time. Capital has at stake certain interests, and so has labor. The first step towards success in this movement will be to have labor recognize its duties and obligations to capital, and, on the other hand, capital concede what is honorable and righteous in its actions towards labor. Each has rights and privileges upon which others cannot trample with impunity. Let justice, fair dealing, and no motives of revenge, mark the actions of the one towards the other, and amicable measures will soon be adopted.

Capital and labor must ever go hand in hand. Capital is indebted to labor for paving the way over which it has driven its golden chariot. Without labor, the mills of capital would be but walls of stone; the shuttlecock of the loom would be hushed, and the wheels of labor stopped. Under great obligations must capital ever be towards labor. Wrapt up in corporations, because the law creating them divests them of a soul, they should not forget that man is still human, and that *the laborer is worthy of his hire*. If forgetful of this maxim, they show a disposition to rank man as no higher than the mere mechanics of their workshops; it is time to call a halt.

Circumstances should always justify labor before moving; for its systematic organization might prove, if too hasty, a serious drawback. If any suffering exists, it is the laboring man that will feel it most. If capital lies under obligations to labor, how much does not labor lie under obligations for the employment that capital invested creates for them! If the accumulated wealth of the rich were locked in vaults, or wholly invested in land or securities, where would labor find employment? The capitalist, accumulating his wealth in various ways, when he gains a competence, can easily withdraw from the world and live and enjoy himself in ease and comfort. The investment of money in any enterprise is certain to open an avenue for the employment of labor. The laborer hired is more sure of his weekly pittance, however small it may be, than is the man employing him. Now, should

the capitalist become alarmed and refuse to run the risk of making a business investment, it can be seen that an injury results to the working man in one direction, while he gains a point in another.

If labor carries with it certain rights, it stands to reason capital shall also enjoy certain powers. Labor should remember that a course of intimidation will work to their cause, in time to come, more injury than the rights they acquire by using it at present. Every man is his own boss. If he chooses to work for a smaller sum of wages than the majority of your number, let him. This is none of your business; he alone will suffer, and he alone should bear it. If I invest my money in an enterprise, I have more right to hire whom I please than you, who are in no way connected with me. If you attempt to deprive me of that right, do you think the law of the land will sanction your act? Intimidation has only an influence over the weak-minded, and is the weapon of the rabble. The robber fleeces his victim by the intimidation created by the presentation of a pistol before his face. This is a crime against society. Anything that endangers the public peace and security of the people, individually or collectively, is a crime against society. Intimidation endangers the peace, and labor should cast it aside as a weapon of their warfare. If they continue to use it, society will object. Let them remember that "thrice armed is he whose cause is just."

Labor at present should beware of one person, and that one is the demagogue. While he openly and enthusiastically espouses your cause, if you listen to his advice, he will soon ruin your brightest hopes. Now, that many are idle, he will be found haranguing crowds of working men with open mouth and brazen cheek. He will run for political office next fall, and you will elect him. You believe he has given up all to your cause, but you forget that he is living off your gullibility. He is now to be well watched. There are men who, like tigers, when they get a taste of blood, know not where to stop. A word rashly spoken might irritate the people, and, some rash act following, life and property might be destroyed.

Of late years only has the labor movement assumed such proportions. Prior to the Civil War, the laborer was content with small wages, and, owing to the condition of the country, better able to live than at the present time. But within the last quarter of a century, the mighty establishments and monopolies, created by the conjunction of capital and brains, has worked a wondrous change. The impoverished state of the country, at the close of the Civil War, demanded a speedy resumption of trade and manufactures. The demand for goods was large, and labor scarce. The numbers of men who had gone forth to battle and never returned created a scarcity of laborers, so that those who were at hand received the highest wages ever paid in America. This continued until the country became supplied with goods and overstocked with manufactured produce, when a halt was called. Then, too, came the great revolution that inventions created in the working man's field of labor, and one can easily see

how all this has affected his interests. As it is, the laborer in our land to-day is the most poorly paid working man existing.

Capital found a friend in inventions. Large manufactories have been reared in villages, and in them, it may be, all the inhabitants are employed. Machines do the labor of many men, and this has made the capitalist independent, and put the workman at his mercy. But the American working man is too intelligent, and so thoroughly understands his individual rights that he can brook no such opposition. It is against his nature to stand idly by and see locked up in one individual rights and privileges that affect his well-being and happiness. The man so blind as not to know his own rights should never have them pointed out. Capital has long held sway, but the day of the working man is at hand. The nation at large will show no discrimination between the poor and the rich. Capital will be protected when acting in a manner fair towards the laborer, and consistent with public policy. It shall be protected in all its individual rights, and given every possible inducement to build, enlarge, organize and promote industry.

But the voice of the laboring man shall be heard when crying against unjust and unfair treatment. He is entitled to fair and reasonable compensation for his labor; and any attempt to deprive him of it will meet with determined resistance on his part, with the sanction and best wishes of the people in his favor. That he may be successful in all his reasonable demands will be the sincere desire and fervent prayer of all in general.

M. O. BURNS.

#### Art, Music and Literature.

—Mr. J. Henry Middleton, in his work "Ancient Rome in 1885," condemns the havoc which the present Government is making of historic remains.

—It is announced that Mr. Parnell has written a novel, the title of which is "Lady Drusilla." Friends who have been allowed to see it in MS. describe it as a work of power and genius, full of keen psychological study, and written in a weirdly original style.

—There was sold, recently in Berlin, a collection of autograph letters which for variety and value was almost unique. The collection numbered over seven hundred, and comprised letters from celebrities in all departments of life—kings and queens, scientists, literary men, statesmen, soldiers, musicians, etc.

—The *May Century* will contain the last paper written by Gen. McClellan for publication. It is a description of the critical time from the second battle of Bull Run to the advance from Washington toward South Mountain and Antietam. On the morning after Gen. McClellan's sudden death the manuscript pages of this unfinished article were found on his table.

—A notable dramatic event occurred at the Academy of Music, New York, last Monday evening, when Booth and Salvini appeared in "Othello."

Salvini's *Othello* was never stronger, nor Booth's *Iago* finer. No partiality was shown by the assemblage in greeting the Italian and American. Both were applauded heartily, and an evenness of fairness was observable throughout the evening.

—A report on the newspapers of the world has recently been laid before the imperial German diet. It would appear that there exist 34,000 newspapers, the total issues of which during the year amount to 592,000,000. Of these, 19,000 papers appear in Europe, 12,000 in North America, 775 in Asia, and 609 in South America; 16,500 are in the English language, 7,800 in German, 3,850 in French, and about 1,000 in Spanish.

—Gladstone's speech on Irish affairs will pass into the history of oratory as one of the greatest ever made in the British Parliament. Its eloquence was of the highest order, and nothing uttered by any ancient or modern orator is superior in sublimity to its peroration. It more nearly resembles, in its elevation, purity and pathos, Pitt's speech on the Revolutionary War in America, and Webster's address against nullification, than any other modern orations. It was indeed a "greatest effort."—*Chicago Journal*.

—A dispatch from Paris says that Abbé Casanova, a Corsican, has discovered archives which show that Christopher Columbus was born in the town of Calvi, in Corsica, and emigrated to Genoa. President Grévy, having examined the evidence, and being satisfied of its authenticity, has authorized the authorities of Calvi to celebrate by an official holiday the 400th anniversary of the discovery of America. The inhabitants of Calvi will hold a *fête* May 23, when a commemorative inscription will be placed on the house in which Columbus was born.

—The twelve masterpieces of painting, sometimes called the "World's Great Pictures," are: Raphael's "Transfiguration," Raphael's "Madonna di San Sisto," Correggio's "Night," Guido's "Aurora," Leonarda da Vinci's "Last Supper," Michael Angelo's "Last Judgment," Titian's "Assumption," Fra Angelico's "Coronation of the Virgin," Murillo's "Immaculate Conception," Holbein's "Madonna," Rembrandt's "Night Watch," Ruben's "Descent from the Cross." There are several other great pictures which might easily compete with some of those, although the majority of this list must remain indisputable.

—Rev. Abram J. Ryan, "the poet-priest of the South," as he was called, died at Louisville, Ky., on the 22d of April. He was born in Virginia, in 1840, of Irish parents, and made his ecclesiastical studies at St. Vincent's College, Cape Girardeau, Mo. He was a chaplain during the Civil War, and an ardent champion of the cause of the South. Among the best of his poems are "The Conquered Banner," and others on the "Lost Cause." Father Ryan was at one time editor of the *Banner of the South*, published in Augusta, Georgia. He had also editorial connection with the *New Orleans Morning Star*. Father Ryan's books have had a great and immediate success. He had another volume, a "Life of Christ," nearly ready for publication.

Father Ryan was a thoughtful and vigorous prose writer, and a brilliant lecturer. He contributed to various Catholic periodicals. His compositions entitle him to rank among the foremost of American Catholic poets. *R. I. P.*

—A priest in Tacubaya, Father Juan Graeco by name, has a mania for relics, and is frequently to be found hunting through dusty nooks of the equally dusty pawn shops. The other day he found, in a corner among old iron, scraps of copper and other oddities which go to make up the "curiosity shop," a dirty statue which he decided to buy. The broker said he loaned \$36 on it some 12 years ago, but it had never been redeemed, and he would now sell it for \$25. The priest bought it, and when having it cleaned found it to be a statue of Hercules in jasper, three feet high, and a marvellous specimen of art. It bears the name of Maximilian, and the engraving on it says it was found in Pompeii, and presented to the dead emperor's mother by a member of the royal family of Naples, who gave it to her son years before he started on his fatal trip to Mexico. Father Graeco intends to sell it, in order to pay for the new chapel he is adding to his church. He has already received many offers and has refused all, the largest being \$4,000, offered by Governor Jesus Lalanne, of the State of Mexico.

—The committee of inscriptions in Paris has been continuing its useful and interesting work. The house in the Chaussee d'Antin, where Rossini lived for so many years, has been distinguished with a plaque marking out the circumstances. Anyone who has travelled much in Germany and Italy knows how sedulous foreign municipalities are to throw this kind of lustre over their cities. We find the Dante house at Florence, and the Goethe house at Frankfort bought by the state, which is proud to own and to display them. Even if a traveller of note has "descended" on his way and become a resident of the place, the fact is gracefully recorded. The word "Mozart," in gilt capitals over the first floor windows of a house in the Zeil, at Frankfort, tells its own tale, and a bust of O'Connell decorates the frontage of the Hotel Trombetta, at Genoa, where the liberator died. Here in London we have few records of foreigners who have resided among us. It is known that Haydn and Handel and Mendelssohn, Vandyck and Rubens and Kaufmann and Voltaire have all been here, but we have no trace of their habitations. We do not care to record and distinguish the dwelling places of our own great men. One society does, indeed, act the part of a sort of "Old Mortality" in revivifying old traditions, and a few plaques scattered over London show how great an interest is allowed to remain unawakened. The houses where Goldsmith died, where Thackeray wrote "Vanity Fair," where Charles Dickens wrote "Edwin Drood," these, and many others, are now known and will soon be forgotten. France, Germany, Austria, or Italy would be proud to record of foreigners what our carelessness thinks not worth mentioning of our own countrymen.—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

# NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.

Notre Dame, May 1, 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.

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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, P. J. GOULDING,  
F. J. HAGENBARTH, T. J. CLEARY.  
M. B. MULKERN.

—Those who will attend the Commencement exercises in June, will be pleased to learn that Rt. Rev. J. L. Spalding, D. D., the learned and eloquent Bishop of Peoria, has accepted an invitation to be present on the occasion.

—In connection with the interesting sketch of the late Dr. O. A. Brownson, which appears elsewhere in this paper, it is proper to note that the writings of this distinguished American philosopher have been collected and published in book form by his son, Maj. H. F. Brownson, of Detroit. The works, thus arranged, are included in nineteen folio volumes, and contain nearly all that has been or can be said on the great questions pertaining to Religion and Science, and the relations between both. At the same time, principles will be found therein enunciated from which sound views can be formed on all the great and vital subjects of the present day. Every Catholic library in the land should

possess a complete set of these valuable books; and the intelligent reader everywhere should deem his list of works of reference and consultation, and his sources of information, incomplete without the works of Dr. Brownson.

—The oldest residents of Notre Dame say that the solemnity of Easter was never celebrated with such pomp at Notre Dame as it was this year. A profusion of gorgeous flowers and brilliant lights adorned the high altar. Very Rev. Father General Sorin officiated. The great festivals of the Church, which are always celebrated with uncommon splendor at Notre Dame, must give occasion to happy reflections in the mind of the venerable Founder; and, certainly, on the glorious Easter Day, while he celebrated the august Sacrifice in the splendid church, he must remember his first years at Notre Dame, when he was the only priest for miles around—when, as one of his first associates remarked, he had no one to assist him to carry out the ceremonies of Holy Week. Father Sorin has lived to see the marvellous change, and the happy thought must have inspired the thrilling voice whose rich notes sensibly affected many. May his presence long bless Notre Dame!

## The Christian Classics.

For a number of years there has been a great discussion among the Catholic scholars as to the propriety of substituting the Christian Classics for those of the heathen. In Rome and France the controversy was carried on with great acrimony by two parties, and it has not yet altogether died out.

It is claimed by those favoring the Christian Classics that the great works of the early Fathers, in Greek and in Latin, should be read in Catholic schools, and that all those parts of the productions of heathen literature which treat of morality should be expunged before the works are placed in the hands of Christian youth. They argue that the lives of the poets, philosophers and moralists of Greece and Rome were the reverse of what they taught in their writings; that the reading of their books tends to paganize the minds of youth and imbue them with infidelity. For of what avail is it, they say, for teachers to show the excellence of Christian morality when the student is able to point out excellent precepts of morality in the works of the pagans, and argue that in matters of morals mere natural teaching is sufficient?

It appears to us that their reasoning is good. We are not certain that the great revival of pagan letters, which took place in the 15th century, was of great service to mankind. On the contrary, it brought with it much harm. From the time of this revival, there has been a constant endeavor on the part of the world to make little of the works of Christian civilization; not always by attacks on them, but by an exclusive study and an inordinate praise of what they chose to call pagan civilization. The admirers of that civilization took full posses-

sion of literature and of art. History was made to subserve their ends, and the great deeds of Christian warriors, statesmen and Pontiffs, were maligned; while the feats of arms performed by pagans were unduly exalted. The works of poets inspired by the spirit of Christianity were neglected and undervalued, while those of the poets of Greece and Rome were lauded to extravagance. The philosophy of the heathen was studied, while the works of the great Christian philosophers were read by none save Churchmen. The grand style of architecture, which was the creation of the Church, and in which she built her minsters and cathedrals, was pronounced barbarous and Gothic, and ceased to be followed. Painting and sculpture, which under the guidance of the Church surpassed all art of ancient times, was looked upon as unworthy of imitation, and art became pagan and dead. The social and political relations of antiquity were praised, to the prejudice of those institutions produced by Christianity. The Latin of the Christian authors was condemned by the purist writers, who considered it as barbarous.

Under these influences it ceases to be wonderful that Europe should have lapsed into infidelity, and that the Church should lose many thousands of her children. Education, having been completely paganized, it was but natural that those receiving that education should become pagans and infidels in spirit. And all the effects of this revival of ancient letters then, culminated in the dreadful revolution in the last century which deluged France and all Europe with blood. Its effects are still to be seen in our day. It has led to heresy and Communism, and to the almost complete neglect of all principles of morality.

Happily, Christians are beginning to see the consequences which have followed this paganizing education, and strong and manly voices are heard calling upon educators everywhere to make their education Christian. Why, they ask, should the Christian youth know perfectly the deeds of the soldiers of Greece and Rome, and yet be ignorant of the glorious achievements of the Christian heroes—those heroes who carried, amidst persecutions and untold dangers, the faith of Christ into far-distant lands? B.

#### Major-General John Newton.\*

John Newton is a Virginian by birth; he was born in Norfolk, Va., on August 24, 1823. He came of a family truly distinguished. His very name indicates his ancestry. His father, Thomas Newton, represented the Norfolk district in Congress for nearly thirty years. This was in the good old days. When, full of years and honors and

public service, Thomas Newton concluded on retiring from public office, he was the oldest member in service of the House of Representatives. His boy, John, he sent to acquire his primary studies to the private schools in Norfolk. Norfolk, like its State, was a much more important place in those days than it is to-day. After having completed those studies, such as they were, the lad, then about twelve years old, was sent to West Point. He manifested a taste for mathematics. The country was opening up. So his father decided that he should follow the early career of George Washington, and take to civil engineering.

He took to the studies preparatory for that career. He took to them mightily, happily for his country, as the sequel showed, for armies are always more prolific in fighting men, whether they be generals, or in the ranks, than in engineers. He was placed under private tuition, and took in all the mathematics and other studies contingent. In 1838 he entered the military academy, and in 1842 graduated. He received the commission of second-lieutenant in the corps of engineers. Newton's worth as a careful and comprehensive student was known and recognized by his superiors, and his natural bent and acquirements were at once given opportunity for play. He was appointed assistant to the Board of Engineers, and acted as assistant-professor of engineering at the West Point Military Academy, and also as assistant-engineer in the construction of Forts Warren and Trumbull, and superintended the construction of Forts Wayne, Porter, Niagara and Ontario. His skill and knowledge, and his love of labor were so manifest that on October 16, 1852, he was promoted to be first lieutenant in his corps. He was sent to Maine to conduct the surveys of the Kennebec River, Cobscook Bay, Matinicus Island, Rockland and Owl-head Harbors, with a view of improving navigation at those places, as recommended by the river and harbor act of 1852. It will be seen how early in his career this steady and brilliant young officer was employed in commissions of great trust and importance. Having satisfactorily finished his work in Maine, he was next ordered to Florida. This was in 1853, while Florida was still an unknown wonder-land to most of the world. His orders were to superintend the construction of various works in that State, as also to reconstruct Forts Pulaski and Jackson in Georgia; to improve the Savannah River, and attend to the forts in Pensacola Harbor. His work was marked by such zeal and success that on July 1, 1856, he was promoted to a captaincy in his corps. At the same time he was made a member of various important commissions for exploration and improvement, among others one to project coast defences in Alabama, Mississippi and Texas. In all he was found

\* We are assured that this brief sketch of the military career of Gen. John Newton will be of more than passing interest to the readers of the SCHOLASTIC, in view of the fact that the distinguished subject, as is now well known, has been made the recipient of the grand honor of the University of Notre Dame—the Lætare Medal. Dealing with a period of his life which, though great in itself, has been obscured by subsequent grand triumphs in the fields of

Science, the narrative of these events will fill up an apparent void in the hero's history, and show forth to the world the consistent, steady, persevering progress of genius' efforts from the beginning till the final triumph is achieved in an immortal inscription on the temple of Fame. The sketch here presented is taken from *Donahoe's Magazine* for May, with a few slight omissions.—[ED. SCHOL.]

at the front, and in 1858 he was appointed chief engineer of the expedition to Utah.

Captain Newton's calls were endless, so valuable did his services prove in a department where only men of exceptional knowledge, skill, intuition, and pronounced character could serve. He was next sent to take charge of the construction of Fort Delaware, and to repair Fort Mifflin, on the Delaware. There he remained, save for brief intervals, until the outbreak of the Civil War.

So far Captain Newton had proved himself an engineer of rare rank. At his country's call, and in days of deepest doubt and gloom, he was called upon to prove his prowess in the field. He answered the call at once. He was sent to serve as chief-engineer on General Patterson's column in the Valley of Virginia. He took his baptism of fire in the action at Falling Waters, June 30, 1861. On August 6, of the same year, he was promoted to be major of engineers, and twenty days later, he was ordered to Washington for duty on the defences of the capital. What trust was reposed in this young soldier! He constructed strong works for the defence of Alexandria. On September 23, 1861, he was appointed brigadier-general of volunteers, being assigned to command a brigade in the defence of Washington.

In March, 1862, the Peninsula campaign began. The confederates had evacuated Yorktown, and Newton was sent to the front again. The division to which he was attached embarked at once, and moved up York River to protect West Point and cut off the Southern retreat. They landed after dark, only to discover that the enemy, under General Gustavus W. Smith, had concentrated in force at Barhamsville. Instead of cutting off, they were themselves cut off. Behind them was a river, and no hope of support; two miles and a half away was the main body of the enemy. Destruction was impending. At early dawn Newton went out to reconnoitre, and see what could be done in the way of defence. He found that marshes covered all their position, save a space sufficient to deploy one brigade. By permission, he planted his own brigade right in that space. The enemy found and fought him. It was the pass of Thermopylæ over again, though with a happier result, for the defenders of the pass. Newton and his Spartans could not be dislodged. The division was saved. The action took place on May 7, 1862.

At Gainé's Mills, Newton's Brigade again figured in such form as to win the formal commendation of the general in command; and again, at the battle of Glendale, subsequent to the change of base to Harrison's landing. In the Maryland campaign, a brigade in Franklin's Corps was assigned to Newton, and in the advance on South Mountain they did more than yeoman's service, turning disaster into victory, under the intuition of their leader.

Newton fought at Antietam, and for his services in that great battle was brevetted lieutenant-colonel in the regular army. In the Rappahannock campaign, he commanded a division as major-general of volunteers, and fought at Fredericksburg. In

the Chancellorsville campaign his division formed part of General Sedgwick's Corps. The attack on the Marye Heights (May, 1863), was conducted by Sedgwick, under Newton's advice. In this action, Newton was Sedgwick's right-hand man.

In the Pennsylvania campaign Newton was assigned to the temporary command of the First Corps, made vacant by the death of General Reynolds. He was engaged at Gettysburg, and it is only the other day that he attended the funeral of the hero of that terrible battle on which the whole war turned. For his services at Gettysburg, Newton was rewarded with the title of brevet-colonel in the regulars. In May, 1864, Colonel Newton was assigned to the command of the Second Division of the Fourth Corps of the Army of the Cumberland in the advance from Chattanooga to Atlanta, taking part in the various battles incident to that memorable march. He did signal service at the battle of Peach Tree Creek, where he succeeded in saving Thomas's command, which, through a seeming error, or miscalculation of Sherman, was left exposed, an easy prey to the enemy. For his "gallant and meritorious services" on that trying day he was brevetted brigadier-general in the regular service. In the siege of Atlanta, the assault at Jonesboro' and the battle at Lovejoy's Station, General Newton took an active part.

With the fall of Atlanta the Georgia campaign ended, and in October, 1864, Newton was assigned to the command of the district of Key West and Tortugas, Florida. He was then brevetted major-general in the regular service, the rank which he holds to-day. On December 28, 1865, he was promoted to be lieutenant-colonel in the corps of engineers. He was mustered out of the volunteer service January 15, 1866, returning to his rank and duties in the regular army. Since that time he has gone back to his old vocation on works of fortification, improving the rivers and harbors.

How signal have been his services in his favorite vocation is known to all the world. The story of the blowing up of the rocky bed that for ages obstructed the river at Hell Gate, and rendered passage by that outlet at all times dangerous to navigators, is on every tongue in every land. By clearing that noble outlet to the sea of the obstructions that had been fatal to so many hundreds of vessels, General Newton not only opened up a new and much-needed highway to commerce, but rendered his country lasting service in the event of a foreign war. Attempt after attempt had been made to do the work of clearance, but all to no purpose, until, the war over, Newton came. The magnitude of his work may be judged by the difficulties he had to overcome. Off Hallet's Point into the East River ran a rocky reef, which, with other reefs and rocks at contiguous points, made the waters round about a veritable whirlpool. The reef covered a surface of six acres, with a volume of about sixty thousand cubic yards in space of solid rock. Instead of trying, as had vainly been tried, to blast the reef from above, General Newton devised the plan of tunnelling and undermining it from below. How safely and successfully the

gigantic scheme was accomplished is now a matter of scientific history and pride. But what a wonder of science and patience it was: the tunnelling and boring of this great mass under the waters of the swift-flowing river, with no accident, and with little or no leakage; the placing of the dynamite cartridges in the spaces prepared for each; the safe and skillful distribution of that awful force of fifty thousand pounds of the most destructive substance known; the knitting together of the thousand links and connections, so that each should work in harmony with each, and none interfere with the other; the gradual storing up and housing of the whole until all was ready, and the arrangement so perfect that at the end at the touch of the finger of the engineer's baby daughter, Mary, the great rock was rent to pieces, with scarcely a perceptible shock to the city! What fairy story can equal the simple and beautiful truth of an actual wonder like to this? His countrymen are naturally proud of General Newton, and his name will be as indissolubly connected with Hell Gate as that of Hudson with the mighty river called after him.

The reef off Hallett's Point was blown up September 24, 1876. The blowing up of Flood Rock, October 10, 1885, was simply a repetition of the same marvellous feat. The main work accomplished, General Newton, on January 1, of this year, turned over the entire charge of all future Hell Gate improvements to his assistant, Colonel MacFarland.

Catholics naturally take a special pride in the great engineer from the fact that he is one of themselves. General Newton, long ago, became a convert to the Catholic Faith; and, if we mistake not, his old professor at West Point, General Scammel, was instrumental in his conversion. Sunday after Sunday, this eminent engineer and soldier made it his delight and privilege, notwithstanding the labors and cares that were pressing upon him, to teach a class of little children their catechism, and the knowledge of their God and holy religion in his parish at Williamsburgh. Who shall say that science and religion are in conflict?

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#### Books and Periodicals.

—*The American Agriculturist* for May is profusely illustrated with engravings by Forbes, Carey, Bennett, and other leading artists, and contains nearly one hundred original articles from well-known writers. The opening engraving, by Forbes, is a trout-fishing scene in May. The Household and Children's Departments are unusually full. The leading paper, describing the Rural Life and Surroundings of President Jefferson, written by James Parton, will be read with interest. It is accompanied by a large engraving (the first of the series), twenty-four by nineteen inches, giving original views of Monticello and the surrounding places of interest.

—*St. Nicholas* for May opens with an interesting article entitled "When Shakspeare was a Boy,"

by Rose Kingsley, who has gathered from external sources and from the internal evidence of his writings all the facts and fancies that bear upon his boyhood, and has woven them into a delightful sketch, beautifully illustrated by Alfred Parsons, and by Léon Moran's frontispiece. Talks about flowers are certainly timely, and doubly interesting when they deal with adventure as well, and such exotics as the curious "Lace-leaf," the amusing "Caricature Plant," and the tree that bears "Vegetable Clothing,"—all which are cleverly depicted by the brothers Beard. And the practical side of life is not neglected. Readers with a mechanical turn will be especially interested in "The Handiwork of Some Clever School-boys," which was exhibited at the American Institute Fair, New York. In the matter of fiction. "The Girls' Tricycle Club," by E. Vinton Blake, will be enjoyed by boys and girls alike who delight in outdoor life and exercise.

—The *Popular Science Monthly* for May contains a very able opening article by Mr. Arthur T. Hadley, of Yale College, on "The Difficulties of Railroad Regulation." He points out what things are required of a railroad system, and then shows demonstrably that those desirable ends are so in conflict with each other that they can only be partially secured, and at the expense of one another. He deals with railroad management as a scientific problem, and his paper is both very instructive and highly important. The Hon. David A. Wells has a second article of his "Economic Study of Mexico," which is characterized, like the previous one, by a fullness of new information—the result of a careful and intelligent study of Mexican affairs on a side that has before been but slightly investigated—and the clear presentation of it. Mr. Einhorn's "The Problem of Crystallization" makes a plain presentation, in a clear, familiar style, of the subject, which is usually made knotty with technicalities of the manner in which the crystallizing forces work to produce regular forms. Mr. Joseph Dawson describes, in a matter-of-fact style, "How Alcoholic Liquors are Made" in actual practice; and in doing so furnishes an article of interest to men on every side of the temperance question. Dr. J. Burney Yeo tells of the "Influence of Food Accessories"—mineral waters, wines, tea, and coffee—on digestion. Dr. Hermann Y. Klein describes the method of "Photographing the Heavens" for the purpose of getting permanent observations of their condition at any given moment, notices some of the new discoveries that have been made by its application, and anticipates other discoveries that may be made in the future. Philip Gilbert Hamerton furnishes some valuable instructions on the "Care of Pictures and Prints." An interesting article is given on "The Science of Flat-Fish, or Soles and Turbot." M. A. Hovelacque has a study of "The Evolution of Language." The subject of the portrait and biographical sketch is Mr. Francis Galton, whose studies of the family influences of heredity and the conditions favorable to the appearance of genius have given him a deserved eminence.

## Personal.

—Thomas Naughton, '60, is an eminent physician in New York city.

—Rev. James E. Hogan, '74, Rector of St. Patrick's Church, Lemont, Ill., was a welcome visitor to the College during the week.

—Rev. P. P. Cooney, C. S. C., Miss. Ap., returned to Notre Dame, last Saturday, after an extended sojourn at Mt. Clemens, Mich.

—Robert Bruce Wallace (Prep.), '82, recently carried off the honors in the examination for the West Point Cadetship at Helena, Montana.

—Rev. J. Bleckman, '67, is the efficient Rector of St. Mary's Church, Michigan City, Ind. Through his zeal and energy the imposing services of Holy Week and Easter Sunday were carried out with unusual solemnity and completeness, and attracted and edified a large congregation.

—Dr. J. B. Berteling, '80, of Cincinnati, Ohio, and Miss Alice McCabe, of Milwaukee, Wis., were married at the Church of the Holy Name, in the latter city, on the 28th ult. On Thursday last, Dr. Berteling, with his amiable bride, paid a welcome visit to his *Alma Mater*. He was made the recipient of numerous congratulations and best wishes for a long and happy wedded life.

—Among the visitors during the past week were: Mr. M. Kinsella, Miss Eliza Kinsella, Dubuque, Iowa; Miss E. Todd, Mrs. M. Richie, Mrs. S. Kearsy and daughter, Chicago, Ill.; Mr. and Mrs. M. W. Blaine, Alamosa, Col.; Miss Alice Bumberry, Niles, Mich.; Mr. J. V. Langworthy, Terre Haute, Ind.; Mr. C. Alexander, Indianapolis, Ind.; Mr. L. P. Langworthy, Kansas City, Mo.; Miss Mollie Fox, Dayton, Ohio; Mr. Edward Moon and daughter, Mrs. F. Moon, Warsaw, Ind.; Nettie W. Haly, Miss Kate M. Walsh, Lake View, Ill.

—Hon. Caleb M. West, of Cynthiana, Ky., who has been appointed Governor of Utah, passed some days at the College during the week visiting his son Caleb, of the Junior department. He expressed his delight to witness all the late improvements, and said that although he had been visiting Notre Dame for several years, yet the oftener he came the more did the place grow upon him. Governor West took his departure this (Saturday) morning for Utah to enter upon the duties of the responsible position to which he has been assigned, and for which, we are confident, it would be difficult to find one so eminently well qualified.

—Very Rev. P. J. Conway, '58, Vicar-General of the diocese of Chicago, will leave for Europe during the coming week. On Thursday last, over one hundred prominent Catholic laymen of Chicago tendered him a banquet, after which he was presented with a purse of \$2,000, and an elegantly illuminated address, which concluded with the following tribute to the work of Father Conway:

"The parishes you have organized, the schools you have founded, the charities you have so largely helped to establish, will be the most lasting monuments of your pious and

useful career. They have contributed magnificently to the growth and the development of this great archdiocese, which is the pride, not alone of Catholics, but of all citizens who respect the progress of benevolence and true civilization."

Many old students of Notre Dame were present at the banquet, among whom were John J. Fitzgibbon, '60; John J. Healy, '59; P. L. Garrity, '58; J. R. Walsh, '62, and others.

## Local Items

—May the first.

—Ham and eggs!

—Boys, get a good average.

—What about the Junior challenge?

—The Philopatrians are next on the list.

—Ye incendiaries, look out for young trees!

—Don wishes to inform the "Blues" that he did not sell the game.

—The average fielding in the championship game on Monday last was very good.

—Our esteemed Director of the Horticultural Bureau informs us that the season is now three (3) weeks in advance.

—The Junior Baseball Association returns thanks to the Band boys for their services during the game on Monday.

—The Minims return Very Rev. Father General their thanks for a basket of beautifully-colored Easter eggs sent them.

—The Junior Military Company drilled last Thursday in the presence of Governor West, of Utah, the father of their Captain.

—Navigation opened earlier than usual this year. If the crews keep up their regular practice, we may expect an exciting race in June.

—The new well has been driven to a depth of 160 feet, and when last heard from it was said the purest of clear, sparkling water was nigh at hand.

—Competitions next week in the Collegiate Course. This will close the regular round of competitions, as the "triples" will be next in order.

—Our friend John was enthusiastic on the subject of "ham and eggs" last Sunday morning. He thought it an appropriate opening for a holiday season.

—Several articles and pictures have been sent by President Walsh to the Art Loan Exhibit at Elkhart. They were sent by request of Capt. Orville Chamberlain, '59.

—Through the courtesy of the President of the Crescent Club, the members of the Junior Military Company were invited to attend a social reunion of the Club last Saturday evening.

—It has been decided to replace the temporary steps in front of the study-halls by permanent staircases of iron and stone. This improvement will also be made with the entrances to St. Edward's Hall and the Academy of Music.

—An interesting relic of the great Indian mis-

sionary, Father de Smet, has been presented to the Historical Department by Very Rev. Wm. Corby, C. S. C. It is a surplice used by the great Jesuit, and was presented to Father Corby by Col. Otis.

—The classes in the course of Elementary Science have received an encouragement and an incentive to renewed industry by the recent generous action of Mr. Timothy Nester, of Marquette, Mich., who has kindly donated a gold medal to be competed for in this department.

—An elegant banquet will be given during the week to the members of the Junior Baseball Association who have settled their accounts with the Treasurer. All the delicacies of the season will be served *à la Russe*. After the banquet, the members are invited to attend a sociable in the Junior reception rooms.

—The Director of the Junior Baseball Association is making preparations to give his boys a banquet to be remembered in the annals of Notre Dame. Tickets for admission to the banqueting hall have been issued. No one will be admitted who has not the green card entitling him to full membership in the organization.

—Our Sporting Freshman has written to the *American Field*, to inquire into the pedigree of the "litter o' puppies" with which Virgil concludes the Sixth Book of the *Æneid*. Cerberus was probably the sire, but there are so many "dams" mentioned in the book that it becomes a question of great difficulty to refer them correctly.

—The *Cincinnati Catholic Telegraph* gives the following notice of the translation of Molière's "Miser," recently brought out by Prof. Lyons:

"The translation of this celebrated play of Molière and its adaptation for male characters has been well and idiomatically carried out by Mr. Lyons. Its representation in colleges, or other similar institutions, will afford a literary treat, and inculcate, besides, a useful lesson through means of the drama."

—Professor Edwards has received a letter from Archbishop Ryan, in which his Grace says: "I am delighted with the picture of St. Francis de Sales, painted by Signor Gregori. Everyone who has seen the picture admires the work, and speaks of it in the highest terms." Professor Gregori will soon paint for the Archbishop a picture of St. Vincent de Paul, of the same dimensions as the picture of St. Francis de Sales.

—One of the most exquisite water-color paintings we have ever seen is a portrait in miniature of Blessed John Berchmans, executed by Gregori for one of the Ladies of the Sacred Heart, near Philadelphia. The artist has also just finished for Very Rev. Father General a miniature of Our Lady of Good Counsel, painted on parchment. The picture has been encased in gold, and will be presented by Father Sorin to our Holy Father Pope Leo XIII.

—Very Rev. Father General visited the Minims on Tuesday, and, after expressing his pleasure at seeing them all look so happy, made a short but very beautiful address on the glorious

mystery of the Resurrection—a mystery so full of joy and hope. To make the lesson that it imparts practical, he advised the Minims to be new boys; to study better than ever, to be more polite in their intercourse with each other—to be, in a word, princes in their manners.

—The U. S. Fish Commission, at the request of Hon. George Ford, M. C., stocked the lakes at Notre Dame with California trout and lake trout on last Saturday. The fish—125 California trout, and 2,500 lake trout—were shipped here from the Government hatchery at Northville, Mich., in tin cans, in charge of Mr. W. A. Durmington, of Washington, D. C. Our worthy representative, Mr. Ford, has the sincere thanks of all at Notre Dame for the active and kindly interest which he has taken in procuring this assignment.

—The beautiful devotions of the Month of May—which is consecrated to the honor of the Blessed Virgin Mary—were opened with great solemnity last (Friday) evening. An appropriate discourse was delivered by Rev. P. P. Cooney, who described the origin of the devotion of the month, set forth the grand motives which appealed to the Christian heart to show due honor to the Mother of God, and exhorted all to give proof of their devotion to her, who is the Seat of Wisdom and the Queen of all Saints, by their practical imitation of her virtues.

—The joys of Easter week have been greatly augmented by the re-appearance in our midst of our esteemed President, Rev. Father Walsh, after an absence occasioned by a severe illness of two weeks' duration. It is with pleasure we record his complete restoration to health; and, in union with all at Notre Dame, and hosts of friends elsewhere, we express the hope that many years to come may find him in the enjoyment of vigorous health to continue that wise and able direction of our *Alma Mater* which has already been attended with such remarkable success as to justify the brightest hopes for a yet more glorious future.

—Prof. Hoynes has received from the Adjutant General of the State the following letter of inquiry as to whether the Light Guards of the Senior and Junior departments can conveniently attend the next State encampment of the militia:

"EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT,  
"Adjutant General's Office,  
"INDIANAPOLIS, IND., April 24, 1886.

"COL. WILLIAM HOYNES,  
"UNIVERSITY OF NOTRE DAME:

"DEAR SIR:—Would your companies like to go into camp with the State militia at Lafayette, and take part in the exercises, which commence on the 26th of July, and end August 2d? If so, arrangements could be made by which they would be transported from Notre Dame to camp and return, and furnished with the requisite quarters, ammunition, and rations, free of charge. In all these particulars they would be placed upon the same footing as the militia.

We hope to make the State encampment of this year the finest ever held in Indiana. I am, dear Sir,

"Very respectfully,

"GEORGE W. KOONTZ,  
"Adjutant General."

—The first of the series of championship games between the Junior 1st nines was played on Monday afternoon. The following is the score:

REDS.	A. B.	R.	I. B.	P. O.	A.	E.
G. Cartier, c. ....	5	1	2	2	6	2
G. Cooper, 2d b. and p. ....	5	2	2	4	6	3
J. Courtney, p. and 2d b. ....	4	2	1	1	3	2
F. Fehr, 1st b. ....	5	1	3	14	1	1
C. West, l. f. ....	5	1	0	2	1	0
H. Robinson, r. f. ....	4	0	1	0	0	0
P. Brownson, s. s. ....	6	1	0	1	2	4
M. Luther, 3d b. ....	4	3	1	2	2	1
P. Hayes, c. f. ....	4	2	0	1	1	0
<b>Total</b> .....	<b>42</b>	<b>13</b>	<b>10</b>	<b>27</b>	<b>22</b>	<b>13</b>
BLUES.	A. B.	R.	I. B.	P. O.	A.	E.
E. Benner, 1st b. ....	3	2	1	12	0	3
G. Myers, p. ....	5	1	3	2	12	3
E. Dillon, c. and l. f. ....	4	0	1	5	4	3
W. Wabraushek, l. f. and 2d b. ....	4	0	2	1	0	0
E. Porter, 3d b. ....	4	0	0	0	2	1
F. Nester, s. s. ....	5	0	0	0	2	0
L. Preston, 2d b. and c. ....	3	2	0	6	3	2
J. Fitzgerald, c. f. ....	3	2	0	1	0	1
D. C. Regan, r. f. ....	5	1	0	0	0	2
<b>Total</b> .....	<b>36</b>	<b>8</b>	<b>7</b>	<b>27</b>	<b>23</b>	<b>15</b>

Base on Balls: Courtney, 3; Cooper, 2; Myers, 2. Wild Pitches: Cooper, 1; Courtney, 1. Passed Balls: Cartier, 1; Dillon, 2.

Roll of Honor.

SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

Messrs. Ancheta, Aubrey, Archambault, V. Burke, M. Burns, D. Byrnes, Becerra, Bowles, Baca, A. A. Browne, P. Burke, L. Bolton, Conlon, C. Crowe, J. Crowe, Coady, Congdon, Craig, Chapin, Jno. Cusack, Jos. Cusack, Fred Combe, C. Combe, Cassidy, Carbajal, Dexter, M. Dolan, Dempsey, Dooling, De Haven, Emmons, Finlay, Forbes, A. Gordon, Gallardo, Glenn, Hagerty, Houck, Hampton, Hagenbarth, Harris, Holden, Judie, Jackson, Jess, Koudelka, Keys, H. Kenny, J. Kenny, Karst, Kleiber, Kendall, Lashaw, H. Luhn, Larkin, Ley, G. Morrison, Jno. Murphy, Mathers, Meir, McEriain, P. McGuire, Moon, Neill, Nancolas, O'Rourke, O'Donnell, Ott, P. Prudhomme, C. Paschel, H. Paschel, P. Paschel, Padilla, T. Ryan, E. Ryan, Remish, E. Rielly, Rothert, Rochford, Regan, Rheinberger, Rodriguez, Shaide, Stubbs, Saviers, Sheridan, Snapp, Triplett, Werst, Williams, W. Williams, White, Wagoner, Wilson, Zeitler.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

Masters Austin, Akin, Benson, Baur, Brownson, E. Benner, Bunker, Borgschulze, Bacigalupo, Curtis, Cleveland, Colina, Cleary, Chute,\* G. Cartier, Cavaroc, Coles, Chaves, E. Campbell, Cain, Doss, Dickinson, Duffield, Dillon, Darragh, Dunning, Decker, Ewing, Epple, Frain, Flood, Fehr, Fitzgerald, Fitzharris, Finckh, Goebel, Galarneau, Hoffman, Houlihan, T. Hake, A. Hake, Hiner, Hoye, Hall, Jewett, P. Jacobs, N. Jacobs, Kern, F. Konzen, W. Konzen, Levin, Luther, Meehan, McVeigh, McConn, Mueller, W. McPhee, Myers, McNamara, Mulkern, Mitchell, McCart, Macatee, Mulberger, Nealis, Nester, Newton, Nations, O'Connor, Oxnard, O'Kane, Portillo, Press, Preston, Porter, Regan, Ratighan, Redlich, Robinson, Ramirez, A. Ruffing, C. Ruffing, Senn, Shields, Spencer, L. Scherrer, H. Smith, F. Smith, S. Smith, N. Smith, Servis, Talbot, Vanselow, Valasco, Warner, Welch, Wabraushek, Wagoner, L. West, C. West, Williamson.

NOTE.—The following names were omitted last week by mistake: Masters Steele, Scherrer H. Smith, F. Smith, L. Smith, N. Smith, Stattman, Servis, Talbot, Towner, Tarrant, Tiedrich, Vanselow, Warner, Walsh, Welch, Wabraushek, Wagoner, L. West, Williamson.

MINIM DEPARTMENT.

Masters Ackerman, Atkinson, W. Bailey, Barger, Bull, Ciarcoschi, Campeau, E. Connors, J. Connors, Crotty,

Chute, Cobbs, Dewald, L. Doss, E. Doss, Dunford, Dungan, T. Falvey, F. Falvey, E. Falvey, Farmer, Fontanel, E. Garber, F. Garber, Graham, Grant, Griffin, Haney, Healy, Hillas, Huiskamp, Inderrieden, Jones, Jewett, Kellner, P. Keefe, Klaner, Landenwich, Mainzer, Moncada, Maloney, McIntosh, Morgan, McGill, McCourt, McNulty, Martin, Mason, C. Mooney, H. Mooney, Munro, Mitchell, Nester, B. Nealis, C. Nealis, Nussbaum, Noonan, Paul, Piero, J. Peck, F. Peck, Quinlin, Rowsey, Ramsey, Riordan, Stone, Steele, Sullivan, D. Sweet, G. Sweet, W. Smart, A. Smart, C. Scherrer, E. Scherrer, Taft, Tillenberg, Williamson.

\* Omitted by mistake April 15.

Class Honors.

[In the following list will be found the names of those students who have given entire satisfaction in all their classes during the month past.]

COMMERCIAL COURSE.

Messrs. Mulberger, Hayes, Becerra, Ashford, D. Cartier, Heine, Epple, H. Smith, Moon, P. Jacobs, C. Ruffing, P. Paschel, Murphy, Dillon, S. Smith, Bunker, W. Konzen, Remish, O'Kane, Cooper, Luther, Williamson, Adams, Tewkesbury, Finlay, Fitzgerald, O'Rourke, F. Browne, Ott, H. Paschel, Akin, H. Luhn, Jess, Rochford.

—ST. ISIDORE'S COLLEGE, NEW ORLEANS, LA.—On the occasion of the festival of its glorious Patron, April 8, the pupils of St. Isidore's College gave a very enjoyable entertainment. The audience was principally composed of the parents and relatives of the pupils. The exercises opened with a soul-stirring march, followed by some brilliant essays in English, French and German, in which the pupils evinced a thorough knowledge of these languages. Then followed a drama, in four acts, entitled, "The Deaf Mute," by A. Le Bourgeois, A. Waterman, E. Smith, A. Clere, J. Flynn, E. Fehernbach, Dan. Thevis, A. Courreges, L. Bergeron, and J. Leblance. The acting was very good, and elicited frequent applause from the audience. The performance reflected great credit on both pupils and professors. Rev. Father Scherer, President of the College, has for many years taken special pains in having the pupils well trained for public speaking. He does not, as some may say, consider it a loss of time, but, on the contrary, he finds in it a great feature towards improving the memory, and imparting grace and ease to the pupils' department. At the conclusion of the performance, Rev. M. Chapin, Chaplain of St. Mary's, thanked the audience for their encouraging presence on the occasion, and congratulated both the pupils and instructors on the success of the entertainment. All retired to their respective homes, well pleased with an agreeable evening spent at St. Isidore's College. This institution is becoming more popular every year, and is rapidly increasing the number of its pupils. A few years ago, it was scarcely known to the public; but by the able management of its President, Rev. F. Scherer, it is now acquiring a far and wide-spread fame. No doubt, this College promises, in the near future, to become one of those seats of learning so long sought after in the South. It began small, but small beginnings have had big endings. *Quien sabe?—N. O. Morning Star.*

## Saint Mary's Academy.

*One Mile West of Notre Dame University.*

—The flowers on the altar at Easter were unusually beautiful.

—The Graduating Class passed Easter Monday rustivating at St. Joseph's Farm.

—Two beautiful statues—one of St. Edward and one of St. Aloysius—have just been placed in the class-room hall.

—A very characteristic "Easter Cross" from Miss Sophie Papin, a faithful former pupil, is gratefully acknowledged.

—Easter offerings from "home, sweet home" load the commissioner's cart, and rejoice the hearts of many grateful recipients.

—The dainty cake so bountifully supplied on Easter Sunday by Mrs. Beckmann, of Ottawa, Ohio, is gratefully acknowledged.

—Rev. Father Fitte, of the University, delivered the sermon on Easter at the High Mass, which was celebrated by Rev. Father Shortis.

—At the feet of the statue of the Sacred Heart, above the High Altar, at the Easter Mass, a large basket of rare and beautiful roses was placed—the offering of Miss Mary Frances Murphy.

—The same skilful fingers, animated by holy genius, that has swept the keys of the organ at St. Mary's for so many years, gave the keynote to the Paschal joy in the inspiring "Easter Hymn" of Sunday.

—Among the visitors of the week were: Miss Estelle Todd—Valedictorian of Class '84,—Miss Nellie McEwen, a former pupil, and Mrs. Ritchie, Chicago; Mrs. Williams, Benton Harbor, Mich.; Mr. H. Wiley, Mrs. Dart and daughter, Lansing, Mich.

—Two exquisite bunches of lilies were on the Altar at Benediction on Easter Sunday. One was labelled: "To the Altar, from Mary C. Bragdon;" the other, "To Lottie Bragdon, from mamma." The dutiful little Junior followed the example of the thoughtful mother, and Our Divine Lord, in His risen glory, looked from His mystic throne in the ostensorium on the snow-white tributes, blessing alike, we trust, the lovely gift and the gentle giver.

—Easter Monday marks the Feast of "Our Lady of Good Counsel," whose patronage is so much prized by His Holiness Pope Leo XIII, and devotion to whom has been so highly recommended of late by Very Rev. Father General. Miss Donnelly's poem—"Our Lady of Good Counsel at Genazanno"—is a favorite recitation with the members of the Elocution classes. Nothing can excel the charm of the words, or the grace of action necessary to render the elocution effective.

—As customary, the Catholic pupils of the Academy made their Paschal Communion on Easter Sunday. The tranquil brightness of the day was

in admirable keeping with the spirit of the season. Some twenty-six years ago, a pupil remarked, on Holy Saturday, in presence of Very Rev. Father Sorin: "It looks as if it might rain to-morrow; I am afraid it will." "No:" promptly responded Father General, "it would be a *sin* for it to rain on Easter." It did *not* rain on Easter 1866, nor on Easter 1886.

—The ceremonies of the past week were carried out as fully as practicable by Rev. Father Shortis. Those who have the happiness to be familiar with the impressive ceremonials of Holy Week understand the irresistible effect produced by the solemn silence that marks the sacred hours commemorating the Passion and death of Our Lord. The bells cease ringing: no sound of organ or other musical instrument is heard, the deep stillness being broken only by the plaintive chant of the ritual. The *Lamentations*, after the adoration of the Cross on Good Friday, were admirably chanted by the Convent choir, the two principal voices being wonderfully adapted, by their power, dignity, and pathos, to the thrilling music.

### Easter.

A world of joyful emotion is aroused in every faithful heart in contemplation of the delightful Easter time. Lent and the Paschal season form the fruitage of the ecclesiastical year, as Advent and Christmas constitute the seed time. Both are eloquent in their way; but in the Resurrection and Ascension of the Redeemer of mankind, the other mysteries of religion find their earthly culmination, gloriously supplemented in the descent of the Paraclete on Whit-Sunday, and the crowning heavenly triumph of Trinity Sunday, which completes the Paschal time. The Church presents to us the picture of Our Lord risen and clothed with the attributes of a spiritual body. He is still upon earth—still continuing His mission to the race He came down from heaven to liberate from the curse of the fall. He makes His presence known with His "Peace be to you!" Again He appears, and convinces the doubting Thomas. He issues His divine mandate to His disciples to "go into the whole world and preach the Gospel to every creature," thus ordaining them for their labor.

There is a beautiful tradition extant—or, perhaps, a revelation made to some saint—that during the forty days of Our Blessed Redeemer's risen life upon earth He visited in person every spot, the wide world over, where in future the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass was to be offered. If no more than a happy fancy, it has at least the minor merit of being poetical; but to the pious heart there is something more profound, and at this season of the year it is a consolation to reflect upon the divine benedictions which must have been spread broadcast in those days of mystic wonders. Happy for us if we deserve not the rebuke administered to Didymus: *Because thou hast seen Me, Thomas, thou hast believed. Blessed are they that have not seen, and have believed!*

## Originality.

While it is dishonest to take the literary productions of others and permit them to pass as our own, there is likewise folly in affecting originality to an extent that cripples all expression. Many, especially among young people, are troubled with this sort of affectation. An idea flashes upon the mind, a pretty simile, an apt illustration. Forthwith it is honestly penned. The writer reads her composition to a schoolmate. The schoolmate has read something of which the composition reminds her, and illustration, simile, idea, are overwhelmed in a flood of tears. The poor little composer has condemned herself as a copyist, though she had never seen what her friend had read, and had a perfect right to claim her production as original.

What poet of the past has not compared time to a sea, to a river; youth, to spring, to morning; age, to winter, to nightfall? What poet of the future will not do the same? Because that the senses of different individuals are struck with the same resemblances is not proof conclusive that any one is deprived of a right to claim a comparison which another may have likewise noticed. Who would take the grandeur out of Longfellow's admirable poem, "The Old Clock on the Stairs," because it was suggested by the beautiful words of the French writer, Jacques Bridane? The development of the thought is our poet's none the less. Because in his matchless song, "Maidenhood," the same great writer has compared the stream of childhood to "the river of a dream," who would not have regretted had Miss Donnelly left the same appropriate clause out of the second stanza of "*Mater Misericordiae*"?

"Like a river in a dream,  
It runneth noiselessly."

Even the man of the highest genius is not, strictly speaking, an originator. He may present ideas in a new light, and those ideas are justly called original. In literature, the chief fountain of thought is suggestion. The legends that thrilled the great heart of our national poet, and caused him to breathe forth songs that will live as long as the English language shall exist, were, many of them, given in other languages before, and perhaps by other English writers; but none of them were clothed in the powerful style and the effective climax which he has employed; hence their success. All the wealth of legendary lore which Longfellow has drawn forth from the shadow of the past would have been lost on a cold-hearted materialist, like the author of "The Raven"; and a deplorable void would be found in our American literature had not a chord, responsive to the thoughts that made melody in holy hearts long centuries ago, been touched in the expansive mind and truthful soul of the author of "The Legend Beautiful," "Sandolphon," and "The Ladder of St. Augustine."

Painful as it is to see writers trespass lightly on the literary possessions of others, the stagnation that would ensue in the literary world, were con-

tributors to our periodicals to wait for language, figures, phraseology, and the like, quite different from anything known in the world before, would cause the thoughtless to realize that not a fraudulent intention, but a similarity of mental conceptions has often imparted similarity of style to certain writers who may have never read or heard of each other.

## Roll of Honor.

## SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

*Par Excellence*—Misses Allnoch, Alwein, Andreus, M. Bruhn, Butler, Brady, Blair, Bubb, Blacklock, Beckmann, Carney, Clendenen, Chaves, Considine, Claggett, Coll, Cox, Carroll, Dillon, A. Donnelly, E. Donnelly, Duffield, Dart, Desenberg, English, Ewing, Egan, Fuller, Faxon, Farnsworth, Fenton, Flannery, Griffith, Gordon, Guise, Green, A. Heckard, B. Heckard, Horn, Hummer, Henry, Haas, Harlem, Kearney, Kearsy, Kearns, Kennedy, Lang, M. Lyons, Levy, Moon, Munger, Morrison, J. McHale, M. F. Murphy, S. McHale, L. Meehan, N. Meehan, M. McNamara, C. McNamara, Neff, Nagle, North, Nester, Otero, Patrick, Riedinger, Rose, Robb, Rend, C. Scully, S. St. Clair, L. St. Clair, M. Scully, Stadler, Shields, Shephard, Stafford, Stocksdale, Smith, Trask, Williams, Wolvin, White, Walsh.

## JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

*Par Excellence*—Misses E. Balch, T. Balch, Barry, Boyer, Bragdon, M. Coll, M. Cox, M. Duffield, Griffith, Hertzog, Keyes, McEwen, Mason, Martin, L. Nester, Odell, Prudhomme, Smart, Smith, Snowhook, C. Servis, E. Sheekey, Stumer, Simpson, Van Horn.

## MINIM DEPARTMENT.

*Par Excellence*—Misses E. Blaine, L. Caddagan, E. Kendall, M. Lindsey, E. Qualey, H. Rhodes, F. Spencer, J. Wallace.

## Class Honors.

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

Astronomy—Misses E. Horn, G. Wolvin, M. Hummer, M. Dillon, C. Griffith, B. Kearney, B. Morrison, L. Clendenen, S. St. Clair, C. Scully, A. Butler, A. Donnelly, M. Fuller, N. Sheekey, L. Williams, J. McHale, A. Shephard; Logic—Misses E. Horn, M. F. Murphy, M. Dillon, G. Wolvin, B. Morrison, C. Griffith, L. Clendenen, M. Hummer, C. Scully, S. St. Clair, B. Kearney, A. Donnelly, N. Sheekey, J. McHale, M. Fuller, L. Williams, M. Kearsy, A. Shephard; Rhetoric—Misses N. Kearns, N. Brady, M. Neff, A. Duffield, L. Trask, B. Heckard, F. Carmien, G. Regan, B. Snowhook, G. Faxon, L. Walsh, F. Thornton, H. Nagle, M. Scully, A. Gordon, H. Guise, E. Donnelly; Modern History—Misses A. Duffield, N. Kearns, A. Donnelly, F. Carmien, M. Neff, B. Heckard, B. Snowhook, L. St. Clair, F. Thornton, L. Trask, H. Guise, B. Moon, L. Walsh; Geometry—Misses M. F. Murphy, E. Horn, M. Dillon, C. Scully, G. Wolvin, C. Griffith, M. Kearsy, L. Clendenen, L. Williams, L. St. Clair, M. Neff, J. McHale, M. Fuller, B. Morrison; Algebra—Misses Brady, Kearns, N. Sheekey, B. Snowhook, B. Heckard, A. Keys, N. Donnelly, L. Trask, E. Carroll, L. Williams, Carmien, Lyons, Patrick, A. Duffield, G. Faxon, F. Kingsbury, H. Guise, C. Farnsworth, A. Gordon, E. North; Arithmetic—Misses N. Brady, N. Kearns, M. Patrick, M. Keyes, F. Carmien, N. Sheekey, B. Heckard, Snowhook, Faxon, Trask, Guise, A. Duffield, A. Monahan, B. Pierce, T. Balch, H. Smart, M. Mason, A. Odell; Grammar—Misses L. Van Horn, L. Blair, M. Barry, M. Clifford, A. Henry, E. North, H. Rose, M. Lyons, M. Smith, I. Bubb, E. Coll, A. Riedinger, C. Farnsworth, M. Patrick, G. Stadler, S. McHale, A. White, F. Hertzog, M. Rend, E. Stocksdale, I. Moon, L. Meehan, L. Levy, L. Considine, M. Cox, E. Balch, L. Griffith, M. Chaves; Preparatory Grammar—Misses F. Steele, O. Boyer, D. Lee, E. Qualey.