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## Courage.

BY R. H. HOWLEY.

### I.

Why look so low? why sigh? What though  
Thy first fond hopes are crushed, man!  
'Tis sin to pine, for life's still thine,  
And while there's life there's trust, man.  
Oh, coward heart! because by smart  
Of woe or wrong thou'rt stricken;  
You shrink and slouch, and meanly crouch  
And quake like frightened chicken.  
The world's a field—a battle-field—  
Have you some foe?—Go, meet him,  
Ay, fight him fair, and never yield  
Or with weak tears entreat him.  
E'en though you fail, don't let your wail  
Ring round the world. Go, forage;  
Do what you choose, but never lose  
Your manhood's life—your courage.

### II.

There's many a man whose every tone  
And look is blythe and beaming,  
Who scoffs at woes more dark than those  
That set *your* eyes a streaming.  
There's many a woman, young and fair  
And soft as lily's petal,  
Knows how to do, and bear, and dare  
With more than manhood's metal;  
While men of might (!) the feather white  
Display at Fate's first frowning,  
And yet will hope with life to cope  
And share the true man's crowning!  
You'd better die, who sigh and cry  
From babyhood to hoar age;  
At work or play you block the way—  
Man's life to-day means—*courage*.

NEITHER the naked hand nor the understanding, left to itself, can do much; the work is accomplished by instruments and helps, of which the need is not less for the understanding than the hand.—*Bacon*.

## England in the Eighteenth Century.

BY PHILIP VD. BROWNSON, '88.

In the beginning of the last century, wide meadows lay between Westminster and London proper. The mass of the population in England was scattered over the country in small villages, and everywhere one met with little hamlets consisting often of but a cluster of farm houses, a public house or inn, and a white-washed church, whose steeple was thought to rival St. Paul's. As yet the great manufacturing towns of the North were in their babyhood. Bristol was the only sea-port of any consequence, and though London contained 100,000 inhabitants, the penny-post whirled you away off over the rough turnpike road to some little station which is now in the very heart of the city. To our modern eyes, indeed, the great metropolis of those days would present a strange appearance. Huge, antique sign-boards, which stretched half-way across the street, were then *à la mode*, and served well enough instead of the later practice of numbering the houses. They were painted in a fashion quaint and mystic, and blue lions, golden candlesticks and old, red-headed boars seemed to engross the artist's imagination. The thoroughfares were crowded, and the Thames swarmed with the gay pleasure barges and ferry-boats which danced over its surface. The middle-classes filled the mug-houses, where they talked religion or discussed the threatened war with France. In the brilliantly furnished club-houses congregated the higher political circles: one was the chosen abode of loyalty to the cause of the Revolution and of the firm supporters of a Protestant succession; in another, on the contrary, when the king was toasted, the decanter was passed over a tumbler of water. But besides these places of social gathering there were others where assembled all that the town possessed of most cultured and refined. It was to the coffee-house that resorted the literati of the age, under the presidency of a Dryden, or the mild ascendancy of an Addison, where an easy flowing conversation, or

a bright sally of wit, charmed and amused the distinguished idlers.

With regard to the Scottish capital, the contrast seems greater. The canon-gate was the very root and life of Edinburgh in a more marked degree than St. James was the centre of London. The houses were well-built but poorly furnished, and wine was rarely seen even on the tables of the rich. The more civilized luxuries were as yet unknown, and the people amused themselves quietly by assembling of an afternoon at a tea party, or giving a concert in the evening, for the Scotch are very fond of music. Glasgow was already a good-sized town, but trade did not then flourish in Scotland. Owing to the quality of the soil and the almost primitive state of agriculture, the inhabitants were often forced to endure want, and starvation was more frequent in Scotland than in Ireland.

Dublin was a little more comfortable than Edinburgh, and possessed not a few coffee-houses which Swift often moved to laughter. It was not safe, though, to travel certain parts of the city after nightfall. Young cornets then—as medical students now-a-days—were prone to midnight adventure and had a soft side for the romantic.

Besides these three kingdoms, which, one must confess, were far from being in a flourishing state, there appended also to the crown a few infant colonies in the distant wilds of North America and some lands in India, occupied by a company of merchants. Such—making an allowance for the description—was the condition of England about the year 1714.

“The Queen is dead!” and the cry spread far, even to the setting sun, that the last of the ill-starred Stuart dynasty was no more. But it fell not without a tear, and it was not interred without a mourner. For centuries had the Stuart sat in state in the chair of Bruce, and later on upon the throne of the Tudor. Fate seems to have doomed them to sorrow, and the race exhibits a want of solidity of character. But, be their faults what they will, if they tended to drag them down from the heights of prosperity it is equally certain that they raised them from the depths of despair. What can be stranger or truer, what more romantic, and, I might almost say, more sublime, than the whole-hearted devotion of the Highlanders and the Cavaliers to the cause of the Stuarts even when at its lowest ebb? And long after the tide of Stuart power had rolled back and away for ever, they still cherished the hope that they would soon be ruled by their own loved king from over the water.

When Anne died the chances were strong that her half-brother James would come to the throne. Oxford and Bolingbroke, indeed, had long been intriguing with the court of St. Germain's, but were surprised and dismayed by the readiness of the Whigs, who immediately invited George, the Elector of Bavaria, as the nearest Protestant heir, to come and receive the crown of Great Britain and Ireland. No doubt, had James been willing to change his faith, he would have been welcomed with unanimous applause; but he remained firm,

and the Tories at home, lying torpidly quiet, the best cause in England was lost through want of spirit.

Upon the lonely Highlands, in the crowded thoroughfare, in the coffee-house and club, in the palace, the cottage, and the kirk, songs were sung, hymns raised and prayers uttered for the lost cause of Stuart. The chief of his partisans manifested a certain selfishness and desire of delay, and the Whigs guarded carefully against losing the fruits of the great Revolution of 1660. But when Harcourt meanly abandoned James and accepted office under George I, all hope had fled. When James afterwards invaded Britain it was too late. The mass of the people was stolidly indifferent as to whether James or George had the better right, and a happy combination of circumstances secured the throne to the Brunswick Stuarts.

Until the Revolution, England had stood aloof from European contests, and her policy was a negative one. But William brought England into the alliance which crushed the French, and after the peace of Utrecht, she remained the main barrier against the ambitious House of Bourbon.

George I was a great grandson of James I, and it was with evident reluctance that he left his electorate even to receive a crown. Hanover was an old-fashioned place, and it suited exactly the slow, indifferent temperament of the boorish and narrow-minded George, who could not speak one word of English. Though great things were accomplished during his reign and that of his successor, the kings themselves had nothing to do with those events, and their influence upon politics was insignificant. But the people could have received no better treatment at the time than to have been left alone. The 18th century was not only destined to behold the English people advance upon the road to power and grasp the empire of the commercial world, but it was also to view new turns given to public thought and the rise of a new literature.

When Marlborough crossed the channel and carried the glory of the British arms to Blenheim and Ramilies, England began to exercise a moral influence upon Europe. Men perceived that there was a literature in the little isle beyond the Straits of Dover, and had it not been for the marked attention drawn thither by Marlborough's victories, Montesquieu would not have laid the same important stress upon English laws, and the names of Shakspeare, Dryden and Addison would never have crossed the narrow seas.

This age saw the death of the lyric and the rise of the rhetorical ode, and to Dryden do we owe the lasting impulse which literature received during the 18th century. With him poetry no longer embodied the beautiful alone; it was no longer to be written merely to please—merely to paint in the prettiest manner something tending to captivate us by its novelty and picturesqueness. He abandoned all that; his poetry has a prosaic end: its first intended effect is to convince. He set up the model of good taste—a new order of propriety which became the literary standard of the 18th century.

Yet around this standard, beautiful and chaste as it was in the hands of Dryden, there after gathered a troop of tedious faults—uniformity, dulness and satiety. It is a pleasure long to gaze upon some lonely little lake reposing in the midst of the wild and silent scenery of the Highlands; it is a pleasure to view old Ocean, gray with foam, hurl the huge billows with a noise like thunder on the beach. But it is a feeling of cloyed indulgence, almost amounting to pain, which the eye experiences after long regarding a level and close-shaven lawn lying in the sunshine, without stream or bush or rock to vary the monotony.

The new prose of the period certainly did not equal, and it might bear no comparison in grandeur and harmony to, the writings of a Taylor or a Hooker. Yet, as prose-writing became the expression of town-life, as the cities grew and an instinct of concentration seemed to gather the people together, the prose of the 18th century was happy in being well-fitted to a sort of journalism which was to be the first point in an English political education. Lively and sprightly, rattling along like a brook over a pebbly bed, it suited the times better than the style which before the restoration had calmly and almost sluggishly meandered through the low-lying meadow of English politics and literature. Dryden was still more effective here than on the more elevated stage where the *grandes cothurni* were thought to promenade. Dr. Johnson once said that those who desired to cultivate style should give their days and nights to the study of Addison. Undoubtedly this is true if our aim be not at the strong and powerful, the rich and intense, but at the acquisition of grace and beauty of style and of a soft, melodious flow of language. Addison, indeed, may be considered as the author of the short essay. Though fault may be found with his excessive use of the flowers of speech, yet none can help admiring his easy, unconstrained manner of writing, or, we might almost say, of talking, for his compositions are but printed conversations stamped with the very tone and air of the coffee-house in the days of its splendor, when overflowing with wit and talent of a novel order.

Parliament, also, opened a wide field for the display of rhetoric and oratory. And never, perhaps, did a greater number of grand political speakers adorn the annals of any age or country. Search where you will, in the convention of France, the forum of Rome, or the "agora" of Athens; call up your Cicero and your Mirabeau, but old England challenges you to show an assembly of more gifted orators than Lord Chatham, Edmund Burke, Henry St. John, and a host of others, who sat at Westminster during the 18th century.

But let us pass to other subjects. The reader, no doubt, considering the brevity of our allotted space, will readily forgive us if we omit to mention the many political writers (Swift, Steele, Prior and Johnson) and famous novelists (Richardson, Fielding, Smollet and others), and if we proceed at once to introduce one of the most successful statesmen of his age, Sir Robert Walpole.

Walpole was born in 1676, and, two years before the death of William of Orange, had entered Parliament as a young Norfolk land-owner. Sprung from the middle-class, he retained its tastes and manners. He always opened first the despatches from his game-keeper, and if he was particularly fond of anything it was his bottle and his hounds. He possessed a fair, ruddy complexion, an imperturbable good humor, and, above all, what is most admired in England, a sort of bull-dog tenacity, which he manifested throughout his long career. Yet he held firm to his principles, was clear-sighted and far-seeing, and during his administration England improved wonderfully in all departments. As George I thought more of his electorate than of his kingdom, he sought to draw England into a war against Prussia; but Walpole and his brother-in-law, Townshend, refused to sacrifice the interests of the nation, and immediately gave up their seats—1717. But, owing to the failure of Harley's administration, Walpole soon returned, and held his office until the middle of George II's reign. He perceived at once that by removing all obstacles from trade he would further its interests in the most effective manner. Soon the rice from Georgia and Carolina drove the Italian and Egyptian article from the European market. By reducing the land-tax, Walpole gained over to his side the landed gentry, and his majorities in the House of Commons were never questioned. Indeed, Walpole was the first of English financiers, and he was far ahead of his age. The revenues rose enormously, trade flourished, and the English merchantmen covered the seas from the mouth of the Ganges to the banks of the Chesapeake. All this prosperity was due entirely to the minister's success in keeping England at a distance from the continual continental bickerings.

When his famous Excise Bill met with a howl of opposition he refused to employ force, and quietly withdrew the wisest measure that an economist had yet planned. "I will not be the minister," said he, "to enforce taxes at the expense of blood." All his energies were concentrated on one point—the retaining England in peace. Even the Jacobites could not but remark the benefits of the Whig administration; and when afterwards Charles Edward came to Britain he found that the people had grown wise; that Walpole's policy had done its work and had secured the throne to the House of Brunswick. Prestonpans and Falkirk might flatter the hopes of his followers, but upon the gory field of Culloden the world perceived that the cause of Stuart was a thing of the past, and soon to sink into oblivion, or live but in romance and story.

Refreshed by the long inaction, the people awoke to a new life. They evinced a growing and restless desire to know a little more in regard to the manner in which were conducted the affairs of the nation. Lampoons; political arguments *pro* and *con*, satires and caricatures, sometimes from the pen of a Swift or a Prior, were circulated all over the country and read with avidity. Englishmen became conscious of their crescent power as a nation, and they felt all the pride of the conquerors of the world.

At the same time France evinced a reviving ambition. The treaty of Utrecht had been even a greater humiliation for her than for Spain, and she could not look upon England's commerce without fearing for her vast possessions in the Western Continent. Of all nations in the world, perhaps France possesses the greatest internal resources, and the manner in which she rose from defeat and disaster was astonishing and sublime. Leagued with Spain in the family compact, and strengthened by the shattered fortunes of the House of Austria, she seemed once more about to cope with Britain for the commercial supremacy. An English sea-captain told to the House of Commons a long tale of Spanish cruelty and torture. The national feelings were aroused, the old Tory party revived; Walpole was deserted by his own cabinet, and a general cry for war forced the minister to declare open hostilities against Spain. This was in 1739, and the next year the Emperor died and all Europe was in arms. On the part of England the war was feebly and ineffectively carried on.

George II bound Hanover to neutrality and all was laid to the statesman's charge. "He who was asleep as soon as his head touched the pillow," writes his son, "now never sleeps above an hour without waking; and he who at dinner forgot his own anxieties and was more gay and thoughtless than all the company now sits without speaking, and with his eyes fixed for an hour together." The end was near. Walpole's buoyant spirit deserted him; his majority dwindled down to three, and in 1742 the famous peace minister resigned.

Let us pass over all details of minor importance and hasten to greet the rising sun of power, of glory, and of fame, that at length burst in all its splendor through the dark clouds of war upon the English people. William Pitt, the greatest statesman of modern times, entered Parliament in 1735. His grandfather had been governor of Madras, but his family was possessed of no wealth. Pitt was a dashing young cornet of horse, full of fire, spirit and eloquence; a brilliant orator, for he felt what he spoke; a popular minister, for he represented the people; a friend of humanity, and, whatever might be said of his personal pride, an ardent patriot. Pitt's career was a brilliant one, and his administration successful beyond the limits of expectation.

In 1757, he headed the last purely Whig administration. The Duke of Newcastle did all the borough jobbing, and he was admirably well adapted to this function. Pitt said to a friend one day: "I borrow the Duke of Newcastle's majority to conduct the public business." At this time the fortunes of England seemed at their lowest ebb. Frederick of Prussia was defeated, and on the ocean, on the continent, and in the New World, the French triumphed over the English. "We are no longer a nation," wrote Chesterfield; but he was mistaken. Pitt, the great upholder of the constitution, the statesman who abandoned party prejudices and levied regiments in the Highlands; Pitt, the minister who refused to tax America, and proposed free trade for Ireland, was the only man

—and he spoke it himself—who could save the country. His policy was to play only a secondary part in Europe, for it was far away that lay the real stake of the war. The immense peninsula which projects into the Indian Ocean was celebrated among the ancients for the quality and variety of its products. Vast fields of rice waved over the land—its diamond mines were the richest in the world—its shawls, silks, perfumes and ivory were the envy of the Greek and Persian. The Sarace had journeyed thither, and Vasco da Gama opened the watery path to the treasures of the East. About the time of which we are now speaking, the French thought that, taking advantage of the discord between the native princes, they might easily establish a French empire in India. Labourdonnais and Dupleix accordingly began to conquer in the name of the Mogul emperor, whose authority had long been a dead letter in that part of the country. The Mauritius, the Carnatic and Bengal owned their sway, when they were suddenly stopped by a young English clerk in the employ of the East India Company. Robert Clive, a young dare-devil chap, had been gladly shipped away by his relatives as a writer to Madras. Hearing of the barbarity of one of the French allies—Suraj-ah-Dowlah, who imprisoned 143 unoffending Englishmen in a narrow cell, called the Black Hole, where all but twenty-three went mad from thirst and killed each other, he put himself at the head of a few hundred natives and won several engagements against the French. He was singularly bold and courageous, and gained the appellation of "the daring in war." He resigned his clerkship and accepted a position as ensign in the company's forces. Without delay he went to meet the enemy, whose numbers far surpassed his own, and totally defeated them in the great battle of Plassey. This took place on the 23d of June, 1757, and with Clive's brilliant victory began, in fact, the English empire in the East.

In the West, Pitt's policy was eminently successful. Calling upon the colonists to furnish men through the pure motive of patriotism, and granting to their officers equal authority with those royally commissioned, Braddock's disgrace was wiped out at Louisburg, at Du Quesne, and at Quebec.

Pitt recognized merit wherever he found it, and his choice of Wolfe as a commander proved a wise and able one. With the sun that set, red and wrathful, on the plains of Abraham, Sept. 12, 1759, vanished forever the dream of French dominion in America.

In Europe, the great minister saw the Prussians victorious at Rossbach, and heard of the gallantry of the English regiments. The French were beaten upon land and sea, and the victories of Quiberon and Minden startled the world. "We are forced to ask every morning what victory there is," laughed Horace Walpole, "for fear of missing one."

Honor to the genius and talents of Pitt; honor to his patriotic policy which made every Briton a hero and a conqueror, England is now an empire and holds first place among the nations of the earth. Pitt, laid the corner-stone of her grandeur; and as

long as the Thames winds onward to the sea so long shall the name of Pitt be revered and cherished by his countrymen. There is no true Englishman who, reflecting on his country's greatness, would not wish to drop a tear over the grave of Pitt, or place a laurel wreath upon the last resting-place of the minister of the people.

The closing years of this epoch witnessed the rise of the great English-speaking nation of the New World. The voice of the Great Commoner was raised in warning against the rash and unjust laws that drove our fathers into that contest which built up this nation. "America, the gentleman tells us, is obstinate; America is almost in open rebellion. I rejoice that America has resisted. 3,000,000 of people so dead to all the feelings of liberty as voluntarily to submit to be slaves, would have been fit instruments to make slaves of the rest." Needless is it to tell the story of the struggle. We stand to-day the great witness to the contest and its results. Yet dwell we may, for a moment, upon the ringing words of Chatham, as, a dying man, he stood forth to protest against the results forced, as they were, upon England by the might of her old enemy, France:

"I am risen from my bed to stand up for the cause of my country. I rejoice that the grave has not closed upon me; that I am still alive to lift my voice against the dismemberment of this ancient and most noble monarchy. If we must fall, let us fall like men."

Great as was the blow, it failed to shatter the noble fabric. Walpole and Pitt had built England into a mighty power, and in the future years she would see the enemy, that now seemed to have struck the first blow of her humiliation, sink under her victorious arms upon the field of Waterloo.

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### Friendship.

The world is fair, the world is wide,  
If a flower chance to lose its pride,  
We meet as bright beneath other skies;  
But a perfect friendship, never twice.  
Let no gift, were it a palace,  
Lure thee part that magic chalice  
From whose touch the draught of life  
Gains a charm that sweetens strife.  
Do not risk its worth nor slight it,  
Lest the wrong be never righted.  
Of all loves that light our way  
'Tis the only one whose ray,  
If from cruel earth 'twere driven,  
Would, unchallenged, enter Heaven.

MARION MUIR.

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### Industry.

It is the busy men who keep the world moving; it is the busy men who sustain society; and the busy men are the projectors of progress and improvement. The lazy man is always full of trouble; he is never contented with himself; he never succeeds; he has fault to find with everyone but himself. Be-

sides being a burden to himself, he is a pest to society; for when he is too lazy to earn for himself, he then begs for charity. Cheerfulness is called the daughter of employment, and it is certainly true that occupation is the necessary basis of all enjoyment. Those who are busy at some occupation are not the ones to go around like crazy men. No; they put all their energy into their occupation and do not fear that they will be too busy.

Employment is called by Galen "nature's physician," and he says "any employment, no matter how small, is better than none at all." Who are they who fill our senates and all the high offices of the state? Surely they are not the lazy or unindustrious. No; but they are those who, by energy and perseverance, have qualified themselves for such stations. Now, the qualifications for any office are to be learned mainly while in college, for there the young man passes the days of youth, and if they are not acquired then there is little hope of ever acquiring them, for the old adage says "As the twig is bent so shall the tree incline."

While we have the opportunities of college days we should be diligent and persevere. But the meaning of the word diligent should not be taken in too wide a sense. For a young man to be diligent it is not necessary for him to study from the time he rises in the morning until he retires to bed at night,—certainly not; for he should take regular recreation also. Would it not be absurd to think that the mind can always be occupied with laborious efforts and never have any rest? As the body, in order that it may perform its functions and be maintained in a healthy condition, must have rest, so also the mind—a much more delicate organ—must have its rest. Literature has suffered much on account of over-diligence. Many of the most promising authors have dropped off in the prime of life by too close application. Schiller once said that on the day he took physical exercise, although he did not write quite so much, he gave to his writings a more brilliant style.

The progress of the whole nation depends on industry, and without it would fall into decay. Behold what industry our ancestors practised and what perseverance they underwent when first they undertook to colonize these United States. The mind can better conceive it than the pen can express it in words. Motion is nature's law; action man's salvation. As standing water becomes a stagnant pool, so, on the other hand, running water is clear, pure, and sweet. So it is with the whole nation and each individual in it; if there is not industry, it becomes corrupt; but if the opposite, it becomes flourishing and prosperous.

No thoroughly occupied man was ever yet miserable in the strict sense of the word, although he might have thought himself so in some few idle moments. Discontent arises from want of occupation, and that no man need be without who has received the blessings of health, eyes, hands, and the usual physical endowments. Real life is thought and action, and occupation lengthens our days. Laziness, like rust, eats into the very heart of strength, and it may be called the paralysis of the



soul. Nature's motto is progress, and be sure if we bring forth nothing useful, we are like the uncultivated field which runs into thorns and thistles, of no benefit in themselves, but destructive to whatever good may chance to spring up among them.

The industrious man never fails; he is contented both with himself and everybody else. Nine persons out of ten are ever looking forward to the day when their labor will be done, and they can say "I can now rest." What an absurdity is this! No matter how long water is running, as soon as it ceases to flow it becomes stagnant and noxious. Even the smallest animal works till it is no more; and man, an intelligent being, looks for the day when *he* can rest! "Be industrious"; let this be your motto, and be sure you will in the end be crowned with success, for the man who is truly wise is the man who is truly industrious. The man who lays himself out to work till life's end is the man who will live the longest and who will live to the greatest purpose; for we live in deeds, not in years; as the poet says:

"Absence of occupation is not rest,  
A mind quite vacant is a mind distressed."

E.

#### Art, Music and Literature.

—The Vatican library contains 24,000 manuscripts, of which 2,164 are Oriental, 3,052 Greek, and 17,059 Latin. A complete catalogue is now, for the first time, being prepared and will shortly be published.

—The three greatest tenors in the world—Gayerre, Masini and Tamagno—are generally to be found in Spain. An engagement at the Royal Opera of Madrid is regarded as a higher honor than one at any of the great Italian theatres.

—A collection of some of Thackeray's fragmentary pieces will soon be published in England under the title of "Sultan Stork, and Other Stories, Sketches, and Ballads." An appendix will contain a revised and enlarged bibliography of Thackeray.

—Mr. Eliot Stock, the London publisher, has secured the wood from Burns' bedroom at Dumfries, and has used it in the binding of an edition of his poems printed in fac-simile. The wood still remaining will be used to make paper-knives, appropriately stamped, to commemorate the Burns' centenary.

—The king of Italy has had printed for the first time a manuscript commentary on Dante, written in the year 1474 by Stefano Talice de Ricaldone. Accompanying it is the text of the *Divina Commedia*, according to the edition issued by Le Monier in 1834. The whole has been edited by MM. Vincenzo Promis and Carlo Negroni. The king has prefixed a dedication to his son.

—The Very Rev. Father Favier, Prefect of the Lazarists' mission in China, has presented to His Holiness Leo XIII a beautiful reproduction in enamel of Leonardo da Vinci's celebrated fresco

of "The Last Supper" in the refectory of Santa Maria delle Grazie at Milan. This is an admirable specimen of Chinese art and workmanship as well as an eloquent testimony of the faith of the Christians in China.

—Ratisbon (or Regensburg), in Bavaria, is a place where the culture of true church music is fostered. Ratisbon owes its supremacy in this department of art to the active presence of a learned priest named Haberl, editor of the collection of Palestrina's works, published by Breitkopf & Hartel. To forward this cause, M. Haberl makes researches in the archives in Rome, and while in Ratisbon he superintends his school of sacred music.

—The director of the Union Printing Office (*Unione Tipografico-Editrice*) of Turin, Luigi Moriondo, has acquired from the publisher, Webster, of New York, the right of publishing in the Italian language the life of Leo XIII written by the Rev. Bernard O'Reilly. This publication will have the special merit of giving the documents which illustrate this biography in their original text. It will be illustrated by the same drawings as in the American edition, and will have an excellent portrait of the Pontiff engraved on steel.

—The painter of Christian subjects, Louis Seitz, is just finishing the frescoes in the gallery of the Candelabra at the Vatican, so beautifully restored by Leo XIII. The fresco, now almost finished, represents St. Thomas Aquinas offering his works to Religion, an allegorical picture. The figure of Religion, surrounded by angels with the chief emblems of the Catholic faith, is seated in majesty on a throne. She holds in her hands the Cross of Redemption and the olive branch of peace. Beneath St. Thomas is Aristotle, who presents his philosophical works to the Prince of Catholic Philosophy. The painting is most brilliant in tone.—*Boston Pilot*.

#### THE POPE'S POEMS.

The Vatican Printing Office has finished the printing of a new appendix to the Latin poems of the Holy Father. Two of the new poems are addressed to the Blessed Virgin, and are as follows:

##### AD BEATAM VIRGINEM MARIAM.

##### PRECATIONES.

##### I.

Ardet pugna ferox; Lucifer ipse, videns,  
Horrida monstra furens ex Acheronte vomit.  
Ocius, alma Parens, ocius affer opem  
Tu mihi virtutem, robur et adde novum.  
Contere virgineo monstra inimica pede.  
Te duce, Virgo, libens aspera bella geram;  
Diffugient hostes; te duce, victor ero.

##### II.

Auri dulce melos, dicere Mater Ave.  
Dicere dulce melos, O Pia Mater Ave.  
Tu mihi deliciae, spes bona, castus amor;  
Rebus in adversis tu mihi praesidium.  
Si mens sollicitis icta cupidinibus,  
Tristitia et luctus anxia sentit onus;  
Si natum ærumnis videris usque premi.  
Materno refove Virgo benigna sinu.  
Et cum instante aderit morte suprema dies,  
Lumina fessa manu molliter ipsa tege,  
Et fugientem animam tu bona redde Deo.

## College Gossip.

—The *St. Louis Catholic World* states that Rt. Rev. Bishop Keane, of Richmond, has been elected Rector of the new Catholic University by the Board of Trustees.

—The American college in Louvain, which lately entered upon the thirtieth year of its existence, has supplied the Church in this country with 2 archbishops, 6 bishops, and 358 priests.

—Over \$1300 were recently subscribed by former students of the Seminary of Our Lady of Angels, Niagara County, N. Y., to complete the beautiful stone chapel attached to that institution. The subscribers are resident priests of Brooklyn.

—The College of the Sacred Heart, at Watertown, Wis., has been closed by direction of the late General Chapter of the Congregation of the Holy Cross. It will be used henceforth as a Postulate and Normal School for the Brothers of the Order.

—"Is your son studying the languages?" inquired the visitor of Mrs. Bently, whose son George is at college. "O, yes," Mrs. Bently replied; "it was only yesterday that he writ home for money to buy a German student lamp and a French clock."  
—*New York Sun*.

—The members of the German college in Rome are preparing to enter their new quarters in the once famous Costanzi Hotel. Cardinal Mazzella has taken up his residence there, and later on Cardinal Melchers, the exiled Archbishop of Cologne, will also occupy an apartment in the building.

—The State of New York thus far leads in contributions to the American Catholic University. The Board of Trustees will meet in Washington, D. C., this month, to make final arrangements for building the institution, or, at least, the theological branch of it. Bishops Spalding, Keane, and Ireland, who have done most of the collecting, have sent in reports which justify immediate building operations.

—M. Berthier, of the French National Institute for Deaf and Dumb, deceased in Paris last month at the venerable age of eighty-three, wrote many books, among them a life of the famous Abbé de l'Épée, and was a member of the Society of Men of Letters, and of the Society of Historical Research. M. Berthier was the first deaf-mute to receive the Cross of the Legion of Honor, which was bestowed upon him for distinguished services in the cause of education.—*Ave Maria*.

—The new system of marking at Harvard is thus described by the *Boston Daily Advertiser*:

"A far more satisfactory account is to be taken of the student's daily work. In courses which are given mainly in the form of lectures, this will have to be secured through short theses, frequently called for. This plan will necessitate a closer attendance upon lectures than has been demanded heretofore. In the second place, instead of having the marking of examination books and the year's work by percentages, the men will be put into four different de-

grees of excellence, similar to the degrees of *laude*, now mentioned at graduation—as, excellent, good, fair, and conditioned. In the awarding of honors a finer line will be drawn, of course."

—St. Mary's of the Holy Rosary is the name of the titular patron of the new academy which will be opened on Monday, August 16th, under the management of eight Sisters of the Holy Cross, from the Convent of Notre Dame, Indiana, of whose arrival *The Mail* made mention some ten days ago, and whose expected advent among us has been the subject of frequent mention in these columns, as have also the labors of Father McGinty in the successful erection of the fine building which is a pride and ornament to Woodland, and which, under the efficient management to which it now passes, will undoubtedly soon rank as one of the most perfect and best appointed educational institutions in the State. The frequent mention of the building during its progress, from the ceremony of laying the corner-stone to the final completion of the structure, with the extended description thereof that we published at that time, renders any further description of the building itself unnecessary; and it was not for that purpose that we visited the new convent yesterday, but to make the acquaintance of those who are to have control of its destinies, and to see for ourselves the manner of the fitting and finishing they are giving the building as a school. Everything is of a substantial nature and of the newest and latest designs. In the class-rooms are being put the best and most approved patterns of desks and seats; the dormitories are fitted with handsome sets of furniture for each occupant, with patent woven wire mattresses of the best description; while the reception rooms, parlors, refectories, kitchens, lavatories, laundry, etc., are all furnished in the same general style; everything of the best quality, but all plain, with an eye to effective use rather than useless display. The school will open with a much larger roll of pupils than have several of the most successful of similar institutions in the State, and there can be no doubt that the school will grow rapidly in public favor and soon attain a high rank among educational institutions.—*Woodland Mail*.

## FIGURATIVELY SPEAKING.

Astronomy is 1-derful  
And interesting 2;  
The earth 3-volves around the sun,  
Which makes a year 4 you.

The moon is dead and can't re-5  
By law of phys-6 great,  
It's 7 where the stars alive  
Do nightly scintil-8.

If watchful Providence be-9;  
With good intentions fraught,  
Did not keep up its grand design  
We soon should come to 0.

Astronomy is 1-derful,  
But it is 2 So 4  
1 man 2 grasp, and that is why  
I'd better say no more.

—*Christian Advocate*.

# NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.

Notre Dame, September 18, 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 TWENTIETH year of its existence, and presents itself anew as a candidate for the favor and support of the many old friends that have heretofore lent it a helping hand.

## THE NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC Contains:

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

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

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

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

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

OLD STUDENTS SHOULD TAKE IT.

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Notre Dame, Indiana.

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

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

—Very Rev. Thomas E. Walsh, President of the University, was elected to the high and responsible position of Assistant-General of the Congregation of Holy Cross by the late General Chapter, held at Notre Dame during the latter part of August. All connected with the University present to him their respectful congratulations upon his elevation to a dignity wherein, while retaining the direct charge of the interests of *Alma Mater*, he will be enabled to extend over a much wider sphere the beneficent influence upon the cause of religion and education, which the talents with which Heaven has gifted him are calculated to exercise. *Ad multos annos!*

—On Tuesday, the 7th inst., the scholastic year of '86-'87 began under the brightest auspices, with an unusually large number of students present for the opening day. Classes were organized under the direction of Rev. President Walsh, assisted by Rev. A. Morrissey, formerly Vice-President of Sacred Heart College, Watertown, who has been appointed to the directorship of studies in the University.

On Sunday, the formal opening of the scholastic year took place with Solemn High Mass, celebrated by Very Rev. W. Corby, Provincial, C. S. C., as-

sisted by Rev. Father Morrissey, as deacon and Rev. Father Regan as subdeacon. Rev. President Walsh delivered a very impressive discourse to the students upon the duties before them during the coming year. They were about to devote a year to one of the most important tasks that could engage their attention—that of educating themselves. Every means likely to be of assistance to them in accomplishing this task was placed within their reach, and anything of a nature to distract their attention from the main object around which their energies were to centre was carefully removed. “The aim of each one should be this: to take such advantage of all the opportunities placed at his disposal that the close of the scholastic year will find him, not simply considerably farther advanced in his studies than he is now, but *better*, in every sense of the word; a more pleasing object in the eyes of God and man—stronger, manlier, more refined in thought, feeling and action, and more solidly grounded on the rock of principle.”

The Rev. speaker then dwelt upon what was implied in the work of education; that it was the harmonious and symmetrical development of all the faculties of man. To be learned is well, but a *man* in the true sense of the word is a nobler object before God and man than the scholar. And the aim of an institution like this is to send forth from its walls, not simply scholars, or athletes, or society ornaments, but men—of the kind that the world needs and who will make their influence for good felt in the world about them. That it was their desire to become men of this kind did not admit of doubt, and the labors of the present year ought to contribute very materially towards the realization of this laudable ambition. All that was necessary to lead to this desirable result was that they should do their duty and do it with the proper spirit and in the proper manner. The success or failure of the year in the case of the individual student depended very largely upon himself. No matter how pleasant their surroundings, how able and devoted their instructors, how pious, virtuous and refined all those with whom they came into contact, unless they were disposed to do their share to the best of the ability with which God had endowed them, all the advantages which they enjoy would be of little avail towards making them what they all, no doubt, desired to be—cultured, Christian gentlemen. The meaning of such expressions as “doing your share” and “doing your duty” naturally suggested itself to them. They wished to become more learned, more virtuous, and more manly. Such was, in abridgement, their aim; and as the sure, and only sure means of assisting them in realizing this threefold aim, a threefold means was prescribed: work, prayer, and submission to rule. To labor faithfully and conscientiously at the tasks presented, whether agreeable or otherwise; to take advantage to the fullest extent of all the means of spiritual improvement which were placed in such abundance and within such easy reach in an institution of this character, and to accept the college rules and regulations as the code of laws which should be as loyally obeyed as they had



been freely chosen, such were the resolutions which every good student ought to form at the opening of this scholastic year. And on the fidelity with which these resolutions were kept would depend the success and happiness of the year.

These points were developed at length by Rev. President Walsh, who spoke in words replete with wisdom and instruction and in a manner calculated to leave a lasting impression on the minds of his hearers.

#### The General Chapter of the Congregation of the Holy Cross.

Among the important events which varied the usual vacation *routine*, and the most important—as most intimately affecting those to whom the interests of our *Alma Mater* are intrusted—was the General Chapter of the Congregation of the Holy Cross which held its sessions at Notre Dame from the 15th to the 25th ult. There were delegates present from the different parts of the world in which the Order has religious establishments or colleges. The Chapter was solemnly opened on the Festival of the Assumption with Pontifical Mass, celebrated by the Rt. Rev. Bishop Dufal, C. S. C., after which the sessions were begun and presided over by the Very Rev. Father Sorin, the venerable Superior-General of the Community and the Founder of Notre Dame. The first five days of the session were taken up in reviewing the work of the Order since the last General Chapter, which was held six years ago, and it was found that the work accomplished in the way of founding schools and colleges was simply wonderful, and the increase in the ranks of the members of the Order had kept pace with the propaganda work. Many matters of vital importance to the Order and to the cause of education and the spread of the Catholic faith, by means of missions, were discussed by the august assemblage, and decrees promulgated in accordance with the measures adopted.

\* \*

In connection with the report of the General Chapter the following silly paragraph has been going the rounds of the press:

"It was decided to infuse new blood and common-sense management into the organization, and to hold out laudable inducements to American young men to join the ranks of the priesthood and brotherhood of the Order, by the election of men to high positions who entertained views of what progression meant in things pertaining to religion and education, as well as to the accumulation of worldly goods."

There was nothing of the kind decided, nor was any such decision called for. The writer of the foregoing paragraph—a reporter of a Chicago paper—ignorant of the workings of religious communities, allowed himself to be betrayed into expressions more befitting a report of some political gathering. The blood of a religious community is the life and labor of the members, whether in office or out, and each individual contributes his share of the vital energy which permeates the

whole; so that the mere transition from subject to superior but presents to the one so transferred a wider sphere of action in which to display his powers, while the life-sustaining activity remains the same. As in the body human, so in the body religious; so long as the great heart centre—from, through, and by which the life-supporting fluid circulates and is made to ramify through each and every part of the system—performs its functions and no important organ is affected, the "blood" is ever fresh and active and a general soundness of the organism is maintained. That there was no need for "new blood" in the Congregation of the Holy Cross or for any "common-sense management" which had not hitherto existed, is abundantly proved by the prosperity and flourishing condition of the great establishments of the Community in both continents.

It is customary in the General Chapters, held at stated intervals, to make changes in the officers subordinate to the Superior-General who is elected for life. But these changes indicate nothing more than such as usually take place in other religious communities. We believe that "rotation in office"—except that of the Superior-General—is a cardinal principle of every religious order throughout the world. Therefore, the paragraph quoted above from a secular paper, and copied by a number of Catholic papers, is as uncalled for as it is inapplicable to the Community in general and unjust to former officials in particular. The "fling" contained in the last clause is unworthy of notice; and the same, indeed, might be said of the whole paragraph, were it not that so many Catholic papers had thoughtlessly copied it. The fundamental principles which call for the existence and work of the Congregation of the Holy Cross are ever the same; and in the future, as in the past, while life remains, they will be applied, for the greater good of religion and education, by the venerable Superior-General and his able subordinates. To them we wish health and length of days, and hope that their praiseworthy efforts may be attended with the same and even a greater degree of that success which has thus far so pre-eminently characterized the carrying on of the great work of the Order of the Holy Cross.

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The following notices of some of the members of the General Chapter are taken from the *Chicago Tribune* of Aug. 25:

"Father Edward Sorin was born in Paris, France, February 6, 1814. He is a graduate of the celebrated University of Paris, and is descended from a noble family. After completing his theological course, he was ordained a secular priest, June 3, 1839. He was a secular priest but a year, when he felt a strong inclination to become a missionary. He asked and received his *creat* from his bishop, and joined the venerable Father Moreau, the first Superior of the Order of the Holy Cross, in the work of building up the Order. Father Sorin was first assigned to the missions in Bengal, but by some chance the assignment was changed, much to his joy, to the missions among the Indian tribes of the great Northwest. He arrived at the present site of Notre Dame with seven Brothers of the Order, November 30, 1842, under most cheerless auspices. The ground was covered with snow, and a dreary, marshy swamp between two frozen lakes was the landscape that greeted him. The Indians

about, however, were Christians, having been converted by Fathers Baden and Desselle. The chief of the Pottawatomies greeted the young priest kindly, and aided him to build an old log chapel, which was becomingly dedicated on its completion by the baptism of thirty Indians by the young missionary Sorin. Immediately after completing his church, Father Sorin set to work to build a college. In 1814 the college was chartered by the legislature of Indiana as a university. Since that day the university has been steadily building up, until now it is the largest Catholic educational establishment in the United States. In appearance Father Sorin is a picture of manly beauty and dignity. He is fully six feet in height, broad-shouldered and erect. His eyes are dark and piercing, and are surmounted by heavy, dark brows. His hair, which he wears long is white as snow, and so is his magnificent beard, of which a prophet might well be proud. His intellect is as vigorous as it was fifty years ago.

"The Very Rev. Thomas E. Walsh, Assistant-General and President of the University, is only thirty-four years of age. Yet he is a giant intellectually, and the manner in which he has conducted the affairs of the great University, of which he is President for the last four years, speaks for his executive ability. He was born in Canada, but he doesn't like to be told so, as he is an American 'boy' out and out.

"The Very Rev. William Corby, Provincial of the United States, is not yet fifty years of age. He is an American, and a native of Detroit. He was a chaplain on the Union side during the war, has been a missionary, and was twice President of the University of Notre Dame. Father Corby is a deep thinker and writer, and is an ideal American priest.

"Very Rev. A. Louage, the Provincial of Canada, is a Frenchman, and a learned man. He was for eight years Master of Novices at Notre Dame—from 1872 to 1880—during which time he occupied the chairs of Philosophy and Ancient Literature in the University.

"Bishop Dufal, Procurator-General, was originally a simple priest of the Order, but was selected by Pius IX as Vicar-Apostolic of Eastern Bengal and titular Bishop of Delcon. He was consecrated in Rome, November 25, 1860. May 14, 1878, he was transferred as coadjutor to the Bishop of Galveston, Texas, but resigned his place in the spring of 1880 when he was chosen by his Order to fill the position he was re-elected to by the present Chapter."

#### Humanum est Errare.

When the phonetic spellers get in their work, the verb "to err" will become irregular. The present participle will remain "erring," while the past is "urd." The present indicative will be:

I ur.	We ur.
Thou errest.	You ur.
He urs or erreth.	They ur.

(I retain the old spelling of the pronouns simply as a guide to the student, who would otherwise get completely lost in the error of his ways.) In the course of ages some future commentator will arise to show how delightfully appropriate it is that this particular verb *should* be irregular, and he will derive its constituent parts from widely different sources—one, perhaps, from the Erymanthian Boar and the other from Ur of the Chaldees.

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#### THE AMERICAN ALOE.

Persons returning to Notre Dame this fall will notice a resemblance between the principal college building and the house of George Nupkins, Esq., Mayor of the city of Ipswich, Suffolk, England,

as described by Mr. Dickens in his report of the proceedings of the "Pickwick Club." As thus:

"... the foot of a flight of steps, leading to the house door, which was guarded on either side by an American aloe in a green tub."—c. XXV.

Some persons think they are called sentry plants because they generally are found standing guard, like sentries, at the doors of buildings of distinction. This is an error which should be corrected. They are cent-u-ry plants, and derive their name from the fact of blooming once in about fifteen years. They are not efficient as sentries, since they usually remain passive in case of ructions. This may be ascertained by comparing a subsequent passage in the same chapter of Pickwick, where it is stated that:

"The wily Mr. Muzzle, by concealing himself behind the street door, and rushing violently out at the right instant, contrived, with great dexterity, to overturn both Mr. Jingle and his attendant, down the flight of steps, into the American aloe tubs that stood beneath."

Whether the tubs in front of the college are destined for such a fate or not in the near future, remains to be seen.

\* \*

#### THE CIRCUS.

Barnum's circus occurred at South Bend during vacation, on July 17. There was quite a *rus (h) in urbc* at the time, as generally happens when events of a circuitous character are announced. Jumbo's bones were the leading feature in the performance. Great excitement was displayed in arguments as to whether Mr. Barnum accompanied his show in person or not, and as to how he might be distinguished from the other curiosities. The usual amount of circus lemonade was consumed, and we are happy to say that sickness prevailed to a great extent the following day. Perhaps they'll learn something after a while. The monkeys were all in good shape, and gave universal satisfaction. A tent, if attentive to what passed beneath its shelter, might tell some curious tales. "Walls have ears" is an old proverb, and some horses are wall-eyed, so that a wall-tent may be well enough provided with perceptive faculties, and canvas can vast responsibilities assume. Let's hope that nobody will be given away.

#### Personal.

—Rev. John R. Dinnen, '66, of Crawfordsville, Ind., was a welcome visitor to the College during the week.

—Mrs. General Bingham, U. S. A., is visiting her son who has entered the Senior department in the University.

—Rev. D. J. Spillard, C. S. C., '64, has returned to Notre Dame to assume the direction of St. Aloysius' Seminary.

—Mr. and Mrs. P. F. Tricou, of Kansas City, and their little daughters, Lulu and Mamie, were among the visitors last week.

—Mrs. Dr. Rowsey, of Toledo, spent a few days at the College during the week. She has entered her son in the Minim department.

—Among the distinguished visitors to Notre Dame during the vacation none was more welcome than Rt. Rev. Bishop Machebœuf, Vicar-Apostolic of Colorado, who passed a few pleasant days here during the latter part of July.

—Mr. David Munro, of Brooklyn, N. Y., was among the welcome visitors during the week, bringing his son Roddy, who is entered among the Minims. Mr. Munro is the amiable and efficient chief of the literary department of Harpers' Publishing House, New York.

—Mr. Bernard J. Claggett, of '78, has the sympathy of his many friends at Notre Dame in the death of his father, Mr. James Claggett, which sad event occurred on the 17th ult. The deceased was an old, worthy and well-known resident of Lexington, Ky., where he was beloved and respected by a wide circle of friends by whom his demise is generally regretted.

—T. E. Steele, '84, is now practising Law at Columbus, Ohio. The *Ohio Eagle*, of Aug. 19, contained the following notice:

"Mr. Tom Steele, who lately took a desk in the law office of T. E. Powell, at Columbus, is succeeding finely. Although having been in the city but a few days, he has had, and won, two cases before Justices of the Peace, and received several cases on the docket of the Common Pleas."

—We are pleased to learn that Prof. T. E. Howard, of South Bend, for many years Professor of English Literature in the University, has received an unanimous nomination for State Senator at the hands of his party. The qualifications of Prof. Howard for the position are admitted by all who know him, irrespective of party affiliations, and his election would be a credit to the district.

—Rev. A. Morrissey, C. S. C., for a number of years Vice-President of Sacred Heart College, Watertown, Wis., will fill the position of Director of Studies in the University during the coming year. The past experience which Father Morrissey has had in the conduct of collegiate studies, joined to many admirable qualities of mind and heart, makes his present appointment one eminently satisfactory to all, both Faculty and students.

—The many friends and admirers at Notre Dame of Maurice F. Egan, Esq., associate-editor of the *New York Freeman's Journal*, were gratified to receive a visit from him during the last week of vacation—a visit as welcome as it was long promised. Those familiar with the literary labors of Mr. Egan, and who had not had the pleasure of meeting him before, found him to be the ripe scholar, amiable gentleman, and true Christian they had pictured to themselves. He is still a young man, and although he has already rendered distinguished services to the cause of Catholic literature, he is to be congratulated as much on the promise as the performance of his work.

—Among the appointments made by the late General Chapter of the Congregation of Holy

Cross, none has given greater satisfaction and joy to all at Notre Dame than the election of Very Rev. W. Corby as the Provincial of the Order in the United States. His long and intimate connection with the affairs of our *Alma Mater*—covering, with a few brief intervals of separation, a period of more than a quarter of a century, ten years of which were passed as President of the University—has made his appointment one of particular interest to us all. We desire to extend to him our respectful congratulations and our best wishes for a long and successful administration of the weighty charge entrusted to him.

For a number of years, Very Rev. Father Corby, while acting as Superior of the missions, has had the charge of the extensive parish of Watertown, Wis. The appended extract from the *Watertown Gazette* will show, better than any words of ours, the good results of his executive abilities:

"Rev. Father Corby, the honored and eminent pastor of St. Bernard's Church for so many years past, has been called to labor elsewhere. At the recent Council of his religious Order, held at Notre Dame, he was appointed Provincial, with headquarters at Notre Dame,—a position that gives him direction over all the religious houses of his fraternity in the United States. Sunday last he delivered his farewell sermon to his congregation, which was received with a feeling of deep sadness by all present. Father Corby's labors here were appreciated, not only by his congregation alone, but by all classes of citizens—he was honored and esteemed by all. In St. Bernard's Church he has erected a monument that would do credit to any of the larger and more enterprising cities of the North-west, and leaves it, considering the great amount expended in its erection, about entirely free from debt, the financial statement, which he read last Sunday, showing that the debt has been reduced to \$9,700—a reduction of about \$10,000 in five years, besides building a priests' residence costing over \$3500, and making other improvements on the church property. Appreciating his services, his congregation invited him on last Monday evening to St. Bernard's Temperance Hall, where, in behalf of the congregation, Harlow Pease and District Attorney Conway, in a few well-chosen remarks, presented him with an elegant set of four volumes, morocco binding, of the Church breviary, costing \$20, and a purse of \$180. Father Corby responded, thanking his congregation for the many manifestations of their love for him, and bade them a most affectionate farewell. He departed Tuesday morning for Notre Dame, and the best of good wishes go with him. His place at St. Bernard's will be filled by Rev. Father Condon, who has been so long connected with the church and college here that he needs no recommendation from us. Since we must lose Father Corby we know of no one who will be more acceptable to the congregation as pastor than Father Condon. Both he and his esteemed assistant, Rev. Father O'Keeffe, command the respect and confidence of every one, and their administration of affairs at St. Bernard's will certainly be successful."

## Local Items.

- Here we are again!
- Subscribe for the SCHOLASTIC.
- Send in your personal and local items.
- The performance will now commence.
- The *salon à fumer* is a pronounced success.
- Crush the chestnut-bell fiend at the very start.
- First steam of the season this (Saturday) morning.
- The unusually large attendance has necessitated the division of several classes.
- Mr. H. Cohn, of Cincinnati, has subscribed five dollars (\$5.00) for the Dome.
- The St. Cecilians were the first among the societies to organize. Full report next week.
- The attention of our weather prophets is respectfully directed to the weather for our "rec" days.
- There is an increase in the attendance this year over that of last year at the same time; and still they come.
- Will the doleful cornet player, who sends "Home, Sweet Home!" over to us i' the evening, try a new tune?
- Preparations are being made for the introduction of the electric light into the printing-office. Speed the work!
- The public course of Christian Doctrine in the Junior department will be taught this year by Rev. A. Morrissey, C. S. C.
- Through an oversight, the name of Geo. Crilly as Sergeant Major of the Hoynes' Light Guard was omitted from the Catalogue.
- Lima, O., with its delegation of fourteen (14), looms up grandly in the front rank of the banner cities represented at the University.
- We expect to present a complete report of the reorganization of the college societies in our next issue. Let the genial secretaries attend to their duties.
- The Curator of the Museum acknowledges the receipt of valuable donations from Bro. Leander, of the Faculty, and Master R. Newton, of the Junior department.
- The next thing in order is the refitting of the Gymnasias. Many "modern improvements," of a nature to cause agreeable surprise, will be introduced in a short time.
- The work of gilding the dome was completed last week, under the direction of Bro. Frederick and his men. That its appearance has been improved is the least that can be said. It presents a brilliant spectacle, as it glistens in the light of day, visible for miles around.
- The effect of the sudden cessation of the long-continued drought, combined with unusually warm weather, was to present last week the spectacle of "flowers that bloom in the fall," etc. The *Asclepias tuberosa*, or butterfly weed, our genial botanist reports, has blossomed for the second time.

—Mr. H. Austin, Director of the 1st Regiment Band of Chicago, and an accomplished musician, delighted the students one evening last week by the rendition of a number of selections on the cornet. The music was given in the open air on the *parterre* in front of the College, and included several difficult variations on popular melodies, which displayed to advantage the skill of the performer and evoked the applause and admiration of his auditors. Mr. Austin has entered his son in the Junior department.

—The Faculty at Notre Dame extended their boundless hospitality to the abstainers. They kept open house, and the abstainers had the free enjoyment of it. While pleased at the courtesies extended them, we think that the visitors were taught the great moral lesson that, after all, there is something better and above the world in which their daily lives are past. There must have come to many a longing to be a dweller in such an institution where, apart from the world, though in it, their lives could be given to the welfare of mankind and their soul's salvation.—*I. C. B. U. Journal*.

—At the opening of the scholastic year, Very Rev. Father General presented the Minims with an oil painting of the Virgin and Child. In one of the venerable Father's forty-three trips over the Atlantic he brought it from the Eternal City. It now graces the walls of St. Edward's Hall, a companion picture to a gem of art that he presented the princes some time ago. The venerated Founder finds his greatest pleasure in conferring favors on his Minims. Nothing that he has is too valuable or too precious for them. The deepest thanks of the princes are tendered the Very Rev. donor of the prized gift.

—The vacation numbers of the SCHOLASTIC are mainly devoted to an illustrated history of that remarkable institution, from the arrival of Very Rev. Father Sorin at the Indian mission in 1841, to the present time. The contrast between the little mission chapel, of that year to the present great University, with its complete appointments of every description, in fiction would surpass belief. The Magazine contains a full report of the Sixteenth Annual Meeting of the Catholic Total Abstinence Society of the United States, which was held this year, at the request of the Faculty, at Notre Dame, besides other interesting matter.—*Epasilanti Sentinel*.

—A meeting of the Lemonnier Boat Club was held, Tuesday evening, Sept. 14, for the purpose of reorganizing and electing officers for the session. The officers were elected as follows: Commodore, Prof. J. Ewing; Captains, B. T. Becker, G. H. Craig; Treasurer, W. Cartier; Recording Secretary, C. P. Neal; Corresponding Secretary, J. V. O'Donnell. A motion was made and carried that the following be inserted among the by-laws:

"Hereafter the Commodore shall be appointed by the Faculty, and shall be a member of that body."

The new members elected are Messrs. Bowles, Stubbs, Crilly and Latshaw.

-The Bishops' Memorial Hall has been enriched with the following articles: A handsomely embroidered white silk mitre used by Bishop Foley, secured by Rev. J. Hogan, '70, Lemont, Ill.; cane used by Archbishop Eccleson, presented by Archbishop Elder; Lock of Bishop Smyth's hair, presented by Sister Maurice, of Dubuque, Iowa; manuscript sermons and lectures of Rt. Rev. Bishop Loras, presented by Rev. Father Hattenburger; framed portrait of Bishop Loras and Bishop Cretin, presented by Mrs. A. A. Cooper, of Dubuque; framed portrait of Rt. Rev. Bishop Duggan, of Chicago, presented by Mr. P. Collins; framed lithograph of Bishop Loras, presented by Mrs. Sullivan; book containing autograph of Bishop Loras and manuscript notes of the same prelate, presented by Mrs. Hayden; life-size oil-painting of Archbishop Feehan, presented by Rev. Father Galligan, of St. Patrick's Church, Chicago; large imperial photograph of Archbishop Ryan, presented by Rev. Father Hannigan, of Philadelphia; letter of Bishop Loras, presented by Judge T. S. Wilson, of Dubuque; portion of Bishop Smyth's cassock, presented by Mrs. D. D. Myers.

—VISIT OF MGR. STRANIERO.—During the greater part of the week we have had visiting amongst us, Mgr. Straniero, now so well known to the American people as the Pontifical Ablegate bearing the beretta to His Eminence Cardinal Gibbons. The Monsignor arrived by the evening train on Tuesday, in company with Rev. Father Spillard, C. S. C., and Prof. Albert Zahm, of the Faculty. On his arrival at the University he was accorded a hearty welcome by President Walsh, the Faculty and students. Since that time, the many points of interest in and around Notre Dame have been shown Mgr. Straniero, who has expressed his surprise and admiration at the rich advantages herein to be found. On Thursday morning he celebrated the students' Mass at eight o'clock. On Friday afternoon he was accorded a reception at St. Mary's Academy. This (Saturday) evening a formal reception will be tendered him by the students in Washington Hall, where a literary and musical entertainment will be provided in his honor. The following sketch of Mgr. Straniero, taken from a letter which appeared in the *N. D. Sun*, will be of interest to our readers:

"His Christian names are Germano Benedetto, Francesco Paolo. He is a member of one of the most aristocratic families in Southern Italy. He was born in June, 1853, in Barletta, a city with forty thousand inhabitants. It is the city where the *sfi la*, or duel, between the French and Italian knights was fought, the victory remaining with the latter. He studied at the Capranica College in Rome. It is a nursery for pontifical diplomats. The Nuncios at Paris, Vienna, Lisbon, and Madrid were all educated here, some of them being Monsignor Straniero's schoolmates. He got his doctor's cap in *utroque jure* at the Apollinare Seminary, the Capranica College having no resident professors. He afterwards studied diplomacy for four years in the *Accademia Ecclesiastica*. Your American prelate, Monsignor Robert Seton, was a pupil at this school. Mgr. Straniero was attached to the Segretario di Stato for four years with Mgr. Rampolla, Nuncio at Madrid. From there he was sent to Vienna, where he remained five years as an honorary secretary of Mgr. Vannutellia, the Nuncio. He was once sent to Galicia to represent the Nuncio among the Greek Catholic priests. He acquitted himself very cred-

itably. The Monsignor was a favorite at the imperial court and among the Austrian aristocracy. He spoke French, English, and German, and was himself every inch an aristocrat. He is an expert musician and a master at the piano, the organ, and the harmonium. He is now in the bloom of life. His stature is small, but he has a remarkable head, fine dark eyes, and an intellectual cast of countenance. You could not meet him without asking "Who is he?" He is thirty-three years old. He has many friends in Baltimore. His selection for this pleasant mission is probably a reward for his steady labors in Vienna and Rome. On his return he will most likely be promoted."

### Roll of Honor.

[The following list includes the names of those students whose conduct during the past week has given entire satisfaction to the Faculty.]

#### SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

L. Arado, G. Archambault, W. Akin, M. Akin, F. Ashton, T. Becerra, E. Britt, W. M. Bingham, Jno. Brown, P. E. Burke, C. W. Bowles, E. V. Bowles, A. B. Burnham, F. Baca, H. A. Barnes, E. Benner, W. Cartier, M. Colina, S. Chaves, M. Crane, W. S. Castleman, Geo. Craig, Wm. Crowley, Jas. Crowley, J. Cusack, G. Cartier, C. Combe, W. H. Dorsey, S. W. Dorsey, M. Dore, G. F. Déary, E. Dillon, C. J. Eyanon, A. J. Eisenhauer, A. Finck, J. Ford, J. S. Gallardo, C. Gallarneau, G. A. Houck, F. B. Hinchman, E. Hiner, Jno. Hampton, S. Hummer, C. A. T. Haggerty, E. A. Howard, J. A. Judie, F. Jewett, F. X. Kreutzer, E. Kerlin, S. Kendall, Jno. Ley, J. C. Langan, J. Lyons, H. B. Langan, G. Lais, A. Leonard, A. Larkin, L. Mohan, T. McDermott, G. Morrison, A. Major, F. McDonald, D. Marx, F. McErlain, P. Martineau, B. McAllister, J. McDermott, H. B. McKlveen, Jno. Murphy, R. McGinnis, G. W. Malley, W. E. Moffatt, A. McFarland, M. Mulkern, C. P. Neill, F. A. Neff, R. C. Newton, D. F. O'Connor, W. F. O'Rourke, T. O'Regan, V. Padilla, P. P. Prudhomme, J. L. Prudhomme, E. C. Prudhomme, P. Paschel, T. M. P. Poole, F. Prichard, D. Quill, R. Ramirez, V. Ramon, C. E. Rheinberger, D. C. Regan, W. J. Rochford, F. Suing, W. E. Sullivan, O. W. Sullivan, G. H. Sullivan, A. W. Sproehle, C. J. Shields, A. S. Triplett, B. Taylor, C. Voorhees, H. Werst, F. Weber, A. S. Williams, E. A. Zeitler.

#### JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

A. Adams, W. Austin, E. Adelsperger, J. Bull, W. Bailey, F. Benner, E. Blessington, W. Bell, W. Boland, F. Baca, H. Bronson, R. Bronson, E. Bodley, C. Badger, I. Bunker, G. Brabrook, S. Campbell, E. Campbell, J. Clarke, B. Clarke, F. Carney, C. Cavanaugh, W. Clifford, F. Cobbs, J. Casey, J. Cooney, F. Coad, L. Chute, F. Chute, W. Curtis, D. Cartier, A. Duffield, F. Duffield, L. Dunning, P. Dungan, W. Devine, J. Doss, E. Doss, E. Ewing, S. Fitzharris, M. Falter, J. Flynn, F. Flynn, H. Figge, T. Flood, J. Fisher, F. Fehr, A. Gallarneau, F. Garber, T. Goebel, H. Houston, L. Hoffman, J. Henry, W. Henry, P. Houlihan, J. Hart, C. Hurd, T. Hake, A. Hake, E. Hannin, J. Hayes, J. Hampton, B. Inks, C. V. Inderrieden, R. Inderrieden, H. Jewett, A. Joyce, N. Jacobs, E. Kerlin, F. Konzen, W. Konzen, J. Katz, W. Kern, H. Kahn, F. Kellner, A. Kutsche, J. Keating, G. Landenwich, M. Luther, C. Mitchell, T. Mahon, D. McKendry, L. Monarch, W. McKenzie, M. McCart, E. Mathewson, J. McMahon, J. McCormick, W. McCormick, H. Morgan, H. Mallay, J. McGurk, J. McIntosh, L. Macatee, W. McPhee, J. Mulburger, G. Myers, T. Noud, R. Nations, S. Nussbaum, J. O'Connor, J. Ormond, W. O'Brien, J. Pfau, L. Paquette, C. Paquette, L. Preston, W. Quealy, H. Roper, A. Redlich, C. Ramsey, A. Rudd, M. Reynolds, P. Sweet, J. Stephens, N. Smith, F. Smith, L. Smith, C. Senn, E. Steele, C. Spencer, F. Taliaferro, D. Tewksbury, H. Vhay, W. Vandercar, J. Warner, F. Wilbanks, L. West, L. White, P. Wagoner, J. Weadly, H. Walker, C. West, W. Welch.

#### MINIM DEPARTMENT.

W. Ackerman, R. Boyd, S. Backrack, H. Backrack, A. Backrack, C. Boettcher, M. Blumenthal, F. Bloomhuff, F. Crotty, J. Conners, E. Conners, C. Connor, W. Connor, A. Cohn, E. Cook, R. Clendenin, J. Cain, L. Doss, G. Dun-



ford, Jas. Dungan, J. Dempsey L. Dempsey, C. Dahler, E. Foote, T. Falvey, E. Falvey, G. Franche, C. Franche, C. Grant, G. Gale, R. Graham, O. Griffin, O. Haney, E. Jewett W. Kutsche, T. Kerwin, C. Koester, P. Keefe, G. Klaner, M. Lewin, R. Lane, M. Lowenstein, J. McIntosh, C. McPhee S. McGuire, W. McDonnell, F. Mainzer, C. Mooney, H. Mooney, A. Morgenweck, Aug. Morgenweck, W. Martin, A. Mason, A. Mayer, R. Munro, J. D. O'Mara, W. Prior, L. Paul, D. Quill, W. Rowsey, L. Riordan, F. Rogers, L. Stone, E. Savage, A. J. Sullivan, G. Sweet, F. Smith, Frank Toolen, Fred Toolen, T. Tomkins, C. Taft, B. Triplett, H. Tillenburg, A. Williamson, W. Williamson, S. Witkowsky.

### To Notre Dame.

[W. S. BOWEN. in *the "Westchester (Pa.) News."*]

It was my pleasure, a few days since, to be one of a party of gentlemen, who, as delegates to the Sixteenth Annual Convention of the C. T. A. U., enjoyed a magnificent treat in our visit to the world-renowned College of Notre Dame, near South Bend, Ind. Our trip across the wilds of Pennsylvania's Alleghanies, with its romantic scenery, its busy cities and towns, its mines and its gas-wells roaring to the skies, and the greatest of all, that wonderful feat of engineering, the horse shoe curve, are points that deserve more eloquent pens than mine to describe. But while speeding along, as Pennsylvanians, we asked each other, why do people need to leave our own Keystone State to see the beauties of nature? We have all of these, and we certainly have great reason to boast of our claim—the Keystone of the American arch. A short visit was made to the metropolis of the West, Chicago, and certainly it would be no rash statement to say that ere many decades may come and go Chicago will rival, if not excel, our Eastern metropolis. But on to Notre Dame; and as it was evening the first sight we had of its beauties was a magnificent illuminated statue of Our Blessed Lady with a crown of electric lights encircling the beautiful head and at her feet a flood of light from probably thirty electric lights. The statue itself being eighteen feet in height and 200 feet above the ground, and with this illumination it was a beacon light to the traveller, as a guide to the weary, and certainly an enchanting spectacle to our party.

The spacious grounds were brilliantly lighted, and we were received by that noble man, the loved President of the College, Rev. T. E. Walsh, C.S.C., and he bade us welcome to make ourselves at home, and it need not be said we fulfilled his wish to the letter. We are now at Notre Dame, and what shall I say? where shall I commence? The noted Gregori has filled the building with such magnificent paintings that every niche is full. The fine large hallway is flanked on either side by the grand paintings illustrating the life of Columbus. All the noted dignitaries are represented in the paintings, and at every turn there is one thing that interests the Catholic. The College is magnificently situated, is built of the Milwaukee brick which are nearly white and in striking contrast to our red brick fronts, its massive proportions extending four

stories high besides basement. The different floors are supplied with all the most improved appliances for the health and comfort of the students, the number of whom in attendance is about 400 during the college year. The minor, or as we would say, the small boys' school, is a particularly well adapted building with everything needed to interest and instruct the young. The Music Hall, with its modelled auditorium, has a seating capacity for 1100 people. There are finely appointed reading-rooms and club rooms for college clubs.

The Science Hall has a most expensive and elaborate equipment for the study of chemistry and the higher sciences. These, and more, are to be found to interest the scholar and visitor. But the gem of a church! the Sacred Heart, is one of the finest I have ever seen. The church is built somewhat in the form of a cross, with vaulted ceiling, supported by Gothic columns, and the tower contains the renowned chimes of Notre Dame, with its thirty bells of different weights, the largest of which is said to weigh seven tons, and can be heard at least fifteen miles distant. These chimes strike every fifteen minutes, and every hour peal out a familiar Catholic hymn, besides striking for the Angelus and for devotion to the Sacred Heart. In the centre of this fine church stands the magnificent bronze and brass altar, with its lofty Gothic tower over the tabernacle. The Bleeding Lamb is shown in the tower, with miniature statues of the Apostles and saints, making a very fine effect. This is the same altar which, imported from France, was on exhibition as a work of art at the Centennial Exhibition.

The grounds of the College and farm embrace 2000 acres, together with the two lakes of St. Mary's and St. Joseph; and the grounds around the College are finely laid out in walks and drives, with fountains of water; and stretching from the front of the College is a grand boulevard, one mile long, with finely-shaded walks; and as we pass over the grounds we notice that which always finds a tender spot in the hearts of all Catholics in the great number of oratories and abodes for prayer that are to be found in the secluded parts of the grounds, that the students on the walks may have an opportunity of offering to Heaven their prayer undisturbed, and with only the sky and the trees for witnesses. Among these we saw the grand exposition of Mount Calvary with the fourteen stations, the tomb of Christ, the Childhood of Christ, the apparition of Lourdes and many others. These are the many little things that bring joy to the true Catholic heart to see the great devotion and the air of holiness that pervades everything. As we walk around we meet the Very Rev. E. Sorin, the French missionary, who, forty-five years ago, purchased the land from the Indians, and who took up the axe and managed to begin what has since grown to be the greatest seat of learning. Father Sorin presents a remarkable appearance, being tall, of commanding presence, with the kindest face and a loving word to all, and his long, flowing white beard gives him the appearance of a prophet of old.

## Saint Mary's Academy.

*One Mile West of Notre Dame University.*

—Thanks are returned to Miss Florence Steele for a beautifully illustrated volume of Longfellow.

—The closing picnic of the vacation was at St. Joseph's Farm, where the young ladies were delightfully entertained.

—The honor of a call from the Rev. Father Zardetti, of Milwaukee, and Mr. Maurice F. Egan, of the *Freeman's Journal*, New York city, was received on Sept. 1.

—The Mass of the Holy Ghost, with which the scholastic year always opens, was celebrated by Very Rev. Father General on the festival of the Nativity of the Blessed Virgin Mary.

—The Misses Rebecca and Jane Carroll, of Washington, D. C., who have passed the summer months at St. Mary's returned to their eastern home early in September. In late letters they express their regret at leaving what they call their "ideal home."

—Last Monday morning at the usual Mass for the Children of Mary, in the Chapel of Loreto, which is always celebrated by Very Rev. Father General, the Children of Mary listened to a beautiful sermon on Our Lady of Good Counsel, whose festival was celebrated by transfer on that day.

—Mrs. Margaret Dillon Kavanaugh (Class '67), Chicago, was a welcome visitor at St. Mary's; also Mrs. Annie Courtright Bennett (Class '83), Hyde Park, Ill.; Miss Mary Ducey (a pupil of '85), Muskegon, Mich.; Mrs. Belle Gardener Gale, Chicago, a pupil of '70; Miss Oechtering, Mishawaka, a pupil of '74.

—The return of our Indianola and Victoria pupils is doubly welcome, in view of their providential escape from the perils of the destruction which marked the cyclone of the 20th ult., in the southern part of Texas. Sincere congratulations are extended to the families of Mr. D. H. Regan and Mr. McNamara.

—Mrs. V. S. Williams, who has been a boarder in St. Ann's Hall for several years, will spend the winter in Richmond, Va. Mrs. Williams is an old and tried friend of St. Mary's, and her absence is deeply felt by the choice circle who have learned her many superior qualities of mind and heart. May success attend her and all her beloved family!

—Miss Mary Ewing, Valedictorian of Class '80, who had passed the spring and summer with her venerable grandmother, Mrs. M. M. Phelan, left for her home in Lancaster, Ohio, on Friday morning. She bears with her the earnest good wishes of a wide circle of friends at Notre Dame and St. Mary's, to whom she has endeared herself by her many sterling virtues and graceful accomplishments.

—Mr. Robert Smith writes from Denver, August 8th, to Mother Superior:

"I send you by this mail a relic that we thought would be of interest to you. It is the face portion of the crucifix which occupied a place in the old Mission Church (of which I send photos) in San Xavier, a small village about 9 miles south of Tucson, Arizona, and settled by Papagoe Indians. They claim antiquity with the old church at Santa Fé, N. M.; but from what I have been able to learn, it is not quite so old. The Santa Fé church dates back in the latter part of the sixteenth, and the San Xavier early in the seventeenth century, making it nearly three hundred years old. . . . The figure of Our Saviour on the cross (of which I send you the face) had fallen from its place some time ago, and broken up into fragments—being so dry from extreme age—and, bit by bit, it was given away to friends of the church. A friend of mine, living in Tucson, had in his keeping the portion I send you as a relic, and gave it to me, and I thought it would be acceptable for your collection of antiquities. . . . Please excuse this imperfect history, and kindly accept from us the relic as a little token of our high regard and esteem of the Sisters of Holy Cross at St. Mary's. . . ."

The touching and venerable features of the face portion of the crucifix, so kindly sent to St. Mary's, reveal the work of an artist deeply imbued with the spirit of faith. The warmest thanks are extended to the esteemed lady and gentleman, Mr. and Mrs. Smith, and this ancient evidence of lively and deep catholicity in the heart of America will be cherished as a precious *souvenir*.

—Among the visitors since the opening of the school were: Rev. E. Hannin, Toledo, Ohio; Rev. Father Zardetti, Milwaukee; Mr. Maurice F. Egan, Editor of the *New York Freeman's Journal*; Major J. Blaine and Mrs. Blaine, New York city; Hon. Mr. A. D. Marsh, speaker of the Ohio Assembly, Celina Ohio; Mrs. J. H. Griffith, St. Paul's, Minn.; Mrs. A. J. Gale, Albion, Mich.; Mrs. M. A. Campeau, Mrs. A. Chapoton, Detroit; Mrs. Sherland, South Bend; Mrs. Ryerson, Chicago; Mr. and Mrs. Tricou, Kansas City, Mo.; Mrs. Col. Steele, Lancaster, O.; Mr. A. J. Mooney, Philadelphia; Mr. and Mrs. Henry Wehr, and Mr. J. Bub, Milwaukee; Mrs. M. W. Koester, Mrs. J. Walker, Mrs. A. Kaemerer, Mr. W. Proby, Mr. Jno. Clifford, Mrs. A. M. McDonald, Chicago, Ill.; Mrs. G. A. Blakeslee, Galien, Mich.; Mr. and Mrs. P. Henrichs, Erie, Pa.; Mr. J. Gaisser, Mishawaka, Ind.; Mr. J. D. M. Byrne, Newark, N. J.; Mrs. G. E. Breck, Paw Paw, Mich.; Mrs. W. H. Knickerbocker, Mrs. G. L. Arnold, and Mr. J. S. Griffin, Elkhart, Ind.; Mr. J. Brown, Morrisonville, Ill.; Miss L. Gaul, Raymond, Ill.; Miss A. Cahill, Troy, N. Y.; Mr. J. E. Bates, Denver, Col.; Mrs. W. T. Rowsey, Miss Gertie Rowsey, Toledo, Ohio; Mr. and Mrs. A. Z. Zeitler, Mooresville, Ala.; Mr. T. J. Mooney, Phil.; Mrs. Fannie Kahn, Mr. Michael Weber, Leadville, Col.; Mr. C. A. Morse, Grinnell, Iowa; Mr. and Mrs. Jas. Duff, Albion, Mich.; Miss J. A. Babcock, and Miss Lilian Quinn, Niles, Mich.; Mr. Wm. D. Badger, Arlington, Neb.; Mr. A. M. Sweeney, Jasper, Ind.; Mrs. R. H. Clendenin, Martindale, Mont.; Mr. B. J. Dezenberg, Lawton, Mich.; Mrs. J. Konntz, Pittsburgh, Pa.; Mrs. G. Allnoch, Victoria, Texas; Mrs. S. Andrews, New York city; John McDonnell, Des Moines, Iowa.

## The Beauty ever Ancient, ever New.

BY ANNA HECKARD.

To the princely sense of sight we are so largely indebted for the satisfaction we derive from our surroundings that scarcely any misfortune seems to touch our commiseration so deeply as blindness. Affection feeds upon the charms which light discloses, and in no realm does the imagination range with greater delight than where the eye can rest on lovely forms, on varying hues and shades, where grace and color blend to thrill with admiration the grateful powers of the soul. He who made the eye—the Author of “the Beauty ever Ancient, ever New”—alone can measure the actual degree of happiness imparted to His creatures through the royal sense by which we learn of beauty. The tender solicitude of a loving mother’s regards; the approving smile which mantles an affectionate father’s lips and brow; the joy-laden, yet tearful, expression of thanksgiving, speaking from the radiant countenance, are each the key-note to a world of holy thought and blissful emotion. Through the eye to the soul is communicated a power to nourish and exalt the being, which is seldom exerted through the other avenues, by which the interior fountain of devotion in the human heart is reached.

Beauty is spreading in lines of matchless perfection over the limitless canvas of earth, of sea and of sky. It is carved in the full grandeur of the snow-capped mountain-top and in the graceful undulations of the moonlit, tranquil sea. It is painted on the sunny lawn, with its gleaming sheen of light and its velvet depth of shadow. It stands out against the blue sky in the delicate tracery of mellow April clouds, and in the weird, phantom-like forms of the fog that broods over the dreaming rivers. It weaves the wonderful embroidery of the rainbow in the clouds, and of the starry archway where night reveals her splendors. From rosy dawn to dewy eve, from opening spring to closing winter, the Infinite Artist is compassing earth with glorious studies, delineated with a truth and delicacy that must put the masterpieces of human art to the blush. Lo! the grand gallery is ever wide open, without let or hinderance,—not to the prince and peer alone, but to the most humble and to the most lowly; not alone to the *connoisseur* and to the artist, but to the unskilled and to the heedless.

Again, think of the printed page, of the mysteries of thought and of research which it reveals through the eye to mortals. Perusing the solemn lines, the soul communes with the master-minds of the world. She is transported to distant lands and to far-off climes—aye, even to the land the glory of which *eye hath not seen, ear hath not heard, nor hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive*. The revelation of all most precious to faith appeals in no small measure to the supernatural sense of sight, and the mystic vision has been, from time immemorial, the precious heir-loom of the saints. But the less favored are not forgotten.

A faint foretaste of heaven has been apportioned to our grosser comprehension by Christian Art, as a substitute for what the supernatural gift of contemplation and ecstasy has imparted to the saints. The great Raphael, in his *Madonna di Foligno*, the *Transfiguration*, and the *San Sisto*, has made this object unmistakably evident. Thrice fortunate Raphael! He had caught the mystic art of throwing upon the lifeless canvas a warm and true reflection of that “Beauty ever Ancient, ever New” which won the great Saint of Carthage from his perilous wanderings, and which has led the holy march of intellect and genius from creation’s dawn down to the present day. It was that beauty which captivated the great masters of the olden times and which has made their works immortal.

How meagre and paltry, compared with theirs, are the best efforts of those painters who have devoted the brush to fleeting mortal beauty! Angelic forms and the blessed who are raised on the altars of the Church were ever Raphael’s themes; for Heaven had won his heart in childhood, and to translate its loveliness, in order to present it to mortal comprehension, was the one grand object of his marvellous career. Touchingly has the poet, Geo. H. Miles, interpreted the artist’s “ruling passion strong in death”:

“I would see!

What think you? Neither dome, nor Giotto’s shaft,  
Nor yon stern Pantheon’s calm yet sullen grace;  
But Her, whose colors I have worn since first  
I dreamed of beauty in the chestnut shades  
Of Umbria; Her for whom my best of life  
Has been one labor; Her, the Nazareth Maid,  
Who gave to heaven a Queen, to man a God,  
To God a Mother.”

His constancy has been well repaid. Since first his truthful art won souls to prize celestial loveliness, and by consequence to adore the Infinite Truth, the world has quaffed from the crystal fountain of his faith-inspired genius.

Distant though of necessity it must be, yet in our humble way we may follow the example he has given, not in art, it is true, but in intention. Devoting the powers entrusted to our charge to the unchanging Beauty, the ever steadfast Truth, we, too, may leave an impress which in the future may draw souls to high endeavors, and society will be made better for our sojourn on the earth.

## STATES.

A gentle Miss., once seized with chill,  
Was feeling very, very ill,  
When came an Md. for to know  
If N. Y. service he could do.

“O,” cried the maid (for scared was she),  
“Do you Ind. Tenn. to murder Me?”

“La,” cried the doctor, “I Kan. save  
You from a most untimely grave  
If you will let me Conn. your case,  
And hang this liver pad in place.”

“Am Ia. fool?” the patient cried.  
“I cannot Del,” the man replied;  
“But no one can be long time Ill.  
Who Tex. a patent blue Mass. pill.”

“Ark!” shrieked the girl, “I’ll hear no Mo.  
Your nostrums are N. J.—No, go.”

—*Utica Observer*.