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No. 1.

In South-Lands.

The sun on burning levels pours
A torrent of continuous light.
The river winds by stony shores
A serpent-curve of silver white.

Oh, for the waters of the spring,
The tasselled fir-tree's wall of shade,
The mountain breeze's fragrant wing,
The cool, sweet flowers that will not fade!

The high Sierra's crested brow
Looks calmly down on sultry days.
A dim, blue shadow seeming now
Like some diviner resting-place.

A promised land, serenely fair,
The mother of a host of streams,
Whose presence, throned in upper air,
Rules the warm darkness of our dreams.

MARION MUIR RICHARDSON.

Edgar Poe.

In wonder, in sorrow—yes, and in disgust—we read the history of Poe's childhood and youth. What commiseration, what tenderness, what generosity, what love, what unvoiced hope, what long suffering, what ever mute forgiveness of that more than foster-father! What haughty egotism, what capricious conceits, what original follies, what wild vices, what broken promises of amendment, what benefits-forgot, what constant, crying ingratitude of that fostered alien—of that unrepentant prodigal, Poe.

The biographies of Poe have been many; the critique's encomiums and diatribes to which he has given birth are innumerable. Rufus Griswold, Woodberry, McGill, Mrs. Whetman, Lowell, Willis, Francis Gerry Fairfield, Edmund C. Stedman, Bandelaire in France, Freiligrath in Germany, and a legion of others. However they differ in most points, all acknowledge that Mr. Allen's

extradition of Poe was not only a measure of strict justice, but utility, in forcing into activity faculties which otherwise might have decayed from inertia.

Who cannot imagine the young poet at nineteen sending his verses to magazines, far and wide, then waiting in fever heat for the verdict of editors, and staring astounded at the curt inscriptions, often merely scribbled in pencil, on the back of the contributions: "Can't use it"; "declined with thanks."

With all his usual felicity of manner when quoting notices of himself, Poe, in the preface to his first volume of poems, speaks of his first encouragement from the editor of *The Yankee*. Here is a bound volume of *The Yankee* for 1829, and, after wading through scores of yellow pages, we come upon the notice which Poe calls "my first encouragement"; some stanzas are given from "E. A. P.'s 'Heaven,' which he claims to surpass anything in the range of American literature"; the editor says they are "nonsense, but beautiful nonsense"; confesses the author might have done himself more justice, and then, seeming to regret his encouragement, ends abruptly—"it should have been signed 'Bah!'—we have no room for more."

Poe's Muse I have always imagined as the abandoned child of Amanché, and one of earth's murderers; sprung into existence with a knowledge of all crime; doomed to listen to every sigh uttered, and faithfully to transcribe its melody; to photograph the heart of sleeping; to tread the mazes of morbid thought, making light their darkest paths; to wander over earth until not one phase of sorrow, of misfortune, of terror, of despair, should remain unanalyzed. This may have been the muse of Poe idealized in later times; but here, at his entrance into the world of letters, the muse that inspired such delicious nonsense as those lines on "Heaven" and felt encouraged at their bare tolerance, seems rather a "rare and radiant" maid of grace divine. "I am going," writes Poe in his preface to *Al Aaraaf and Termaline*, "and am a poet, if deep worship of all beauty can make me one; would it were given me to embody one-half the ideas that daily float through my fancy! I am, and have been from my childhood an idler, so it cannot be said

"I left a calling for this idle trade,
A duty broke, a father disobeyed.
My early hopes? no, they
Went gloriously away
Like lightning from the sky
At once—"

This was what Poe wrote seven months after. It was about this time that the author of "Horse-Shoe Robinson" patronizingly refers to him in a letter to the editor of the *Southern Magazine*: "author of a volume of very bizarre tales—given to the terrific, classical and scholarlike—and, poor fellow! he is very poor." Yes, poor fellow! he was very poor! A private in the army, and, must we confess it? when charity found him shivering by the camp fire, there was nothing between him and the unappreciated world but his military coat buttoned high up to the neck. Poe's earlier poems are remarkable for their delicate appreciation of metre, of language, and his insight through the verse to the end beneath. The melody of such of his earlier poems as "Legeii," and "Lines to Helen" is wonderful. Mathematically demonstrated, its perfections might fail; but as an appeal to the inner ear it may be said to be without blemish.

Rarely are the lisps of young poets an augury of their future success. Milton's early Latin poems show him to have been a scholar who deeply felt the beauties of classical literature, but that is all. No one would care for Byron's "Hours of Idleness," unless it were for the fact that Byron wrote them: there is in them no sign of the colored sansculottism which gave him some fame and much notoriety. Pope's early sing-songs are wearisome; Wordsworth's puerile efforts still worse, and Cowper's positively vile. The early poems of Shakespeare would have given him a questionable fame. Shelley, perhaps, is one exception: but of Shelley's nature cast but one and then the mould in which his genius was given form burst from the expansion of the wild spirit it enclosed. Duplicating Time has given us none other like him: he has been imitated, copied, counterfeited, but never repeated. Poe's melody is more like the blended echo of Marvel and of Dryden, than of Coleridge whom he copied, or of Shelley whom he might have imitated, better than all. Poe's melody was neither dependent on the grammatical or logical sense of his verse. I imagine Dante, having heard Poe's "Raven," would appreciate its melody, and who knows, perhaps its shrouded meaning; while of the words, not knowing the meaning of one. It is not impossible for harmony to be independent of the grammatical construction. The separation of the prepositional clause from the verb, is a divorce contrary to the genius of English speech, but it is sometimes necessitated as by rhyme in the opening line of Tennyson's beautiful "Bugle Song:"

"The splendor falls on castle walls."

Swinburne's poetry of words cannot be read grammatically, or if it were, the poetry is gone. Some one has said of Shelley that he "accomplished the miracle of making words divested of their meaning the substance of an ethereal har-

mony." And this is just what Poe did: he "made all of sweet accord." Beauty in him was not unconsciously created; the rough mass of marbled thought was hewn into shape, then deftly carved into classic forms of inimitable grace and beauty; sometimes he even breathed into them the breath of life.

Thus it is not the work itself, but the traces of the author's individuality that demand our attention. It is the scene in nature which makes us feel not so much its own grandeur as the grandeur of concept that called it into being. The waters of Poe's thought hold us not in awe at their depth and vastness; fascinated we gaze at the beauteous rills of light sparkling on the surface. Poe is the sun of Shakespeare's line,

"Gilding pale streams with heavenly alchemy."

Poe's genius was not, as he imagined, so universal and varied as it was peculiar. Genius Poe certainly had, and of a rare order. More perfected talent could never have claimed the authorship of his works. Talent might produce wonders in composition, but never miracles. Let it writhe and contort itself as it will, beyond the now present, or past, its vision cannot penetrate; for genius alone is the veil of the supernatural world rent in twain. Poe was at all times a dreamer, and ever seemed haunted by the memory of some controlling sorrow. What was it? Why did he never write of it? Why is it not referred to in the records of his life? All this is and ever will be unknown. But few there are who read the history of his romantic life and do not feel Poe himself to be that bird's

"— unhappy master
Whom unmerciful disaster
Followed fast and followed faster,
'Til his songs one burden bore,
'Til the dirges of his hope that
Melancholy burden bore
Of never, never more."

Poe was not of a confiding nature. Little sympathy had the world for him, and the world he hated because it galled his self-conceit and would not even acknowledge his real merit. Poor Poe! Did he so much as fancy one of his own productions, that one was singled out, and after being vexed in every spirit by criticism, was thrown aside as worthless. But had he no confidants whatever, no human love, no one with him to feel his moments of joy, his hours of sadness, in sickness of body, in sickness of mind, in sickness of heart? Perhaps, if so, he had but one—his first wife,—she, if anyone; not only did he love her, but respected her above all her kind. And she—it would be hard to imagine love more faithful, more true than hers; "for richer, for poorer, for better, for worse," with him her love ever rested and abided, and his multitude of failings her charity did cover as with a robe. Ye, who have striven faithfully to transcribe the events of that life; ye who have sickened of his follies, his ingratitude, his want of real worth, of real honor, might feel your pulse quicken as upon these all is shut the door of that little home outside of Fordham. Poe's feelings

were one barren desert: here at the outset is the only oasis the traveller meets. Through the storms and tempests of that furious heart this one love, a star dwelling apart, breaks out through the darkness, shining serenely, though often obscured by the driving clouds and the maddened hurricane of his life. This love it is whose spirit we find astray in his beautiful "Annabel Lee," a poem like to none other in his writings.

It is hard to imagine the identity of genius producing such a creation as this, then turning the much marked page aside, and on the new leaf indicting such a prose tale as "The Black Cat," "The Gold Bug," or "The Rue Morgue Murders"! Did he not often do this and what was by far a greater task of genius, keep his separated concepts from blending?

In general, the genius of Poe's prose is one of analysis and imagination; the talent, that of detailing minutely; the effect, the blending of these with his own peculiar mannerism. In his first works imagination predominates: in his last, analysis; in all, his own individuality is never lost sight of; in fact, during the last three or four years of his life his stories were the biographical draperies of an excited imagination—an imagination wandering in the abodes of crime, gloom, horror, terror; revelling in the dim region of sighs; shut up in the labyrinth of misfortune; hovering on the borderlands of natural possibility, the bourne of life, of death and the shadowy confines of human experience.

What solemn, stately gloom in "The House of Usher"! How unearthly weird a creation "Ligeia"! Mark the snake-like fascination of the mysterious horror in both! See with what wonderful accuracy he follows the cause of those cancers of the mind—monomanias! The genus and kind he portrays with discriminating hand; he analyzes their food and method of assimilation; the stages of their slow growth are marked; and then, in a world of dashes, he records the death of their victims—a death where life is resumed not beyond, but in the grave itself. Ah! what a relief when we close the volume! It is like the sweet awakening from an unpleasant dream. No more pale horror, dim visitants and communion with pestilence-stricken bodies, but the world that is a beautiful and good world now if never before. Thoughtful heart, thou art filling with sadness, but it is the sadness that chasteneth into peace; it is the abundant fragrance of the flower that is crushed. After a storm the sun seems brighter. The fulness of being is now to thee a new joy. Thou art better, stronger, purer, happier. Now clad in new garments and filled with new thoughts straying into any path of life whatever, there is for thee an unceasing and ever-renewing beauty, never marked before. Now the whole day is coined into song, and

"In the golden lightening
Of the sunken sun,
O'er which clouds are brightening
Thou dost float and run,
Like an embodied joy whose race is just begun.

Many may doubt this as an extravagant effect of Poe's bizarre tales, but to them I say if ever they are in any way tired of life, or anxious to become reconciled to this plain, old world, read, not with eyes alone, but heart, mind, sensibility—a few such tales as "The Palpitating Heart," "The Black Cat," "The House of Usher," or, better than all, article on "Premature Burial."

As a critic Poe was sometimes just and discriminating with wonderful powers of analysis; but he was lacking in the talent of judging an author or a production as a whole. He was a gifted, but never a great critic.

In all his prose, Poe has done what might be done once successfully; but he never could have an interesting imitator.

In poetry he studied art, effect, elocution, writing for the heart rather than the mind. If we are to credit Poe himself, his masterpiece, "The Raven," was what might be called "perpetrated in cold blood." Thus were those weird verses the premeditated creation of the reasoning faculties; they were slowly evolved from a complicated network of carefully planned notes and literary measurements; there was a proper regard for the "insulated incident," and a due "circumspection of space"; the triumph of art in passion was reached by well-known principles of acoustics; the climax was written first, and passion reached after a careful analysis. I can fancy how such a poem might be written, when every cell of the author's brain was aglow with passion; but I can hardly conceive of the minutest "circumspection of space" producing such a line as

"Dreaming dreams no mortal ever dared to dream before."

What a great poem in itself is that line! and the refrain, "nevermore," like the wail of many hearts voiced in the wild whisperings of world wandering winds. Oh, it is the very pulse beat of human sorrow!

Briefly have I referred to Poe's life as a man, for it exhibits little but the "license of poets" and the "eccentricities of genius"; not over much morality, little truth, no unity, and a doubtful lesson to be drawn. He was remarkably handsome in person and feature, and when sober a rare conversationalist with manners winning and refined. Like Swinburne, whom of modern poets he most resembles, the slightest use of stimulants would produce intoxication. Poe was, nevertheless, constantly indulging. The story, though, of his having died in a drunken fit of madness has been proven by the late testimony of his medical attendants to be almost wholly untrue. He died from exposure during a cold night late in autumn: before his death he was conscious for many hours.

It was in the Library of Congress that I chanced one Thursday to pick up an old newspaper published in Philadelphia years ago. Reading it in mere curiosity, I came across a marked notice of Poe's death. Poe had often contributed to the paper, yet the notice was brief and almost business-like; after a list of his works was added: "He was quite extensively read in Europe, but had few

friends in America." This was all. This the end of Edgar Allen Poe!

"He might have soared in the morning light,
But he built his nest with the birds of night;
But he lies in dust, and the stone is rolled
Over the sepulchre dim and cold.
He has cancelled all he has done or said,
And gone to the dear and holy dead;
Let us forget the path he trod,
And leave him now to his maker—God."

D. A. L.

Poetry of Modern Improvements.

NO. I.—THE TELEPHONE.

STROPHE: *Progressist*.

Tho' pleasures and palaces endless we own,
We never should grumble at the old telephone.
A voice from the skies seems to "hello" us there,
Which, seek thro' the world, is ne'er met with, I'll swear.

CHO.:—Phone! phone! Tel-E-Phone!
We never should grumble at the old telephone.

ANTI-STROPHE: *Old Fogey*.

An expert at telephones dazzles in vain,
Oh! give me my slowly fetched message again,
The carrier pigeon that came at my call;
Give me these with the *billets-doux* dearer than all.

CHO.:—Phone! phone! Tel-E-Phone!
We never shall tumble to the new telephone.

Father Rouquette.*

Adrien Rouquette was born in New Orleans of a wealthy creole family on February 26, 1813. In that year New Orleans could not be classed even as a large town. That it was gaining ground every year, and that people were coming from everywhere in the States to quicken that ground, were clear alike to creole and invader. Each day brought a fresh strain on the native population, which pressed from outside like the push of eager men behind the front row of a crowd at a procession. It was about this time that some of the wealthier creole families—knowing more of planting than of trade, and none too willing to meet the nosing *Américain* on his own ground—had retired to plantations along the Bayou Road, a league or more from the town. That suburb which bore, as it still bears, the name of Le Faubourg St. Jean, then offered a charming view of rippling water, of solemn woods, and of the greenest of outlying banks. Among these families was that of Madame Rouquette. They found the bayou lined with the encampments of friendly Indians, not weak and living by sufferance as now, but a power in the town sufficiently positive to be conciliated even by his excellency Governor Claiborne. Young Adrien,

who was only six years old, did not bother himself about the rights of the red men. He loved their freedom, and was never happier than when he could make his home with them in the great forest that was theirs. It was a holiday for him, young as he was, and already a rebel, to steal from his mother's home to meet groups of dusky lads, his friends, waiting for him, to wander with them into the forest, dropping not behind the swiftest in their wild run through laurel growth and tangled grasses, listening to their strange chants, joining in their dances and plays—in a word, living their life. This liberty charmed the lad, while it made his mother anxious. When he was eight years old, she decided to send him to the *Collège d'Orleans* the fashionable school of the day. There is no record that Adrien was anything but the worst of pupils, if to be a good pupil is to love the school-room. He was idle always, often had to admit that he had played truant, and when he should have been in his class was sure to be caught hunting and fishing and roaming the woods with his Chahta playmates. The strongest impression produced on his mind at this time was that which came from a stay of some months with an uncle then living with his family on Bayou Lacombe. It was here, among his shy half-breed cousins, that Adrien found his first *Atalâ*; it was on Bayou Lacombe that he saw the second, only to lose her; it was on its banks that he composed *The New Atalâ*; it was Bayou Lacombe which he made the scene of his lifework.

In 1824, when he was in his tenth year, the family war against his *sauvagerie* ended in peremptory separation from his Indian allies. Madame Rouquette was among those creole mothers who in that day of covert distrust held themselves high above prejudice. She had the good sense to recognize that her sons were to grow up in an American community, and she was unwilling that in the struggle of life in a population new to her they should not be equipped with all weapons of offence and defence. In 1813 few of those old French or Spanish creoles whom Governor Claiborne, under one general head, had quaintly classed as the "ancient Louisianians of New Orleans," had mastered even the first principles of the English tongue. When forced to attempt English—an ungrateful task always—they spoke it more or less brokenly, according to the relative linguistic skill of each man. The mere effort to conquer a new language was for many years confined to the men; the women, feeling no need for it, declined with true feminine exaggeration to use it. A generation later the younger men, having in the meanwhile gone to English-teaching schools, learned to speak good English. Perhaps they spoke the new tongue with an accent strained here and there, but one always graceful, along with the best of French; while the women, as a class, thinking it must be admitted, in French, never failed to throw a spell of soft syllabification over the massiveness of our ruder tongue. Long before the civil war the creole of New Orleans, whose "household gods," like Charles Lamb's, plant "a terrible foot," had, while he guards the tender home-knowledge of French

* Abridged from an article by John Dimitry in *Harpers' Monthly Magazine*. Father Rouquette, who died at New Orleans, July 15, was a Southern Indian missionary, and distinguished by his literary abilities.

as one of his priceless legacies, become on the street as English in language as the Americans themselves.

Adrien was first sent to the preparatory school of Transylvania University, in Kentucky, and afterward to a private academy at Mantua, near Philadelphia. After successive sessions he was summoned home. To the amazement, not unmixed with horror, of his family, who had first decided that he should know English as well as French, it crept out that he knew altogether too much English to too little French. One remedy only was open—he must be shipped to France. He was in his seventeenth year when this step was taken. From 1829 to 1833 he flitted from the College Royal of Paris to the College Royal of Nantes, and from Nantes to Rennes. At Rennes he passed his examination, receiving his *baccalaureate* on March 26, 1833. With his French honors fresh on his head he returned to New Orleans. Not many days passed before a longing came upon him to see the great woods, the prairie smiling in flowers, and the lodges on the banks of that deep and winding bayou, beautiful in eyes to which the fair Loire itself had seemed "small and cold." Once on Bayou Lacombe, he threw off in ecstasy the trammels of his Paris life. He sought his happiness where he felt he could best enjoy it—in air, in space, in freedom, in subtle communion with that forest which in turn embodied them all. Before many days he had breathed in his lungs new breath; to use his own words, he had again become "a half-savage, and dressed as did the young Chahtas." It was in this summer that a great literary pleasure burst on him. Among his books brought from New Orleans, but still unread, was a copy of Châteaubriand's *Atalá*, which had just been reprinted. The spell which that work then cast, and which it still casts upon all lovers of nature, fell with magnetic force upon a youth who, without knowing it, was waiting for it. Did he not love the woods and their containings as Audubon was even then loving them? Was he not a poet, not conscious yet of inspiration, but possessing it? *Atalá* absorbed his heart and mind. He read with peculiar emotion that pathetic picture of the author's joining the sorrowful band of Natchez, leaving the ashes of their dead on their way to a new and unknown country.

Perhaps something whispered to him that herein was a call, dim then, but to be made clear in time—a call to be another Père Aubry for red men with wrongs as bitter as those of Châteaubriand's Natchez. His imagination, which was a man's, caught fire at this, while his fancy, which was yet a boy's, was touched.

In New Orleans he found himself once more face to face with the family. With their young student home, they shot question after question at him. "He had been long, very long, in the forest; had he not had enough of the trees and wild flowers? Was it not high time for him *de se ranger*—to settle himself? Would he not be wise and be guided by his relatives, and choose a profession?" No mill grinds so hard as the family tread-

mill. At the end, in no patient mood, he exclaimed: "*Eh bien!* Since you wish me to be somebody in the world, I shall go to Paris and study law." He was true to his word. Once more in Paris, he threw himself as fervently into the study of law as he had into that of college letters. The fight may have been sharp, but it was certainly not prolonged. Law soon became as distasteful to him as in an earlier age it had been to St. Chrysostom. He could see in it only "a weary pell-mell of contradictions and chicaneries." But while he turned his back on the Palais de Justice, where he had had the rare good fortune of hearing the great chiefs of the tribune: Berryer, Odillot, Chaix d'Este, Ange and Dupont, he kept his face in love toward Paris—to that Paris which he knew to be for him "as dangerous as Calypso for Telemachus." Returning to New Orleans, he was full of her spell, hailing her as his "magnetic pole," his "centre of attraction." "Thou art," he cried, in that half-cynical youth which, classing the world as a waste, yet selfishly makes sure of one green spot in it, "my oasis in the midst of the burning desert." Even then he was more than ever in doubt as to what was the true profession a young man thoroughly in earnest, and with stronger inclinations toward the ideal than the material, could find in harmony with his tastes, his capacities, and "with the will of God." He spent several years in irresolution, between the woods and the city, until 1842, when he went back to France. While there, his first important work of prose *Les Savanes*, appeared in French. Paris welcomed it. Flattering letters followed close upon its welcome. Châteaubriand, Sainte-Beuve, Lamartine and Barthélemy saw in the young foreigner's style "the manner of the great masters." Brizeaux hailed the author as the "young Ossian," while Tom Moore, none too partial to us, called him "the Lamartine of America." "Wild Flowers," in English, next appeared, their lyrical sweetness, receiving hearty recognition from our first poets, North and South. "Wild Flowers" was followed by *La Thébaïde*, a prose poem in French; *L'Antoniade*, also in French, a sequel to *La Thébaïde*; and "St. Catherine Tegahkwitha," a poem in English. The Abbé's greatest work is *La Nouvelle Atalá*, in French, a story of singular beauty, which came out in 1879.

This is not the place for a review of Rouquette the poet. This much, however, may be said: his literary career, valuable in itself, is notably so as a reflex of his religious life. Had he not loved God, *La Thébaïde*, *L'Antoniade* would have been unwritten; had he not loved nature, he could never have told the true story of *Les Savanes*, or caught the modest beauty of "Wild Flowers." That his work has not become popularized is largely due to its abstract and delicate nature, unmixed with human passion, and because in his own person the poet-priest has steadfastly declined the world's fellowship and rewards, intent only upon making of his life one supreme apostolic poem.

On his return it seemed certain that his life, which had so far been experimental, would turn

either to literature or the Church. As he grew older he felt himself drawn day by day toward the latter. Paris was fading from his sight; Rome was growing clearer. He had cast the law to one side as he had turned away from trade. Both might have gained him fortune, and one certainly high reputation, but he had refused to have these with either. Abbé Perché was then stirring men's souls at a crowded mission held in St. Mary's Church. His oratory, fervid and scholarly in a marked degree, produced a strong impression on Rouquette. Rome rose colossal as he hung on the words of the eloquent Dominican. Fired with a holy enthusiasm, he resolved upon leaving the world. After passing his probation at Bayou Lacombe, and his novitiate in the seminary of Assumption Parish, he was ordained as subdeacon in 1844, and finally as priest in 1845. For fourteen years he was attached to the Cathedral as *predicateur*, where he delivered sermons doctrinal enough, but less *doctrinaire* than original, and brimming over with an imagination that charmed, while it startled the sober congregation of that old St. Louis which with gentle thrills still remembered the suasive gravity of *cher Père Antoine*. The spring of 1859 found him at last resolved to take the step thought of for years. This was to establish a mission in the Indian village at the head springs of Bayou Lacombe, where the Chahta remnant had mainly settled. "May I not be a missionary among the last of the Chahtas?" he asked himself. "May I not endeavor to instruct, evangelize, and save the souls of these poor, forsaken brethren whom I have known and loved from my childhood?" The step once announced, however, evoked sharp opposition among those who had based high hopes upon the young priest's zeal and signal intellectual gifts. The venerable Archbishop Blanc frowned gently on him. "There are enough savages in the cities," he said, "without searching for them in the woods. Ah, my dear Adrien, this is not what I have dreamed for you." On the other hand, Mgr. Odin, Vicar Apostolic of Texas, held out the hand of faith to him. "Continue to devote yourself to the Indians," he said. "God will bless you and your work."

The road of apostleship among the Chahtas of Louisiana has never been more than an Indian trail. Few feet had trodden it, and when the feet had ceased to tread, grass grew upon the trail and hid it. Abbé Rouquette felt that he was called to do the work which no one was fitted to do in his place, and which no other had attempted to do in Louisiana for more than a century. In one sense, as has been seen, he had been signally favored. As boy and man, before becoming a priest, he had known intimately the people whom he hoped to convert. He had taken as his practical model Père Garnier, an early missionary among the Canadian Indians. "Do not try to make a white man out of an Indian," had said this wise Father; "try rather to become an Indian yourself; thus you will make him love and trust you." The Abbé has improved upon Père Garnier, or perhaps it would be better to say he has punctuated theory

with fact. "I have lived," he says, "in the woods *en sauvage*, with no regret for civilization. Never once have I had an idea of civilizing *my* Indians, of establishing schools among them, or of teaching them to read. It has been enough for me that they could read in Nature, that great book of God, always open before their eyes. A civilized Indian—an Indian *savant*—is, in my eyes, a noble primeval tree which vandalism has hacked and mutilated." In his philosophy of regeneration the Abbé set himself squarely against the policy of the Indian Bureau, as he clearly was a doubter of the Hampton experiment. It must be admitted, however, that the results have vindicated him. He found the Indian a sot; he has made him a man. He found him a polygamist; he has made him content with one wife. He found him a brawler; he has turned him in the ways of peace. He found him worshipping the Great Spirit; he has shown him that the Great Spirit is only one of the many names of the Christian's God. What he has done has been effected through untiring vigilance, with gentle admonition and constant prayer. While at the altar, or visiting the sick, or comforting the sorrowful, he was their priest. But at other seasons he was for his flock not so much a priest as a brother who had become one of themselves. It is through this common knitting together in love and respect that he had rescued the remnant of the race by whom he was so long practically adopted. The name Chahta-Ima conferred by the tribe was never a misnomer. In personal characteristics this was in a rare manner true. With his long black hair, which had become a rich mass of clustering gray curls, falling upon his shoulders, with a strong-set, intellectual face browned by the sun, and not unlike, in its aquiline cast, the higher Indian type, and with his blanket or a hunting-shirt wrapped about a figure wiry and muscular, the illusion was nearly complete. In such a garb a stranger, knowing of him, yet not knowing his person, and hearing him speak fluently the soft and multi-vowelled Chahta tongue, might easily have fancied him one of his own converts.

On September 8, 1859, he first, as priest, gathered his Indians around him at the mission at Ravine aux Cannes, which he had placed under the protection of Catherine Tegahkwitha, the Indian Saint of Canada. No congregation could be quicker to catch the spirit of a speaker than the wild one which listened under the great cypress-trees to his first sermon. This quick perception was not so much for the doctrine as for the priest, and not so much for the priest as for the "white-skin" who had run into their wigwams when a boy. In 1859 the Chahta theology was wholly vague, and as stubborn as it was vague. Its stubbornness came from habit; its vagueness sprang from tradition. In 1887 it is perhaps as stubborn and as vague, but in a sense altogether distinct. Ask a Chahta of what faith he is, he will answer, readily and with smooth regularity, that he is a Catholic. Ask him why he is a Catholic, he would refer you to Chahta-Ima. This is another phase of *Credo Newmanum*, Young Oxford's rallying cry in the

counter-reformation. It was emphatically a case in which the priest symbolized the faith.

Abbé Rouquette was one of those happily balanced lives whereof the later notes neither jar with nor are jarred by its earlier. One of those "solitary souls" of whom St. Jerome speaks with rapture, he found in his humble cell in the city and in the forest the "vast extent of Paradise." He rejoiced, nevertheless, that the evening shadows grew long, although for that he was never ready to fold his hands. No such philosophy of ease and selfish indulgence ever entered Chahta-Ima's mind. He did not die in his chapel in the woods, as had been his desire, but the gentle ministrations of the Sisters of Charity of the Hôtel Dieu made his last days pleasant. For a year he had been nursed by them, hovering between death and life, and when the end came, he was mourned by the last remnant of his beloved Chahtas with a grief passing any that the red man will ever again feel for the loss of any of the race that has dispossessed him.

August at the Lakes.

August returns, again we hear the ghylls,
And if for care the wild birds cannot sing,
Or, serious grown, the lambs cease gambolling,
Needs must be life and laughter in the hills;
Fresh verdure now the new mown valley fills,
And though the foxglove peals no longer ring,
The bramble blooms, and lo! the heather-king
Has won the glorious robe his proud heart wills.
Now gipsy rag wort glitters, green nuts swell,
Through the tall fern the sheep more whitely run,
The tarns are lily-grown for Love a-dream;
How the heart beats! the very mountains seem
To pulse with feeling, while o'er lake and fell
Roves with a lover's restlessness the Sun.

H. D. R., in *Spectator*.

Books and Periodicals.

TALES FOR EVENTIDE. A Collection of Stories for Young Folks. Reprinted from the *Ave Maria*. Office of the *Ave Maria*: Notre Dame, Ind. Price, 60 cents.

This new work contains about twenty-five of those interesting and instructive stories that have been the delight of the many youthful readers of the *Ave Maria*. We have no doubt that their publication in book form will be hailed with satisfaction by the general public, and will be accorded the wide circulation they well deserve. The book is 12mo of some 250 pages, well printed and elegantly bound, so that its outward appearance is as attractive as its contents are entertaining and beneficial. The elegant style in which it is published makes it suitable as a premium or a gift, and an ornament to the library or drawing-room table.

—The *Art Amateur* for August contains an attractive figure study in colors by Henry Bacon, one in pencil by Carroll Beckwith, the second of the striking series of large classical decorative fig-

ures by Ellen Welby (Pandora), a fine study of lady's slipper, decorations for cup and saucer and a plaque, appliqué border of bryony, a handsome double-page decorative bird design, and a page of monograms in O. Especially timely articles are those on sketching from nature in water-colors, summer sketching, photographing landscapes, and Japanese motives for country houses. Others not less valuable are on figure painting, Richardson as an interior decorator (profusely illustrated), home-made stamped leather, and figure subjects and portraits in china painting. The always piquant "Note-Book" is supplemented by an unusually interesting critical review of the architecture of Fifth Avenue, and the various minor departments are well filled.

—The September number of the *Catholic World* treats intelligently and fully the timely topic of Mexico, in its industrial and educational aspects as well as in its modern fictitious literature. Mrs. Blake's paper on the latter subject is a fit supplement to her "Garden of Mexican Song," which attracted attention in the May issue of the same periodical. Mrs. Sullivan treats her more prosaic, but, on the whole, more interesting topic in her usual direct and forcible manner. The land and labor question, to one or another aspect of which the *Catholic World* continues to devote its attention, from month to month, gets a side-light in the September number from a study made of the French economists of the last century, by Mr. Dyer D. Lum, who writes with a practised hand, and apparently from a wide knowledge and a ripe judgment. Miss Agnes Repplier, who is making herself a reputation as a competent and entertaining writer on purely literary topics, has an excellent paper on William Cowper. Rev. Martin S. Brennan contributes a brief paper on "Tornadoes," which bristles with facts.

—The *Popular Science Monthly* for September opens with David A. Wells's third article on "The Economic Disturbances since 1873." Under the heading, "Sleep and its Counterfeits," Dr. A. de Watteville describes lethargy, catalepsy, somnambulism, and various phenomena of hystero-epilepsy and hypnotism. Mr. George P. Morris gives a description of an attempt made by the Rev. Thomas Budd to found an industrial school in West Jersey two hundred years ago. In his paper on "Social Sustenance," Mr. Henry J. Phillpot discusses the specialization of energies which is becoming the rule in modern industries, and gives particular attention to the fact that women and farmers are largely denied its highest development. A series of lively ethnological sketches in Annam and Tonquin is given from information furnished by French officers in those regions. The nature, manufacture, and uses of cork are exhaustively described by Arthur Good and William Anderson, with illustrative figures. "A Botanical Bonanza" is pointed out and described by F. E. Boynton, as lying around the spot where North and South Carolina and Georgia corner, in which the flora is richer in rarities than anywhere else in the United States.

NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.

Notre Dame, August 27, 1887.

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

THE NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC Contains:

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

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

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

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

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

OLD STUDENTS SHOULD TAKE IT.

Terms, \$1.50 per Annum. Postpaid.

Address EDITOR NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC,

Notre Dame, Indiana.

—The present number of the SCHOLASTIC, marking the beginning of its twenty-first volume, is sent to all our subscribers of last year. We hope that all will kindly inform us of their intention to renew for the coming year, and manifest their appreciation of our college paper by extending, as far as may be, its circulation. The features which distinguish the SCHOLASTIC, and commend it to the friends and students of Notre Dame as well as to others, are set forth in the Prospectus at the head of this column. We invite the reader's attention to it. The Editors will spare no pains to make the SCHOLASTIC of '87-'88 as acceptable to its readers as it has been in the past; and, as "Excelsior" is their motto, they will strive for greater improvement in literary excellence and general interest.

—The Seventeenth Annual Convention of the Catholic Total Abstinence Union of America was held in Philadelphia on the 3d and 4th inst. Meeting, as it did, in the great stronghold of the Cause, it was far ahead of all preceding Conventions, not only in point of numbers but also in the enthusiasm and spirit displayed. No pains were spared on the part of the officials of the resident societies to make the expression of their zeal for the advancement of the good work of Temperance, as public and striking as possible, and their efforts were crowned with success. We have no doubt that the appearance and addresses of all who took part in the proceedings produced more than a transient effect upon the spectator, and that the reports spread through the press of their country will fix the attention of many a reader, and effect great good.

The Festival of the Assumption at Notre Dame.

The 15th of August—the Feast of the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin Mary into Heaven, the greatest of all the festivals celebrated in her honor—has been observed with becoming solemnity at Notre Dame, ever since the day of its consecration, nearly half a century ago. This year the celebration of the festival was accompanied with a series of religious and devotional events that especially signalize it among other commemorations, and make it deserving of more than passing notice.

On the morning of Sunday, the 4th inst., our esteemed Bishop, the Rt. Rev. Dr. Dwenger, of Ft. Wayne, raised to the sacred dignity of the priesthood, two deacons of the Congregation—the Rev. M. Mohun and the Rev. J. B. Scheier.

On the morning of the festival, the same distinguished Prelate celebrated Pontifical Mass at St. Mary's Convent—the Mother-House of the Sisters of the Holy Cross, and one mile west of Notre Dame. This was the solemn closing of the spiritual retreat, which for one week previous the Sisters had followed under the direction of an eloquent and devoted Redemptorist Father—the Rev. Louis Cook. At the same time, Bishop Dwenger gave the holy habit of religion to twenty-six young ladies and received the perpetual vows of fourteen novices. The beautiful ceremony, together with the Mass and an appropriate sermon from the officiating Prelate, lasted fully three hours, and made a deep impression upon all present.

At two o'clock in the afternoon, at Notre Dame, five religious made their profession and thirty-seven received the holy habit of the Congregation. The ceremony was followed by solemn Vespers sung in the College Church, after which the customary grand procession in honor of the Blessed Virgin took place. Numbers of triumphal arches, handsomely draped in various colors, with the blue preponderating, had been erected during the day, and marked the route of the procession around one of Notre Dame's beautiful lakes. The College, St. Edward's Hall and other buildings were hung with pictures, and statues appeared here and there in suitable places with appropriate surroundings. The procession was at least a quarter of mile in length, and must have formed a sight most pleasing to the Queen of Heaven, as it was the source of unspeakable joy to the immense multitude of her pious and devoted children of Notre Dame and St. Mary's, and visitors from all parts. The great bell in the church tower pealed forth in sonorous tones, as the procession wended its way, and harmonizing with the chime of thirty-six smaller bells, added not a little to the charm and impressiveness of the solemnity. On the return of the procession, solemn Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament was given, and thus fitly closed the ceremonies of the feast.

Who can realize how grandly consoling the solemnity of this day was to the hearts of all the inmates of Notre Dame and St. Mary's, especially

to those happy new members who have come to enter their novitiates! It causes the mind to revert to the distant past, and compare the wild, trackless forest of 1842 with the wonders that now greet the eye—an extended area of cultivated lands, numerous buildings, churches, chapels, shrines—all forming the great homes of Religion and Education. There is thus given a most practical and convincing proof of the efficacy and fruitfulness of devotion to the Mother of God. For this wonderful transformation is rightly attributed to the patronage of the Immaculate Queen of Heaven, to whom the venerable Founder consecrated this spot of earth, and who has made it a paradise where she loves to reign and spread happiness among the daily increasing numbers of her children.

On the morning of the 16th inst. a pilgrimage of the parishioners of St. Mary's Church, Kalamazoo, led by their worthy Pastor, the Rev. Francis O'Brien, arrived at Notre Dame. Of this solemn event the *Michigan Catholic* (Detroit) speaks as follows:

PILGRIMAGE TO THE GROTTTO OF LOURDES,
NOTRE DAME, INDIANA.

Notre Dame is a standing, living miracle of God's wonderful ways in sanctifying and blessing the place where His glory dwelleth, and where He desires to be honored in a special manner. Less than fifty years have rolled by since the Missionary, still living, cleared the spot in the woods for the first log chapel, in this spot adorned in such a wonderful way by nature. To-day the pen cannot describe its glories. It must be seen, to have even a beginning of an idea of its grandeur and magnitude. It has been for several years back the shrine for many a pilgrim, and a few quite large pilgrimages, by which the piety of the surrounding parishes was enlivened, and the devotion to *Notre Dame* (Our Lady) increased.

It belongs to Kalamazoo to claim the honor of being the first parish in the diocese, that has manifested its zeal and piety by this grand act of faith and love for our Good Mother. The pilgrims assembled at St. Augustine's Church on Tuesday morning, at 6.30, to begin this work by hearing Mass. Each wore a pretty badge bearing the picture of Our Blessed Lady and the inscription "Pilgrim; Notre Dame, Kalamazoo." After Mass they took a special train and arrived at the grounds belonging to the University shortly after nine o'clock. The procession was then formed and marched through the beautiful avenue leading to the great church. The Rev. clergy scattered themselves among the crowd, who with hands joined and heads uncovered recited the Rosary.

On arriving at the Grotto of Lourdes, the entire mass knelt down before the shrine, and with burning wax tapers in their hands recited the customary prayers. The procession then resumed its journey to the church, where solemn High Mass was celebrated. Words of welcome were spoken by Very Rev. Provincial Corby, C. S. C., and the sermon was delivered by that prince of orators, Rev. L. Cook, C. S. S. R. The pilgrims were then

at liberty to view the numberless shrines, chapels, and churches as well as the many other grand sights about Notre Dame, till the great bell, the largest in the United States, summoned them to Benediction at 4 p. m., when the church was again filled with earnest worshippers. God blessed them, and they departed for their homes by the same train, which awaited them on the grounds of the University.

Thus was a happy day spent in venerating "Our Lady" at her greatest shrine in the United States and one of the greatest in the world. The local papers state the number in attendance to be about twelve hundred.

(New York Catholic News.)

The Congregation of the Holy Cross.

Among the religious societies of modern establishment, as it were, in the Church there is none which has displayed more vitality and enterprise, and none, consequently, which is deserving of more honorable mention, than the Congregation of the Holy Cross, whose best known establishment in this country is the University of Notre Dame, which famous seat of learning is located on the northern verge of Indiana, within five miles of the Michigan line, and just on the edge of that narrow water-head which slopes towards the Great Lakes.

It was just after the Revolution of 1793, that terrific storm which desolated all France, and inundated the kingdom with waves of impiety and irreligion, that the Congregation of the Holy Cross originated. At the date of its foundation, in 1793, the Congregation was composed wholly of Brothers, or religious personages who, without taking upon themselves Holy Orders, labored for the rehabilitation of Christian education, the schools of which had been almost destroyed by the Revolution. The founder of the Society was the Rev. Father Dujarie, who continued its Superior until 1837, up to which year the original character of the Congregation remained unchanged. The venerable founder, finding himself, in 1837, oppressed by the weight of years, turned over the care of his religious family to Rev. B. Moreau, a priest of saintly character, who was famed for his great eloquence, and this individual, believing that there was work for priests of the Holy Cross to do, opened the doors of the Congregation to ecclesiastical candidates, a number of whom speedily embraced his invitation. Twenty years later, May 13, 1857, the Holy See, fully informed of the good work Father Moreau and his associates were accomplishing, approved the new Congregation as a body of teachers composed of priests and brothers, who devoted themselves to the preaching of the Gospel, the giving of missions, and to the education of youth in seminaries, colleges, parochial and country schools, to which labors the members of the Society apply themselves as assiduously and successfully to-day as they did when the lamented Pius IX approved their undertakings, thirty years ago.

It was not until the fall of the year 1841 that

the Congregation of the Holy Cross made its advent in this country. On the fifth of August of that year seven members of the society—only one of them, Very Rev. E. Sorin, C. S. C.,—a priest, left France, landing in New York on the 14th of September, the eve of the Feast of the Exaltation of the Holy Cross, a day truly appropriate for the coming of missionaries whose Order was named in honor of the Symbol of man's redemption. Very Rev. Father Sorin, the head and Superior-General of the new-comers, at once turned his face to the great West, whither the constantly increasing tides of European immigration were flowing, and, after having visited several other localities, came, in 1842, to Notre Dame, where, so well pleased was he with the place, he determined to remain and establish the chief house of the Congregation in this country. A site for the building was accordingly secured at once, and the same year, 1842, saw the foundation of the University of Notre Dame, which the General Assembly of Indiana chartered in 1844. Once established in America, the Congregation of the Holy Cross spread rapidly, and at the present time it possesses two provinces, richly equipped with flourishing establishments, whose number is constantly increasing. The headquarters of the first province are at Notre Dame, Indiana, and in this province there are thirty-two houses, situated in Indiana, Illinois, Louisiana, Wisconsin, Ohio, and Texas. The Mother-House of the second province is located at the Novitiate of the Sacred Heart of Mary, at Côte-des-Neiges, near Montreal, and directs twenty-two establishments in Canada and New Brunswick, the best known of which are the colleges of St. Laurent, near Montreal, at which a large number of American students are educated, and of St. Joseph's, at Memramcook, in the diocese of St. John, New Brunswick.

The University of Notre Dame, the principal establishment of the Congregation in this country, is one of the finest educational institutions in the United States, and its reputation, already deservedly great, is continually advancing. Its growth, in a material sense, has been in keeping with the section of the country wherein it is located. The present magnificent edifice, with its surrounding buildings, is the third to bear the name which Very Rev. Father Sorin bestowed upon the institution formed at Notre Dame in 1842. That small, but picturesque building was torn down years ago, when the influx of students demanded ampler accommodations, and the second Notre Dame, which was a roomy establishment, was burned down April 23, 1879, in a conflagration which destroyed not alone the main building, but also four minor ones, among which were the infirmary and music hall. Nothing daunted by this calamity, which would have disheartened many another man, Father Sorin at once began the work of rebuilding. The destruction of the college made it necessary to send the students home, but they were all invited to return in September, when they were assured everything would be ready to receive them, and, marvellous as it may seem, when the students did return, they discovered that in the four months they had been away, one

of the most magnificent college edifices in the country had been built where, when they left, there were only ashes and smouldering ruins to be seen.

It would require far more space than the limits of these sketches allow to adequately describe the grandeurs and beauties of the new Notre Dame, with its array of surrounding buildings, which are so numerous and spacious that, placed closely together, they would cover nearly five acres of land. The main building is five stories in height, its dimensions are 320 by 155 feet, and the distance from the ground to the electric light, which surrounds the statue of the Blessed Virgin above the massive dome, is 200 feet. The interior of the building is conveniently arranged in class-rooms, study-halls, dormitories, refectories, museums, art galleries, libraries, etc., together with offices for the Faculty, rooms for the professors and halls for the meetings of the college societies. There is a telegraph office in the building, and a regularly established United States post-office on the University grounds for the accommodation of the students and the pupils of the adjacent St. Mary's Academy,—a thoroughly equipped institution for the education of young ladies, managed by the Sisters of the Holy Cross.

The University has ample accommodations for five hundred resident students; the course of studies is extensive and thorough, both in the Senior and Junior departments, and, besides the ordinary collegiate, classical and scientific courses, law, civil engineering and the modern languages, together with a practical commercial course. In what esteem those qualified to judge hold the University of Notre Dame can be judged from the fact that the Chief Justice of Indiana recently directed that all graduates of its law school be admitted, without examination, upon proper motion, at any time during the session of the court, to the Indiana bar, provided they are, as the constitution of the State requires, voters in Indiana.

The system of education at Notre Dame is an eminently practical one; civil engineering, telegraphy and phonography are all thoroughly taught, while the eminent artist, Signor Luigi Gregori, of Rome, has charge of the department of drawing and painting, and a graduate of the Royal Conservatory of Munich presides over that of music. The Faculty is one of the ablest bodies of men to be found in the country. The President is the Rev. T. E. Walsh, C. S. C., who has as associates such men as Rev. J. A. Zahm, C. S. C., Professor of Physical Sciences; Rev. A. Morrissey, C. S. C., Rev. A. M. Kirsch, C. S. C., Rev. S. Fitte, C. S. C.; and among the lay Professors are such well-known personages as William Hoynes, LL. B., an able and accomplished lawyer; the historian, James F. Edwards, LL. B., and the well-known *litterateur*, Joseph A. Lyons, LL. D. The venerable Founder of the University, Very Rev. E. Sorin, C. S. C., resides still at Notre Dame, and is the honored President of the Board of Trustees.

Notre Dame is remarkably rich in paintings, portraits, frescoes and other works of art. For

many years the renowned Italian artist, Signor Gregori, has been engaged in decorating the interiors of the various buildings, and the visitor to the University is enchanted with the beauty that meets his eyes on all sides. At the entrance of the main building one finds himself surrounded by frescoes illustrating the life of Columbus, a series of magnificent historical pictures, while the concavity of the dome is at present being appropriately decorated by Signor Gregori's master hand. In the Memorial Hall are portraits of distinguished ecclesiastics, including almost all of the Catholic bishops in the United States, those dead as well as those still in the purple, together with a large collection of valuable and interesting relics connected with the history and growth of the Catholic Church in this country. This collection, gathered by great perseverance and labor on the part of Professor Edwards, is already of inestimable worth, and will prove of immense value to the future historian of Catholicity in America.

From Notre Dame are issued those two excellent Catholic periodicals, the *Ave Maria* and the NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC. The former, which is the only publication of its kind in the United States, is a magazine, as its name indicates, devoted to the honor of the Blessed Virgin, and the initial issue appeared in May, 1865, the editor being the venerable Father Sorin, who was assisted by several others of the Congregation. In 1867 the late and deeply lamented Rev. N. H. Gillespie became the editor, and continued such until his death, in 1874. The present editor, under whose able management the publication has been greatly improved and attained a circulation of over 20,000 copies weekly, is Rev. D. E. Hudson, C. S. C. *The Catholic News*, whose enterprise and excellence have been generously commented on more than one occasion by the *Ave Maria*, has already quoted several times from its columns and from those of the NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC, one of the very best of the Catholic college publications in the United States.

The *Ave Maria* press has of late years been engaged in the laudable work of disseminating cheap and excellent Catholic literature, and several of its publications of this class have obtained a very wide circulation. Its "Household Library of Catholic Poets" is the only work of its kind in the language, and gives a fair and comprehensive view of the success Catholics have met with in the field of English poesy.

Imperfect as is this brief sketch of the Congregation of the Holy Cross and its works, it would be doubly so if it neglected to make mention of Mother Angela of Mericia (Eliza Maria Gillespie), whose recent death filled the whole country with profound grief. One of the very earliest associates with Very Rev. Father Sorin in the work of building up the Congregation of the Holy Cross in America, Mother Angela became one of the best known Sisters in the country, and none ever knew her who was not filled with admiration for her character and with love for her gentle piety and unassuming humility. During the earlier years

of the existence of Notre Dame this devoted woman was indefatigable in promoting the interests of the Congregation in the West. When the war broke out she went, at the head of a band of her Sisters, into the hospitals along the Mississippi to care for the wounded soldiers; nor did she desist from this charity until the last gun had been fired and hostilities brought to an end. Going back, then, to St. Mary's, she aided Father Sorin to found the *Ave Maria*, and her facile pen enriched its columns, while she utilized her wide influence to secure for the magazine the services of Catholic writers wherever she discovered them. A woman of superior education herself, she desired to see all her associates in the Congregation attain the highest perfection they were capable of, and for this purpose she never failed during the time she was Mistress of Novices, or Mother Superior, to impress on the postulants and novices the duty of doing their best. When her Sisterhood proved unable to meet the demands made upon it, on account of its lack of members, she hastened to Ireland in search of new recruits, and brought back with her a number of postulants so great that over forty were given the habit at a single reception in 1874. To Mother Angela, more than to any other agency, does the Sisterhood of the Congregation of the Holy Cross owe much of that wonderful progress it has enjoyed of late years in this country, and hence it is not strange that her death filled the community with such a deep sense of loss, or that her memory is, and always will be, tenderly revered at St. Mary's and Notre Dame.

WILLIAM D. KELLY.

Obituary.

BRO. FRANCIS DE SALES, C. S. C.

An event occurred in the midst of our vacation that brought sadness to many a friend and student of Notre Dame. Brother Francis de Sales, who for upwards of thirty years had been a prominent figure in all that concerned the educational and business interests of Notre Dame, departed this life, July 15, in the 54th year of his age. The deceased religious was in Chicago engaged in the transaction of important business matters connected with the University, when he was taken suddenly ill with an affection of the heart, to which he had been subject for some years, and lived but a few hours. The funeral took place at Notre Dame on Sunday, the 17th ult., and was attended by the religious and many friends of the deceased.

Brother Francis entered the Community at Notre Dame, August 24, 1859, and for some years was a leading member of the Faculty. During the year '66-'67 he held the responsible office of Prefect of Discipline, and fulfilled its arduous duties with great ability and satisfaction. After that time his rare business tact was given a wider sphere of exercise in the office of Steward and the duty of

superintending the real estate interests of the University. The energy and ability with which he fulfilled the various trusts assigned to him by his superiors marked him as a man of more than ordinary capacity; whilst, at the same time, his duties in the religious life were accomplished in a manner exemplary to his associates. He had made hosts of friends amongst those with whom he had to deal during the years of his active life, and many a heart was pained by the sad tidings of his untimely end. But we may well believe that a life so useful and so devoted to the holy cause for which he forsook the world must have been deemed worthy of an unfading reward; and, with the obedient soul, it has been crowned with victory. May he rest in peace!

REV. MICHAEL O'REILLY, '52.

On the 4th inst., the Rev. Michael O'Reilly, Rector of St. Paul's Church, Valparaiso, Ind., departed this life at his parochial residence. The deceased was an old student and life-long friend of Notre Dame, and during the twenty-five years in which he held the pastorate of St. Paul's Church, was one of the leading priests of the diocese of Ft. Wayne. He was especially distinguished by his zeal in the furtherance of the Christian education of youth, as well as by the activity displayed in watching over the spiritual interests of his flock. His death was deeply regretted by his many friends at Notre Dame. The *Chesterton Tribune* contained the following tribute to his memory:

"The inner life of Father O'Reilly is the most interesting. He had one of the biggest, kindest, and most tender hearts that ever beat. Always ready to relieve distress, he many times seriously put himself out by his generosity. In the early days the writer has known of instances where this noble priest has footed it out on the railroad in winter to sweep the snow out of the wretched cabin of a sick member, saw wood to keep the fire going, and bring food and medicine. He has walked the streets of Valparaiso, cane in hand, and acted the parts of police and father to his people. He turned his house into an orphan asylum, and raised and educated a large family of young men, and sent them out in the world prepared for it. He has trained and sent out of his flock more young men for the priesthood than any other priest in the diocese. Many young men of to-day owe their start in life to him, and the writer is one of them. Space prevents us from saying more. Our humble pen can ill do the subject justice, and to his biographer we leave the task of discovering and publishing the thousands of noble acts done by him. Discover? We say, yes. Father O'Reilly never did a good deed and then advertised it. Those whom he befriended alone know what he did."

May he rest in peace!

REV. PATRICK J. COLOVIN.

The sad news has just reached us of the death of the Rev. P. J. Colovin; who departed this life on the 22d inst., at Dayton, Wis. He had been for a number of years connected with the Faculty of the University, and for three years held the position of President, retiring in 1878. Of late years he has been engaged in parochial work. He was distinguished by rare mental endowments, and readiness and ability as a speaker. He was well known and esteemed by many a student of Notre

Dame, who will not fail to breathe a prayer for the repose of his soul. May he rest in peace!

—It is with deep regret we announce the death of Master Henry Vhay, one of the brightest and most popular students of the Junior department of last year. The sad event occurred a few weeks ago, and was the result of an accident met with while riding near his home in Detroit. Our most heartfelt sympathies are extended to the bereaved parents and relatives in this their hour of affliction. May he rest in peace!

Local Items.

—Volume XXI.

—Vacation is nearly over.

—Subscribe for the SCHOLASTIC.

—Few students remained during vacation, but they contrived to make the time pass pleasantly.

—The "old boys" returning will be pleased to learn that the college officers remain the same for the coming year.

—The electric crown and crescent of the statue on the dome are the objects of admiration to many visitors during the vacation evenings.

—The mammoth bell, the largest in the States, fills every heart with delight, as its grand tones peal forth from the church tower every evening.

—A recent visitor to Wheeling, W. Va., reports that all the Notre Dame boys in that thriving city are doing well, and reflecting credit on their *Alma Mater*.

—Rev. J. French, C. S. C., formerly Vice-President of St. Joseph's College, Cincinnati, has been appointed Director of St. Aloysius' Seminary at Notre Dame.

—Among the many beautiful arches which marked the route of the procession on Assumption day, the one between the Infirmary and the lake was particularly admired.

—A large addition has been made to St. Edward's Hall, making it almost double its former size. This, it is expected, will provide for the accommodation of the increase in the number of "princes" which the coming month will witness.

—Mr. Wm. Clarke, '74, of Columbus, Ohio, has been appointed Assistant Prosecuting Attorney of Utah. Mr. Clarke will enter on the duties of his office next month. We congratulate him upon this well-deserved promotion, which, we are sure, is but a stepping stone to a more prominent position.

—On Sunday, the 14th inst., the Rev. M. J. Mohun and the Rev. J. B. Scheier, of the Faculty of the University, were raised to the sacred dignity of the priesthood by the Rt. Rev. Bishop Dwenger. We extend our congratulations to the Rev. gentlemen, and hope for them many years in the fulfilment of the duties of their sacred calling.

—St. Edward's Park blooms in all its glory,

and presents a grander appearance than it ever did. Still we are informed that the intention is to beautify it still more next year by additional flower beds, etc. A large quantity of beautiful West India shells have been presented to the Park by a generous and esteemed friend, who has in return the warmest thanks of all at St. Edward's.

—The banquet tendered by the young men of St. Michael's Pioneer Corps, Philadelphia, to their visiting friends from Notre Dame was a delightful affair. Music, choice viands, good company and witty speeches, all contributed to make the entertainment a complete success. Whenever the St. Michael Pioneer Corps undertake to do anything it is always well done, and a credit to themselves and the great, beautiful city of Philadelphia.

—Among the treasures received here during the vacation is a series of twenty-one original water-color studies for religious pictures made by Gandolfi, a celebrated artist of Bologna, who lived during the last century. The pictures are a gift from Very Rev. Dr. Hortsman, Chancellor of the archdiocese of Philadelphia, to Professor Gregori. Dr. Hortsman is the fortunate possessor of one of the choicest and largest collections of engravings to be found in the United States.

—Rev. Joseph P. Egan, Rector of St. Cecilia's Church, Tarrytown, New York, has presented a complete set of the proceedings of the C. T. A. U., of America to the University of Notre Dame, as a mark of appreciation of its work for Total Abstinence. The gift is greatly appreciated, because complete sets of the records are very rare, and difficult to procure. An excellent portrait of Father Egan has been placed with the records, and they have been deposited in the archives of the Lemonnier Library.

—The extension to St. Edward's Hall, which is almost completed, gives a grand frontage, and altogether enhances the beauty of the building, besides giving ample accommodation to the many princes, from all parts of the Union, who are daily applying to Rev. President Walsh for admission to this palatial college. In reference to this institution, Mr. Jacob Wile, of Laporte, writes:

"Please reserve a place for one of the nicest little men you ever had in Sorin Hall. The little gentleman will come with us when Fred returns."

—The Notre Dame delegates to the Convention of the C. T. A. U., besides being under many obligations to the good people of Philadelphia, are specially indebted to Rev. Father Elcock, Rector of the Cathedral; Rev. Father Hannigan, of St. Paul's Church; Mr. J. Campbell, President of the Philadelphia Union; Mr. Daily, Vice-President of the Philadelphia Union; Mr. Nolan, Secretary of the National Union, and Mr. J. Riley, of the Pioneer Corps. These gentlemen spared no pains to make the delegates feel at home in the city of Brotherly Love, and their efforts were eminently successful.

—Among the changes made by the Provincial chapter in the *personnel* of the College Faculty are the following: Bro. Alexander, C. S. C., has

been appointed to the office of Steward, and will be succeeded in his former office of First Prefect of the Juniors by Bro. Philemon, for a number of years the superior of the Cathedral School at Milwaukee. Bro. Leander will teach in St. Pius' School, Chicago, and Bro. Maurus in the Cathedral School, Ft. Wayne. Bro. Francis Assisi, who for many years has entertained visitors to the University buildings, will be engaged during the coming year in teaching at St. Columbkille's School, Chicago.

—Through an unaccountable oversight in the reports of the annual Commencement exercises, no mention was made of the grand chorus produced under the direction of Prof. Paul. With its full orchestral accompaniment, it formed one of the principal features of the entertainment, and all the vocalists rendered their parts with skill and fidelity, reflecting credit upon themselves and their efficient instructor. The chorus was composed of the following voices: *Bassi*—G. O'Kane, P. Paschel, J. McDermott; *Tenori*—F. Jewett, A. McFarland, F. Kreutzer; *Alti*—M. O'Kane, L. Monarch, E. Berry, G. Bruce; *Soprani*—W. Devine, W. McPhee, F. Crotty, F. Wile.

—Among the responses made to toasts at the C. T. A. U. Banquet in Philadelphia, the one made by Rev. President Walsh attracted particular attention. One of our eastern exchanges says in its notice of the proceedings: "Our Young Men" was responded to by Very Rev. T. E. Walsh, President of Notre Dame University, Indiana. He was the most graceful elocutionist of the evening. His first few sentences were directed mainly to a humorous recital of the possible difficulties to which his want of familiarity with the duties of his position as Vice-President of the Union threatened to subject him. He went on to assure his hearers of the efforts now being made in Catholic young men's colleges to raise higher and higher the banner of total abstinence. By our young men we mean those being educated in Catholic schools; for if not being there trained we may now call them "our young men," but the chances are, that we may not always truthfully claim them as ours. If rightfully trained, they will be young men of honor and principle, who will not be actuated solely by motives of gain, but by the question, "is it right?" We live in a country of glorious and illimitable possibilities, not specially designed for caste or class, but for all alike. May our young men never be tools of party. We expect them to be peers of all and the inferiors of none. Society expects them to be champions of the purity of the ballot box as well as the champions of the sacredness of the marriage tie. We would have them, too, at the front of the temperance army bravely grappling with the giant evil of intemperance—an evil that produces nine-tenths of our criminals. These are a few of the lessons we would inculcate in the young men of our Catholic institutions.

—Accessions to the Bishops' Memorial Hall: *Pontificale Romanum* used by Rt. Rev. Mgr. Portier, first Bishop of Mobile; autograph and three pict-

ures of Bishop Portier; heavily embroidered gold cloth mitre, used by Rt. Rev. Mgr. Quinlan, second Bishop of Mobile; photograph of Bishop Quinlan; precious mitre, beautifully embroidered with gold bullion, colored silks and jewels, used by Rt. Rev. Mgr. Manucy, third Bishop of Mobile; purple silk beretta and purple silk mozetta, used by Bishop Manucy; photograph of Rt. Rev. Bishop Pellecier, first incumbent of the See of San Antonio, presented by Rt. Rev. Bishop O'Sullivan. Lock of hair from the head of Rt. Rev. Mgr. Bazin, third Bishop of Vincennes, presented by Rev. Mother Euphrasia. Pictures of Bishop Luers, of Fort Wayne, and Bishop Martin of Natchitoches; autograph of Bishop Martin; photographs of Fathers Corbe and Cutassi and several of the early priests of Indiana, presented by Sister Olympia. Chalice used by the Rev. Prince Gallitzin, Apostle of the Alleghanies, presented by Rev. Father Dionisius. Two letters written by Rt. Rev. Michael Egan, first Bishop of Philadelphia; two letters written to Bishop Egan by his nephew, M. Du Burgo Egan; letter written in 1801, by Rt. Rev. John Carroll, first Bishop of Baltimore; letter written in 1821, by Rt. Rev. William Dubourg, Bishop of Louisiana; note written by Bishop Dubois, presented by J. Frank. Autograph of Rt. Rev. M. O'Connor, Bishop of Erie; autograph of Archbishop Purcell; Indian Good Book illustrated with scenes from the missions in Maine, presented by Dr. D. Waldron. Bishop England's pontifical chain presented by Rev. Mother Leon. Photograph of Rt. Rev. Bishop Lavialle; interesting information concerning the lives of Bishop Lavialle and Bishop Chabrat, presented by Father Peythien. Letter written by Rt. Rev. James R. Bailey, first Bishop of Newark; seal of Rt. Rev. Bishop de St. Palais, presented by J. H. Long. Rare colored engraving of Most Rev. Archbishop Carroll, presented by Bro. Lucien. Laity's Directory for 1835, containing a lithograph and a biographical notice of Most Rev. Archbishop Neale, presented by Charles Walsh. One of the three pens with holder used by the Archbishops and Bishops when signing the Decrees of the Third Plenary Council, and the one used by the Apostolic Delegate, Archbishop Gibbons, presented by Mr. M. Connor. Full-length standing photograph of Archbishop Hughes presented by his sister, Mrs. Rodrigues.

Thrilling Experience of Some Notre Dame People.

Prof. Albert Zahm, Ed. and Charley Marechal, Prof. Warren, Ralph Jones, Charley Barth and Tom Fisher, left Denver about three weeks since for the purpose of hunting and fishing in the celebrated Egeria Park, the old paradise of the Utes.

Nothing worthy of notice happened until they reached Dell Ferry's ranch, on the border of the park. A stroll was taken, which resulted in the lucky shot by Prof. Zahm. As he was crossing a deep swarth of willows, single, and with only his trusty rifle, he thought he heard the crack of a stick

just behind; turning half around, he saw one of the largest mountain lions preparing to spring upon him. As the willows were too thick for him to throw the gun to his shoulder, he, with great presence of mind, fired the gun as it was. The bullet penetrated the breast of the beautiful beast, who gave one of those unearthly roars, heard at the camp, more than a mile away. The noble king of the forest bit the earth, and, with another roar which reverberated through the mountains, expired. The young hunter skinned the lion, took the skin to the camp, stretched it on the side of the wagon. It was thirteen feet from tip to tip, and is undoubtedly the largest lion ever killed in Colorado.

The next day Messrs. Ed. Marechal, Charley Barth and Ralph Jones, discovered two cinnamon cub bears feeding near them. They gave chase, and as Ed. Marechal and Ralph Jones were quite expert with the lasso, they had soon captured them. With the aid of their well-trained horse, the bears were soon brought to camp. This naturally created much interest and amusement, until the old bear came around, looking after her cubs. The boys took the trees, leaving the dog to guard the camp and the precious prize. The old bear was furious. In her rage, she assailed the dog and soon had him limp and stiff upon the ground. The camp was then the bear's. She housed in it at will, helping herself to fresh meat and sugar in a most extravagant manner, regardless of the distance that would have to be traversed to replenish the larder. Prof. Warren and Tom Fisher soon got tired of their cramped perch on the tree-tops and determined to hazard everything, in order to get at the rifles which in their haste they had left below. The astute old bear checkmated this hostile movement, and sent the boys back in such hot haste that one of them sustained an irreparable gap on the upperback portion of his nether integuments. Prof. Warren was more fortunate on the second attempt. He secured his gun and soon had the satisfaction of seeing his grim old enemy stretched motionless.

Quiet was once more restored, much to the relief of all. Yesterday Ed. Marechal succeeded in killing a large elk, and to-day we have the meat which is splendid, but a little too fresh, besides this we have trout, wild duck, rabbits, chickens, and are in hopes of getting a mountain sheep before returning. We also send photograph of our wagon as we go up hill with the spike team. You will see the lion skin, elk horns on the side and the two cub bears leading behind, and as we are compelled to travel very slowly they get along first-rate in this manner. The Utes are now camped at Trappers Lake about fifteen miles from us. They expect to kill three or four thousand deer. We do not anticipate any trouble from them. On the contrary expect to join in some of their hunts. By the way; Colrow stopped and had dinner with us. He is very sly. He knew we could not get dinner for his whole band, so he came back alone after having taken his band a mile or so further on. He is quite intelligent, speaks English very well and looks exceedingly lazy, the trait characteristic of "all his tribe."—*Denver Democrat*.

Saint Mary's Academy.

One Mile West of Notre Dame University.

—The music halls and recreation-rooms have been painted and papered; their appearance is thereby greatly improved.

—During vacation there is no "Tablet of Honor," but the exemplary conduct of the young ladies entitles them to special mention.

—Thanks are returned to Mr. J. Dooling, Principal of High School, Hancock, Mich., for some valuable specimens from the copper mines of that region.

—The young ladies who remained during vacation have had a very pleasant time. A picnic to St. Patrick's farm was one of the most enjoyable features.

—As proof of their devotion to St. Mary's, many of the young ladies are using every effort to bring new pupils with them on their return. "The more, the merrier," is certainly true in this case.

—The many charming letters received from the pupils of last year show a grateful remembrance of teachers, and devotion to St. Mary's. All seem to be preparing to return in September. A warm welcome awaits them.

—The Feast of the Assumption was memorable to many; for, besides closing the annual retreat, it was chosen as the day on which twenty-six young ladies received the white veil, and fourteen made their religious profession. Rt. Rev. Bishop Dwenger officiated, and delivered a touching and eloquent sermon.

—Outdoor exercise, which has always been strongly advocated at St. Mary's, will be made more attractive next year by a Tennis set, the gift of Mr. J. Murphy, of Woodstock, Ill. Special thanks are tendered the donor, not only for the present mark of interest, but for the many manifested during the past two years.

—Among the many welcome visitors at St. Mary's during the past month may be mentioned Rev. R. Becker, San Francisco; Rev. J. Bleckmann, Michigan City; Rev. H. J. Brooks, Chicago; Rev. F. Menare, La.; Rev. L. Cook, C. S. S. R., Detroit; Rev. E. Rivard; Rev. F. Kelly, Rev. J. B. Crowley, Laporte; C. L. Stadtler, Texas; W. W. Dresden, Chicago; Prof. M. T. Corby, Chicago; Mrs. J. Prudhomme, Mrs. A. Hertzog, Nachitoches, La.; D. H. Regan, Texas; Mrs. E. C. Bradley, Cal.; P. E. Payne, Ky.; Mrs. Callahan, Philadelphia; Mrs. Nolan, Toulon, Ill.; Mrs. Lallemon, Ohio.

Edmund Burke.

Living in an age rife with the greatest characters the world has ever known, what one is more worthy our admiration than Edmund Burke? On the stupendous events which render that epoch of history remarkable, what personage exerted a more potent

influence than he? Infidel writings issued from fruitful minds of talented, but fallen, geniuses; Burke stood forth as the vindicator of liberal religious sentiments. A down-trodden people sought to throw off the galling yoke of despotism; Burke, the high-spirited, noble-minded orator, always on the side of right, became the advocate of the struggling American colonies which, though in their infancy, were to exert, like Hercules in his cradle, marvellous juvenile strength.

In far distant Asia lay a country dense in population and rich in productions. In this promising land the English rule had become predominant, and with growing power there was a consequent increase of oppression; Burke appears in the great "Indian Question" as the champion of right, putting forth his most energetic efforts to defend the people against English tyranny. A populace, excited by the daring eloquence of a Marat, a Robespierre, revelling in the blood of an innocent royalty, worked into a frenzy by the most wildly democratic principles, found in him an enemy more powerful than the gigantic exertion of the allies.

Dublin has the honor of being the birthplace of this wonderful writer, orator, statesman and philanthropist. To the happy circumstances which surrounded his youthful days was probably due that liberal conduct which was a distinguishing feature of his actions. His father, Richard Burke, professed the religion of the Reformers, while his mother adhered firmly to the doctrines of the Roman Catholic Church. This difference of belief in his parents instilled into Burke's mind that spirit of toleration which characterized his public life. His childhood was one of almost continual illness, thus keeping him indoors, and affording the opportunity to store his mind with that fund of knowledge which, increased by study at Castle-town Roche, Ballitore and Trinity College, was, during his active career in life, a source of such invaluable assistance to himself and of such universal astonishment to his auditors.

His school life was brought to a successful close by his graduation at Trinity College, Dublin, in 1748. He became a member of the bar, occupied high political positions, and, finally, in 1766, attained a seat in the House of Commons. From this time the name of Edmund Burke grew famous throughout the world. But before his appearance in the political arena of Europe he had produced two works which stamped him as a writer and a philosopher. The first—"A Vindication of Natural Society"—is a criticism of Lord Bolingbroke's attack on religious institutions. This anonymous essay acquired great popularity, being characterized by strength, terseness and appropriately beautiful illustrations. A vein of scathing sarcasm runs through the whole, greatly heightening the interest. The "Essay on the Sublime and Beautiful" gave Burke a foremost place in the ranks of the philosophers of the day. With marked clearness, erudite reasoning and effectual figures, he inquires into the causes of the multifarious effects produced upon our minds by various objects. Through the mazes of philosophical research, he

guides us to the conclusion that the vast and the terrible are the chief sources of sublimity; while size, smoothness, and variation constitute the elements of beauty.

He entered Parliament at a period agitated by the attempts of the American colonists to gain from England certain concessions. Burke threw himself into the struggle with an eagerness worthy his magnanimous spirit. His political wisdom enabled him to comprehend the situation at once; he immediately declared himself in favor of conciliation, and delivered a brilliant oration to that effect. This speech, declared the most exalted flight of oratory ever made in Westminster, is logical, beautifully worded, and indicative of his thorough acquaintance with America. Not only did he understand the country as a whole, but the intricacies of government in each state were perfectly familiar to him. The wise use of antithesis and interrogation give great strength and decisive effect to his eloquent attempt. For his generous advocacy of our cause all true American hearts must feel how deep is their debt of gratitude due Edmund Burke.

Although the grand efforts of his genius failed to cement a union between England and America, he was not disheartened by his lack of success, but soon published his intention of becoming the defender of India, whose misfortunes he attributed to the corruption of the "East India Company" with Warren Hastings at its head. His speech on the "Nabob of Arcot's Debts" is remarkable for earnest feeling, logical ideas, strong historical allusions, and touchingly vivid descriptions. His magical delineations transfer us to the Carnatic, desolated by famine, wasted by the invasions of Hyder Ali. By the outpouring of his soul in eloquent appeal for justice to an oppressed, and almost lifeless nation, he strikes a sympathetic chord in the reader's heart. In less talented hands, the subject might have excited little interest; but Burke's inimitable rendition of Indian sufferings aroused great enthusiasm in England. He was elected chairman of a committee appointed to impeach Warren Hastings, Governor-General of India; and perhaps never was a duty more sedulously performed. This famous trial, during which the most eloquent statesmen gave to the world specimens of brilliant oratory, was also the scene of some of Burke's most striking speeches. He has, indeed, been accused of prosecuting the affair with acrimonious avidity, but he is exonerated from censure when one considers how powerful was the least injustice in arousing his indignation. He possessed an intimate knowledge of India; had he wandered over the ruins of the Carnatic, or explored the devastation on the Deccan, his pen had not been more efficient in transporting us to those scenes where ungovernable ambition had produced its inalienable attendant—human misery.

France, during the latter part of the 18th century, the theatre of such a blood-curdling tragedy, next engaged Burke's attention, and afforded him matter for his "Reflections on the French Revolution." Noble sentiments, condemning the wild enthusiasm of a maddened populace, an elevated

diction, and a dignified defence of the British Constitution against the invidious attacks of the French politicians, are the salient points in the essay. His delicate sympathy for a deposed king, an injured queen, and an insulted royalty, are most touching. What passage could be more strikingly beautiful than his well-known selection on Marie Antoinette?—

"Little did I dream that I would have lived to see such disasters fallen upon her in a nation of gallant men,—in a nation of men of honor and of cavaliers! I thought ten thousand swords must have leaped from their scabbards to avenge even a look that threatened her with insult. But the age of chivalry is gone; that of sophisters, economists and calculators has succeeded, and the glory of Europe is extinguished forever."

In such effective sentences as the following does he express his contempt for the usurping government:

"Your legislators, in everything new, are the very first who have founded a commonwealth upon gaming, and infused the spirit into it as its vital breath. The great object in these politics is to metamorphose France from a great kingdom into one great play-table; to turn its inhabitants into a nation of gamblers; to make speculation as extensive as life; to mix it with all its concerns, and to divert the hopes and fears of the people from their usual channels into the impulses, passions and superstitions of those who live on chances."

Burke was bitterly opposed to any overtures for peace with the regicide rulers of France. His four letters on this subject are masterpieces of political composition. The sentences are well rounded, never seeming to contain a superfluous word; his style is strong and abounds in bold metaphors and striking climaxes. With biting sarcasm he portrays the humiliating position of the allies patiently waiting "in the ante-chamber of regicide, a strange, uncouth thing, a theatrical figure of the opera, his head shadowed with the tricolored plume, his body fantastically habited."

In appreciation of Burke's universally acknowledged virtues and abilities, the Crown granted him a pension. There were jealous persons, however, who could see worth in no one but themselves, and consequently attacked his right of accepting this favor. His "Letter to a Noble Lord on the Attacks upon his Pension" is the outpouring of an injured, but magnanimous spirit. Sound reasoning, bitter irony, and a perspicuous diction, render the "Letter" a model of brilliant repartee.

Burke was a very voluminous author. No subject was too lowly, none too profound, to lie outside the range of his cultivated mind. His talents were numerous, for he excelled in writing, oratory, philosophy, and statesmanship. In the annals of history it would be difficult to find a greater name than that of Edmund Burke. His praises were sounded by such renowned men who flourished during his lifetime, as Johnson, Fox and Sheridan; while succeeding generations have swelled the strain proclaiming him, in the words of Macauley, "The greatest orator of ancient or modern times."

ESTELLE HORN (Class of '87).

ATHEISM is not so much the *belief* of bad sciences as it is their *refuge*.