

THE NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.

DISCE · QUASI · SEMPER · VICTURUS ·

· VIVE · QUASI · CRAS · MORITURUS ·

VOL. XXI.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, NOVEMBER 5, 1887.

No. 9.

True Delicacy.

The most attractive quality in Shakspeare is his delicacy, in which he is far superior to Ruskin, Carlyle, or any of the writers of the present or past generation.

What! do I forget that expurgated editions of Shakspeare are now in the market, while there is nothing in the writers of the Victorian period that can call the proverbial "blush to the cheek of the most fastidious"? No: you need not remind me of these facts; but, at the same time, I would have you reflect that the only form of delicacy at which the expurgator can possibly aim is that which took the shape of a fig-leaf as the immediate visible result

"Of man's first disobedience, and the fruit
Of that forbidden tree whose mortal taste,
Brought death into the world, and all our woe."

Now, I am far from wishing to underrate or understate the necessity of this form of delicacy—a necessity which will be felt more or less acutely as the consciousness of inward depravity increases or decreases, and which is felt more acutely in our own day than it was in that of Shakspeare, or, indeed, at any previous epoch. But the very fact that this form of delicacy engrosses so much attention and creates so much anxiety nowadays, may render us oblivious that there are other and nobler forms of delicacy, which concern the soul rather than the body; which depend in no way on inward depravity, and which would have existed, had humanity remained unfallen.

First among these, let us consider that form of delicacy known as unobtrusiveness. Observe that Shakspeare never tells his readers anything about himself or his family, or his peculiar views, or his politics, or even his religion; for it is still a doubt whether he was a Catholic or not, which cannot be said of any other prominent man of the Elizabethan age. Now, Mr. Ruskin tells us that he (Ruskin) had an aunt who gave him cold mutton on Sundays. It is very kind of him to tell us this, because otherwise we should never have known it. But we may read Shakspeare from cover to cover

without finding out whether he ever had an aunt or an uncle, or even as many relatives as Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe's "Topsy" supposed herself to have. Nay, so little has he obtruded his own personality upon us that doubts have been lately mooted as to whether he was the author of the works ascribed to him or not. Will such doubts ever exist concerning the works ascribed to Ruskin or Carlyle?

Another most agreeable form of delicacy is that which avoids didactic arrogance. Shakspeare's works abound with sound ethical doctrine, couched in well-chosen phrases which impress themselves upon the mind and pass into popular proverbs. But while other moralists make the narrative a mere thread on which to hang their doctrines, in Shakspeare the moral is a necessary part of the narrative. That beautiful speech of Portia's, for instance, beginning—

"The quality of mercy is not strained,"

could not be omitted from "The Merchant of Venice" without actual damage to the story itself. Thus, he never makes us feel that he is consciously our teacher. His teachings fall, incidentally as it were, from the lips of his characters, as the most natural thing in the world for them to say under the circumstances. Moreover, he never repeats these teachings. There are repetitions in Shakspeare, no doubt, such as "and thereby hangs a tale," but these are repetitions of twaddle by characters whose rôle it is to talk twaddle. Shakspeare never repeats a really *good* thing. He gives you credit for the ability to recognize its goodness and remember it, without dinning it into your ears. But how is it with Ruskin? I recollect, on first taking up his books, reading the maxim: "All noble ornamentation is the expression of man's delight in God's work." It struck me as being a beautiful thought. It is a beautiful thought. But when I read on, hoping to find other beautiful thoughts, and found this same maxim continually cropping out in all kinds of unexpected places and forms, bobbing up from under the "Stones of Venice," popping from behind the canvas of "Modern Painters," dogging one's steps through the dim aisles of vaulted cathedrals, I began to forget that

it was a beautiful thought, and to shudder involuntarily when I met it. Ruskin, in short, treats you not only as a pupil, but as a remarkably stupid pupil. If he had appended the slang phrase: "and don't you forget it," to his thought in the first place, it would have been less offensive than so many repetitions.

A third acceptable form of delicacy is found in Shakspeare's discovering humanizing traits in the "villains" of his pieces. Dickens, the most genial of modern fiction-writers, must have his Squeers, his Fagin, his Jane Murdstone, his Sally Brass, his Quilp, his Pecksniff and many another monstrous form of unmitigated malignity; but Shakspeare will touch no such utter abomination. Compare his Richard III, even, with that horrible jailer in "Barnaby Rudge," who sits in the corridor of the prison gloating over the agonies of the wretches locked in their cells while they know that the building is on fire. And Shylock!—so much has been said on the skill with which Shakspeare has brought the conventional Jew of the period, who would have been represented as a mere incarnate fiend by any other writer, within the circle of human sympathies, that no repetition is needed here. Even Caliban, who seems at first sight *intended* to be a monster, turns out on acquaintance to be an everyday character, as the experience of most of us will unfortunately enable us to testify.

But it is in the limning of his *good* characters that Shakspeare's delicacy shines pre-eminent. I need not dilate upon the tender touches of the masterly hand by which each of his creations is made to stand before us as a separate, well-defined identity. That has been often done already by abler pens. But let me suggest that while the characters drawn by modern writers, such as Dickens's "Cap'n Cuttle" and "Pickwick," are endeared to us by their amiable eccentricities—their imperfections; it is not for their weakness, but for their power and perfection, that we love Shakspeare's heroes and heroines, Cordelia and Imogen, Kent and Prospero and the banished Duke in the forest of Arden. It has often been remarked that Thackeray's *good* women are always insipid and colorless; Dickens's are not much better. Walter and Florence, who ought to be hero and heroine of "Dombey and Son," are very faintly sketched in. And the pretty girls in "Pickwick" are all alike—no distinction even between mistress and maid.

Finally, let us observe the delicate consideration with which Shakspeare invariably approaches the subject of religion, and that, too, without, as we have before remarked, obtruding his own religious views upon us in any shape. At a time when it was the fashion for writers of every class, from the elegant Spenser to the ribald Knox, to heap obloquy upon the mendicant orders, Shakspeare's monks and friars are invariably men of sincere piety and virtue, and arrayed on the side of justice and clemency. Even in the historical plays, where the character could not be entirely of his own creation, he takes a lenient view of delinquencies attributed to ecclesiastics of every degree. Compare Shakspeare's "Cardinal Wolsey" with that prelate

as depicted on the pages of William Roy and other cotemporary writers.

And now, another word on the subject of expurgated editions. Whatever may be thought of their value, there can be no doubt that the practice of expurgating must have a most deleterious effect on the mind of the expurgator himself. For observe, he takes up a classic author, not to seek for good—not to find out what it is that has afforded instruction and delight to so many preceding generations, but simply and solely to seek for evil. Now the maxim, "Seek, and ye shall find," cuts both ways. Seek for good, and after a while you will learn to find, as Shakspeare says: "good in everything." Seek for evil, and you will soon develop an astonishing aptitude for finding evil. Your jaundiced eye will soon see evil "in everything"; and you will become as preternaturally silly as the fashionable preacher, who, carefully wiping his lips with spotless cambric, explained to the congregation how excessively uncomfortable the prophet Jonah must have felt in the whale's—aw—society.

Whether this time-honored anecdote be true or not, I cannot testify; but I *have* heard a well-paid "Shakspearian reader" begin the "Seven ages" by describing the infant as—

"Mewling and so forth in the nurse's arms."

The fact that "it pays" to play such monkey tricks with the lines of a great poet, is, I think, a sign of the degeneracy of the age in which we live.

To sum up: when you read a classic author, you commune with a mind whose superiority has been acknowledged by other superior minds for ages past; but when you read an expurgated text, a diseased mind has intruded itself between you and him with whom you would commune.

But if you cannot bear the unexpurgated forms—for in modern times we are all infected more or less with the spirit of the expurgator—there is a way of securing all the benefits sought by expurgation through a method diametrically opposite—the method of selection—the method of seeking the best, instead of the worst—a method which ennoble the mind as much as the other debases it. In the case of Shakspeare, Charles Lamb and his sister Mary have done this admirably. In Lamb's "Tales from Shakspeare" you find first the plot of the play, told in exquisite language as a narrative, then extracts from the drama given in Shakspeare's own words.

But avoid, above all things, the indelicacies of modern writers. In seeking to observe one form of delicacy they seem to have forgotten all the rest. Obtrusive, intrusive, censorious, vituperative, egotistical and, in fine, unendurable, they threaten to reanimate the brag and bluster of Egyptian and Assyrian conquerors, so long laid to rest in the undeciphered oblivion of hieroglyphic and cuneiform inscriptions. Barbarian arrogance, rebuked even by the heathen Greek, is now again lifting its head, and claiming to be a virtue under the name of manly self-assertion or a readiness to shoulder responsibilities. Those who admire Carlyle

and Ruskin will become like unto them, a consummation devoutly to be abhorred.

ARTHUR J. STACE.

Coincidence or Plagiarism?

The first line of Gray's "Elegy" seems to have been taken from Dante's "Purgatory," Canto VIII, lines 5 and 6. Gray writes:

"The curfew tolls the knell of parting day."

Dante says:

..... ode squilla di lantano,
Che paga il giorno che si muore.

Or, as Carey translates it:

And pilgrim newly on his road with love
Thrills, if he hear the vesper bell from far
That seems to mourn for the expiring day.

P.

Genevieve Lesueur.

(CONCLUDED.)

II.

Genevieve, seated at the water's edge, her rosary in her hand, was awaiting her husband. The little inn of Martinet, much frequented on Sundays, was deserted during the week, and Genevieve and her daughters were alone in the meadow. They had arranged one of the rustic tables under the willows for dinner, and Marthe and Marie, now crowned with daisies, were gathering some to make a garland for their mother. She was gazing anxiously towards the bridge; at last she perceived Lesueur, and, running to the inn, ordered the dinner to be served.

"You must be very hungry," she said to her husband; "how long you stayed! I had to give the children some bread and butter to keep them patient. Come, let us seat ourselves."

As soon as the modest dinner was begun, Genevieve questioned her husband, who related to her what had passed. Her eyes filled with tears.

"What!" she cried, "he did not even look at your sketches! What a wicked man he must be! And the Abbé who was there, did he not know your paintings in the cloister of the Carthusians, and your beautiful picture of St. Paul? Who can he be?"

"A Jansenist, without doubt," said Lesueur; "I soon recognize the hypocritical manners of those gentlemen of Port-Royal, and their systematic hatred of the fine arts. They are no better than Calvinists. They look upon all the legends authorized by tradition as fables, and they do not even wish to see the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin represented, thus contracting the domain of art as they contract the hearts of the faithful by turning them from Holy Communion. They mutilate the liturgy, they wither and make sterile everything with their cold, venomous breath. They wish to represent Christ crucified no longer with His arms

extended to embrace the whole world, but raised and drawn together as if to call down thunder and curse all creation. No longer the triumphant Virgin assumed into heaven, surrounded by angelic choirs—but Mary always in tears, always at the foot of the cross! No more smiles, no more Christian feasts; predestination, fatality, God without mercy, and the Christian without hope! What happens then? Poets and artists, driven from Christian subjects, are obliged to seek in Mythology forms and symbols a thousand times less beautiful than those they have rejected. This old President, with the big wig, not knowing how ridiculous he is, will reign in his *salon* between Venus and Love."

"Venus!" said Genevieve, opening wide her eyes, "who is this person? I do not know her."

"She would not please you, my dear wife," said Lesueur; "I must paint her, alas! for one must live. The paintings in the hotel once terminated, we will start for Rome. But there is much work to do, and we will have to live on the isle. The President proposes to rent us the little house opposite his hotel. Will you come and see it?"

III.

Six years afterwards, in April 1655, the paintings in the Lambert Hotel were almost finished. Lesueur's brothers and his brother-in-law, Thomas Goussé, had aided him; but he was so overburdened with other works, as difficult as they were ill rewarded, that he could not progress rapidly enough for the impatience of the President. The excess of work made him ill, and in a few days he was dying. He received the Last Sacraments and prepared for death with that simple and confiding piety which had sustained him during his whole life. "I have always loved God," he said; "I have glorified Him as best I could; and I hope He will receive me in His mercy, and take care of my wife and children."

But poor Genevieve could not resign herself to the thought of her husband's death. She had a little son, two months old, and this beloved child bore the name of Bruno, in memory of the Saint whose admirable life Lesueur had represented. Marthe and Marie rocked their little brother, while Genevieve cared for the invalid, and prayed day and night for his recovery.

At last he was better; he was able to get up, and on the 1st of May his rejoicing daughters helped Thomas Goussé to carry him into the garden. A large arm-chair filled with cushions had been prepared for him beneath the trees, and Genevieve, her little son in her arms, was seated near. The lilacs and roses exhaled their delicious perfumes, and the birds were singing the triumphs of the month of May. Lesueur seemed to breathe the Spring air with rapture. He looked at the river, at his children, at the beloved clock of St. Etienne du Mont, and said to his wife: "I am surprised that I still live; I had thought surely that the month of May would see me taken up above there, to the place that you know, Genevieve."

"You believed a foolish thing," she replied; "Speak no more of that; you are cured. In eight

days hence I will give you back your brushes, if you are very good. M. Vincent sent to ask how you were, and upon learning that you are convalescent he sent me word that he would come this very day to order a picture for the chapel of the Hospital of the *Salpêtrière*; he wishes the Nativity of Our Lord."

"Alas!" said Lesueur, "I have always wished to paint that subject, but M. Vincent has come too late, he will not see it."

"He hopes to," said Marthe; "M. Vincent is eighty years old, but he hopes to live long enough to see his picture; and you know, papa, M. Vincent has the gift of prophecy, he is a saint."

"He is a great saint," said Lesueur, "but when he has seen me, he will no longer hope to see his picture."

"Do not say that, papa," cried Marie; "Here is Bruno hurrying to grow up to pose for the Infant Jesus. Look how pretty he is!" And she raised the child, whose eyes were as blue as the heavens.

Lesueur smiled and said: "You would make a lovely Blessed Virgin, my daughter! Oh, how much more I should have liked to paint you thus than as Urania, celestial as I tried to make her! but I shall paint no more."

"I hear M. Vincent's coach," said Thomas.

"His coach!" said Genevieve, "It is not he, then; M. Vincent always walks."

"Not now," replied Thomas; "He is so feeble that the physicians oblige him to drive. The holy man calls this coach his humiliation, and to atone for it, he takes in all the poor children he meets and makes them drive with him. Here he is, see if it is not so!"

The garden gate opened, and St. Vincent de Paul entered, leaning upon the arm of a young Lazarist, and followed by half a dozen poor little children, who gazed at the garden in admiration. St. Vincent was bent and he walked with difficulty; but the peace and joy of Heaven shone in his face. Lesueur's daughters and Thomas ran to meet him, and, kneeling down, asked his blessing.

"Rise, rise, my children," he said; "do you take me for the Bishop? Let us see the dear invalid. Here he is in the garden; that is a good sign. Do not get up, Mr. Lesueur; I am your servant. Mademoiselle, show me this little innocent. Ah! here is one who will never need the Sisters of Charity to take care of him. Happy little child!"

"Bless him, Father," said Genevieve; "bless him, that he may become a great artist."

"Let us pray that he may become a great saint," replied St. Vincent, "the rest is not worth asking for! Pardon me, Mr. Lesueur; that does not mean that I disdain your art. On the contrary, I have come to ask you for a picture. But you seem tired. I will come back to-morrow."

"Father," said Lesueur, "do not go, I beg of you. When I have rested for an instant I shall be able to speak. Talk a little to my wife. Show your beehives to these gentlemen, dear wife."

Genevieve arose and led St. Vincent towards the hives. They remained there for a few moments, then she returned, anxiously. Marthe and

Marie were engaged in suspending a muslin curtain above their father's head which a ray of the setting sun touched through the foliage. They put their fingers on their lips. "He is sleeping, do not make a noise."

Lesueur was motionless, and his long brown hair, falling upon the pillow, brought out the deathlike pallor of his face. St. Vincent approached and took his hand. He remained thus for several moments; then, extending his hands over Lesueur's head, he pronounced, in a low voice, some words in Latin. Genevieve watched him anxiously. He turned to her: "My daughter, you know that sleep is the brother of death!" She fell on her knees, pressing her son to her heart; her eyes were fixed upon St. Vincent's face, but she could not articulate a word.

"My poor daughter," said the Saint, "bless God's holy will. He has spared Lesueur the last agonies of death. The brother has led the sister, and he who sleeps there will only awake at the day of resurrection." And St. Vincent recited the prayers for the passing of the soul, while Genevieve and her daughters sobbed bitterly, and the little birds bade farewell to the setting sun with gracious concerts.

Thus died, at the age of thirty-eight, the "French Raphael." He had not known the intoxicating joys of glory and wealth, but he had been happy in the love of his family—in that ineffable peace of a pure heart and the delights reserved to those who love the beautiful with an unselfish love. He had not visited Rome, but when his eyes, closing to earthly realities, no longer beheld his Genevieve and his children, the soul of Eustache Lesueur, accustomed to soar in higher spheres, entered, like the exile who returns to his country, that celestial city, of which the Rome of this earth is but the image, the symbol and the hope.

Robert E. Lee.

The world, sitting in judgment over its heroes, is accustomed to esteem success as the standard of merit. Even history is wont to make her lowest obeisance to the favored ones of the blind goddess, and to spurn her less successful, but perhaps more worthy courtiers. And thus it happens that Cataline is a "parricide and traitor," whilst Cæsar is the "greatest man of all time"; although to the untutored mind, in its inability to grasp the nice distinctions "twixt tweedle dum and tweedle dee," this disparity of fame seems scarcely just. And, had the careers of Alexander and Napoleon been nipped in the bud, instead of being surnamed the Great, they would, probably, have come down to us, the one as the "adventurous son of Philip," and the other a "rash and daring Corsican." But the subject of this sketch has met a better fate; and although his name comes down to us shrouded in the gloom of defeat, nevertheless, history in her justice has not denied him a place amongst her great ones.

Robert E. Lee was born at Stratford, Va., in 1806. His ancestors came to Virginia from England in the reign of Charles I, and from this time forward their history is closely associated with the history of Virginia. In the early days first succeeding their emigration the Lees were men of learning, and wielded considerable influence in the civil affairs of the colony; during the turbulent period preceding the Revolution they were amongst the first to raise their voices against the tyranny of England; and during the long war that ushered in the last half of the eighteenth century, the name of Lee was familiar to every child that knew the names of the leaders in that great struggle. Henry Lee, Light Horse Henry, who proclaimed his beloved commander "first in war, first in peace and first in the hearts of his countrymen," was the father of Robert E. Lee.

Descended from such a father, and such a family, it was only natural that our hero should possess all that fire and nobility of character, and that chivalric gallantry that had ever been a distinguishing feature of the Lee character. In 1818 his father died, and in 1824 young Robert was entered at West Point, where, in 1829, after an honorable career, he graduated first in his class. It being a time of peace, he was assigned a position in the engineer corps with the usual brevet rank of second Lieutenant.

The next important event in Lee's career was his marriage, in 1832, to a Miss Curtis, a granddaughter of Martha Washington. At this period he was serving in the engineer corps with credit, and in 1836 he was appointed first Lieutenant, and in 1838 Captain. His first active service was in the Mexican War, under General Wool at the opening, and subsequently under General Scott. In the reports of Scott of all the more important battles of the campaign, from Vera Cruz to the City of Mexico, Lee received special mention as well for his bravery under fire as for the skill with which he conducted the work of his department. In the closing action at Chapultepec, Lee was wounded and had to be carried from the field. At the close of this war, Lee bore the rank of Colonel. After two years spent as superintendent of the Military Academy at West Point, Lee was, in 1854, commissioned Lieutenant Colonel of Cavalry, and assigned to a regiment then stationed in Texas. In 1859 he was brought prominently into notice by his command of the regular troops sent from Washington to Harper's Ferry to suppress the insurrection of John Brown. Some time after this Lee returned to Texas where, with his regiment, he remained until the outbreak of the Civil War.

This is, in brief, the history of Lee's services to his country during the thirty years preceding the rebellion. He was now 54 years of age. In war and in peace, the best years of his life had been spent in the Nation's cause. Duties, arduous in peace and dangerous in war, had fallen to his lot, and in nothing had he been found wanting. All the fire and energy of his youth and the whole strength of his maturer years had been freely given to his country's service; honors had been bestowed

upon him by that country in token of her appreciation of those services; and now, when already past the prime of life, when advancing years had sapped the ardor of his youth and stilled ambition's restless voice, he was called upon to choose between his country and his native State. The two were then in open warfare with each other. Both had such claims upon his services that he could reach no decision without a long and bitter inward struggle. On the other hand, the country to whose service the best years of his life had been given; the country for whose independence his father had so valiantly fought; the country that he had been so proud to call his own, and whose banner, since his earliest days, had been his glory and his pride, now called upon him to draw his sword against a rebel host—to strike a blow for her integrity. Truly, there could be no higher duty than loyalty to the threatened Union. To desert in this, the hour of peril, seemed like basest treason.

But on the other hand, the Old Dominion called to him for assistance in her struggle, and he could not listen with indifference to her call. Her very soil was endeared to him by every tie that can bind the heart of man; it had been the home of his ancestors before the American Union was even dreamt of; their bones for over five generations had been consigned to its keeping; it was his birth-land, and around it clustered all the fond associations of his early days; it was the home of those who were nearest and dearest to him, and he had fondly cherished the hope that the old ancestral halls might be the home of his descendants long after he himself had passed from earthly scenes. She had been to him a tender parent, and to raise his arm against Virginia seemed not less than parricide.

For a time he wavered in his decision. A voice that proclaimed itself the voice of duty imperiously dictated the course he should pursue; a feeling that termed itself loyalty urged him to follow in the path that duty pointed out. But another voice, in low, beseeching tones, and with words of soft entreaty, pleaded with him to respect the sacred ties of home and kindred, to hold inviolate the claims of native earth, hallowed by memories of childhood, and sanctified by family traditions. It was a struggle of the head against the heart; but the heart triumphed.

The following extracts, taken from letters written by Lee at this time, give us a clear insight into his feelings. In a letter to his old commander, General Scott, informing him of his resignation, he stated that he would have resigned before "but for the struggle it has cost me to separate myself from a service to which I have devoted all the best years of my life and all the ability I possessed." About the same time he wrote to his sister:

"We are now in a state of war which will yield to nothing. The whole South is in a state of revolution into which Virginia, after a long struggle, has been drawn; and though I recognize no necessity for such a state of things, and would have forborne and pleaded to the last for a redress of grievances, real or supposed, yet in my own person I had to meet the question whether I would take part against my native State. With all my devotion to the Union, and the feeling of loyalty and duty of an American citizen, I

have not been able to make up my mind to raise my hand against my relatives, my children and my home. I have, therefore, resigned my commission in the army and, save in defence of my native State, with the sincere hope that my poor services may never be needed, I hope never again to be called upon to draw my sword."

Here we have laid before us the true character of the man. With all the simplicity of his noble nature, as soon as he has reached a decision, he writes to his sister, telling her all the feelings and promptings that have impelled him to his choice. Surely, we cannot doubt his sincerity. This is no studied speech or clever sophistry designed to make the worse appear the better. Like a guileless child, whose soul is a stranger to hypocrisy or cunning, he lays open his heart, lest his motives be misjudged by one whose approbation he values more than the applause of the whole Confederacy.

In April, 1861, Lee reluctantly resigned his commission in the United States Army to cast his lot with Virginia and the Confederacy. Whilst he still hoped that he would not be called upon to take an active part in the struggle against the North, he was, nevertheless, willing to sacrifice all for Virginia if she demanded his assistance; and the State, conscious of his worth, hastened to call his services into requisition. In the latter part of April he was commissioned Major-General of the forces of Virginia; and as soon as the Government of the Southern Confederacy was fully established, he was appointed Brigadier-General in the Southern Army. From this time until the close of the war all his efforts were for the success of his adopted cause. The part that Lee took in the great struggle is too well known to call for repetition here. It is sufficient to say that he was always found brave, generous and humane. When, after an arduous but unsuccessful struggle the army of Lee surrendered, he bade them farewell in a short, touching and characteristic address:

"After four years of arduous service, marked by unsurpassed courage and fortitude, the army of northern Virginia has been compelled to yield to overwhelming numbers and resources. I need not tell the survivors of so many hard fought battles, who have remained steadfast to the last, that I have consented to this result from no distrust of them; but holding that valor and devotion could accomplish nothing that could compensate for the loss that would attend a useless sacrifice of those whose past services have endeared them to their countrymen. . . . You will take with you the satisfaction that proceeds from the consciousness of duty faithfully performed, and I earnestly pray that a merciful God may extend to you His blessing and protection. With an increasing admiration for your constancy and devotion to your country, and a grateful remembrance of your kind and generous consideration of myself, I bid you an affectionate farewell."

Although no one, probably, felt the sting of defeat more keenly than Lee, yet here he wastes no words of idle sentiment; he expresses no vain regrets that could cause bitterness to rankle in the bosom of his followers; he makes no endeavor to shirk responsibility for the result; he makes no attempt to curry favor with the victors; but with a calm and manly dignity, that stands unruffled in the face of disaster and defeat, he speaks, in a few heartfelt words, his admiration for his comrades, and gratefully prays that the blessings and protec-

tion of Providence may attend their future footsteps.

They had submitted their cause to the arbitration of the sword, and now they must abide by its decision. And he who had so bravely led them in the unsuccessful struggle now set them the example of how manfully to accept the result. After peace had been established, Lee lost no time in sulking, indulged in no bickerings with his subordinates as to who was to blame for this or that defeat, revived no war memories, and indulged in no malicious, seditious speeches; but, like a true man, not too proud to acknowledge defeat or swear allegiance to the Government, but far too proud to accept its protection, and refuse to enroll himself amongst its supporters, he at once turned his attention to restoring what the war had swept away. He accepted the position of President of Washington College in the Valley of Virginia, and there devoted the closing years of his life to preparing the sons of his followers for the new state of affairs to which they must accommodate themselves.

Amidst the peace and quiet of the valleys of his beloved Virginia he spent the remainder of his days, and died, mourned and loved by those whose cause he led; honored and respected for his virtues by those against whom he fought.

N.

Revenge.

Revenge is a naked sword—
It has neither hilt nor guard.
Would'st thou wield this brand of the Lord:
Is thy grasp then firm and hard?
But the closer thy clutch of the blade,
The deadlier blow thou would'st deal,
Deeper wound in thy hand is made—
It is *thy* blood reddens the steel.

And when thou hast dealt the blow—
When the blade from thy hand has flown—
Instead of the heart of the foe
Thou may'st find it sheathed in thine own!

—C. H. WEBB IN *November Century*.

[From the *Catholic Review*.]

Founder of Universities.

In March, 1848 Macaulay was installed as Lord-Rector of the University of Glasgow. In his speech on that occasion he spoke of Pope Nicholas V, who was to that university what Leo XIII is to the new Catholic University of the United States. The characteristics of the two Popes have much in common, and it may be well asserted of the latter what Macaulay says of the former, that "no department of literature owes so much to him as history." The following is part of Macaulay's speech:

"The University (of Glasgow) came into existence just in time to see the last trace of the Roman Empire disappear, and to see the earliest printed

book. At this juncture—a juncture of unrivalled interest in the history of letters—a man never to be mentioned without reverence by every lover of letters, held the highest place in Europe. Our just attachment to that Protestant faith, to which our country owes so much, must not prevent us from paying the tribute which on this occasion and in this place, justice and gratitude demand to the founder of the University of Glasgow, the greatest of the revivers of learning, Pope Nicholas V. He had sprung from the common people; but his abilities and his erudition had early attracted the notice of the great. He had studied much and travelled far. He had visited Great Britain, which, in wealth and refinement was to his native Tuscany what the back settlements of America are now to Britain. He had lived with the merchant princes of Florence, those men who first ennobled trade by making trade the ally of philosophy, of eloquence, and of taste. It was he who, under the protection of the munificent and discerning Cosmo, arrayed the first public library that modern Europe possessed. From privacy your founder rose to a throne; but on the throne he never forgot the studies which had been his delight in privacy. He was the centre of an illustrious group, composed partly of the last scholars of Greece and partly of the first great scholars of Italy, Theodore Gaza and George of Trebizond, Bessarion and Tilefo, Marsilio Ficino and Poggio Barceolini. By him was founded the Vatican Library, then and long after the most precious and the most extensive collection of books in the world. By him were carefully preserved the most valuable intellectual treasures which had been snatched from the wreck of the Byzantine Empire. His agents were to be found everywhere—in the bazaars of the farthest East, in the monasteries of the farthest West—purchasing or copying worm-eaten parchments, on which were traced words worthy of immortality. Under his patronage were prepared accurate Latin versions of many precious remains of Greek poets and philosophers. But no department of literature owes so much to him as history. By him, were introduced to the knowledge of Western Europe two great and unrivalled models of historical composition, the work of Herodotus and the work of Thucydides. By him, too, our ancestors were first made acquainted with the graceful and lucid simplicity of Xenophon, and with the manly good sense of Polybius.”

Scientific Notes.

—A mastodon's tusk, four feet long, found at Dover, Wis., has been placed in the public museum in Milwaukee.

—Carbonic-acid gas was first condensed to a liquid by Faraday in 1823, and was first produced by Thilorier as a white, snow-like solid in 1835.

—A wooden case containing a complete set of surgical instruments, many of which are similar to those used at the present day, was a recent discovery at Pompeii.

—A granite tile on exhibition in a show window at Detroit is over 800 years old, and said to have been taken from the tomb of William the Conqueror at Caen, Normandy.

—A New York jeweler has a curious clock which was imported from Paris. It is a bronze model of a steam boiler, and has a steam gauge, safety valve and speed regulator, while a thermometer occupies the place of the water gauge. The dial of the clock is on the furnace door, and above it is a barometer. When the clock is running, the pendent balls of the speed regulator do the work of the ordinary pendulum.

—Powdered glass is largely taking the place of sand in the manufacture of sand paper. It is readily pulverized by heating it red hot and throwing it into water, the finishing being done in an iron mortar. By the use of sieves of different sized meshes, the powder is separated into various grades. A strong paper, or muslin, is tacked down and covered with a strong size of glue, the surface covered with powdered glass, and when the glue is dry, the surplus glass is shaken or brushed off.

—M. Bees, the designer of the new Flemish theatre in Brussels, maintains that the present system of lighting the stage by footlights is altogether a mistake from the acoustical point of view; the thick stratum of heated air through which the voice of the actors has to pass before it reaches the audience necessarily tending to diminish its sonority. He has substituted a triple range of gas jets immediately behind the orchestra. They too will, of course, create a rarefaction of the atmosphere in their immediate vicinity; but its effects will be much less sensible than those of a single row of lights on the stage. The new system does not, however, meet the artistic objection to footlights, that of throwing shadows upward and distorting features. Mr. Booth in his *Iago* often used these footlights effectively in bringing out a satanical expression of countenance; but in general, their effect is inartistic. The stage is a picture, and should be so lighted.

—The mounting for the thirty-six-inch telescope, which was designed and built by Warner & Swazey Co. of Cleveland, was finished on the 25th ult., and at once shipped to its destination on Mt. Hamilton, Cal., where it will be placed in the Lick Observatory. The column is of cast-iron, 10 by 17 feet at the base, and 4 by 8 feet at the top, and weighs 18 tons. On this column rests the head, weighing four tons, in which the steel polar axis, 10 feet long and 12 inches in diameter, supports the declination axis, also of steel and 10 feet long; 10 inches in diameter, and weighing 2,300 pounds. The steel tube is 56 feet 6 inches long, is 4 feet in diameter at the centre, tapering to 38 inches at each end, and weighs over four tons. The driving clock and balcony for the assistant astronomer is reached by a spiral staircase at the south side of the column. The centre of motion is 37 feet above the base, and when the telescope is pointed to the zenith, the object glass, which is 36 inches in diameter, is 65 feet from the base. The total weight of the telescope is 35 tons.

NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.

Notre Dame, November 5, 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.

Our Staff.

G. H. CRAIG, '88, P.VD. BROWNSON, '88,
JAMES BURNS, '88, CHAS. P. NEILL, '89.

—In view of the vast amount of dialect literature to be found at the present day in our magazines and newspapers, it becomes a matter of interest to decide how we ought to spell "door" so as to make it rhyme with "poor." The Chicago *Tribune*, in its issue of Thursday, Oct. 20, in an article headed "Doubting his Ability to Keep his Promise," spells it, "dure"; but this, we think, is unen-dure-able.

—It is pleasant for us to note the great satisfaction expressed by the authorities of the University in the "Bulletins" of the students for the past two months. These reports were read in the various study-halls during the week, and we are assured that by their general excellence they were as highly complimentary to the students as they were indicative of hard, earnest work. It cannot, of course, as a rule, be expected that those attending six or seven classes should receive perfect marks in all of them; and when we consider the exactness with which the reports are made out by the Professors, we take a pride in the present large number of excellent "bulletins," and feel justified in saying that it augurs well for a happy and successful year. It is hoped that those who have made such a good record since the opening of the term, will continue in their laudable efforts to realize the expectations

which parents and friends may have formed, and we have reason to believe that such is their determination.

In such a large body of students there are, no doubt, some who do not conscientiously fulfil the duties which they have assumed on their entrance into the University, and whose records, therefore, are far from pleasing to their Professors and friends. This class, we are glad to state, is few in numbers, and with good will and strict application will, we hope, be soon reduced to nothing. It is in the power of all to meet any reasonable expectation formed of them, and a little determination will raise their standing to a comparatively excellent mark. Success in any position of life presupposes effort; and he alone deserves success who, having learned the avenues leading to it, enters upon them earnestly, and fully determined to overcome the difficulties and surmount the obstacles that may lie in his way.

The next official report will be issued about the fifteenth of December, and it is hoped that those who have not as yet attained the standard of excellence desired will work with all their energy to make their next "bulletin" a good one—one that will be creditable, not only to themselves, but their friends and their *Alma Mater*.

—On the evening of October 30, Father Kirsch, accepting the invitation of the efficient and zealous Professor of Elocution, J. A. Lyons, delivered a lecture to the Elocution classes (Euglossians) in St. Cecilia Hall on "The Voice: What it is, and What is its Relation to Oratory." The subject, interesting as it was in itself, was made peculiarly so by the marked taste and ability with which the Rev. lecturer treated it. Premising that his subject was articulate voice, he therefore could make no more than passing reference to that other great factor in delivery, the silent voice of muscular movement—gesture and facial expression. Every sensation, every affection, every thought, and especially every spoken thought, if deeply felt, externates itself in muscular movement. And since corresponding sensations effect corresponding movements in all men, those movements are a kind of silent voice; and, like the voice proper, can be cultivated and rendered graceful by art. The Rev. lecturer exhibited with great success in his own person the effects of various sensations on the body, and, advising his audience to study and practise facial expression and gesture, passed to his subject proper.

A well-ordered voice, he said, substantially, is essential to the orator; and power to order the voice is the gift of art, not of nature—*Orator fit*. The voice is a grand instrument given us by nature; everyone can perform on it to discord, only the trained, to music. It resembles a piano; anyone may sit on the stool and produce sound, but he only that has learned to play can produce harmonious sound. It is the palette, brushes, paints and canvas with which the artist alone can produce a pleasing picture. With many striking examples

and arguments, the lecturer convinced those of his audience who needed conviction that, "to use the voice as it should be used, to use it as it is *not* used by the speaker that empties the hall or sends his audience to sleep, training and practice are necessary."

The Rev. gentleman went on to explain, with the aid of plaster casts of the various organs of speech, how sound is produced, and how it is rendered articulate by the lips, palate, teeth and nostrils. The wonderfully complicated anatomy of the throat and chest, the location and offices of *trachea* and *larynx*, *glottis* and *epiglottis*, *thyroid* and *arytenoid cartilages*, vocal chords and lungs were explained in lucid language and apposite examples. The reason of the variety of voices, pitch and *timbre* was shown, and with his own voice of splendid reach, Father Kirsch gave various specimens of pitch. He concluded a thoughtful and instructive lecture with valuable hints on how and when to breathe, weighing them with the consideration that in breathing lies the chief secret of successful delivery. The attention of the audience, the well-merited applause, and the vote of thanks passed with acclamation showed how Father Kirsch's lecture was appreciated. We are certain that his next—"How to use the Voice"—is looked forward to with eagerness.

Individual Equality.

Among the great fundamental questions relative to the social order, which must needs meet with some well-defined answer, in order to the direction and progress of states and commonwealths, there is not one more difficult, and at the same time of greater importance, than that of individual equality. It cannot be said that the feeling of equality is implanted in human nature. Long ages have gone by,—men and nations have passed through the gradations of civilization,—this enlightened nineteenth century is fast drawing to a close, and yet this so-called dogma has not been indelibly inscribed upon the customs, nor the manners, nor the laws of any people. The very idea of individual equality seems at first sight to be paradoxical, for neither physically nor morally are men cast in the same mold.

It is only in the religious order that a true object can be found corresponding with any notion of individual equality. The Gospel sets forth that before God all men are by nature equal, inasmuch as they have received from Him all that they possess, and their merit or demerit, in His eyes, consists in the manner in which they act with reference to His precepts. But this dogma, transferred to the social order, plays but a sorry figure. Equality, in respect to a future life, does not imply equality in a terrestrial life; for the inequalities of the present will find their compensation in the rewards of heaven.

From a political point of view, social equality is something very difficult, if not impossible; of at-

tainment. In modern society, intellectual development is monopolized by a class, comparatively few in numbers. If this class enjoy no preponderating influence, the principle of political equality would relegate it to a state of impotentiality, with the result that society would deteriorate and fall into ruin. Nor would an education, made common to all, serve to establish an intellectual equality, not any more than the same nourishment would produce like effects in every bodily frame.

Technically, men are equal before the law; but still this is far from producing social equality; and, wherever social distinctions do not exist naturally, conditions are soon found whereby they are established. Education, wealth, birth, furnish means for social distinctions, practically recognized and accepted everywhere. Even in our own great land of liberty and equal rights, how often is it not the case that prominence in public life, in party leadership, is secured primarily through privileges of birth!

The very elements of the social organism are opposed to the principle of equality. The family must have its head, so also the State by whatever name he may be called. In the army, in the various great occupations of life, there must be a directive agency. And even supposing—what is impossible—a starting-point of equality, would it not be the height of injustice to make no account of services rendered; in other words, to make no distinction between the good and bad citizen?

In one word, men may talk of perfect individual equality when they are gifted with the power of creating, and not before. C.

Imagination.

What a dull, insipid thing human life would become were the soul bereft of the imaginative power! Like color in nature and art, it is the primal fountain of all that pleases; a fairy queen, at whose touch the merest dross is transformed into gold, and the meanest objects robed in resplendent beauty. Nor does any other power of the human soul play such an important part in the wear and tear of common, every-day life. Employed by man at almost every moment of his existence, in all his actions, important as well as trivial, the imagination holds her sway in the life of the pauper, as much as in that of the millionaire; in the life of the ignorant, as well as of the learned. Take away this idealizing faculty of the mind, and the earthly light of man's existence would be extinguished, nature become for him a universal blank, and his passage through life naught but a daily revolution in the rut of human care and sorrow.

Ever yearning and searching after happiness, man hesitates not to sacrifice days and nights of wretchedness, long years of toil and sorrow, health, honor, friends, everything, to purchase a single drop of the nectar of his nature. And ever on the alert, he no sooner beholds at a distance the object of his persevering efforts, than, sending forth the ten-

drills of imagination to entwine themselves around it, he forthwith hastens to the enjoyment. When, lo! as he reaches forth to possess himself of it, the beauty and the joy have already fled, and, in place of the rosy-hued, mellowed fruit which he expected, he grasps in his hand only a few withered leaves, brightly colored, it may be, but utterly incapable of satiating the hunger to which he is a prey. It is not the object, however, which is the cause of the deception, but rather our own fancy. The object is still undiminished, but we no longer view it through the magnifiers of time and distance. It may seem strange to say that pleasure is mainly what we choose to make it, that it is almost entirely dependent on our imagination, yet such is, nevertheless, the case. Nay, the imagination is even powerful enough to make appear beautiful and desirable that which is evil in itself and fraught with nothing but bitterness and woe, and the remembrance of which must ever remain a source of the keenest anguish to the mind.

Probably the most poignant sorrow which could afflict a young and sensitive soul is the discovery, unexpectedly, of this unreality of all that man is wont to seek and toil for here below. After devoting the priceless years of youth and the best period of manhood to the attainment of some object, and after fondly persuading oneself that labor is at last about to be crowned with fruition, and the patient thirst of years quenched in the limpid waters of satiety, it is found that, instead of the golden sceptre which was expected, a broken reed is to be the only reward; then, indeed, is the veil of the temple of youth rent in twain; then, for a moment, does the brilliant but deceptive siren of fancy abandon her victim in the desert of the weariness and loneliness of life, while the soul realizes to the full the nothingness of the things of this world. And when religion is not near to console and inspire hope, is there any wonder that the sufferer should seek to drown in the care-forgetting exhilaration of the wine cup, or to forever terminate, by self-destruction, the wearied sense of being which permeates the soul at seeing her brightest hopes forever withered; her fondest dreams lashed into dissolving foam against the rocks which environ her lonely shore? B.

Books and Periodicals.

—*The Art Amateur* for November has, for special features, a very attractive color study of "Grapes" by A. J. H. Way, a bold and effective figure of a "Sportsman" for tapestry painting, a fine pen and ink study of "Nasturtiums," and a very interesting and profusely illustrated article on "Cats," the first of a series on animal painting and painters. The numerous designs include two full-page figures—a Breton peasant by Jules Breton and a Flemish maid after Toudouze; china painting decorations for a cream jug, panel and plaque (snow-berry, sweetbrier and begonia); embroidery designs for a cushion and a sermon case, and a page of

monograms in P. The notable practical articles are those on fruit painting in oils (with special reference to the grape study), "wet" water-color, photograph painting, flower painting on Holland, and tapestry painting. The "Hints about Art Galleries," account of "A Modern French House," "My Note Book," and the book reviews are specially interesting. *The Art Amateur* announces a colored plate with every number for 1888 and numerous other attractive features which will make it more than ever indispensable to all students and lovers of art.

—With the current number *The Century* magazine begins its eighteenth year and its thirty-fifth volume. As usual, the November number is especially notable. The frontispiece is a portrait of Washington, by Wright, of Philadelphia, made in 1784, and now for the first time engraved. Of this portrait it is stated that Washington wrote to Mrs. Powel, for whom it was painted, that "it was the best for which he had then sat," while Tuckerman said that "perhaps no portrait of Washington bears such convincing marks of genuine individuality without a particle of artistic fluttery." Silhouettes of Washington, John Washington, and Benjamin Franklin, made by themselves and not before printed, also appear in a paper on "The Home and the Hunts of Washington," by Mrs. Constance Cary Harrison, which reproduces with much picture-que illustration the life and scenes of Mount Vernon and Alexandria in Washington's time. Great interest attaches to Mr. Kennan's paper on "The Last Appeal of the Russian Liberals," the text of which, for the first time in English, is included in his article,—in fact, the appeal has hitherto not really been published at all. Considering the wide and growing popular interest in Russian life, literature, and politics, Mr. Kennan's series—the result of a special investigation of Russian politics, as seen both in Russia and in Siberia—is likely to create a genuine "sensation." The special art feature of the number is the sculpture of Augustus Saint Gaudens, of which several beautiful examples are reproduced, including two of his portraits in low relief, the large relief portrait of Dr. Bellows, the Puritan statue at Springfield, Mass., the caryatid from a chimney piece in the house of Cornelius Vanderbilt, and the figure of an angel for the tomb of the late Governor Morgan. To a discussion of Mr. Saint Gaudens' art by Kenyon Cox is added a short critical article on his statue of Lincoln for Chicago, of which a fine engraving is printed with the article. Mrs. van Rensselaer does not hesitate to pronounce this figure "not only our best likeness of Abraham Lincoln, but our finest work of monumental art." The conclusion of the Battle Series is emphasized in this number by an admirable presentation in text and pictures of the break-up of Lee's army and the surrender at Appomattox. The article is by General Horace Porter, and is entitled "Grant's Last Campaign." The Lincoln History reaches a most interesting part of the great President's career, the period between his election and his inauguration.

Personal.

—Mr. J. Rend, of Chicago, visited a few days at the University this week.

—Mr. John Wagoner, '87, is doing well in the real estate business in Omaha.

—Warren Cartier, of Luddington, Mich., a member of last year's graduating class, is making a pleasant visit at the University.

—A letter received from Mr. D. E. Dwyer, '87, locates him in St. Paul where he is completing professional studies begun at Notre Dame.

—Rev. Vice-President Morrissey went to Elgin, Ill., on Saturday to attend the obsequies of the late Mr. John Spillard, whose decease, on the 29th ult., was learned with sorrow by many friends at Notre Dame.

—An interesting and welcome letter has been received from Mr. C. C. Kolars, '86, of St. Paul, Minn. We learn with pleasure that he recently passed successfully a very strict examination before the Supreme Court of Minnesota, and has been admitted to practice. All his friends wish him the highest meed of success.

—Among the visitors during the week were: W. McLennon, Union City, Ind.; Mrs. R. Wright, W. H. Wright, Woodstock, Ill.; Mr. and Mrs. R. K. Leak, Pleasant Plain, Ohio; Mrs. Wm. Birch, Valparaiso, Ind.; Mrs. Dr. J. Mitchell, C. Johns, Terre Haute, Ind.; Mr. M. and Miss J. Bloom, Iowa City, Iowa; Miss B. Bloom, Omaha, Neb.; J. B. Dayton, T. R. Smith, Thos. Callahan, Philadelphia, Penn.; Mrs. S. Spitzer, Covington, Ohio; P. Merkle, Columbus, Ohio; W. H. Helmuck, Miss E. and M. Helmuck, Buchanan, Mich.; D. Reedy, Cincinnati, O.; Mr. and Mrs. E. Bugbee, Miss M. Bugbee, Oxfordville, New Hampshire; Miss C. Badet, New London, Connecticut; Mrs. A. C. Miller, Cleveland, Ohio; Mrs. Jno. Casebeer, Jackson, Mich.; Mr. and Mrs. M. Fisher, Mishawaka, Ind.; Mrs. F. A. Stace, Marshall, Mich.; Miss M. J. Stace, Mrs. John Williams, Niles, Mich.; Mrs. T. E. Lonergan and daughters, J. M. Ayer, Mrs. W. P. and Miss M. Rend, Jos. P. Rend, Miss E. Reedy, Mrs. H. Zeiman, M. Thome, Mrs. J. S. and Miss A. L. O'Donnell, Anthony Schill, Chicago, Ill.; H. Göke, Sapello, New Mexico; Mrs. L. H. Sanford, New York city; W. W. Hodge, Rochester, N. Y.; Mrs. C. Tennant, Dundee, N. Y.; R. H. O'Hara, Williamstown, Ky.

Obituary.

MR. JOHN SPILLARD.

The sad news has reached us of the death of Mr. John Spillard, the estimable father of the Rev. D. J. Spillard, C. S. C., '64, and Mr. Jeremiah Spillard of '68. He departed this life on the 29th ult., at his residence in Elgin, Ill., after a lingering illness, borne with Christian fortitude and consoled in his last moments by the rites of holy religion

and the presence of his worthy children. For many long years he had been a prominent citizen of Elgin, honored and esteemed by all with whom he came in contact, showing forth in his life the practical influence of true Christian faith. The *Elgin Courier* pays the following tribute:

“Mr. Spillard was an old and respected resident of this city. He was born in Cork, Ireland, 68 years ago in June, coming to this country when a young man. For nearly ten years he lived at Rochester, New York, and Erie Pennsylvania removing to Elgin in 1854. His business was that of a tanner; he engaged in this and in wool-buying. For some years he had been retired from business. He leaves a widow and eleven children—Rev. D. J. Spillard, of Notre Dame University, Jeremiah of Chicago, Ellen, Mary, John, Michael, James Frank, Walter, Theobald and Charles. The deceased was universally respected, and his demise is deplored by all.

“Mr. Spillard was a public spirited citizen, thoroughly interested in everything pertaining to the welfare of the city. He was an efficient member of the city council more than twenty years ago, and brought to the discharge of his duties a clear, practical mind, and was frequently solicited to take part in municipal affairs. He was the father of thirteen children. The eleven who survive were, with their sorrowing mother, present at his death bed. An Irishman, proud of his native land, he was thoroughly American and devoted to the best interests of his adopted country. In religion he was a Catholic of that kind whose faith was deep-rooted and firm, but always tolerant of the opinion of his fellow citizens. Taken all in all, Mr. Spillard was a model Christian father, a useful citizen and an upright man. Of his nine sons, some were born and all brought up in Elgin, where all, except two, reside.”

The funeral took place from St. Mary's Church on Sunday, the 30th ult. In accordance with the expressed wish of the deceased, the six youngest sons were the pall-bearers, and their act imparted a beautiful and touching interest to the last sad rites. Numerous friends at Notre Dame extend their heartfelt sympathy to the afflicted relatives in this hour of trial. They have the consoling assurance that a good upright, life has been fitly crowned by a worthy end. May he rest in peace!

Local Items.

- The Staff!
- Distinguo* soup.
- Hurrah for No. 31!
- “Hurry up, boys, we can't wait.”
- Do not mistake vinegar for hard cider.
- The Empire City won the billiard-table.
- An addition is being built to the laundry.
- Thanksgiving comes on the 24th this year.
- The “Grads” have organized a drum corps.
- Improvements are being made in Science Hall.
- The Temperance Societies are to be reorganized in the near future.
- The Thespians have begun rehearsing for their “Washington's Birthday” play.
- Messrs. Ewing and Mulkern have been elected members of the Conversational Society.
- The fine weather which we are now enjoying is conducive to “pedestrianical” efforts.

—An exciting game of football was played on the Junior campus, last Monday afternoon.

—Venus can now be seen at its greatest brilliancy about 5 o'clock a. m. Mars is getting brighter.

—Mr. Chas. Johns, a former student of Notre Dame, has returned to the University to complete his course of studies.

—Some of our friends should become better acquainted with the rules concerning games before they give any decision.

—The bulletins read this week were exceptionally good, and reflect credit upon both the efforts of the Faculty and students.

—At the 3d regular meeting of the Thespian Association, held Saturday, Oct. 15, Mr. J. Burns was unanimously elected a member.

—The medals which were awarded to successful athletes on St. Edward's Day have been received, and distributed among their winners.

—The subjects for the essays in the advanced English classes, as well as those for the English Medal and History Course, will be published next week.

—Prof. Ackermann has nearly completed the handsome and artistic decorations of the Junior dining room which he has been working upon for some time.

—The beautiful Indian Summer has cheered us with its balmy haze all through the week. Our courteous Astrologer says that we are getting more of it than we deserve.

—Our special baseball nine regrets having to go into Winter quarters without having had an opportunity of crossing bats with the Minims and other neighboring clubs of like calibre.

—Oratory is the soul, and Elocution the body of eloquence. Lacking in either of these, the orator fails. Elocution can exist without oratory, but there can be no oratory without elocution.

—There is enough material here for a first-class bicycle club. The earth is soft and spongy now, and the trees around the lake can be padded so as to prevent any repetition of recent accidents.

—We are pained to learn that our esteemed Bishop of Ft. Wayne, the Rt. Rev. Dr. Dwenger, was seriously ill during the past few days. We hope that he will soon be restored to the full enjoyment of health and strength.

—The classes of Botany and Physiology are now busily engaged in practical work with the microscope, and, under the careful guidance and instruction of Rev. Father Kirsch, are making rapid progress in microscopic work.

—The confraternities will soon be reorganized on an entirely new footing under the direction of the Rev. Father Stoffel, who has prepared and published an excellent manual for the use of the Sodalists.

—Captain Cusack has appointed the following additional officers for company "A," Hoynes' Light Guards: First Corporal, F. Fehr; Second Corporal, M. Mulkern; Third Corporal, F. L. Jewett; Fourth Corporal, E. Prudhomme.

—Owing to the reading of the bulletins last Wednesday evening, Prof. Fearnley was unable to deliver the lecture which he had prepared for the occasion. However, we shall have the pleasure of listening to it some evening next week.

—The following members of the Senior department received perfect bulletins for September and October: A. Gibbs, T. Griffin, T. Goebel, P. Brownson, S. Hummer, H. Luhn, J. Heinemann, J. Burns, J. Nations, J. Thatcher and G. Craig.

—The lecture committee endeavored to secure Prof. Kellar, the celebrated magician, to deliver a lecture before the students on Monday last. But, owing to the lateness of the Professor's arrival in South Bend, it was impossible to make satisfactory arrangements.

—The Band has been reorganized with the following members: V. Morrison, P. Paschel, W. Morrison, G. Houck, L. Preston, J. Keating, B. Tivnen, P. Prudhomme, L. Orr, E. Howard, E. Chacon, T. Flood, Prof. Gallagher, G. Craig; Leader, Prof. Krugg.

—The St. Joseph Temperance Cadets, of South Bend, marched out to the University last Sunday, and gave an exhibition drill before a large and admiring audience. The cadets were tastefully uniformed and well drilled, and reflect considerable credit upon their able instructor.

—At the 4th regular meeting of the St. Stanislaus' Philopatrian Society, held Saturday, Oct. 20, Master T. Gray was elected to membership. Interesting biographical sketches were presented by Masters McNulty, Wilbanks, Bronson, Noud, Mooney, Quinlan, Ramsey and Mulqueen.

—Last Saturday, the thirteenth anniversary of the death of Rev. Augustus Lemonnier, C. S. C., fourth President of the University, some of his friends gathered in the room of Professor Lyons and agreed to place in the church a marble mural tablet with an appropriate inscription to his memory.

—The address to the Holy Father from the Catholic Total Abstinence Union of America, which has been prepared by Rev. S. Fitte, of the University, and printed at the *Ave Maria* office, is now being artistically illuminated by Signor Gregori. We hope to present a translation to our readers in our next issue.

—Rev. Father L'Etourneau, who has been seriously ill during the past month, is now happily convalescent, and from every indication but a short time will elapse before he resumes his duties once more amongst us. The many friends and well-wishers of the Rev. Father will be pleased to receive this cheering news.

—Prof. Remenyi, the great Hungarian violinist who visited Notre Dame some years ago, on his tour through America, was drowned in a shipwreck off the coast of Madagascar, a few weeks since. Many at Notre Dame will remember his visit and wonderful performance with pleasure, and his untimely death with much regret.

—The frontispiece of the *Ave Maria* for Octo-

ber is an excellent lithographic reproduction of a beautiful painting of the "Madonna and Child." The engraver has well preserved that expression in the features and attitudes of the figures, which forms the value of the original; and the tinted ink in which the plate is printed imparts an additional charm. It is a picture well worth preserving.

—A nine, composed of ex-Juniors, played an interesting game of baseball last Thursday afternoon with a nine taken from the rest of the Senior department. The game lasted 12 innings, and the ex-Juniors were finally defeated by a score of 10 to 11. The batteries were: White and Preston for the ex-Juniors; Matthews, Pender and Burns for their opponents.

—The Band (?) was out serenading the other evening. It is in a rather primitive condition as yet, consisting of only two strong-lunged individual horn-blowers, and a muscular drummer. The music (?) produced on the night in question was of the most doleful kind, and it is devoutly to be wished that the serenaders will in future go far, far away from any human habitation.

—Measurements have been taken by triangulation which show that the height of the statue on the College dome is 200 feet and 10½ inches from the ground to the top of the statue. Previous calculations have been found, by the investigations of one of our embryo mathematicians, to be incorrect, owing to the shadow cast by the dome being crossed at right angles by the shadow of a huge chestnut tree located near the Post-Office.

—At the 5th regular meeting of the St. Cecilia Philomathean Association, held Wednesday evening, October 26, Masters Backrack and Rhinehart were elected members. Master Berry read an excellent paper. The following officers were elected: Masters M. O'Kane, Recording Secretary; M. McGurk, Historian; and J. Blake, Sergeant-at-Arms. The 6th meeting was held on the 31st. Biographical sketches of eminent personages were given by Masters J. McGrath, F. Lane, W. Hackett, W. Devine and E. Berry.

—Last Saturday evening the case of the American Express Co. vs. the Phoenix Ins. Co., that had been pending in the Moot-court for one week, was, after the examining of a few witnesses, argued before the jury. The case was ably prosecuted by Messrs. Albright and Smith, and as ably defended by Messrs. Akin and Tiernan. Mr. Albright opened the argument with a long speech that showed preparation of the case, and furnished a great deal of amusement for the audience with a long list of stories; Mr. Akin followed, and in a concise speech convinced the jury that the case was defended for cause; Mr. Tiernan came next and spoke eloquently for ten minutes; then the closing speech was made by Mr. Smith, who occupied a space of about fifteen minutes, propounding law to the Court. The jury retired, and after some time was called in by the Court. When asked for the verdict, the clerk read: "We, the jury, agree to disagree." Neither side can boast of victory, although both deserve it.

—The many friends of Mr. John P. Lauth, '68, of Chicago, will peruse with interest the following from the *Chicago Herald* of the 28th ult.:

"Professor J. P. Lauth, of the North Side, chief ranger of St. Benedict's Court, No. 24, I. C. O. F., returned last week from an extended European tour. On Wednesday night St. Benedict's Court met for the first time since the return of the chief officer, and in honor of Professor Lauth's presence after his voyage had a pleasant surprise prepared for him. The house was gaily decorated for the occasion, and on a large table rested a ship made entirely of flowers. Chaplain Father Celestine, on behalf of the Court, welcomed the chief officer home again, and presented to him a beautiful cane made of ebony, the gold head being appropriately engraved. Brother Matt Pitts, of St. Martin's Court, No. 34, asked leave to bring the welcome of his Court, and presented a silk umbrella with a gold tipped handle to the honored guest of the evening. Professor Lauth recognized the kindness and courtesy of his brothers in a brief history of his travels in Europe and of his visit to the famous battle-fields of the Franco-Prussian war."

—The Director of the Bishops' Memorial Hall acknowledges, with gratitude, the receipt of the following contributions: Photographs of Mgr. Dinkel, Bishop of Augsburg; Mgr. Schreiber, Bishop of Bamberg; Mgr. Herzog, Bishop of Breslau; Mgr. Melchers, Archbishop of Cologne; Mgr. von der Marwitz, Bishop of Culm; Mgr. Bernert, Bishop of Dresden; Mgr. Leop, Bishop of Eichstadt; Mgr. Kremetz, Bishop of Ermeland; Mgr. Orbin, Archbishop of Fulda; Mgr. Kopp, Bishop of Fulda; His Eminence Cardinal Ledochowski, Archbishop of Gnesen and Posen; Mgr. Jacobi, Bishop of Hildesheim; Mgr. Blum, Bishop of Limburg and Lahn; Mgr. Koppes, Bishop of Luxemburg; Mgr. du Pont des Loges, Bishop of Metz; Mgr. Fleck, Coadjutor Bishop of Metz; Mgr. Steichale, Archbishop of München-Freising; Mgr. Brinkman, Bishop of Munster; Mgr. Drobe, Bishop of Paderborn; Mgr. Weckert, Bishop of Passau; Mgr. Senestrey, Bishop of Regensburg; Mgr. Hefele, Bishop of Rottenburg; Mgr. Ehrler, Bishop of Speier; Mgr. Rass, Bishop of Strassburg; Mgr. Stumpf, Coadjutor Bishop of Strassburg; Mgr. Korum, Bishop of Trier; Mgr. Stein, Bishop of Wurzburg; full-length standing photograph of the late Bishop Foley, of Chicago, presented by Mother Ascension. Photograph of a drawing of old St. Mary's Church, Lancaster, Pa., erected in 17—, presented by Mr. S. M. Sener. Interesting document from the pen of the first Bishop of Covington, presented by Rt. Rev. Bishop Maes. Document written by Bishop Chabrat referring to miracles worked by Bishop Flaget; autograph letter of Bishop Reynolds, presented by Rev. Father Kendrick. Sandals and gold embroidered pontifical gloves used by the first Bishop of Philadelphia, presented by a Sister of Charity. Seven letters written by Bishop Bruté to Rev. M. Chanche, and others between 1827-33; seventy-six letters written by Archbishop Maréchal; four letters written by Archbishop Whitfield; one by Bishop England; one by Bishop Fenwick, of Boston, presented by Rev. Father Burke. Photograph of Rt. Rev. Mgr. de St. Palais, presented by W. Aikin. Amice, embroidered by Queen Josephine, of Norway, bearing the seal of the Prefect-Apostolic, Rt. Rev. Mgr. Fallize; History of the Cathedral of Thront-

heim, and thirty-two large engravings illustrating the edifice published by the Norwegian Government, presented by Rev. Father Fallize. Two autograph letters presented by — Kehoe. Photograph of Father de Smet, S. J., from Rev. Father Rosen.

Roll of Honor.

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

SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

Messrs. Albright, Beckman, P. Burke, Barrett, J. Burke, Barnes, Bronson, Barnard, Blessington, Bernhart, J. Burns, Bush, Brownson, Brewer, Brit, Baca, Boldrick, Boland, Cosgrove, E. Clark, J. Cassidy, Cusack, Cooke, Craig, Crill, Chute, T. Coady, E. Coady, Donaghue, Dempsey, Dore, Dulaney, Ewing, Eyanson, Francka, Fitzharris, Finckh, Fenton, Fisher, Fehr, Fink, Goebel, Gordon, Giesler, Gibbs, Gilmartin, Henderson, Heinemann, M. Howard, Hummer, Hughes, Houck, Hart, Jennings, Kerlin, Keating, A. Larkin, W. Larkin, Lappin, A. Longmire, L. Longmire, Langan, W. McDermott, Meehan, Metzger, Mulkern,* J. McDermott, Munroe, W. Morrison, Maloney, McCart, Mack, McAuliffe, McGrath, Melady, T. McCune, Nations, Andrew N choll, Alfred Nicholl, Norton, Neill, Nelson, Nirdlinger, O'Hara, O'Regan, Pollock, Plato, P. Prudhomme, E. Prudhomme, Prichard, Preston, Roper, Rothert, Rudd, Ruebsamen, Reedy, Scholfield, Sullivan, Schang, Short, Stephenson, Suing, Sawkins, Spencer, H. Smith, Tiernan, Tudor, Thatcher, Webb, Wall, Woods, Wilkin.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

Masters Adelsperger, Allen, Adams, Berry, Bombeck, Bronson, Boyd, Beaudry, Blake, Burger, Brown, Brady, Cunningham, Cauthorn, Campbell, Cooney, J. Connors, Case, Coad, Chacon, F. Connors, Connelly, Carney, Casey, Chute, J. Doherty, J. S. Doherty, Delaney, Daniels, Davis, Devine, Ebner, Elder, Fitzgerald, Falvey, Fleming, F. Flynn, Frei, Gross, an, Galbreth, Gray, J. Greene, T. Greene, Gale, Gonzales, Gärten, Houlihan, Henderson, R. Healy, Hoffman, Howard, P. Healy, Hampton, Hilar, Hartman, Hake, R. Inderrieden, Johnson, Jewett, Johns, Jackson, Josselyn, Kinsella, Kutsche, Kahn, Lahey, Leona d, Moncada, Monaghan, McCartney, W. Martin, Munroe, McGuire, McMahon, John McIntosh, James McIntosh, W. Mallay, McIvers, Hughes, McPhee, Miner, Mulqueen, McKenzie, Mooney, Neef, Noud, O'Neill, O'Hearn, W. O'Brien, G. O'Brien, O'Donnell, M. O'Kane, B. O'Kane, Priestly, Paquette, Powers, Pecheux, F. Peck, J. Peck, Pfau, Patterson, Quinlan, Roth, Ricdon, Reinhard, I. Rose, S. Rose, Rowsey, C. Schillo, F. Schillo, R. Spalding, Sheik, Senn, L. Scherrer, C. Scherrer, Schloss, Silver, Simpson, C. Spalding, Talbot, Thome, Wile, Wright, Wilbanks, Wood, Wageman.

MINIM DEPARTMENT.

Masters Ayer, Ackerman, H. Backrack, S. Backrack, A. Backrack, Bloomhuff, Blumenthal, Beckham, Barbour, G. Black, L. Black, Blake, Beerman, Boettcher, Bates, D. Burns, Bradley, C. Connor, W. Connor, E. Conners, Collins, Connelly, Cummings, Clendenin, Carlile, Cudahy, Cohn, Crane, Durand, J. Dunn, F. Dunn, Jessie Dungan, Jas. Dungan, Davidson, Doss, L. Dempsey, J. Dempsey, F. Dempsey, G. Franche C. Franche, Flannery, F. Falvey, E. Falvey, Ferkel, Grant, Goldmann, Griffin, Greene, Hinds, Hagus, Harlan, Healy, Halthusen, Jennings, Jaramillo, H. Johns, Kerwin, Kutsche, Kehoe, Klauer, Koester, Keefe, Kinsella, Kane, A. Lonergan, H. Lonergan, Mooney, Marx, Morgenweck, Maternes, A. Mayer, L. Mayer, G. Mayer, McPhee, Mott, J. Marre, A. Marre, Neef, Neenan, Nichols, O'Neill, Oppenheimer, O'Mara, Perry, E. Paul, C. Paul, Plautz, Parker, Quill, Rogers, Ricks, Sweet, Savage, Seerey, F. Smith, E. Smith, Stephens, Stone, Speir, Tomkins, J. Toolen, F. Toolen, Taft, Trujillo, Thornton, W. Williamson, Wm. Williamson, J. Walsh, Welch, W. Walsh, Witkowsky, Wilson, Young, Zieman.

* Omitted last week by mistake.

Saint Mary's Academy.

One Mile West of Notre Dame University.

—The Misses M. F. Murphy and G. Stadler were the readers at the last Academic meeting.

—Thanks are returned to Miss J. Studebaker for beautiful cut flowers for the altar on the Feast of All Saints.

—The walk to the gate is more than pleasant these bright, bracing mornings, and the merry laughter that rings out on the air gives evidence that all enjoy it.

—Certificates were given on Tuesday to all those who received 100 in any one study during the month of October. It is to be hoped that more will be deserving this month.

—Another letter from Very Rev. Father General has come to gladden the hearts of all at St. Mary's. He hopes to be home soon; and that reality may crown this hope, is each one's earnest prayer.

—None watch for the "Roll of Honor" more eagerly than those aspiring to be numbered among the "Children of Mary." The first reception of members will be in the new Church of Our Lady of Loreto, probably on the 8th of December.

—The Third Seniors were made happy on the 31st by the addition of a fine compound microscope to their Philosophy room. Although under strict orders not to use his name, they return thanks to Rev. Father Zehm, C.S.C., who was mainly instrumental in procuring it.

—Among the late visitors at St. Mary's were Mrs. Lonergan, Mrs. M. Richey, Mrs. W. P. Rend, Jos. P. Rend, Chicago; M. Bloom, Iowa City, Iowa; Mrs. H. W. Wright, Woodstock, Ill.; Mrs. M. Stace, Miss A. Stace, Marshall, Mich.; Mrs. Young, Mrs. Jas. O'Neill, New York city; T. Callahan, Philadelphia; P. Merter, Columbus, Ohio.

—A letter from the esteemed mother of one of our pupils has a sentence which we beg pardon for inserting, but which, owing to its source, is more than appreciated. The writer says: "I have visited many schools, but my husband and I both remarked that we had never seen one with so many cheerful surroundings, and we shall be gratified to have our daughter graduate from so excellent an institution."

—There must be a prophet among the writers for the *Chimes*; for on Oct. 16, in the first issue, there appeared an article, the first prediction of which was verified last week; for as Tuesday was a holiday, the Tuesday classes were held on Wednesday. The article read as follows: "One of our mathematicians tells us that from Oct. 16, to Dec. 22, there are only forty-five class days, for there are three holidays; namely, November 1, Nov. 24 and Dec. 8. According to St. Mary's computation, however, it should be expressed in this way. Forty-five days *plus* the three Wednesdays that come nearest to the above-mentioned holidays equal the sum of forty-five and three; hence there will be forty-eight class days."

Dedication of the Church of Our Lady of Loreto.

On Tuesday, the Feast of All Saints, the Church of Our Lady of Loreto was dedicated to the service of God. Long had all at St. Mary's looked forward to that happy event, and the bright sunshine that gilded the cross which crowns the dome, seemed symbolic of the joy in each one's heart. At nine o'clock, Very Rev. Father Corby, assisted by Rev. Fathers Stoffel, O'Hanlon, Lauth, French and Saulnier, with several seminarians, commenced the dedication ceremonies, and entered the precincts so soon to be hallowed by God's presence. After the Rev. clergy came the procession of pupils—the sodalities of the Holy Angels and Children of Mary bearing their beautiful banners—then the members of the Community and the visitors. It was a beautiful sight as the procession slowly passed around the interior of the church, proceeding down the middle aisle to the pews.

Between the dedication ceremonies and the holy Mass, the choir rendered Emmerich's *Laudate Dominum*, beautifully expressing the feelings of all in that grand hymn of praise. Solemn High Mass was celebrated by Very Rev. Father Corby, with Rev. Father Stoffel as deacon and Rev. Father O'Hanlon as subdeacon. The Very Rev. celebrant preached an eloquent sermon on the Feast of the day. The *Missa de Angelis* was sung, and at the *Offertory, Sit Nomen Domini Benedictum*, while after Mass *Regna Terræ*, by Curts, raised all hearts to the King in whose honor the church was erected, and whose blessing was invoked.

Everyone felt the absence of Very Rev. Father General, and many of the first petitions offered in the Church of Our Lady of Loreto were for his spiritual and temporal welfare.

Associated Effort.

The time-worn, oft repeated proverb "Union is strength," embodies a truth which at once impresses the necessity, in the social economy, of systematic, united effort. In every enterprise designed to promote the common good, unassisted, persevering labor, individual power of endurance, and personal vigor, though admirable factors, are as nothing compared to co-operation, to associated effort in bringing about the desired success.

So clearly does man appreciate the value of union, so fully does he realize his individual weakness, that in no walk of life do we find him isolating himself from the rest of mankind. Sympathy and assistance are found indispensable, even to one apparently most indifferent to his fellow-men. The desire for these is a salient trait of human nature which springs from the dependence of the creature upon the Creator. A mortal cannot exist by himself. It is an impossibility resulting from the very fact of his possessing a human nature.

As a lesson to confound the pride of vain, presumptuous man, nature teaches how indispensa-

ble is unity to every created thing. Physical existence cannot be sustained, except by the harmonious action of every organ. Suppose for an instant that the heart, rebelling, suspends its pulsations. The life-giving current is cut off, respiration ceases, dissolution is the result. Remove one constituent from a rock—as, for example, the alkalis from granite—and it crumbles away to dust and powder. Extract one single element of most any given substance, and its character is changed. Moisten the phosphorus on the end of a match, and it is made worthless. Exclude the oxygen from the fire, and the flame is extinguished. On the other hand, what evidences do we discover to exemplify the might of concurrent action. Two clouds which do not convey the impression of anything uncommon may appear and disappear without leaving a trace behind; but let them come into collision, and no conception can be formed of the force produced. Who can measure the might of the thunderbolt? The deadly dynamite is composed of elements each one harmless in itself, but united, their power is incalculable.

The plant cannot exist by the perfection of any one organ alone; the leaf, the flower may be complete, but detach them from the root, how soon they die! It lives only through the agencies of light, heat, and moisture joined to the responsive performance of each special function confided by nature to each organ of the plant.

We see the importance which is attached to association even in the material world; what must it be in the world of mind and soul? The integrity of a commonwealth depends upon the indissolubility of the ties which bind the members into one harmonious whole. Let feuds, conflicting interests and party differences arise, how soon mutual confidence is destroyed, how soon the doom of the nation is sealed!

"*E Pluribus Unum*" was the inscription engraven upon the arch, the emblem of the Thirteen Colonies. Had one stone of that structure been withdrawn, the grand arch of American liberty would have been reduced to a mass of ruins. Had the beautiful spirit of peace and harmony been superseded by the blighting influence of discord and strife, we could not, as we do to-day, point with pride to the enduring confederacy which we glory to call our mother country. Her orators with irresistible eloquence, her poets with melodious verse, extol her undivided magnificence. They recognize in "Liberty and Union, now and forever, one and inseparable," the potent charms which, if preserved, will safely guide her over the periods of danger which from time to time menace the State.

"The Union! the Union! was purchased with blood:
Side by side to secure it our forefathers stood.
From the North to the South through the length of the
land,
Ran the war cry which summoned that patriot band.
Division! No, never! The Union forever,
And cursed be the hand that our country would sever."

A craving for seclusion from the world and its dangers, and the desire for guidance in the pursuit of a spiritual life, lead many to seek the cloister with

the intention of making a worthy preparation for the promised reward of heaven. There, with unity of purpose, and that wise submission so well calculated to bind more closely the ties of charity, such holy souls battle together, vanquish temptation, and labor for the highest good of suffering humanity. Allied to one another; united to God, the whole inseparable, the many in one, what vast benefits do they confer upon those who fortunately are in need of their assistance! In harmonious concord the days fly by, each freighted with innumerable praiseworthy deeds, not visible, perhaps, to the outer world, but ascending as a sweet and acceptable incense to the Eternal Throne of God.

Through patriotic strife, through the mournful ways of sorrow which all must traverse, through reverses, discouragements, difficulties and dangers, the human soul ever restless, ever aspiring, is seeking for the

"One kingdom, joy and union without end,"

union forever and ever, through time and eternity with the Divine object of the heart's adoration.

As a faint reflection of the beatific vision,—the *Trinity in Unity*, before which the very Cherubim bow in awe—we have on earth the Church which in its *oneness* gives undeniable proof of being the Spouse of Christ. There, the faithful—bound together by the eternal truths which they believe; the hope which they cherish, and the charity in which they glory,—unite in the worship of their God. There they find the *Divine commonwealth* which unites beneath its sacred standard all heroic souls of all ages and all nations who live to labor for the salvation of the race.

"Lord of the universe! shield us and guide us,
Trusting Thee always, through shadow and sun;
Thou has united us, who shall divide us?
Keep us, oh! keep us, the many in One!"

MARY F. MURPHY (Class '88).

Roll of Honor.

SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

Par Excellence—Misses Allen, Andree, Arpin, Brady Balch, Bub, Burton, Barry, Barth, Bloom, Brewer, Beschameng, Boyer, Bourn, Bray, Butler, Bates, Blacklock, Beck, Carmien, Clifford, Claggett, E. Coll, Carey, Conners, Clore, M. Coll, H. Dempsey, C. Dempsey, Ducey, M. Desmond, C. Desmond, Davis, Dunkin, Daube, Early, English, Flannery, Fitzpatrick, Gavan, Geer, Guise, Gordon, Hummer, Hughes, Hertzog, Hellmann, Hyland, M. Horner, I. Horner, Henke, Hinz, Harlen, Heffron, Hillas, C. Hurley, K. Hurley, Hoffmann, Hutchinson, Hepburn, Johnson, Kearns, Kennedy, Kohler, Kron, Keyes, Latta, Leonard, La Berge, M. F. Murphy, L. Meehan, N. Meehan, McCormick, Morse, E. McCarthy, McEwen, McNamara, Moore, C. McCarthy, Marsh, McFadden, Mitchell, G. Murphy, Neff, E. Nicholas, L. Nicholas, O'Brien, Orr, Prudhomme, Piper, Papin, Quill, Quealey, G. Regan, Rend, Riedinger, E. Regan, Richardson, Robinson, Rowsey, Rannells, Reen, Snowhook, Sullivan, Stadtler, Sheehan, Saviers, Slonan, M. Smith, B. Smith, Spier, Studebaker, Schmauss, Thompson, Van Mourick, Van Horn, Wright, Waterbury, Wagner, Wiesenbach, Wehr, Young, Zahm.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

Par Excellence—Misses Balch, E. Blaine, Butler, Burdick, E. Burns, M. Burns, Campbell, Churchill, Crane, N. Davis, E. Dempsey, Dolan, Dryer, Farwell, Foster, Fritz, Hake

Hagus, Hull, Hughes, Knauer, Kloth, Lewis, Longmire, Loomie, Lauth, Mercer, Miller, McCune, B. McCormick, N. Morse, M. Morse, Newman, G. Papin, Pugsley, Quealey, Reed, Rhinehart, Rose, Rogers, Simons, Stapleton, Wyatt.

MINIM DEPARTMENT.

Par Excellence—Misses E. Burns, A. O'Mara, A. Papin, S. Smith, L. Reeves.

CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC.

HONORABLY MENTIONED.

ADVANCED COURSE—Miss E. Horn.

GRADUATING CLASS, 1ST COURSE—Miss H. Guise.

1ST CLASS, 2D DIV.—Misses M. F. Murphy, M. Rend, L. Van Horn.

2D CLASS—Misses A. Reidinger, B. Snowhook.

2D DIV.—Miss O. O'Brien.

3D CLASS—Misses E. Brady, M. Desmond, K. Gavan, G. Regan, L. Sears.

2D DIV.—Misses M. Barry, H. Coll, L. Ducey, E. Flannery, M. Horner, L. Hillas.

4TH CLASS—Misses C. Dempsey, T. Hinz, J. Latta, C. Moran, E. McCarthy, L. Piper, G. Stadtler.

2D DIV.—Misses M. Clifford, J. English, K. Heffron, A. Keyes, I. Stapleton, M. Sheehan, M. Smith.

5TH CLASS—Misses M. Bates, A. Blacklock, I. Bub, B. Claggett, F. Carmien, L. Dolan, L. Fravel, M. Hughes, L. Henke, O. Hoffman, C. Hurley, M. Hummer, O. Knauer, E. Kearns, M. McEwen, N. Morse, M. Sullivan, E. Wright.

2D DIV.—Misses M. Beck, M. Carey, M. Davis, E. Dempsey, J. Daube, M. Fitzpatrick, E. Harlen, B. Hellmann, F. Hertzog, M. Hull, E. Lewis, L. Meehan, H. Meehan, E. Quealey, P. Sloman, G. Wehr.

6TH CLASS—Misses J. Bloom, E. Balch, T. Balch, E. Churchill, E. Foster, H. Hake, A. Johnson, M. Kennedy, L. La Berge, M. McCormick, M. Newman, C. Prudhomme, M. Rhinehart, R. Van Mourick, L. Waterbury, K. Wagner.

2D DIV.—Misses M. Andree, M. Arpin, M. Burton, E. Blaine, M. Coll, E. Fritz, M. Kohler, C. Kron, M. Loomis, G. Murphy, L. Nicholas, V. Orr, M. Papin, H. Pugsley, E. Regan, M. Richardson, J. Robinson, M. Simon, M. Thompson, A. Wyatt.

7TH CLASS—Misses C. Bray, E. Burns, M. Burns, C. Conner, M. Campbell, E. Davis, N. Dunkin, M. Geer, K. Hurley, E. Hagus, E. Longmire, L. Mercer, M. McCune, K. McCarthy, M. Mitchell, E. Nicholas, E. O'Conner, N. Quill, G. Rowsey, D. Rogers, M. Rannells, I. Zahm.

2D DIV.—Misses M. Morse, A. O'Mara, L. Wiesenbach.

8TH CLASS—Misses L. Dryer, C. Kloth, B. McCormick, G. Papin, L. Reeves.

9TH CLASS—Misses F. Burdick, M. Miller, M. Rose, M. Reed, S. Smith.

10TH CLASS—Miss Ella Burns.

HARP.

ADVANCED COURSE—Miss M. Dillon.

FIRST COURSE.

6TH CLASS—Misses L. Hillas, B. Snowhook.

7TH CLASS—Miss L. Waterbury.

GUITAR.

6TH CLASS—Misses M. Burton, K. Desmond, L. Nicholas.

VIOLIN.

4TH CLASS—Miss B. Morse.

6TH CLASS—Miss H. Studebaker.

VOCAL DEPARTMENT.

1ST CLASS—Miss M. F. Murphy.

2D DIV.—Misses K. Gavan, H. Guise.

2D CLASS—Miss C. Moran.

3D CLASS—Miss E. McCarthy.

2D DIV.—Misses M. Barry, F. Carmien, N. Dempsey, C. Dempsey.

4TH CLASS—Misses I. Bub, M. Carey, F. Hertzog, B. Hellmann, B. Morse, H. Studebaker, C. McFadden.

5TH CLASS—Misses E. Balch, B. Claggett, L. Hillas, C. Hurley, E. Kohler, C. Kron, M. McCormick, L. Nicholas, E. Nicholas, O. O'Brien, C. Prudhomme, M. Papin, B. Wagner.