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Washington.*

BY PHILIP VD. BROWNSON, '88.

A century and half a century and a year are reckoned with the irrevocable Past since the day when the hero of the American nation was born. Eighty years and nine are fled since that hero, in an age of heroes, closed his eyes in sleep that "knows no waking"; and through all the land wailed the voice of sorrow, from Bunker Hill and the forest glades by the Monongahela to the blue waters that roll past the memorable town of York and the warm fields and bayous far down in the generous South. And even from across the sea re-echoed the cry of mourning from a people who had sent their generals to greet the first rays of the orb of Liberty as it dawned upon the Western Continent.

And who was this whom the whole world thought fit to so honor? O would that I had a tongue of fire to speak the grandeur of that true American and noblest character perhaps in all history! Still, you bear his name graven on your heart, and his example written in your memory. I could not make you love him more,—no one could make you love him less. But as old warriors gather together to tell strange tales of the still stranger deeds that make or mar a nation's glory, so we love to speak one to another of the stern days of yore when our forefathers fought for justice, and Washington, "the prince of all the land, led them on."

As a youth, he was fond of books; quiet, modest and affectionate. He excelled in all manly sports; his practical surveying gave him a rare knowledge

of wood-craft, and hardened his body to athletic proportions.

The tale of his life is unrolled, and what a succession of brilliant, thrilling scenes pass before our eyes! We see a gallant army under their veteran general marching with high hearts through the forest depths, and a body of Virginians with their captain in the prime of manhood who sits his horse better than any gentleman in Europe. But it would be idle to rehearse the sad story of Braddock's disgrace, of Washington's wisdom and valor, and how he saved the remnants of that gorgeous host.

And now the scene shifts—the thirteen colonies have asserted their God-given rights. The eyes of his country and of all Europe are on Washington. Already the foremost man in the nation, he is girded with supreme military authority. The fate of three millions of people hangs upon the actions of their chief. His movements are firm, brilliant, yet prudent, and his character stands out even brighter against the dark background of disaster than in the light of victory. We see him at Monmouth, and we admire; at Valley Forge, and we almost adore him. But lower and lower sink the fortunes of his country. Will British force and Hessian hirelings triumph over the rude valor and Spartan heroism of nature's freemen? No! standing there in the dead of a mid-winter's night, upon the banks of the swollen Delaware as it rushes by choked with floating ice, is the hero with his little army, frozen, broken-spirited, and hopeless; and there, a few miles away, feast the enemy in their warm quarters, drinking the health of the weak-minded George. Suddenly Washington's eye kindles; the fire of inspiration is burning in his brain. 'Tis now, or never—he must hazard one bold stroke, or all is lost! And he starts to cross that madly roaring flood. Ah! never did military genius plan and execute a more daring, brilliant scheme. Europe was as-

* Oration of the Day, delivered at the celebration of Washington's Birthday, Feb. 22.

tounded at the tale of Trenton and Princeton, and those victories have placed their hero on a plane with the most illustrious captains in history. But you know well the story from the opening chapter of Bunker Hill to the surrender of Cornwallis at Yorktown:

What made Washington so great a chief was his sound sense and good judgment; his choice of officers; his god-like lack of jealousy and envy; his strange dignity and indescribable majesty, and a quiet enthusiasm which fired the heart of the most distant subaltern. Ah! how the soldiers loved him! With what strong confidence they lisped their leader's name when shivering round the camp fires at Valley Forge, or tenting in the starlight before York!

About noon, on the 25th of November, 1783, the fleet with England's troops on board sailed quietly out of the Narrows, and Washington, with Clinton and Knox by his side, rode into the streets of New York at the head of the American Army. And as he lifted his hat to the heart-born cries of joy and triumph that burst from the throngs around him, he must have realized the ineffable sweetness and expansion of soul which man feels when he has proven himself superior to Defeat; when he has wrested the laurels from the iron grasp of reluctant Fate; when the long, weary fight is done, and on the sinking sun's last beam comes the goddess Victory. He must have realized all this; but if he did, he never betrayed to others' eyes the state of his own heart. God seemed to have left upon His chosen instrument some impress of the grandeur and dignity of the work it was intended to perform. And so, at last, America is free, and with one accord the world proclaims Washington First in War.

The scene is changed: the smoke of war has rolled away; but now new dangers of a subtle order assail the young Republic. With peace had come discord; the bonds that held our people united in their struggle were threatened, and the vision of disunion, with its attendant weakness and certain ruin, rose before the eyes of the patriots. Under the guidance of Washington did our fathers lay deep and firm the foundations of our constitution, and their work done, they turn with a longing appeal to the Father of his country, and twice against his wish are his brows entwined by the civic wreath. Washington brought to his arduous task order, justice, integrity and constancy. The honor of the country reposed in his hands, and most zealously did he guard it. He sought and weighed advice, was deliberate in forming a course; but once taken, his resolution was impregnable. From one

end of Europe to the other was heard the ceaseless thunder of artillery. But on this side the sea, owing to Washington's wisdom in adhering steadfastly to his policy of neutrality, sweet peace was brooding softly in the shadow of the stars and stripes. And when we contemplate this distinguished personage who, as a statesman, had rendered his country inestimable services, voluntarily retiring to the shades of private life, our hearts confirm the verdict of his own time—Washington was First in Peace.

On the wooded hills sloping down to the waters of the Potomac stood his home, and thither, after his public life had passed, followed by the loving admiration of his people, did he turn. There he practised all civic and private virtues, heedless of the whispers of ambition; and towards that loved spot yearned the hearts of the nation, constant ever in sunshine as in shadow. He lived in peaceful quiet till his sixty-eighth year, when God called him, and he went without a word, dying, as he had lived, obedient ever to the voice of duty; and he left a world mourning round "the couch of his everlasting sleep"—a kingly testimonial to his virtues. Washington needed no monument. On the battle-field his presence was the harbinger of victory to the wearied soldier; in Congress his words were listened to with the most awesome respect; in public all vied to show him honor; and when he was no more, he still lived First in the Hearts of His Countrymen.

What nation ever had a Washington? The old conquerors in the East, while half the world applauded, ground the other half to blood and bones in their triumphal marches. Napoleon was for France a meteor, "brief even as bright," and the land shrunk scorched and withered beneath its fiery beam. Cæsar was for Rome a star that lit the path to victory and to glory; but when it sank quenched in blood, the people stood helpless, hopeless, in the shadows, in the dark. But for America, Washington is a star that never sets—a guardian star of mystic, tranquil power that ever gazes gently down upon the land it saved, and so long as that land heeds its low warnings in the hour of danger will the Union stand unshaken against every blast.

Open the book of the far-off Future; turn over the pages—farther on—there, when the empires of Venice and England are fast-fading myths and Alexander's fame grows cold, and there are none to put the fallen laurels back upon the unknown brows of the Past's great ones—nay, farther still,—turn over the centuries—ah! the tide of blood

has hoarsely rolled away,—the American people has been sorely tried, but molten into one, and see! it draws itself up in all its towering, god-like majesty, and the golden dreams of Babylon and Eastern power wane and die away before its dawning might—then, when the nations of the earth are sleeping softly in the starlight, in the shadow of the strips of midnight sky and glorious, crimson dawn, then the tale of Washington will still be told to eager ears by trembling lips, and that loved, immortal name live on for aye in song and story!

Facts Versus Fancy.

BY J. M. J. G.

While Peter's strong hand held the cimitar back,
Which, like a dread comet, rushed mad on its track,
And blazed, horrid portent of Fate, through the skies,
Gleaming down upon nations untold destinies.
The empire of Charlemagne grew in its might,
Great Rome's ancient power wedded to Christian light:
The crown of the Cæsars encircled the brow
Of a genius whose splendor disdained not to bow
To the Fisherman's mandate, whose heavenly claim
A king may obey without peril or shame.
In honoring Peter, great Cæsar grew strong,
And neither inflicted nor suffered a wrong.
The king was the body, the Pope was the soul,
While the Spirit of God informed the vast whole:
The Church and the State knew their limits and power,
And each was to each a strong buckler and tower.
O happiest Age in the annals of Time,
When humble obedience made monarchs sublime!
Thy glory yet lives, though thy spirit is dead,
Which gave to each nation its consecrate head,
And thus hedged authority from every ill
Engendered by man's ever whimsical will.
Civil rulers might differ and point a sharp word,
With the logic of war, at the edge of a sword,—
Might reason with phalanx, might argue with force,
And civilization's stream stay in its course;
But high over kingdoms and monarchs stood
The Chief Judge of Christendom with Holy Rood;
He spoke, and the Angel of Peace spread his wings
O'er the passions of courts and the councils of kings;
Then the wild trumpet-blast of the demon of hate,
Which had braided in the ears of each passion-lashed state,
Died away, until echoes harmonious swell
To soothe men disturbed by the discords of hell.
Come forth, ye revilers of Peter, and say
In the blaze of the light of this civilized day,
Can ye touch with your sceptical finger that hour
When Rome was the slave of ambition or power?
When you and your fautors were crawling on face
To gain from the tyrant a smile or a place;
When you sang every song that a sycophant sings
For the crumbs that are cast from the table of kings;
When ye haunted the prosperous halls of "my lord,"
And shadowed his greatness, to gain but a word;
When manhood and honor were cast to the wind,

And a buckle, or ribbon, or star struck ye blind;
When, to gain from a monarch a look or a nod,
Ye were ready to barter religion and God;
When ye founded your pedigree on a king's crust,
And grew high and noble by serving in lust;
When your wealth was a lasting reproach to a knave,
And your title the badge of a helot and slave;—
While ye were thus acting, O infamy's heirs,
Rome taught kings that God's right was higher than theirs:
And now ye turn 'round with your matricide knife,
And stab the kind bosom that gave you your life!
Out on ye, bell-wethers of Europe's riff-raff,
Ye mountebank antickers around the gilt Calf!
Old Rousseau was right when he swore that the schools
Of sceptics was Nature's last refuge for fools.
If the first of a flock of sheep fall down a steep,
Though death's at the bottom the others will leap;
Damn your soul with a calumny 'gainst the Church hurled
And your name will be quoted throughout the wide world;
A lie against man has a seven-leagued flight,
But a lie against God flashes quicker than light;
So pigmies, ambitious of suffrage and fame,
Kill their souls with a lie for the sake of a name.
And if History rebuke them, both Gentile and Jew,
They carve out this chronicle, modern and new,
Where facts are made lie, like the witness of old,
Who accused Truth Incarnate for Pharisee gold;
Refute them completely; remove their false stain,—
Bah! the creatures are at their vile lying again;
The devils themselves laugh with glee at the sight,
Of donkeys kicking dust up to dim the sun's light,
Human malice compels them to admire, till, at last
They grow troubled with envy to find hell surpassed.

The Dignity of the American Citizen.*

BY J. A. BURNS, '88.

To-day our nation's heart is throbbing with joy at the natal celebration of him who is at once the Abraham and the Alfred of her history. To-day, ceasing from the ant-like industry that permeates, and at each moment is stimulating to new life, every faculty of her being, our country, like a traveller scaling the steep slope of some Alpine height, pauses for a moment in her magnificent career up the mount of progress, and with gladdened heart and freshened courage glances back on the giant difficulties that conspired to bar her glorious course. And on occasions such as this, it seems to me, it is no less fitting than it is profitable that we should call to mind and ponder on the blessings we enjoy, that our contentment may thus become more perfect, our love and reverence for country more profound. I have, accordingly, chosen to address you on a theme the consideration of which will be eminently con-

* Oration delivered at the celebration of Washington's Birthday, Wednesday, Feb. 22.

sonant with the character of this day, and the mere mention of which should suffice to bring to the cheek of every one of us a glow of honest, manly, unexaggerated pride—I refer to the dignity of American citizenship.

The hallowed land of "blue Olympus" has come down to us as the home and, indeed, birthplace of all that regard man's full enjoyment of his rights as man. Orators, painters, sculptors, bards, artists innumerable—of every class and of highest fame—have sketched on eternity's canvas, and in colors that fade not, the wondrous splendor of her liberty. And, indeed, Grecian liberty is the marvel and the glory of antiquity. Nor can we contemplate the picture of this "gem of purest ray serene," shining through the gloom of that long barbaric night, without a deepened veneration for the inherent dignity of human nature. And as we peer through the ages at the comely-formed and gracefully-clad figures, and majestic countenances of these ancient Greeks,—think of the calm simplicity of their unruffled lives; their, if oft unpolished yet ever free and natural, manners of social intercourse; and, above all, as we dwell on the solemn grandeur in which, it would seem, the citizen was clothed by the spirit that pervaded all their political and civil institutions, our amazement at their degree of culture will often-times merge into unwitting envy of a system of government so fertile of everything which, in their eyes, went to make up the perfect freeman.

But yet, if we were to remove from this brilliant picture the mystic enchantment time ever weaves round the things of the past, and if then, in a spirit of candor and fairness, we were to compare the *reality* of Grecian freedom with that of our own, by a sense of justice we would be obliged to acknowledge that the liberties and rights of the American citizen transcend those which the Grecian enjoyed (though considered the acme of ancient liberty) to as great a degree as the extent of our country surpasses that of theirs.

Citizenship, as understood by us, has a deeper and a broader meaning than was ever attached to the word by any of the nations of antiquity. Caste and class formed the boundaries of theirs; humanity alone environs ours. With them, notwithstanding the many prerogatives of the citizen, the principle of the absolute thralldom of the individual to the State was the corner-stone upon which their whole edifice of government was reared. But with us, between the State and the individual citizen there stretch ties reciprocally obligatory, intimate, yet sacred,—ties such as those that bind the father to

the son, and the son again to the father. The essence of their liberty was political; ours, rather, is human. Nationality, in spite of all their philosophy, was a barrier their liberty could never surmount. America, on the contrary, would fain see all men in enjoyment of the privileges of her citizens. Her words of welcome have penetrated to the uttermost confines of the earth. The genius of her liberty has spurned the boundaries of empire, and, as a cloud, o'ershadowing the mighty regions that surround us, its magic influence has transformed them—though but a short time before sunk in the deep slumber of barbaric ages—into a world young and fair and glowing with the healthful activity of civilized life,—into a New World, where Freedom, in all her pristine beauty and simple majesty, reigns supreme.

The dignity of the American citizen is the dignity of the judge: for, as the proper function of a judge is, after listening attentively to the evidence introduced in any case, to decide the matter according to his own honest convictions, so, too, it is the duty of a citizen in the exercise of his political functions, to weigh with the utmost care the reasons *pro* and *con* which have been advanced in any case within his jurisdiction, and to render his decision according to the promptings of conscience. Before the citizen's court, counsellors of the highest ability—men whose names are wreathed with the laurels of the great world of thought—find it necessary to humbly lay their cases and await judgment. From his decision there is no appeal. His judgments may be slow, but they are none the less sure. The polls constitute the supreme tribunal of his office. The ballot is the plenitude of the exercise of his judicial power. It is a prerogative that demands for its proper exercise the most consummate prudence and the gravest forethought; but let these be at hand, and it is limitless in its capabilities. It is the one power able to remedy the effects of knavery, bribery, and corruption in the administration of government; the only means of rebuking the pride of the haughty, and of levelling to the dust the ambitious schemes of the reformer; the great repository of individual rights; the only weapon capable of destroying the octopod-armed monster known as monopoly; the sole force powerful enough to secure to the workingmen the rights and privileges that are justly theirs.

The dignity of the citizen is the dignity of the sovereign; for the citizen is the supreme ruler of the land. Power and dominion and influence that know no limits are his, and can be wrested from him by no earthly force. The greatest are but the

minions of his good pleasure. Statesmen court his favor; politicians are ever at his feet. Servants he hath without number, but the highest of his servants dread the strength of his arm; for let his wrath be once kindled, and nought but sternest justice can quench its fire. The very pillars of government tremble at his nod. He murmurs, and a hundred eager ears are strained to catch his will. He speaks, and his words, moulded into laws that sound and resound through every mansion and every hamlet of his vast domain, o'erleap the boundaries of that mighty realm, and, borne on the wings of the lightning, reverberate from Albion to withered Greece, and re-echo back from her lonely shore, until, at length, their accents mingle with the tumult of the elements in the blasts of the frozen North.

But the most glorious result of American freedom is its development and fostering, in the individual, of those inherent rights the ideas of which had been deeply graven in man's nature by the Creator, and which, though so long a time buried under the infamy of bondage, had never been wholly obliterated. In all his wanderings, from that day when, with sinking heart, he turned his eyes for the last time on the gate of the earthly paradise, and, with groping step, took up his march through the dim wilderness of life, down to the time when at Runnymede he arose in his might and flung back in the face of tyranny its chains, man had groaned, not alone under the burden of sin, but, with few and brief respites, under that of slavery also. Work, he knew, was to be law of his life, the punishment of his sin; and his toil was unceasing, yet cheerful. But that slavery should also be his lot, he never understood. The fruits of his sweat, his blood, and his tears, he beheld engulfed in the excesses of royal luxury and extravagance; while, in return, the yearnings of his nature were buried under one continued shower of poverty, misery, stripes, and persecutions of every kind. Yet, even in this abyss of degradation, his spirit, whose fireside is the splendor of the firmament, whose domain is the immensity of the universe, was never despondent; and as each century was ushered in, she would steal away in its early morn unobserved, and from the pinnacle of hope her eye divine would sweep the horizon of the dawning age, in firm yet anon disappointed expectation that the thick clouds of hate and tyranny, so long enveloping the human race, would at length, by a glorious sunrise of Freedom's luminary, be parted and dispersed.

But who may now doubt that her prophetic

hope has been fulfilled? Who can gaze on the deepening azure of the sky above and around us, and say that the soul's vigil has been vain? Yes, the long sighed-for day has come, and she has watched with eager eye its every phase, from the first faint streaks of its dawn to the brightness of its splendor and the freshness of its glory in our day and land. Liberty,—yea, liberty, in a degree so high that scarcely higher can possibly exist and flourish on earth, is ours! We have culled from the past the highest prerogatives man has ever enjoyed; have garnered from the yearnings of human nature every right which it is possible for him to possess; and by the aid of reason have bound together all these in a Constitution of the comprehensiveness of whose justice the world had never dreamed. Unto us, then, there remains but to preserve and hand down to posterity, untainted, un-abused, the glorious privileges that are ours, that the sublime dignity of our citizenship may descend, from generation unto generation of blessed freemen unimpaired, and that it may exist in all its pristine grandeur—in the grandeur of our mountains and our plains—when of the men and deeds of our time, some future age shall read in their historic pages of antiquity.

Twilight Angelus.

'Twas evening,
 And behind the hills the blush of dying day
 Tinged with royal scarlet hues the fleecy clouds,
 That in rich traceries lingered calmly bright
 Against the evening's lovely sapphire sky, wherein
 The day king bathed his fevered brow and gently slept.
 The forest wrapt in sombre garb, the tuneful birds
 Claim as a dwelling heaven-sent and share its rest,
 Now whilst breathing breezes stir the verdant leaves
 That freshed from self-borne toil they may again renew
 To-morrow's praise. Now softly, gently dew descends,
 Nestling within the throat of fairy violet sweet,
 Or in the bosom of some sun-born daisy rare
 Or perfumed rose in garden bed embossed,
 Or glistening in the radiant cup of ocean shell,
 It mirrors back the light of high ascending moon.
 Merrily o'er the hills homeward came the laborers
 Wearied, maybe, yet by their children blessed e'er more,
 And e'en now joyful since work is done.

Happy offspring
 Gather round like choicest flowers gleaned in heaven.
 But hark! the evening Angelus is tolling, telling
 Stories sweet of man's great immortality;
 Nay more: how to the low in man's estate disposed,
 The poor shall rank as God's nobility on high;
 How kings shall from their lofty thrones descend to bid
 The humble in their low degree rejoice, be glad.
 Uncovered now the plowman's honest brow, he kneels,
 And, unforgetful of his hope and home, in prayer

He raises heavenward his eyes. Yet happy hearts await
Till twilight and the soul-inspiring bells shall cease.

A present blessedness to him,
For all is peace benign,
When hope and love and joy unite
To reverence words divine.

*

John Huss.

Three causes contributed to the Hussite movement in Bohemia: the eager desire of the nobility to get possession of the wealth of the clergy; the false mysticism into which the teachings, at first free from all error, of the parish priest Conrad Waldhauser, of the archdeacon Miliez of Kremsier, and his disciple Matthias of Janow, eventually developed, and, finally, the theological controversy occasioned by the surreptitious introduction of the writings of Wickliffe into the University of Prague. Such were the materials ready at hand to which Huss set the torch, and which soon supplied abundant food for a mighty conflagration. Born July 6, 1369, at Hussineey, a village of Bohemia, situated within the circle of Prachin, Huss (whose name, by the way, in Bohemian means a "goose") studied philosophy and theology at the University of Prague, where he took degrees, and became professor in 1398. He was afterwards appointed dean of the philosophical faculty, and appointed preacher at the Bethlehem Chapel, founded for the Bohemians, where sermons were delivered only in the vernacular.

A forged document, purporting to be the approval of Wickliffe's orthodoxy by the University of Oxford, and bearing the official seal of that institution, was brought to Prague and publicly read. On the authority of this document, the writings of Wickliffe were scattered through the city, and their teachings embraced by Huss and his disciples.

Huss translated the "Trialogus" into Bohemian; but, being deficient in logical ability, he could neither appreciate the full import of the original, nor defend the ultimate consequences to which its principles would lead. Though lacking in ability to make the doctrines of Wickliffe his own in any adequate sense, as is notably the case in those on the personality of Christ and unconditional predestination, he, nevertheless, declared, in the dictatorial tone and coarse language so characteristic of him, that the censures passed upon the writings of that heretic were false and unjust. He took occasion to praise in his sermons the teachings of Wickliffe; to incite the people against the clergy, and to commend the laudable avocation of two young

Englishmen who sought to rouse the popular feeling against the hierarchy, and, to advance their cause, had recourse to the exhibition of obscene pictures. His fiery denunciations against the Pope and ecclesiastical abuses were so virulent as to sometimes arouse the indignation of his hearers. He was once stopped in one of those philippics by a man who cried out: "Master, I have been in Rome, have seen the Pope and the cardinals, but affairs are not as bad as you represent." "And if you are so great an admirer of the Pope," said Huss, "you would do well to go back to Rome." The man answered: "I am too far advanced in years to undertake the journey, but, as you are still young, you should go, for you will there learn that things are not exactly as you say."

Sbinko, Archbishop of Prague, often warned Huss to moderate the vigor of his language, but without avail, and, finally, he had to take more rigid means. Wenceslaus, who had to give up his crown to make room for Rupert of the Pulatinate, whose claims Gregory XII recognized, now desired to join the "conciliabulum" of Pisa, which promised to declare him King of Rome, to which the Archbishop of Prague could not give assent, and he was supported in his views by the faculty of the University. Huss, on the other hand, esteemed at court, and knowing how to interest the upper classes in favor of the project, persuaded King Wenceslaus to pass a law granting three votes at the University to the Bohemian nation and only one to the foreign nations—Bavaria, Saxony and Poland. These nations thereupon immediately left Prague, and from this time dates the origin of the universities of Leipsic and Rostock. The Archbishop, yielding to force, complied with the royal pleasure, and attended the Synod of Pisa. His enemies, elated at their success, impeached his orthodoxy at the court of Alexander V, but unsuccessfully. Alexander V issued a bull in 1409 commissioning the Archbishop to proceed against the heretics and authorizing him to prohibit preaching outside of parishes, collegiate or conventual churches. This was a blow to Huss, and he protested against it, and against the order of the Archbishop to burn the writings of Wickliffe. As Huss had appealed to Rome, he was now cited by John XXIII to appear in person and defend his cause; but after shuffling about and evading the summons under various pretexts, he openly refused to obey and was cut off from the communion of the Church in 1411. Many of his former friends here broke with him once for all.

Huss and his friend, Jerome of Prague, now threw off all pretense of respect for authority,

John XXIII had just published a crusade against Ladislaus, King of Naples, and granted an indulgence to those who should take part. So excellent an opportunity, to revile the papacy could not be allowed to pass unheeded. Jerome led off by arranging a public disputation, the object of which was to ridicule the Bull of Indulgence, after which John Huss and himself assailed it in language, most vituperative, and finally consigned it to the flames, for which he was expelled from Prague. Now an exile, he sought an asylum first with one nobleman and then with another, but was always careful to spread his errors by preaching in the open fields to the people of the neighborhood. The letters addressed by him during his absence to his friends give more abundant evidence of his furious hatred of the Pope and clergy than anything he had previously written.

Rome could no longer resist the reiterated complaints of the clergy who were, moreover, supported by the influence of the University of Paris, and instructions were accordingly sent to King Wenceslaus and to the Archbishop of Prague to put forth every energy to suppress the growing disorders. They prevailed upon Huss to go to Constance, where the Council was in session, and defend his doctrines. Under pretext of protecting him with an escort, the Emperor appointed three knights to accompany him; furthermore he received a "safe conduct" issued at Spire, Oct. 18, 1414, and now saw himself, as he expressed it himself, obliged "to bend his neck."

On his return to Prague he made every declaration, disclaiming every heresy imputed to him, and public notices were affixed to the effect that anyone desiring to bring action in matters concerning faith against John Huss, should present their charges before the Council of Constance. He also published a second notice, saying that if he should be convicted of any error, or of having taught contrary to faith, he would be ready to undergo the punishment of a heretic. He started to the Council where every kindness was shown him; no restraint was put upon him, except the inhibition to either say Mass or preach. Still, he had soon to be kept in a little closer quarters on account of his disregard to the inhibition of either saying Mass or preaching. His confinement, however, was not rigorous, as he composed there several treatises on theology, and kept up a correspondence with his friends, though he continued his former harangues against the action of the Council and the motives of those who had brought charges against him.

A most careful and searching investigation was

opened, the witnesses were sworn and examined in presence of the accused. Huss had promised to submit to the decisions of the Council, and in an early stage of the proceedings it seemed that he would keep his word; but his sensitive and morbid pride for the fair name of Bohemia and its people, who, he professed to believe, were never tainted with error, forbade him to make the sacrifice.

The forty-five propositions of Wickliffe had been condemned by the Council in its 8th session, and in the early part of June Huss was notified to prepare for public trial. He had three public hearings before the Council. He steadfastly refused the propositions imputed to him, saying that some of them he never taught; that others were distorted and proposed in a perverse sense, and that he was prepared to discuss such as he really held, and would abjure only when *texts of the Scriptures subversive to them* should have been adduced. In the third general congregation a form of recantation was proposed to him in which he was required to say that he "abjured his errors"; but this he refused to take, and he also repelled other well-meant efforts on the part of the bishops and the emperor to bring about a reconciliation. Every attempt to induce him to retract his errors having failed, he was, on July 6, brought before the fifteenth general session of the Council to receive judgment.

The duty of the Council seemed plain, and it condemned his doctrines as heretical and dangerous, and his writings to be burned; they then transferred him to the civil authorities, with the prayer "that his life be spared, and he be condemned to perpetual imprisonment." By the laws of the empire one convicted of heresy was to be put to death. Now not only was John Huss convicted of heresy, but he was guilty of serious crimes against civil authority: he had written libellous documents, made inflammatory speeches, stirred up the people to revolt, gave permission to any subject to take the life of a tyrant, and made such *subject judge of what constitutes tyranny in a ruler*; hence also it became the duty of the civil authorities to protect itself against so furious and dangerous an agitator.

Such was Huss. According to the penalty prescribed by the "civil legislation" of that age, he was burned at the stake July 6, 1415; he bore his sufferings with a courage and a fortitude worthy of a better cause. One of his friends, Jerome, was likewise condemned and handed over to the civil authorities and burned at the stake "enduring the torments of fire," says Paggio, an eye-witness, "with more tranquillity than was displayed by Socrates in drinking the cup of hemlock." F.

NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.

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Notre Dame, February 25, 1888.

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.

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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.

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Songs of a Life-Time.

"Songs of a Life-Time." By Eliza Allen Starr. Author of Patron Saints, and Pilgrims and Shrines. Published by the Author: Saint Joseph's Cottage, No. 299 Huron Street, Chicago, Illinois. 1887.

We are glad to have the lyrics of a friend who has so often contributed to our columns gathered into one volume; but although the title be "Songs of a Life-Time," we hope and believe that the period of that well-spent life-time is still far in the future, and that many more songs will issue from the same gifted lips before its close. No praise is needed from us to commend to our readers lays many of which they have so often read with delight and enthusiasm. Miss Starr is thoroughly Catholic, thoroughly American, a thorough student of Nature. She does not plod slavishly in the footsteps of the European writer, or fall down in blind adoration before the canons of literary taste he may have seen fit to establish. She looks on Nature with a poet's eye, and tells us what she sees with a poet's inspired lips. And not as the heathen looked on Nature does she gaze, but she penetrates the hidden meaning of outward manifestations of Divine love and power, and elevates the heart to God. The stars in their silent course hymn to her ears celestial music; the herbs that spring up at her feet have a

heavenly mission. Bryant had already taught us to love the enduring constancy of the fringed gentian; our author sees in it something more than earthly beauty—the mild, blue eye of the Virgin Mother beams upon her from beneath its fringes. Her poem entitled "Sanguinaria Canadensis" interprets in a yet more lovely strain, the imagery suggested by a well-known spring blossom, which she portrays with a fidelity that must delight all true lovers of Nature. Should her work fall into the hands of John Ruskin, it might do much to disabuse a noble mind of some unworthy prejudices—against Catholics—against Americans—against ladies who venture upon independent thought. But to us, who have none of these prejudices, the book shall ever be a cherished treasure, both as the remembrance of a dear friend, and as a well-spring of elevating and pleasant contemplations.

A New Altar for the Church at Notre Dame.

The grand Chapel of the Sacred Heart in the new church at Notre Dame will soon be enriched by the possession of a beautiful altar, one of the masterpieces of the famous Italian sculptor Bernini, who died in 1680, and was called the Michael Angelo of modern times. During the latter part of December this rare work of art was advertised for sale in the papers of Rome, and placed on exhibition in the Basilica of the Holy Angels. Father Sorin went to see it, and, like other visitors, was struck with admiration at its beautiful design and skilful execution. He immediately thought of securing such an ornament for the Chapel of the Sacred Heart, which chapel is set apart for his youthful *protégés*, the "Princes." But the price demanded was exceedingly high, and after four interviews with the owner, he had to leave Rome without any hope of ever being able to secure the treasure. However, a few weeks after his return home he saw the place still vacant, and seemed to realize more than ever the beautiful effect the Bernini masterpiece would produce in the splendid chapel. He wrote to Rome, adding to his last offer, and on last Monday morning a cablegram was received to the effect that the purchase had been made.

The message came from the Rt. Rev. Mgr. Dufal, Procurator-General of the Congregation at Rome. It declared that the wished-for treasure had been secured, and now we may expect that in a few weeks more it will form another of the many productions of art that contribute to the service of

religion, and the splendor of Divine worship in our church at Notre Dame.

Washington's Birthday at Notre Dame.

Wednesday, the 22d, was a beautiful day—one in every way made fitting by Nature to celebrate the anniversary of the birthday of the Father of our country. Notre Dame takes a special pride in honoring the heroes of our nation, and in giving expression to the sentiments which every true American has in his heart for the grand character of Washington, and which manifest themselves so enthusiastically on such occasions as last Wednesday.

The exercises of the day began shortly after dinner, when the Hoynes' Light Guards assembled in front of the main building for dress parade and battalion drill. The parade was the first public one of the year, and the boys presented a handsome appearance. After parade a short time was consumed in drilling and firing of salutes, when the cadets marched to their respective armories, after having created a most favorable impression in the minds of the numerous visitors and students gathered to witness the evolutions.

The exercises in Washington Hall commenced at 4 p. m., when the audience was ushered in with the inspiring strains of "Hail Columbia," played most admirably by the University Cornet Band. The oration of the day was delivered by Mr. Philip V. D. Brownson, whose theme consisted of a eulogy of Washington, the first in war, the first in peace and the first in the hearts of his countrymen. Mr. Brownson's production was scholarly and finished, and displayed considerable literary ability on the part of the speaker. The sentences were delightfully harmonious, and the graceful delivery of the orator lent additional charm to the oration.

Schubert's "Les Dames de Seville" was rendered most acceptably on the piano, by Messrs. J. Keating and B. Tivnen, whose playing is too well known to need any comment.

Mr. Charles P. Neill's essay, on "The Catholic Church and the American State" was an able exposition of the beneficial influence of religion on society. While not advocating the union of Church and State, Mr. Neill maintained that religion, by cultivating man's moral nature and his sense of duty, provides any form of government with its strongest safeguard against anarchy and despotism. The principles of the Catholic Church aim to perpetuate the institutions of the Republic. The sub-

ject was well treated, and delivered in an eloquent manner. Mr. Neill possesses a good command of English, and his essay was fully up to his usual high standard of excellence and originality.

Mr. Robert C. Newton did well in his rendition of "The Flag of our Country." A chorus of thirty voices sang "The Star-Spangled Banner," with full orchestral accompaniment, and, being encored, responded with "America." The singing was pleasing in all its parts, and reflected credit upon those participating.

After the chorus, Mr. James A. Burns spoke upon the "Dignity of the American Citizen." His oration was strong in feeling, pure and sometimes poetic in language, figurative in many parts, yet always tempered with logic. Mr. Burns is a forcible and eloquent speaker, and handled his subject well. The University Orchestra varied the programme with some choice music, after which Mr. Thomas O'Regan gave a patriotic declamation. Mr. O'Regan enjoys a high reputation as a declaimer, and it suffices to say that he sustained his reputation upon this occasion.

The exhibition drill, by a select squad from Company A, Hoynes' Light Guards, was one of the most interesting features of the programme. The boys performed many difficult movements with marked grace and precision. They did so well, in fact, that they were recalled by the audience and compelled to go through their drill a second time. The squad was composed of Sergeants G. Houck, P. Brownson, W. Aiken, G. Cartier; Corporals M. Mulkern, F. Jewett, E. Prudhomme, A. Leonard, and Privates F. Albright, R. Bronson, D. Campbell, C. Johnson, H. Mack, A. Nicholl, L. Preston, and F. Hobert under command of Captain J. E. Cusack, under whose painstaking care the Cadets acquired such proficiency in marching and the manual-of-arms.

The oration of Mr. Charles J. Stubbs upon "The American Republic," was an able effort. He reviewed the progress and development of the nation from its infancy, and dwelt some time upon the fitting destiny of the Republic. The speaker's voice was flexible and well under control. His language was figurative and passionate, rising often to heights of imagination, yet remaining consistent with the first principle of history which is truth. Mr. Stubbs showed a thorough knowledge of his subject, and predicted a glorious future for America. The Band played the "Red, White and Blue," and the audience dispersed, satisfied that the entertainment was unsurpassed by any of previous years.

G. H. C.

Talent and Genius.

The difference between talent and genius is vast and complete; it is also a difference that is easily discerned and readily understood. In fact, the comparison of talent to genius is akin to the comparison of art with the beauties of nature, and both of them fall far short of the coveted goal.

A genius is one on whom nature has seen fit to bestow her choicest and most beautiful gifts; he is one in whose works the stamp of nature is easily perceived. Or, if we take it according to its outward, distinguishing manifestation, genius is "unusual mental ability coupled always with great intuitional or creative power." A genius is born, not made; this is, alas, too true; for a person born without it, strive as he may, and labor until a weakened body and enfeebled mind call upon him to desist, is, after all, no nearer its attainment than he was at the beginning.

Although study and education may enable one to imitate nature, still he will always lack that freshness characteristic of nature's child, the genius. However we do not mean to say that the possessor of genius is perfect; on the contrary, he has his faults, but they are overlooked in the brilliancy that surrounds them.

A man of genius possesses to an extraordinary degree, untaught and following no particular laws, the power of describing nature as she really is; to him all the hidden beauties of the world around us are revealed, and he is given the power of description that will strongly impress the minds of others, and which through succeeding generations will be looked upon by the student as a choice gem and by the talented man with envy. And at the same time the genius is not fully aware of the beauties of his work; he has performed it totally unconscious of its rare merit, and has followed that style simply because he knows no other.

Now, on the contrary, a man of talent is a child of the world; a student who has striven hard to develop some one individual faculty, or maybe his faculties in general. He is a man we encounter every day—a man who often forgets that he is simply a man of talent, and desires to soar aloft on the heights allotted to genius. The talented man is purely artificial; every work he performs clearly shows that his knowledge is gained by study, and is not intuitive. While the genius is necessarily a man of talent, it does not follow that the talented man is a genius.

On summing up our thoughts, we come to the

conclusion that genius falls to the lot of very few; and, as a rule, he who seeks it cannot obtain it. While, on the contrary, we may, although deprived of genius, cultivate our different faculties, and through their development and perfection, though it be in a limited degree, become possessed of those qualities that go to make up the talented man. Then, too, the lack of genius should never occasion regret, especially when we consider that the great burden of the accomplishment of the world's progress has ever fallen upon the talented many, though the few with genius have pointed the way. Even the possession of genius does not supersede the necessity of industry and study. "Invention," said Sir Joshua Reynolds, "is one of the great marks of genius; but if we consult experience we shall find that it is being conversant with the inventions of others that we learn to invent, as by reading the thoughts of others we learn to think."

JOHN B. MEAGHER.

Books and Periodicals.

—*Donahoe's Magazine* for March is an excellent number. The principal articles are: "Views of Modern Scientists and Ancient Fathers of the Church on the Origin of Man," by Rev. P. A. Treacy; "Where was St. Patrick Born?" by Rev. Sylvester Malone; "The Catacombs," by Rev. J. C. Costello; Cardinal Manning on the "Condition of the London Poor"; "The Bishop of Salford on "Leo XIII and the Temporal Power: An Appeal to Common Sense," together with a great variety of other matter of general interest.

—The March number of *Outing*, that well-known illustrated magazine of Recreation, Travel and Adventure, contains an article on "American College Football," by Richard Morse Hodge, of Princeton College; it is richly illustrated, and treats the game exhaustively. In the same number Stevens continues "Around the World on a Bicycle;" Captain Blackwell writes "Reminiscences of Irish Sport;" another article appears on "Big Game Hunting in the Wild West," by the late General Marcy; Frank Asa Mitchell writes on "My Luck with Trout," and besides these handsomely illustrated and well-written contributions, a number of popular writers contribute short articles on droll experiences and strange adventures that make a bit of interesting reading, and stamp the March *Outing* as the best yet published.

—The deeply interesting Mendelssohn-Moscheles letters, now appearing in *Scribner's Magazine*, are selected from the complete volume of their correspondence, by arrangement with Messrs. Ticknor & Company who will shortly publish the entire work. The remaining letters are equally interesting; and the whole collection (which has been

carefully edited and translated by M. Felix Moscheles, the son of the recipient of the letters) forms a fascinating volume, and will be awaited with great interest by all readers, and especially by all lovers of music and Mendelssohn. The illustrations are numerous and interesting, and include several fine portraits of the great composer, others of his father and mother, his wife Cecile, his friend and teacher Moscheles; pictures of his home and study; fac-similes of some of the original drafts of the "Songs without Words," etc., and many of Mendelssohn's quaint comic drawings, as droll as Thackeray's caricatures. The book will be published in April, in the same sumptuous manner as the Longfellow Correspondence.

—The *Catholic World* for March opens with a valuable article from the pen of the Rev. Augustine F. Hewitt on "Episcopacy, no Bond of Unity." The writer shows that Episcopacy, taken by itself, and as an ecclesiastical polity, is merely a sort of congregationalism, the diocese being substituted for the assembly of believers gathered in one place of meeting. It follows that there is no common and superior authority over the congeries of dioceses, which is called "Episcopalianism," and hence no method of adjusting difficulties save that of mutual agreement. A chief bishop, holding a see pre-eminent by divine appointment is needed for union. Another important article is entitled "Race Divisions and the School Question," in which the conclusion is arrived at, that either Catholic children will be trained in schools purely Catholic, or the State must change the public schools in such a way as shall permit Catholic parents to provide Catholic instruction in them, either in school-hours or out of school-hours. Mr. Charles E. Hodson contributes another of his entertaining papers on Mexico and its people, the present instalment being entitled, "In Northeastern Mexico." Other articles are: "A Martyr to Science"; "Darwin's Life and Letters"; "Let all the People Praise the Lord"; and several excellent poetical contributions and tales of fiction.

—*The American Catholic Quarterly Review*—the leading Catholic periodical in the New World—presents in its latest issue an unusually varied and interesting table of contents. The opening article is by His Eminence Cardinal Gibbons, who writes on "Christianity and Modern Science." He shows that there is no conflict between Science and Revelation, except in the imaginations of a certain class of so-called scientists. The Church is ever the true friend and promoter of science. Civilization is greatly indebted to her, and her children lead in almost every branch of art. The relations of scientific discovery to Biblical interpretation are clearly set forth, and the truth is laid down that science has never yet been able to compel the Church to modify her official understanding of an obscure passage in the Bible. On the contrary, she ever survives the attacks of even the most formidable scientific theories and theorists. Prof. St. George Mivart contributes a popular scientific paper on "Why Tastes Differ." He evolves

a very plausible theory accounting for the differences of appreciation of things so prevalent among mankind, especially as to our views of goodness, truth and beauty. The article is very entertaining and instructive and will repay perusal.

"Tastes differ," says Prof. Mivart, "because we, human, intellectual animals vary as to the peculiar influences we have received from parents, family and tribe, from the diverse associations of feeling to which we have been severally exposed, and from the action upon us of the tastes and feelings of our friends and fellow-tribesmen. . . . Education will enable us, and above all religious education, to emerge, by more and more successful struggles, from the obscuring influences of animality towards as clear a vision of these highest qualities as may be possible for the future of our race in this world, and for ourselves individually in that life in a world to come which the Church sets before us."

The third article is entitled "Some Peculiarities of the Syriac Office" and written by the editor of the *Review*, Rt. Rev. Mgr. Corcoran, D. D., who shows therein how this "office" bears testimony to the Apostolic teachings of primitive Christianity and their conformity to the doctrines and practices of the Church of to-day. Other articles are: "The Sacerdotal Jubilee of His Holiness Pope Leo XIII," by Rev. H. A. Brann, D. D.; "The Central Error of Modern Philosophy," by Rev. R. F. Clarke, S. J.; "A Pilgrimage to the Birthplace and Cloistered Home of Thomas à Kempis," by John Gilmary Shea, LL. D.; "Individualism and Exclusive Ownership," by James A. Cain; "The Apostle of Alaska," by Rev. H. Van Rensselaer, S. J., etc.

Personal.

—Rev. H. F. Kroll, of Chesterton, Ind., was a welcome visitor to the College on Thursday last.

—José M. Lechuga, of Toluca, Mexico, has not forgotten his College home, and writes to be kindly remembered to the officers and members of the Faculty.

—A. A. McMurray (Com'l '85), called on his many friends at the University on Sunday last. He enjoys the confidence of the firm Orr & Lockett, hardware dealers of Chicago, with whom he has been since leaving College.

—Rev. Father Morrissey returned from his trip to Europe on Thursday evening, after an absence of two months. He met with a hearty welcome home from the members of the Faculty and students, all of whom rejoice to see him once more amongst them.

—E. A. Milner, of '69, is Superintendent of Public Schools at Hailey, Idaho. In a letter recently received, he renews his subscription to the *SCHOLASTIC* and expresses the cordial feelings he continues to entertain towards old Notre Dame. He hopes to be able to attend the Commencement exercises in June. He will be welcome.

—Rev. P. P. Cooney, C. S. C., Miss. Ap., returned to Notre Dame on Monday last, and was warmly greeted by hosts of friends, all of whom were pleased to note the marked improvement in health

made during his absence. The Rev. Father, with characteristic zeal, has kindly consented to deliver a number of sermons on "Penance" for each of the Sundays in Lent.

—Mr. Charles Porter, who has been visiting here for some time past, was called East last Saturday evening by the serious illness of his brother Edward. The latter is well known at Notre Dame, having been a student in the University several years, and all hope for his speedy recovery.

—Thos. W. Keyes (Com'l '86), writing from his home in La Salle, Ill., to a friend here, wishes to be remembered to all friends, both students and members of the Faculty. He is now book-keeper for M. O'Brien, railroad Contractor, and expects to go with him to Colorado shortly. Tom says he frequently meets that promising young lawyer of Ottawa, Ill., J. J. Conway, of '85, and also Elmer Egan, of the same city.

Local Items.

- Spring dawneth.
- 'Twas a glorious day!
- St. Patrick's Day next.
- The drilling was superb.
- The Seminary has a rink.
- Dulce est insipere interdum.*
- 535 students in Notre Dame.
- Let us have more chorus singing.
- "Philosophers' Day" approacheth.
- A. P. Burbank, Saturday, March 10.
- Another Minim who hails from France.
- Silence in the corridors and on the stairs!
- The Columbians will produce "Macbeth" on the 17th.
- There was a large number of visitors last Wednesday.
- The Minims gave an entertainment Wednesday evening.
- Faint signs of activity are becoming visible in aquatic circles.
- There were no plumes left—not even enough to decorate a hearse.
- Judging from the published reports, our societies are well officered.
- The ravages of "spring fever" are to be feared when the season sets in.
- St. Patrick's Day—the 17th of March—falls upon Saturday this year.
- The Botany Class will soon tackle the flowers that bloom in the spring.
- Frank with a helmet would resemble the Crown Prince of Germany.
- Mr. J. A. Burns will defend the next thesis before the St. Thomas Aquinas' Academy.
- It is to be hoped that our Rugby team will bestir themselves before the hot spell is upon us.

—The Seniors return thanks to the Juniors who kindly presented them with their rink when the thaw set in.

—Several newspaper scribes from South Bend honored the University with their presence last Wednesday.

—Who sent "Birdie" the valentine, and who wrote "Stroke"? are the two unanswerable questions of the day.

—Mr. M. White's name was omitted from the "Examination Average" list published in the SCHOLASTIC. His average was 87.

—The elegant and handsome new pool table with its set of ivory balls is appreciated by those who frequent the Senior reading-room.

—The football association will hold a meeting to-morrow and make preparations for the opening of the season. A series of games will be arranged for the spring season.

—Wednesday, March 7, is "Philosophers' Day," annually celebrated by the members of the Moral Philosophy and Logic classes in honor of the Angelic Doctor, Saint Thomas Aquinas.

—Members of the Hoynes' Light Guards desire to express their thanks to Hon. B. F. Shively, member of Congress from this district, for his kind assistance in securing new rifles for their use.

—The one who wrote that motto in the Junior gymnasium, "The wise for health on daily walks depend," evidently had no dread of detention, or thought to get future generations into trouble.

—The Euglossians will appear March 4 in the first of a series of literary and elocutionary entertainments, which will be given at intervals of three weeks after the above date. Entirely new programmes for each *soirée*.

—The members of the Law Department have organized a Justice of the Peace Court with the following officers: Justice of the Peace, M. White; Clerk, S. Hummer; Constable, W. Tiernan; Deputy Constable, J. C. McWilliams.

—It is said that some members of the Temperance Society took advantage of St. Valentine's Day to do a little missionary work. For the sake of the "cause" and those interested in it, we are inclined to doubt the truth of the report.

—The Boat Club has placed an order with Messrs. R. J. Douglas & Co., of Waukegan, Ill., for two four-oared racing barges. The boats will be handsome ornaments to St. Joseph's Lake when manned by men of mighty muscle. A number of pleasure boats will be ordered in seasonable time.

—On Thursday evening, Rev. A. B. Oechtering, the esteemed Rector of St. Joseph's Church, Mishawaka, opened a series of Lenten instructions to the students in the College church. The thoughtful, earnest words and eloquent language of the Rev. speaker produced a deep impression upon all present.

—Carpenters are busily engaged in the Dome preparing it for the painters. The former expect to complete their portion of the work in a short

time, and then the Dome will be ready for decoration. It will unquestionably be opened before the Jubilee celebration in honor of Very Rev. Father General Sorin.

—All matter intended for publication on the last page of the College part of the SCHOLASTIC—such as the "Roll of Honor," "Class Honors," etc., should be handed in before Thursday noon of the week in which it is desired said matter should appear.

—The following promotions have been made in Company A, Hoynes' Light Guards: First Corporal Fehr, Fourth Sergeant, *vice* P. P. Prudhomme resigned; Second Corporal Mulkern, First Corporal; Third Corporal Jewett, Second Corporal; Fourth Corporal E. Prudhomme, Third Corporal; Private Leonard, Fourth Corporal.

—Yesterday (Friday) afternoon the College Band assembled on the porch of the main building and played a number of airs complimentary to Rev. Father Morrissey on his return to the University. In a few cordial words the Rev. gentleman acknowledged the serenade, and expressed his pleasure at once more meeting the students.

—Mr. A. P. Burbank, the popular reader and elocutionist, who has acquired such a distinct reputation in the United States, will give his entertainment, consisting of humorous and dramatic recitations, in Washington Hall, Notre Dame, Saturday evening, March 10. Mr. Burbank's success is beyond experiment or question, this being his fifteenth season on the platform.

—Messrs. Adler Bros., the enterprising clothiers of South Bend, have notified the Lemonnier Boat Club that they have sold one hundred tickets on the gold watch and a check for one hundred dollars has been placed at the club's disposal. The club returns thanks to Messrs. Adlers for their kind interest in the organization. For liberality and energy commend us to Adler Bros.

—Members of the three military companies are reminded that a gold medal is given in June to the best-drilled private of each company. Not only will proficiency in drilling and a knowledge of the tactics be required this year, but regularity in attendance to drills, and general conduct in ranks will also be taken into consideration when the medals are awarded. We trust the competition will be as close and interesting as in former years.

—The fifteenth regular meeting of the St. Cecilia Philomathean Association was held Tuesday evening, Feb. 21. Master J. McGrath was elected Corresponding Secretary. A well-written criticism on the previous meeting was presented by W. O'Brien. Masters Dulaney, Bachrach, Lane, Blake, Rheinart and Burger each spoke on the life and work of some distinguished author. The debate on the question, "Resolved that High License is more beneficial to the Temperance Cause than Prohibition," will take place next Wednesday evening.

—The literary and musical entertainment given by the Thespian Association on Washington's

Birthday was conducted according to the following

PROGRAMME.

- "Hail, Columbia!".....N. D. U. Cornet Band
- Overture—"The Passing Regiment".....Orchestra
- Oration of the Day....."Washington"
Mr. Philip VanDyke Brownson:
- "Les Dames de Seville," Op. 43.....Schubert
Messrs. J. Keating and B. Tivnen.
- Essay—"The Catholic Church and the American State"
Mr. Charles P. Neill.
- Recitation....."The Flag of Our Country"
Mr. Robert C. Newton.
- "The Star-Spangled Banner".....Chorus
- Oration....."Dignity of the American Citizen"
Mr. James A. Burns.
- Overture—"The Silver Bell".....University Orchestra
- Recitation.....Mr. Thomas O'Regan
- "America".....Chorus
- Exhibition Drill.....Company A
- Oration....."The American Republic"
Mr. Charles J. Stubbs.
- "Red, White and Blue".....N. D. U. Cornet Band

—An event in the winter's sports occurred on the afternoon of the 19th inst., at the Manual Labor School. It was nothing less than a handball match between McHenry, Lyons, and O'Brien of that institution, and Cartier, McGrath, and Coady from the Seniors, and, in all probability, the best team that department could have produced. The latter labored at first under some disadvantage in not being acquainted with the lay of their opponents' alley. The first game was cleverly fought by both parties, Lyons and O'Brien on the one side, and Cartier and McGrath on the other, carrying off the laurels, and the latter game as well by a score of 22 to 19. The second game was close and exciting. Coady did some remarkably fine inside work, but Cartier was somewhat inaccurate in his aim. McGrath was cool and unerring, and, together with McHenry, made numerous long-shot "deadners" that would have done credit to professionals. The latter's force in striking a ball would, in the reporter's estimation, have put to shame a pile-driver. The Seniors lost by a score of 21 to 22. In the last game, however, they won, score being 22 to 18. McHenry struggled hard to prevent this result, but was not seconded by his assistants. Another series is to be played in the "gym" to-morrow.

Roll of Honor.

SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

- Messrs. Albright, Armstead, Adams, Brennan, Beckman, P. Burke, J. Burke, Barrett, Barnes, Beckwith, Bombeck, Bronson, Ball, Biessington, J. Burns, Brownson, Brewer, Becker, E. Burns, Boland, Brelsford, Craft, Cosgrove, S. Campbell, Chacon, Cusack, Craig, Cartier, Chute, Cullen, T. Coady, Donohue, Ewing, Fitzharris, Finckh, Fenton, Fehr, Griffin, Gallardo, Geisler, Gibbs, Bowles, Brannick, Henderson, Higgins, Heinemann, M. Howard, Hummer, Hughes, E. Howard, Houck, Hepburn, Joyce, Keating, L. Larkin, Luhn, Longmire, Langan, Lyons, W. McDermott, J. McDermott, Mulkern, L. Meagher, Major, McAllister, Maloney, McCart, McAuliff, McCune, Mattes, Neill, Nelson, O'Hara, O'Regan, O'Shea, O'Donnell, Owens, Pollock, Prichard, Preston, Plato, O'Brien, Pender, Quigley, Rochford, Rothert, Patterson, Stubbs, Scholfield, Sullivan, Short, Stephenson, W. Silver, Spencer, Tiernan, Woods, Wall, White, Wilkin, Wilson, Whelan, Wright.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

Masters Adelsperger, Adams, Anfenger, Allen, Berry, Bombeck, Boyd, Bachrach, Beaudry, Blake, Burger, Brannick, J. Bray, H. Bray, W. Brown, W. L. Brown, Brady, Cunningham, Cauthorn, Campbell, Carleton, Cooney, J. Connors, Crotty, F. Connors, Cooke, Case, Coad, Chacon, Connelly, Cavanagh, Carney, Chute, Coulter, Cullen, J. Doherty, Delaney, Duffield, Daniels, Davis, Darragh, Ebner, Elder, Falvey, S. Fleming, P. Fleming, C. Fleming, Fiench, J. Flynn, F. Flynn, Freeman, Frei, Grossman, T. Greene, J. Greene, Gale, Gonzales, Garrity, Houlihan, Henry, Hoffman, Hagan, Howard, R. Healy, P. Healy, Heller, Hall, Hampton, Huber, Hackett, Hughes, Hartman, Hake, Hayes, C. Inderrieden, Jewett, Jackson, Josselyn, Kinsella, Kutsche, Kellner, Kehoe, Lane, Leonard, Moncada, Monaghan, Merkle, Martin, Miner, John McIntosh, James McIntosh, McGurk, H. Mallay, W. Mallay, McCormick, McIvers, McPhee, Munroe, McGrath, McKenzie, Mooney, McCartney, Mayer, Monarch, Neef, Noud, W. P. O'Brien, W. O'Brien, O'Kane, Paquette, Prichard, Priestly, Powers, Pecheux, F. Peck, J. Peck, Piau, Perkins, Quinlan, Roth, Rierdon, Reinhard, I. Rose, S. Rose, Ramsey, Rowsey, Roper, C. Schillo, F. Schillo, Stephens, Spalding, Schenk, Senn, A. Sullivan, R. Sullivan, L. Scherrer, C. Scherrer, Silver, Simpson, Talbot, Wile, Wageman, Walsh, Wright, Wilbanks, Wood, Hoye, O'Donnell.

MINIM DEPARTMENT.

Masters Ayer, H. Bachrach, Bloomhuff, Blumenthal, Beckham, Barbour, G. Black, L. Black, Blake, Beerman, Bates, Burns, Bradley, Boettcher, C. Connor, W. Connor, Collins, Connelly, Cummings, Carlile, Cudahy, F. Creedon, W. Creedon, Crane, Carpenter, Cornell, Campbell, Durand, F. Dunn, Jessie Dungan, Jas. Dungan, Doss, L. Dempsey, J. Dempsey, F. Dempsey, Dench, M. Elkin, E. Elkin, G. Franche, C. Franche, Flannery, F. Falvey, Firkel, Grant, Griffin, Greene, Gerber, Hinds, Harlan, Hagus, Howard, Hamilton, Healy, Halthusen, Jaramillo, Johns, Kerwin, Kehoe, Keeler, Koester, Keefe, Kinsella, Kane, Kaye, A. Lonergan, H. Lonergan, Lansing, Mooney, Marx, Morgenweck, Maternes, L. Mayer, G. Mayer, McPhee, Mott, J. Marre, A. Marre, Minor, Neef, Neenan, Nichols, O'Neill, Oppenheimer, O'Mara, Perry, L. Paul, C. Paul, Plautz, Parker, Pierce, Quill, Rogers, Ricks-cker, Sweet, Savage, Seerey, F. Smith, E. Smith, Stone, Stephens, Speir, Storey, Taft, Toolen, Trujillo, Tomkins, Thornton, J. Walsh, W. Walsh, Welch, A. Witkowsky, S. Witkowsky, Willien, Wilson, Young, Ziemann.

[From the South Bend Tribune.]

Washington's Birthday.

The 22d of February is a great day at Notre Dame. It has been sacredly observed there for forty years, more or less, as the birthday of the great Washington, and in no place in our whole country is his name more honored, or more devotion paid to his memory. It is a day of recreation for the students, and the sounding of Washington's praises in song and speech and dramatic story. There was no departure from the usual observance of the day this year, except that the public entertainment in the evening was of a purely literary and musical character with the dramatic part left out. The entertainment, however, was as usual under the auspices of the Thespian Association who were preparing a play but could not get it ready in time, but they gave an interesting programme, nevertheless, to an audience composed of the Faculty and students of the University and many visitors from abroad, including a number of our citizens, completely filling the spacious and pleasant hall. The venerable Father General Sorin, the Univer-

sity's honored Founder, and Rev. Father Walsh, its present popular President, occupied the seats of honor surrounded by members of the Faculty. The background setting of the stage contained a representation of the tomb of Washington at Mt. Vernon, over which was draped the American flag surmounted by two swords crossed, and above all an admirable portrait of the Father of his country.

The exercises opened at 4 o'clock with the patriotic air "Hail Columbia," played by the University cornet band, followed by an overture, "The Passing Regiment," by the orchestra, which was an especially fine production. Then came the oration of the day on "Washington," by Mr. Philip Vanduyke Brownson, a young man who displayed oratorical abilities of the highest order, and treated his subject in a masterly manner. Following the oration Messrs. J. Keating and B. Tivnen played a piano duett, "Les Dames de Seville," by Schubert, with excellent taste, and Mr. Charles P. Neill read an admirable essay, "The Catholic Church and the American State." Mr. Robert C. Newtor then recited with dramatic effect Drake's stirring poem, "When freedom from her mountain height," etc. A large chorus of students rendered the "Star-Spangled Banner," Mr. Fred Jewett singing the verses which gave him an opportunity of displaying the admirable qualities of his tenor voice. The orchestra accompanied the chorus, and for an *encore* the patriotic hymn "America" was given.

The next number on the programme was an oration by Mr. James A. Burns on the "Dignity of the American Citizen." His presence on the stage was easy and graceful and his delivery good, while his subject was treated well and clothed in fine language. The orchestra rendered "The Silver Bell" overture, and Mr. Thomas O'Regan followed with a capital rendition of the poem, "Star-Spangled battle flag." Then came one of the best things of the evening and quite a novelty in Notre Dame entertainments, an exhibition drill on the stage by Company A, of the Hoynes' Light Guards, under the immediate command of Captain Cusack. The boys went through some difficult manœuvres and evolutions with the precision of veterans, which they were compelled to repeat in response to an enthusiastic *encore*. "The American Republic" was the closing oration of the evening by Mr. Charles J. Stubbs, whose effort was a decided success in every particular. He spoke with deliberation, and in a full round voice that was distinctly heard in all parts of the house. The entertainment came to a close shortly before six o'clock, and as the audience filed out, the band played "Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean" and "Yankee Doodle."

Among the interested spectators at the entertainment was Prof. J. A. Lyons. It seemed rather queer to see him in front of the stage, as his place for many years has been behind the scenes as the director of affairs. He is recovering from a long and severe illness, however, and is not yet strong enough to take an active part in the public entertainments. His many friends will be glad to learn that he is rapidly improving, and in a short time will be firmly on his feet again.

Saint Mary's Academy.

One Mile West of Notre Dame University.

—Nellie Morse drew the politeness cross, but generously gave it to Minnie Campbell.

—The lovely warm sunshine of last week charmed even the chronic wallflowers out of doors.

—Miss Angela Donnelly, of Michigan City, formerly a pupil at St. Mary's, spent a few days of last week with us.

—Quite a thrilling description might be given of the skating, sliding and tobogganing parties now going on at St. Mary's; but we forbear, lest public sympathy be aroused, and the feelings of friends harrowed.

—At the last competition in Grammar, held by the Third Seniors, Miss T. Balch, M. Allen, K. Heffron, L. Leonard, N. Quill, E. Nicholas, F. Moore, N. Dunkin and C. Hurley were the best in a class of twenty-eight.

—The number of pupils who attend the daily Mass during Lent proves that good resolutions have been made and are being faithfully kept. The edifying practice of assisting often at the Holy Sacrifice cannot but be productive of great good.

—The First Preparatory Class held a competition lately in Grammar. Those who excelled were the Misses Stapleton, Newman, Daube, Piper and Wagner. In the arithmetic tests of the 1st and 2d Juniors, C. Kloth, M. Rose, F. Palmer and E. Burns proved the best.

—The cement walks were flooded for a couple of days during the late thaw, which awakened the poetic sentiment in some, for they declared the scene Venetian. The more practical young ladies thought the orange peels, etc., exposed by the melting snow, heightened the effect.

—The celebration of Washington's Birthday, involving a conscientious duty, all study and practice were dispensed with, and enjoyment was the order of the day. The weekly letters home were written on Tuesday that nothing might interfere with the recreation. In the evening, music and recitations, added to the usual exercises after supper, closed a very enjoyable day.

—Among the visitors registered here lately are: Mr. B. Bigsby, Oxford, England; Mrs. G. Wells, Riceville, Iowa; J. R. Murphy, C. Koester, Mrs. W. P. Rend, Chicago; Mrs. I. N. Miller, Miss J. Sanderson, Dr. A. G. Miller, South Bend, Ind.; C. C. Davis, Mrs. J. A. Smith, Leadville, Colo.; Mr. and Mrs. T. J. Lilley, Dowagiac, Mich.; Miss K. Holland, Alice Gordon, Elkhart.

—On last Monday evening, Professor Bigsby, of Oxford, England, delivered a most entertaining lecture on "The Schools of England"; on Tuesday, the young ladies were favored with "The Life and Times of Marie Antoinette." Closest attention was given throughout, and general was the pleasure experienced. That Mr. Bigsby had influenced his audience was very evident from the fact that he

did not hear a dissenting voice when he so graphically pictured an American garden.

—At the Academic meeting of Sunday last, *Rosa Mystica* was read by the talented editresses—the Misses Carmien, Hummer, and Brady. The leading essay on "Health" was read by Miss Carmien; the other notable articles were: "The Manner of Receiving the Good Notes," "Prof. Bigsby's Lectures," "Loreto," "Where Ignorance is Bliss," etc., an excellent description of the mental helps (in the way of pencils, buttons, etc.) used by the graduates when reciting, and "The Power of the Press."

The Wine of Pleasure.

Tempting is the wine cup as the cool, sparkling draught finds its way to the lips; warm the glow it diffuses over the face, and pleasing the seeming vigor it carries to the brain and heart. Again and again is the beaker filled, until within the heart of him who drinks are the passions fanned into a flame not less red than the wine that sent the blood surging to the brain.

The story of intemperance is but too plainly told in the life around to require further words, so we turn to what intoxicates and ruins, perhaps more slowly, but surely, namely, the wine of pleasure. It is not of the enjoyments of youth, the calm joys of the home-circle, and innocent pleasures indulged in with a clear conscience that we speak; for, so constituted are we that we must have relaxation after a period of labor. The mind must be taken from its serious pursuits, and its strength renewed by timely recreation. The infant in his mother's arms must be amused, diverted; the school-boy must have his frolics, the school-girl her holidays; the business man and the weary mother, the lawyer and the mechanic, must have their hours of relief from care. Pleasure must minister to mind and body to insure perfect health. Keen enjoyment of the sunshine God has placed in our life is far preferable to Him than is the morbid dwelling in the shadows that cross our path. Even many of the pleasures termed worldly may be indulged in, if moderation be observed. Social duties which necessitate more or less mingling in the gaities of the world must be fulfilled; but it is when the feverish thirst for pleasure impels the devotee to quaff the wine of dissipation too eagerly that danger arises. How great the number who live for pleasure!

Let us transport ourselves in spirit to yonder hall of merriment. See the multitude swayed by the strains of music; observe that innocent girl, as the moments fly, each one fraught with joy to her; the color mounts to her cheeks, her eyes grow

brighter, and in her enthusiasm she thinks: "Is not this world happy! Why, then, did my mother, my teachers tell me its votaries were miserable and unhappy?" Such are her thoughts, and, drinking deeper of the tempting wine life places before her, she daily grows more restless, her thirst for pleasure more eager, and her spiritual life—what of that? Weaker and weaker it has become, until now her lips taste the sediment that lurked in the depths of pleasure's glass. Flinging it from her, she returns to the teachings of her early years, with much to do and more to undo.

The young man, on entering upon the active duties of life, looks forward to success. The pleasures of fame are ever before him, and to attain his object, all must be sacrificed. When, at last, he grasps in his hand the brimming cup of earth's glory, the tears of a mother, the sighs of a father, may be as the poisonous sediment which destroys the longed-for pleasure.

Is an empty heart, a tired body, a worn-out mind the price we must pay for pleasure? Does happiness mean a ceaseless round of dissipation? Are folly and sin the sources of pleasure? In the sense in which many use the term, yes; in its proper meaning, no. An Audubon could find no greater pleasure than in watching the birds as they flitted about their nest; St. John of Patmos found relaxation from his religious duties in playing with a dove. But music, poetry, literature and the study of nature may be sources of real happiness to all, and "by studying nature, we come nearer nature's God."

Enjoyment is a help to us on our way through life; but it is only a help, and if made the principal object it becomes a poison to the soul.

Let each be joyous and happy in the knowledge that every day brings nearer the Home where there is happiness so great that *eye hath not seen, ear hath not heard, nor hath it entered the heart of man to conceive.*

ADELAIDE RIEDINGER
(*First Senior Class*).

Tablet of Honor.

SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

Par Excellence—Misses Allen, Andree, Arpin, Brady, Bub, Burton, Barth, Bloom, Beschameng, Bourne, Bray, Blacklock, Beck, Belfield, Carmien, Clifford, Connors, E. Coll, Campagne, Calkins, Ducey, M. Desmond, C. Desmond, Dunkin, Flannery, Fitzpatrick, Fenton, Gavan, Hummer, Hughes, Hertzog, M. Horner, I. Horner, Henke, Hinz, Harlen, Hoffmann, Hutchinson, Hooker, Johnson, Kearns, Kohler, Kron, Keyes, Leonard, M. F. Murphy, L. Meehan, E. McCarthy, McCormick, McNamara, Moore, C. McCarthy, Marsh, Moran, C. McFadden, J. McFadden, Mitchell, Marley, Neff, E. Nicholas, O'Brien, Prudhomme, Piper, Papin, Quill, G. Regan, Rend, Riedinger, E. Regan,

Richardson, Robinson, Rannels, Snowhook, Sullivan, Stadler, Sheean, M. Smith, B. Smith, Sloman, Spier, Studebaker, Thompson, Van Mourick, M. Voechting, B. Voechting, Waterbury, Wagner, Wiesenbach, Wehr, Webb, Zahn.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

Par Excellence—Misses T. Balch,* Blaine,* E. Burns,* Campbell,* Churchill,* Dolan,* Dryer, Foster,* Hagus,* Hughes,* Kloth,* Lewis,* Longmire,* Lauth,* Miller,* N. Morse,* Mercer,* Newman,* Quealey, Reed, Rhinehart,* Rose, Rogers,* Stapleton,* E. Smith,* A. Thirds,* N. Wurzburg.*

MINIM DEPARTMENT.

Par Excellence—Misses E. Burns, A. O'Mara, A. Papin, F. Palmer, S. Smith, E. Tremper.

* Drew for Politeness Cross.

SCHOOL OF ART AND DESIGN.

HONORABLY MENTIONED.

ELEMENTARY PERSPECTIVE.

2D CLASS, 1ST DIV.—Miss A. Gordon. Promoted—Miss McNamara.

2D CLASS, 2D DIV.—Misses Campeau, Piper,* Sloman, Koester.* Promoted—Misses Fenton, Stapleton, N. Morse, Kohler, I. Horner, S. Brewer.

3D CLASS—Misses E. Nicholas, L. Nicholas, Wright, Hull, Campbell, Burton, S. Dempsey, Mitchell, Davis, Daube, B. Voechting, Schmauss, Calkins, A. Wurzburg.

PAINTING IN WATER-COLORS.

2D CLASS, 2D DIV.—Misses Gordon. Promoted—Miss Wehr.

3D CLASS—Misses Bub, Hutchinson, Andree, Hoffman.

WORKING IN CRAYON.

2D CLASS, 2D DIV.—Promoted—Miss E. Coll.

3D CLASS—Miss Hillas.

PAINTING ON CHINA.

Miss Grace Stadler.

OIL-PAINTING.

2D CLASS, 2D DIV.—Promoted—Misses Neff, N. Meehan, Gordon.

3D CLASS—Misses Robinson, Fitzpatrick, Henke, B. Hellmann.

By mistake the names marked * were entered in the 3d Class, Drawing last month.

GENERAL DRAWING.

SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

Misses Allen, Heffron, Barth, O'Brien, C. Hurley, K. Hurley, Mitchel, Rannels, Richardson, C. McCarthy, Bourne, Studebaker, Young, Boyer, Quill, Geer, Weisenbach, M. Davis, Waterbury, Thomson, McCormick, D. Butler, Daube, Early, Clore, Belfield.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

Misses N. Morse, M. Morse, Hull, Farwell, Hughes, Churchill, Foster, A. Butler, Reed, M. Burns, Hagus, Campbell, Longmire, Davis, Tremper, Palmer, Wurzburg, O'Mara, Papin, E. Quealey, S. Smith, E. Burns, E. Smith, A. Crane.

ELOCUTION.

SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

1ST CLASS—Misses Carmien, L. Meehan, Stadler, Hertzog, McNamara, Schmauss, Bub.

2D DIV.—Misses Hummer, Claggett, Hoffmann, Neff, Kron, Prudhomme, McCormick, Wehr.

2D CLASS—Misses Hellmann, Fenton, M. Papin, Robinson, Boyer, Hutchinson, Keyes.

2D DIV.—Misses Hillas, Daube, Connors, Gordon.

3D CLASS—Misses Hepburn, Piper, N. Meehan, L. Nicholas, Henke, Reen.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

1ST CLASS—Misses Farwell, Campbell, Dryer, Newman.

2D DIV.—Misses Crane, Pugsley, Davis.

2D CLASS—Misses Fritz, A. Wurzburg.