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## The Railroad Man.

BY MARION MUIR RICHARDSON.

The ringing rails beneath his feet  
Are spun about the world;  
All shapes of life are his as fleet  
His train is past them whirled.

A thousand hopes, a thousand fears  
Are held within his hands;  
He rides the cloud whose shade inspheres  
The loves of many lands.

The valleys green, the rolling tides  
Are spread before his eyes;  
The thunder of the mountain sides  
Is with him as he flies

Past summer sweeps of wine and corn,  
Past breadths of barren sand;  
For him the silver day is born,  
The moving night is spanned

By stars that shed their stainless light  
On all the homes of men.  
The city's line of lamps at night,  
The cottage in the glen.

And thoughts awaken in his brain  
The dull crowd cannot know;  
The hand that holds the swaying train  
Has been where brave men go.

A brother's earnest grasp at need,  
A soldier's loyal heart;  
High on the Future's page I read  
The Iron Hero's part!

LET boys ever remember that the *true* hero is he who though naturally afraid, *makes* himself do brave actions because they are right and good. Which is the more to be admired—the bulldog, that *cannot* be afraid, or the sensitive horse, that starts at its own shadow, but yet will face certain death at times to attain its object.

## The French Drama.

BY REV. S. FITTE, C. S. C.

V.

THE "MISANTHROPE" AND "THE DOCTOR IN SPIRE OF HIMSELF."

One day a young man, a pupil of Port Royal, known only through a few religious poems and an ode to the "Nymphs of the Seine," called on Molière and handed him a tragedy entitled "Theogenes and Heraclea." After looking over the manuscript, Molière found the play poor, but noticed therein a certain talent for versification and some dramatic situations which betrayed a poet. He refused the work, but welcomed its author; suggested to him a new subject, and, not less generous than Colbert, paid liberally in advance for a play which was not as yet written. Six months later, the same young man brought him the "Thebaid," or "the Brother's Enemies." A few details were changed, some corrections made, and soon the tragedy was represented and received with applause. France counted one more dramatic poet—Racine.

As Molière had devined a great dramatist in the tyro writer of a miserable tragedy, so, too, was he to discover a great actor in a boy of twelve, whose precocious talent was misused on the boards of a market theatre. He took him home, and by careful training made of him the famous comedian Baron, who, a poet himself, is regarded as the author of the "Andrian Girl" and the "Adelphi," two comedies translated from Terence and first attributed to the Jesuit Larue. But mean men are jealous, and only mediocre poets fear rivalry.

At that time the king had granted a pension of seven thousand pounds to the troupe of which

Molière was the Director. Molière, in turn, actuated by gratitude and inspired by his ever-growing genius, determined to give to the French comedy a loftier character and a nobler aim than that of amusing the court by the spectacle of human follies. The idea struck him of representing on the stage not the shortcomings of the middle class, but the oddities of the nobles and courtiers themselves. He understood that there was no longer room for those intrigues contrived by cunning valets, nor for cheated tutors, still less for those vulgar lovers whose wanton jokes shocked modesty and lowered morality. He instinctively felt that, after giving up far-fetched situations, he must become more serious and deeper; that in the great work which he contemplated the plot was to be simple and decent; the characters natural and consistent: pleasantry fine and delicate, and the style of a polished elegance. At the same time, the picture of private or public manners which characterized the higher classes of the French society should never cease to be humorous and entertaining.

How much is it to be regretted that great poets, such as Molière, did not oftener make us witness the creation of their works by bequeathing to posterity the designs, the notes, the sketches, and all the various labors undertaken by their fruitful genius before producing a masterpiece? What study more interesting and profitable than that of a vast and profound intellect which holds conversation with itself and then reveals to us the inmost secrets of its thoughts! Who does not know that with regard to imitative arts, such as sculpture and painting, the most useful lesson given by the master is the very labor which he executes himself in the presence, and, as it were, under the eyes of his pupils? The recesses of art, the mysteries of genius might thus shine before attentive minds, and this powerful light become for faithful observers like a spark that spreads around the sacred fire of inspiration. How precious are those fresh designs, those spontaneous sketches in which the great masters of painting, such as Raphael and Giotto, have embodied the first idea of their admirable creations! But nothing of the kind is to be found in poetry. The poet delivers his work only when finished, and we can see nothing except what he wished to show; know nothing save what he has permitted us to read. The last reason of his composition remains wholly in his mind, and to discover it, we must slowly analyze the complete work of his hand, and try to catch his ideal through the draperies of the style.

When Molière conceived the first idea of the "Misanthrope," he thought the time had come for the theatre to wage a successful war against the oddities of the aristocracy and the farces of the gilded *salons*. Why should fortune, rank and dignities serve to shelter "the better class" from blame and ridicule, since the office of comedy is to laugh at all kinds of vices and defects? There should be no privilege in the kingdom of truth. Those who believe that they are superior to other mortals ought to be taught by public lesson that beneath the brilliant varnish by which they are disguised, their failings appear more clearly to the eyes of the dramatic poet, who is bound to expose them to ridicule. When hidden by gilded dress, vices are the more odious and eccentricities the more contemptible.

Molière doubtless made such remarks within himself, and determined to expose these vices and brand these singularities. But he took great care to act with moderation, and to observe such propriety as to render the lesson more useful. To that end, he took the means best calculated to make the great worldlings smile at their own shortcomings and thereby amend their manners; for raillery or sarcasm is what they are least able to endure, and one who is willing to be looked upon as corrupt would never consent to appear ridiculous.

The stormy days which had darkened the minority of Louis XIV were gone. Long since the swords of that strange civil war had been put back in their scabbards, but the spirit of that strife, the sole result of which had been to enrich with a new word the French language, did not perish on battlefields, and the old leaven of the "Fronde" fermented still in a few brains. Only now the war had changed its object: it was no longer against the ministers, nor even the court, but against society at large that their railing indignation exerted itself, and we must confess that it was not always without reason. Molière then attempted to depict a man whose strict virtue and austere principles are in open hostility to the manners of the period; who cannot approve of anything that is done or said, because his morose humor shows itself everywhere: "nothing but injustice, interest, treason and treachery." Therefore, actuated by a wild indignation, he spares nobody, and loudly proclaims that he hates all men: "Some of them, because being wicked and ill-minded, and the others for being on good terms with the wicked; all, in short, as not feeling that strong hatred which vice should inspire in virtuous souls."

That man, of whom the poet made a noble, to prevent people from supposing that envy ex-

cited his gall against courtiers, positively refuses to conform to those civil manners demanded by custom. In his conviction one ought to salute but those whom one esteems, nor have any pity whatever for "that shameless commerce of dissembled friendship."

"I want," says he, "a man to be a man; and on every occasion to show the bottom of his heart in all his discourses. I want sincerity in speech, and our feelings should never be concealed under vain compliments."

Lastly, Molière made of that man a regular misanthrope, who dislikes not only all social manners but also those who practise them. Besides, wishing that he should be interesting and ludicrous, he represented him with a good heart but a warped judgment; an austere virtue but a fretful temper; a noble soul but an overbearing nature. Alceste—such is his name—never keeps within the just limits of reason and good sense; a lover of truth and justice, he makes them almost ridiculous by the exaggeration and the blind fury with which he defends them on every occasion. None, however, could rightly accuse the poet of having made sport of virtue itself in making such a character upright and manly. His intention was simply to show that "one must accommodate oneself to the civilities of life, for an excess of wisdom may sometimes be faulty. Sound reason avoids all extremity and tells us to be wise with sobriety."

But Alceste had a friend named Philinte, to whom the poet gave a quite opposite character. A man of honor, and worthy in this respect of being Alceste's friend, he does not want to be anyone's enemy, and although not approving of everything, he never censures anything, but maintains that it is the greatest folly to undertake to correct the defects of the world. These are, in fact, the words he addresses to Alceste himself:

"I observe, as you do, a thousand things every day that might turn better, taking another course; but whatever I might at each step remark around me, I take care not to get angry as you do yourself. I try to deal gently with men as they are; I accustom myself to bear with what they do, and I think that at court as well as in the city my phlegm is as philosophical as your gall."

After drawing these two characters so nicely, the poet was to make a wonderful use of the contrast between them. For instance, Alceste has a lawsuit for which Philinte induces him to call on his judges. But no! Alceste, convinced of his right, positively refuses, and would prefer to lose the case, were it but to have a new proof of man's injustice. Again, a noble gentleman who boasts of being a *bel-esprit*, enters to consult Alceste on a sonnet of his own composition. The sonnet was written in a pretentious style, so

that no mistake was possible. Of course, Philinte, through politeness, admires the beauty of the poem; but Alceste, who is accustomed to say plainly what he thinks, and whom the false praises bestowed by his friend have greatly irritated, does his best to make the vain-glorious author understand that he is not a poet. When seeing that the latter, blinded by self-love, does not take the hint, he finally declares to him that his verses are detestable, and inferior by far to an old song, which Alceste sings twice to make the poet mad, at the risk of drawing upon himself an affair of honor and starting a dangerous quarrel. Moreover, we notice two other noblemen rather foppish, one of whom is too sweet, and the other very impertinent, both being together with the sonnet man in love with the same woman whom Alceste himself worships. That female is the type of the French *coquette*, for Célimène possesses at once charming beauty, sparkling wit, and captivating grace. But she has such a way of pleasing everybody and speaking ill of all without exception, that she spares nobody in her coquettish and malicious conversation. Even those whose homages she courts are the first whom she takes pleasure in tearing to pieces. A widow when scarcely twenty years of age, she never looks so brilliant, so happy as when, surrounded by a circle of worshippers, she displays the whole vivacity of her mocking spirit, and pours forth upon her best friends the cup of her bitterest sarcasms.

It is in the *salon* of that pitiless coquette that Molière represents one of those conversations held by the *beau monde* at the expense of charity. These are reviewed by the observing mind of the poet, who turns into ridicule many an eccentric character which he had not been able to put on the stage: the prattler, who always finds the secret of saying nothing after a long discourse; the mysterious man, who, without having any business is constantly busy, making a marvel of the smallest detail and whispering even a "good day" into another's ear; the annoying tale-teller who talks about nothing else but horses, dogs and carriages; the silly woman, who, having nothing to say during her endless calls, does not so much as stir, though the whole company twenty times gaped and looked to the door; the important braggart puffed up with hunting or warlike exploits; the stupid upstart, who invites friends to dinner without perceiving that it is to his cook that they pay the visit; finally, the conceited *connoisseur* who pretends to discover blunders in the best writings and believes that praising is not the part of a *bel-esprit*. Thus it is that the whole company, squeezed between

a misanthrope who censures all defects in the name of virtue, and a coquette who lowers all qualities for slander's sake, cannot escape the arrows of either, and the poet himself most naturally satirizes all that he finds blameworthy in social intercourse.

It might be objected that a character such as that of Alceste seems to be inconsistent in loving a coquette such as Célimène. We answer that the human heart seldom follows the same laws as human reason: sentiment and love have a logic of their own. Alceste is aware of his inconsistency, for he knows too well the defects of Célimène, and declares that "in spite of them he cannot help loving her, because her grace is mightier;" and, though acknowledging his weakness, he entertains the hope that his sincere affection will finally succeed in banishing the vices from her soul. This he wishes earnestly; but as often as he comes to reproach her with her light conduct and fickle character, he is forced to retreat, on account of the foolish love which he nourishes for her and, above all, because Célimène, who scarcely prefers him to his rivals, in reality loves but herself.

Finally, the poet, in a contrast between the coquette, Célimène, and a prude called Arsinor, brought about a remarkable situation in which these tell each other the harshest and most cutting truths, giving vent to their mutual hatred under the mask of friendship. But whilst the former contents herself with humiliating her enemy, the latter, who loves Alceste, actuated by vengeance, charitably informs the misanthrope that Célimène betrays him, and as a proof of it hands him a tender note received by Orontes from the perfidious creature. When Alceste, indignant, comes, holding the note in his hand, to put to shame the one whom he has sworn to hate on account of her treason, Célimène, far from defending herself, calls him a fool, and declares that the note was addressed to a woman. The trick is too palpable even for Alceste, who exacts an explanation of the strange terms in which the note is couched. But Célimène, unable to find any, flies into a passion, and ironically exclaims: "No! It was for Orontes, there is no doubt about it. I receive his homages with the greatest delight; I admire what he says; I esteem what he does, and I confess, in short, all that may please you. Well! are you satisfied? Go! nothing prevents you; and don't bother me with your silly questions!"

At these words Alceste exclaims: "O Heaven! is it possible to invent anything more cruel? Was ever a tender heart so harshly dealt with?" Then, in an outburst of burning eloquence, he

goes on to describe the torments which he endures, wishing to find Célimène innocent, and unable to draw from her any token of fidelity. Célimène, indeed, as immovable as a statue, coolly replies that Alceste does not know how to love.

This scene of pathos is one of the most beautiful ever conceived by Molière's genius: without a model in the past, it has not since been rivalled, as love was never depicted even by Racine and Shakspeare with truer and more vivid colors. The perfidious woman made sport of Alceste's passion, and takes pleasure in breaking her lover's heart as a plaything in the hand of a naughty child. But her triumph cannot last long. Two other notes she had written to two different noblemen are read out in the presence of all her victims and in her own *salon*. Both leave her after a last outrage, and Alceste, to whom she confesses her wrongs, makes known to her his resolution to withdraw from a corrupt world, inviting her to follow him into a desert. But she refuses with a smile, and Alceste, whose eyes are finally opened, expresses his just indignation blended with regretful sadness: "Betrayed on all sides, oppressed by injustice, I emerge from a gulf where vices prevail, and go looking on earth for a lonely spot where I shall be free to live as a man of honor!"

Such is the denouement of the "Misanthrope." It is useless to say that the plot seems dull and the action insignificant. Were the action more lively and the plot less simple, how could all these situations have taken place, all these characters be developed? As a matter of fact, all the scenes are admirably connected, nor could any of them be taken away without marring the whole comedy. Doubtless the spectators neither cry, nor laugh as they do in a melodrama or a farce. But this is a higher and nobler comedy for true *connoisseurs*, and as long as there are men of taste seeking therein an ingenious and skilful picture of human defects and vices, the "Misanthrope" shall be regarded as a masterpiece and an inimitable model.

History tells us that the beauties of the "Misanthrope" were not appreciated by the many. No wonder; for it is a study too deep for the judgment of ordinary spectators, and only superior minds and great artists are able to understand the depth of its conception, and feel keenly the ideal perfection of its style. Let it, then, be said once more to the shame of the XVIIth century, that Molière, in order to support the more than doubtful success of his best work, had to compose the amusing farce of the "*Médecin Malgré Lui*" Sganarelle outshone Al-

ceste. Yes, Sganarelle, lazy, drunkard, coward, rough, but witty and humorous, caring little whether his children have something to eat, provided he himself has something to drink; beating his wife and neighbors, and wishing to live after his own fancy: is not this an image of a people without education, but gifted with natural wit, sprightly remarks and humorous replies, which almost excuse blamable actions, change our severity into sympathy and render us indulgent because we are forced to laugh? Whence did the poet take that character? Was it from Plautus, Terence, Lope de Vega, or Calderon? No: it is not to be found in any book, but a little everywhere in real life; and it is the same nowadays in London, New York, or Chicago, as it was in Paris under the reign of Louis XIV.

Still, he had read a pretty tale in an old fabulist. A countryman, rich but stingy, had married the daughter of a nobleman and thought he should beat her every morning to prevent her from doing wrong. "My husband was never beaten," she says, "else he would not treat me so roughly." One day she hears that the servants of the king seek for a good doctor to cure the king's daughter who had just swallowed a bone. Sganarelle's wife points to her husband as the proper man, but adds that he must be beaten before confessing his knowledge. The means is resorted to, and the princess, having laughed, is cured. But as the doctor's reputation spreads around, he orders a big fire to be lit, and declares that he must select the sickest of all to be burned, that he may cure the others with his ashes. All the bystanders, one after another, emphatically declare that they are all right; and the king, admiring the doctor's learning, sends him home again, a rich man and good husband, owing to the blows which he had received.

From this farce—if farce we must call it—Molière made one of his most entertaining plays in which he presented a true and spirited picture of popular manners together with an admirable model of prose-dialogue. Is there anything terser or sprightlier than the repartees made by Sganarelle quarrelling with his wife?

"Thou art lucky to have found me."

"Lucky to find thee? a man that reduces me to beggary, a debauchee, a traitor, who eats all that I have—"

"That's wrong: I drink a part of it."

"Who sells piece after piece of what is in the house—"

"It is to live with more economy."

"Who took away even my bed—"

"Thou wilt rise earlier."

"Who leaves no furniture in the house—"

"Then it is easier to move."

"Who from morning to evening does nothing but play cards and drink—"

"Because the times are hard and dry."

"And what meanwhile can I do with the family?"

"Do the same, or what you like."

"I have four poor little children on my hands;"

"Put them on the ground."

"They ask me for bread;"

"Give them a whipping. When I am full and drunk I wish everybody in the house should be the same."

But we must stop for when one begins to read Molière, he can scarcely help going to the end. But, fortunately, with him one masterpiece is followed by another.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

### Ireland's Cushla Ma Chree.

By sweet loughs; on the mountains,  
Where murmurous fountains  
Flow over the crags to the blue, circling sea;  
On boreen; by fair river;  
'Neath thatches where quiver  
Pinched faces from want that has been, and will be;  
There's a heart-sob I'm hearin',  
O desolate Erin!  
That rises above the hoarse songs of the sea.  
And that sobbing will never  
Joy calm, till forever,  
Thy people triumphant o'er tyranny be;  
And, thy *cushla ma chree*—  
"We are free!—We are free!"

EDGAR L. WAKEMAN.

### A Chat About the Catholic University.

*Rt. Rev. Bishop Keane, D. D., in "Catholic World."*

During one of the many journeys by rail which the interests of the Catholic University of America have lately imposed on me, I happened to be placed at a table of a dining-room car *vis-à-vis* with two pleasant-looking gentlemen, whom I had noticed as occupants of the same coach with myself. Our proximity led naturally to an exchange of civilities, and our first remarks about the comforts of this novel style of restaurant had soon broadened into a conversation. As we dashed through the vast prairies, over a road-bed so straight and level that our table furnishing was scarcely jarred as we sped along, we talked of the parched look of the country after the long drought, of the shortness of the crops, of the probable effect on our home markets and our foreign exports, and once our thoughts had crossed the sea, we found as wide a field for an exchange of prognostics in regard to international complications there as we next did in regard to our coming presidential election at home.

Growing more communicative as we went on, they asked and ascertained who I was, and I learned that one of them was Mr. G—, a Catholic from Cincinnati, and the other Mr. L—, a Unitarian from New Haven. After this in-



terchange of confidences, Mr. G— seemed to think that propriety required an allusion to the Catholic University, and so he began:

"You had a great day, had you not, at the laying of the corner-stone, last May?"

Yes, I replied; it was indeed a memorable day in the history of our undertaking. The elements seemed, indeed, to have conspired against us; but the stormy background only served to bring out the lights of the picture more clearly, and I think all were agreed that it was a grand tribute to the Catholic Church, and an omen that the energy embarked in the cause would surely, with God's blessing, win success from all difficulties.

"You apprehend difficulties, then?" he inquired.

What important undertaking, I answered, has ever been accomplished without them? Every great work of the Church of Christ, especially, has had the cross in it, and we neither hope nor desire that this one should be an exception.

"From what source do you anticipate them?" said he.

Well, it is but reasonable to expect them from both friends and foes. Differences of opinion are very natural in regard to all weighty questions, and even people of the best intentions are apt to be contentious. Then, too, it is not to be wondered at that some evil minds should be found, ready to invent what is false, or to put malicious constructions on what is true. And, doubtless, Satan will know how to raise obstacles in the way of a work on which he can look with no favor. But really we have met nothing thus far to cause us any apprehension or much disquiet. On the contrary, we have been astonished at the smoothness of our course; the success attending our efforts has surpassed our hopes, and the counter-ripples have been just about enough to arouse comment and excite interest.

"If I am not mistaken," timidly ventured Mr. L—, "you are erecting a magnificent structure that will cost some millions."

He saw by the amused look in my face that he *was* mistaken, but I relieved his embarrassment by telling him that it was not the first time I had found that impression entertained.

No, I continued, the building which we are putting up, while suitable in style and proportions for the purposes of a university, will be characterized by the simplicity and modesty becoming the divinity studies to which it is to be devoted, and will cost only a part of Miss Caldwell's gift. We have never forgotten, as one of our critics rather snappishly accused us of doing, that it is not buildings but men that make a university, and the funds which we are now collecting are meant almost exclusively, for the men, for the endowment of the professorships, and afterwards for the scholarships and fellowships.

"I notice," put in Mr. G—, "that your critics doubt whether you will be able, for many a

year to come, to bring together a body of distinguished professors in America."

Yes, I answered; we are blessed with a few croaking friends, who will not let us lose sight of the difficulties to be overcome. And this is assuredly not a small one, nor has it been overlooked. For a few years, of course, we will have to look abroad for most of our professors, and we find already that there is no dearth of men of learning and renown willing to unite their lives with such a work in our young Republic. We will need only eight or ten for our Faculty of Divinity, and there is now no reasonable doubt that we will have our corps sufficiently complete in time for the inauguration of the University in November of next year.

"But do you really mean," said Mr. L—, with a look of bewilderment, "that all these eight or ten professors are to be engaged in teaching theology?"

Anxious to save him from a renewal of embarrassment, I chimed in with him as far as I could. It does indeed, said I, seem at first sight a large number of professors for a special line of study. But consider for a moment, in the first place in regard to the doctrines of religion, which are obviously the primary object of the Faculty of Divinity, that they are not only data of Revelation, which one could learn from a catechism; they are great luminous principles of thought, which have guided the loftiest soarings of the noblest intellects in all ages; they are rules of action which enter into all the duties of individual conduct and into all the multifarious relationships of human society; they are springs of life, whose presence or absence has had very much to do with shaping the good or evil fortunes of all the individuals and all the communities that have ever existed. See what a boundless field is here opened of most interesting and most important study, and of most careful and conscientious and enlightened teaching, on the part of theologians, philosophers, moralists, and historians. Next reflect upon the numerous lines of study opened up by Scriptural research—studies of ancient languages, of long-buried antiquities, of Oriental historic records and sacred lore, of patristic interpretation and the multifarious exegesis of the sacred text. Think, too, of the marvellously interesting and important history of the Church, the inner history of Christendom, now more than ever, through the voice of Leo XIII, inviting students to its critical perusal. Then, too, the Canon Law or ecclesiastical legislation of that world-wide Church, springing as it does from the development of her external organization and the modifications in her relationships with the world in successive epochs—a branch of study whose technical knowledge is indispensable in the administration of ecclesiastical matters, and whose scientific examination is the study of the Church's constitutional history. Besides, think of the liturgical studies called for by a priest's sacred ministry, and the studies of literature and elo-

quence that will fit him for the highest usefulness as a writer and a preacher, and the acquaintance which he needs to make with the true and the false, the certain and the unproved, of the various natural sciences which to-day claim to have a word to say about Divine Revelation—think of all this, and I feel sure you will acknowledge that we have here vast realms of intellectual labor appealing to the noblest ambition of students, and calling for the devoted work of numerous professors.

During this enumeration Mr. G—— had forgotten to eat, and listened as if spell-bound. "Surely," said he, musingly, "that must stir the heart of any young man of talent who has a spark of intellectual ambition. But do you intend," he inquired, "to have every student study all those branches?"

Oh! no, said I, laughing; that would not be practicable. It is not our aim to make each student "a Jack-of-all-trades," but to make him master of one or of a few. In courses of elementary instruction, scholars are given a bird's-eye view of the whole field of knowledge, or as much of it as possible; but a university course aims at making specialists, who alone can be accurate or profound scholars; and our students will be carefully directed in selecting the special studies which suit their talents or which will be called for by their future field of labor.

"But," said he, pensively, "how immense is their field of labor, and how few the laborers! Is it to be hoped that the aspirants to the priesthood in our country can be spared so long from their work as to have time for such studies?"

That is, indeed, I replied, a serious question, and one which we have not failed to ponder attentively. It was one of the chief problems examined by the Third Plenary Council. No one could know as well as the prelates of the council did what were the needs of the great harvest field; yet when the question came up whether the term of study preparatory for the priesthood should be prolonged and perfected, their decision was that it must be done; that the condition of the Church in our country now made it both possible and necessary. And when, in pursuance of the same inquiry, the question arose as to the establishment of a university course of ecclesiastical studies, that also was decided on as both practicable and necessary in the present condition of things. The strain and hurry which necessarily characterized the Church's development and organization half or even a quarter of a century ago, no longer exists to any such degree in large portions of the country, and thus the careful preparation which the Church desires for the ministers of the Divine Word becomes more and more practicable; while, at the same time, the intellectual requirements and the intellectual dangers of our people are growing apace, and demand of the exponent of divine truth far more than was necessary in the simpler conditions of pioneer times. That is the conviction which was voiced in the

decision of the Third Plenary Council, and you may rest assured that the bishops who so decided in regard to their ecclesiastical students will see to its realization in their regard. I may say that a plan is being perfected which will make the additional time of study required by the council blend with the advantages which we hope to offer, so that a large number of the best students may be allowed at least one year in the university, of whom a considerable proportion will be sure to stay longer. Besides, we trust that numbers of priests already in the sacred ministry, and practically acquainted with the needs before them, will secure leave to come for a special course of longer or shorter duration. Some such applications we have already received, and they are apt to be numerous. So that there is every likelihood that the difficulty will be, not to procure students, but to accommodate all who will apply.

But, I added, our dinner is over, and there may be other hungry passengers waiting for our table; suppose we adjourn to our coach.

As we reached our seats we were joined by a gentleman whom we had remarked as evidently interested in what he could overhear of our conversation. He introduced himself as Mr. W——, a Catholic from Philadelphia, and asked the privilege of forming one of our little group, which was unanimously granted with pleasure.

When we were cozily settled in our places, Mr. L—— was the first to recommence. "I have been listening," said he, "with great interest to what you have been saying about studies and students. But do you consider that what you have described will constitute a university?"

Not at all, I answered; it is only one of the faculties of a university. The other faculties will be added as rapidly as circumstances and means will permit, so as to offer to all comers the very highest facilities for education in general scholarship, in the sciences, and in the professions.

"But is there not," he asked, "some ground for the charge, which I have heard urged, that the whole spirit and scope of your studies will be narrowed, and made alien to the notion of a university, by being thus hinged on to dogma?"

Is the universe narrowed, I asked, by having God in it? Or humanity by having Christ in it? Or the mind and heart of mankind by being illumined by the light, and expanded and uplifted by the love which He sheds forth? Or the philosophy of the ancients by receiving into it His answers to their puzzled questions? Or the study of the wonders of nature by the knowledge that they are the works of God? Or is the whole field of human thought narrowed or cramped by the conviction that there can never be a contradiction between the words of God and the works of God, or between man's duty to creatures and his duty to their Creator?

"Well, no," he replied, "no reasonable being could say that; though I acknowledge that what

(Continued on page 178.)

# NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.

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The attention of the Alumni of the University of Notre Dame, and others, is called to the fact that the NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC has entered upon the TWENTY-SECOND 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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The Editors of the SCHOLASTIC will always be glad to receive information concerning former students and graduates of the University.

## Results of Cultivation in Plants.

I was turning the pages of a florist's advertising annual, the other day, and I counted two hundred and eleven varieties of Dahlia. There was only one Lily of the Valley.

Now, the lily of the valley has been a garden favorite from time immemorial. It has been tenderly watched and cared for by human hands. Everything has been done to make the struggle of life easy for it. Noxious weeds have been removed from its neighborhood—noxious insects that would molest it have been destroyed. The florist's book to which I was referring gives elaborate directions for its culture: "Choose a partially shaded place, prepare the soil to the depth of two feet with a mixture of leaf-mould and sand. Set the roots about six inches apart and two inches below the surface, etc." And when you have done all this you will get the

wild lily just as it grows in its native dells, unchanged. It will not turn pink or blue or striped or spotted, or produce "double" blossoms, no matter what care you take of it. Of course, you do not wish it to do so. In common with other persons of correct taste, what you admire in this little blossom is its purity, its simplicity, its exquisite delicacy, its delightful fragrance. But persons of correct taste unfortunately do not constitute the majority of mankind, or even the majority of flower-buyers; and it is quite probable that if a florist *could* produce monstrosity in the lily of the valley, it would find a ready sale.

What a contrast in the conduct of the dahlia! As a wild flower it could never have been very attractive. Its odor certainly would not recommend it; and its original color is said to have been a dull yellow. Its facility for producing varieties under culture must have been noticed soon after its discovery, for the botanist happily selected for it the specific name of *variabilis*. The geranium, the gladiolus, and some others, seem to occupy as much or more space in the florist's book as the dahlia, but there are many species of each of these in cultivation. The numerous varieties of dahlia, on the contrary, are all derived from one species, and that, at least compared with the lily of the valley is of quite recent introduction. But how anxious it seems to please—to pander, one might say,—to the love of ostentation and gorgeousness which characterizes the *profanum vulgus*—the mass of humanity. The slightest attention on the part of the gardener is rewarded by some new effort to vary in coloring or shape. What glowing scarlets, deep crimsons, rich purples, and clear yellows, for though its original tint may have been dull, in cultivation, it rivals the primrose, the crocus and the California poppy in its hues. It can even show us a pure white. Sky-blue it cannot reach, but this is a color not to be produced by cultivation, yet in some of its violet shades the dahlia becomes almost hyacinthine. As to shape, it seems to have discovered the peculiar delight which humanity takes in geometrical symmetry. It can bend back its multiplied rays until it hides its involucre, and assumes the general outline of an oblate spheroid. "What a *perfect* flower!" said an admiring friend at a flower-show to me, turning the dahlia around to note this peculiarity. He was one of the many who see perfection in art rather than in nature.

Now, as the popular *dansense* has probably more admirers than the beautiful recluse, so it is quite possible that those who admire the dahlia outnumber those who prefer the lily of the val-



ley. There are some kinds of admiration, however, that make us better men, and some that make us worse. It would be a little rash, perhaps, to assert that the preference for a certain flower over others would be a safe index to character, although a popular proverb teaches us that straws show how the wind blows. The object, however, of the present article is not to moralize, but to examine into the causes which lead some vegetables to respond so readily to human care, while to others it seems a matter of indifference.

Let us begin by adverting to the ties connecting the vegetable with the animal world—ties which have received much attention of late years, since it has been discovered that animals are as necessary, or nearly so, to the well-being of vegetables, as vegetables are to that of animals—that flowers provide honey for the bee to avail themselves of the bee's good offices in effecting cross fertilization; that weeds render themselves palatable to quadrupeds to secure the distribution of their seeds, which, covered with an indigestible envelope, pass uninjured through the animal's system, and are deposited under circumstances most favorable to their development and growth. Such, the farmer has long known, are the means by which road-side weeds are propagated into his pastures. Now different plants seek the ministrations of different animals. White clover, for instance, is one of the chief providers for the honey-bee; but the nearly allied red clover keeps its honey in tubes too long for the proboscis of that industrious insect. The trumpet flower needs the aid of the humming bird, which further research may show us also to perform the cross fertilizing office for the columbine. The largest number of humming birds I ever saw together were sporting above a patch of wild columbines, and extracting the honey from their deep and tortuous tubes. Some dishonest plants secure insect ministrations by deceitful practices, as by emitting the odor of carrion, etc. Others reverse the usual law which makes plants the food of animals, and actually devour and assimilate the insects they allure. These work for the benefit of the individual rather than for the species.

Now, man is an animal, and those plants which show results of cultivation, which seek his care, as it were, appeal to his animal instincts by gratifying them, and in return secure his protection, either for their own individual benefit, or for the reproduction and perpetuation of their species. The apple, from being sour and uneatable, responding to the cultivator's wishes, affords a palatable and useful food to man. The

rose turns her stamens into petals on which the glow of a human blush appears, and exhales an odor peculiarly grateful to mankind. The apple and the rose are both selfish. They make themselves acceptable to their patron at the expense of their power to perpetuate the species. In the core of a choice apple you will find shrivelled "pips." One curious thing about the apple is that although its blossoms in a wild state rival those of the wild rose in beauty, yet in cultivation it never makes any effort to double its flowers as the rose does. It seems aware of the old proverb that "the way to a man's heart is through his stomach." And it is right. There is a small æsthetic minority of mankind opposed to double flowers—such minority consisting mainly of botanists, poets, and followers of Ruskin, whose invective against the modern flower garden is well known. But I never yet knew anybody too æsthetic to relish a choice apple or a choice grape on the ground that it was seedless.

Now, if we examine those plants which thus respond to human care by showing definite results arising from cultivation, we shall find, generally speaking, that they are those which do not seek the services of any other animal. Over the hedge there is a clover field. Compare the clover cultivated there with that growing by the road side without cultivation. Do you find enough difference to constitute what is called a variety? No; because clover is one of those plants which need the aid of insects rather than of men. Examine the large number of plants that have white flowers, and keep open during the night, exhaling strong odors. Such are the magnolia, the orange, the jessamine, the white lilies and many others. They rarely form varieties, or double their flowers or improve their fruit, as the result of human care. The sweet orange is not the result of cultivating the wild bitter orange. It is a different species originally sweet. But I have said of these white flowering plants that they *rarely* show results of cultivation. The white petunia will double its flowers, but its efforts to secure the good offices of the insects that should secure to it the benefit of cross fertilization are often rendered abortive by the cunning of the bumble-bee, which bores through the side of the long tubes in which the honey is secreted, and thus extracts it without distributing the pollen. In despair, as it were, the petunia turns to man.

Wheat, corn, barley, oats, and cereals in general, show marked results of cultivation, without sacrificing the reproductive power, but, on the contrary, increasing it. They are all "wind fer-

tilized," and what man does for them, besides the preparation of the soil and the banishment of weeds, is chiefly in causing them to grow in extended areas, over which the friendly winds may blow in all directions, distributing the pollen with little danger of loss. But they all seem to have reached the limits of perfection. The farmer must select the very best ears for seed, otherwise his crop will deteriorate. It is evident, however, especially in the case of corn, that by the ministry of man they have reached a development they never could have attained in the wild state.

The contrary is the case with orchids, now the fashionable objects of solicitude among flowers. Man is literally killing them with kindness—shutting them up in greenhouses, whence the insects they crave are excluded, so that some species threaten to become extinct. The plants that attract man are not necessarily those that man attracts.

All plants, all the works of God, were made for the spiritual man, who may derive more elevation of soul from considering the lilies of the field, which grow without his care, than from contemplating the more voluptuous and pampered roses of his garden. For those plants that seem to attach themselves to him appeal simply to his animal needs just as they appeal to those of insects. They do this, sometimes, when they might, so to speak, know better. The fuchsia and the geranium were charming enough in their wild state to receive human protection. By doubling their blossoms they have certainly diminished their elegance even in the eyes of the Philistines.

ARTHUR J. STACE.

A Chat About the Catholic University.

(Continued from page 175.)

some people say often sounds very like it. And I must acknowledge that, for those who believe in God and Revelation, it is logical to place Him and what concerns our relations to Him as the very centre and soul of their intellectual system. But permit me to press my question a little further and to ask: Have not we outsiders some reason for believing that your system will be narrowed by being exclusively Catholic, exclusively denominational? Is not that contrary to the broad universality which the very name university implies? And is it not equally contrary to the broad liberality of our American ideas and institutions?"

Once more allow me, said I, to answer by asking a question. Is it narrowness of mind to seek and choose the certain truth rather than

the conflicting multitude of uncertain opinions? Or are we to say that there is no certain truth, but only uncertain opinions in regard to the most important questions that the human mind must ask? And is it a characteristic of a true university to profess such scepticism about those questions? Or is that to be called a university which, professing to embrace the whole field of human thought in its scope, omits altogether this most important of all realms of thought? Or does our American toleration of the opinions of others mean that you are not to hold or profess any absolutely certain convictions of your own?

"Well, really," he replied, laughing, "I must acknowledge myself overwhelmed by such an avalanche of conclusions from my own premises. Candidly, I never looked at things from just that standpoint, and I must admit that, from the standpoint of a Church which believes in the certainty of Revelation and the unerringness of its transmission, your views and your course are entirely logical. And I must honestly add that I envy you who have such convictions, and your students, who will be started out in life with certainty instead of scepticism or agnosticism for their stock in trade. But tell me, candidly, is there really no foundation for the charge, so often repeated of late, that if you ever get the power you will try to force your convictions on your fellow-citizens who differ with you?"

The two Catholics burst into a hearty laugh, to the evident discomfiture of our good friend. Really, I replied, we often are at a loss whether to be amused or provoked at this charge. It has been laid at the door of Archbishop Ryan, of Archbishop Kenrick, of Archbishop Hughes, of Father Hecker, and each one of them has denounced the imputation as a base lie; and yet would-be respectable authors are found to reproduce the forgeries unblushingly, and gullible readers, no doubt, are found to believe them, though every Catholic knows them to be utterly alien to his convictions and to the spirit of his Church. In other times and under other circumstances both Catholics and Protestants have advocated and practised persecution and coercion of conscience; but such are not our times or our circumstances. As we now demand respect for our just rights, and freedom to act out our convictions peacefully, so I declare that, even if all imaginable power were in our hands, we would honorably respect the just rights and the peaceable convictions of our fellow-citizens.

Mr. L——, professing himself entirely satisfied, it seemed as if there would be a lull in the conversation. But Mr. W—— took up the thread.

"May I be allowed to ask," said he, "whether there is any truth in the assertion, which I have heard, that the present plan of the Catholic University goes entirely beyond the idea and intention of the Third Plenary Council?"

Really, I answered, I cannot imagine on what such a notion could be based. The council de-

creed the establishment of a university course of ecclesiastical studies, around which, it expressly said, the other studies of a true university might be grouped. That is precisely the plan which we are working out. Only we must say in all thankfulness that the development of facts since the council has given us reason to hope that the entire plan can be realized in far less time than could then have been expected. You may rest assured that the executive committee of archbishops, bishops, priests, and laymen, appointed by the council, and who number sixteen in all, will not be likely to commit so egregious a mistake as to transgress the council's intention.

"But," he ventured, "is it not rumored that the bishops are divided among themselves on the question of the university, and especially in regard to its location at Washington?"

Yes, said I, rumored by adventurous scribblers, who, when they have not, and could not have, knowledge of facts, invent them to order. That there should be absolute unanimity on every point is not expected of any committee entrusted with any question of importance; but a more harmonious committee never managed a great work than that in charge of the university. As to the location, you are doubtless aware that, after carefully weighing the reasons *pro* and *con*, a majority of the board voted for Washington; and when, at the request of our Holy Father the Pope, the bishops of the whole country were asked to express their views on the question, the majority in favor of Washington was so great that there could be no hesitation as to the final decision. And the press, whether Catholic or not, both in America and in Europe, has been almost unanimous in commending the wisdom of the choice.

"But," he urged, "will it not be a sad disadvantage to Georgetown College?"

Can you suppose for a moment, I replied, that the bishops could have been capable of deliberately aiming a blow at dear old Georgetown, or at any other of the institutions that have been hitherto the bulwarks of our Christian education? Assuredly, nothing could have been farther from their intention, nor have they any idea that such will be the result. These institutions take boys at a very tender age, and lead them up to graduation at the age of nineteen or twenty. It is only then that the proposed university is to begin its work with them, and lead them to the highest scholarship, to the fullest learning. Hence, every young man in whose heart the desire is awakened to share in the advantages of the university, will, by the very fact, be led to one or other of our colleges as the way to it, and will have in the thought an incentive to application and success which scarcely anything else could supply. Thus the university, instead of being a disadvantage to Georgetown College or any other, will be a help to them all, as they in their turn, by their affiliation with it, will be its helpers and "feeders."

The authorities of the University of Notre Dame, one of the foremost institutions of the country, told me recently that to have such a relationship with the Catholic University of America would be their ambition and their earnest endeavor. Even when we have come as far as the establishment of the professional faculties, all care shall be taken that our schools shall work with theirs in fraternal harmony and mutual aid. Our aim is not to destroy or to injure, but to develop and improve.

"Permit me," said Mr. G——, "to offer one other difficulty. Is there not danger that many will regard the university as a Southern institution, because situated south of Mason and Dixon's line?"

Well, really, I answered, that would be a most singular stretch of the spirit of sectionalism. Can the National Capital be considered a Southern city, or the seat of Southern institutions? It was precisely in order to avoid every semblance of any kind of sectionalism that the bishops decided in favor of the National Capital. They did not even advert to its being in the old mother-see of Baltimore; for they desire that it should no more belong to any one see in particular than to any one State or section in particular. Such, too, is the mind of Leo XIII, who earnestly desired that the university should be located in the very capital of our country, that it may thereby be more thoroughly identified with the life of the whole country. Surely this must be obvious to any reasonable mind, and with unreasonable people, you know, there is no use in arguing.

"By the way," said Mr. L——, "did you see those two articles on the university, claiming to be from a Catholic layman, which recently appeared in the *Independent*."

Yes, I answered, my attention was called to them, and a fine specimen they were of how unreasonable people can think and write. Candidly, I consider them as so palpably an outpouring of unreasonable spleen that I wonder how the *Independent* could have published them. However, I am glad that they gave me an opportunity of presenting to the readers of the *Independent* a brief statement of the real facts of the case. That they should be rightly understood is all that we desire, for they carry their own evidence.

"One question more, if you please," said he, "and I am done. Do you really calculate that your university will rival the great institutions of the country—Harvard and Yale, for instance—in excellence and prestige?"

Well, said I, laughingly, while we ask other people to be reasonable with us, of course we too must be reasonable. We know that Harvard and Yale did not become what they are in a day. They have a very long start before us. But we have their experience to guide us, and we mean to profit by it. Our calculation certainly is to give, in each successive faculty and chair that we will add on, quite as high an

order of teaching as that in Harvard or Yale or anywhere else, and to give a great deal more besides, which we, from our standpoint of theology and philosophy, can well give, but which they, from theirs, cannot give possibly. And we are content to let this decide the result. Whoever desires for himself, or for his sons, just those advantages for head and heart which the Catholic University of America will supply, will know where to come for them. And if it is not these, but some different advantages, that this one or that one may be in search of, he will doubtless choose accordingly. Our thought is not one of rivalry with others, but of offering to our Catholic people, and to any others who may appreciate them, the very highest and truest educational advantages, with belief in God, love of God, dutifulness toward God and toward one's fellow-men, pervading and animating the whole system. What worldly prestige such a system may have, we care but little; that it will be appreciated by those who think rightly, we confidently hope. And among them we are content to have our field of labor.

A few pleasant comments of a summing-up character, some delightful chitchat about things in general, and we had reached our destination.

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#### Local Items.

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- Retreat.
- Vive la Mexicano!*
- Line up everybody.
- You don't realize that!
- Next Tuesday settles it.
- Look out for politicians Tuesday.
- A new cement walk—but we desist.
- “He is a bad man with his pistols.”
- The demand for “pain-killer” is still brisk.
- “Johnny” has been succeeded by “Hamlet.”
- Don't destroy the property. It's not manly.
- The students enjoyed “rec” Monday afternoon.
- The smoking-room is quite a democratic place.
- Thanksgiving comes on the 29th of this month.
- Wednesday evening was All Hallow e'en. It passed off quietly.
- The melancholy days have come, the saddest of the year, etc.
- The Boat Club negatives are much admired by local art *connoisseurs*.
- Galvanized iron ornaments have been placed on the towers of Sorin Hall.
- Dramatic scene in the smoking-room! It would look well on the stage.
- The landscape gardener is making some new beds in St. Edward's Park.
- “From Wiggleston to Woggleston it's 18 miles.” It seems further, though.

—Football players should acquire the art of falling gracefully and in soft places.

—Mr. T. Keys, an old student from La Salle, Ill., is a prosperous railroad contractor.

—Senior bulletins were read Monday afternoon. There were several perfect ones.

—Whose crow will it be next Wednesday: Republican crow, Democratic crow, or old crow?

—The Total Separation Society will meet in the gym. this evening. A full attendance is desired.

—The members of the Academy of St. Thomas Aquinas will hold a public debate during the coming week:

—Mr. A. Gibbs and Mr. P. Nelson, both members of the Law Class of '88, are practising in Dubuque, Iowa.

—L. Chacon and R. C. Newton read in the Senior refectory during the retreat. Rheinhardt read for the Juniors.

—An aggregation of Senior ball tossers gave the Junior special nine a few points on ball playing Monday afternoon.

—Copies of the handsome group photos recently taken of the crews will be hung in the parlors of the new Boat House.

—Portraits of Montalembert, Overbeck, Professor A. J. Stace, and Bro. Vincent have been placed in the gallery of Catholic laymen.

—Election returns will be received as usual next Tuesday evening. Students will be duly informed as to the result Wednesday morning.

—Mr. T. McKeon, who pulled stroke in the *Minnehaha* in the exciting race on commencement day '87, has returned, and will take up law.

—The Minims have a large menagerie. It consists of one imitation dog, one excuse for a dog, one so-called cat, and a couple of guinea-pigs.

—The Greek classes will petition for “rec” next Wednesday because, as we are informed by a Hellenist, it is the anniversary of the birth of Socrates.

—From a careful comparison made between our field day records and those of other colleges held this fall, we have a right to be proud of our local athletes.

—The *habitués* of the smoking-room are most hospitable. It goes right to one's heart to be welcomed so cheerfully, and to be put at ease so quickly and thoroughly.

—Very Rev. W. Corby, Provincial C. S. C., left last Thursday evening for Baltimore to attend the consecration of the Rt. Rev. Dr. Foley the newly appointed Bishop of Detroit.

—Our esteemed and neighborly contemporary—*The Times*—is a little too premature about that “hotel.” As far as we can learn, there will be no hotel in this vicinity for many a long, long year.

—The new dynamo for the collegiate building was placed in the engine room of the steam house on Monday last. It has the same capac-

ity as the other dynamo, and in addition to lighting Sorin Hall will relieve the present machine of some of its burden

—The annual retreat of the students was brought to a close Thursday morning. Rev. Father Cook, C. S. S. R., by his touching and impressive eloquence, awakened a responsive echo in every heart, and the retreat and its conductor will be remembered by the students for time to come.

—Hon. B. F. Shively, member of Congress from the 13th Indiana District, was the guest of the University on the 28th inst. He dined with the Seniors in their refectory, and in response to numerous and enthusiastic calls, made the boys a short speech, and thanked them for their kind reception.

—We take pleasure in printing the beautiful little poem from the pen of Mr. Edgar L. Wakeman, recently sent to us by a kind friend. The gifted writer has just returned from a tour through Ireland, and he has recorded his experiences in a series of articles which are now appearing in the leading papers of the country.

—An appropriate inscription has been prepared, and will be engraved on the marble slab which marks the tomb of Dr. Orestes A. Brownson. As is well known, the remains of this distinguished American philosopher lie buried under the church at Notre Dame. We shall give the words of the inscription in our next number.

—We trust every effort will be made this year to increase the efficiency of the military organization. With so many of the old members back, the companies should be better than ever; and they can easily do so if every individual will make an effort on his part. The military is one of the most attractive features of the University.

—No one can fail to see the feasibility of joining one of the gymnastic classes that are now being organized. A competent instructor has been secured, and a little time devoted to training under his direction will not be regretted as lost when the spring opens. When the season for fall sports closes we hope to see a large attendance in these classes.

—Mr. Henry B. Luhn, writing from the University of Pennsylvania where he is now studying medicine, states that from what he has seen of both teams he believes that the Notre Dame boys play a better game of football than the U. of P. Mr. Luhn has had some experience as a player, and is well qualified to judge the respective merits of each eleven.

—The 7th regular meeting of the St. Stanislaus' Philopatrian Society was held Thursday evening, October 25. Masters Nockels, Bradley, Dunn and McDonald were elected members. An impromptu debate, which was given by the President, was managed very well. Master Ramsey delivered a declamation, after which the President told a story about the late war.

—Following are the officers of Company "B," Hoynes' Light Guards: Captain, W. B. Aiken; 1st Lieutenant, F. Fehr; 2d Lieutenant, F. L. Jewett; 1st Sergeant, Fred Chute; 2d Sergeant, J. McGrath; 3d Sergeant, H. Bronson; 4th Sergeant, S. Fleming; 5th Sergeant, E. Campbell; 1st Corporal, E. Berry; 2d Corporal, Wm. McPhee. Two more corporals will be appointed ere long.

—The era of improvement at Notre Dame and St. Mary's goes on apace, and brick and mortar are constantly taking shape in new buildings. Contractor Martin Hoban is now engaged at St. Mary's in the construction of two large new buildings which will require a million and a half of brick. We are pleased to see them prosper and spread out there.—*South-Bend Times*.

—Very Rev. Father General has the thanks of the Minims for a hundred copies of the "Catholic Home Almanac" sent to St. Edward's Hall to be presented with his compliments to the princes. The Almanac, among other attractions, has a magnificent colored frontispiece and exceptionally beautiful illustrations, among which is a splendid picture of the Founder of Notre Dame, with a sketch of his life and a notice of his Golden Jubilee.

—In a few days the Philopatrian Society will place in the college church a mural tablet in memory of their founder, the late Prof. J. A. Lyons. The tablet bears the following inscription:

MEMORIAL

Erected by the Philopatrian Society to their Founder,  
JOSEPH A. LYONS, A. M., LL. D.,

*Professor in the University of Notre Dame.*

True Heart, unselfish, pure and firm in Faith!  
You shall arise, indeed, our dear Lord saith;  
True unto Him, you to your *role* were true,—  
We learned to love God more by knowing you.

*Requiescat in pace.*

—The 6th regular meeting of the St. Aloysius' Philodemic Society was held on Saturday evening, Oct. 27. After the regular preliminary exercises were finished, the society was favored by a declamation given by Mr. R. Nations. The question for debate at this meeting was, "Resolved that Gen. Grant deserves the approbation of his countrymen," and proved to be one of the most interesting of the present year. The speakers on the affirmative side were Messrs. W. Morrison and E. Larkin; on the negative, E. Chacon and A. Adams. The affirmative was supported by an able speech from Mr. H. Brelsford. The decision was in favor of the affirmative. Mr. F. Long was unanimously elected to membership.

—At the regular meeting of the Philopatrians, held last week, Buddhists and Buddhism in relation to America was discussed by the members. Messrs. Wile and Boyd distinguished themselves by their excellent papers. This week the comparative advantages of the eastern and



western parts of our country were ably shown forth by Messrs. Ramsey, Frei, Monarch, Collins, McMahon, Reidinger and others.

—And thus the "skiver" soliloquized: "To skive, or not to skive, that's the question; whether 'tis best to skive and then get caught and get ten thousand lines or, perhaps, your trunk, or both, and lose your 'snaps'—no more to roam at your own sweet will, no more the prefect's joy, no more an example, for all to imitate; and then the disgrace to be met with taunting smile and such words as these: 'Oh, you *will* skive!' 'how's penmanship?' and more of such same kind of speech; and get six on your bulletin, and oh, such a string of notes! By Jove, I will not skive again! not much."

—The fifth regular meeting of the Columbian Literary and Dramatic Society, was held Saturday evening, October 27. Mr. J. Sullivan read a well-written essay on our "College Organizations"; and Mr. E. Sawkins read a selection entitled "Education"; Mr. E. Prudhomme followed with an essay on "Idleness," and Mr. J. Mithen with a select reading. An impromptu debate then took place—Resolved: "That a Classical Education is more beneficial to a young man than a Scientific." Messrs. Hughes and Kehoe argued on the affirmative, and Messrs. Cook and Reynolds on the negative. The judges reserved their decision. A programme including a debate for the next meeting having been approved of by the President, the meeting adjourned.

—The best football game of the season was played on the Senior campus last Monday afternoon. There was less squabbling over decisions, and more dash and vim displayed than in any previous contest this fall. Melady won the toss and chose the last goal. Sawkins' team played well from the start and scored 18 points in the first inning, while their opponents were prevented from scoring at all. The most effective playing in this half was done by Sawkins, Prudhomme, Cusack and L. Meagher. Melady's men made a spurt in the second inning, and succeeded in putting 14 to their credit and in reforcing the ball gradually towards the west goal, when time was called. Jewett's touch-down, made by a magnificent run and some clever dodging from the centre of the field, was one of the features of the second half. E. Coady's play from the 25 yard line is also worthy of mention, while Fehr did good work as centre rush, being ably assisted by Melady, Rusher, and Brownson, Quarter-back. The elevens were composed of the following players: "Blacks," Sawkins, Captain and Centre-rusher; L. Meagher, O'Brien, Stanfield, D. Cartier, P. Coady, Mattes, Rushers; D. Cartier, Quarter-back; Cusack and Campbell, Half-backs; Prudhomme, Full-back. "Browns," —F. Fehr, Centre-rusher; Melady, Captain; Hepburn, Pinim, McCarthy, Lesner, Rushers; Brownson, Quarter-back; H. Jewett and T. Coady, Half-backs; E. Coady, Full-back. F. Jewett, referee. The score: "Blacks," 18.0; "Browns," 0.14.

### 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. Akin, Amador, Adams, Alvarez, Ahlrichs, Bunker, Bombeck, J. Brennan, Burns, Burger, Blessington, Bruggemann, Barnes, Brown, H. Brannick, Brewer, Barrett, Burke, Beckman, Brelsford, Cassidy, Crooker, Crabb, Cooney, S. Campbell, Chacon, Jno. Cusack, Jos. Cusack, Casey, T. Coady, P. Coady, E. Coady, L. Chute, W. Campbell, Draper, Dacy, Dore, Dwyer, Dougherty, Delaney, Eyanson, Freeman, Fisk, J. Fleming, R. Fleming, Finckh, Fehr, Franklin, Ford, Grange, Göke, Goebel, Jno. Giblin, Gallardo, Galen, Garfias, Gallagher, W. Hacket, Healy, Hayes, L. Hacket, Hermann, M. Howard, Hempler, Hill, Henderson, Hummer, E. Howard, Inks, Irwin, Jennings, Jackson, J. Kelly, Karasynski, Kinsella, Kehoe, Kerwin, Knight, Kenny, Kohlmann, Knoblauch, Lane, Lahey, Lesner, Lozana, F. Long, L. Long, G. Long, Larpenter, E. Larkin, W. Larkn, McNally, Maloney, McErlaine, G. McAllister, Mackey, Jno. McCarthy, Mattes, Madden, McAuliff, McKeon, J. McCarthy, McGinnity, V. Morrison, W. Morrison, McWilliams, J. Meagher, W. Meagher, Melady, McLeod, Nations, Albert Nicholl, R. Newton, W. O'Brien, O'Shea, O'Connor, O'Donnell, Paquette, Robinson, Read, Reynolds, Rorke, Roberts, Rother, Richardson, Schmitz, R. Sullivan, Steiger, Sawkins, J. Sullivan, F. Smith, Stephenson, Toner, Velasco, Wynn, Woods, Wagoner, Whitlock, Waixel, Watson, Webb, F. Youngermann, C. Youngermann, Younker, Zeller, Zinn, Zeitler.

#### JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

Masters J. Allen, W. Allen, Ayer, Adams, Aarons, Berry, Bombeck, Bates, Beaudry, Brady, Blumenthal, Boyd, Bradley, Baltus, Bearinger, Bronson, Brown, Bryan, S. Cleary, Cunningham, Crandall, F. Connors, E. Connors, J. Connors, Covert, Case, J. Connolly, Chacon, E. Campbell, A. Campbell, Collins, Cauthorn, Clendenin, Chute, N. Davis, L. Davis, Des Garennes, E. Du Brul, Dunn, W. Devine, A. Devine, Dempsey, Daniels, Duffield, Dunning, Dinkel, Erwin, Elder, Flannigan, T. Falvey, F. Falvey, P. Fleming, S. Fleming, C. Fleming, Frei, Foley, Fitzgerald, Garrabrant, Green, P. Healy, Heller, Hesse, Howard, Hinkley, Hoerr, Halthusen, Hughes, Hannin, Hanrahan, Hague, Hoffman, Heard, Hennessy, Ibold, Johnson, Jewett, Johns, Krembs, King, W. Kutsche, Kehoe, Kellner, Kearns, Louisell, Mahon, Maher, Maurus, Monarch, Mainzer, Malone, Mayer, Morrison, J. Mooney, C. Mooney, McNulty, Merz, McDonnell, McPhee, J. McIntosh, L. McIntosh, McIvers, McMahon, McGrath, McDonough, McCartney, F. Neef, A. Neef, Nockels, Nester, O'Neill, G. O'Brien, O'Mara, P. O'Brien, Peters, Priestly, Populorum, Pecheux, Prichard, F. Peck, J. Peck, Palmer, Paquette, Powers, Quinlan, E. Roth, A. Roth, I. Rose, S. Rose, Reinhard, Riedinger, Rowsey, Ramsey, C. Schillo, F. Schillo, Sheehan, Schultze, Stanton, Sutter, Sullivan, Spalding, Shear, L. Scherrer, C. Scherrer, Smith, Silver, Savage, Talbot, Toolen, Tedard, Wright, J. Walsh, A. Welch, Weitzel, Wile, Williamson, Wilbanks, Young.

#### MINIM DEPARTMENT.

Masters Ackerman, Bates, Blake, Barbour, Ball, Bruel, Burns, E. Bryan, Bearinger, Connolly, Cornell, W. Creedon, F. Creedon, W. Crawford, Cohn, C. Connor, W. Connor, Crandall, Cudahy, Cranc, Downing, Durand, Du Quesne, Jas. Dungan, Dorsey, F. Dempsey, Dench, E. Elkin, M. Elkin, G. Evers, F. Evers, C. Franche, Finerty, Falvey, Foster, Fanning, Grant, Greene, Goodwillie, Gregg, Goodman, Girardin, Hendry, Hagus, Hedenbergh, Haddican, Johns, Jonquet, Kane, Kroolman, Kirk, Keeler, Kaye, Koester, Kehoe, Levi, Livingston, Londoner, Lonergan, J. Marre, A. Marre, Maternes, Marx, Minor, McPhee, Mattas, C. McDonnell, F. McDonnell, McDonald, Mooney, Montague, McCarthy, Mayer, W. Nichols, C. Nichols, Neenan, Oppenheimer, Parker, Pierce, L. Paul, C. Paul, Ricksecker, Roberts, Rea, Seerey, Snyder, Seidensticker, Stone, Stephens, Steineman, Toolen, Trujillo, Thornton, Witkowsky, F. Webb, R. Webb, Wever, Washburne, Wilcox, Wilson.

## St. Mary's Academy.

*One Mile West of Notre Dame University.*

—A grand vocal and instrumental concert will be given this (Saturday) afternoon.

—During the retreat, the non-Catholic pupils not following the exercises, attended class as usual.

—The general vocal class is making great progress, thanks to the earnest efforts of the members.

—Five new pianos have been added to those in the Music Hall, and already are they occupied each hour of the day. The music pupils now number nearly two hundred.

—A number of new books have been added to the Library, among them being Upton's Musical Series in 4 volumes; several works of Ruskin's and Donnelly's Cryptogram. The library is a favorite resort on Sundays and recreation days.

—Very Rev. Father General, thoughtful of the Minims as usual, sent each one a copy of "Benziger's Catholic Home Almanac." The book is most interesting, as many of the articles are from the pens of favorite writers. The happy recipients return thanks.

—The warmest thanks of all the pupils are tendered Very Rev. Father Corby, especially by those who attended the exercises of the annual retreat. Assurances of earnest prayers for him are heard on every side, and long shall all remember his earnest exhortations.

—The retreat for the Catholic pupils opened on last Sunday evening and closed on the Feast of All Saints. The exercises were attended with most edifying regularity, and the earnest words of Very Rev. Father Corby who gave all the instructions during the three days of recollection and prayer, must have left a lasting impression on all his hearers.

—At the regular Academic meeting of Sunday last, Miss K. Gavan read an extract from a letter written by Monseigneur Desilles of Madrid, which was translated from the French by Miss M. Burton at the request of Very Rev. Father General. The subject-matter of the letter was devotion to the souls in Purgatory, and the great privilege accorded the priests in Spain to offer the Holy Sacrifice three times on November 2.

—Among the visitors during the week were: Rev. A. B. Oechtering, Mishawaka, Ind.; Rev. L. Cook, C. S. S. R., Detroit, Mich.; Mrs. C. Bristol, Miss Bristol, Indianapolis, Ind.; H. P. Wyman, Grand Haven, Mich.; B. McDonald, New York city; Mrs. H. Waixel, Chicago, Ill.; Mrs. W. B. Austin, Rensselaer, Ind.; J. E. Lamb, Terre Haute, Ind.; Miss M. Oechtering, Mrs. Cleaveland, Mishawaka, Ind.; Mrs. J. Patier, Mrs. N. Toomley, Cairo, Ill.

### Reading.

Travel in whatever clime we may, east, west, north or south, we shall find an importance attached to education which it has never before enjoyed, and which shows that the march of civilization is upward and onward. In proportion to the growth of education does the taste for reading increase, and to-day we find reading-matter everywhere, on the table of the counting house, at the family fireside and in the hands of the little schoolboy.

The time is of the past when books were few, and their possession was restricted to the wealthy classes; now, the poor man may enjoy standard works at a small outlay, and a library for the home of the simple artisan is among the possibilities. Surely, this may be accounted one of the special blessings of the nineteenth century!

The advantages arising from reading are many, and almost as numerous are the books and essays treating of the subject; and yet, the thoughts awakened by looking around and beholding the power reading exercises in the world, are so manifold, that the topic seems inexhaustible.

One of the most common questions asked is, "what shall I read?" and the inquiry is of deep import. But any one answer would not be applicable in all cases. A person should choose a book as he would a companion, and it may be here remarked, that few companions are preferable to a good book.

No serious mind can be influenced by the enemy *ennui*, if trained to habits of reading; no one need ever be lonesome when a good work is at hand. No matter what a person's station in life, he may live in the present or past with philosophers, poets, or the great ones named in history; he may revel in the fancies of men long since forgotten, he may listen to the teachings of stoics or sybarites, at his pleasure; for to-day the world of books embraces all branches and all times. Many a heart weary in life's struggle has found strength in reading, and many a soul has found in the quiet moments of spiritual reading food to refresh the tired spirit nearly spent in the service of Heaven.

Who shall estimate the good accomplished by reading? Who shall trace the tiny seed sown in solitude, and nourished by the warmth imparted by useful reading? None but God. He alone knows of the souls gained, and, alas! of the souls lost by reading. "Take and read," said a voice to St. Augustine; he took the book and was converted. Many a time one may find

in a good book a special message from God to his heart; while the evil one forgets not the power he may exert on the white page placed before a young soul. He who appreciates his time, who realizes the meaning of his likeness to God, will never waste his time over works other than good. The world may be flooded with bad books, but he is moved only by the true and the beautiful, and he leaves to groveling minds the writings which pander to groveling tastes.

The question of sensational literature has been so widely discussed that further remark seems superfluous; but its effects are so marked at the present day that its mention is essential to an essay on reading. The romantic ideas entertained by so many of the youth of to-day are undeniably due to excessive novel reading; and while the relaxation of light matter is necessary to the mind, the pernicious novel should never find place in the library of young people. A few works well digested would be more wholesome than a surfeit of matter not sifted, not arranged, and of no true merit.

Now, that the field of Catholic literature boasts of so many laborers who are a credit to the Church, there is no excuse for the neglect shown by many in the past. All should read, and read the right works, in the right way, and in the spirit of one who searches for beauties hidden, for gems still unearthed. Then, and then only, will reading be a source of pleasure and knowledge, and a fountain-head of good for here and hereafter.

ELLA COLL (*Class '89*).

#### Roll of Honor.

[For politeness, neatness, order, amiability, correct deportment, and exact observance of rules.]

##### SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

Misses Ansbach, Anson, Ash, Andree, E. Balch, Bub, Barry, Bates, T. Balch, Burton, Bloom, Beschameng, Bogner, Butler, Brewer, Barron, Bush, M. Beck, C. Beck, M. B. Clifford, E. Coll, Campeau, Currier, Caren, Compagne, Clarke, M. Clifford, M. Coll, Cohn, Clore, Connell, Crabbe, Canepa, Donnelly, Ducey, M. Davis, Dority, D. Davis, Dorsey, Daube, M. De Montcourt, I. De Montcourt, N. Davis, Flannery, Fitzpatrick, Fursman, Flitner, Gavan, Guise, Griffith, Geer, Grace, M. Gibson, A. Gibson, Gordon, Harriman, Hertzog, Hammond, Harlen, M. Horner, I. Horner, Hurff, Healy, C. Hurley, K. Hurley, Hamilton, Hepburn, Hutchinson, Huber, Haight, Hellmann, Irwin, Johnson, Kingsbury, C. Keeney, Koepplinger, Koopman, Lawrence, Linneen, Ledwith, Lewis, Meehan, McNamara, Moran, N. Morse, F. Moore, Marley, Miner, C. Morse, McCarthy, Mercer, McCune, H. Nester, L. Nester, Nacey, Nelson, Norton, Nicholas, O'Brien, Prudhomme, Papin, Paul, Penburthy, Quill, Quealey, Robinson, Roberts, Rentfrow, Rend, M. Smith, Slesinger, Spurgeon, Schrock, Studebaker, Simpson, Saviers, Schiltz, Taylor, Van Horn, Van Mourick,

Van Riper, M. Voechting, B. Voechting, Wright, Webb, Wehr, Waterbury, Waixel; Wilkinson, Zahm.

##### JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

Misses Barry, Bloom, E. Burns, Burchard, Churchill, A. Cooper, Cooke, Campbell, M. Davis, Dolan, Dreyer, Ernest, Farwell, Göke, Griffith, Hull, Johns, Kloth, Kelso, Lauth, Marks, M. McHugh, Miller, McPhee, McGuire, Northam, O'Mara, Patrick, Pugsley, Patier, Quealey, Reeves, Regan, Rose, Rowley, Rinehart, M. Smyth, J. Smyth, Scherrer, Sweeney, M. Schoellkopf, I. Schoellkopf, Stapleton, Thirds, N. Wurzburg.

##### MINIM DEPARTMENT.

Misses Ayer, Burns, Crandell, L. McHugh, M. McHugh, Moore, Papin, S. Smyth, N. Smyth, Scherrer.

#### Class Honors.

GRADUATING CLASS—Misses L. Ducey, L. McNamara, I. Bub, A. Donnelly, L. Meehan, C. Moran, M. Smith, L. Van Horn, E. Balch, M. B. Clifford, M. Rend, A. Reidinger, E. Coll, K. Gavan, F. Hertzog.

1ST SENIOR CLASS—Misses A. Hammond, E. Flannery, M. Barry, M. Bates, M. Davis, M. Horner, S. Campeau, F. Waterbury, J. Dority, E. Harlen, E. Wright, M. Hutchinson.

2D SENIOR CLASS—Misses J. Currier, C. Hurley, K. Hurley, M. Quill, R. Van Mourick, M. Hurff, J. Bloom, M. Fursman, M. Fitzpatrick, I. Horner, H. Irwin, L. Hillas, J. English, M. Beck, T. Balch, E. Healy, O. O'Brien, M. Papin, M. Burton, N. Morse, G. Wehr, F. Moore, C. Prudhomme.

3D SENIOR CLASS—Misses C. Morse, L. Nester, M. Piper, A. Caren, B. Kingsbury, L. Taylor, M. Gibson, N. Gibson, H. Nacey, L. Nelson, N. Linneen, C. Haight, M. Geer, N. Davis, G. Clarke, M. De Montcourt, A. Grace, C. Miner, H. Lawrence, M. Schiltz, J. Robinson, L. Compagne, J. Daube, F. Marley, B. Wagner, S. Crane, I. Stapleton, E. Quealey.

1ST PREPARATORY CLASS—Misses S. Brewer, M. Clifford, E. Churchill, E. Bogner, J. Ledwith, E. Norton, O. Butler, B. Hepburn, H. Nester, M. Coll, B. Voechting, B. Webb, B. Bloom, L. Dolan, A. Thirds.

2D PREP. CLASS—Misses E. Lewis, D. Spurgeon, A. Barron, A. Keeney, M. Clore, H. Huber, R. Campbell, A. Van Riper, M. Andree, J. Connell, A. Regan, M. Thayer, I. Zahm, G. Lauth, M. Kelso, M. Hull, M. Burns, M. McHugh, M. Rinehart, L. Reeves.

3D PREP. CLASS—Misses C. Johnson, B. Crabbe, F. Burdick, C. Dorsey, H. Pugsley, N. Paul, G. Rentfrow, U. Bush, M. McCune, M. Campbell, L. Farwell, A. O'Mara.

JUNIOR PREP. CLASS—Misses M. Smyth, K. Barry, P. Griffith, C. Kloth, I. Cooke, L. Dreyer, N. Burchard.

1ST JUNIOR CLASS—Misses J. Patrick, B. Davis, A. Rowley, M. Davis, S. Smyth, N. McGuire, F. Palmer, L. McHugh, I. Schoellkopf, L. Kaspar, S. Göke, K. Moore.

2D JUNIOR CLASS—Misses E. Regan, J. Smith, V. Kelly, K. Sweeney, M. Hansford, M. McHugh, N. Smyth, G. Crandall, L. Ayer.

#### "POVERI! POVERIS!"

Come, let us ponder; it is fit—

Born of the poor, born to the poor.

The poor of purse, the poor of wit,

Were first to find God's opened door—

Were first to climb the ladder round by round

That fell from heaven's door unto the ground.

God's poor came first, the very first!

God's poor were first, to see, to hear,

To feel the light of heaven burst

Full on their faces. Far or near,

His poor were first to follow, first to fall!

What if at last His poor stand first of all?

*Joaquin Miller, in the November CENTURY.*