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Southwell, Crashaw and Habington.

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All poets have longed for clearer, more exact and fervent expression of their inspiration than any earthly language can give, and all poets have felt that the highest poetry here falls short of that sublime poetry which their boldest thoughts only see as through a glass darkly. No poet seems to have known this longing and this limitation better than Robert Southwell. To him poetry brought no consolation, as we may judge from his poems. To him it brought no false quietism, which both Wordsworth and Cowper seem to take for consolation. He burned to manifest the divine love that lived within him; and, in the usual expression of poetry, he cried out. Southwell was a priest whom religion forced to be a poet; it is doubtful whether either Habington or Southwell would have been poets had they not been spurred on to ardent expression by the motive which religion gives to devout souls. This is true, perhaps, in a lesser degree of Habington and Crashaw than of Southwell. The former, however, would have been only *dilettanti*, had not religion given them clearness and strength. All three were, as another writer has expressed it of one of them, not merely poets who happened to be Catholics, they were poets and Catholics; and their religion and inspiration were so near each other that it is difficult to tell which bade them sing.

No man can read the story of Robert Southwell's life without a feeling of reverential admiration. His life and his poetry are alike above our ordinary sympathy, for he was a martyr, and a poet whose theme was always of sacred things. Martyr and poet are epithets so grand

that when a man deserves them he becomes superhuman. For this reason the poetry of Southwell will never become popular. His poems had some vogue in England, not because the public really preferred strength and real passion to the fashionable word-building and quaint conceits which passed for poetry, or felt his power as a poet, but because the heroism and pathos of his death attracted popular sympathy to his work. Even his enemies admitted that his death was worthy of an ancient Roman; and zeal, inflexible faith, and heroic endurance were not without honor even in days when the politicians had found it wise to lead the English nation to regard a Catholic priest as worse than a leper.

Southwell did not think much of poetry as an art; but this fault was not uncommon among the Elizabethan poets. His richness of expression is unbounded, unhusbanded. Nature, as nature, had no message for him. Nature was God's footstool; of the myriad voices, of the myriad phases in earth and heaven, he took no note for themselves. The rose and the lily were for him in their best place before the tabernacle, and the breath of the new-mown fields was less sweet to him than the incense that wreathed the pillars of a church. Rhythm and rhyme were fetters to his thought rather than helps to it. Verse in his hands was the nearest earthly approach to that divine expression which the seraphs have; it was powerless to hold the fervor of a heart that burned with desire for union with our Lord. "St. Peter's Complaint,"—the most worthy expression of his genius—is an evidence of this.

Southwell doubtless considered Shakspeare's contemporary poem of "Lucrece"—if, indeed, he read it—as Ulysses looked upon the sirens. Professor Hales, who contributes a brief but appreciative notice of Southwell to *The English*

Poets, points out the striking resemblance, in a literary way, between "St. Peter's Complaint" and "Lucrece." In each poem there is an overpowering wealth of imagery, a crowding of illustration, a luxuriance of thought, and a minuteness of narration. "St. Peter's Complaint" is the stronger poem, not only in its motive but in treatment. "It is undoubtedly," says Prof. Hales, "the work of a mind of no ordinary copiousness, often embarrassed by its own riches, and so expending them with a prodigal carelessness." But it is something more than this. It is the outburst of a heart burning with divine love and poetic fire; it is unique in literature. It is not artistic; it contains little sweetness, no sympathy with the humanity of the saint, which a modern poet would have made the most prominent part of the "Complaint." The silence of a Stylites only could better express the penitence of such a soul as Southwell portrays. The poem is long, consisting of one hundred and forty-six-line stanzas. These are striking and beautiful:

"Like solest swan that swims in silent deep,
And never sings but obsequies of death,
Sing out thy plaints, and sole in secret weep,
In suing pardon spend thy perjured breath;
Attire thy soul in sorrow's mourning weed,
And at thine eyes let guilty conscience bleed.

"Still in the 'lembic of thy doleful breast
Those bitter fruits that from thy sins do grow;
For fuel, self-accusing thoughts be best;
Use fear as fire, the coals let penance blow;
And seek none other quintessence but tears,
That eyes may shed what entered at thine ears.

"When, traitor to the Son, in Mother's eyes,
I shall present my humble suit for grace,
What blush can paint the shame that shall arise
Or write my inward feelings on my face?
Might she the sorrow with the sinner see,
Though I'm despised, my grief might pitied be.

"But ah! how can her ears my speech endure,
Or scent my breath still reeking hellish steam?
Can Mother like what did the Son abjure,
Or heart deflowered a virgin's love redeem?
The Mother nothing loves the Son doth loathe;
Ah! loathsome wretch, detested of them both.

"Weep balm and myrrh, you sweet Arabian trees,
With purest gems perfume and pearl your rine;
Shed on your honey-drops, your busy bees,
I, barren plant, must weep unpleasant brine:
Hornets, I hear, salt drops their labor plies,
Sucked out of sin, and shed by showering eyes.

"If love, if loss, if fault, if spotted fame,
If danger, death, if wrath or wreck of weal,
Entitle eyes true heirs to earned blame,
That due remorse in such events conceal:
That want of tears might well enroll my name
As chiefest saint in calendar of shame."

These quotations give only a slight idea of the beauty and richness of the poem. It is overwrought, and the constant alliteration detracts somewhat from the simplicity of statement which would otherwise have strengthened many of the lines. One cannot help speculating upon the heights which Southwell might have reached in the art of poetry, had he not suffered death at the age of thirty-three—at the age when he desired most to die, if God willed it, as bringing him nearer that sublime Model of his life whom he loved so well to imitate. It is hardly possible that he would have written much, even had he lived to remain in England. The life of a priest in the days of "good queen Bess" had little leisure in it for dalliance with a muse that does not love turmoil. And, moreover, theology is not the most tender nurse of the poetic art. Theology is apt to restrict its steps and hold it in leading-strings, that it may not forget men's souls in plucking flowers for the sake of their perfume. Dante, it is true, was a theologian, and Milton probably thought that he was one; but Southwell was a priest, and the holy office cannot accept a divided heart. It is quite probable that in "St. Peter's Complaint" he reached his highest water-mark in poetry. It may have been in him, as it was in the author of "Lucrece," to write a poem that would move the hearts of all the ages to come; but to him, as a priest and poet, fame was nothing. The soul nearest him was more important to him than the admiration of centuries. Southwell is one of a very few poets who never felt the touch of earthly passion or of that sentiment, half-human, half-divine, that we call love. Even Crashaw's address to his mythical mistress, impersonal as it is, expresses a feeling which Southwell never experienced. He lent no ear to the Circe who transformed so many of his brother poets into a semblance of bestiality. As a priest, he felt the sacredness of his place above angels; and there is no sign of that conflict between the sensuous and the spiritual to which poetic temperaments seem especially prone. In this Southwell offers a striking contrast to a rare and delicate modern genius, Maurice de Guérin, who, likewise a Catholic and with a strong instinct towards the entire consecration of himself to God, shattered himself in a struggle between the sensuousness of nature and the asceticism which he felt in Christianity. But Southwell was the highest type of a Catholic. This fact, from the ordinary literary point of view, doubtless restricted his scope as a poet; but from the ordinary literary point of view, the manner is above the thing, the art of Gautier above the

fervor of Southwell, and human love is only worthy of the poet's song. Southwell is none the less a poet that he sang to God alone. The texture of his work is stained in the Blood of the Sacred Heart, not iridescent with the changing hues that arise from corruption. "Love's Plot," which is not inappropriate here, is full of a characteristic sententiousness that shows his firm poetical grasp by never becoming prosy or commonplace:

"Love mistress is of many minds,
Yet few know whom they serve;
They reckon least how little love
Their service doth deserve.

"The will she robbeth from the wit,
The sense from reason's lore;
She is delightful in the rind,
Corrupted in the core.

"She shroudeth vice in virtue's veil
Pretending good in ill;
She offereth joy, affordeth grief,
A kiss when she doth kill.

"A honey flower reigns from her lips,
Sweet lights shine in her face;
She hath the blush of virgin's mind,
The mind of viper's race.

"She makes thee seek, yet fear to find;
To find, but not enjoy;
In many frowns some gliding smiles
She yields, to more annoy.

"Like winter rose and summer ice,
Her joys are still untimely;
Before her hope, behind remorse,
Fair-first, in fine unseemly.

"Moods, passions, fancies, jealous fits,
Attend upon her train;
She yieldeth rest without repose,
A heaven in hellish pain.

"Her house is sloth, her door deceit,
And slippery hopes her stairs;
Unbashful boldness bids her guests,
And every vice appears.

"Her sleep in sin doth end in wrath,
Remorse rings her awake;
Death calls her up, shame drives her out,
Despairs her upshot make.

"Plough not the seas, sow not the sands,
Leave off your idle pain;
Seek other mistress for your minds—
Love's service is in vain."

"Times go by Turns" and "The Burning Babe" are already too well known to Catholics to need reproduction. It is strange that his "Child of my Choice"—a tender and fervent address to the Child Jesus—has not found its way into our hymn-books.

Southwell was not the only poet who suffered on the scaffold. The gallant Surrey had pre-

ceded him, and in after-years André Chénier died by the hand of the executioner; but no poet in modern times died the glorious death of Southwell. The deaths of Surrey and Chénier were as mournful sunsets; his a glorious sunrise. Like his own "solest swan," his last songs in prison were sweetest, for he had already pierced, with a martyr's vision, the splendors of heaven.

From his childhood he was fervently religious. He was the third son of Richard Southwell, a Catholic gentleman of Norfolk. Robert was born at his father's seat, Horsham, St. Faith's, about the year 1562. There is a tradition to the effect that a gipsy woman made an attempt to steal him, in the hope of gain; and he never ceased, it is said, to show his gratitude to God for having saved him from a semi-savage and vagrant life. Although the Southwell family was Catholic, Richard Southwell never permitted his religion to stand in the way of his preferment; and in those days Catholics could obtain worldly advantage only by the sacrifice of principle. Robert's tendency towards the religious life was so strong that he was sent to Douay to be educated for the priesthood, and from there to Paris. This fact speaks well for his father, who risked much by having him educated abroad. Robert went from Paris to Rome, where he was received into the Society of Jesus. Early in the year 1585 he applied for permission to return to England. The thought of souls perishing for the sacred nourishment that he could give them filled him with a solicitude that was agony, and he longed for the crown of martyrdom. The peril that faced him was not vague "Any papist," according to the statute 27 Elizabeth c. 2, "born in the dominions of the crown of England; who should come over thither from beyond the sea (unless driven by stress of weather, and tarrying only a reasonable time), or should be in England three days without conforming and taking the oath, should be guilty of high treason." Southwell knew that a Jesuit was doubly obnoxious to the herd of Englishmen who blindly followed time-serving leaders; he knew, too, that if discovered he should be hanged, drawn, and quartered. He did not shrink. Perhaps he reverently repeated the words of his "Burning Babe":

"Love is the fire and sighs the smoke, the ashes shame
and scorn,
The fuel Justice layeth on, and Mercy blows the coals;
The metal in this furnace wrought are men's defiled
souls;
For which, as now on fire I am, to work them to their
good,
So will I melt into a bath, to wash them in my blood."

Southwell's letter to his father, which he wrote soon after his return to England, shows that the poet who wrote "St. Peter's Complaint" might as easily have spoken an apologia before the despots who in England imitated the persecutions of Diocletian in the name of "reformation." The letter is full of that earnestness and faith which were ingrained in this remarkable man:

"Who hath more interest in the grape than he who planted the vine? Who more right to the crop than he who sowed the corn? or where can the child owe so great service as to him to whom he is indebted for his very life and being? With young Tobias, I have travelled far, and brought home a freight of spiritual substance to enrich you, and medicinable receipts against your ghostly maladies. I have, with Esau, after a long toil in pursuing a long and painful chase, returned with the full prey you were wont to love, desiring thereby to insure your blessing. I have, in this general famine of all true and Christian food, with Joseph, prepared abundance of the bread of angels for the repast of your soul. And now my desire is that my drugs may cure you, my prey delight you, and my provision feed you, by whom I have been cured, enlightened, and fed myself; that your courtesies may, in part, be countervailed, and my duty, in some sort, performed. Despise not, good sire, the youth of your son, neither deem your God measureth his endowments by number of years. Hoary senses are often couched under youthful locks, and some are riper in the spring than others in the autumn of their age. God chose not Esau himself, nor his eldest son, but young David to conquer Goliath and to rule his people; not the most aged person, but Daniel the most innocent youth, delivered Susannah from the iniquity of the judges. Christ at twelve years of age was found in the temple, questioning with the greatest doctors. A true Elias can conceive that a little cloud may cast a large and abundant shower; and the Scripture teaches us that God unveileth to little ones that which He concealeth from the wisest sages. His truth is not abashed by the minority of the speaker, for out of the mouths of infants and sucklings He can perfect His praises. Timothy was young, and yet a principal pastor; St. John a youth, and yet an apostle; yea, the angels, by appearing in youthful semblance, gave us a proof that many glorious gifts may be shrouded under tender shapes. All this I say, not to claim any privileges surmounting the rate of usual abilities, but to avoid all touch of presumption in advising my elders; seeing that it hath the warrant of Scripture, the testimony of example, and sufficient grounds both in grace and nature.

"If you," says this earnest poet, "if you were stretched on your departing bed, burdened with the heavy load of your former trespasses, and gored with the sting of a festered conscience; if you felt the hand of death grasping your heart-strings, and ready to make the rueful divorce between body and soul; if you lay panting for breath and bathed in a cold and fatal sweat, wearied with struggling against the pangs of death, oh! how much you would give for one hour for repentance! at what rate you would value one day's contrition! Worlds would then be worthless in respect of a little respite; a short time would seem more precious than the treasures of empires. Nothing would be so much esteemed as a moment of time, which is now by months and years so lavishly misspent. Oh! how deeply would it wound your heart when, looking back into yourself, you consider

many faults committed and not confessed; many good works omitted or not recovered; your service to God promised but never performed. How intolerable will be your case! Your friends are fled, your servants frightened, your thoughts amazed, your memory distracted, your whole mind aghast, and, unable to perform what it would, only your guilty conscience will continually upraid you with most bitter accusations. What will be your thoughts when, stripped of your mortal body, and turned both out of the service and house-room of this world, you are forced to enter into uncouth and strange paths, and with unknown and ugly company to be carried before a most severe Judge, carrying in your own conscience your judgment written, and a perfect register of all your misdeeds; when you shall see *Him* prepared to pass sentence upon you against whom you have transgressed; He is to be the umpire whom by so many offences you have made your enemy; when not only the devils but even the angels will plead against you, and yourself, in spite of your will, be your own sharpest impeacher? What would you do in these dreadful exigencies, when you saw the ghastly dungeon and huge gulf of hell breaking out with most fearful flames; when you heard the weeping and gnashing of teeth, the rage of these hellish monsters, the horror of the place, the rigor of the pain, the terror of the company, and the eternity of the punishment? Would you then think them wise that would delay in such weighty matters, and idly play away a time allotted to prevent such intolerable calamities? Would you then account it secure to nurse in your bosom a brood of serpents, or suffer your soul to entertain so many accusers? Would not you then think a whole life too little to do penance for so many iniquities? Why, then, do you not at least devote the small remnant and surplus of these your latter days in seeking to make an atonement with God, and in freeing your conscience from the corruption that, by your treason and fall, has crept into it; whose very eyes that read this discourse, and very understanding that conceive it, shall be cited as certain witnesses of what I describe? Your soul will then experience the most terrible fears, if you do not recover yourself into the fold and family of God's Church."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Along the Firehole River.

BY A. F. Z.

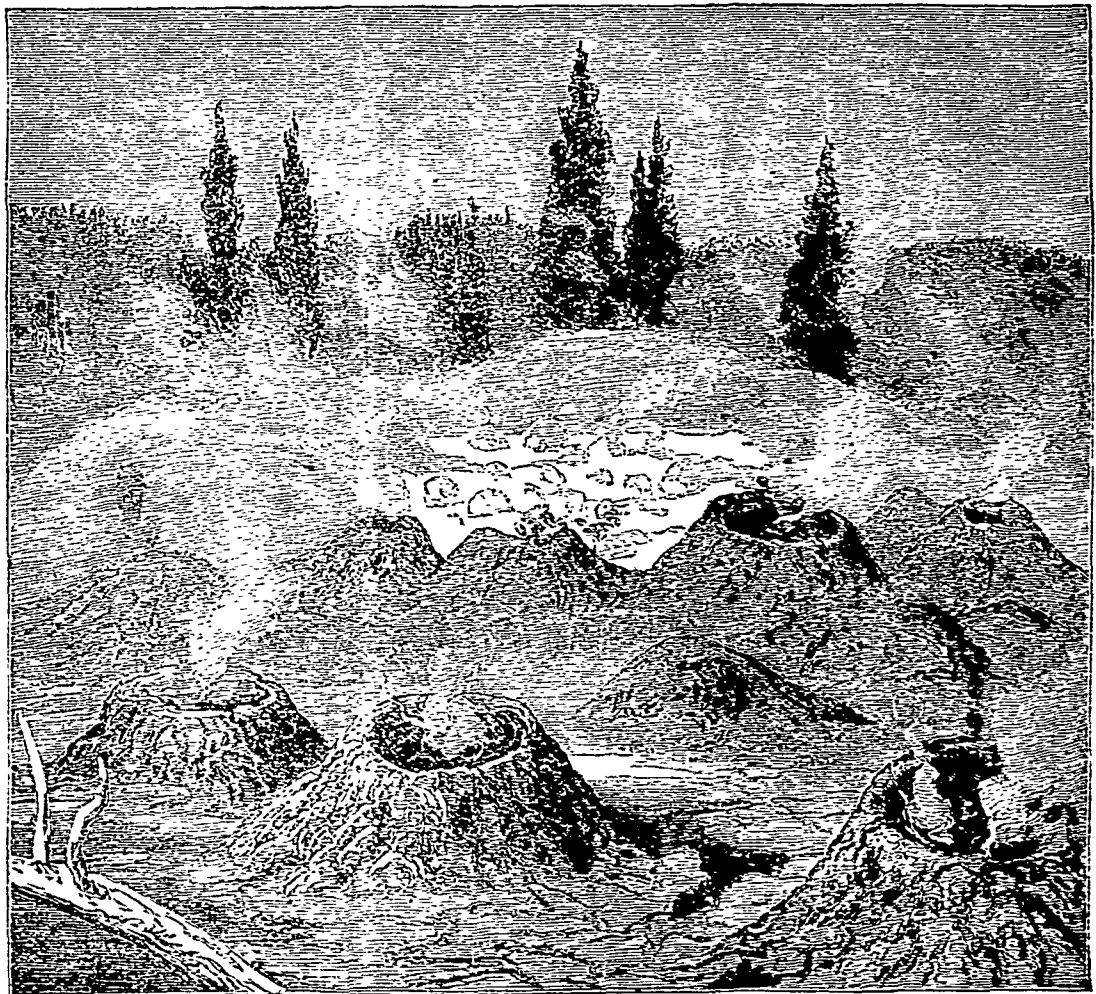
Early next morning a multitude of carriages throng at the door and wheel off in every direction with wondering tourists. Soon we arrive in a large party at a locality where the earth is covered with a soft white crust whence issue steam and water in many places. There is an entire hill of this formation which looks and feels like a mixture of lime and soda. Hundreds of basins filled with hot crystal water are scattered about; some quiet, some bubbling and overflowing, some steaming and boiling furiously and ejecting hot water. All that overflow have small, brilliantly colored channels leading away to the river. Some of these have been walled,

arched or bridged over by the constant accumulation deposited by the water. The banks of the springs, lakes and geysers are likewise built up and constantly elevated by the same process so that in the vicinity of such action the entire earth is elevated to a hill, embankment, or, it may be, a single cone many feet high. As we walk over this crust the earth sounds as if hollow and ready to break through into some fiery cavern, but no one heeds the warning.

Some springs are clear blue or ultramarine, which indicates the presence of sulphur, as does also the odor; others are bubbling mudpots of every variety of color—white, pink, brown, red, yellow, black—clear brilliant colors each in a different pot and each utilizable as paint. The entire collection has been aptly styled the "Mammoth Paint Pots;" and, singularly enough, some of the mud, which is an impalpable, silicious clay, has been conveniently used in painting the hotels, some of which are highly ornamented with colors collected here. This little assemblage of puddles is one of the most curious and interesting sights of this region. The banks are a foot or more in height, very abrupt and solid.

As we stand on the brink of this mammoth caldron of mortar, at all times bubbling and sputtering, the sound reminds us of boiling mush or some dense syrup. On the south side the ebullition is very vigorous, and the grayish white mud dances up in spurts, such as are made by the heavy drops of a shower playing on a shallow pool. On the other side, however, there is less heat and agitation; the liquid is thicker, more dense and tenacious. As a consequence, the mud there rises slowly into large blisters which gradually swell up a foot in diameter and suddenly burst with a puff that casts up a little mud and steam; then the bubbles collapse, sink down, and disappear. Side by side near these a number of more brilliantly colored pots are arranged like little ant-hills, each distinct from the others. Each one is formed by a single vent of steam coming up through the solid earth and moistening the ground about the orifice. As

the steam passes out it raises the mud slowly upward, forming a miniature volcano which soon explodes and leaves a crater at the top. As the earth is firm all about the little cone it is well sustained and continues to steam and have its harmless periodical eruptions. They are a little vicious, however, if too closely approached, as they constantly emit hot vapors not always visible, and they have a habit of spurting and tossing up clots of hot mud to any over-inquisitive visitor. It would have been easy for us to remove one of these quaint structures as children do the cones built over crab-holes. We should have been very proud to have carried home a volcano. But, fortunately, to prevent such vandalism,



THE "MAMMOTH PAINT POTS," LOWER GEYSER BASIN.

Uncle Sam's men are always vigilant, else all the beautiful formations of the park should have been defaced and ruined ere we had the privilege and delight of seeing them.

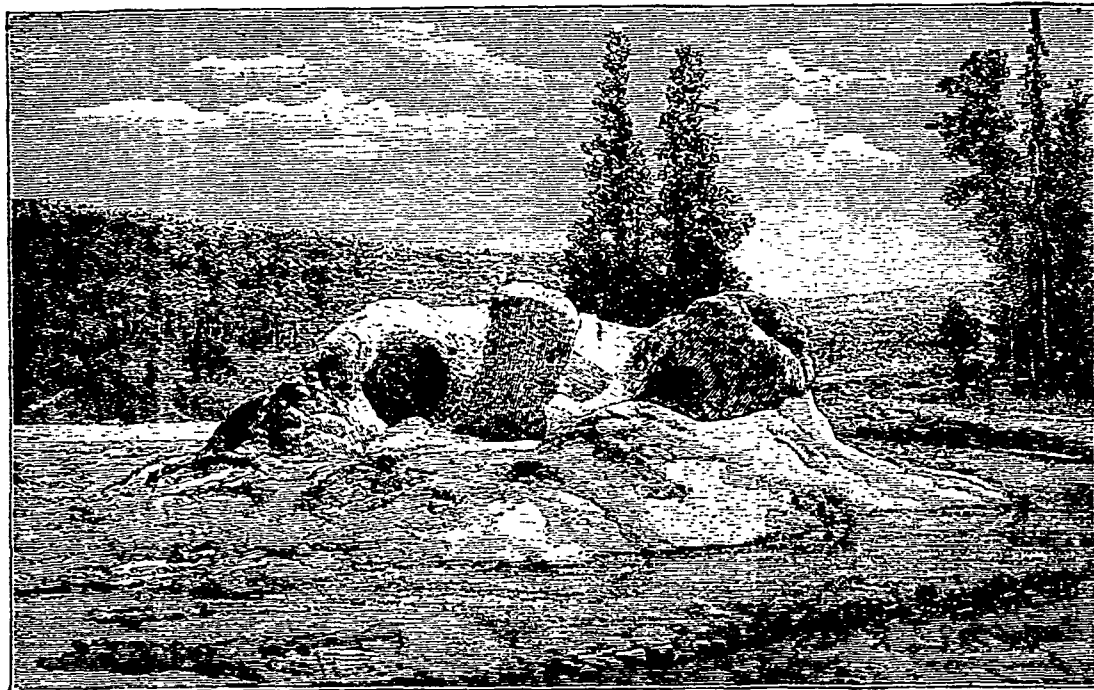
Having at length seen, felt and examined all the springs, the party gather around the largest one, which though so quiet and modest is yet the terrible Fountain geyser ready to spout up with tremendous violence at any moment. But we all stand about the sleeping lion trying to arouse him and making irreverent remarks. Presently it begins to stir restlessly, the water rises and boils furiously, begins to upheave, and now with increased force spouts up one hundred

and fifty feet. What a glorious display! A huge silvery tower rises, steams, spreads out and casts a shower of sparkling pearls, while rainbows play in the air, and the earth trembles. This lasts a few minutes.

Some of the geysers play regularly once an hour, once in four hours, or once in several days; some minor ones squirt up every few minutes, but the large ones less frequently. Some are very irregular, some repose for months or years and begin again; very many are extinct and either entirely lifeless or barely steaming. For twelve miles along the river every variety of geyser and hot spring, may be seen in abundance. They are equally numerous in other noted basins of the park, and are found scattered at random over a region embracing several hundred square miles.

After this performance we drive on to the

been cast up during the violent eruptions. The air is filled with infernal odors and a dull, unearthly rumbling as if from the bowels of the earth. This is the most frightful, appalling spot in the park, reminding us of the place depicted by some over-zealous preachers in their endeavors to drive people to heaven instead of leading them. Most persons shrink instinctively from this horrible abyss as from the brink of perdition, and it is only a dare-devil or philosopher will stand on the verge of its shelving banks, from which to fall is instantaneous and inevitable death. Where the foundation of the earth is so gored and broken up, the very ground one stands on seems uncertain, unreliable, and one feels that it might sink down or break forth at any time beneath his feet. The waters are at all times murky, disturbed, darkened with foul vapors, and need only the damned victims



MOUTH OF THE "GROTTO" GEYSER, UPPER GEYSER BASIN.

Excelsior which plays regularly at intervals of sixty-five minutes. Here we find a comparatively level stretch of four or five acres which looks not unlike a field of rough ice or snow. Near the eastern edge and bordering the river is "Hell's Half Acre"—a boiling lake some two hundred feet across—surrounded with perpendicular shelving banks twenty feet high. From all parts of its surface the steam rises in great stormy clouds which whirl and play with every gust of wind revealing the dark flood beneath, tossing, seething, tumbling, lashing furiously against the walls—the dismal, treacherous walls that undermine and fall ever and anon to be hurled out in fragments by the great fountain in action. All about its banks lie these scattered fragments of silicious crust which have

been buried in the seething mire, forked and probed by the long hooks of busy devils, to complete one of Dante's innumerable pictures, or the orthodox torments of the traditional hell.

"I once seen a hat on the water as I passed here," said the driver. "A hat?" we asked; "how did it get there?" "I don't know, but the edge of the crust was broken at one place, and there was fresh tracks leading up to it, and none leading back; is that explanation enough? But it was a little hat and big tracks, so I don't reckon the world lost much. I can't guess whether he

was a suicide or not; but he was a fool of some sort, that's certain. And the fool fell in and wound up his little farce of life with a tragedy, didn't he? I'll bet a horse he got a move on him when he felt the temperature, don't you? Wonder how many seconds before he was done cooking, eh?"

And thus he continued *ad infinitum* with this hideous and inhuman wit, grinning all the while and lying on the ground at full length, with his feet dangling over the brim. Beside him lay a fellow-driver in thoughtful mood who had previously worn a weary expression like one who had seen too much of life, but now he began to brighten up and seemed evidently about to elucate.

Presently his mouth opened, and the great

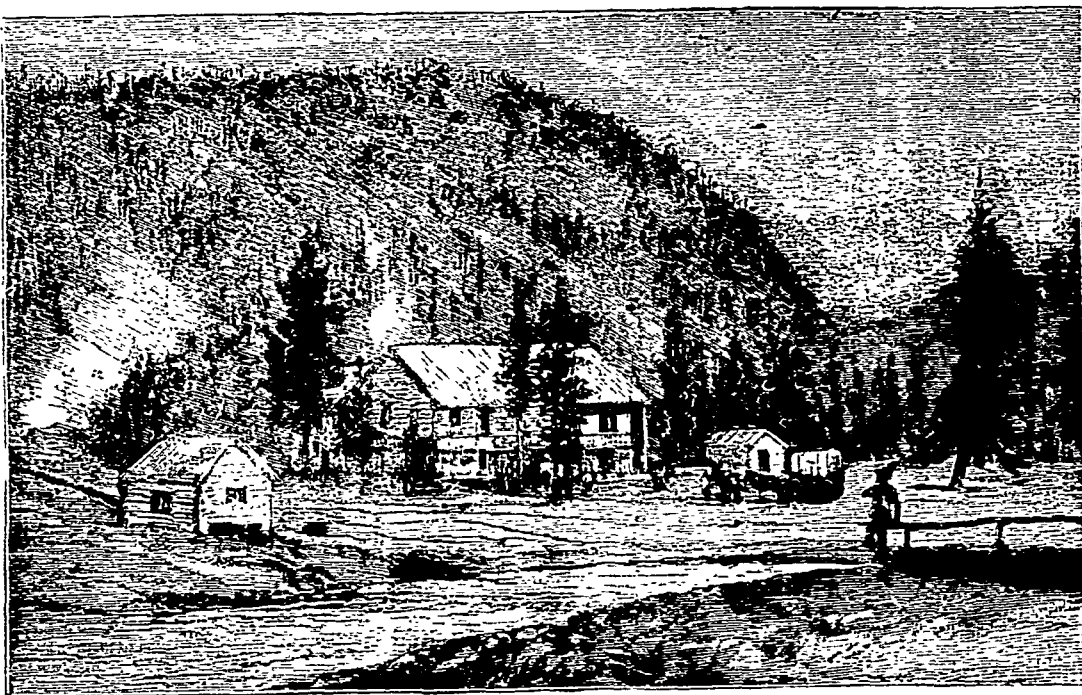
fountains of his fancy broke forth: "Yes," he said, "you bet there's more than one poor fellow goes in through this door on his way to the fireworks. And there is lots of 'em going in right now if you could only see them. You want to come here at midnight as I have when 'the clock in the church tower hath stricken twelve' to get a good look at them. Then you see a performance that'll make the hair stand up. Then you see men coming here and tumbling in faster than you can count 'em. And for devils, why the air is full of 'em! Why, sir, they come from the four corners of the earth right across the mountain tops riding on the air with a man or woman under each arm and swoop in like swallows going down a chimney to roost, or bees into a hive. Such crowding and snarling and fighting worse than any drove o'hogs you ever see! Why the place fairly stinks with 'em.

There are big-horned devils with pointed tails, and little devils, all cursing and clashing their hell irons, all black and hard-worked and tired-looking, with red hot eyes and breath on fire; and they never stop to rest, can't rest, but just dive in and hurry out again to sail off for more; some fetching horse-thieves, some Chinamen, some politicians that wail as they go down, the most terrible, helpless, long pitiful wail of despair like a dog on a grave with his heart broke, or woman in delirium. This is the death-shriek that

means all's lost; no use kicking, no more hope; that means I give up, and the devil laughs a suffering sort o'laugh that sounds like a sigh and sends the chills right through you. And the worst of it is none of 'em ever come out again. Once in a while you see a ghost or two come up and wander about the springs, but they soon go back again. They don't seem to do anything special, only hunt around and worry, and flit like shadows here and there. Sometimes they come up to you and chatter and feel around you with their white, airy hands, and when you reach to push 'em off, there is nothing there; sometimes they laugh like maniacs, or shriek and fly into the pit again. You don't catch me around here at night no more; not as long as I'm alive." "Not till after you're dead, eh?" said the other driver; "You'll make a darn fine load, you will; it'll take two of 'em to lug you in here, and three of 'em, be George, if you die with your

boots on." Then they ha-ha-ed and sang "We are three jolly old bums!"

While awaiting the driver's promised signal for the time of eruption, the party scatters roaming about the field to observe the other marvellous sights. There are many hot springs here of surpassingly brilliant colors, and a steaming lake which has not a rival in the world. It covers more than an acre, has abrupt banks as if once a mammoth geyser, and is constantly overflowing. This flow must have continued many centuries as the deposit has accumulated to a great mole or hill all terraced round with steps as of opal or alabaster. These steps are a few inches high, exceedingly smooth, level, polished and regularly arranged one above the other like the ascent to some mighty capitol. They are



HOTEL OF UPPER GEYSER BASIN.

more than a foot broad, and run all around the mound in parallel curves like the wave lines of a beach. A little stream led from the neighboring heights to temper this lake would render it a bath fit for the gods. Vapors rise curling from its surface constantly, and when the sun shines through the crystal blue green waters the walls are all ablaze and decked in iris hues. Hence it is called Prismatic Lake. Beside this field flows the Firehole River which, it is said, is sometimes suddenly raised six inches by the waters of the great Excelsior in action.

After we had surveyed this dazzling field which, like all the others, pains the eye by its intense reflection, we gathered around "Hell's Half Acre" waiting impatiently to see the geyser operate. Presently it began to rise at the centre, upheaving the bosom of the waters, and thus continued for a moment convulsed as with a spasm and making vigorous but ineffectual

efforts to arise, like some great monster in agony; then it would boil and toss and pitch furiously, gaining in strength until, with a tremendous outbreak that tore up the bottom of the lake, it hurled rocks and water with volcanic violence, steaming and sparkling; a mountain of water that arose, stood for a moment and fell with a crash that shook the earth and then subsided, while upwards, like its departing spirit, soared a great white cloud heavenward. The performance lasted but a few seconds, yet all were well pleased and applauded the wonderful demonstration of power. This geyser is unique in its proportions and manner of operating. The others for the most part rise in high narrow columns, while this one, when at its maximum, has the form of an irregular pyramid one hundred and fifty feet high with the whole lake for a base. It is one of the most glorious and powerful geysers in the world, but as yet not so well known as the others. As it commenced to operate only recently, having remained quiescent many years, I will here insert from Dr. Hayden a far different description of it as observed by him in 1871.

"An immense column of water flows out of this caldron into the river. As it pours over the marginal slope, it descends by numerous small channels with a large number of smaller ones spreading over a broad surface, and the marvelous beauty of the strikingly vivid coloring far surpasses anything of the kind we have seen in this land of wondrous beauty: every possible shade of color, from the vivid scarlet to a bright rose, and every shade of yellow to a delicate cream, mingled with delicate green from minute vegetation. Some of the channels were lined with a very delicate yellow, silky material which vibrates at every movement of the waters."

Dr. Hayden called it the "Great Spring of the Firehole River," and "The most formidable of all." The rich coloring which he so minutely describes still continues to ornament these channels as it does those of so many other springs throughout the park.

After ascending the valley some miles past innumerable steaming columns, we halted by the road-side before a beautiful hot spring called the "Gem." It is a very quiet pool, twenty feet across the top, brimfull and level with the ground which extends over it in dangerous shelves, so that one can see far back beneath the edges into its grotto-like walls. It is a most serene, unpretentious spring, yet of such surpassing beauty as artist never yet portrayed. Its water is of a luminous blue crystal, shining like a pool of sapphire, and its walls are adorned with the most gorgeous efflorescence. It is like some brilliant

liquid brought from the floor of heaven and imbedded here for an ornament, while earth and sky have sent their most enchanting colors to play around it. Deep, cavernous walls of florid coral and of pearl overhanging like clouds enfold it with light and shadow, and on every side the iris plays with other colors magnificent as the face of morning.

And this was only the beginning of the marvels of the upper basin. Advancing a few steps farther, the whole vast field spread before us with the grandest assemblage of geysers in the world. A thousand acres of them were suddenly presented to us, many of which we recognized as the monsters we had so often read of and long desired to see. And what an odd collection it was! There were the Fan, Old Castle, Giant, Giantess, Lion, Lioness and Cubs, Beehive, Sawmill, Sponge, Spring Beauty, Lone Bachelor, Devil's Chimney, Devil's Door and his Kitchen, Punch Bowl, Bean Pot, and a thousand more, all steaming at once as if the little black fire shovellers were holding competition. For miles in every direction the columns rise from the barren white earth like smoke from a thousand camp fires, or the flues of a city in winter.

We pass the grotto first, which is spluttering and splashing pretentiously, and rising at times to a maximum of sixty feet. It has a very pretty mouth like a little mansion of sparkling walls, and archways all frosted over with silver, and compassed round with shining pools like morning glories. The falling mists and waters constantly washing it, carry off every particle of dust, and preserve it pure, scintillating and beautiful, at the same time carving it into the most fantastic forms, like the quaint architecture of snow banks. Some of the first explorers amused themselves by crawling through its little doorways, thinking it perfectly harmless; but they were astonished a moment later to see it throw up a massive column, six feet in diameter, to the height of sixty feet.

Here again the tourists begin to gush and grow inquisitive, but the drivers shirk not in their rapid haste for dinner. With a promise for the afternoon we go whirling past the most charming, fantastic sights, and over roads that thunder as if the earth were hollow beneath and bridged over with treacherous crust. The sun looks down on this flying, dust-covered procession chased by a hot tornado of their own making.

The veranda of the hotel looks northward, facing this immense field, and gives a fair view of the whole, affording at the same time a delicious resting-place to the weary and sunburnt traveller.

The Founder of Notre Dame.

The years full many now have glided by
 Since God's anointed left his native shore;
 Though tried by troubles and temptations sore,
 His trust was firm in God—in the Most High.
 And child-like was his confidence and bright
 In her, God's Mother and the Queen of Heaven;
 Our cause of joy and sacred refuge given,
 Who guides us through the darkness of life's night:

And if like him the goodly path we tread,
 In Mary trust, and fearing God, if we
 Are humble—kiss the hand that holds the rod;
 When parting prayers for us are softly said,
 Our rest eternal and secure will be
 Like John's, upon the bosom of our God.

H. A. HOLDEX.

The French Drama.

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

VIII.

RACINE'S TRIALS AND CONVERSION.

The extraordinary success of "Iphigénia en Aulide" encouraged Racine to model his productions after the ancients. But still he understood that imitation should not be slavish, and that, whilst borrowing from Greece or Rome the poet should always be original. Every literary masterpiece, indeed, contains some first-class beauties which are felt and appreciated at all times and by all nations; others, on the contrary, are calculated to please only one people, and that at the time when they first appear. Moulded, as it were, from his earliest youth, by the reading of the Grecian tragedies, Racine admired their artistic merits with the veneration which a fervent disciple bears to his master; but his worship was from a distance and never compelled him to copy his models blindly. Though following in the foot-steps of his predecessors, he knew when to take roads untravelled, and at times his creative genius would open a new path for itself. Being rather afraid of the sublimity which characterizes the conceptions of Sophocles, the French poet never yielded to the temptation of reproducing on the Parisian stage the grand figure of Œdipus. Yet that awful drama excited in him such enthusiasm that one day at Auteuil, being in Boileau's house with the famous Nicole and a few other friends, he took up "Œdipus Tyrannus" and translated it on the spur of the moment with such deep emotion as to strike his select audience at once with terror and pity. It was on that occasion that one of the hearers wrote: "I have seen our best plays represented by our prominent actors but nothing can approach the excitement which that reading created in my soul; and even now, while writing, I still imagine I see Racine holding the book, and all of us around him trembling and weeping."

Racine preferred Euripides, whose tender genius harmonized more with his own. Feeling that he owed to him the success of "Iphigenia" he did not hesitate to borrow from him another subject. The "Hippolytus" of the Greek poet, imitated in Rome by Seneca, seemed to him to contain beauties as yet unknown in France. Still, he did not discover them in the principal character of the Grecian tragedy—in that Hippolytus whose savage virtue glories in being insensible to the passion of love. Placing in the background the young hero whom Venus hates and pursues, because he offers sacrifices only on Diana's altars, Racine devotes himself to represent the unfortunate wife of Theseus, Phædra.

In our opinion, the character of *Phèdre*, as created by Racine, is one of the deepest and most remarkable among those of the French theatre. But, strange to say, that admirable masterpiece in which the genius of two ancient poets, made even greater by the powerful imagination of a modern dramatist, did not at first succeed, and the *clique* of the ignorant, supported by envy, caused the public to prefer to it another play—the work of Pradon, whose name has been handed down to future ages as that of a mediocre writer.

It was on that occasion that Boileau, wishing to console his friend for the injury done to his work, wrote him a beautiful letter, from which we translate a few lines:

"What can stupid ignorance effect against thy verses? The French Parnassus, enriched by thy genius, shall defend thee against all their plots, and stir up in thy behalf the just judgment of the future. Who, on beholding the virtuous sorrow of Phædra, perfidious in spite of herself, amazed at such a noble work, shall not bless the fortunate century which, illustrated by thy learned labors, witnessed such wonders wrought by thy hand?"

This just homage has been sanctioned by posterity, and "Phèdre" stands erect, defying at once the outrages of the past and the injustice of the future.

It has often been said that the reason why Racine abandoned the theatre was the indignation he felt on seeing Pradon's tragedy preferred to his own. Can we believe that his self love was so much offended by that gross error of the public? or shall we interpret his twelve years' silence as did a famous critic of our day?

"He gave up drama because he was not a dramatic poet, but is rather to be regarded as a lyric genius, an elegiac and tender singer whose mission is to celebrate love. Otherwise," the same critic goes on to say, "Racine would have soon left his solitude; and, tormented by his genius, would have come, like old Corneille, to seek in the theatre those emotions those sublime excitements, without which the true dramatic poet cannot live."

These remarks, however ingenious they may be, seem to have been borrowed from another country in favor of a dramatic system. But does that over-nice critic believe that there exists in the world no feeling able to overcome in a poet's heart the passion for glory and the allurements of ambition or success?

Yes, indeed, there is a power stronger than pride. A voice louder than that of human enjoyments spoke to the tender-hearted Racine. Religion took from the poet's hand the pen which had just written the sublime verses of "Phèdre." He himself informs us that he endeavored in that work "to reconcile tragedy with a host of persons celebrated for learning and piety, who had condemned it recently." Evidently, Racine means here his friends of Port-Royal, who regarded as public poisoners all dramatic writers. He felt that he was the most dangerous of all, and he thought it was for him a duty of conscience to leave the theatre, and more than that, to give up poetry itself.

Firmly convinced that he ought to sacrifice his worldly glory to the salvation of his soul, he determined to atone for what he called "his public sins," and had almost made up his mind to become a Carthusian. A good, saintly priest, a friend of his, fearing that so sudden a resolution would not last, advised him to marry. When, later on, he experienced some domestic troubles, as, for instance, the sickness of his children, he was often heard to say: "Why was I prevented from becoming a monk? I would be happier." We do not think, however, that his regret was very keen; but one thing is certain, that neither pride nor jealousy had anything to do with the resolution Racine had taken not to write any longer for the stage. The love of God alone can inspire the courage to resist the seductions of human glory; and the abdication of the dramatic sceptre, far from being a proof of mental weakness or a want of genius, shows a more than ordinary fortitude, of which there is not perhaps in the whole history of literature any other example. The sacrifice must have been the greater, because Racine had already formed the plan of two new dramas. "Alceste" and "Iphigenia in Tauris"; and for him a plan formed was more than half of the tragedy—an excellent lesson for those poets who imagine that a few striking lines and two or three impressive situations suffice to insure the fortune of a dramatic work!

On the first of June, 1677, without consulting love or interest, Racine gave his name before God to Catherine de Romanet, the daughter of an Inspector of Finances. She had not been in the least influenced in her choice by her husband's fame. A matter-of-fact woman, she might have recognized herself in the portrait Molière made of women of a bygone age, "who seldom indulged in reading, but lived an honest life; whose conversation turned on the household alone, and whose books were a thimble, some thread and needles." Such was the indifference, not to say the aversion, of Racine's wife for all that concerned the theatre and literature, that not only did she never see one of his dramas represented, but did not want even to read them. She knew them hardly by name from hearsay, for Racine kept silent in regard to them, or if he would at times speak on the topic

with his son, he would say: "Do not get excited on hearing some people revile my works for I am not perfect. And if you meet persons who unjustly criticise my best plays, be content with assuring them that I did all I could do to please the public." Fearing also lest the attentions paid to him might induce his son to write poetry, he used to remark: "Do not believe that my verses are the cause of those compliments. Corneille's verses are a thousand times more beautiful than mine, and yet nobody now looks at them." Moreover, after avowing that the least criticism had always grieved him more than the best deserved praise had satisfied his self-love, he added that the keenest suffering for a poet was the appreciation of the ignorant. "Once," said he, smiling, "an old judge who had never visited a theatre was prevailed upon to hear 'Andromaque.' He listened with great attention to the play, after which 'les Plaideurs' were represented. I met him at the door after the representation, anxious to know what impression the tragedy had made upon him. 'My dear sir,' said he, 'I am very well pleased with your 'Andromaque': it is a nice play; only I am surprised that it ends so merrily. I first had a notion of crying, but the sight of the little dogs made me laugh.'"

Louis XIV, who had not been hurt by the indirect counsels given in "Britannicus," enjoyed very much the application made to him of these lines of Bérénice: "Who could see him without thinking that, however obscure the place of his birth may be, the world, on seeing him, would recognize its master?"

Racine, then, was the favorite poet of the court, when Colbert officially requested him, together with his friend Boileau, to compose inscriptions for the paintings and medals in Versailles destined to perpetuate the achievements of the great king. Thus he became the Founder of the "Académie des Médailles," called since "l'Académie des Inscriptions et Belles-lettres." Soon Madame de Maintenon proposed Racine and Boileau as writers of a complete history of the reign of Louis XIV, and in 1677 they were appointed historiographers of the king. Thus, by Royal ordinance, two poets became historians; and, in virtue of obedience, the genius of history had to live in peace with the genius of poetry within the same brain. Meanwhile the war broke out, and the cities surrendered as soon as the king appeared. On his return, Louis XIV met Racine and asked him why he had no curiosity to witness a siege. "Well," answered the poet, "your Majesty has not even given our tailors time enough to make our suits." The king smiled and commanded the two poets to accompany him in all his campaigns.

But another more sacred duty awaited Racine. Corneille had died in 1684, and his rival in poetry, then Director of the French Academy, presided over the reception of Thomas Corneille. He felt happy on this occasion to declare publicly his sincere admiration for the author of "The Cid"; and he showed, at the

same time, that great poets can also possess the eloquence of prose writers. Racine, pronouncing the panegyric of Corneille before the whole Academy, reminds us of Sophocles mourning over Euripides in the theatre at Athens on the day he heard of his death. No one else was better fitted than Racine to deliver the panegyric of Corneille, because no one else knew better how to appreciate the immortal merits of his giant-rival. On the same occasion, Racine having, according to the Academy's tradition, eulogized Louis XIV, the king sent for him and said: "I was very much pleased with your oration, and would praise you more, had you praised me less." Might not this remark, intended as a compliment be also construed as an advice to Racine the historian? On the other hand, judging from the fragments which escaped from the fire, we have not much cause to regret that the work of the two friends did not reach posterity: they were both too shrewd courtiers to be impartial, and the Muse of poetry had likely more than once silenced the Muse of history.

Although living in the royal castle and often approaching the king, who loved to hear him read and was charmed by his conversation, Racine, nevertheless, preferred the modest simplicity of his home to the splendor of court. It is well known that one day, in answer to an invitation to attend a feast in the Hôtel de Condé, he said: "I cannot; for more than a week I did not see my wife and my children who are anxiously waiting for me to eat a carp *en famille*. I must go and dine with them." Such traits show more than lengthy remarks how good-hearted Racine was. The love of home pervades all the letters he writes to his son, and although the great poet is scarcely visible in any of them, we always find therein the good father and the Christian gentleman.

But the time had come for the disappointed poet to wake from his long sleep. We have but to translate a page of the memoirs written by Madame de Caylus, an old pupil of Saint-Cyr, who thus described that poetical resurrection:

"Madame de Brinon," she says, "the first Superior of the house, loved verses and comedy. To make up for the plays of Corneille and Racine, which she did not dare to represent, she wrote some herself, and I must say that they were detestable. One day Madame de Maintenon came to see one of these dramas, and found it so wretched that she requested the author to stop, and rather take some of the best tragedies of Racine or Corneille in which there was less love. Those little girls represented 'Cinna' pretty well, considering that they had been trained only by an old nun. Later on, they represented 'Andromaque,' and succeeded so well that Madame de Maintenon began to fear lest they might soon be inspired with feelings unsuited to their condition. As, however, she believed that this kind of entertainment is good for young people, gives them grace and ease, cultivates the memory and, above all, renders the articulation more distinct and nobler, she forthwith wrote to M. Racine: 'Our little girls have just represented 'Andromaque' and done so well that they will never represent it again, nor any other of your tragedies.' In the same letter,

she begged of him to write for Saint-Cyr some kind of moral, historical poem from which love should be entirely banished, but which, at the same time, would instruct and amuse the audience. On receiving this letter Racine was very much put about. He almost made a vow to renounce the theatre, and his conscience troubled him. On the other hand, he was too much of a courtier to displease the all-powerful Madame de Maintenon. Then he had his reputation to sustain, and where was he to find a subject that would suit his own tastes and answer the purpose? In his perplexity he ran to ask Boileau's advice: 'No'; said he sternly, 'never do that!' And yet Racine did it, for on the following day he was, whilst reading the Bible, struck with the story of Esther, and Boileau himself, changing his mind, congratulated his friend, and urged him to set to work."

After that, who would not be grateful to Racine for having followed his genial inclination, instead of being influenced by Despréaux? We candidly believe that he was by no means sorry for the "sweet violence" used to write poetry, which he loved always, after God, more than anything else. It seems to us that, even after two centuries have passed away, we see him walking alone in the solitary "alley of philosophers" under the shade of the large trees of the magnificent park of Versailles. At times he stops and looks up to that stately palace where Assuerus appears to him with the features of Louis XIV, and Louvois with those of the ambitious Aman, whilst the haughty Montespan gives his brush strong colors to paint Vasthi, and the courtier poet endeavors to persuade Madame de Maintenon that she would recognize herself in the noble and touching character of Esther. We seem to hear him still, when presiding over the rehearsal of the play and giving to those bright young ladies counsels, full of sense and taste, with regard to the manner in which they should recite their lines, never breaking harmony by vulgar diction, nor puffing up ideas and feelings by bombastic declamation. How charming, indeed, when spoken by Mademoiselle de Veillane, the prettiest and most graceful boarder of Saint-Cyr, must have been those celebrated lines in which Esther herself relates the story of her triumph over her rivals!

Since Racine had voluntarily condemned himself to silence, the secret of that delicious harmony seemed to be lost, and it was doubtful whether the poet had even kept alive the sacred fire of poetry. Esther showed that the dramatic genius of Racine had not been extinguished, but rather purified in the retirement which followed his so-called "conversion." True, "Esther" is less of a drama than a pious idyl interwoven with a few tragic situations. But how happy the devout Racine must have felt to pour out into melodious lines the religious sentiments which overflowed his soul! How beautiful and sublime he looked when, with that noble countenance admired by Louis XIV, and that accent of profound emotion which made the stern Boileau shed tears, he taught Mlle. de Glapion, "whose voice went straight to the heart," how to interpret the rôle of *Mardochee*!

The best inspirations of the prophets revive in the choruses which, after the Grecian fashion, intersperse the play; Racine displays there in the sublime strains of his as yet unknown lyrical genius. To give but one illustration, is not the Hebrew psalmist equalled by his French imitator in the following verse?

"J'ai vu l'impie adoré sur la terre;
Pareil au cèdre, il cachait dans les cieux
Son front audacieux:
Il semblait à son gré gouverner le tonnerre
Foulait aux pieds ses ennemis vaincus:
Je n'ai fait que passer, il n'était déjà plus."

"Esther," the plot of which centres on the proscription of the Jews, was represented in 1689 a little while after the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes. How noble and bold was the court-poet to write these two lines: "The justice of even the greatest kings may be taken by surprise; yes, the king, too credulous, did sign that edict!" This boldness, however, far from preventing the success of the play, added to it. "Esther" became the craze of the court, and that modest composition, written for young girls, soon turned to be for the king and his attendants a capital affair. "The king and the courtiers are charmed with 'Esther.' M. le Prince was noticed crying. Madame de Maintenon and eight Jesuits, amongst whom was Fr. Gaillard, have honored with their presence the last representation. In short, it is a masterpiece, and Racine has surpassed himself. Everything in it is beautiful, grand, and expressed with dignity."

Thus wrote Madame de Sévigné, and she was never known for her partiality in favor of Racine. A few months later, hearing that Racine intended to take up another subject, borrowed also from the Bible, she wrote again: "It will be very difficult for him to do better than 'Esther'; there is but one story like that. Still, Racine is so witty. Let us hope!" Racine was more than witty. With wit one may write charming letters, full of grace, refinement and mirth; with wit one may compose some ingenious tragedies, as Lamoignon's, or some amusing comedies as Regnard's; but wit alone never produced "Cinna," "Tartuffe," "Polyeucte," still less "Athalie."

(CONCLUSION NEXT WEEK.)

College Gossip.

—The Catholic University at Washington will be dedicated Oct. 6, 1889.

—The Catholic students of Cornell have a religious association which meets on Sundays.

—The Sophomores of Columbia have forbidden the use of cigars and pipes to the Freshmen.

—It costs \$142,000 a year to run Michigan University, \$100,000 of which is paid to the professors.

—The Catholic Total Abstinence Union will raise \$50,000 to endow a Father Matthew chair in the University at Washington.

—Harvard College is fitting out an expedition to Peru in charge of eminent astronomers who will inspect the Southern heavens.

—President Cleveland and his cabinet will attend the Georgetown University celebration February 22. The President will deliver the honorary degrees.

—Yale defeated Wesleyan at football last Saturday by a score of 105 to 0, and on the same day Princeton won a game from Harvard much to the surprise of the latter.

—France has now a National League for the promotion of physical education, designed to fit her citizens to be soliders. The programme which has been completed includes outdoor games throughout the land, for which the local authorities will set apart a "green," whereon the children shall regularly "play."

—According to the *Spectator*, the records made at the fall meetings of the different college athletic associations in the east have not been remarkably good. At Yale, the average was poor; at Princeton—omitting the dashes—it was worse, and at the University of Pennsylvania, with the exception of one or two of the field events, it was horrible.

—Two American Christian Brothers have opened a splendid college at Tooting, England, which will rank immediately after the famous Jesuit College at Stonyhurst. The whole furniture of the establishment was purchased in the United States, and the building erected upon American principles throughout. It is expected that this will completely revolutionize the English system of building and furnishing schools. The cost of the institution is now about \$400,000. It is erected upon grounds confiscated from the Catholics three centuries ago.—*Ex.*

—On Tuesday, November 8, the Right Rev. S. V. Ryan, Bishop of Buffalo, N. Y., celebrated the twentieth anniversary of his episcopal consecration. Bishop Ryan is American-born, of Irish ancestry. He entered the Congregation of the Mission, a society which has given so many bishops to the Church in America, at an early age, and after his ordination to the priesthood distinguished himself as a fervent and tireless missionary. He held from time to time prominent offices in his Congregation, that of Visitor among the rest. He was president of the Seminary of our Lady of the Angels, Niagara Falls, N. Y., at the time of his appointment to the See of Buffalo. Bishop Ryan is the author of a standard work on the Apostolical Succession, issued by the Catholic Publication Society Co., of New York. He is a contributor to the *United States Catholic Historical Magazine*. During his episcopate an immense number of churches, schools, and charitable institutions have been established in his diocese.

NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.

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Notre Dame, November 24, 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 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.

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

OLD STUDENTS SHOULD TAKE IT.

Terms, \$1.50 per Annum. Postpaid.

Address EDITOR NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC,
Notre Dame, Indiana.

St. Mary's Academy.

Our sister institution—St. Mary's Academy—was *en fête* on Wednesday last, the 21st inst., the occasion being the inauguration of a scholastic year marked by an entrance of more than two hundred pupils. Away back before the '60's the promise had been made in regard to Notre Dame that a festival day would mark the arrival of its two hundredth student; so, a number of years ago, witnessing the exceptional progress made by St. Mary's, Father General, to instil into the hearts of all her children an increase of love and enthusiasm for *Alma Mater*, promised that the fulfilment of the same conditions would also meet with a joyous celebration.

In the case of the University, years not a few passed between the time of the promise and its accomplishment. It was not until early in '63 that Notre Dame enrolled its two hundred students, and many an old-timer loves to tell of the great festivities in honor of the event—the banquet, the music, addresses, the illumination of the college building, the grand pyrotechnic display, the fiery "glorious 230" emblazoned in mid-air, all marked an occasion of rejoicings that will remain forever memorable. So too with St. Mary's, years have passed since a like promise was made. Though it has kept pace with and even surpassed other educational institutions, with similar objects in view, yet not until the present year did it number two hundred within its walls, and not until Wednesday did the standing promise of Father General meet with the long looked-for fulfilment.

That day, as well as the day following, was

indeed a day of rejoicing. A description of the celebration will be found in St. Mary's columns in this issue of the SCHOLASTIC.

The venerable Founder of St. Mary's and the devoted Religious to whom its immediate direction is entrusted may well be congratulated on the wonderful success with which Heaven blesses their labors. And that this prosperity may long continue will certainly be the fervent prayer not alone of those now sheltered beneath the fostering care of this justly-famed institution, but of the many hundreds whom it has trained and developed and sent forth fitted to engage in life's mission. Many years ago the following lines were written, but they will bear repetition:

"The stranger finds, on his first visit to St. Mary's, an unexpected charm in this spot, so removed from the busy turmoil of the day and age, and yet full, to overflowing, with all the most sacred interests of humanity. Meeting here seclusion without solitude, simplicity without rusticity, he sees the very place suited to carry out his own ideas of education; while for those who have spent years among these scenes of peaceful beauty, no description of St. Mary's can ever convey an adequate idea of its charms for the eye, the heart and the imagination."

Testimonial to Dr. Richard H. Clarke.

On the evening of November 12, at the Rooms of the Catholic Club of New York, the Most Rev. Archbishop Corrigan, in the name of the University of Notre Dame and of the Bishops' Memorial Hall, presented to Dr. Richard H. Clarke, of that city, the Golden Cross awarded to him by the Bishops' Memorial Hall of the University, in recognition of the Doctor's eminent services to Catholic history and literature. The immediate occasion of this award was the completion and publication of Dr. Clarke's "Lives of the Deceased Bishops of the Catholic Church in the United States," in three large and elegant quarto volumes. The presentation at New York took place in the presence of the Catholic Club and a large number of distinguished guests, including prelates, pastors of churches, presidents of colleges, judges, authors, public officials, and representatives of all the professions and business bodies. The Right Rev. Dr. Chatard, Bishop of Vincennes, was among the invited guests present. The Most Rev. Archbishop, after receiving and responding to the address of the Catholic Club on the occasion of his Silver Jubilee, said:

"Now, gentlemen of the Catholic Club, I have an embassy to perform, a pleasing and honorable one, confided to me by the University of Notre Dame, Indiana. The Bishops' Memorial Hall, of that great Catholic University

of the West, has awarded to a distinguished member of your Club a Golden Cross in recognition of his eminent services to Catholic literature and history. The Cross was forwarded to me to present on some occasion when I might be visiting the Club, and I esteem this a fitting occasion for the presentation. The University of Notre Dame has several times testified its appreciation of distinguished merit and services rendered to the American Church by Catholic laymen: as when the Latare Medal was conferred on Dr. John Gilmary Shea for Catholic History; on General Newton for Science; on Miss Eliza Allen Starr for Christian Art, and on Commendatore Hickey, as a representative of successful Catholic Journalism; and now a special and exceptional award of a Golden Cross is awarded to Dr. Richard H. Clarke for his services to Catholic literature and history. His "Lives of the American Catholic Bishops" is the most prominent of his works. I esteem it a profound honor to be appointed to confer this honor on Dr. Clarke in the name of the University."

The Archbishop then handed the Golden Cross, which has already been described in these columns, to Dr. Clarke, amidst the applause of the assembly.

Dr. Clarke briefly and modestly replied:

"Most Rev. Archbishop, Fellow-members of the Catholic Club and Gentlemen:—I accept this beautiful Cross, emblem at once of our faith and of our redemption, with profound gratitude. I accept it with diffidence, for I can lay claim to nothing I have done to merit so distinguished an honor. The honor is the more enhanced as coming from that illustrious Catholic University whose grand proportions, marvellous growth and success, unsurpassed usefulness in all the branches of education and of the arts and sciences, including the three University faculties of Theology, Medicine and Law, whose great enterprise and energy, whose generous recognition of the laity in the promoting Catholic interests, have made it the pride and admiration of the whole country. I accept it with especial satisfaction as coming particularly from a branch of the University—the Bishops' Memorial Hall—in which are preserved, in beautiful array and impressive order, the relics of the great and worthy prelates of the American Church—their writings, their mitres, crosiers, rings and breviaries, and the monuments of their virtues, labors and sacrifices; so many historical mementoes of the pious, learned and self-sacrificing missionary bishops who founded our churches, organized our dioceses, and built up the Church from its foundations to its present majestic proportions. I accept this touching emblem with a personal pleasure from the hands of my own beloved Archbishop, for whose character and labors I have the greatest admiration.

For my poor labors I have neither sought nor received reward. But from the University of Notre Dame I have always received encouragement and hope. This beautiful token, the Cross, expresses most fitly their high and generous appreciation. If the works I have written should help to make the Church more honored, the bishops and pastors more revered, religion more respected, then I shall have received my only, and very great reward. I thank the Bishops' Memorial Hall, and especially Professor Edwards, its indefatigable founder and director; I thank the University of Notre Dame and Father Sorin its founder, Father Corby, the Provincial, and Father Walsh, its President. I thank you, Most Rev. Archbishop, and you, gentlemen of the Catholic Club."

* * *

From the *New York Freeman's Journal* we take the following short sketch of Dr. Clarke:

"The distinguished recipient of the honor conferred by the University of Notre Dame is a lawyer, who, in the short intervals of leisure allowed by an engrossing profession has found time for literary work of a distinctively valuable character.

"He belongs to one of the Maryland families, whose founders accompanied Lord Baltimore to Maryland, and who through weal and woe have clung to the Faith, in spite of every kind of persecution. As long as Maryland was permitted to enjoy the rights her founders had freely conceded to others, his ancestors sat in its legislatures and privy councils, and occupied the highest official positions in the Colony. Like some other Catholic families, they preserved their social status through the era of disfranchisement and persecution. Dr. Clarke was born in 1827; was graduated at Georgetown in 1846, and after studying law, practised at Washington, where he soon became prominent, especially on account of his success in establishing the validity of building associations. After his removal to New York, in 1864, he was associated with Charles O'Connor in the Forrest Divorce Case, the Jumel Will Case, and the suit of the United States Government against Jefferson Davis.

"The claims of a profession that has always been rather jealous of literature have not allowed Dr. Clarke to be a very voluminous author. But, though the "Lives of Deceased Bishops" is perhaps the only work that ensures him a permanent place in the literature of the country, the *Catholic World* and the *Catholic Quarterly* occasionally contain articles from his pen that always command attention, not only in this country, but in Europe. An article of his in the *Catholic World*, afterward published in pamphlet form, in reply to some remarks of Mr. Gladstone on the nature of the toleration extended by Maryland Catholics to Protestants, received marked praise from the great statesman himself."

Personal.

—Among the visitors during the week was Rev. T. Busey, Rector of St. John's Church, Jackson, Mich.

—Mr. and Mrs. Dubruhl with their daughter, of Cincinnati, were the welcome guests of the College during the week visiting their sons in the Junior department.

—Mr. Thomas Finerty, of Denver, Colorado, was a welcome visitor to the College during the week. He called to see his son Thomas of the Minim department.

—Geo. Rhodius, '80, has returned home from an extended trip to Yellowstone Park, Califor-

nia and Texas. He is now engaged in business at Indianapolis.

—J. Gavitt, '72, who was appointed by President Cleveland, Governor of one of the Seal Islands, Alaska, has just returned to his home in Indianapolis, Ind.

—G. T. Wilbur, Gen'l Western Passenger Agent of the L. S. & M. S. RR., visited Notre Dame on Tuesday last. He was accompanied by F. C. Raff, the gentlemanly Ticket Agent of the Road at South Bend.

—Rev. John Fitzharris, pastor of the Church of St. Veronica, and his assistants are making a visitation of the parish, collecting funds with which to shortly begin work on the new edifice. Under Father Fitzharris' administration St. Veronica's, which was established in April, 1887, is rapidly becoming one of the most flourishing parishes in the city.—*Catholic News*. Father Fitzharris was a member of the Class of '70, and preached the sermon at the Alumni Mass last Commencement.

—Rev. President Walsh was in Chicago on Sunday last to attend the dedication of the new Church of the Holy Angels, of which the Rev. D. A. Tighe, '72, is the efficient and zealous Rector. The ceremony was performed by Most Rev. Archbishop Feehan, who also preached the dedicatory sermon. Pontifical High Mass was celebrated by the Rt. Rev. Bishop Burke, of Cheyenne, attended by a large number of clergymen. Prof. M. T. Corby, '64, for a number of years Professor at Notre Dame, conducted the musical portion of the services which was of a very high order of merit. In the evening, Rev. President Walsh preached an eloquent sermon before an immense congregation, his subject being "The Church."

Of the zealous Rector and old-time student and friend of Notre Dame, the *Chicago Herald* says:

"Rev. D. A. Tighe is pastor of the Church of the Holy Angels, having for assistants Fathers McNamara and Callahan. The parish, which now numbers 1500 members was started eight years ago in a little hall in Cottage Grove Avenue, with twenty members. It now owns 260 feet frontage on Oakwood Boulevard, upon which are the priest's residence, a school of 200 pupils, two church edifices and a convent of Sisters of Mercy who conduct the school. The debt of the parish is merely nominal. The building of the new church, which cost about forty thousand dollars and is a large and handsome structure, was necessary in order to accommodate the large membership, which is being added to it daily."

—The congressional canvass made by Col. William Hoynes, of the Faculty of Notre Dame University, was the most brilliant and aggressive ever known in this district. Even in the earlier days of the district, Sample, Colfax and those giants of the stump had no such large majorities to fight against as did Col. Hoynes when the leadership of the district was pressed upon him at the beginning of the campaign recently closed. Col. Hoynes did not seek a nomination, but when it was pressed upon him he accepted as fearlessly as he accepted the wage of battle when a private in the union army and for the

same reasons. His campaign showed tact, brilliancy, courage, and, above, all it was clean. His line of battle was formed always on principle, and never once descended to personalities. It was intelligent in that out of nearly one hundred speeches made no two of them were alike. Col. Hoynes had no "set" speeches. If there were auditors who heard him twice or three times a day, as many often did, they heard new speeches, new thoughts and different topics each time. He did not make his campaign a dress parade affair by stringing platitudes together for oratorical effect.

It was courageous in that he went through the district a total stranger to nine-tenths of its voters to fight for the principles of Protection among the farmers and workingmen. And he fought almost single-handed and without a cent's financial aid from the National Committee, which heretofore has always given its aid in all congressional districts. Col. Hoynes not only paid his own campaign expenses, but contributed liberally to the campaign fund.

Col. Hoynes' campaign showed tact in that he succeeded in reducing the 1,018 democratic majority to 355 on the face of the returns. In Starke county he cut the 261 democratic majority down to 55. In this county he reduced it from 428 to 169. In Marshall county from 705 to 649. In Kosciusko he raised the Republican majority from 851 to 1023, and in Elkhart county from 288 to 335. More than all, he made staunch and lasting friends all over the district, and comes out of the campaign with a clear record and a clear conscience.

The brilliant campaign of Col. William Hoynes will not soon be forgotten.—*South Bend Tribune*.

Local Items.

—Thanksgiving.

—Sorin Hall is almost ready for occupancy.

—The Sorin Cadets resumed drilling Monday evening.

—To-morrow is the last Sunday of the Ecclesiastical year.

—If you would enjoy yourself, go to the Glee Club entertainment.

—Do not fail to attend the refined minstrels. 150 laughs in 150 minutes.

—The beautiful snow will soon drive the football fiend off the campus.

—We shall have fine weather for some time, the double windows are being put up.

—The new gate at the entrance to the rotunda of Science Hall is a thing of beauty.

—The persuasive eloquence of Freddie and his cohort was irresistible, and an afternoon's "rec" was the result.

—Prof. O'Dea has received two new standard type-writers for the use of the students in the type-writing department.

—The group photographs of the boat crews were received this week. They are from McDonald's (South Bend) studio.

—The local reporters present their compliments to the *habitués* of the smoking-room and gym., and regret that they cannot be present at the nightly gatherings in the yard.

—Rev. P. Johannes, C. S. C., Rector of St. Mary's Church, South Bend, Ind., has kindly presented some very valuable coins to the numismatic collection of the Museum.

—We hope that the Thanksgiving turkeys now pastured near the shoe shop and preparing, as Burdette says, for "the necks twirled," will not be allowed near the pile of scrap leather.

—The University of Michigan Football Team plays in Chicago next Thursday. If possible, arrangements will be made for a game here with the Senior special eleven. Harless and De Haven are not with the Ann Arbor boys this year.

—Items are scarce this week. Therefore we are compelled to note that a new cement walk runs from the rear of St. Edward's Hall to the corner of the Infirmary lot; also that next Thursday is Thanksgiving Day; furthermore, that we would like to hear from the band; and, lastly, that it is an excellent thing to subscribe for the SCHOLASTIC.

—The arms for Company "C," Hoynes' Light Guards, were received Wednesday afternoon, accompanied by all the necessary accoutrements. The rifles are breech-loading, and resemble the Springfield pattern used by Companies "A" and "B." They were furnished by the Jenney Graham Co., of Chicago, and made especially for the use of the Juniors.

—We were glad to see the snow last Sunday morning. We were overjoyed. So were our readers. Why? Because we have on hand a large and complete stock of local items which announce the first snow and the advent of winter. We print these items each year after the first good snow falls, and our subscribers look forward to them with a great deal of pleasure. Possibly they would not be aware of winter if it were not for this.

—The Notre Dame Temperance Society held its regular semi-monthly meeting on Sunday last. This society is in a very prosperous condition, and new members are being enrolled at every meeting. The society now numbers above half a hundred very enthusiastic members, and expects to more than double that number before next June. The society will be addressed by a member of the Faculty at its next meeting. A full attendance is expected.

—The 9th regular meeting of the St. Aloysius' Philodemic Society was held Saturday evening, Nov. 17. In the absence of the Rev. President the chair was occupied by Mr. T. Goebel. Instead of the regular debate, the programme consisted of a series of questions answered by Messrs. Goebel, Dore and Finckh, and orations by Messrs. E.

Larkin and E. Chacon. After the regular programme was carried out, an extemporaneous debate, in which all the members became deeply interested, took place and continued for the remainder of the evening.

—At the last regular meeting of the Leonine Society of the Seminary, the subject of debate was: "Has Greece or Rome Contributed more to the Advancement of Civilization?" The honor and glory of Greece was ably defended by Messrs. H. A. Holden and M. J. O'Connell; while Messrs. J. Cavanaugh and T. Crumley were none the less energetic in the cause of Rome. Rev. Father Morrissey, who was present on the occasion, after making a *résumé* of the debate, congratulated the young disputants on their studious and well-prepared papers.

—The Law Society held their first debate last Wednesday evening. The question was: "Resolved, that a Strong Centralized Government is more Conducive to the General Welfare than a Weak Popular one." The speakers were those announced last week. The debate was decided in favor of the affirmative. The next meeting will be held Wednesday evening, Nov. 28. The question for discussion is: "Resolved, that the Policy of Giving Public Lands to Corporations to aid in the Construction of Railroads has been Prejudicial to the best Interests of the People and the Country." The disputants are Messrs. Chacon, Long, Dwyer, Hummer, Cassidy and McGinnity. Every member of the Law department is requested to be present.

—Thursday evening the Mendelssohn Quintette Club of Boston gave their annual concert at Notre Dame in Washington Hall before a large audience of students, professors, and visiting friends of the College. There have been changes in the club since their visit here last year, but they seem to have been made for the better. The high expectations concerning the merit and capabilities of the individual players were certainly realized as each of the performers proved himself master of the instrument on which he played, while the artistic singing of Miss Ryan lent a most pleasing variety to the instrumental programme. Mr. Thomas Ryan, who is an old favorite here, seems to lose none of his skill as years go by. The whole programme was enjoyable, and occupied more time than usual on account of the enthusiastic *encores* received. The Mendelssohn Quintette has a well-earned reputation by reason of the success and excellence of their concerts, obtained by painstaking efforts to please their audiences.

—The Columbian Literary and Dramatic Society held its 8th regular meeting Saturday evening, Nov. 17. A criticism on the last meeting was read by Mr. E. Kehoe, followed by well-delivered declamations by Messrs. Toner and Hackett. Mr. R. Bronson read an essay on "The Late Presidential Campaign." The most interesting and most hotly contested debate held by the Columbian Society this year then took place. The

subject was: "Resolved, that the Election of General Harrison is more Beneficial to the Country than the Election of Grover Cleveland would have been." Messrs. Sullivan, Hughes and Prudhomme upheld the affirmative, and Messrs. Howard, Mithen and Barnes—Mr. Barnes having volunteered in the absence of Mr. Reynolds—argued on the negative. Many arguments were presented and answered by both sides; Messrs. Sullivan and Howard closing for their respective sides in an able manner. Owing to the lateness of the hour, the judges reserved their decision until the next meeting.

—The "Versity" team defeated the "Anti-Specials" at football Tuesday afternoon by a score of 52 to 4; the latter eleven being saved from a whitewash by Tewksbury's touch-down, which rather surprised the boys and even Dave himself. The game was a lively one from the time Referee F. Jewett called play till the end of the second inning, and was marked by long kicks and brilliant runs. In the first half H. Jewett, half-back, played with the "Anti-Specials," and in the second he changed places with Cusack. L. Meagher and Mattes played with this eleven also, in order to get more practice. Melady and Hepburn kept them busy, while the rest of the "Versity" rush line went through their oponents at will, no one being able to stand before Sawkins and Fehr—the two heavy weights of the team. Captain Prudhomme played well as usual, while Cusack and H. Jewett show improvement with each game. Albion will have to put up a strong game next week in order to hold the boys down. The players last Tuesday were as follows: "Versity": Fehr, *Centre*; Sawkins, Springer, Hepburn, Melady, Brennan, W. Meagher, *Rushers*; E. Coady, *Quarter-back*; H. Jewett, J. Cusack, *Half-backs*; Prudhomme, *Full-back*; "Anti-Specials": T. Coady, *Centre*; E. Meagher, Mattes, McCarthy, Grange, P. Coady, Tewksbury, *Rushers*; Campbell, W. Cartier, *Half-backs*; Tarrant, *Quarter-back*; D. Cartier, *Full-back*; *Referee*, F. Jewett.

—Very Rev. Dean Oechtering, of Mishawaka, Ind., said Mass on Thursday in the Chapel of St. John the Evangelist, for the Minims. He introduced a beautiful instruction which he gave after Mass, by saying: "When I heard, last summer, that your Very Rev. Father General asked you to say prayers for my recovery, I thought I could in no way better acknowledge my gratitude than by coming to say Mass for you here in your own chapel. This morning I have offered up the Most Holy Sacrifice for you, that you may grow up the joy of your good parents who have done so much for you, and that you may be hereafter the joy of God in heaven, who has shown His especial love for you in directing you to such a school. You may be yet too young to realize fully the rare advantages, the extraordinary blessings, that Notre Dame affords you, but you will realize them when you are twenty, and you will appreciate

them still more when you are forty and fifty. Then you will look back on the happy days you spent in this renowned, this Heaven-blest place. The beautiful surroundings, the good influence on all sides; the gentle Religious who took such faithful, loving care of you; your Rev. President whose daily life was an example of all that is good and great. But of all the happy memories of Notre Dame that will follow you through life will be that of the brave, the glorious Founder of Notre Dame—the gentle, loving Father General Sorin."

The Minims and all at St. Edward's Hall return grateful acknowledgment to the Very Rev. Father, and hope that before the close of the scholastic year they may have the pleasure of hearing him again.

—THE ACADEMY.—Thursday, the Feast of St. Cecilia, the members of the Academy of St. Thomas Aquinas assembled in their meeting room to hold the first public philosophical discussion of the year. Rev. S. Fitte, Director of the "Circle," presided. Of the Faculty, Rev. President Walsh, Fathers Morrissey and Stoffel, and Prof. Fearnly attended. Mr. E. Chacon defended a thesis on "Law." His paper showed careful preparation and a deep knowledge of the subject treated; but as it will shortly appear entire in the columns of the SCHOLASTIC, we need make no comments here to sustain its merits.

After Mr. Chacon had finished reading, P. E. Burke, as first objector, attempted to undermine the very foundation of the proposition by denying the existence of God. His arguments, derived successively from miracles, earthquakes and the contradictory motion of some of the heavenly bodies, were skilfully presented to disprove the constancy of the physical law. All these objections, together with that of the supremacy of matter, were promptly refuted by Mr. Chacon. The defender met a more formidable opponent in his second objector, Mr. J. B. Meagher. With such dexterity and persistency did he oppose the truth and unchangeableness of the moral law by ingenious and well-directed arguments that it was thought he had almost won the day. Utilitarians, Materialists, Edonists and Altruists could justly have been proud of their advocate. Though Mr. Chacon was invulnerable in the cold printed reasonings of his thesis, he did not ward off with his shield of oral discussion all the keen pointed darts of his adversaries. A few congratulatory remarks in favor of the participants from President Walsh closed the exercises of the meeting. The debate was both interesting and useful, and all went away armed with some of those sound principles of true philosophy which are most necessary in our day to refute the doctrines of false philosophers and scientists.

—The Secretary's report of the meeting of the T. S. Society last Saturday evening has been handed us; but as it is too long for publication, we have made a few extracts from the account

of the gathering. Shortly after supper on Saturday the society met in the gym., President Melady in the chair. It was decided to elect new officers and adopt a new name for the association. While a committee of three retired to agree upon another title, the rest of the members proceeded to elect officers by a *viva voce* vote. Mr. Melady's name was first proposed for the Presidency. The chairman modestly put it to a vote. There was a loud chorus of "ayes"! there was an equally loud chorus of "noes!" The President becomingly declared himself elected. Wm. Patterson arose to a point of order, and was put out. The rest of the election proceeded quietly, and resulted as follows: B. Sawkins, Vice-President; J. Hepburn, Corresponding Secretary; F. Springer, Recording Secretary; E. Prudhomme, Treasurer. The last-named was put under bonds and ordered to take the society to the "store" on Monday afternoon. Mr. Prudhomme thereupon said he would resign his position. The resignation was passed upon by the members, and not accepted by a unanimous vote. Several honorary members were elected and invited to attend the next meeting. No one has yet heard of their acceptance. Speeches were called for, and several were sustaining a hot debate, when some miscreant threw a shower of sand in upon the uncovered heads of the members and a motion for a recess was quickly made and carried. The offender will throw no more sand. However, the act broke up the meeting, and the President declared it formally adjourned subject to call by the executive board. This society, which is of recent origin, was formed for the purpose of whiling away the after-supper hours in the gym. on Saturday evenings, and the meetings are an endless source of amusement. We are pleased to hear of the society's prosperity.

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, Bunker, J. Brennan, Bretz, Burger, Bruggemann, Barnes, Brewer, H. Brannick, Barrett, Burke, Beckman, Brelsford, Blackman, Crabb, Cassidy, Crooker, Cooney, S. Campbell, Chacon, G. Cooke, Jno. Cusack, Jos. Cusack, Casey, Cavanagh, T. Coady, E. Coady, P. Coady, Chute, Dacey, Dore, Dougherty, Dwyer, Freeman, Fehr, Franklin, Ford, Grange, Göke, Goebel, Jos. Giblin, Gallardo, F. Galen, Garfias, Gallagher, W. Hacket, L. Hacket, Hermann, M. Howard, Hempler, Hoover, Hill, Hummer, Henderson, Jennings, F. Jewett, Karasynski, Kimball, J. Kelly, Kenny, Kohlmann, Lane, Lahey, Lesner, Lozana, Leonard, F. Long, L. Long, E. Larkin, W. Larkn, G. Long, Landgraff, McNally, Murphy, Maloney, McErlaine, H. McAlister, G. McAlister, Mackey, Mattes, Madden, McAuliff, McKeon, J. F. Mc Carthy, McGinnity, V. Morrison, W. Morrison, J. Meagher, L. Meagher, W. Meagher, Albert Nicholl, O'Flaherty, W. O'Brien, O'Shea, O'Connor, O'Donnell, Paquette, Prichard, Pollock, Pim, Robinson, Reynolds, Ready, Roberts, Richardson, Rother, Schmitz, R. Sullivan, Steiger, J. Sullivan, Stephenson, H. Smith, Toner, Tiernan, Woods, Wynn, Watson, Webb, C. Youngerman, Zeitler, Zeller.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

Masters Adelsperger, J. Allen, W. Allen, Ayer, Aarons, Berry, Bombeck, Bates, Beaudry, Brady, Blumenthal, Boyd, Bailey, Bradley, Baltes, Bearinger, Bronson, Brown, Bryan, S. Cleary, T. Cleary, Crandall, E. Connors, J. Connors, Ciarcoschi, Covert, Case, J. Connolly, G. Connolly, Chacon, E. Campbell, A. Campbell, Cauthorn, Chute, N. Davis, L. Davis, E. Du Brul, Dunn, W. Devine, A. Devine, D'Arcy, Dempsey, Daniels, Dinkel, Ernest, Erwin, Elder, T. Falvey, S. Fleming, P. Fleming, C. Fleming, Frei, Fitzgerald, Greene, Galland, P. Healy, J. Healy, Heller, Hesse, Howard, Hinkley, Hoerr, Halthusen, Hughes, Hannin, Hanrahan, Hague, Houlihan, Hoffman, Heard, Hammond, Hartman, Ibold, Irwin, Jewett, Krembs, King, A. Kutsche, W. Kutsche, Kehoe, Kearns, Lamon, Lenhoff, Louisell, Mahon, Maher, Maurus, Monarch, Malone, Mayer, Morrison, J. Mooney, Merz, McDonnell, McPhee, J. McIntosh, L. McIntosh, McIvers, McGrath, McCartney, F. Neef, A. Neef, Nockels, Nester, O'Neill, G. O'Brian, O'Mara, O'Donnell, Priestly, Populorum, Pecheux, Prichard, F. Peck, J. Peck, Palmer, Paquette, Powers, Quinlan, E. 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, Wood, Willien, Wilbanks, F. Wile, B. Wile, Young,

MINIM DEPARTMENT.

Masters Ackerman, Bates, Blake, Barbour, Ball, Bruel, T. Burns, J. Burns, E. Bryan, Bearinger, Brown, Connolly, Cornell, W. Creedon, F. Creedon, W. Crawford, A. Crawford, C. Connor, W. Connor, Crandall, Crane, Cudahy, Downing, Durand, Du Quesne, Dunn, Jas. Dungan, Dorsey, J. Dempsey, F. Dempsey, Dench, E. Elkin, G. Evers, F. Evers, C. Franche, Falvey, Foster, Fanning, Grant, Greene, Goodwillie, Gregg, Goodman, Hendry, Hagus, Hinds, Hedenbergh, Haddican, Hill, Johns, Jonquet, J. Kane, Kroolman, Kirk, Keeler, Kaye, Koester, Lansing, Levi, Livingston, Londoner, Lonergan, J. Marre, A. Marre, Maternes, Marx, Minor, McPhee, Mattas, C. McDonell, F. McDonnell, McDonald, McGuire, Mooney, Montague, Mayer, McCarthy, Miller, Maher, W. Nichols, C. Nichols, Neenan, O'Neill, Oppenheimer, Plautz, Parker, Pierce, L. Paul, C. Paul, Ricksecker, Roberts, Rea, Seerey, J. Snyder, Seidensticker, Stone, Stephens, Steineman, F. Toolen, Trujillo, Thornton Witkovsky, F. Webb, R. Webb, Wever, Washburne, Wilcox, Wilson.

Class Honors.

[In the following list may be found the names of those students who have given entire satisfaction in all their classes during the month past.]

COMMERCIAL COURSE.

A. Ahlrichs, C. Dacy, J. Welch, John Cusack, J. Galen, F. Galen, H. McAlister, E. Maurus, J. Talbot, I. Rose, G. O'Brien, John McIntosh, P. Fleming, J. Mooney, L. Riedinger, L. Dunning.

List of Excellence.

[The students mentioned in this list are those who have been the best in the classes of the courses named—according to the competitions which are held monthly.]

COMMERCIAL COURSE.

Book-Keeping—H. McAlister, J. Mooney, E. Maurus, Dacy; *Arithmetic*—C. Fitzgerald, E. Maurus, G. Weitzel, C. Dacy, H. Woods; *Grammar*—J. Crooker, C. Dacy, E. Maurus, M. Quinlan; *Reading*—S. Fleming, G. Eyanson, J. Fleming, W. Lahey, F. Mattes, W. Walsh, W. O'Neill, J. Bradley, W. Bailey, J. Cunningham, E. Crandall, J. Flanagan, W. Johnson, J. King, J. McMahon, E. McIvers, L. Rtedinger, F. Sheehan, J. Talbot, R. Palmer, B. Hesse; *Orthography*—W. Welch, E. Campbell, E. McIvers, C. Schillo, J. McMahon, L. Riedinger, J. Greene, C. Bombeck, F. Duffield, J. King, R. Palmer, E. Maurus, J. Flanagan, B. Hesse, E. Crandall, S. Fleming, G. Frei; *Geography*—J. Crooker; *United States History*—C. Dacy.

St. Mary's Academy.

One Mile West of Notre Dame University.

—Mrs. Griffith and daughters stopped a few hours at St. Mary's on their way to Boston, where they intend spending the winter.

—Miss E. Rosing, Class of '81, and her sister, Miss Kate Rosing, also a former pupil of St. Mary's, were welcome visitors last week.

—The Fourth Class in French held an excellent contest lately, at which Rev. Father Saulnier was present. The pupils acquitted themselves creditably.

—Mrs. J. Murphy and Miss M. Murphy, Class '88, were among the visitors of the week. Needless to say, a warm welcome was extended to them by both Sisters and pupils.

—To the Indianapolis *New Record* is extended thanks for the kind encouragement given by it to the composition classes; it reprints two of the SCHOLASTIC essays—one written by Miss M. Horner and one by Miss M. Rend.

—Little Maggie McHugh celebrated her tenth birthday on Saturday last; in honor of the occasion, the First and Second Juniors had a walk along the St. Joseph River, where they had a practical lesson in geography, pointing out capes, bays, islands, etc. The day was most enjoyably spent.

—Misses F. Burdick, Pugsley, McCune, Rentfrow, Farwell, and O'Mara excelled in a Grammar competition in the third Preparatory Class held last week, and in the Junior Preparatory Class of spelling the Misses Rose, Cooper, Dwyer, M. Smyth, Barry, Northam and Kloth excelled in a contest which proved very interesting.

—The First Preparatory U.S. History class held a competition last week that proved so interesting that it was continued a second day. Those deserving special mention are the Misses M. Clifford, Ledwith, Brewer, Churchill, Spurgeon, B. Bloom, Kahn, Norton, Connell, Thirds, Dolan, Roberts, McHugh, McPhee, Koepplinger, Cohn and B. Smith.

—On the Feast of the Presentation of the Blessed Virgin Mary, the following young ladies were received as aspirants into the Sodality of the Children of Mary: the Misses Grace, Nelson, Linneen, L. Nester, Ledwith, Healy, Zahm, Dorsey, Bogner, McCarthy, Connell, Hamilton, Barron, Koopman, C. Beck and Canepa. The Misses Davis and K. Quealey were received as full members. Very Rev. Father General performed the ceremony and addressed a few words to the young ladies appropriate to the occasion.

—At the last reading of the good points, Miss Erna Balch read, in a pleasing manner, a sketch of the life of Cardinal Manning, and Miss K. Morse recited "People will Talk," in her usual clear and impressive tones. Father General interrupted the speaker and wished her to say "ladies will talk;" but, unconvinced, she went

on using the term which did not exclude the stronger sex. Father General then made a few remarks relative to Cardinal Manning; he also exhorted the young ladies to cultivate grace in movement, particularly in walking and bowing. Rev. Father Zahm continued the observations on the great English Cardinal, whose life shows how much may be done if time is managed with a method.

The "Parisian Dinner."

Many a long year has passed since the venerated Founder of St. Mary's first announced his intention to give a reception to the pupils and friends of the institution whenever its roll should number two hundred. This would serve as a public recognition of the attainment of a notable landmark in the career of a prominent and still progressive educational institution. Year by year since its foundation, St. Mary's, thanks to wise and efficient direction, has steadily advanced and become better and more widely known throughout the country. With the beginning of the present year the desired number was reached and passed, and the fact became patent that further building was necessary to accommodate the pupils. It has all been a matter of congratulation and general rejoicing, and since the beginning of school, the great topic of conversation has been relative to the fulfilment of Father General's promise.

"Hope deferred maketh the heart sick," was whispered mournfully whenever the "Parisian dinner" was mentioned; but when hopes are so fully realized as they were on the 21st, the day selected by Very Rev. Father General, it makes it worth while to wait. At 3 p. m., on Wednesday, the summons to dinner was obeyed with alacrity by two hundred and twenty pupils who soon arranged themselves at the various tables. The following *menu* was served:

Potage aux huitres.
Hors d'œuvres Variés.
Paté aux huitres.
Pommes de terre en purée.
Poulets Sautés à la Marengo.
Petits pois à la Maître d'hôtel.
Filets de bœuf aux Champignons.
Salade de Céleri.
Crème glacée à la Cardinal.
Gateaux Assortis.
Fruits Variés.
Bonbons fondants Fromage Americain.
Cafe.

Owing to the want of room in the refectory, the Rev. clergy and the Professors of Notre Dame University dined at the Presbytery. Among those present were Very Rev. Father General, Very Rev. A. Granger, Rev. Fathers Walsh, Zahm, L'Etourneau, Saulnier and French; Professors Gregori, Paul, Edwards, Egan and Dr. Berteling. Very Rev. Father General, who so generously gave the dinner in honor of St. Mary's two hundred pupils, was tendered an address of thanks read by Miss L. McNamara, and a special expression of gratitude by little Fannie Palmer

on behalf of the Minims. A late sleep on Thursday morning and a holiday added to the pleasures of the event.

To-Morrow.

As the magnetic needle points always to the North, so do our aspirations tend to the future. "Nothing resting in its own completeness can have worth or beauty;" we borrow from days to come the sunshine of the present, and when nature presents the debt, we cry out: "To-morrow! to-morrow!" The idle, leaving to-day's work undone, build on to-morrow's sands, and, like the sands, their works are washed away in life's storms.

Both the young and the old are thieves of time; thieves who on the last day will realize—alas! too late—their folly; and when time shall be no more, they will beseech in vain for one hour, one moment of the days they wasted. Well has it been said:

"Old time is the drollest of wags,
And puzzles the world with his rules;
He gave all to-day to the wise,
To-morrow he promised the fools."

The school-girl, instead of beginning her tasks with a willing heart, puts off beginning from day to day, quieting her conscience with the assurance that to-morrow she will certainly perform her duties in good earnest; to-morrow comes, and with it indolence and a renewal of half-hearted resolutions, made only to be broken, till the end of the year finds her still commencing.

What man of business strolling leisurely from counter to counter with his hands in his pockets, not giving proper attention to customers, and permitting bills to be left for to-morrow's payment will in the end find profit? Failure will soon stare him in the face.

But, viewing the subject from a different standpoint, the morrow has its joys. Anxiously does the mother wait for that hour which will bring her sailor lad absent so many years; he too counts the moments until mother and son will be reunited; to them the future is indeed golden. The student looks forward to her graduation, the child to womanhood, and so on throughout life there is a brightness added to the present by reflecting on days to come. When clouds are hanging heavily over us it is cheering to think of the shining of the sun which bids us forget the clouds and storms.

Some find happiness and contentment nowhere; always borrowing trouble, they are truly

prophets of evil. Constantly do they feel that misfortune pursues them in some form, and are discontented even with life; they prophesy dire disasters, not only for themselves but for others, causing those who are naturally inclined to shun adversity to become fearful and morose, thereby losing even the faintest ray of hope which to everyone is worth so much. Morbid are such sentiments, and we should strive to rise above the petty annoyances of every-day life. Our faculties are too noble to thus live in shadow. Every day brings its duties, and our whole energies should be put forth in their fulfilment without looking to past grievances or those to come. A whole volume of wisdom is contained in these lines:

"Trust no future, howe'er pleasant;
Let the dead past bury the dead!
Act, act in the living present,
Heart within and God o'erhead!"

To-day's crosses will seem much lighter if to them and them only we give our attention; one evil never relieves another; so, instead of making life wearisome for ourselves and burdensome to others by this constant borrowing of trouble, let us rather thank God for present joys, and beg a continuance of His blessings.

LILY VAN HORN (*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, Bates, Burton, Beschameng, Bogner, Butler, Barron, Bush, M. Beck, C. Beck, M. B. Clifford, E. Coll. Campeau, Cleveland, Compagne, Clarke, M. Clifford, M. Coll, Cohn, Clore, Connell, Crabbe, Donnelly, Ducey, M. Davis, Dempsey, Dority, D. Davis, Dorsey, M. De Montcourt, I. De Montcourt, N. Davis, J. English, Flannery, Fursman, Fox, Flitner, Griffith, Geer, Gavan, Grace, M. Gibson, A. Gibson, Gordon, Harriman, Hammond, E. Harlen, M. Horner, I. Horner, Hurff, Healy, C. Hurley, K. Hurley, Harmes, Hutchinson, Huber, Haight, Haney, Hubbard, Irwin, Kingsbury, A. Keeney, Koopman, Linneen, Ledwith, Meehan, L. McNamara, Moran, N. Morse, Moore, Marley, Miner, C. Morse, McCarthy, Mercer, McCune, L. Nelson, Norton, L. Nester, Nicholas, H. Nester, O. O'Brien, Prudhomme, Piper, Paul, Penburth, Quealey, Reidinger, Robinson, Regan, Roberts, Rentfrow, Rend, M. Smith, Spurgeon, Schrock, Simpson, Schiltz, Thayer, Van Horn, Van Mourick, Van Riper, Wagner, Wright, Webb, Wehr, Waterbury, Waixel, Wilkinson, Zahm.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

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

MINIM DEPARTMENT.

Misses Ayer, Burns, Crandall, B. Davis, Griffith, L. McHugh, M. McHugh, Papin, Palmer, S. Smyth, Scherrer.