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The Literature of Mexico.

BY E. CHACON, '89.

Much has been written on Mexico by American travellers; but, strange to say, no one has as yet even attempted to describe its noble literature. Is it, perhaps, because all these writers, who paint so graphically the natural beauties of Mexico, do not understand its language, and hence will not venture into a criticism of its letters? At first glance this would seem a plausible excuse; but when I learn that these same travellers, though ignorant of the Spanish language, always find means of getting a fair knowledge of its laws and institutions, of its excellencies and of its defects, I can find no reason strong enough to palliate their ignorance of the literature of Mexico. Since they have been so reticent in the matter, I will attempt to give a rough sketch of our literature. I must remark, however, that I have no intention to enter into the full merits of the subject. I will simply present an abridgment of what Arroniz says; for he who is a Mexican critic will better plead the cause of Mexican letters.

After paying a just tribute to the Aztec writers, whom we may know through the translations of Ternaux-Compans, he turns to the Spanish-Mexican literature and says:—"As obelisks that pierce the clouds with their summits, there appear three famous names in the history of Mexican literature during the seventeenth century; they are: a celebrated nun, an illustrious dramatist, and a splendid poet and cosmographer."

Juan Ruiz de Alarcon occupies the foremost place in our theatre; and in that of Spain he ranks with Lope, Calderon de la Barca, Moreto

and Tirso. The first of these had won for himself an enviable pre-eminence through his elegant diction and his tenderness; the ingenuity and wisdom of the second were bewitching; the third would courteously make fast acquaintances through his polite mirth and manners, while the last ingratiated himself on account of his wit and his gentility. In spite of all this the Spanish theatre lacked those moral lessons which the drama must always seek to inculcate.*

This void was filled by the genius of our illustrious countryman; for it was he who prepared the coming of Molière, and it was he whom Corneille took for a model. Born in Tasco (a city in Mexico), he went to Castile when quite young, and there received a careful education; but he soon fell a prey to the envy of his rivals,—perhaps because the proud men of Spain thought it humiliating to be eclipsed by an upstart from the colonies. Nevertheless, he was not disheartened, but devoted himself entirely to the cultivation of letters. Anyone who examines his works attentively cannot fail to trace in them a complete course of philosophy. As one of his biographers has said, Alarcon goes to meet the wayfarer on the pilgrimage of life: and lest his heart be poisoned by envy on account of overpraised merit in others, he presents him with the rare whims of fortune in the *All is Delight*. If, however, such envy must be avoided, legitimate ambition and just desires are some of the essentials of success in life; and this we gather from the thrifty man in his *Industry and Luck*. Or, if we take another case: Suppose one has prospered even to the realization of all his dreams, he must still remember that worldly comfort is not durable; that a continual change

* I do not quite agree with Arroniz in this. The Spanish theatre, though not always, was generally moral.

from joy to sorrow, and from sorrow to joy is an invariable law of all time—such is the lesson taught in *The Favors of the World*. Yet, true as this law spoken of is, it might to our limited understanding appear unjust. An explanation is, therefore, requisite; and this Alarcon hastens to give in the delightful fable: *There is no Evil that Does not Come Through Good*.

So much being said for the benefit of the body, the soul of man must also have its place in the poet's philosophy; and if we ask, as the desire of happiness is natural, what are the means whereby it may be preserved when once possessed, or regained if lost? the writer promptly replies that man must practise virtue; and he shows this most clearly in the heroes of his pieces: *How to Win Friends; The Privileged Hearts; The Master of the Stars*; and in those fair rivals of *Think Before you Marry*.

Again, if perchance some inquire what vices make a man hateful in society, blasting his fairest dreams and bringing him to ruin, the answer will be that blind passions and selfishness, which care not for honorable engagements, ingratitude, slander and untruth are these evils. And all this is well developed in *Changing for the sake of Bettering; The Walls Hear; The Test of Promise; Unhappy in Feigning; The Eagerness of a Mistake*, and *The Suspicious Truth*. To complete Alarcon's doctrinal system, the bitter and sad consequences of vice are expounded in his comedies, *The Fault Seeks the Penalty*, and *Who Badly Lives, Badly Dies*.

Notwithstanding this disposition, the merit of our author was ignored in his lifetime; and when the great Corneille imitated, and almost wholly translated into French the *Suspicious Truth*, he remarked that he would rather have invented the argument of that comedy than have written two of his best plays; for of all the Spanish comedies, it had pleased him most. He believed that Lope had written it; and the real author, when appealing to the public in a prologue to his comedies, said that some of these had served as feathers to another dow,* for they were somewhere printed under fictitious names. It is curious to notice the coincidence between this remark of Alarcon, and the fact that *corneille* means a dow, and also that the dramatist so named availed himself of the above-mentioned play to increase his fame, having, however, openly acknowledged his indebtedness.

We need not dwell any longer upon the excellencies of our comic poet, who in purity of style

* Dow is "corneja" in Spanish, a word analogous to the French "corneille," meaning the same.

and language, might be a model for his rivals. Posterity has at length given him that justice which his ungrateful contemporaries denied him; and already pens better than ours have appraised the golden value of his works, thus reinstating him in his high reputation and worth.

Sister Juana Ines de la Cruz, and Siguenza y Gongora were, as said above, the two other gems of our literature in the seventeenth century. The former united a wonderful talent to the charms of a beautiful exterior; and soon her fame spread through New Spain, where all vied in saluting her with the surname of the "Tenth Muse." At that time she was a maid of honor to the vice-queen, by whom the wisest men of the capital were convened to inquire into her attainments, and they found her most learned and gifted. No one would have dreamed of her taking the veil, for her place in the court, her wealth, her charms and literary fame, already promised her an unbroken chain of triumphs in the world. Her proceeding is the more strange, because her fiery imagination and tender heart must have been exalted by the descriptions of fair and constant ladies in Lope, as of gallant lovers in Calderon. Still her mind aspired to greater things: she sought what was eternal and sublime; leaving to the world those things momentarily fair, she raised her soul to God; to Him she consecrated her virginity. Her existence and affections were buried in the solitude of the cloister, and there she exchanged all worldly comforts for the stern simplicity of religion, offering to Heaven the magic incense of her poetry.

Her writings are sometimes disfigured by the *purism* (I am obliged to coin this word), that the Spaniard Gongora† introduced. Yet her versification is flowing, natural and easy, like a gentle stream seldom disturbed by rocks stubbornly resisting it. Her works consist of sonnets and romances, together with a great variety of material combinations, both sacred and profane; she also wrote some laudatory poems, various religious plays and two comedies, leaving us, moreover, a number of prose works that are eloquent proofs of her knowledge and womanly virtues. She died at the Convent of St. Jerome, in the last part of the seventeenth century; and her demise was fatal to the cause of Mexican literature. Gallego, the author of an elegy on the *Second of May*,‡ while speaking of this nun

† This gentleman must not be confounded with the Mexican Gongora.

‡ The day on which the Spanish monarchy was crushed by Napoleon I, who placed his brother Joseph on the throne of the peninsula.

in his prologue to the poems of Lady Avellaneda pays her a well-deserved tribute; and many others, Feijoo among the foremost have written her praises in eloquent words.

Together with this nun we have mentioned the name of Carlos Siguenza y Gongora who distinguished himself as a poet, philosopher, mathematician, historian, antiquary and critic. He entered the Society of Jesus in the Convent of Tepozotlan; and such was his zeal for whatever was useful and curious, that when the mob of June 8, 1693, set fire to the municipal buildings, Siguenza realizing the loss about to be sustained by science and literature, ran to the market place, followed by friends and others whose services he had secured. Finding it difficult to reach the lower flats, which were already in full blaze, he applied ladders to the balconies, and being the first to mount them, bravely rescued from the flames all the books and pamphlets he could reach, till the last one was out. His time was employed in scientific studies, once accompanying by order of viceroy Sandoval the admiral of a fleet in his official explorations of the Gulf of Mexico. The tasks which he undertook were seemingly opposed to each other; yet he had talent for all, and in all he was attended by success. He left some works of great merit, and among others, a funeral oration on the illustrious nun already spoken of. But if science received such an impulse at his hands, his poems are not free from the far-fetched refinement of his namesake.

About this time Spain produced nothing worthy of notice in literature; the venerable writers of its golden age had disappeared, and with their ashes their works had been forgotten. The vapid *purism* with its silly phrases and painted beauties, made this epoch to be what might properly be styled the carnival of Spanish literature. Its mad contortions and unnatural shades, its foppish comparisons and trivial originalities, all showed a marked decline from past grandeur. If such was the case in Spain, what must it have been in the colonies? The slave but followed the mistress; and naturally its steps were far more awkward, its ornaments more vulgar, and its voice even more offensive. Our poetry at this period concerned itself with nothing but the praises of Philip V and Louis I; and we say with all sadness: our poets acted more like buffoons.

In the domain of history we find names that are a real ornament to our country. Veytia, for instance, after being carefully educated, crossed over to Spain; after a sojourn in the court, he visited other European countries, and having

learned several languages which were useful to him in his researches, he wrote a history of Mexico from its first occupation by the Aztecs down to the middle of the fifteenth century. He has carefully traced the migrations of all the races that peopled Anahuac; and each page in his history bears witness to his zealous researches, while his sympathies seem to gather around the people of Tezcoco on account of their superiority to their neighbors.

At the same time Clavijero, a Jesuit, was engaged in a similar task; and from his exile in Bologna he wrote to Veytia concerning their occupation, and both historians mutually encouraged each other. Born in Vera-Cruz, the author of the *Storia Antica del Messico*,* when the Jesuits were expelled, left his country forever; but he never forgot it amid his misfortunes; on the contrary, he devoted to it his powerful genius, and spared no means to vindicate his countrymen for the inaccuracies of Robertson, Raynal and Pau. One of his principal objects was to correct the chronological errors committed by his predecessors; and well has Europe considered him as one of the highest authorities in the matter of which he treats, his writings being now rendered into almost all the continental languages.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A Blood-Curdling Experiment.

(Continued from last week.)

THE TWENTY-EIGHTH OF NOVEMBER.

IV.—NAHANT.

We quickly neared the drifting speck, and in a few moments could make out its details from the deck. It looked like a barrel-buoy, with a rag discolored by wind and waves flapping lazily from its staff; and would probably have had no more attention paid to it were it not for its strange position and the fact of the flag. As we approached nearer the engines were stopped and a boat dispatched to pick up the cask—for such it proved to be. It was quickly bundled into the boat, and then, like the sound of the *Angelus* bell, came skimming over the water the "merry clack-clack, clack-clack of the oars in the thole-pins of the returning boat." Much has been written of the music of this sound; but for my part I think it the most abominably grating noise mortal man can produce; but then, you know, I have never been drowned.

* Clavijero, though a Mexican, wrote his history in the Italian tongue, when an exile in Italy.

At any rate, we gave a lusty cheer as the cask was thrown on deck.

Captain Wallis ordered it to be broken open—merely to satisfy his conscience, as he said. Accordingly he was rather surprised to find in the cask a tin cylinder, tight packed with saw-dust. This, when cut open, was found to contain two closely-written MSS., both wrapped in a piece of oiled silk to further protect them from the wet. Of these one was the log of the schooner *Mohican*, the other its captain's diary.

"Well, now," said Captain Wallis, "this *does* beat the Dutch! Come to think, the *Mohican* did go down in that little (?) squall we had last week. This log will come in handy for the owners; but I can't think, to save me, what to do with *this*."

"Why, Captain Wallis, give it to me," I unblushingly said; "Maybe I can make this trip pass pleasantly in its perusal."

"I can't let you keep it, because I've got to get it to his family some way or other. Like as not, the owners of the *Mohican* will know where he lives. By Jove, I believe I will let you read it! You see, it will tell where he lives, and will save me the trouble of looking up his relations."

"Oh, thank you, Captain! I am *ever* so much obliged—"

"Not at all; I'll be obliged to you."

I walked back to my chair in the stern, the envied one of all.

The diary was a very queer one; it really was not a diary at all, but rather a record of striking events in the writer's life. It began away back in '48, and was interesting from the start—very interesting. I read it and liked it immensely. I'll have to have a copy of this, said I to myself; and so I obtained Captain Wallis' permission to transcribe it.

From the copy I made, I take the following thrilling narrative:

DECEMBER 17, 1853. The 17th of December! It seems almost incredulous; but everybody says it is so. Three weeks flown, and their only record a blank! Brain-fever *is* a funny thing. I wonder how I got it? Kate says I have been wild ever since Tuesday morning, three weeks back, when they found me unconscious lying on the ground. Now, the question is, how did I come to be lying on the ground that wintry morning? Let me see, let me see,—what was I doing? Wednesday I went to Boston, next day, the 24th, was Thanksgiving; Friday, I attended to father's business; I ran down to York Saturday morning and returned Monday afternoon; Monday even-

ing I started home—ah! now I remember! now, like the sins of his youth o'er the memory of the dying criminal, come crowding full and fast the shapes and forms of that uncanny night!—God deliver me from such another!

I left the East Boston depot just as the night of the 28th of November was beginning to wane. A few moments' ride brought me to my destination—Lynn. I jumped off the train and entered the waiting-room where a cheery fire was blazing. For a few moments I walked the length of the map-covered apartment, just as I hoped to pace on some future day the quarter-deck of my own stout ship, to collect my thoughts and send my blood coursing more freely through my sluggish veins. I said "good night" to Al, the ticket agent, and started home.

My way lay over the Nahant road for a weary mile and more. This road, running the length of a narrow strip of land scarcely wider than itself, was extremely uninviting: on its right broke the waves of the ocean, those of the bay on its left. The moon had set an hour before, and the clouds had blotted out the stars. The dreary waste of waters on my either hand alone gave out light dim and phosphorescent as it was. This, together with a premonition that some friendly thing to the night would bar my way before I could reach home, put me in a frame of mind moody and troubled.

As I walked on with all my faculties strained, strange thoughts of the sea flooded my brain, I thought of the last ship which had struck on the rocks off the point; I wondered if very many ships had been beaten to pieces on those same treacherous rocks; I tried to guess how many from their crews had escaped drowning, and how many had gone down to "Davy Jones' Locker"; I wondered if their ghosts could be seen on bad nights buffeting the waves. Eh! What was that?

A noise, indistinct, sounding very much like distant artillery, roused me from my reverie. I looked about me; the sea wore that indescribable aspect which it assumes only when about to be disturbed by an unusually violent storm. The rumbling noise repeated itself, this time louder than before. An occasional flash of lightning showed up for a brief moment the weird scene.

I hurried on—and need there was to hurry on, since the storm would not delay its coming to enable me to put myself out of the reach of the biting spray which, when the sea was greatly agitated, fell in fierce gusts upon the road to Nahant and upon whatever thing was on it.

Notwithstanding my rapid strides, it soon became evident that I could not hope to reach a place of shelter without tasting of the salt spray of the sea. The storm seemed to come up like artillery to the battlefield—on the maddest kind of a gallop. All day the sky had been deadened to a dull gray by the gloomy rain-clouds; now the lightning's glare showed them to be of intensest black, piled up mountains high. The wind came in puffs, lightly at first, but gradually increasing in violence and length until they merged themselves into the storm. I had noticed all these changes mechanically; now the fury of the blast impressed me with its power and vindictiveness in a very convincing way—it was drenching me through and through with spray.

Till now the storm had drawn to itself my whole attention; but when its fury began to abate, almost as suddenly as it had burst forth, I had a chance to look about me. The first thing that met my view almost made me wish that the spray was still flying in my face. I would not have minded *it* during day-time, but

“In the dead vast and middle of the night.”

the scene of a most revolting murder is, to say the least, productive of disagreeable sensations. Shut my eyes as I might, the uncanny scene, deeply imprinted on my memory, was ever present to my view. I began to fancy all sorts of ghoulish things in connection with the murder of Mr. Russell. I passed the spot in safety—that is, without any adventure with a spirit from the nether world,—still the idea of murder had obtained firm hold on my imagination and presently it began to call up cognate fancies—Death in its different phases. In rapid succession came trooping over my memory the death-scenes which I had witnessed: mother's—poor, dear mother, who was now watching my hurrying footsteps from the mansions of gold and rest; Mr. Reuben's; old “Auntie” Crabbe's; dare-devil Pete Mayville's; Nellie Hecker's—God rest her!—and her father's, Tom Hecker, who was rescued from the breakers off the point only to die from the exposure.

By this time I had reached “Barker's Place,” the old half-way house which stands on a piece of ground, an acre or so in extent, jutting out into the sea. I would have stopped there and dried my clothes, but no cheerful light bade the traveller enter and find rest for the night. Its whole appearance was as cold and uninviting as the icebergs of the North. Disappointed in the hope of finding shelter here, I mended my pace to a rapid walk; my clothes were wring-

ing wet, and with the wind chilling me through, there was need to hurry. Soon the houses began to appear. Scattered they were at first; as I hastened on, the intervals between them grew shorter and less frequent.

In a few moments I was within two blocks of home; a block farther on — Street,* and then a block to the right. I did not think it best to go that way, however, because I was afraid of Haskill's dog, a big fellow, that owed me an ancient grudge, and so I determined to cross lots. I jumped Dayton's fence, ran around his house and jumped the other fence. I had got about half way across a field, lying between my father's lot and Haskill's, which I was hurrying over, when by some evil chance I happened to look to my right. The sight I saw *was not of this earth*.

I had passed through the graveyard at the back of our house often during the daytime, and often after dark. And until this darksome night, when it seemed to be bewitched, it had always acted respectably. To-night, as if beckoning, entreating me to come, imploring me to go; as if menacing me with direst evils, airy forms, clothed in shrouds long trailed and floating on the breeze, waved their arms, outstretched, to and fro in a ghostly time to the mournful sigh of the wind, bearing on its thievish wings a thousand scents of the sea and night.

Scared as I was, I knew that I must tear myself away from this scene, terrible, yet mysteriously attractive. I tried to run: I could not move. I was as though rooted to the ground. I remember distinctly that I could feel my cap rising with my hair, and that my forehead was covered with a clammy sweat. I tried hard again to break the spell, but could not. My brain was on fire; the ghosts seemed to rush on me in a body; I could no longer endure the strain, and with a cry of anguish and fear, I fell unconscious to the ground.

* * *

A TRUE STORY.

It is the fashion in these days of skepticism and unbelief to cry “humbug!” when anything is mentioned which savors of supernatural agency.

* In the original MS. this name was written so indistinctly that it could not be made out. Indeed, the whole narrative is written in characters so shaky and sprawling that I cannot but believe that it is true in every particular, however prejudiced against the truth of ghost stories I have hitherto been. I am only sorry that I could not retain the original MS., since to glance at it—this part in particular—would convince even a skeptic that this tale is not an offspring of my imagination.

An adventure which happened to myself and friend was the cause of removing forever from my mind any doubts which might have existed therein on the subject of supernatural agency.

In the month of January, on a bitter cold night in the year 187—, the evening express was rushing along towards a small town in one of the northern states. Arriving at the station, a well-dressed, fine-appearing man was put off the train; because, being rather worse for the whiskey he had drank, he was making use of improper language. Immediately directing his steps to a whiskey shop near by, he was soon "unco happy," and began showing a large package of greenbacks and a wallet well filled with other currency. After this he started up the railroad track in the distance taken by the train. He was followed by some person or persons till he reached a boarding house and mill, about two miles from the village. Here his throat was cut with a sharp instrument, his money taken from him; a handkerchief with a large piece of iron attached, was fastened round his neck, and his body sunk in a small lake close by.

From that time forward there was no rest for the inmates of the house in which the murder was committed. They were kept continually awake by strange noises and commotions in all parts of the building. These continued during the next two or three months, becoming at last so troublesome that the building had to be vacated. Soon after this the report became noised abroad that the place was haunted by the spirit of the missing man, whose whereabouts detectives employed by his friends had vainly attempted to discover.

The owner of the buildings, unwilling to leave his property unprotected, employed two men to keep guard over the house and mill. They were to sleep in the former at night and were allowed to return to the village during the daylight. These men remained in the house only one night, and declared there was not money enough in the whole country to induce them to remain there another hour. They declined to relate what had taken place, but said that no person could pass a night within the walls of the "accursed house" which they had left, without being convinced of supernatural appearances.

My friend and myself who had listened to their story resolved to pass a night in the "haunted house." Accordingly, about nine o'clock that evening we set out for the place. We talked as we walked along of the follies of superstition, and my friend remarked that some men were

frightened if they saw their shadow after night-fall. In due time we reached our destination, and prepared to make ourselves as comfortable as circumstances would permit.

It must have been eleven o'clock, when suddenly a gust of wind, bearing with it a fetid odor, swept through the room. At the same time a strange, blue mist rose before our eyes and the light from the lantern which stood near shone with a pale blue hue like the flames which arise from burning sulphur. Immediately after, there entered, or rather glided in at the door which had opened, a figure, the appearance of which I shall remember to my dying day. It was that of a man of most perfect physique—broad-shouldered, deep-chested, a face the color of snow, black curling hair and full whiskers. But oh, horror! Blood, or what resembled blood, was streaming down the broad chest from a deep gash in the throat; the eyes were wild and staring most horribly; the mouth was opened wide, and the clenched hands beat frantically the air. Amazed and horror-stricken we gazed upon the dreadful sight. The cold perspiration stood out in large drops upon my forehead, my tongue refused its office, my limbs became rigid and immovable.

Collecting at length our scattered senses, we staggered toward the place where the horrible object stood. It fled before us. We followed, and soon reached a small lake about eighty rods distant. There was an appalling scream—a splash—a blue light glimmering for a moment on the water, then darkness and quiet. Horrified, we fled from the spot, nor paused till we reached the village. The following day a party of men while fishing in the lake discovered the body of a man floating on the surface of the water.

I have related the circumstances as they happened, and leave the reader to solve the mystery.

Ireland's Chances.

(John Boyle O'Reilly in "American Catholic Quarterly Review.")

In every form of stricture, Coercion is at its highest point as the year 1889 opens. Evictions are proceeding with unexampled ferocity. The blind hope of the landlord party appears to be that, while they have the power in their hands, it is their best policy to sweep the people and their homes off the land, even if a desert is produced. It is the Cromwellan policy over again, with writs and crow-bar brigades instead of hal-ters and slave-ships.

But banishment has turned out to be not a cure but a disease worse than the original. The wiser and more patriotic half of England acknowledges this, and is working to undo the evil. The cruel expatriation of the Irish people has filled the world with enemies, not only of aristocratic landlordism, but of the English power that supports the system. Ireland has won a lasting victory in proving to Liberal England that the Tories are not legislating for the empire, but for their own limited class and its privileges.

But even under the darkest cloud that Ireland has known since 1798, it is true and obvious that the unhappy nation stands in a more hopeful and advantageous position than it has ever occupied since the Norman invasion. For the first time in history there is a powerful English party with a national platform of Home Rule for Ireland. And this is no transient or personal movement, depending on one British leader. It is the formalized policy of the English Liberal party—a programme that is absolutely certain of fulfilment.

It is said by many, and hoped by the Tories, that the death of Mr. Gladstone or of Mr. Parnell would assuredly begin the decline of the Home Rule movement. The contrary is the safer prophecy. Though it is to be hoped that Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Parnell will live to carry out the noble measure they have begun, it is certain now that the death of one, or even of both, would only remove from the Home Rule movement an element of personality, and leave it stronger than before. A reform is never at its full strength so long as it depends on one or two men, but when it has become part of the moral or common sense of the people.

From this standpoint, the Parnell Commission, with its incredible vileness in the witness-box, and its open partizanship on the bench; the widespread evictions and burning of peasant homes in Ireland; the jails filled with the honored representatives of the people; the influences of the Church implored to help the mailed hand of coercion—all these are signs favorable. They remove the Irish question from the care of party leaders, and place the responsibility on English conscience and civilization.

The patent evils of perjury, eviction, misery and unrest are the eruption of the disease of misgovernment that must be speedily cured, not by local repression, but by constitutional remedies.

Mr. Parnell himself, speaking on Dec. 27, after the adjournment of the Commission, summed up the proceedings in these words: 'As to the

general charges brought against our organization and movement, that is a matter of speculation and, to some extent, of history, and a law-court is no more competent to decide it than anybody else. Up to the present the *Times* has not got beyond a general description of the disturbed state of Ireland. Every attempt to connect, not us personally—for there hasn't been even an attempt to do that, except in the ridiculous story about Harrington told by an informer—but every attempt to connect our organization with crime has completely broken down. As to the forged letters, let me confine myself strictly to the statement that we shall prove our case to the hilt.'

A Reaction from Darwinism.

The February number of *The Forum* contained an essay by W. S. Lilly to show that the moral standard of the English-speaking peoples has been lowered by reason of the acceptance of the Darwinian doctrine as applied to morals. In the March number one of the earliest and strongest critics of the theory of natural selection, for whose criticism Darwin himself had great respect—Prof. St. George Mivart, author of "The Genesis of Species,"—in an even more direct way attacks the Darwinian theory. After saying that Mr. Darwin has exercised an influence over men's minds with respect to the most important question that man has to investigate, "probably greater than that of any writer since St. Paul," he advances arguments to show that "the mere light of natural science is fatal to the opinion that natural selection has been *the* origin of species, and that the inorganic world itself must be full of intelligent volition and hidden design."

"Mr. Darwin," Prof. Mivart continues, "by his hypothesis sought to account by natural selection for the world of living nature as we see it, including—and avowedly and expressly including—the mind of man. His doctrine is clear and unequivocal. He tells us again and again that he sees no distinction of kind between our highest intellectual faculties and the feelings of a brute, and affirms that his doctrine rests upon grounds which will never be shaken. The assertion of the 'bestiality of man' is of the essence of his idea, for without it, he tells us, he 'would give absolutely nothing for the theory of natural selection;' we have 'to reject all or admit all.' In spite, then, of the evils which have resulted and will result from Mr. Darwin's teaching, I am convinced that a deep debt of gratitude is due to him for forcing upon men such an investigation. By a perfectly fearless and free inquiry of this kind, and a very brief one, reason will, I am confident, be justified, and the true meaning of natural selection be disclosed."

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—Among the scholars honored at the recent centenary celebration of Georgetown University was PROF. MAURICE F. EGAN of Notre Dame, who received the degree of Doctor of Laws. How well merited this honor is by one to whom Catholic literature owes so much, we need not say. In union with his hosts of friends and admirers we wish Dr. Egan many long years of health and strength to continue the noble and useful work to which he has devoted the talents with which he is gifted.

—On Washington's birthday there was held in the city of Boston a "symposium of cranks," as the *N. Y. Sun* styles the gathering; or, "the third annual banquet of Washington Camp 1, Patriotic Order, Sons of America." The speeches on the occasion were full of narrow intolerance and bigotry—utterly at variance with the "Americanism" which the speakers professed to uphold. A pleasing and instructive contrast is afforded by the following recent utterance of Cardinal Gibbons:

"We were informed recently by the daily newspapers that a certain anti-Christian Sunday-School was organized in this city (Baltimore) for the purpose of advocating an infidel doctrine. Several ministers appealed to the municipal authorities to suppress the school. For my part, I would be sorry to see the arm of the civil law used toward the suppression of this school. Coercion is not conversion. Our Divine Saviour never had recourse to the arm of the law or the sword in teaching His doctrine. The only weapons we ought to use are the weapons of argument and persuasion in dealing with this school. The only sword I would draw against the enemy of Christ is the sword of the spirit."

Patriotism.

"Better to dwell in freedom's hall
With a cold, damp floor and a moulding wall,
Than bow the head or bend the knee
In the proudest palace of slavery."

How true and sublime is the sentiment expressed by the poet! Of all the blessings enjoyed by man, none can for a moment hold the place in the human heart which this divine word ten-

ants. The love of country is born in us, and it is as unconquerable as is nature herself. As the cycle of time rolls on into eternity, this sentiment becomes more firmly established in the human heart. It is found interwoven in all of our actions, mingled with all our enjoyments, and intertwined with the minutest filaments of our heart. By its soul-stirring appeals tyranny is being blotted from the world, and the sentiment "that all men are free and equal," has usurped the place in the human breast that "the divine right of kings" used to occupy. No matter how humble, how ignorant or debased may be the land of our birth, we cherish it not only as the most precious and the most sacred spot, but we prefer it to all others under heaven.

Patriotism is paramount to all other feelings in the human being. Tempt man from his alliance by the fairest faces of nature; show him the allurements of the sunny South, and place before him the happiness, the prosperity and the freedom of the people of other lands, yet will he turn from all of these blessings to the barren rocks of his childhood with a renewed love, that laughs at the bribes which seek to draw his soul away from the land of his nativity.

E. LARKIN.

Grandeur and Nothingness.

What is the life of man in this world? A short migration of a system composed of body and soul: the body is taken from the earth, the soul derives its existence from God.

Consider, for a moment, a lifeless body. Contemplate with the eyes of your intellect the august remains of man. The earthly palace of the soul has crumbled, and the deserted ruins have become the prey of the corroding tooth of time. Approach with awe, and examine with respect and admiration this former temple, the abode of an intelligence come from heaven. In the brains, the most noble part of the human organization, resided the consciousness of man—the perception of his being. It is hard, if at all possible, to find a vessel more fragile and more important, for it is the vessel destined to contain the treasure of thought. Is it not astonishing that this material apparatus (combined and organized, it is true,) should be the asylum of reason, the studio in which human wisdom is elaborated and immortal conceptions conceived? Such, however, is the case from the fact that, without brains, the husk of the intellect—there is no possibility for man to have any ideas. For it is an indispensable condition for man, to think

as man, to have brains. Can we have a more solid argument in favor of the nothingness and grandeur of man? And could we possibly find a more striking proof, a more evident manifestation of the immortal, than that which we really find in perishable beings? J. S.

Venerable Bede.

There are many names which stand deservedly high on the list of British historians as truthful chroniclers of events and for the classic elegance of their composition; but at the same time I know of no country in which has been nurtured a more sycophantic, time-serving, falsifying set of deliberate slanderers than are to be found among English writers. Those who wrote before the reign of Henry VIII may be allowed to pass as honest historians, having no very potent reasons for falsifying the truth, if we except Geraldus Cambrensis, whose proper name was Gerald Barry, a renegade Welsh Irishman, who was hired by King Henry II, in 1170, to slander his native country in order to give a shade of excuse to the English King to invade Ireland with a pretence to her greater civilization. Since his reign we have Camden, Spenser, Hume; and last, though most prominent on the list, that miscreant Froude, whose cold-blooded slanders on the Irish nation have raised such a storm of indignation all over the globe wherever a drop of Celtic blood is found to circulate, and who was castigated, as with a scourge of scorpions, by the eloquent tongue of that illustrious divine, the lamented Father Tom Burke.

Spenser gained a worthy name as a great poet by his "Faerie Queene"; but as an agent of Queen Elizabeth, having received a grant of some confiscated Church property in the County Cork, he incurred the hatred of the people by the slanders he heaped upon them, and was indebted to a good pair of legs for his escape out of the country with a whole skin; for 'tis safer to injure an Irishman than to insult him.

But if the character of English historians since the reign of Henry VIII be not good and trustworthy in matters relating to Ireland, such was not altogether the case prior to that epoch. There have been early English writers of history who have earned deservedly the honest praise of all men, and among these we may name the Venerable Bede.

As for Lord Macaulay, the most brilliant writer in this the most polished age of the world, his Scotch prejudice was so strong when brought in contact with anything Catholic or Irish that

the seeker after truth in history has to be always on his guard lest the fascination of his style may not lead him into false conclusions on the subjects of which he treated. Mr. O'Connell gave it as his opinion that Dr. Lingard's History of England was the best and only impartial one ever written, and the only history of England that should be read by those who were seekers after historical truth. At present, however, time and space forbid further remarks upon it.

When St. Bennet Bishop, in 672, returned from his fourth pilgrimage to Rome, Egfrid, king of Northumberland, granted him a large tract of land at the mouth of the river Wear, on the shores of the North Sea, in latitude 56° north, for the purpose of having a monastery established on it. About this time, 673, the subject of our present sketch was born upon this land, but the exact spot of his birth was covered by the sea centuries ago. Of his parentage nothing whatever is known. When he attained his seventh year he was delivered to Bennet, who had by this time completed his Monastery of St. Peter. Soon after Bennet placed the little Bede in charge of his coadjutor Coalfrith when he went with twenty monks to commence the Monastery of St. Paul at Yarrow, not far from the mother-house situated between the river Tweed and the Frith of Forth, also upon the sea shore, where he is known to have been in the year 686 when a pestilence swept off every monk in the monastery with the exception of Coalfrith and himself.

But in all their afflictions this old monk and poor little boy continued regularly to chant the canonical hours, and Bede continued to reside in the same monastery for the remaining forty-nine years of his life. From his extraordinary merit or from other cause he was admitted to deacon's orders at the age of nineteen, by John called of Beverly, afterwards Bishop of Hexham. In 703 he was ordained priest, and was ordered both by his Abbot and his Bishop to devote himself to writing for the instruction of his countrymen; and for thirty years he devoted his pen to this kind of composition. Most of his works have come down to us to the present day. He pursued his literary labors with the greatest assiduity. He not only directed the studies of the six hundred monks who inhabited his double monastery of Wearmouth and Yarrow, but wrote numerous essays on scientific subjects. His knowledge of the principles of astronomy was far in advance of his day; and he taught that the movement of the tides was caused by the phases of the moon. His writings on geography and geology were equally clear and lucid. It was

procure copies of this most valuable work; but suggested to him that he should write a comprehensive history of the Saxon churches from the first introduction of Christianity into Britain by Joseph of Arimathea, who laid the Body of our Blessed Lord in his own sepulchre; for the Britains, Saxons, and Normans handed down from father to son the tradition that Joseph, in company with twelve other persons, flying from the persecutions of the Jews, and carrying with them only some of the Precious Blood of the Redeemer, landed on a desert spot in the estuary of the Severn, on the south of Wales, and there erected the first Christian sanctuary, afterwards known as the great monastery of Glastonbury, originally built of wooden wattles plastered with clay. The body of King Arthur, after he died of his wounds received in battle with the pagan Saxons, was privately interred here. It afterwards fell into the hands of, and was occupied by, Irish monks, and grew to be the most important monastic institution in the kingdom. King Henry VIII demanded its surrender of the abbot, who refused to violate his trust, whereupon he was brought outside the gates of his own monastery and hanged, drawn and quartered on the spot. This martyr was accused of concealing some of the treasures of the abbey; he was pursued, captured and executed by order of John Russell, founder of the ducal house of Bedford. Thus fell the first Christian establishment raised on the extreme west of Europe by the holy hands that had assisted to release the Body of the Son of God from the Cross and to wrap that Divine Body in Its winding-sheet and lay It in the tomb.

All the bishops forwarded to Bede whatever records they possessed relative to their dioceses. This work was suggested by Alban, Abbot of St. Augustine's in Canterbury, and was blessed by Pope Gregory III, who permitted the records of the Holy See to be examined by Nothelm, presbyter of the church of London, for its greater advancement.

At its completion, the history of Bede was received by the learned with unbounded applause. Alfred the Great translated it from the Latin, in which it was written, into the Saxon tongue, for the benefit of his subjects. To succeeding generations it is an invaluable work; for without it we should be in profound ignorance of the events of those bygone years of which it treats; of those missionaries who brought the pagan Saxons to the light of the Gospel; of the manners of the clergy, or of the worship and rites of the infant Church. Great anxiety was manifested by all the monastic institutions in Europe to

this being eight hundred years before the art of printing was discovered, the work of transcribing with the pen on vellum was painfully slow, and copies of the history were correspondingly scarce.

Numerous editions of his various works were to be found in the great libraries of Paris, Basle, and Cologne; but a carefully collected edition of his genuine works, in twelve volumes octavo, was undertaken by Dr. Giles in London in 1842.

This holy monk never resided out of his monastery at Yarrow, and he died there on Holy Thursday, May 25, A. D. 735, aged 62 years. One hundred years after, all the prelates of the Franks, assembled at Aix-la-Chapelle, numbered him among the Fathers of the Church, and styled him the "Venerable and Admirable Doctor." If the advance in science at the present day detract from the merit of his scientific writings, they are at least upon a par with any that were produced by the philosophers of Greece or Rome, and it should be borne in mind with regard to his astronomical knowledge that for two thousand years before Galileo no advance had been made in the science of astronomy.

B. P.

Morality and the Public Schools.

During his convalescence several months ago, Cardinal Manning prepared a review of the workings of the public-school system, especially in the United States, which appears in the *Forum* for March. He regards compulsory state education as the cause of great evil to society, and he attributes much of the growth of crime in certain sections of the United States to the vicious effects of secular teaching. He writes:

"Compulsory education without free choice and provision for that free choice in matters of religion and conscience is, and ever must be, unjust and destructive of the moral life of a people. Education that is only secular dooms religion to gradual extinction. Education that is common violates conscience. Education that is secular, common, and compulsory violates the rights both of parents and of children. Having, in 1883, asked my own countrymen, 'Is the Christianity of England worth preserving?' affirming, as I do, that the board-school system tends inevitably to its extinction, I will ask my American brethren, both Catholic and Protestant: 'Is the Christianity of America worth preserving?' being rationally and firmly convinced that the public-school system also tends inevitably to its extinction. As I appealed years ago to the Christian conscience of England in Anglicans, Nonconformists of every name, and in Catholics, so now I would appeal to the Chris-

tian conscience of the descendants of the pilgrim Fathers, and to those who forsook home, and all that the world counts dearest, for liberty of conscience, to defend themselves from secular meddling in faith and religion. I cannot see: (1) How the state can retain its purely secular character and action, if the Bible be introduced into the schools. The Bible is immutably a code of religion. (2) Nor how the state can order its introduction without violating the religious conscience and spiritual independence of the American people. (3) Nor how the reading of the Bible in any sense but its own true sense can educate the children of Christian parents. (4) Nor how the reading of it can counterbalance the intrinsic moral evils of the common-school system, especially in the violation of parental authority and the destruction of the instincts of home."

Books and Periodicals.

—On March 1, a new eclectic French monthly, *La Revue Française*, will be published. The province of the *Revue* will be to furnish readers and students of French with the select works of the best French authors, annotated where necessary, and with essays on the study of the French language and literature by competent teachers and writers. The selections will mostly be drawn from contemporary French periodical literature, though every period in the life of literary France will be represented. The departments will embrace a *chronique parisienne*, and a *revue bibliographique*. The magazine will be issued in becoming style from the Columbia Press. Future numbers will be illustrated. The subscription is \$4.00 a year. Single copies 35 cents. The publication office is at 39 West Fourteenth Street, New York City.

—*Scribner's Magazine* for March contains articles on a great variety of subjects, from the practical questions of the Railway Mail Service to the subtleties of Economy in Mental Work, with an abundance of good fiction, and papers on topics of contemporary interest—several of them richly illustrated in a manner sustaining the reputation made by this magazine for strong and original art work. Thomas L. James, Postmaster-General in Garfield's cabinet, and now President of the Lincoln National Bank, New York, writes of the "Railway Mail Service" with sympathy and appreciation of the faithful work done, and from the full knowledge given him by his long, practical experience in positions of authority. The End Paper, which is a feature of the magazine, is this month contributed by Henry James, who writes "An Animated Conversation" (in dialogue form) between several Englishmen and Americans who casually meet in a London hotel. They discuss lightly, and with wit and satire, some interesting social topics from the international point of view. William F. Apthorp, the musical critic, describes some of the

most important of "Wagner's Heroes and Heroines," interpreting their characters with a great deal of sympathy. The illustrations are from photographs of prominent personators of the parts. Under the title "A German Rome," Professor W. B. Scott, of Princeton, describes the little-known German city of Treves, which was the capital of a large part of the Roman world for more than a century. Recent excavations and restorations by the Prussian government have at length given the city its proper place as a centre of Roman antiquities. The many illustrations are from photographs of the author's collections.

—In the *Popular Science Monthly* for March the three methods of making window-glass are described in Prof. Henderson's "A Pane of Glass," in a manner free from technicalities, and adorned with anecdote and illustration. Prof. Ira Remsen, of Johns Hopkins, a master in his field, gives a view of "The Chemistry of To-day." In "Competition and Trusts" Mr. George Iles takes the ground that trusts have reduced the costs of business; and hence, if duly regulated, can serve the public better than competition. J. M. Arms, writing from an experience of ten years, contributes an article of a practical bearing on "Natural Science in Elementary Schools." Two notable departures from the accepted way of looking at things are shown in Prof. T. G. Bonney's "The Foundation-Stones of the Earth," and the Hon. Horatio Hale's "The Aryan Race: Its Origin and Character." The former author, dissenting from the "uniformitarian" doctrine of geologists, believes that the lowest-lying rock strata "were formed under conditions and modified by environments, which, during later geological epochs, must have been of very exceptional occurrence." Mr. Hale concludes that while the conquering energy of Europeans is due to their Aryan blood, their higher intellectual qualities and love of freedom are derived from the earlier races which contribute the main elements "to the mixed European breed." In "Law as a Disturber of Social Order," Mr. Benjamin Reece shows how much of our legislation, being against nature, only creates disturbance which has to be met by new legislation that increases the evil, and so on continually. Mr. Coutts Trotter's "Among the Fiji Islands" is a brilliant sketch of travel and life in a part of the world that is not familiar, but is attracting a growing degree of attention. Dr. Krauss's "South Slavic Moon-Myths" describes and tries to account for some curious superstitions and wedding-usages. The proceedings of the Seventh International Congress of Americanists, recently held in Berlin, are briefly related. A sketch and a portrait, from a three-hundred-years'-old original, are given of Pierre Belon, a famous French naturalist of the sixteenth century, who was the father of the binary system of nomenclature and of comparative anatomy. The interest of the various departments is maintained at its usual high standard.

Personal.

—Mr. Albert Gordon, of Elkhart, Ind., was a visitor Wednesday afternoon.

—Mrs. C. D. McPhee, of Denver, Col., is spending a few days at Notre Dame visiting her sons at the College.

—Mr. Z. Morrison, of St. Paul, and Mr. J. McIlvaine, '86, of Chariton, Iowa, were welcome visitors during the week.

—B. T. Becker, '87, is an able and energetic lawyer of Toledo, Ohio, and meeting with merited success in the practice of his profession.

—Among the visitors to the College on Washington's birthday were: Mrs. W. P. Rend, Mrs. Thornton, Mrs. Schillo, Miss Hannan, Mr. Healy, Messrs. Wm. and Geo. Devine, Chicago; Mr. Patterson, Hartford, Ind.; Mrs. C. Reynolds, Jacksonport, Wis.; J. Fitzgerald, '84, Iowa.

—News reaches us from Iowa to the effect that Mr. L. Balton, an old student of Oskaloosa, Iowa, familiarly known to the old boys as "Oskie," has entered the blissful realms of the matrimonial life. In this hour of joy we extend our warmest congratulations to an old school-mate and to his amiable bride.

—We have learned with deep regret the sad news of the death of Mr. Leo McOsker, '69, at Elgin, Ill., on the 11th ult. "Mr. McOsker," says the *Catholic Home*, "was a native of Elgin, his parents being among the first settlers of that city. He graduated at Notre Dame University at an early age, and was all his life a good and consistent Catholic. His health had been failing for the last few years; and although he knew his end was approaching, he was quite cheerful and resigned to leave this world of care for the hopes of a happy eternity. In his death his two surviving brothers and his sister Ella suffer a double bereavement, for it is only about a year since their good, pious and affectionate mother died. May their souls rest in peace!"

Local Items.

- Lent approaches.
- Buds from the opera.
- "Shorty" had his doll.
- O'Flaherty lost his tail.
- The drill was excellent.
- Morton got "to the front."
- Jewett deserved the crown.
- The skating rink is no more.
- The pyramids looked very nice.
- Kelly's flying catch was a beauty.
- Where was "Bismark" all this time.
- Next Wednesday is Ash-Wednesday.
- What was the matter with the giant?
- Bulletins for February were made out this week.

—Anachronisms were lost sight of in the general excellence.

—Joe Burns and J. Hepburn distinguished themselves as demons.

—Show yourselves soon again, boys; you did well and deserve praise.

—The angels were fine. The boys deserve credit. Smith merits a crown.

—We understand that a new society will be organized in Sorin Hall in the near future.

—The bulletins for the month of February will be read in the study-halls this (Saturday) evening.

—The heart-rending cries occasionally heard in the main building are not those of any being or beings in distress. It is simply the elocution class practising.

—The Philosophical Society will spend their annual holiday in Michigan City. We extend our heartfelt sympathy to the good citizens of that borough on this occasion.

—After returning his European trunk for the twentieth time to its proper place from whence it had been carried by several practical jokers, Frank remarked that "this is getting pretty *monopolous*."

—We express our acknowledgments to the Young Men's Sodality of Kalamazoo, Mich., for a kind invitation to attend their reception to Rt. Rev. Dr. Foley, Bishop of Detroit, this (Saturday) evening.

—Nobody thought that "Birdie," Joe and Vin. were much on the "kick," but the sturdy way in which they asserted their rights the other evening has not been equalled since "Birdie" chased the burglar from his room last fall.

—Lines supposed to have been written by a certain Minnesota Democrat:

The Democrats are in mourning,
The Republicans all do whoop,
The fourth of March is coming,
And Grover is "in the soup."

—The following Sergeants have been appointed for the Sorin Cadets: First, C. Koester; Second, J. Cudahy; Third, J. Dempsey; Fourth, B. Bates. The Corporals will be selected in the near future. The Sorin Cadets are now under the able direction of Captain Cusack and Lieutenant O'Donnell.

—St. Joseph is receiving great honors at St. Edward's Hall during this his month. His altar in the Chapel of St. John the Evangelist is richly decorated, and before it the princes assemble every morning to beg the blessing and protection of the glorious Saint to whose care the Divine Child was entrusted, and who, therefore, is in a special manner the patron of youth.

—At the 17th regular meeting of the Sorin Literary and Dramatic Association held in St. Edward's Hall, a very interesting debate took place, in which M. Elkin, E. Dorsey, B. Bates, E. Lansing, F. Evers, J. Kane, J. Cudahy and E.

Elkin took part. R. Powell and W. Marr were admitted to membership.

—The contest for the Mason medal—the chief prize of the Junior department—promises to be very close and exciting this year. Work in competition for it has already begun, but it must be carried on steadily to the very end in order to insure success. It is a prize well worth competing for, and every Junior should devote all his energies to the struggle for it.

—Company "A," Hoynes' Light Guards, is now officered as follows: Captain, J. E. Cusack; First Lieutenant, J. V. O'Donnell; Second Lieutenant, Ed. Prudhomme; First Sergeant, H. McAllister; Second Sergeant, L. Chute; Third Sergeant, S. Campbell; Fourth Sergeant, R. Bronson; Fifth Sergeant, G. Cooke; First Corporal, M. Reynolds; Second Corporal, F. Brown. Arthur Leonard is now Sergeant-Major of the Light Guards.

—Our local athletes who distinguished themselves in the "Vanity Fair" scene of the opera on Washington's birthday were: Messrs. J. Kelly, J. V. O'Donnell, F. Mattes, F. Fehr, C. Fleming, K. Newton and A. Meagher. In the same scene the drill that called forth such favorable comment was executed by the following squad from Company "B," H. L. G.: Master's Chute, McGrath, C. Schillo, Berry, McPhee, Monarch, Bailey, Kutsche, Healy, McNulty, Frei, Scherrer, Cunningham, McIntosh and Allen.

—WHAT THE SCHOLASTIC WOULD LIKE TO KNOW.
 Why some one don't complain about the weather?
 Why we don't have more public debates?
 Where the Total Separation Society has gone to?
 Why we don't have more snow?
 Why new students haven't handed in their \$1.50—the subscription price to the SCHOLASTIC?
 Why Smith didn't quash the indictment?
 Why "Boston" skived?
 What makes our Henry so poor?
 Why the students don't hand in more "locals," and why everyone don't subscribe to the SCHOLASTIC?

—A very pleasing vocal concert was given in Washington Hall last evening by the Harvard Quartette Club of Boston. The following is the

PROGRAMME:

1. "Breezes of the Night,".....*Lamothe*
Quartette.
2. Duët—"The Fisherman".....*Gabussi*
Messrs. Collins and Kendall.
3. College Songs—"My Own Love".....*Quartette*
4. Tenor Solo—"Farewell".....*Graham*
Mr. Morris.
5. "Reveries".....*Storch*
Quartette.
6. Bass Solo—"Beduin Love Song".....*Pease*
Mr. Bwinham.
7. Trio—"Quando fia Cenere".....*Campana*
Messrs. Morris, Collins and Kendall.
8. College Songs—"Mary's Little Wise Man," Quartette
9. Tragical Cantata—"The Grasshopper—"

"Oh, the grasshopper sat on a sweet potato-vine,
 And the big turkey-gobbler he came up behind
 And gobbled him down off that sweet potato-vine."
 Quartette.

—The Academy of St. Thomas Aquinas is a society of the University alone in its department of gaining and imparting philosophical knowl-

edge. The thesis is the means used for the diffusing of this acquired knowledge, and each member in his turn defends some subject chosen by himself. The work of this society is always of a high standard, and the disputations always interesting. At a recent meeting the following officers were elected for the present session. Hon. Presidents, Very Rev. E. Sorin and Rev. T. E. Walsh; Director, Rev. S. Fitte; Promoter, Rev. J. A. O'Connell; President, P. E. Burke; Vice-Presidents, T. Goebel and Jos. Cusack; Recording Secretary, W. B. Akin; Corresponding Secretary, J. B. Meagher; Treasurer, R. C. Newton. March 7, the day of St. Thomas, the society will observe after the manner of the Peripatetics of old.

—The 8th and 9th regular meetings of the St. Cecilia Philomathean Association were held Wednesday evening, Feb. 6 and 13 respectively. The rolls were called and minutes read and adopted. Masters Quinlan, B. Fleming, Weitzel, and J. Brady were admitted to membership. The officers for the second session are as follows: Director, Rev. T. E. Walsh, C. S. C.; President, Rev. A. Morrissey, C. S. C.; Promoter, Bro. Lawrence, C. S. C.; 1st Vice-President, W. P. McPhee, 2d Vice-President, L. J. Scherrer; Treasurer, J. J. McGrath; Recording Secretary, J. E. Berry; Corresponding Secretary, T. F. Wilbanks; Historian, A. B. Chute; 1st Censor, J. L. McIntosh; 2d Censor, H. J. Pecheux; Librarian, H. O. Bronson; Sergeant-at-Arms, J. A. Wright; Marshal, E. Hughes. The Rev. President then made a few remarks, and formed a programme to be observed at the next meeting.

—Charles Dudley Warner, the well-known American author, thus defines the kind of men who constitute the best American citizens:

"There seems to be a great deal of doubt as to what an American is. The native Indian does not exactly fill the bill, even when improved. In fact, when he is much improved, he disappears. I used to think that to be an American one had to be born in New England, or to have come there at a very early day, with the serious intention of having everybody who was just right born there after the date of 1621. But the Irish of New York, the Germans of Pennsylvania and the French of Louisiana seem to have different ideas about it. In mature years I have closely studied this important question, and am disposed to believe, after deliberate consideration, that a man may be a good, true American, notwithstanding the fact that he may have been born in another land. As a matter of fact, we are all foreigners, or descendants of foreigners. Does it make me any the better American because my forefathers came to this country half a century before yours? I answer emphatically, no! A true American is one who is devoted to the interests of the country, who upholds its constitution, obeys its laws, has a voice in its government, and is ever ready to defend the honor of its flag."

—The Notre Dame branch of the Total Abstinence Union of America held its second meeting for this session last Sunday evening, February 24, at its regular meeting hall. A program had been prepared by the committee in charge of that matter; but, owing to the absence of several members appointed, the meeting was not quite as interesting as usual. They were favored, however, with an address by Mr. John Schmitz. His pro-

duction was interspersed with beautiful thoughts couched in language forcible and eloquent: his delivery was faultless. Mr. O'Hara read a "not very lengthy" paper on the temperance work of Archbishop Ireland; and Rev. Director Father Walsh elaborated his subject, telling the society the reason why this eminent prelate was so zealous in the temperance cause. The following persons will participate in the program to be given on Sunday evening, March 10: Messrs. T. Goebel, O. Rothert, A. Eugene O'Flaherty, W. Morrison, J. B. Sullivan, H. J. Toner, D. Brewer. An enjoyable evening is anticipated. All are invited to attend.

—LAW DEPARTMENT:—The afternoon class has been studying Patent Law the past week. The morning class is still occupied with lectures on Criminal Law.—Certain luminaries who are already so familiar with the law as to need but occasional instruction in class were notified last Wednesday that their presence at lectures was invaluable, and that hereafter it would be to their best interests to attend regularly.—Last Saturday the case of the State *vs.* Latimer, the latter being charged with murder, occupied the attention of the University Moot-court: The evidence for the State was not yet all in when court adjourned till this evening. Messrs. Dwyer and Tiernan appear in the prosecution, and the defence is represented by Messrs. Albright and Smith.—There was no meeting of the Law Society last Wednesday evening, on account of the debaters not being prepared. The question is: "Resolved that there should be a codification of the laws," and it will be debated next Wednesday night. The disputants are: Messrs. Hermann, McKeon, Gallagher and Chacon.—In addition to the debate Wednesday evening, the Law Society will have the pleasure of listening to an oration on temperance by Wm. Schmitz.

—The following was received at the SCHOLASTIC Office last Tuesday afternoon:

"ELKHART, IND., Feb. 25, 1889.

"MANAGING EDITOR OF THE SCHOLASTIC:—We understand that the Philosophical Society of Notre Dame University will visit this place next week on the occasion of their annual celebration and feast-day; and if so, we would like to know when the association will arrive, and in what numbers, in order that we may give them a more befitting welcome than we extended last year.

"Sincerely yours,

"ELKHART WHITE CAPS,

"Lodge No. 617.

"P. S.—Enclosed find \$6.00. Send us the SCHOLASTIC for four years."

On receipt of this genial missive the local reporter attended the meeting of the society and ascertained that the festal day this year would be enjoyed in Michigan City where Messrs. Chas. and Sam. Murdock, old members of the organization, now reside. A reply was at once sent to the Elkhart friends, who wrote again testifying their regret that Elkhart would not be visited this year. A special reporter for this paper will accompany the excursion, and a full report may

be looked for in our columns at the proper time. Nothing will escape the eagle optic of our reporter; and we trust everybody will conduct himself in the usual circumspect and sedate manner of those who go off on such excursions.

Roll of Honor.

SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

Messrs. Ahlrichs, Adams, Alvarez, Amador, J. T. Brennan, Burns, Burger, Blessington, Barnes, Brewer, H. P. Brannick, Barrett, Beckman, Brelsford, Blackman, Cassidy, Crooker, S. Campbell, E. Chacon, G. Cooke, Cusack, Casey, Carroll, D. Cartier, Carney, E. Coady, T. Coady, P. Coady, Chute, L. Chacon, Dinkel, Dungan, Dacy, Dore, Dougherty, Dwyer, Darroch, Davis, Eyanson, R. Fleming, Finckh, Fehr, Franklin, Ford, Fitzgerald, Grange, Göke, Goebel, Giblin, Gallardo, Garfias, Gallagher, Gobben, Hepburn, Houlihan, Healy, Hacket, Hughes, L. J. Herman, M. Howard, Hempler, Hoover, Hummer, E. Howard, Heard, Jennings, Karasynski, Kinsella, Kenny, Kohlmann, Knoblauch, Louisell, Lane, Lahey, Lozana, Leonard, F. Long, L. Long, Landgraff, McNally, H. Murphy, H. McAlister, G. McAlister, Mackey, Mattes, Madden, J. T. McCarthy, McGinnity, V. Morrison, W. Morrison, J. Meagher, W. Meagher, Melady, McLeod, Mithen, Major, K. Newton, R. Newton, A. O'Flaherty, E. O'Brien, W. O'Brien, O'Shea, O'Connor, O'Donnell, Ohlwine, O'Hara, P. O'Flaherty, C. Paquette, Prichard, Patterson, Pim, Powers, Reedy, Reynolds, W. C. Roberts, Rothert, Roper, Stewart, Schmitz, Steiger, J. B. Sullivan, Stephenson, H. Smith, T. Smith, G. Soden, C. Soden, Spencer, Toner, Tiernan, V. Vurpillat, F. Vurpillat, Wynn, Woods, Wade, Welsh, C. Youngerman, F. Youngerman, Zeller, Zeitler.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

Masters Adelsperger, W. Allen, Aarons, Adler, Anson, Bates, Brady, Blumenthal, Bailey, Baltus, Bronson, Bradley, Bryan, T. Cleary, S. Cleary, Cunningham, Crandall, J. Connors, Case, Connelly, A. Campbell, Cauthorn, Clendenin, Chute, Crotty, Covert, E. Du Brul, Dempsey, Devine, Dunning, Doherty, L. N. Davis, Ernest, Erwin, Elder, Flannigan, Falvey, C. Fleming, P. Fleming, Frei, J. Fitzgerald, Green, Girsch, R. Healy, J. Healy, Heller, Hesse, Hoerr, Hughes, Hannin, Hanrahan, Hague, Hoffman, Hahn, Hammond, Joslyn, W. Kutsche, Kearns, Kehoe, Kearney, Lamon, Lenhoff, Mahon, Maher, Maurus, Monarch, Malone, Mayer, Morrison, C. Mooney, Mackey, Merz, McCartney, McCarthy, McGrath, McIvers, J. McIntosh, L. McIntosh, McPhee, McDonnell, McNulty, F. Neef, A. Neef, Noe, O'Neill, O'Donnell, W. O'Brian, G. O'Brian, Populorum, Pecheux, Prichard, F. Peck, J. Peck, Quinlan, Reinhard, S. Rose, E. Roth, Riedinger, Rowsey, Ramsey, J. Rose, C. Schillo, F. Schillo, Sheehan, C. Sullivan, Spalding, Sutter, L. Scherrer, C. Scherrer, Shear, Smith, Sloan, Staples, Talbot, Tetard, Towne, Wright, Welch, Weitzel, F. Wile, Wood, Wilbanks, Willien, Young.

MINIM DEPARTMENT.

Masters Ackerman, Bates, Blake, Barbour, Bruel, T. Burns, J. Burns, Bryan, Beringer, Brown, Boyle, Connelly, Cornell, W. Creedon, C. Connor, W. Connor, Crandall, Crane, Cudahy, Downing, Durand, Doherty, Dorsey, J. Dempsey, F. Dempsey, Dench, E. Elkin, F. Evers, G. Evers, Eckler, Finnerty, Falvey, Foster, Fanning, Grant, Greene, Goodwillie, Goodman, Gregg, Girardin, Gray, Hendry, Hagus, Hamilton, Hill, Henneberry, Jonquet, Johns, Kane, Kroolman, Kirk, Keeler, M. Elkin, Koester, Kehoe, Levi, Londoner, Lonergan, Lee, J. Marre, A. Marre, Maternes, Minor, McPhee, Mattas, McDanel, McDonnell, McGuire, Mooney, Mayer, C. McCarthy, J. McCarthy, Miller, Marr, Morrison, C. Nichols, W. Nichols, Neenan, O'Neill, Plautz, Oppenheimer, Parker, L. Paul, C. Paul, Powell, Quill, Roberts, Seerey, Snyder, Seidensticker, Steineman, Stephens, Stange, Thornton, Taylor, Trujillo, Witkowsky, F. Webb, R. Webb, Wever, Washburne, Wilcox, Wilson, Watson.

St. Mary's Academy.

One Mile West of Notre Dame University.

—Thanks are returned Mrs. H. Schoellkopf, of Chicago, for a beautifully carved piece of wood from Jerusalem.

—The name of one of our best type-writers—Miss Laura Ducey—was omitted through mistake from the list published last week in the SCHOLASTIC.

—Washington's birthday was celebrated with great enthusiasm at St. Mary's. Costumes in imitation of a century ago, national songs, etc., made the evening very enjoyable, and served to deepen each one's love for her own America.

—The *Chimes*, edited by the Third Senior Class, was read at the academic meeting of Sunday last by the Misses B. Arnold and C. Morse. The paper was well composed and well read. Very Rev. Father General honored the young ladies by his presence, as did also Rev. Father Zahm, who gave a very interesting lecture on Egypt.

—THE NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC has many excellent departments, but hardly one more interesting than that which is devoted to St. Mary's Academy. This department is always filled with entertaining and instructive reading matter. We wish specially to note the well-written essay in the last number on "Mercy—Nobility's True Badge." It is highly creditable to the writer, Mary A. Rend, Class '89, and evidence of the careful English training at St. Mary's, Notre Dame.—*Catholic Review*.

—The following visitors are recorded for the past week: Mrs. W. McDuvell, Mrs. T. Nelson, Mrs. W. P. Nelson, Mrs. H. Schoellkopf, Mr. and Mrs. J. Smith, Mrs. J. Daly, Mrs. W. P. Rend, J. P. Rend, Mrs. E. Moore, Mrs. M. S. Davis, Mrs. G. Koester, Mr. and Mrs. D. Thornton, Mrs. H. Crandall, Mr. and Mrs. J. Zengeler, Mrs. P. Cavanagh, Chicago; J. A. Markham, Galveston, Texas; Mrs. J. Wile, Miss E. S. Wile, Laporte, Ind.; Wm. C. Reynolds, Jacksonport, Mich.; Mrs. M. Claffey, Bertrand, Mich.; Mrs. Hall, Omaha, Neb.; Miss A. Gordon, Elkhart, Ind.

Different Standpoints.

One quiet summer afternoon I chanced to be in a museum in the city of Washington waiting in a narrow corridor for a companion of mine who was absorbed in contemplating a picture which to me seemed a daub. My curiosity aroused, I approached, and upon closer examination I found to my great amazement, not the imperfect portrait I thought it, but a picture of Our Lady worthy of one of the old masters. On turning and taking a new position in order to view an-

other scene, my attention was again attracted towards the painting,—my beautiful Madonna was instantly transformed into its original grotesque appearance

This fact immediately awakened in my mind a train of thought, the burden of which was, how differently we judge of a thing when we view it from various standpoints.

In life we meet with persons of all ranks of society, and daily do we encounter new forms, new faces and new characters. No sooner do we meet a person than we at once assume the judicial ermine, and arraign him before a tribunal where no counsellors appear for the one to be judged. It is natural to form an opinion, and the question arises: How are we to discriminate between the true and the false, the good and the evil? Is it by judging from first appearances—by attributing to good actions bad intentions without hearing both sides of the case? No: Scripture itself affords us many examples, and proves that hasty judgment is often attended with evil consequences. How strong were the appearances against Benjamin regarding the silver cup, and yet was he guilty?

Let us take the school-girl; who could for one instant convince her that her school-days are the happiest days of her life? To her they appear to be the saddest imaginable: Long lessons and short play hours; dreary pages of geology and philosophy; fears, anxieties and countless vexations are, in her estimation, anything but sources of happiness or incentives to enjoyment. Hope, too, often allures and tells of days to come, when school and duties will be lost sight of in a round of pleasure. Alas! it is only when she has left her scholastic home, when she has stepped into this world of care, that she is fully convinced that the ideal is not the real. Pleasant scenes and remembrances of her once happy school-days come before her as if they had been but yesterday. The school-house she thought a very dungeon once; what a pleasant place it looks! Trifles that seemed a burden are but a shadow of their former weight. Comparing her present state of life with the past, she can but look at what is, and sigh for what has been.

Again, let us behold the young society belle. Let us take her as she presents herself in a ball room in silk and satin. How each and everyone admires her. She seems, in fact, to possess the very essence of grace. By her exterior qualities and amiable manners she charms all. But let one view her ladyship at home. What a wonderful change has come upon her! Strange to say, the bloom of youth has faded in so short a

time. Her manners have undergone a transformation, and she is anything but amiable and charming. A different standpoint has materially altered our views.

Many imagine the most interesting objects in nature are those that assume large and imposing shapes. In many instances this is so; no one can deny that the sight of a lofty mountain, the tremendous fall of a cataract, inspire one with awe. But aside from these objects, innumerable beauties lie scattered here and there, often unheard of, unnoticed. The little insect, a diminutive flower, the tiny stone may appear uninteresting to the eye of an ordinary person, but let us view them from a different light.

The most common flower that grows in the wood or vale proves of great interest and importance to the botanist; viewing it through the microscope, he sees its beauty, its wonderful construction, and thanks God for the flowers of the field. To the geologist, the simple little rock tells something of the earth's history that is more to him than most men could imagine. Depths are disclosed to them who study; hence the necessity of application in the acquirement of knowledge. One point of view will not give an adequate idea of an object, so in order to judge of anything we must be prepared to look at it from all sides before expressing an opinion.

As the outside of a stained-glass window is no criterion of its beauty, so appearances are often an unsafe guide as to persons' acts and intentions.

FRANCES HERTZOG (*Class '89*).

Roll of Honor.

SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

Misses Arnold, Ansbach, Ash, E. Balch, Burton, Bloom, Beschameng, Bogner, Butler, Brewer, Barron, Bush, M. Beck, Barber, M. Clifford, Coll, Currier, Caren, Coll, Clore, Connell, Donnelly, Ducey, M. Davis, Dempsey, Dority, Dorsey, M. De Montcourt, N. Davis, M. Dunkin, N. Dunkin, Flannery, Fitzpatrick, Fursman, K. Gavan, Guise, M. Gibson, N. Gibson, Gordon, Harriman, Hertzog, Hammond, Harlen, M. Horner, I. Horner, Healy, Hagus, Harmes, M. Hutchinson, Haight, Haney, Hellmann, Hubbard, Irwin, Jungbludt, Kingsbury, C. Keeney, A. Keeney, Koopman, Lawrence, Ledwith, Meehan, McNamara, Moran, Moore, Marley, McCarthy, McCune, Nester, Nacey, Nicholas, Prudhomme, Papin, Piper, Penburthy, Parker, Quealey, Quinn, Reidenger, Robinson, Roberts, Rentfrow, Rend, Spurgeon, Studebaker, Schiltz, Sauter, Taylor, Thayer, Van Horn, Van Mourick, Violette, Wagner, Wright, Wilkinson, Zahm.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

Misses Barry, Burdick, E. Burns, M. Burns, Campbell, Churchill, Cooke, Crane, M. Davis, B. Davis, C. Daly, Dempsey, Dolan, Dreyer, Erpelding, Ernest, Griffith, Graves, Göke, Hull, Hoyt, Johns, Kaspar, Kloth, Kelso, Lauth, Levy, M. McPhee, M. McHugh, Miller, Northam, O'Mara, Patrick, Patier, Quealey, Regan, Rinehart, Rose, M. Smyth, J. Smyth, Scherrer, M. Schoellkopf, I. Schoellkopf, Soper, Stapleton, Sweeney, Thirds, Watson, A. Wurzburg, N. Wurzburg.

MINIM DEPARTMENT.

Misses Ayer, E. Burns, Crandall, L. McHugh, Moore, Palmer, Papin, Scherrer, N. Smyth, Zengeler.

SCHOOL OF ART AND DESIGN.

HONORABLY MENTIONED.

GRADUATING CLASS—Miss A. Gordon.

ELEMENTARY PERSPECTIVE.

1ST CLASS, 2D DIV—Promoted—Misses S. Brewer, I. Horner, M. Piper, E. Nicholas.

2D CLASS—Misses M. Schiltz, I. Stapleton, E. Coll. Promoted—K. Hurley.

3D CLASS—Misses E. Wright, A. Hammond, M. Fitzpatrick, M. Hurff, S. Crane, L. Ernest, N. Davis, B. Kingsbury, S. Dempsey, H. Pugsley, M. Scherrer, M. Miller, B. Wagner, F. Kahn, A. Wurzburg, A. Penburthy, M. Burns.

WORKING IN CRAYON.

Misses N. Morse, I. Horner, E. Coll, M. Piper, M. Hull, S. Crane.

PAINTING IN WATER-COLORS.

Misses S. Brewer, M. Hutchinson, E. Nicholas, G. Clarke, F. Francis, B. Bloom, M. Watson.

OIL PAINTING.

Misses J. Robinson, A. Regan, G. Wehr, I. Bub, M. Burton, V. Wilkinson, L. Sauter, H. Lawrence, B. Hellmann, E. Barber.

GENERAL DRAWING.

SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

Misses T. Haney, C. Keeney, T. Balch, M. Geer, M. Ash, J. Bogner, J. Currier, L. Tress, U. Bush, C. Dorsey, H. Nacey, C. Haight, S. Hamilton, M. Clore, L. Fox, K. McCarthy, O. Butler, A. Carew, M. De Montcourt, L. Hagus, D. Davis, A. Koopman, M. Violette, C. Quealey, J. Fox.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

Misses F. Kahn, R. Campbell, L. Dolan, A. Graves, P. Griffith, L. Farwell, M. Smyth, F. Palmer, A. Thirds, E. Regan, L. Kaspar, K. Sweeney, M. McPhee, J. Smyth, C. Kloth, L. Dreyer, L. McHugh, C. Daly, E. Quealey, M. Watson, S. Levy, M. Davis, K. Moore.

Gladstone.

I.

Near that dim threshold where death lurks in wait
To clutch the crown of seasons long delayed,
By weaklings' base desertion undismayed
He stands, majestic, by the load of state
Unbowed, undaunted, equal still to Fate.
Not rank, nor wealth, nor prejudice arrayed,
Nor hate, nor hope may make his soul afraid.
Whose fruit of aim is certain, ripe though late.
When the brave falter and the strong grow cold,
With hand unshaken by all-palsying age
He writes the word of justice on the page
Where Wrong for generations hath been scrolled.
Oh! nation-shaking tongue; oh! voice of gold,
And heart that years nor seasons may make old!

II.

Land of pure women and heroic men,
Whose sons through age-long darkness bravely grope
To pluck the flower of long too hopeless hope:
Dwellers in lonely huts by bog and fen,
Still fierce to drive the robbers from their den,
Still aiming straight at your immortal scope,
With old and newer foes still staunch to cope—
When dawns now near your day of triumph, then
When hymns are chanted and when thanks are said
To all who loved you in the darker days—
When the full glory of a people's praise
To light through lingering night and tempest led,
Shines like the front of heaven among the dead,
Weave then the immortal wreath for that white head!

—Ex.