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In Memoriam.

WALLACE WILLIAMSON.

Last year the March winds blew,
And you were here;
Last year the robins came,
And springtime's sunrise flame
Made rubies of the dew,
And you were here.

Last year when ice-bonds broke,
Oh, you were here!
And when the lakes were free,
And buds burst on each tree,
And all the earth awoke.—
Yes, you were here!

Last year you waited long,
As we wait now,
For sounds of pleasant spring,
When all earth's creatures sing
A *gloria* of song,—
As we wait now.

And lo! the spring is near,—
Its breath we feel;
A perfume's in the air;
Each day earth grows more fair,—
Each leaflet holds a tear,—
A loss we feel.

The fairest bud we knew
Blooms not on earth,—
Our sweet friend will not come,
His laughing voice is dumb;
His heart, so pure and true,
Lies low in earth.

For in St. Joseph's time*
He passed away
Like frost before a breath:—
He asked a happy death,
And from our changing clime
He passed away!

With God's dew on his brow
To Jesus' arms,
His pure soul fled in grace!
Though empty is his place
He's found the springtime now
In Jesus' arms.

And we who loved him, wait
For springtime still,—
Not spring without him,—no!
Not springs that come and go,
In spring beyond God's gate,—
He waits us still!

An Introduction to the Study of Tennyson.*

BY PROF. MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN, LL. D.

I.

I am about to speak of the greatest artist in words who has ever worked in the plastic English language,—an artist who, having the divine gift of uttering poetry both in essentials and attributes, yet, with constant and noble dissatisfaction, refines these attributes to their highest point. I mean Lord Tennyson, a great English poet, but not the greatest of English poets.

His influence on the life and literature of our time has been immense. He at once expressed and reflected the spirit of our time, although of late there has been a perceptible move against his teachings or rather his ideals. A literary generation that pretends to like brutal realism cannot logically be expected to admire the purity and delicacy of a poet who never fails to throw all the light of a glorious art around truth, purity, and duty.

King Arthur is too ideal, too pure, for tastes formed by Swinburne and Rossetti, and the readers of novels which depend for their success on constant sensation find Tennyson's exquisite

* The month of March is dedicated to St. Joseph, called in the Holy Scriptures "The just man," and invoked from the earliest days of Christianity as the patron of a happy death.

* The Fifth Lecture delivered at St. Mary's Academy, Notre Dame, Ind., Feb. 27.

pictures of inanimate objects without interest. And yet if Tennyson succeeded Wordsworth, Tennyson also succeeded Byron. While Wordsworth was serene, a painter of nature, Byron was the opposite of him. He was fiery, volcanic, furious, lurid, great in genius, but, it must be said, impure. But he was popular, while Wordsworth, whom the world is now only beginning to acknowledge, was neglected; so that, strange as it may seem at first, Tennyson's immediate predecessor was Lord Byron. Byron's popularity was great while he lived; young men quoted him, wore open and turned-down collars, assumed a corsair-like look and an appearance of wickedness which were supposed to be Byronic. This generation passed away, or rather grew older, and the younger people became Tennysonian. They were sentimental and a little maudlin; but they did not affect Byronic desperation or mysterious wickedness. The hero of "Locksley Hall,"—I mean the first part of it, for I think the second part printed about ten years ago is decidedly the better,—is a poor kind of a stick. And the hero of "Maud" is of a similar type.

In "Locksley Hall" the hero sighs and moans, and calls Heaven's vengeance down on his ancestral roof because a young girl has refused to marry him,—because his cousin Amy marries another man, he goes into a paroxysm of poetry and denunciation and prophecy. But as Shakespeare says,—“Many men have died, but not for love.” And the hero of "Locksley Hall" lives to write in a calmer style a good many years later. "Maud," another famous poem, like "Locksley Hall," showed something of the influence of Byron. It is a love story, too, broken, incoherent, but very poetical, with lines, here and there, that seem to flash into the mind; for instance:

"A million emeralds break from the ruby-budded lime
In the little grove where I sit,—ah, wherefore cannot I be
Like things of the season gay, like the bountiful bland,
When the far-off sail is blown by the breeze of a softer
clime,

Half lost in the liquid azure bloom of a crescent sea,
The silent, sapphire-spangled marriage-ring of the land."

After "Locksley Hall" and "Maud," the influence of Byron on Tennyson seems to grow less.

In studying the poetry of poets, it is a wise thing to study the influence of poets upon it. The young Tennyson's favorite poet was Thomson,—he of the serene and gentle "Seasons." Alfred Tennyson was born at Somersby in Lincolnshire, England, on August 6, 1809. He began to write stories when he was very young. He wrote chapters of unending novels which he put, day

after day, under the potato bowl on the table. Miss Thackeray says that one of these, which lasted for months, was called "The Old Horse." She gives this account of his first poem:

"Alfred's first verses, so I have heard him say, were written upon a slate which his brother Charles put into his hand one Sunday at Louth, when all the elders of the party were going into church, and the child was left alone. Charles gave him a subject—the flowers in the garden—and when he came back from church little Alfred brought the slate to his brother, all covered with written lines of blank verse. They were made on the models of Thomson's 'Seasons,' the only poetry he had ever read. One can picture it all to oneself, the flowers in the garden, the verses, the little poet with waiting eyes, and the young brother scanning the lines. 'Yes, you can write,' said Charles, and he gave Alfred back the slate."

There is another story that his grandfather asked him to write an elegy on his grandmother. When it was written, the old gentleman gave the boy ten shillings, saying: "There, that is the first you have ever earned by your poetry, and, take my word for it, it will be your last."

This Charles, who admitted that Alfred could write, became a very sweet poet himself as years went on. The poet of Alfred's first love was the calm and pleasant Thomson. Later, as he grew towards manhood, he read Byron, then the fashion. He scribbled in the Byronic strain. How strong a hold Byron's fiery verse had taken on the boy's mind is shown by his own confession. When Alfred was about fifteen, the news came that Byron was dead. "I thought the whole world was at an end," he said. "I thought everything was over and finished for everyone—that nothing else mattered. I remembered I walked out alone, and carved 'Byron is dead' into the sandstone." Although "Locksley Hall" and "Maud" show Byronic reflections, yet they were not the earliest published of Tennyson's poems.

His life was placid, serene, pleasant. At home in one of the sweetest spots of England, at college he lived among congenial friends, and his after-life was and is the ideal life of a poet. The premature death of his friend, Arthur Hallam,—to which we owe the magnificent poem, "In Memoriam,"—was perhaps the saddest event that came to him. Longfellow, his great contemporary, was also happy. And just before the tragic death of his wife,—she was burned to death,—a friend passing his cottage said: "I fear change for Longfellow, for any change must be for the worse."

And this is the drop of bitterness that must tinge all our happiness in this world—the thought that most changes must be for the worse. But changes that have come to Tennyson have brought him more praise, more honor, until of late people have begun to say that the laureate could only mar the monument he had made for himself by trying to add too many ornaments to it.

In his first volume, published fifty-nine years ago, he showed to the world a series of delicately-tinted portraits of ladies. "Claribel," "Lilian," "Isabel," "Mariana," "Madeline," "Adeline,"—his gorgeous set of pictures in arabesque, "Recollections of the Arabian Nights," "Love and Death," "The Dying Swan."

The appearance of this volume was not hailed as a revelation by the reading public. And indeed there was little in it to indicate the poet of "The Idyls of the King," of "The Princess" and of "In Memoriam," except a fineness of art which no English poet has yet surpassed or even equalled. If "Airy, fairy Lilian" is like a cherry-stone minutely carved, yet Tennyson was the first poet to show how delicately such work could be done. If "Mariana in the Moated Grange" is only an exercise in jewelled notes, what bard ever drew such exquisitely modulated tones from his lyre before? If it is "a little picture painted well," where was the poet since Shakspeare who could have painted the picture so well? "The Owl," though many laughed at it, had something of the quality of Shakspeare's snatches of song.

There was not a trace of Byron in this utterance. The poet who had won the prize offered by Cambridge for English poetry, in 1829, and who somewhat earlier had seemed in despair over the death of Byron, did not utter fierce heroics. He painted pictures with a feeling for art that was new in literature. How this wonderful technical nicety struck the sensitive young readers of the time, Edmund Clarence Stedman tells us in "The Victorian Poets":

"It is difficult now to realize how chaotic was the notion of art among English verse-makers at the beginning of Tennyson's career. Not even the example of Keats had taught the needful lesson, and I look on his successor's early efforts as of no small importance. These were dreamy experiments in metre and word-painting, and spontaneous after their kind. Readers sought not to analyze their meaning and grace. The significance of art has since become so well understood, and such results have been attained, that 'Claribel,' 'Lilian,' 'The Mer- man,' 'The Dying Swan' seem slight enough to us now; and even then the affectation pervading them, which was merely the error of a poetic soul groping for its true form of expression, repelled men of severe and established tastes; but to the neophyte they had the charm of sigh-

ing winds and bubbling waters, a wonder of luxury and weirdness, inexpressible, not to be effaced."

It was evident that Tennyson regarded poetry as an art. It was evident that this art was one that needed constant and persistent cultivation. It was evident that, deprived as he was of the material color of the painter, he was determined to make words flash, jewel-like, to make them burn in crimson, or to convey with all the vividness of a Murillo, tints,—not only the color, but the *tints*,—of the sky, the earth, even of the atmosphere itself.

Let us take "Mariana." Look at the picture. The subject is that of a woman waiting in a country-house surrounded by a moat. It is a simple subject, not a complex or many-sided one. See how Tennyson gets as near color as words can. We may be sure that he cast and recast that poem many times before he printed it.

"With blackest moss the flower pots
Were thickly crusted, one and all;
The rusted nails fell from the knots
That held the peach to the garden wall.
The broken sheds looked sad and strange,
Unlifted was the clinking latch;
Weeded and worn the ancient thatch
Upon the lonely moated grange."

"All day within the dreamy house,
The doors upon their hinges creak'd;
The blue fly sung in the pane; the mouse
Behind the mouldering wainscot shrieked,
Or from the crevice peered about."

Millet, in "The Angelus," depicted sound by the magic of his brush which had the potent spell of color. Similarly, Tennyson, in "Mariana," over-leaped the limitations of his art, and painted in words both color and sound and something more subtle than either.

Notice, too, how careful is his choice of epithets in this early book. He asks:

"Wherefore those faint smiles of thine,
Spiritual Adeline?"

You will never find a fault of taste in Tennyson; and if you should find a trochee where you expected an iambus, be sure it is there because the musician willed a refreshing or effective discord. At the age of twenty-two, he published the volume containing "The Lady of Shallott," "Ænom," "Lady Clara Vere de Vere," "The May Queen," "The Miller's Daughter," "The Palace of Art," "Of Old Sat Tendon on the Heights," and half a dozen others equally famous, equally exquisite, and all showing an advance in power over his first volume and also a decrease in affectation. "The Lady of Shalott" is an allegory,—for Tennyson, like all English poets from Chaucer to himself, is fond of

allegories. In "The Lady of Shallott" we have the first hint of the poem we now know as "Elaine."

The Lady of Shallott is poetry, one of the helps to the intellectual progress of man. But, to remain strong and spiritual, poetry must be pure. It must not become worldly or earthy. It must weave its web high above the sordid aims of sin. And so the Lady of Shallott worked.

"There she weaves by night and day,
A magic web with colors gay,
She has heard a whisper say,
A curse is on her if she stay
To look down to Camelot,
She knows not what the curse may be
And so she weaveth steadily,
And little other care hath she,
The Lady of Shallott."

But, after a time, this wonderful lady who weaves into her web for the solace and delight of man all the sights that pass her as shadows is tempted to go down from her spiritual height. She yields to the temptation and dies. In this allegory, we find the germ of *Elaine* "the lily maid of Astolat."

II.

Henri Taine, the clever French critic of English literature, who fails in his appreciation of Tennyson as his compatriot, Voltaire, failed to rise to the heights of Shakspeare, tells us that, dissatisfied with the critics after the appearance of his second volume, Tennyson printed nothing for ten years. In 1842, his third volume appeared. It was called "English Idyls and Other Poems." This was the glorious fruition of a spring-time which had caught and garnered all the fresh beauty of the opening year. The April and May of the poet's first poems had ripened into June and the June, azure-skied, rich, blooming, gave promise of even greater loveliness.

In "The Lady of Shallott," we found the hint of *Elaine*. In this new volume, we find studies for the great symphony to come,—that English epic which is the poet's masterpiece. In this volume is that Homeric fragment,—the *Morte d'Arthur*,—which is one of the finest passages ever written in any language. Dante never wrote anything more sustained in strength, more heroic in style, more reticent in expression and deeper in feeling than

"So all day long the noise of battle rolled."

But, to be logical, I must not consider the *Morte d'Arthur* here. In its place in this third volume, it is really out of place. It belongs at the end of the completed Idyls, all of which we have now. But in 1842, the world had only hints

of them; in the third volume the most portentous hint was the *Morte d'Arthur*. There were others,—"St. Agnes," "Sir Galahad," "Sir Lancelot and Guinevere."

Looking through this third volume, you will find all the characteristics of the poet. Not only in the use of words carried to the highest point, the development of a fashion of blank verse which is as much Tennysonian as Spenser's verse is Spenserian, a love for classic forms and allusions; but in a great love for English landscapes, English country life, English modes of speeches, and English institutions. Above all, whether the poet tells us a Saxon legend like that of "Godiva"; a rustic idyl like "The Gardener's Daughter"; a modern story like "Dora," or a Middle-age legend like "The Beggar Maid," there permeates all his verse reverence for womanhood and purity and nobility of principle which is characteristic of all his work and all his moods. This is one reason why all women love Tennyson's poetry; for women are quicker than men to appreciate the pure and the true in literature. It is to Tennyson more than to any other man that we owe the elevation and purity of most of the public utterances of the nineteenth century. He, more than any living writer, has both influenced and been influenced by his time. He is intensely modern. He is of the Victorian age as Shakspeare was of the Elizabethan age. In truth, as Ben Jonson and Shakspeare were representative of the spirit of their time, so Tennyson is the exponent of ours. When he is highest, he is a leader; when lowest, a follower. He is reverential to Christianity; in the case of his most important work, "The Idyls of the King," he is almost Catholic in his spirit, because he has borrowed his legends from Catholic sources; but still "all his mind is clouded with a doubt."

Tennyson's doubt is evident even in that solemn and tender dirge, "In Memoriam," which formed his fifth volume, published a year after "The Princess," in 1850. The Greek poet, Moschus, wrote an elegy on his friend, Bion, and the refrain of this elegy, "Begin, Sicilian Muses, begin the lament" is famous. Tennyson, this modern poet, possessed of the Greek passion for symmetry and influenced as much by Theocritus, Moschus, and Bion as by the spirit of his own time, has made an elegy on his friend as solemn, as stately, as perfect in its form as that of Moschus; but not so spontaneous and tender. There is more pathos in King David's few words over the body of Absalom than in all the noble falls and swells of "In Memoriam." I doubt whether any heart in affliction has received genuine consolation from this decorous and superbly meas-

ured flow of grief. It is not a poem of Faith, nor is it a poem of doubt; but Faith and doubt tread upon each other's footsteps. Instead of the divine certitude of Dante, we have a doubting half belief. Tennyson loves the village church, the holly-wreathed baptismal font, the peaceful vicarage garden, the comfortable vicar, because they represent serenity and order. He detests revolution. If he lived, before the coming of Christ, in the vales of Sicily, he would probably have hated to see the rural sports of the pagans disturbed by the disciples of a less picturesque and natural religion. His belief is summed up in these words:

"Behold we know not anything;
I can but trust that good shall fall,
At last,—far off,—at last, to all,
And every winter change to spring.

"So runs my dream; but what am I?
An infant crying in the night:
An infant crying for the light,
And with no language but a cry."

He believes in the immortality of the soul, and yet,—to use again the words he puts into the mouth of his own King Arthur,—"all his mind is clouded with a doubt." He says:

"My own dim life should teach me this,
That life should live forevermore
Else earth is darkness at the core,
And dust and ashes all that is;

"This round of green, this orb of flame,
Fantastic beauty, such as lurks,
In some wild poet, when he works
Without a conscience or an aim.

"What then were God to such as I?
'Twere hardly worth my while to choose
Of things, all mortal, or to use
A little patience ere I die;

"'Twere best at once to sink to peace,
Like birds the charming serpent draws,
To drop headforemost in the jaws
Of vacant darkness and to cease."

But he is possessed by the restlessness of our time. He does not proclaim aloud that Christ lives; he looks on the faith of his sister with reverence, but he does not participate in it; his highest hope is that a new time will bring the faith that comes of self-control and that the "Christ that is to be" will come with the new year. To be frank, the Christianity of Tennyson seems to be little more tangible than the religion of George Eliot. He seems to hold that Christianity is good so far because no philosopher can offer the world anything better. Between the burning faith of Dante and the languid, half-sympathetic toleration of Tennyson, the gulf is as great as between the fervor

of St. John the Evangelist and the mild beliefs of the modern broad church Anglican divine. So much for the most noble elegy of our century, which needs only a touch of the faith and fire of Dante, to make it the grandest elegy of all time. Arthur Hallam, the subject of the "In Memoriam" had been Tennyson's dearest friend; he was engaged to marry the poet's sister. "He was," Tennyson himself said, in later years, "as perfect as mortal man could be." "In Memoriam" was a sincere tribute of love and genius to goodness and talent. Regret as we may the absence of that Christian certitude which can alone point upward unerringly from the mists of doubt, yet we must rejoice that the nineteenth century brought forth from the chaos of Byronic utterances and the pretty rhetorical paper-flower gardens of Rogers and Campbell a poem so pure in spirit and so pure in form.

(CONCLUSION NEXT WEEK.)

The Literature of Mexico.

BY E. CHACON, '89.

III.

In the year 1850, when a grand concert was given by the Hidalgo Lyceum, literary Mexico once more awoke from these trances of inactivity into which it periodically fell. On that occasion new compositions, both in prose and verse, were read before the President of the Republic; and such was their merit that everybody thought the Lyceum to be now solidly established. Alas! it was destined to succumb like the academy of Letran under the pressure of our political excitements! Its good results, however, were lasting; for many of its members have since acquired a national reputation. To them are due the "Souvenirs of Friendship to the Mexican Ladies," published by Ignacio Cumplido; to them, also, are due those collections that were awarded the medal for typographical excellence in the international exposition of Paris. This circumstance, together with their intrinsic merit, makes these poems a fashionable present among the Mexican aristocrats.

While all this was going on, Zarco and Luis de la Rosa appeared before the public as prose writers. Rosa paints the reveries that are suggested to him by the beauties of nature. He describes the groves and the mountains; he puts life into the very stones that mark an episode of the Conquest, and gives a celestial charm to

the Mexican mornings. The objects around him are but a ladder by which he climbs far above this earth; and though he has a rival in Zarco for a time, he proves a giant in the race. Zarco, in disgust, gives up the contest, and tries his biting sarcasms. He reveals the hypocrisy of the feminine world, and, showing the mirror to everyone, compels them to gaze upon their faults. Now he fences with the politician, and, skilfully driving him to a critical position, disarms him; if worsted, however, he steps aside and becomes the common scold of rioters. He is everywhere noted for his quarrelsome disposition. Go to the market-place, to the *cafés*, and wherever the common people have anything to do, there you will find Zarco lashing everybody with his words. Go to the theatre, go to the ball room; behind the curtain the ever-watchful critic is marking every smile, and every step, and every word of those assembled therein. And for what? To call the ball room a place for fashionable orgies, and the theatre a resort for blockheads who go, not to witness the artistic accomplishments of the *prima donna*, but to admire her elegant dress and her painted cheeks.

The best delineator of character is Gavarni. Fidel is noted for his pungent and mocking garrulity; but Zarco is the universal scourge. He charms the individuals with his looks, and when they are helpless, rains down upon them the shower of his satire. Fidel in pleasing himself with his chit-chat, pleases others; but Zarco, like Juvenal, is unsparing of all, even of himself.

Like a charming girl just out from school, the muse of Ortiz stands blushing before the literary aristarchs. But they cannot chide her; they, stern arbitrators, are too much impressed by her to feign indifference. See her crowned with the blooming flowers of spring, celestial light darting from her eyes which are as dark as the tresses curling about her neck. She sings; she scarcely touches the ground with her feet as she dances by the myrtle tree and slyly peeps betimes to see her form reflected in the fountain like Narcissus. But woe to this gentle muse when Ortiz compels her to buckle on the Amazon's accoutrements! She trembles under the weight; then is scarcely able to move, and, in the end, closing her languid eyes, falls helpless to the ground.

Bocanegra raises his plaintive songs that go as messengers of love to the presence of Eliza. These, tender as the sighs of Orpheus for Eurydice, teem with the sweetest expressions, and with the dearest epithets that ever bard consecrated to lady. Soft in poetry, he is full of enthusiasm in his orations; and when he speaks, so great is that power of his eloquence that the

audience swells like waves at the impulse of his passions. His talents are even more brilliant as a dramatist; "Balboa," his famous play, carries the spectators by storm, moves them to tears of sorrow or indignation; and when the last scene is over, the universal verdict is a deep veneration for the author of such argument and sentiments as it expresses.

Cuellar and Tovar have also written various plays which were favorably received by the public. But the former would make a better lyric than dramatic poet, especially in amatory and fantastic compositions. The second, if he continues in the work he has begun, may improve the talents with which he is naturally endowed. Teller the epigrammatist, is conspicuous for his terse and forcible sarcasms; but it is a pity that he writes so little: surely, satire has such a peculiar way of correcting defects which cannot be remedied by other species of literature that Teller would deserve the highest praise if he were more regular in his compositions.

The novel, which in Spain had been carried to perfection by Cervantes, was grossly neglected in Mexico. In the beginning of the present century, however, two novelists arose who deserve the gratitude of their countrymen for their efforts. The first is the celebrated *Peusador Mexicano*,* whose "Catrin de la Fachenda," and "Periquillo Sarniento" are deep and beautiful allegories, embodying lessons of ethics, national history, politics, jurisprudence, and theology. They were written when the destinies of Mexico seemed most uncertain, that is to say, in view of the battlefields during the War of Independence. The descriptions are sometimes too minute and tiresome; but this defect is lost sight of in the general excellencies. He also wrote minor novels; and among his philosophical dissertations the "Sad Nights," in imitation of Cadhalso's "Gloomy Nights," show too well the Christian patriotism of this sage. The other novelist is Castillo. He, in the "Angels' Sister" and in the "Hours of Sadness," speaks to the very soul and fills it with a delightful melancholy. His style, like that of the former writer, is sometimes very tiresome; but like him also, he is deserving of applause, considering the circumstances under which he wrote.

Here end the remarks of Arroniz, which I have endeavored to condense as much as possible. Since his time other writers have arisen who are by no means inferior to their prede-

* The Mexican Thinker. I cannot recall his real name at present; but all his works appear under the above fictitious title.

cessors. Acuña, the sad death of whom must ever be deplored, leads the way for Peza and Flores. Flores paints the joys of life, and photographs the mirth of carnivals. His philosophy is to drink down the tears of misery in the cup of delights; and in vain do we seek to find him gloomy, for he smiles and gambols like a dainty fay. Peza, on the other hand, is a moralist who mourns the evils of humanity. He is the household poet whose heart pours sweet love amid his children, his better thoughts clustering around the pensive daughter of the golden tresses. But between these two symbols of sadness and of joy; between these pillars of Mexican idealism and realism, the giant muse of Acuña, towers serenely bearing on its temples the intellectual calmness of Peza, and on its lips the gayety of Flores. This poet of the tempests; this framer of thoughts more burning than the midday sun, breaks through his godless tenets and pours golden rhymes before his mother and Rosario as they kneel before the crucifix and pray for the wayward youth.

But while the works of Flores and Acuña bear perhaps too strongly the marks of irreligious fanaticism, Riva Palacio and Montes de Oca soar away on the wings of inspiration and chant purer strains. We find Palacio, when the blood of Maximilian had scarcely flown down the Hill of the Bells, appealing to the national heart in chaste rhymes. He loves like Peza, but not with a pensive love; he is the type of the blue-veined gentleman; and when his fingers sweep over the lyre, the profane spirits seem to droop.

Montes de Oca, like him, touches nothing but what he ennobles. And we find him at his best when he sings of celestial visions and religious subjects; for who can better understand such themes than the amiable Bishop, whose talents are admired by contemporaries, and whose memory shall ever be revered by posterity? If the songs of Anacreon and Pindar could not reach those who were not acquainted with the Greek language, the Bishop has rendered them into the vernacular tongue with as much grace and skill as if himself were Pindar or Anacreon. Among our contemporary orators, Montes de Oca himself, and Malabèhar take the lead in the eloquence of the pulpit; while Velazco, Basques-Tagle, and the venerable Prieto, all soldiers and patriots, fill with their voice the great halls of the historic Capitol. It is magnificent to see Pietro standing beneath a canopy of flags, noble as Cicero upon the rostrum of Rome; and when his thoughts, clad in all the passion of his soul, roll from his lips, one might think of those giant streams that rise in the bosom of the Andes, and

are rapidly swept away to contend with the ocean.

I would offend against patriotism were I to close this article without mentioning the names of Contreras and Paz, the former as the leading dramatist, and the latter as the first novelist in Mexico to-day. Contreras is a citizen of Yucatan, old in years but vigorous in his conceptions. Like those of the old school, of whom Arroniz has already given us an account, he smooths the technicalities of the drama by a genuine art, being humorous at times, and again almost tragical. Paz is tender and pathetic. He loves to paint scenes like those of Romeo and Juliet. Nevertheless he is everywhere; from the melancholy poesy that glows in the miserable hovel, to the prosaic gear of a stately mansion, he finds new beauties to utter, and new ideas to give them an expression. He warbles like the native songsters of the groves; and winding his strains with inimitable inflections, he grows beautifully wild like the terrific finale of an opera, until the waves of harmony he creates die away in the heart of his readers. Paz and Contreras are in this era of Mexican transition the national expositors of national costumes; and being the last of the present generation who represent Mexico in the world of letters, they may still be the prelude to a more brilliant epoch in Mexican literature.

College Gossip.

—John Hopkins University has had no source of revenue since the passing of the Baltimore & Ohio dividend; but some friends of the institution have raised an emergency fund of \$56,000 so that the university will not fail.

—One of our exchanges objects to the Notre Dame custom of publishing examination averages. The plan has been followed here for years, and has never given cause for any complaint. The students feel that in the matter of examinations they are treated without fear or favor, and that each must stand upon his merits, and the published marks show whether or not he is to be congratulated upon his session's work.

—The Rt. Rev. John Keane, Rector of the new Catholic University, in a letter to Vice-Rector Garrigan, dated Rome, January 22, announces the endowment of another chair in the university by Judge O'Connor of San José, Cal. Bishop Keane also states that the endowment of three more scholarships has been secured. The Pope has just issued a brief in furtherance of the plans of the university and in praise of America, her people and her institutions.

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The attention of the Alumni of the University of Notre Dame, and others, is called to the fact that the NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC has entered upon the TWENTY-SECOND year of its existence, and presents itself anew as a candidate for the favor and support of the many old friends who have heretofore lent it a helping hand.

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St. Patrick's Day.

All nations honor those who have distinguished themselves in benefiting mankind. Every country has her painters, poets, orators, soldiers and statesmen; their brilliant productions, their genius, their eloquence and their heroism are themes of which we never grow weary; and whilst we are admiring we never turn aside to inquire what country gave them birth, or what creed they professed,—we are satisfied with the knowledge that they were benefactors of their race or country.

Yet it is to be expected that men will honor their own illustrious countrymen more than those of another nation; and they will do so no matter whether they are at home in their own native land, or in a foreign country surrounded by strangers. Hence, on the 17th of March, the Irish throughout the world honor St. Patrick, whose life and labors were so intimately connected with their dear old Isle.

It makes little difference where St. Patrick was born; but that he was born for Ireland there is no question. When he landed upon her shores he found the people, though pagans, bountiful, warm-hearted and hospitable. They manifested towards him that same generous kindness for which their descendants, even at the present day, are noted.

In a short time he had the satisfaction of converting many of them to the true faith—every day saw the rapid decline of paganism, till at length every vestige of idolatry disappeared from the land. Pagan superstitions vanished before the light of Christianity; temples dedicated to the living God sprang up on all sides as if by magic; on every hill, and in every valley, the emblem of man's redemption towered towards heaven, mutely exhorting all to place their hopes on high. After forty years' labor in the vineyard, St. Patrick was called to receive the reward of the Saints.

His successors continued the labor he began, and soon the whole island was dotted with monasteries,—monasteries which were only another name for seats of virtue and learning. To these monasteries the people from all parts of civilized Europe flocked, that they might quench their thirst for knowledge at one of the purest fountains then existing. So famous had Ireland become, that an education was not deemed complete unless finished on her soil. Her sons crossed the seas and were welcomed by all the the schools of Europe, where they freely imparted their knowledge to others.

This wonderful change was effected in Ireland without shedding a single drop of blood. No pagan hands were raised to strike down the humble ministers of God; proscriptions and persecutions were reserved for a more enlightened age! So fruitful was Ireland in virtue, that all Christendom styled her the "Isle of Saints," a title that she has never forfeited by heresy or apostasy.

But she could not have retained that proud title had she been permitted to live without suffering. In the middle of the twelfth century Ireland was betrayed into the hands of England by one of her kings, who had been dethroned on account of his crimes. It was from this date that the faith planted by St. Patrick bore the most precious fruit. From that time to the present there have been two distinct nations in Ireland: the British—the rulers without being the masters; the Irish—the subjects, but not the slaves. Whatever British laws were transferred to Ireland were for the sole benefit of the English residents and the extirpation of the Irish natives. Laws were passed declaring intermarriage with the Irish high treason, and prohibiting the exporting of goods that would interfere or compete with the English. When the privilege of race disappeared, the privilege of creed took its place. When Ireland became comparatively free as a nation, she became enslaved as a religious body. When Catholic education was prohibited; when her school-

teachers were banished; when her priests were hunted down like wild beasts; and a price set upon their heads; when her temples were converted into barracks; when inducements were held out to the son to betray the father; when treachery was inculcated as a virtue,—the angels must have wept with joy when they beheld the constancy with which the Irish clung to the creed that St. Patrick planted on their soil. When the civil life of the Catholic was taken away; when he was excluded from the office; when he was prohibited from following a profession; when he was not permitted to own a foot of ground, we must surely conclude that St. Patrick planted the religion of Him who said: "They who have faith will receive grace to suffer patiently all sorts of persecutions for My sake."

When fire, sword, gibbet and famine were doing their daily work, we are convinced the Irish were drinking the last dregs of the chalice that was forced to their quivering lips.

When we see that neither poverty nor suffering, famine nor confiscation, transportation nor bribes, imprisonment, ridicule nor contempt could change their faith, and that they are as thoroughly Irish, as thoroughly Catholic to-day as they were six hundred years ago, who can doubt that St. Patrick did plant in the heart of the nation the Gospel of Him who suffered as man never suffered before or since?

What becomes of all the great deeds that emblazon the pages of history when compared to the patient, silent sufferings of Ireland endured for the faith! Greece and Carthage, after a few reverses, relapsed into barbarism. Rome, though proud mistress of the world, could not withstand the forces brought against her.

We look upon the sufferings of Ireland as one of the means by which Christianity is extended. Go where you will, you will surely find Irishmen, and wherever you find them, there you will find the seeds of Christianity. When they were prohibited from worshipping God at the altars of their forefathers, they fled to the wilds of America, and the number of churches in this country are monuments of their attachment to the faith of St. Patrick. They are found in all ranks of society, giving counsel in the cabinets, making laws in the senate, pleading at the bar, fighting in the armies, and offering sacrifices at the altar; always honored and courted abroad—aliens and outcasts at home.

Will this be always the case? We know not the designs of Providence; yet it seems to be His will that the Irish shall be the pioneers of Christianity, and that it is their mission to labor

in foreign lands, to smooth the rough places, to develop the resources of nature, and to give a healthy tone to society, and when Christianity shall have obtained a firm foothold, her mission will be accomplished, and her reward will be the freedom of her own Green Isle.

This, we feel sure, will be accomplished without the aid of irreligious, oath-bound associations. It was religion that supported the Irishman in all his trials; it guarded him in youth, strengthened him in manhood, consoled him in old age, and it will yet liberate his country.

S.

Electrical Progress.

The National Electric Light Association which was called together and organized in a Chicago hotel in 1884 with less than a hundred members, came again to Chicago a few weeks ago with nearly two hundred members to hold its fifth annual convention. It was conceded by all that this meeting was the most interesting and important in the history of the association. The following statistics, taken from the president's opening address, will give an idea of the magnitude of the interests represented. The *increase* in capitalization of electric light companies from February 1888 to February 1889 was \$69,397,744. Number of electric light plants in operation 5,747, an increase of 2,067; number of incandescent lamps 2,504,490, increase 754,490; number of arc lamps 219,924, increase 62,625. As the members "had no time for idle talk, for oratory, for ancient history, or for dissertations on things in general," it will be understood that the papers and discussions were of vital importance. The subjects to which most attention was given were "Petroleum Fuel" and "Underground Wires."

The electric light is now in use in tunnels, in mines, on fast express trains, on steamships, in harbors and light-houses, and for exploring the depths of the ocean. It is rapidly displacing other methods in private and public buildings throughout the land. Among the proposed installations is the church of the Paulists in New York. This church is one of the largest and most substantial structures of its kind in the city and will require at least 500 lights.

During a week spent in London last summer the writer was specially interested in electric lighting; but most of the lamps he saw in use for street lighting were those that had been very familiar to him on the streets of Chicago and bore the names of American manufacturers. The Westinghouse Company, of Pittsburgh, has se-

cured a \$500,000 contract for electric lighting in the English metropolis.

Several months ago Mr. Edison sent a few of his improved phonographs to Europe. Some of the phonograms, upon which were recorded the words of prominent Englishmen, were returned and one of the cylinders bore the impression of Mr. Gladstone's voice. Among other compliments from Mr. Gladstone to Mr. Edison was the following: "Your great country is leading the way in the important work of invention."

At the World's Exposition in Paris, during the coming summer, American electrical work will be well represented. Nearly one-third of the space assigned to the United States has been allotted to Mr. Edison. Preparations for a complete and magnificent display of his experiments and inventions have been under way for several months. It is said that the expense for this display will be \$75,000, which shows due appreciation by Mr. Edison of the generous and valuable commendations given him by the French government and people. The Western Electric Company, of Chicago, has also been preparing for a grand exhibit of its numerous electrical manufactures. The Heisler Electric Company, of St. Louis, has been awarded a contract for the lighting of the American part of the Exposition.

Although greatly impeded by litigation, and by legislation sometimes rash and ill-advised, the Bell Telephone Company continues its career of prosperous activity. An official test of the Company's new long distance system was made last month between Boston, New York, Rochester, Albany and Buffalo. In this system are embodied the latest scientific and mechanical improvements in instruments and lines. It is said that conversation between the cities named was carried on successfully, and that the distinctness with which the voice could be heard at so great a distance was surprising. The instrument statement of the company for the past year gives the net out-put for the year as 30,047, an increase over the previous year of 4,680; making the number of telephones in the hands of licenses about 408,932.

In the telegraph field a large amount of rebuilding of old lines, and extending of new ones has been done by the Western Union and Postal Companies. The Western Union has increased its equipment of Wheatstone repeaters to accommodate the requirements of business between the principal cities. By this system from two to four hundred words per minute are correctly transmitted. This method will help the telegraph companies to meet the probable competition of the long distance telephone systems.

The number of patents issued upon electrical inventions during 1888 was over 1400. The greatest number for particular applications was obtained for electric railways and motors. There are now in operation 53 electric street railways, and 44 being constructed or under contract.

Not many years since there seemed to be no special need for a periodical devoted exclusively to general electrical matters. We have now two from Boston, five from New York and one from Chicago; any one of which will compare favorably with any similar publications. Their typographical and mechanical appearance is far above the average. The captious "Literary Lounger" might, however, in some cases, find an opportunity to criticise the lack of "smoothness, color, and literary style." The latest and brightest addition to the list is *Electric Power* which confines its attention to discussing and recording the progress of electrical transmission of power. The contents of the first numbers is evidence that a vacant position, of rapidly growing importance, had been waiting for it.

To meet urgent demands for education the universities and technical colleges have greatly increased their facilities for studying and teaching the principles of practical and theoretical electrical science. The trustees of Columbia College, New York, have decided to establish a post graduate course of instruction; have created a chair of electrical engineering, and intend to acquire the same reputation for this branch that Columbia now has for mining engineering.

Besides the progress indicated by these notes on "practical applications," to which many additions might easily be made, much pioneer work has been done, and very important scientific investigations have been made by Americans. Is it very bombastic to assert that they are taking an energetic part in the work of making "electricity the servant of man?"

M. O'DEA.

Obituary.

WALLACE WILLIAMSON.

The death of Wallace J. Williamson, of Catlettsburgh, Ky., which occurred on the 8th, created the deepest sensation not alone among the students but among all who knew him. He died of pneumonia. It would be difficult to exaggerate the rare gifts of mind and body with which God endowed this child of predilection. To a most attractive exterior, enhanced by graceful manners, he added a most amiable and affectionate disposition. Rev. President

Walsh, in speaking of him to the students, said: "During the three years that Wallace had been a student, no one ever had other than a kind, a good word to say of him. He was a first honor boy in the Minim department. I am not surprised that he was so loved by all." If there was not a more happy, light-hearted boy at Notre Dame there was not a more earnest student. Though only in his fourteenth year he was a man in mind. He was by nature tender-hearted and generous; and the frankness and candor of his disposition shone through his honest, beautiful eyes. But if there was any virtue that particularly distinguished him it was his *fervent piety*, which he must have inherited from his excellent father, whom he often described as very pious and religious. It is no wonder that a deep, thoughtful soul like his soon became enamored with the beauties of faith, and that he longed for the hour in which he would receive the sanction of his parents to be admitted into the Church. During the seven days of his illness, the engrossing thought—the one that made him forget his pains—was to be baptized; for, said he, "I feel that I am very sick, and I do not want to leave that to the last." He was baptized *in articulo mortis*. What a lesson, what an example that blessed child, that heroic boy has given us all! He spoke of God and of heaven as might be expected of one who was "a fellow-citizen of the saints." It was a delight, a relief to him, to say to those around him: "I love the Blessed Virgin, I love St. Joseph, I love all the Saints and Angels." Had he lived he would have been a student of whom Notre Dame might be proud; but who would wish to recall that favored child of Heaven who is now in possession of that eternal happiness which can only be the reward of the longest life? Still the students and Faculty at Notre Dame feel the loss made by his death, and extend their heartfelt sympathy to Mr. Williamson and family in this their hour of trial.

Local Items.

- Nearly time for spring fever.
- To-morrow is St. Patrick's Day.
- The old boat-house has been torn down.
- Tewksbury will "star" it next Tuesday.
- "Seltzer Water" has gone bag and baggage.
- The play will be given probably next Tuesday.
- Robert Nourse in Washington Hall, Wednesday, March 27.
- Bismark is after returning from an unsuccessful fishing excursion.
- Mr. George Cartier, of Ludington, Mich., has returned to Notre Dame.
- PERSONAL:—J. M., Please return my number 11 shoes, and all will be forgiven. F. X. M.

—A number of fine photographs of the football players were taken Tuesday afternoon.

—"Clay County" and "Allen County" are mentioned as candidates for the football team.

—The "Philosopher" wants the smoking-room door and windows constantly open for the sake of "irrigation."

—With the approach of spring the genial Michael Hastings will once more be seen among the daisies of St. Edward's Park.

—More excitement was manifested over the late banquet than there was over the gallant charge of the two hundred some time ago.

—"Falsely Accused, or Waiting for the Verdict," by the Columbians next Tuesday in Washington Hall, in honor of St. Patrick's Day.

—Among the candidates for the Senior baseball captaincies we have heard the names of Messrs. Mattes, F. Kelly, R. Bronson and S. Campbell mentioned.

—By an arrangement made with the boys "rec" was granted Tuesday afternoon, and the classes of that afternoon were taught Thursday morning instead of recreation.

—In regard to the late opera: Where should one of the demons have gone after losing his tail? He should have gone to a saloon where all bad spirits are *retailed*. See?

—Outdoor exercise will soon begin. Get your muscle in trim by punching the wind bag. It is an excellent thing, and will cost only the small sum of twenty-five cents for the season.

—The Secretary of the C. T. A. U. Notre Dame branch acknowledges the receipt of several copies of the constitution of the Indiana Total Abstinence Union, through the kindness of Mr. G. P. Butler of Indianapolis, State Secretary. Many thanks!

—Old students may be interested in the news that there is talk of using the Matteson House of Chicago as temporary headquarters for the first regiment of Illinois. The hotel has been vacant for several years, but was formerly a rendezvous for Notre Dame collegians.

—The clever work done by the reporter in securing an account of the late banquet was much admired and commented upon. It evinces the spirit of enterprise which pervades the office of a great college paper, and proves conclusively to all that—now is the time to subscribe.

—The bulletins for the months of January and February were read in the Senior hall on Sunday evening by the Rev. Director of Studies, Father Morrissey. Rev. President Walsh complimented the students on the good work shown. Perfect bulletins were received by J. S. Hummer, T. B. Goebel, C. Lane and J. J. Burns.

—Father Zahm has taken a large number of instantaneous photographs of the students and others around Notre Dame, and it is to be hoped he will exhibit them by the aid of the stereopticon, ere long, in Washington Hall. The exhibi-

bition would be a laughable one, as the subjects and groups of the photos have been taken in most comical and peculiar positions.

—Prof. Ackerman has been painting a new scene in Washington Hall for the play of next Tuesday. It represents a section of the road to St. Mary's, and will probably not be recognized by many of the boys who get no further than the railroad crossing or the stile.

—Navigation soon opens, and there is already some talk over the coming election of boat club officers. Mr. Fehr, who so acceptably filled the office of commodore last session, refuses to be a candidate for re-election though he would meet with little, if any, opposition. Among those talked of for captains of the four-oared crews are Messrs. McErlain, T. Coady, Prudhomme, McKeon and Hepburn. For Captains of the six-oared barges Messrs. F. Jewett and A. Leonard are mentioned; while Mr. Patterson's friends say that he also has a good chance.

—Mr. Robert Nourse, who has the reputation of being one of the greatest dramatic orators of the world, has been engaged to deliver the greatest of his Lyceum successes, "John and Jonathan," Wednesday, March 27. Mr. Nourse was trained in the Royal Dramatic College of England, and in this country he established his reputation with his live and laugh-provoking word pictures of the two greatest nations of all the world. There is not a dull moment in this lecture, containing as it does passages of thrilling eloquence, illuminated by flashes of keenest wit, and a vein of humor that is convulsing and comes often enough to lend variety and spice and excite interest throughout. It is a rich treat to listen to Mr. Nourse, and all should avail themselves of the opportunity.

—LAW DEPARTMENT.—The debate on the codification of the laws was held Wednesday evening in the lecture room. Messrs. McKeon and Chacon argued for the affirmative, and were opposed by Messrs. Herman and Vurpillat for the negative. Debate was decided in favor of the affirmative. It was an interesting one, and was quite as enjoyable as any had this scholastic year.—State *vs.* Latimer in the Moot-court this evening. It is to be hoped that to-night will finish the case, as it has already occupied enough time and attention.—The rostrum has been removed from the old law room in the main building and will be placed in the new quarters in Sorin Hall.—The question for debate next Wednesday evening is: "Resolved, that oratory is the greatest natural gift of God to man." Mr. Dwyer was first appointed as one of the leaders on the disputation but declined on the ground that he would need all his natural gift of eloquence in the Latimer case. Mr. Albright framed the same excuse and was aptly copied after by Attorney Tiernan. The chair forebore appointing Mr. Smith, and the following were finally selected: Messrs. Brewer, Blessington, O'Hara and Burns.—The morning class is studying

medical jurisprudence in its connection with criminal law.—At the last meeting of the Law Society Mr. Dwyer read a selection from one of Erickson's masterpieces.—The morning class will begin a new subject soon.

—The football enthusiasts took advantage of the fine weather and fair condition of the grounds last Tuesday afternoon to indulge in a practice game. Hepburn was captain of the *Blacks*, and Campbell officiated in a similar capacity for the *Browns*. The latter had the goal with their opponents' kick off, after five minutes' play, H. Jewett secured the ball, and by a good run got close to the *Blacks*' goal, and E. Coady by careful playing scored a touch-down. Geo. Cartier kicked the sphere over the goal for two more. Score, 6 to 0. Before the end of the inning, which was not a very long one, Prudhomme made a touch down for the *Blacks*, but missed goal, making the score 6 to 4 in favor of the *Browns* when Hepburn, by hard work, touched down again, and the two points secured by a goal kick gave the *Blacks* the lead at the close of the inning. In the second inning Fehr and H. Jewett got the ball behind the opposing goal, but the goal kicks were failures and the game closed with the score in favor of the *Browns* by 14 to 10. Amongst those who distinguished themselves in addition to the ones already mentioned were Brown, O'Brien, E. Coady, Campbell, Cooney and Herman. P. Coady and F. Jewett officiated during the game. The players were: *Browns*—Fehr, Centre, Mattes, Tewksbury, W. Herman, K. Newton, W. Cartier and McKeon, Rushers; Quarter Back, E. Coady; Half-Backs, Campbell and H. Jewett; Full Back, Geo. Cartier. *Blacks*—T. Coady, Centre; J. Brennan, Milady, O'Brien, Brown, Albright, and McCarthy, Kushers; Quarter Back, Cooney; Half-Backs, Hepburn and Prudhomme; Full Back, D. Cartier.

—OIL AS FUEL.—As stated last week, arrangements are rapidly being perfected whereby oil instead of coal will be used in the steam house which supplies heat for the main and adjacent buildings, and in all probability oil will take the place of coal as fuel altogether at Notre Dame. There are ten furnaces and boilers used at the University, and their annual consumption of coal is marvellous. On a cold winter's day as much as 45 tons is often needed to keep the buildings warm, and the expense thus incurred will be greatly lessened by the use of oil which also has a great advantage in being decidedly cleaner than coal. A large tank, 15 feet in height, and 20 feet in diameter, with a large capacity has been put in the field back of the Minims' campus and a large pipe connects this with the steam house furnaces. The latest appliances and apparatus will be used in the furnaces for the combustion of the oil. There is a hot air pipe to keep up suction, and steam to throw and spread the oil which can be sent out in a flame 25 feet long and proportionately wide,

thus distributing the heat along the surface of the boiler whereas the heat from the coal is concentrated more at one point of the boilers' surface, rendering them less durable. At the old coffee house a steam pump has been put in to force the oil up to the reservoir. Six large tanks of oil stood on the Notre Dame switch of the Michigan Central railroad last Saturday with two more in South Bend, and as their contents have been transferred to the reservoir a good supply is already on hand. Since Thursday last this new fuel has been in constant use in one of the furnaces and given satisfaction. It is shown that the oil will not give a disagreeable odor in combustion, and being cheaper and cleaner than coal it will be a great improvement all around.

—THE PHILODEMIC SOCIETY.—The Philodemics held their regular meeting on last Saturday evening. Among the exercises was one of the most brilliant debates ever held in their society room. The subject, "Resolved that the French Revolution was productive of more good than evil," not only aroused the enthusiasm of the contending speakers in the delivery of their excellent arguments, but also in riveting the attention of all throughout the entire discussion. The speeches were carefully prepared, and as they would have done the gentlemen credit if delivered before an audience in Washington Hall, we cannot refrain from giving here a very short *resumé* of them.—Mr. A. Finckh was the first speaker on the affirmative. He prefaced his remarks by tracing out the various causes which led to this terrible eruption. Then having dwelt upon the better condition civilly of the people after the Revolution, he concluded with some examples which tended to show the benefits conferred upon other nations by the aid of French refugees.—The leader of the opposition was Wm. Larkin. He successively painted in glowing colors the cruel atrocities of those turbulent times, the annihilation of all religion, and the adoration of the goddess, Reason. He spoke of Catholic France now turned into a hot-bed of infidels, scoffers of everything holy and teachers of immorality. Among the material evils he mentioned the merciless slaughter of thousands of innocent persons, the destruction of the nobility and of all social order, which gave Napoleon the opportunity of sacrificing her youth to quench his insatiable ambition.—Vincent Morrison, the second speaker on the affirmative, began by outlining the relative conditions of the burdened, down-trodden people, and the rich, corrupted and licentious nobility. He continued by showing how despotism gave way to individual liberty, how feudalism vanished forever, and royalty met with death. Besides the right of a representative government he maintained that other good results were found in the better financial, social and moral condition of the people.—R. Adelsperger was the second advocate of the negative. He commenced by

that stormy period and their harmful effects upon society. "It is true," said he, "the French people have gained their rights, but are they better off now than they were before? They go from one extreme to another. To-day they have a monarchy, to-morrow a revolution and then a republic. Thus they have had no less than fifteen changes of government within the last century, and now seem to be ready for another."—After the last speaker had concluded, Rev. President Walsh congratulated the society upon their excellent work, and hoped that they would soon give another public debate.

THE MICHIGAN CITY EXCURSION.

March 7, the feast of St. Thomas Aquinas, is the day on which the St. Thomas' Academy are accustomed to go on an annual excursion. Accordingly the Academy, or at least a part of it (as some of the members were slightly indisposed), together with the Rev. Director and a SCHOLASTIC reporter—eleven persons in all—started out bright and early Thursday morning. Mass was attended at 6 a. m., after which the party made a raid on Bro. Bruno, the genial refectorian, and, soon was busily engaged in his emporium. Tom was waiting in the tallyho when the breakfast was over and it wasn't many minutes until we were well on toward South Bend. On arriving there, a telegram was received from Mr. Jacob Wile, of Laporte, who had very kindly offered to secure a conveyance from Laporte to Michigan City, stating that the road was impassible. This was quite a blow indeed, but not enough to turn the tourists back. A telegram was sent on, and an answer was received at Laporte, saying that the M. C. train would stop for us at Porter, the junction of the Michigan Central and Lake Shore roads. The train arrived at 10.41, landing us in Michigan City at 11.03. A street car was chartered at the depot, and after some time it drew up at the gate of the famous Northern Indiana State Prison.

Here Mr. Charles Murdock, a former student of Notre Dame, met the boys and took great delight in showing them through the institution. The first shop they visited was that of the Dodge Shoe Co. It is a three-story brick building, and in it are employed about one hundred convicts. The work is nearly all done by machinery. The sole is put on a shoe in about thirty seconds, and the work is smoother and more regular than that of hand-sewed shoes. It was very interesting work, and the boys stayed for some time in the shop watching the different machines, everyone of which does the work of a great many men. The next object of interest was the shop of the Amazon Hosiery Co., also a three-story brick building about the same size as the former. About one hundred and thirty convicts are employed here. The first floor is used for boxing and labelling the goods, and on the second floor are the knitting machines, and the machines into which the wool first

passes. It is placed in a sort of box at one end of the machine, and a large revolving cylinder picks it up and starts it through the machine from which it comes out in the form of a cable about an inch or two in diameter. This is passed through other similar machines, and when it comes out of the last is about one-eighth of an inch in diameter and is wound on long spools. These spools are taken to the third story, where there are large machines extending clear across the building. Here it is wound on small wooden bobbins, and at the same time twisted, and the yarn is finished. Now it is taken to the second floor again where it is used at the knitting machines in making socks. There are four rows of knitting machines extending across the building.

When we left this building the convicts had started to dinner. We stayed and watched them until all had entered the dining-room, marching in squads of about forty, in lock step. Soon they were busily engaged at their noonday meal which on this day consisted of soup, boiled meat and bread with water to drink.

We were now invited across the street to the residence of Mr. James Murdock, the Warden, where a feast awaited us. Here all were introduced to the hostess Mrs. Murdock, who was very glad to see us, and entertained us in a most pleasing manner. Here we also met the Rev. Father Bleckman, of Michigan City, and his assistant, Rev. Father Verdein. Father Bleckman was a student at Notre Dame in 1867, and kept the boys laughing by relating his experiences while at college.

After the inner man had been completely satisfied Mr. Bela Hughes, acting as toast-master arose and proposed for the first toast "Our Patron," which was responded to by Mr. P. E. Burke who spoke in glowing terms of our renowned and saintly patron, and his remarks were very well received and appreciated by all present. Mr. Hummer responded to the toast "Our Host and Hostess," and in eloquent words thanked them in the name of the society for the superb manner in which we were entertained. Next Father Bleckman responded to the toast "Our *Alma Mater*." He made a fine speech, and many were the loving tributes he paid to his dear old Notre Dame. Then our Rev. Professor made a few very pleasing remarks, after which we adjourned to the other room for a few minutes, and then returned to continue our observations at the prison.

The chair factory of Ford & Johnson and the barrel factory of J. H. Winterbotham & Sons were next visited, but space will not permit a complete description of them. After this the hospital, bath room, laundry and dungeons were visited. These dungeons, or dark cells, bring even the most refractory prisoners to time. Now we went through the cell house. There are five tiers of cells, one above the other, and iron stairs leading up to the platforms from which the cells are reached. The cells are about 5 x 10 feet

in size and eight hundred and twenty in number, but only about 750 of them are occupied.

We boarded a street car at about four, and started out to see the city. We had not gone far when the boys wanted to sing, and stepped to the back platform of the car, but sad to relate just as they started the car took a lunge and jumped off the track. The horses were unhitched, and taken to the back end of the car and tried to pull it on again, but to no purpose. Then Albright proposed to lift it on, but this also failed. The horses were taken to the front end again and started, but the car did not get on the track till one of the party, who had long experience in the street car business, got his shoulders to it and shoved it on the track when all went smoothly. While we were waiting on a switch, the driver left the car for a minute, and Lew Chute started up the horses, just to see how he would like the trade, but he was suddenly cut short as he saw the next car coming around the corner.

We took supper at the prison, and after chatting for some time with Mr. Murdock and Mr. Guthrie who was also formerly a student of Notre Dame, we started down town, and at 9.30 we left the city on the renowned Lake Erie and Western special vestibuled train. It took 40 minutes to go from Michigan City to Laporte, a distance of 13 miles. Here the night express on the Lake Shore was waiting for us, and soon we were nearing South Bend. We arrived there at about 11 p. m., and found Tom with the time-honored "Notre Dame and St. Mary's" Bus waiting for us, and after a short ride we landed at Sorin Hall, and by the time the clock struck 12 we were all settled for the rest of the night.

The trip and the reception the boys received at Michigan City will not soon be forgotten. Many thanks are due Mrs. Murdock who so kindly entertained us at her house, and also to Mr. Charles Murdock and Mr. Guthrie who did all in their power to make our stay in the city as pleasant as possible.

M.

Roll of Honor.

SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

Messrs. Akin, Ahlrichs, Amador, Adams, Bunker, J. Burns, Burger, Bruggemann, Barnes, Brewer, H. Brannick, Barrett, P. Burke, Beckman, Brelsford, Blackman, Cooney, S. Campbell, E. Chacon, Cusack, D. Cartier, G. Cartier, Cavanagh, Carney, T. Coady, P. Coady, Chute, Combe, L. Chacon, Dore, Delaney, Dougherty, Dwyer, Davis, Dinkel, Fisk, Finckh, Fehr, Franklin, Fack, Goebel, Grange, Giblin, Gallardo, F. Galen, Garfias, Gobin, J. Gallagher, Hepburn, Houlihan, W. Hacket, L. J. Herman, M. Howard, Hempler, Hoover, Hummer, Heard, Karasynski, Kimball, F. Kelly, J. Kelly, Kenny, Louisell, Lane, Lahey, Leonard, Lappin, F. Long, L. Long, Larkin, McNally, H. Murphy, McErlain, Mackey, Jno. McCarthy, Mattes, McAuliff, McKeon, J. T. McCarthy, McGinnity, V. Morrison, W. Morrison, L. Meagher, H. C. Murphy, Major, K. Newton, R. Newton, A. O'Flaherty, O'Shea, O'Donnell, Ohlwin, P. O'Flaherty, Prichard, Patterson, C. Paquette, Powers, Robinson, Reynolds, W. C. Roberts, Rothert, C. S. Roberts, R. Sullivan, Steiger, J. Sullivan, Stephenson, H. Smith, G. Soden, C. Soden, Spencer, Tier-

nan, Toner, V. Vurpillat, F. Vurpillat, Wynn, F. Youngerman, Zeitler, Zeller.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

Masters Adelsperger, J. Allen, W. Allen, Ayer, Aarons, Adler, Anson, Bates, Beaudry, Brady, Blumenthal, Baltes, Bearinger, Bronson, Bryan, Bradley, T. Cleary, S. Cleary, Cunningham, Crandall, Ciarcoschi, F. Connors, J. Connors, Case, Connelly, A. Campbell, Collins, Cauthorn, Clendenin, Chute, Covert, Des Garennes, E. Du Brul, Devine, Dempsey, Duffield, Dunning, Darroch, Doherty, L. N. Davis, Ernest, Erwin, Elder, Flannigan, Falvey, P. Fleming, J. Fitzgerald, Ferkel, Green, Galland, R. Healy, P. Healy, Heller, Hesse, Howard, Hoerr, Hughes, Hannin, Hanrahan, Hague, Hennessy, Hartman, Hahn, Hammond, Ibold, Jackson, Joslyn, Krembs, King, Kelly, Kearns, Kearney, Lenhoff, Mahon, Maher, Maurus, Malone, Mainzer, Morrison, J. Mooney, Merz, McCartney, McGrath, McMahan, McIvers, J. McIntosh, L. McIntosh, McPhee, McDonnell, McNulty, F. Neef, A. Neef, Nester, Noe, O'Neill, O'Mara, O'Donnell, W. O'Brien, G. O'Brien, Priestly, Populorum, Pecheux, Prichard, F. Peck, Palmer, Quinlan, Reinhard, S. Rose, E. Roth, Riedinger, Ramsey, I. Rose, Sheehan, Schultze, Stanton, C. Sullivan, Spalding, Sutter, L. Scherrer, Smith, Sloan, Staples, Talbot, Tetard, Towne, Thorn, Walsh, Welch, Weitzel, F. Wile, Williams, Wood, Wilbanks.

MINIM DEPARTMENT.

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

Class Honors.

COMMERCIAL COURSE.

J. Crooker, H. McAlister, C. Dacy, H. Woods, F. Maden, J. Lozano, J. Welch, J. Galen, A. Alvarez, C. Roberts, W. Maher, E. Maurus, J. Flannigan, B. Hesse, J. Talbot, J. McCartney, W. O'Neill, R. Case, J. McIntosh, J. Ernest, D. Casey, W. Hannin, J. Bradley, J. Mooney, L. Dunning.

List of Excellence.

COMMERCIAL COURSE.

Grammar—R. Fleming, D. Casey, S. Collins, R. Healy, W. Hennessy, J. King, J. Kearns, L. Riedinger; *Arithmetic*—E. Maurus, J. Crooker, J. Ernest, J. Flannigan, F. Hanrahan, M. Hannin, E. Hammond, J. McCartney; *Book-Keeping*—C. Dacy, F. Galen, J. Galen, J. Mooney, H. McAlister, J. Crooker, N. Ford, E. Stewart, J. Stephenson, J. Lozano; *Reading*—H. Robinson, R. Zeller; *Orthography*—P. Coady, L. Long, N. Ford, C. Youngerman, H. Robinson, G. McAlister; *Geography*—R. Fitzgerald, C. Heard, J. Flannigan, J. McMahan, H. Goodson; *United States History*—A. Belting, M. Cassidy, R. Fitzgerald, N. Ford, Fisk, W. Hayes, C. Heard, A. Karasynski, G. McAlister, L. Paquette, T. Smith, J. Kenny, T. Wynne, J. Flannigan, J. Green; *Penmanship*—G. McAlister, T. Wynne, J. Kenny, T. McCune, J. O'Connor, G. Eyanson, L. Hoerr, J. McCartney, J. Bradley, J. King, T. Johns, Jno. McIntosh, L. Dunning; *Greek*—C. Priestly, J. King, J. Fitzgerald, G. Weitzel, J. O'Shea; *Orthography*—C. Maurus.

St. Mary's Academy.

One Mile West of Notre Dame University.

—The beautiful weather draws even the chronic "wall-flowers" out of doors, leaving the recreation halls deserted.

—Mrs. M. J. Reilly, of Chicago, last week presented to the church a beautiful Missal and richly ornamented stand. Warm thanks are returned for the generous gift.

—Miss Estelle Horn, Class of '87, and a graduate in the advanced course of music at St. Mary's, is spending a few days here, much to the delight of her many friends.

—Little Adele Papin celebrated her eleventh birthday on the 9th inst. In honor of the occasion her companions of the Minim department had recreation all afternoon, and what they called "a party" at four o'clock.

—Very Rev. Father General presided the regular distribution of notes on Sunday evening; Miss L. Taylor recited in a pleasing manner Tennyson's "Bugle Song," and Miss L. Van Horn read a legend, translated from the German.

—At the last meeting of St. Catherine's Literary Society, the regular reading was set aside, and several of the members favored the society with vocal and instrumental music. Those who contributed to the pleasure afforded were the Misses C. Hurley, O'Brien, Fitzpatrick, Stapleton, T. Balch, M. Gibson, and B. Arnold.

—The visitors last week were Mr. and Mrs. M. Hellman, Omaha, Neb.; Miss E. Lewis, San Francisco, Cal.; Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Watson, Mrs. J. Arnold, E. S. Dreyer, Miss N. Burdick, Mrs. J. Zengeler, L. Grombacker, Mrs. L. Kehl, Chicago; S. Quinn, Turner, Ill.; A. Gordon, Elkhart, Ind.; E. P. Hammond, Reisselaer, Ind.; Mrs. J. Miller, Milwaukee, Wis.; Mrs. M. Kutsche, Grand Rapids, Mich.; F. C. Goodman, Chicago; Mrs. A. H. Holton, Northfield, Mass.

The Law of Dependence.

A beautiful lace-work seems life, for all of God's creatures twine and intertwine like threads forming a design worthy of the Creator. We stand not alone, but are as links leading from Him and back to Him. Man foolishly strives to think he is independent—a thought borrowed from the host of rebel angels; but traversing the earth with nature as our guide, and finding all existing things dependent, we cannot but see that there is no real independence.

Everywhere do we find signs exhibited which tell us of this spirit of dependence. Tracing back to the beginning of all things, we find that nothing in nature acts of its own power, but, in-

stead, by the directing hand of the Omnipotent. If angels, the most perfect of all creatures, are not self-reliant, how much less so should we be! Did not Lucifer, the brightest spirit in heaven endowed with all blessings, become dissatisfied with his lot, and conceive the idea of enjoying supremacy? But no sooner did the thought shape itself than he, with his legion, was cast from glory to everlasting misery. What a lesson this should teach man, showing him not only his human weakness, but proving his inability to stand alone!

With a glance at the vast expanse of waters, fields of gladdest green and flowers of softest hues, we silently reflect upon their beauty, and ask our hearts if they continue their functions from day to day without assistance. No; for the ocean, the fields and the flowers are but links in nature's chain. 'Tis folly to believe that because the seed contains the germ which produces the plant, its inherent qualities alone cause its growth; on the contrary, it must have nourishing earth, rain, sun and temperate breezes before our eye is greeted with a soft opening blossom. Again, what causes the refreshing showers? Is it not the sun? Sciences, too, depend upon each other; particulars upon less particular, and these in turn upon sciences more general. For instance, chemistry, the science of bodies and their properties, depends on a less particular science which precedes it—physics. This latter treats of the phenomena of bodies and their causes, and leans on one more general treating of the material world which is cosmology; but our knowledge of this last depends upon our knowledge of being, which we learn from ontology. Hence we conclude that as every science depends upon another less particular, there must be one which is supported by none other; and as this is philosophy we may say all lean upon it for their principles, which in turn depend upon the first cause, or God. Man leans upon man. The employer needs the employe, and the poor laborer looks to his employer for the reward of his daily efforts without which a family of little ones will cry to him from hunger. Again, these poor children would pass slowly out of existence were they not carefully clothed and fed by the kind hand of a parent, for our days of infancy are marked out to be days of complete dependence.

We are bound also to one another by friendship's cord—a cord both weak and strong, and this it is that often inspires deeds worthy and noble. The link of filial devotion is a silver one, so beautiful is it; but that binding us to our God is indeed golden; without His counsel and con-

tinued protection all other bonds would be useless. As nature looks to nature's God, so God's children should unite in a grand solemn league of hearts, and sing praise to Him in whom is all power and beauty and truth.

LILY VAN HORN (*Class '89*).

Roll of Honor.

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

SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

Misses Arnold, Anson, Ash, E. Balch, Bub, Bates, T. Balch, Burton, Beschameng, Bogner, Butler, Brewer, U. Bush, Barron, M. Beck, C. Beck, Barber, Clifford, Coll, Currier, Caren, Compagne, Clarke, Clore, Connell, Donnelly, Ducey, M. Davis, Dempsey, Dority, Dorsey, M. De Montcourt, N. Davis, M. Dunkin, N. Dunkin, English, Flannery, Fitzpatrick, L. Fox, Gavan, Guise, Geer, M. Gibson, N. Gibson, Gordon, Hertzog, Hammond, Harlen, Horner, I. Horner, Hurff, Healy, C. Hurley, K. Hurley, Hamilton, Hepburn, Harmes, Hutchinson, Haight, Haney, Hubbard, Henke, Irwin, Kingsbury, C. Keeney, A. Keeney, Koopmann, Linneen, Ledwith, Meehan, McNamara, C. Moran, N. Morse, Moore, Marley, McCarthy, H. Nester, L. Nester, Nacey, Nelson, Nicholas, O'Brien, Prudhomme, Papin, Piper, Parker, Quealey, Quinn, Reidinger, Robinson, Regan, Roberts, Rentfrow, Rend, M. Smith, Spurgeon, Studebaker, Schiltz, Sauter, Taylor, Thayer, Tress, Van Horn, Van Mourick, Violette, Wright, Webb, Wehr, Zahm.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

Misses Barry, E. Burns, M. Burns, Campbell, Churchill, Cooper, Crane, M. Davis, B. Davis, C. Daly, Dempsey, Dreyer, Erpelding, Ernest, Farwell, M. Fosdick, G. Fosdick, Griffith, Graves, Göke, Hoyt, Johns, Kahn, Kloth, Kelso, Lauth, Levy, M. McHugh, Miller, O'Mara, Patrick, Patier, Quealey, Reeves, Regan, Rinehart, M. Smyth, J. Smyth, Scherrer, M. Schoellkopf, I. Schoellkopf, Stapleton, Sweeney, Thirds, A. Wurzburg, N. Wurzburg.

MINIM DEPARTMENT.

Misses Ayer, E. Burns, Crandall, M. McHugh, Moore, Palmer, Papin, Scherrer, S. Smyth, N. Smyth.

Class Honors.

LANGUAGE COURSE.

LATIN.

Misses Clarke, Griffith.

FRENCH.

2D CLASS—Misses Beschameng, Marley, K. Gavan, Campeau.

3D CLASS—Misses Burton, B. Morse, T. Balch, Compagne, Prudhomme, Kingsbury, Arnold, Studebaker, M. De Montcourt.

2D DIV.—Misses Hepburn, Wagner, Rinehart, Coll, B. Smith.

4TH CLASS—Misses Hurff, N. Gibson, M. Gibson, Hutchinson, Bloom, I. Horner, Roberts, Jungblut, Penburthy, A. Wurzburg, N. Wurzburg, Haight, Pugsley, Webb, Hamilton, Watson, N. Davis.

2D DIV.—Misses Healy, Ash, Dempsey, Thayer, Flitner.

5TH CLASS—Misses Papin, Kelly, Scherrer, Ayer.

GERMAN.

1ST CLASS—Misses Bub, Beschameng.

2D CLASS—Misses Burton, Sauter, Lauth, Piper, Henke, Moore.

3D CLASS—Misses C. Morse, M. Schoellkopf, Quealey, K. Hurley, V. Erpelding, C. Hurley, Nacey, A. Keeney.

4TH CLASS—Misses Spurgeon, Nicholas, Lewis, Crane, Dreyer, Miller, Haney, Kloth, I. Schoellkopf, Ernest, Currier, Churchill.

5TH CLASS—Misses Griffith, Göke, M. Davis, B. Davis, Hagus, Levy.