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In Memoriam.

BROTHER COLUMBKILLE.

"Flowers? I do not know which I like best" (with a smile), "I think it is the shamrock"

O simple Faith, so sure, so true,
O Hope heroic, high and bright,
O Love that each day sprang anew
For God into the morning light.

These three, O Brother, filled your heart,—
These three have melted into one,
Because you chose the better part,
Your home is with the Risen Son.

MAURICE F. EGAN.

Hawthorne vs. Poe.

BY D. ED. DWYER, '89.

It may seem an extravagant thought—a mere whim of the imagination—but to me a comparison of the works of Hawthorne and Poe is warranted on the sole ground of the similarity in looks between these gentlemen. But, besides this seemingly ungrounded and fanciful reason, we are led by more weighty considerations to link together, for the purpose of comparison, the names of these two representatives of their respective branches of American literature. Both were writers of our own country, both men of genius. Their separate paths—through what was to them an unbroken field of literature—lay in the same or contiguous territory, and often unconsciously touched each other, yet but for a moment. Through the writings of both runs a feeling of melancholy and evident hopelessness; and though both have not attained to the same degree of eminence, yet each has left behind

him the product of a literary genius never to be forgotten.

We find in these two authors several traits in common, but a casual comparison reveals many characteristics of style and thought of a widely different nature. It is easy to assign to Hawthorne his proper place in the literature of America. He is among the first, and as a novelist of the school of romance he has no equal. As Russell Lowell poetically puts it:

"His strength is so tender, his mildness so meek,
That a suitable parallel sets one to seek."

It is by no means our impression that the "suitable parallel" is contained within the covers of Mr. Poe's literary productions; yet, if we sought further into the domain of American literature we might regret our step, and be very glad to return to the elevated genius of the wild, weird and dissolute Poe.

Born amid the classical surroundings of the Massachusetts metropolis, Poe was left an orphan early in life, and adopted by a Southern gentleman whose name he afterwards bore. If we are to believe the majority of his biographers, the springtime of his youth was spent in acquiring those evil habits that blossomed forth later on into the most unmanly actions and detestable vices. His tendency toward evil seemed only to have been limited by the weakness of human nature. A like case of moral depravity, the history of literary men, with perhaps a few exceptions, does not furnish. Many authors have led dissolute lives and descended deep into the abyss of immoral indulgence; yet but few possessed all the despicable traits of character, accompanied by such a dearth of redeeming features as were embodied within the personality of Poe. Nature in her bounty had given him a pleasing person and extraordinary talents. Through the medium of his generous guardian fortune favored him

with a finished education and all the comforts and desires of life. With these foundations he might have erected for himself a lasting reputation, and with prudence and care lived on to the full bloom of his genius. But friendship, love, reputation and character—all that is near and dear to the hearts of respectable humanity—seemed to be scorned and detested by him, until at last he was sneered at, hated or avoided by all respectable men.

These unpleasant truths we mention simply to show that to his moral weakness and physical debauchery must be ascribed the melancholy and poverty that overshadowed his life, and the sad, depressed and gloomy spirit that pervades his writings. For it is my firm impression that many of his wild, unearthly tales had their origin in a distorted imagination and fevered brain, producing a profusion of imaginary alarms and horrors, and caused by his continual rum drinking and other dissipation, and that his more natural productions were penned in the unhappy frame of mind, due to the inevitable collapse after a high-strained and continued revel. Thus his great genius, instead of exerting itself in its normal and proper channel, became distorted and unnatural.

Poe's short stories have a certain fascination, but it is the charm of the serpent. They are saturated with blood, and are linked together by cross-bones and skulls. The reader is captivated by his gloomy scenes, ghastly materials and accurate, though horrifying details; he longs for the end before it really comes, and when he has finished, he drops the book with a sigh of relief, but with an impression he is most willing to forget, yet 'tis written in his memory's tablet with imperishable pencil! Poe's domain is in the dark, dusky, dismal shadows of life—at the death-beds of men writhing in the agonies of final pains; in the dim light and oppressing atmosphere of a morgue; or in the dark, shadowy interior of a damp-laden cellar. The bright, sunny side of life he never sees—he is betrothed to darkness and revels in her company.

And Hawthorne, what shall we say of him? Born also in New England, where the surging waves of the ocean continually washed a broad expanse of rocky shore, he descended on the paternal side from a man who acted in the capacity of witch-judge during that dark and gloomy era of our history when superstition and over-credulity were rife in the land. His early days were spent at or in the vicinity of his native heath. Of a reserved and retiring disposition, he passed many an hour within his own apartments, engaged, as we are told, in

writing stories of New England life and manners, which never emerged from the waste basket to which he consigned them.

The first products of his pen were a series of stories written for the current magazines and annuals, afterward collected and published under the title of "Tales Twice Told." They were a representation of early English life and a criticism on it. The style of Hawthorne's early works, comprising not only the above-mentioned tales, but several other volumes of a like kind, is pure, and possesses much sweetness and grace. However, the unfortunate death of his father, and his natural aversion to society and social forms had a tendency to tinge these works with a spirit of misanthropy and melancholy. Many of his snarling, captious passages will bear witness to his superficial, if not deep-rooted, cynicism. We give but a passing notice to his early works as they are probably the least deserving of his productions. Maturer years, more sober thought and reflection, gave to the world the two great works on which his fame as an author rests, the "Marble Faun" and the "Scarlet Letter." Of the two, the former undoubtedly stands higher in the realm of literature.

Besides being an exquisite writer of prose, Hawthorne was a poet. For although he did not sing in measured numbers, there pervades his writings such a current of poetic thought and feeling, such a number of harmonious cadences, that we must class him with our bards. Oliver Wendell Holmes, in commenting on Hawthorne, uses the following language in which he sets forth the essence of poetry with a master's hand:

"Poet let us call him though his chants were not modulated in the rhythm of verse. The element of poetry is air; we know the poet by his atmospheric effects, by the blue of his distances, by the softening of every hard outline he touches, by the silvery mist in which he veils deformity and clothes what is common, so that it changes to awe-inspiring mystery; by the clouds of gold and purple which are the drapery of his dreams."

Surely Hawthorne's description of the grounds of the Villa Borghese, the Sylvan Dance, or the Coliseum by moonlight, contain these essential elements—the real essence of poetry without the accidents.

No wonder a man who could fabricate so charming a story out of the dull, prosaic routine of New England life, should have his deepest emotions awaked and soar into the ethereal where Rome, whose very aspect is so picturesque, and whose history contains such a variety of human experience, is the scene of his romance, and his heroes and heroines self-banished painters and sculptors.

For a long time, like all young authors, Hawthorne sought in vain that uncertain and unstable *desideratum*—popularity. To quote his own words, he was “the obscurest man of letters in America.” His “gentle readers” comprised a few persons who satisfied themselves with a casual perusal of his productions, and who at no time grew enthusiastic over them. Gradually, however, his fictions became better known, were generally read and appreciated, until to-day he stands the legitimate successor of Brown and Cooper, representing by the products of his pen the romantic fiction of the United States in all its artistic excellence.

Hawthorne has a clear, excellent form of expression, a style highly finished and picturesque, great artistic skill, and a delicacy of psychological insight truly wonderful. The charm of his descriptions, the mellifluous flow of his language, and the light, airy, sometimes mysterious haze with which he envelopes his characters must interest the reader to the closing chapter. His power in depicting the minutest details of life—details which, unaided, our limited power of observation would perhaps never discover,—is unsurpassed. His vocation, as a learned commentator remarked, “was to set forth what he saw so clearly, with such accuracy of outline, fulness of coloring and in such dry light as would enable men to interpret the phenomena about them as he did.” His keen sensibility, delicacy of thought, his power of bringing before us shades of feeling never before expressed, and his penetrating gaze into the smaller phenomena of human life are distinct peculiarities of Hawthorne.

Poe seldom, if ever, creates or deals with character; he can lay no claim to dramatic faculty, and as a play writer would have been—and really was, so far as he entered the domain of the drama,—a signal failure. He depends more upon striking and dramatic incident than the power with which he depicts his characters. He thrills us with wonder, terror and awe; and even shows at times an apparently wanton disregard for the feelings of his readers.

Hawthorne exhibits a decided preference for the mysterious and preternatural. His plot is replete with fantastic creations, and always weird and ghostly. He is attracted to the morbid side of mental phenomena, and this penchant gives a certain tone of melancholy to his productions. His gloominess, however, assumes a lighter shade, and produces a less depressing effect than that of Poe. “It is the melancholy of a man with a rather slow flow of blood in his veins, and something like a horror of action,

rather than any deep melancholy that speaks in him.”

Poe raises our curiosity to a high pitch, and then has the goodness to satisfy it. He traces step by step, in a logical manner, and with remarkable power of analysis, some awful mystery to its source. Hawthorne does not analyze—he forms no conclusions; this he leaves to the reader. He may suggest a reason for something, but he is not despotic. His suggestions are offered in such a mild, unobtrusive way that the reader is in doubt whether or not he really expresses his own convictions. He wilfully veils his characters in a shroud of mystery, and when he is done with them they disappear into an impenetrable mist; but whither they go, or what they do we cannot ascertain. After stimulating and arousing our curiosity he makes no effort to solve the mystery of Donatello's life; nor does he tell us whether or not he had furry ears, and was a real descendant of his mythological prototype. What was the secret hanging over Miriam to which he refers so often? Why was the model in the catacomb, and why did he persist, and what was his purpose in so shadowing Miriam? He leaves what may be regarded as a great part of the work of an author to the reader. Yet may it not be considered as the condiments of a good novel to close it shrouded in a haze of uncertainty? May not such an incompleteness become a savory morsel, serving to prolong the interest in a work after the author ceases to write, and which we roll under our literary palates long after the book has left our hands? Hawthorne frequently indulges in satire, but always tempers it with mildness and good sense. His sharpest invective is kindlier than Poe's most elaborate efforts at geniality. Hawthorne, particularly in his “Sketch Book,” at times displays a vein of true humor most pleasing and amusing. Rightly speaking; Poe has no humor. His vain efforts at it are palpable failures. His laugh is forced, unnatural and sarcastic.

That Hawthorne and Poe have done much to raise the standard of our literature, and to dissipate the not wholly unfounded judgments of our foreign critics, is evident from the favorable reception that their works have received across the water. The French are enthusiastic admirers of Poe; and Hawthorne now finds a place on the shelves of every Englishman who is not completely blinded by his prejudice against everything American, and who can appreciate true merit in literary matter, the author of which is not unfortunate enough to be a subject of the British crown.

Shakspeare's "Julius Cæsar."

Shakspeare, in the play of "Julius Cæsar," celebrates the death of one of the greatest men that ever figured in the political affairs of mankind, and at the same time the downfall of one of the most magnificent republics the world has ever known. In the various scenes he brings the Rome of that time vividly before our eyes, and also those who were conspicuous for the prominent part they took in the great political strife of the Roman Republic. The events of the drama cover a period of about two years and a half, beginning with the feast of *Lupercalia* and ending with the battle of Phillippi. The Poet has taken the historical material of the drama from the Lives of Julius Cæsar, Brutus and Antony as the reader will find in North's Translation of Plutarch. In the leading incidents of the play he adheres closely to the Grecian historian, but they are related in a way peculiarly characteristic of Shakspeare's invention and art.

As fiction often expresses the real truth of things much better than any facts which history has preserved, so, too, the play of Julius Cæsar gives us a clearer knowledge of the state of affairs in Rome during that period of which it treats than can be easily obtained from history. Yet, correct, as may be the ideas formed from the drama as a whole, it is doubtful whether accurate notions of the individual characters can be formed. The characterization of the drama has been a subject of much discussion among critics. This is especially true of the character of Julius Cæsar.

The Julius Cæsar of Shakspeare is far from being the bold and intrepid warrior and statesman that history represents him to be. The most prominent characteristic of this great man which the play seems to set forth is his insatiable ambition. The other qualities, which aided in raising him to the summit of Roman intellect and manhood, being either omitted or so faintly alluded to that had we no other means it would be difficult to form a just conception of the man from the Poet's characterization; in his speeches he is vaporous and pedantic—a fact which is not consistent with the true nature of the man. Yet, however different from the true man as may be the ideas formed of Cæsar in his own character, we cannot fail to be impressed with his transcendent qualities from the other parts of the drama; for in the speech of Antony and the sequel of the drama we cannot help being convinced that Cæsar was one of the

greatest, if not the greatest man, that ever figured in the political affairs of mankind—a man whose greatness was recognized by all the men of his time—a fact which found expression in the words of Cassius:

"This man
Is now become a god; and Cassius is
A wretched creature, and must bend his body,
If Cæsar carelessly but nod on him."

Indeed it may be said that it was not Shakspeare's intention to represent Cæsar as he actually was, but in a way best suited to show forth those qualities which he desired should predominate in the play. His true design in representing Cæsar as he did, seems to be in portraying his character as it appeared to the conspirators, so that we might judge them more impartially by sharing in the delusion under which they were evidently laboring in regard to Cæsar. They did not see Cæsar as he appears to us; to them his marvellous career of success seemed to be but the result of favorable circumstances when in reality it was the reward of the incessant labor and deep penetration of a master mind. The true character of Cæsar does not appear till after his fall; he is then, indeed, far mightier than when living, and in the stinging remorse which ever afterwards haunts the minds of his murderers he has ample revenge. Truly might Brutus say:

"O Julius Cæsar, thou art mighty yet!
Thy spirit walks abroad, and turns our sword
In our own proper entrails."

In the character of Brutus the Poet has drawn a man of the rarest gentleness and purity. It is true he is ensnared into a plot to assassinate his personal friend and benefactor, yet, in doing so he labors under a delusion; he is prevailed upon to act thus by the other conspirators. He acts, "not that he loves Cæsar less but Rome more." The one thought which seems to engross his whole mind is the liberty of Rome; and he thinks the most effectual means of attaining this end is to assassinate Cæsar. He "knows no personal cause to spurn at him"; nor has he "known when his affections swayed more than his reason," but

"He would be crowned:—
How that might change his nature, there's the question."

There is no hesitation in his mind to perform that by which he thinks his country will be benefited. He is a true patriot. He looks at things as they should be, not as they are in reality. Upright and gentle, he is incapable of judging the motives of those around him. The purity of his own heart leads him to believe that others

feel as he feels, and act as he acts. Thus he thinks by allowing Antony to speak in Cæsar's funeral it will more firmly strengthen the cause of the conspirators, not perceiving that the removal of Cæsar leaves no obstacle to hinder Antony from satisfying his ambitious designs. From Brutus' whole career it may easily be seen that he was in no way fitted to meet the exigencies of so great a political strife as was that which agitated his country. Yet, notwithstanding his faults we cannot help admiring the nobleness of his nature. Even while preparing for the assassination his gentleness appears when he says:

"O that we then could come by Cæsar's spirit
And not dismember Cæsar!"

The characters of Brutus and Cassius differ widely; the former, calm and quiet; the latter is fiery and more impulsive. Cassius in all his actions shapes his means to suit his ends, whether they are in accordance with justice or otherwise. In entering into the conspiracy his only object is to ensure success. Brutus, on the contrary, has always a moral motive which governs him. He is upright and outspoken, and entertains no opinions which he is afraid or ashamed to declare. Cassius is less communicative, and there are many things which he considers are best known only to himself. The moral nature of each crops out more conspicuously after they have murdered Cæsar. Brutus is never the same after the assassination. The deed has planted in his heart a germ of remorse which almost ripens into despair; while Cassius, on the contrary, has no sensibility of nature to make him regret his act.

The quarrel scene of Brutus and Cassius is regarded by critics as deeply significant of the transcendent genius of Shakspeare. Coleridge, speaking of it, says: "I know no part of Shakspeare that more impresses on me the belief of his genius being supernatural than this scene." Here the soldier and the chief reproach and weep, become passionate and cool again. Brutus overcomes Cassius by his moral strength without any attempt to command his feelings, thus showing that Cassius, though of a degraded nature, had nobility enough to bow before the majesty of virtue.

The next prominent character which appears in the drama is that of Mark Antony. In portraying Antony, as in the rest of the drama, the Poet has confined himself closely to history; and while making his character subservient to the ends of the play, he presents it in a light not inconsistent with historical facts. True it is, he does not appear to attain that degree of

cruelty and voluptuousness which the world associates with his name; yet there are indications of his weakness to resist those debasing luxuries for which he is so famous in history. He has in the play as in reality many noble qualities. He entertains a deep admiration for Cæsar—an admiration which almost amounts to idolatry; whether he is sincere in this or not is doubtful; for he had aspirations which a feigned love of Cæsar might strengthen, and his dissimulations on other occasions would lead us to suspect his honesty. The oration, put in the mouth of Antony by Shakspeare, is one of the most perfect of its kind; yet it is said that it hardly excels the actual oration. Antony's style of oratory, which on other occasions seemed to be somewhat of a bombastic nature, was raised to the truest and most sublime eloquence by having Cæsar for his theme. By it he sways the opinions of an excited multitude, and even the conspirators, themselves, whose bloody hands he shakes, are eluded by his wily hypocrisy.

Regarded as a whole, the play of Julius Cæsar is not classed by critics among Shakspeare's masterpieces; yet there are particular passages endowed with the highest power of his genius, and certain characters to which he has lent all the brilliancy of his pen. The moral effect is impressive and just, conveying the idea that a treacherous act, even though prompted by noble or patriotic motives, is unjustifiable.

M. A. DOLAN.

College Gossip.

—Yale will have a new gymnasium.

—Cornell has her first 'varsity eight on the water this year.

—Cornell, Columbia, Yale, Harvard and the University of Pennsylvania hold their regatta at New London on the 29th of June.

—Washington received the degree of LL. D., from four eastern colleges, and was Chancellor of the College of William and Mary from 1788 to his death.

—There was once a certain Pharisee who thanked his Maker that he was not as other people. A college publication in this State says that the students of that place are thankful that they are not like other Indiana students. We are glad to hear it. "Other Indiana students" will probably be pleased to learn that the students of this aforesaid institution are different from the "others." A college paper that can say something which is pleasing to all its readers is worthy of special mention, for it is different from "other" papers.

—The common schools are in a rut. Dry rot

pervades the whole system. Its administration is perfunctory; its teaching is perfunctory; its utterance is perfunctory. Its grading takes the life out of individual talent. Who makes progress under the system may owe it something, but generally he rises not because of it, but in spite of it. The system is much the same the country over. It is not thorough or painstaking. It is top-heavy, formal, grinding, urging the memory and failing fully to instruct the understanding. It is content to make poll parrots of youth, and dreary results frequently attend its mistaken methods.—*Times*.

—A few days ago the Sisters of the Holy Cross and their pupils at St. Mary's Academy, Alexandria, Va., were made glad by the receipt of a large photograph of our Holy Father, Pope Leo XIII, accompanied by a grant of the Apostolic Benediction and Plenary Indulgence at the hour of death to each of the Sisters now at St. Mary's Academy and to the pupils under their charge. This great and unexpected favor was obtained at the request of Rt. Rev. Bishop Keane, Rector of the American Catholic University, and, it is needless to say, is greatly appreciated by the recipients.

—At St. Columbkille's school, Chicago, conducted by the Brothers of Holy Cross, the centennial was very appropriately observed. Addresses were delivered by Rev. A. Morrissey, of Notre Dame, Ind., and Lawyer J. Gibbons. Each speech was listened to with rapt attention, the spirit of patriotism being fired in one and all by the eloquent words of the speakers. Previous to the orations a series of most enjoyable exercises were gone through by the pupils, consisting of an address by Master W. Gilmartin; "America," by the Choral Union; Calisthenics, a recitation, by Master Wm. Franey; a eulogy on Washington, by Master Cornelius Short, and a number of songs, concluding with a distribution of the souvenir medals.

—The death of Father Carbonelle, S. J., the chief founder and editor of the *Révue des Questions Scientifiques*, of Brussels, is a great loss to science. Father Carbonelle was eminent as a physicist, mathematician and theologian. He spent some years in Calcutta, but has lived in Europe since 1871. In 1875 the "Société Scientifique" of Brussels, and the Review above named, besides the *Annales* of the Society, were founded chiefly by Father Carbonelle. Both have succeeded and have drawn together every variety of scientific talent, lay and clerical, among the Catholics of Belgium and France. Father Carbonelle died on March 4, of a brain affection, aggravated by hard work in preparing a series of important articles on Meteorites for his review. May he rest in peace! —*Catholic Columbian*.

—The students of St. Joseph's College, Cincinnati, animated by the same spirit of patriotism that characterized our forefathers, celebrated, in a truly Catholic and patriotic style, the Cen-

tennial Inauguration of George Washington. The drama, "Christopher Columbus," placed upon the boards by the St. Joseph's Literary Society, could not have been more aptly chosen. It gave the young aspirants to histrionic fame all the various means of showing to advantage the elocutionary and dramatic abilities for which the students are justly noted. It was, indeed, a hard task for them, but they showed careful study and training in the different renditions of their various rôles. They may justly feel proud of the laurels won at the Odeon on the 29th as it was the first time that this posthumous work of the late Professor Lyons, of Notre Dame University, was produced. The first part of the evening's entertainment consisted of selections by the orchestra, an address on "Washington and Columbus" and vocal music.—*Columbian*.

—Prof. John Janssen, the world-renowned author of the "History of the German People," having received, through Father Oechtering of Mishawaka, Indiana, an invitation from Bishop Keane to accept the chair of history in the University of Washington, has replied from Frankfort on the Maine: "I have this moment received your communication and thank you most sincerely for the same. Yes, my dear confrère, were I a young man your invitation would possess a very great fascination for me; but on the 10th of April, if I live to see it, I shall enter my 61st year, and you need over there fresh energy. But even were I younger than I am I could not think of emigrating to America, any more than I could consent some years ago to take up my residence at Rome, a step to which the Holy Father urged me. Only in Germany can I, God willing, finish my 'History,' which I regard as my life's work. Even in my present state of health I cannot hope to finish the work before six or eight years. I beg to convey my profound acknowledgments to the Right Rev. Bishop Keane, who was kind enough to think of me."

—On the evening of April 30th, 1889, at the close of the banquet, before leaving the Metropolitan Opera House, New York, the President graciously received a committee from St. Francis Xavier's College. The Vice-President of the college presented him, in the name of the Faculty, as the successor of Washington, with a tribute to Washington and America, written solely by the professors of the college in twenty-seven languages. In English the verse ran:

"O Washington, thy name like music falls
O'er all our land of freedom and of peace;
'Tis heard in busy mart, in festive halls,
No tongue its praise to sing will ever cease!"

The sentiment was expressed also in Babylonian, Assyrian, Ethiopic, African, Arabic, Cufic, Diwani, Irish, Syriac, Portuguese, Greek, German, Dutch, Algerian, Persian, Carshoony, Swedish, French, Latin, Spanish, Italian, Russian, Syrian, modern Egyptian. The President expressed his sincere thanks to the college, and wished to be remembered to his former class-

mate, the Rev. H. Denny, S. J. He told the committee he would examine the inscriptions with pleasure, and would preserve them as a memorial of the centennial. Plates of the inscription will appear in the centennial supplement of the *Xavier*.

—A cable dispatch to the *N. Y. Herald* says that the centennial was celebrated at the American College in Rome with great success. Invitations had been sent out by the rector, and a large number of genial and sympathetic guests sat down with the rector and students. The rector was supported at either side by the Bishop of Rochester and Mr. Abbot Smith, prefect of the college, who read President Harrison's proclamation amid great applause. Mgr. O'Connell proposed the toast of the day, which was responded to by Mgr. McQuaid, who made an eloquent and masterly speech on the superiority of the American nation and its institutions. He deplored the vast army system of Europe, which drained the life blood of the people. He contrasted with the forced military service of the Old World the volunteer service of the United States, and showed that when the occasion required Americans could do more than play at being soldiers. The speaker paid a most graceful compliment to the rector for his personal uprightness and paternal kindness to the pupils. The speech abounded in witty sallies, and was several times applauded. Maj. Huntingdon responded for the army and navy of America, and rendered the already cheerful proceeding still more gay by a playful passage of arms with the Bishop of Rochester, in which the Bishop gained a victory. At 4 o'clock the company dispersed.

—THE NEW CATHOLIC UNIVERSITY AT WASHINGTON.—The Right Rev. Bishop Keane, Rector of the Catholic University at Washington, who went to Rome last November in the interests of the University, returned to the shores of the New World on Saturday last, the 5th inst. As everything connected with the good Bishop's work in his new field of labor is of more than ordinary interest to all at Notre Dame, by reason of his happy and most welcome sojourn here during the past summer, when the statutes of the new university were prepared, we think the following report of an interview with Bishop Keane, on his arrival in New York, reported in the *N. Y. Sun*, will be read with pleasure:

"My object in going to Rome," said Bishop Keane to a reporter of *The Sun*, "was to lay before the Holy See the statutes of the university, to get its approval and official recognition. Another object was to secure a faculty which will enable us to carry on the work of the university. The statutes were submitted to a commission of Cardinals appointed by the Pope, and after months of careful examination, they were approved. So you see one part of my mission has been successful.

"In the case of the Catholic University the Pope did something very unusual. It is the custom for an institution of learning, such as ours will be, to wait until it has made a record before it receives the approval of the Pope. But here is ours having that bestowed on it be-

fore it starts on its career. The Pope said to me: 'I do this to show the fulness of my confidence in the bishops of America. The work of the university is their work, and I know they will make it successful.' One day I told him that I had secured the services of one of the most distinguished artists in Rome to paint his portrait, which I desired to place in the university, if he would consent to sit for it. The Holy Father said: 'I will give a portrait myself, the one that presided over the Vatican exhibition, if you deem it satisfactory.' His Holiness told me to call in a few days to inspect the portrait. I told him that it was unnecessary, as it would occasion him considerable trouble, but he persisted. The picture was hung in one of the halls of the Vatican after two days' labor. After I had inspected it the Pope's chamberlain came to me and said that his Holiness would like to see me. To be received by the Pope it is customary to be attired in a certain manner, and on that day I was not so prepared. I requested the chamberlain to tell this to the Pope, who, I hoped, would excuse me. The Pope sent back word that he did not desire to see the dress but the man. He then asked me if the picture was good enough to hang in the Catholic University. If it was, he said, he would be greatly pleased to present it. 'That's the kind of man Leo XIII is,' warmly said Bishop Keane.

"The Bishop left Rome on March 20 to visit as many universities as possible in order that he might benefit from what he learned of their methods before returning to America. With this end in view he inspected those at Vienna, Munich, Münster, Fulda, Cologne, Louvain, and Paris. In each place he obtained valuable information which he intends to apply in conducting the Washington university. He also conferred in England with Cardinals Manning and Newman and Bishop Vaughan of Salford—three men famous in educational matters. Bishop Keane intended to visit Ireland, but his time did not permit it. He wrote to Archbishop Walsh, and from him obtained all necessary information.

"In obtaining professors for the university my mission has been most successful," the Bishop told the reporter. "For the faculty of dogmatic theology I have secured Dr. Schroeder of Cologne, one of the most brilliant and learned theologians in Germany. Dr. Bouquillon will be the professor of moral theology. For years he has been connected in that capacity with the University of Lisle in France. He is the author of a work on moral theology, and is recognized by the professors in Belgium and France as a man of pre-eminent ability. The faculty of Holy Scriptures will be entrusted to Dr. Hyvernât, known as one of the most eminent Egyptologists in the world. He will give a course in the Old Testament fully up to the necessities of the day. He was born in Lyons, and was the disciple of the celebrated Vigoroux of Paris. Prof. Hyvernât was attracted by our free country. Dr. Pohle of Fulda will be professor of philosophy. He taught for five years at the seminary of Leeds in England. While I was negotiating with Dr. Pohle, a distinguished ecclesiastic in Rome said: 'If Bishop Keane gets Dr. Pohle he will not leave a better man in Europe. His is one of the best minds in Germany, and he will be an incalculable loss.' An American will teach canon law. He is Dr. Messmer of Seton Hall College. He was one of the secretaries of the third Plenary Council, and is, without doubt, one of the solidest minds of the clergy of the United States. In June he will go to Rome to perfect himself. Charles Warren Stoddard, the well-known writer, will be the lecturer in English literature. Next year we will have a professor of the New Testament and of ecclesiastical history, but they have not yet been decided on. We have arranged for courses of lectures on those branches until permanent professors have been appointed.

"It is the desire of the Board of Directors of the university, as well as the wish of the Pope, that the corps of professors shall be made up of American talent. That not being practicable at first, we had to select the members of our faculty in Europe. It will be carried out as soon as possible, however. Two Americans of great ability, the Rev. Dr. Pace of Florida, and the Rev. Dr. Shanahan of Hartford, are now in Europe preparing themselves for future work in the university."

NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.

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Notre Dame, May 11, 1889.

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.

Terms, \$1.50 per Annum. Postpaid.

Address EDITOR NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC,
Notre Dame, Indiana.

—We notice that the "Veritable Poem of Poems, by a Lady in San Francisco," has again been started on its annual round. Is it one of "the flowers that bloom in the spring"? If so, "tra, la!"

—How many realize that there is an obligation to make reparation for the injury done to the character of one's neighbor—an obligation as binding—one that, unless complied with, precludes forgiveness as positively as the obligation to restore ill-gotten goods?

—It is stated that Spain's great modern poet, Don José Zorrilla, is to be crowned Poet-Laurate at his approaching sixtieth birthday. The ceremony is to take place at the Alhambra Palace, which is to be decorated in ancient style at a lavish expense, and an official representative of the Queen Regent will present the crown. The Duchess of Medina-Celi is to foot the bills, which are estimated at over \$25,000.

—The *Edinburgh Review* for April contains an article on Bryce's "American Commonwealth,"—a book which is exciting admiring comment both in this country and in England. Mr. Bryce's book should be put next to De Tocqueville's famous volume—one is an excellent supplement to the other. In the *Nineteenth Century*, Mr. Gladstone continues his "revivals" of books. This time he brings to our notice François' novel, "For the Right." Leonard Scott & Co., Philadelphia, print these magazines, as well as all the important English periodicals:

—The competitions for the English Medal and in the classes of the Senior and Junior years promise to be unusually close and exciting. It is desired and expected that the essays be published in the SCHOLASTIC; but as the end is not far off, we fear that we cannot accommodate all unless the contributions are sent in early. In this case the "first come will be first served" as our college paper cannot in any way be supposed to forestall the decision of the judges. So we hope the competitors will not keep their efforts locked up until the last moment, but send them *now* to the SCHOLASTIC for safe and permanent keeping.

—The *Georgetown College Journal* has issued an excellent "Centenary Supplement" commemorative of the exercises incidental to the recent celebration of the one-hundredth anniversary of the founding of Georgetown University. The sermons, speeches and addresses, delivered on the occasion, are published for the most part *in extenso*, together with the inspiring centennial ode, and interesting letters from other institutions of learning foreign and native; while the whole, woven into a well-written and fascinating description of the three days' celebration and enclosed within covers of very artistic design and skilful execution, forms a precious souvenir of an event memorable alike to the Alumni of Georgetown and to the friends of education throughout the land. No doubt it was through an oversight that the congratulatory telegram from Notre Dame was omitted from the published despatches received during the centenary.

—Our venerable Father Founder, the Very Rev. Father Sorin, left Notre Dame on Thursday evening for another trip across the Atlantic, which will make the forty-ninth since the beginning of his great life-work in this country, which has been so signally blessed and magnified throughout the world. Important affairs of the Community call him now to Rome. He is accompanied by the Rev. P. Franciscus, at one time a member of the Faculty at Notre Dame, who will take charge of the House of the Congregation in the Eternal City. The students of the University unite with the spiritual children of the beloved Father General in heartfelt wishes and prayers that he and his reverend companion may have a speedy, pleasant and safe voyage, and that but a few short weeks may pass before he will be with us once again. The students, especially, desire the inspiring

presence of Father General at their commencement exercises on the twentieth of June. Leave of absence, therefore, expires on that day.

—Before his departure for Europe, Very Rev. Father General visited St. Edward's Hall and bade the Minims good bye and recommended himself to their prayers. He gave them some beautiful words of advice, told them, if they wished to make the prayers they would say for his safe return, pleasing to God, they must be *good boys*, attentive to their studies; and so secure as many prizes as possible at Commencement. He would be back for it, and he hoped the Minims would carry off the lion's share of the premiums. But while he wished them to attend closely to their classes he wanted them to enjoy themselves during the recreation hours; he wanted his Princes to be the happiest boys in the world. He took a full list of their names to be presented by him for the Holy Father's Blessing. He wished he could pack every one of them in his satchel so that they could see Paris and Rome and the other places he will visit; but he would remember them at the holy shrines.

—We are now in the very heart of the month of May—a month which by reason of its consecration to the Immaculate Mother of the Word Incarnate—*Sedes Sapientiæ*—appeals with a peculiar and forcible significance to the Christian student. One who sincerely believes in the divinity of the Founder of the Christian religion cannot fail to recognize the important part taken by her, the Virgin Mother, in the accomplishment of a mystery by which the Son of God became man, and repaired the evil which sin had brought upon the human family. The professing Christian must of necessity either deny the Incarnation, and by so doing proclaim himself an infidel, or believe in that great mystery of expiation, and give practical expression to his belief by showing due honor and reverence to her, whom God in His infinite wisdom chose to be the Mother of His only-Begotten Son. Therefore it is that devotion to her, whom a poet-laureate, inspired by a Christian feeling, proclaimed

"Our tainted nature's solitary boast,"

must ever be, as it has always been, the refuge and the solace of the troubled heart in its longings for a better life. That we can reach the Son most speedily and most securely through the Mother is a truth that corresponds to every feeling of the human heart, and finds its most consoling expression in the Christian religion.

Thus, the month of Mary, the Mother of God, while a month of devotion for all Christians, becomes in a particular manner a time of special prayer for the student. She is the Mother of Him who is Wisdom itself; and, possessing all a mother's power and love, she will not fail to aid those who have recourse to her in their pursuit after knowledge. If we all realize this, as we engage in the exercises of each evening of the month through which we are now passing, we may rest assured that benefits, both temporal and spiritual, will be reaped in abundance.

Leaves from the Diary of a Scientific Ex-Spurt.

BY "S."

THURSDAY, APRIL 18.—After breakfast land was said to be visible through telescopes of moderate power. It soon became apparent to the naked eye, and everybody seemed delighted, although the voyage had been most agreeable, with a favorable southerly wind all the way across, and no pitching or tossing to hurt anybody, although most of the ladies thought it the proper caper to be sea-sick, and sought the seclusion that a cabin grants. As the Irish coast became more distinct, the emerald hues of the sod asserted themselves, and there were breadths of yellow bloom on the mountains which I ascribed to the flower of the gorse or furze. The tender left us for Queenstown about 6 p. m. We went to bed with Ireland on the lee, we rose with Wales to the windward.

GOOD FRIDAY, APRIL 19.—A cold, raw morning, although when we landed at noon in Liverpool we found them saying that it was the first fine day of spring. April 19th is "Primrose Day," and the High Church party, closely connected as it is with the political party to which the primroses are supposed to belong, had failed to get it either postponed or anticipated, so that the "lineal descendant of the impenitent thief" appeared to have usurped the honors of Good Friday. "A primrose by the river's brim" is sufficiently picturesque, and even growing on a railroad embankment is a pleasing object, but massed in wreaths, at a distance too great to permit the form of the flower or its delicate fragrance to be perceived, it suggests fresh butter, and if the wreaths hang a few hours in a smoky city like Liverpool, the color becomes that which Thackeray ascribes to M. Cavalcadour's gloves—not *beurre frais*, but *beurre* that had been up the chimney. No; make triumphal wreaths of peony, *fleur-de-lis*, or laurel, if you will, but

let the more delicate flowers alone. I reached London this evening at a quarter past nine, a little discouraged at finding the spring so backward, and all the trees "under bare poles."

SATURDAY, APRIL 20.—The London "shops" appear small and stuffy after one has seen the roomy and capacious stores of New York. Fortunately, the prices are small also. I saw the sign "Dombey & Son" as I passed through one of the liveliest business streets—Cheapside, I think—the number I am sure of—it was 120. Got down to Brighton this afternoon. The trip took 1 hr. 25 m., although it was called a "fast train" and made no stops. The distance is fifty miles or thereabouts. Found Brighton full of tourists enjoying the Easter holidays, so that it was difficult to procure a room in a hotel. Got one at last in the "White Lion." The king of beasts not represented, even by effigy—Query,—might not the name be really "White Lyin'"? Have not detected any falsehood as yet, however, except that the landlady wears rouge. Doubtful whether this is a falsehood, it is so evident on the face of it. Very tired—therefore re-tired quite early, which means 10 p. m.

EASTER SUNDAY, APRIL 21.—Awakened at five or thereabouts by merry Easter chimes. Thought that Catholicity must have advanced by rapid strides to have such bells and to venture to ring them at such an hour. Found out subsequently that the bells belonged to a very high Ritualistic church. In the established church of England now you can have any degree of altitude that your spiritual thermometer may require. If you are very high indeed you can give the name of "mass" to the communion service, and have it before breakfast. That is what these bells were ringing for. Well, there was a cheerful sound about them at any rate. Brighton very little changed in thirty-seven years, although the Brightonese think it wonderfully improved. Found all the old landmarks I knew as a boy. A few new streets to the west and northwest, but nothing compared to the development of American cities. No possibility of losing one's way. They have a new pier running out into the sea, the old chain pier being now scarcely seaworthy. The Marine Parade is not appreciably changed, and the town has been extended very little, if at all, towards the east. Folks must be a good deal hardier here than I supposed. There they were sitting and rolling about on the green turf, while the sea breezes seemed to blow right through me. An April shower occurred about 5 in the evening, enough to lay the dust, but otherwise the Easter weather has been remarkably fine and enjoyable.

Thoughts on Various Subjects.

BY N. R.

HEAVEN.

The eye of man sees many beautiful things here below, from the starry firmament—that most magnificent work of God—to the smiling earth with its plains and forests, hills, vales and mountains, its rivers, seas and oceans; his ear has heard much delicious harmony from the warbling of the birds in the summer foliage to the majestic peal of the thunder; his heart has throbbed responsive to many joys, from the maternal embrace to the soothing kindness of a friend; from the simplest emotion of pleasure to the purest and loftiest sentiment following a good action. But still one who cannot err says: "The eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive what things God hath prepared for them that love Him."

"Who bowled them flaming through the dark profound,
Numerous as glittering gems of morning dew?
What arm Almighty put those whirling globes
In motion, and wound up the vast machine?
Who rounded in his palm those spacious orbs?"

Now, Dante, the greatest of Catholic poets, when writing about the starry firmament, put the above questions somewhat like some of the prophets which he paraphrased thus in the soft language of poetry.

LIFE.

What is life? The greatest philosophers answer confusedly, and are incompetent to meet this question. Life, considered in its second cause and its effects, consists of innumerable simultaneous actions, all conspiring towards the support of our organization:

An infant on its mother's breast,
A bouncing boy at play,
A youth by maiden fair carressed,
An old man whose locks are silver gray.

Such is life below—a joy, a fear, a smile, a tear, and all is over.

MIND AND MATTER.

Seneca says "that the great means of procuring tranquillity of mind is to cure our imagination." Our minds are at once so active and so wandering that they need continual occupation. The thoughts that are in us are set in motion, and they weave their associations. The memory revives and gives up the images of the past and the imagination adds to them; this process goes on at all hours, for our minds are never at rest; and even in sleep we dream, which

is a reason to believe that though the powers of the body are perfectly suspended it is never so with the mind. The material force of the whole world would be powerless to accomplish what even the most ordinary mind can conceive in a second. An instant only was needed to plan the pyramids, but the execution required many centuries and millions of hands. Can we do anything at the will of thought? The numberless inventions of art do honor to our genius less than they display our impotence. What a truly frightful disproportion between our wishes and our powers! History shows us three or four heroes who did all that man can do, and yet were not their lives like every other life—a series of betrayed wishes and abortive projects. Let us, therefore, take Seneca's advice and learn to restrain the wanderings of our imagination, and keep it within proper bounds by entertaining ourselves rather with reflections of sound reason than images of fancy, as the imagination is a faculty of the soul which causes us many troubles and vexations. It is a power exceedingly susceptible of emotions, and it is of the greatest importance to calm and regulate it if we would not become its victims by allowing our fancy to compose romances, or produce a thousand pictures to amuse us by "building castles in the air."

REASON.

Reason is in reality the faculty of seeing what the senses do not see,—the faculty of knowing and learning,—a faculty which is only developed by external teaching. If God takes upon Himself this instruction, does it become man to be displeased at it? Truth is to reason what light is to the eye. To say we have reason, and no need of revelation, is to say in the darkness of midnight: we have eyes, what need of light. Let us admit, for argument's sake, that reason can guide us to the knowledge of all necessary truth, it certainly would be by long and laborious researches which surpass the power of the generality of men. To prefer the tedious and fruitless labors of human thought to divine teaching would be a manifest abuse of reason and an affected contempt of God. Is it possible that the human mind has established, and still preserves in operation, the innumerable laws of the universe, when, after six thousand years of controversy, observation and reason, it has not succeeded in arriving at the comprehension of one of them? I ask you if that human intelligence which alone here below thinks, reflects, and submits to calculation the laws of nature, and rises above the senses to transport itself into the past and plunge into the future can do it?

Personal.

—Mr. Albert Gordon, of Elkhart, Ind., was at the College on Wednesday.

—Edwin W. Wile (Com'l '73), was recently appointed City Comptroller of the city of Crookston, Minn., where he has been engaged in the mercantile trade since 1885.

—Rev. P. J. Franciscus, C. S. C., formerly a member of the University Faculty, has been appointed Superior of the House of the Congregation of Holy Cross at Sta. Brigida, Rome. He left Notre Dame for his new position on Thursday last in company with Very Rev. Father General Sorin.

—At a luncheon given at noon yesterday (Saturday) by Mr. and Mrs. Clement Studebaker, covers were laid for seventeen persons, and the *menu* was of the most elegant description. Among the guests present were Very Rev. Father General Sorin, Rev. President Walsh, Col. Hoynes and Prof. Egan of Notre Dame, Rev. D. J. Hagerty and Mr. A. Coquillard.—*South Bend News*.

—The many friends of Prof. A. J. Stace will be pleased to learn that he has arrived safe on the shores of the Old World. He writes to us from Brighton, England, his birthplace, and we are glad to say he has already begun to experience the good effects of his sea-voyage. The few more "leaves from his diary" published in another column will be of more than ordinary interest to our readers.

—Prof. Edwards, of Notre Dame University, has gone on a trip to Europe. His recreation, we know, will be, gathering up historical Catholic articles. So we are glad that he has gone. The Bishops' Memorial Hall will be the richer in its treasures and American Catholic historical endeavor the gainer. Still if ill-health is the cause of his going we regret it, even though we know a movement we are in will be the gainer by his distress.—*I. C. B. U. Journal*.

—The course of Lenten sermons or lectures delivered by the Rev. Michael Lauth, C.S.C., at St. Mary's Church, Austin, on Sunday evenings, have attracted a great deal of attention. The subject matter, as may be inferred from such titles as "The Necessity of Religion," "Causes that Lead to Infidelity," "Is one Religion as Good as Another?" etc., is of a very practical character. Although a young man, the reverend lecturer is a close reasoner, and his manner combines a certain degree of eloquence and grace.—*The Echo*. (St. Edward's College, Austin, Texas.)

—The *Catholic News* (New York) says of Ballard Smith, '65:

"It is said that Ballard Smith is about to launch his own ship on the sea of daily journalism. He is, without a doubt, the peer of the ablest editor in the United States, and will certainly pilot his enterprise into the harbor of success. Ballard Smith has a 'nose for news' that can scent the commodity thousands of miles away, and to this faculty is added another which enables him to dis-

inguish the true newspaperman amongst an army of pretenders. He is one of our own and a graduate of Notre Dame. A paper under his direction would enjoy a creditable circulation from the start."

—A telegram received from Ft. Niobrara, Nebraska, yesterday morning, contained the sad intelligence of the death of Mr. J. Cusack, an old student and brother of Mr. Joseph Cusack '89, who left for home Wednesday morning. The deceased had been in bad health since leaving here after Christmas and suffered greatly toward the close of his life, especially from rheumatic complaints, though he bore his afflictions with patience and unflinching fortitude. He was held in high esteem by those who became acquainted with him for his many virtues and genial qualities. His former schoolmates will be pained to hear of his demise. May he rest in peace!

Local Items.

- Hot.
- Bronson is a slider.
- Tewks. is a vaulter.
- "18 to 4": 'Rah for Notre Dame!
- Look out for the triple competitions.
- The Juniors contributed *liberally* to the base-ball game.
- The playing of Long of the "Maroons" was simply immense.
- The Archconfraternity will take their annual trip to the Farm soon.
- Inks had his eye on the ball and on the broken bats, too, on Monday.
- The boat club grounds are being beautified by newly made flower beds, etc.
- From present indications the outlook for two interesting races in June is good.
- The Senior first nines will play their first championship game probably next Thursday.
- Cement platforms have been constructed in front of the two large entrances to the boat house.
- The opera given last winter will be performed again in June with many new and attractive features.
- The interesting description of the "Early Days of St. Aloysius' Seminary, Notre Dame," will appear next week.
- The moth-eaten duster, the back-number straw hat and the resplendent "blazer" made their appearance this week.
- Championship games for medals will soon begin, and there is a great deal of curiosity this year as to who will win them in the Junior dep't.
- We understand that "Posey County" intends joining with "Dubuque" and "Allen County," who are endeavoring to organize a band for Oklahoma.
- The Class in Criticism is engaged in criticising the work of its own members. Some of

the class protest that Milton is too heavy for warm weather.

—Tickets of admission should be issued for the "Grand Stand" at all base-ball contests. The *elite* will thereby be properly cared for and crowding prevented.

—The English Literature Class listened attentively to the lecture on "Evangeline" last Saturday. Longfellow seems to be the reigning poet there just now.

—Owing to the illness of L. Meagher some changes have been necessary in the crews. Will Meagher will pull in the four-oared and Youngerman will take his place in Hepburn's crew.

—Rev. Father Regan and Prof. Liscombe entertained the vocalists and their friends at a royal spread in the Junior refectory Thursday afternoon. A most enjoyable time was had.

—The contest for the oratory medal—which is always one of the most interesting features of the Commencement exercises—promises to be more than usually close and exciting this year.

—It is said that P. Dinkel's special third Senior nine is anxious to cross bats with the boat club galaxy of base-ball stars. The boat club team fears no nine in the University. Come on, Dinkel, come on!

—Kelly's smashing hit to right field, with which Monday's game with the "Maroons" commenced, brought a round of applause from the six or seven hundred people assembled, not excluding the "Grand Stand."

—On May 6, the Feast of St. John, Very Rev. Father General said Mass in St. John's Chapel. In his panegyric of the glorious Evangelist, he depicted in glowing colors the special predilection shown him by our Blessed Lord.

—The Juniors are indebted to B. Hugh for organizing four "special" nines in their department. There is some good material in the nines, which will develop itself ere long in a series of interesting games which each nine will play.

—Bulletins for the months of March and April were read in the Junior Hall on Thursday morning and in the Senior Hall on Thursday evening. The young men of both departments were congratulated on the satisfactory showing for the two months.

—The Minim first nines will be taken from the following players: *Blues*—Cudahy (Capt.), Quill, Roberts, Barber, Marx, Kaye, Snyder, J. Dempsey, Dougherty, Clark and Nicoll; *Reds*—Parker (Capt.), Kehoe, Koester, T. McDonald, Johns, Lansing, J. Dungan, J. Kane, Seery and Fanning.

—On last Monday, the 6th inst., nine of the Junior department reorganized under the management of Bro. Felix. Fred Wile was chosen Captain of the "Greens," and P. Falvey Captain of the "Old Gold." This nine promises to be the champions of the West, and ere long to challenge the world.

—The 'Varsity base-ball nine was treated to a spread by B. Paul in the Senior dining-room Thursday afternoon. Tewksbury lead in home runs and base hits. Scorer Leonard was present, and though he did not boast of much base-ball talent, he made things real interesting at his end of the table.

—The touching and beautiful new "Way of The Cross," written by Very Rev. Father General during his visit to the Holy Land, is published at Notre Dame. There is an unction and grace in the words that can not fail to excite devotion; every line breathes the spirit of the venerated author.

—The six-oared crews have been chosen as follows: *Evangeline*—McKeon, Stroke; Hepburn, Captain and No. 5; Leonard, No. 4; Youngerman, No. 3; Hughes, No. 2; F. Jewett, Bow; Newton, Coxswain. *Minnehaha*—O. Jackson, Stroke; J. McCarthy, No. 5; O'Brien, No. 4; Reynolds, No. 3; W. Cartier, No. 2; D. Cartier, Bow; Mithen, Captain and Coxswain.

—Those in need of picture frames, artists' material, etc., would do well to inspect the stock of Mr. S. T. Gibson, W. Washington St., South Bend. It is extensive and varied enough to suit all tastes and every need. A number of excellent steel engravings and some fine etchings are to be seen in Mr. Gibson's store. He is a man of taste, enterprising and obliging.

—At the recent meeting of the Minim Base-ball Association the following officers were elected: President, Prof. Ewing; Director, B. Cajetan; Secretary, Roberts; Treasurer, Seery; Captains of first nines, John Cudahy and Geo. Parker; Captains of second nines, Hamilton and Gregg; Field Reporters, Oppenheimer and Seidensticker. In the raffle for a fine bat and a ball Cudahy secured the ball and Parker the "wagon tongue."

—The students with one accord deeply regret the departure of Mr. Joseph E. Cusack, '89, who was called home Wednesday morning to the bedside of his dying brother. Owing to his long attendance at Notre Dame and his connection with the prominent University organizations, Mr. Cusack is universally known to the boys with whom he has always been very popular. It is to be hoped that he will be enabled to return before commencement.

—LAW DEPARTMENT.—The case of the people *vs.* Scott still holds the attention of the Moot-court.—Last Saturday evening's session was devoted to the testimony for the defence, which was not all in when the court adjourned.—The morning class is now studying Offset, Recouplement, and Counterclaim.—The Debating Society has awakened from its sleep, and Wednesday evening it exerted considerable activity on the question: "Resolved that civil service reform is promotive of the best interests of the Government." The decision was for the affirmative, supported by Lane and Dougherty. Mr. Peter O'Hara and D. Brewer appeared for the nega-

tive.—The next debate will have for its subject: "Resolved that a ship canal should be constructed from Lake Michigan to Lake Erie."

—The Columbian Literary and Dramatic Society met in regular session Saturday evening, May 4. In the absence of the Rev. President, Mr. J. B. Sullivan presided. The main feature of the evening was the discussion of the question, "Shall Chinese emigration be restricted?" Few times during the course of the present year have the debates been as spirited and so aggressive, and withal excellent good humor was maintained throughout. Messrs. Barnes, Howard, McAllister, Cooke and Murphy spoke earnestly in favor of Chinese restriction; while Messrs. Bronson, Mattes, Dacy, Crooker, and Sullivan made telling speeches in denunciation of the system, which keeps thousands of sober, honest and industrious people from our shores. We regret that we cannot give a *résumé* of each gentleman's speech. Suffice it to say, however, the arguments were able and conclusive, and certainly reflect credit upon the young men who took part. The decision was deferred until the next regular meeting. Arrangements for going to the Farm in company with the Philodemics, on the 12th, were perfected.

—BASE-BALL.—"Of old sat Freedom on the wall," or with words to that effect sang the bard. We didn't see him on the wall last Monday afternoon—at least he wasn't on the back-stop; but Victory was around and perched on the banner of blue and gold—the banner of Notre Dame. It was the first game of the 'Varsity team, and it was played with the Chicago "Maroons" who were defeated by a score of 18 to 4. The visitors were weak all around, while the home team put up a strong game. The local nine was first at bat, Kelly hit to right, stole second, and was put out trying to steal third; Cartier fanned the ethereal three several times; Campbell got around to second and watched Cooke, while the latter hit viciously at the atmosphere. In the second Tewksbury, Inks and Bronson scored midst wild enthusiasm from "Sullivan's grand stand" and the "bleaching boards." Home talent showed up well in the third and fourth to the extent of five runs. The score was 10 at the end of the fifth. The "Maroons" changed the battery in the sixth, and shut out their opponents. In the seventh good batting by Cartier, Tewksbury and Bronson, errors by the Chicago contingent and good base running yielded the college specialists eight runs, none of which were earned. Most of this time the "Maroons" were rolling up errors and chasing the ball while in the field, and doing nothing to speak of while at the bat. But Notre Dame, feeling that her hospitality was at stake, kindly presented them with four runs in the seventh, and the game was called on account of darkness. The score was 18 to 4 in our favor, and the "grand stand" made obstreperous demonstrations, while "Mr. Sullivan" beamed with a kindly feeling. Long pitched a good game.

and was well supported. Notre Dame got 11 hits, with a total of 13; Chicago 5, with a total of 7. Following is the score:

NOTRE DAME.	A.B.	R.	I.B.	S.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
F. Kelly, 3d b.....	5	2	2	2	2	0	0
G. Cartier, c.....	5	2	2	0	3	3	1
S. Campbell, s. s.....	5	0	0	0	2	1	1
G. Cooke, 2d b.....	4	1	0	0	4	2	1
D. Tewksbury, r. f.....	4	3	2	2	2	0	0
B. Inks, l. f.....	4	5	1	5	1	0	0
J. Cusack, c. f.....	5	1	1	0	1	0	0
R. Bronson, 1st b.....	4	2	2	2	6	0	0
G. Long, p.....	3	2	1	4	0	5	0

Total..... 39 18 11 15 21 11 3

MAROONS.	A.B.	R.	I.B.	S.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Robertson, 2d b.....	3	1	1	0	3	4	1
Klose, l. f. and c.....	4	0	1	1	3	1	3
Long, c. and l. f.....	4	0	0	0	7	2	1
Medart, 1st b.....	4	0	0	0	6	1	3
Elder, 3d b.....	3	0	0	0	1	2	2
Molander, s. s.....	0	1	0	2	0	1	3
Mars, p. and r. f.....	2	0	0	0	0	7	2
Miller, r. f. and p.....	3	1	2	2	1	2	2
Larson, c. f.....	3	1	1	0	0	0	1

Total..... 26 4 5 5 21 20 18

Two base hits: Cartier, 2; three base hits, Robertson. Double plays: Cooke to Bronson. Bases on called balls: Maroons, 5; Notre Dame, 2. Hit by pitched ball: Cooke. Struck out: by Long, 3; by Mars, 7; by Miller, 2. Passed balls: Cartier, 2; Long, 1; Klose, 3. Wild pitches: Mars, 1; Miller, 1. Umpire: Steiner. Scorer: Leonard. Time of game: 2 hours 10 minutes.

SCORE BY INNINGS:—1 2 3 4 5 6 7

NOTRE DAME:—0 3 1 4 2 0 8=18

MAROONS:—0 0 0 0 0 0 4=4

Game called at end of 7th on account of darkness.

Roll of Honor.

SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

Messrs. Adams, Alvarez, Akin, Ahlrichs, Burns, Blessington, Barnes, Brewer, Barrett, Burke, Beckman, C. Brookfield, Brennan, Cassidy, Crooker, Cooney, S. Campbell, E. Chacon, G. Cooke, Carney, T. Coady, P. Coady, Chute, W. Campbell, E. Coady, Combe, L. Chacon, G. Cartier,* Dwyer, Dacy, Delaney, Dougherty, Darroch, Davis, Foster, S. Fleming, Finckh, Franklin, Ford, Goebel, Giblin, Gallardo, Garfias, Gallagher, Guillen, Hepburn, Houlihan, Hayes, Hacket, Hughes, L. Herman, M. Howard, Hoover, Hummer, E. Howard, Heard, Jennings, Karasynski, J. Kelly, Kenny, Knoblauch, Louisell, Lane, Lahey, Lesner, Lozana, Leonard, F. Long, Larkin, L. Long, Mackey, Mattes, Madden, McKeon, Jas. McCarthy, McGinnity, V. Morrison, W. Morrison, J. Meagher, H. C. Murphy, L. Meagher, Melady, McAuliff, R. Newton, A. O'Flaherty, W. O'Brien, O'Shea, O'Donnell, L. Paquette, Prichard, Prudhomme, Patterson, C. Paquette, Powers, Reynolds, Rourke, W. Roberts, Rothert, C. Roberts, Stewart, Schmitz, R. Sullivan, Steiger, J. B. Sullivan, H. Smith, G. Soden, C. Soden, Spencer, Toner, Tiernan, V. Vurpillat, F. Vurpillat, C. Youngerman, F. Youngerman, Zeitler.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

Masters Adelsperger, W. Allen, Ayer, Aarons, Berry, Bates, Brady, Blumenthal, Boyd, Bailly, Baltes, Bronson, Bryan, Bradley, T. Cleary, S. Cleary, Crandall, J. Connors, E. Connors, Case, Connelly, A. Campbell, Collins, Cauthorn, Clendenin, Chute, Crotty, L. N. Davis, Devine, Dempsey, Daniels, Darroch, Doherty, Elder, Erwin, Falvey, P. Fleming, J. Fitzgerald, C. Fitzgerald, Ferkel, Green, Gappinger, R. Healy, J. Healy, Hesse, Howard, Hinkley, Hoerr, Halthusen, Hughes, Hannin, Hartman, Hague, Hahn, Hammond, Ibold, Jewett, Johnson, King, Krembs, W. Kutsche, Kehoe, Kellner, Lenhoff, Mahon, Maher, Maurus, Mayer, Morrison, C. Mooney, Mackey,

Merz, McCarthy, McMahon, McIvers, J. McIntosh, L. McIntosh, McNulty, F. Neef, A. Neef, Noe, O'Neill, Priestly, Populorum, Prichard, J. Peck, F. Peck, Palmer, Quinlan, Reinhard, S. Rose, I. Rose, E. Roth, Riedinger, Rowsey, Ramsey, C. Schillo, F. Schillo, Sheehan, Stanton, C. Sullivan, Spalding, Sutter, L. Scherrer, Shear, Smith, Sachs, Sloan, Staples, Talbot, Tetard, Towne, Thorn, Wright, Weitzel, F. Wile, B. Wile, Wood, Wilbanks, Welch.

MINIM DEPARTMENT.

Masters Ackerman, Bates, Blake, Barbour, Bruel, T. Burns, J. Burns, Brown, Blease, Connelly, Cornell, Creedon, C. Connor, W. Connor, Crane, Cudahy, W. Crawford, A. Crawford, Clark, Carter, Downing, Durand, Doherty, J. Dungan, Jas. Dungan, Dorsey, J. Dempsey, F. Dempsey, Dench, Dodson, E. Elkin, F. Evers, Eckler, Elder, Falvey, Foster, Fanning, E. Furthman, C. Furthman, W. Furthman, Grant, Greene, Goodwillie, Gregg, Girardin, Gerber, Gilkison, Gray, Hagus, Hamilton, Hill, Henneberry, Hedenberg, Johns, Kane, Kroolman, Kirk, Keeler, Kaye, Koester, Kehoe, Lansing, Levi, Livingston, Londoner, Loneran, Lee, Lyhnberg, A. Marre, J. Marre, Maternes, Marx, McPhee, Mattas, McDonnell, McDanel, McGuire, Mooney, Mayer, J. McCarthy, C. McCarthy, Miller, Morrison, Mosier, H. Mestling, E. Mestling, W. Nichols, C. Nichols, Neenan, O'Neill, Oppenheimer, L. Paul, Plautz, Parker, C. Paul, Powell, Quill, Seerey, Roberts, Snyder, Seidensticker, Stone, Steineman, Stephens, Staffin, Stange, Thornton, Taylor, Trujillo, Witkowsky, F. Webb, R. Webb, Wever, Washburne, Wilcox, W. Wilson, L. Wilson, Watson, Waterman.

* Omitted last week by mistake.

Class Honors.

PREPARATORY COURSE.

Messrs. Houlihan, Karasynski, Healy, A. O'Flaherty, Ahlrichs, Cassidy, Burns, Louisell, E. O'Brien, Blessington, Lane, O'Shea, W. Roberts, Patterson, F. Kelly, Forbes, Dougherty, C. Youngerman, Davis, W. Campbell, Pim, Blackman, O'Hara, R. Fitzgerald, F. Vurpillat, C. Schillo, Cunningham, L. Davis, Hahn, Heller, A. Neef, Goodson, Weitzel, A. Sullivan, Des Garrennes, King, Welch, C. Sullivan, I. Rose, Devine, Ibold, Boyd, Sutter, Falvey, O'Mara, J. Peck, C. Scherrer, L. Dempsey, R. Healy, Duffield, Nester, Elder, C. Fitzgerald, Rice, A. Campbell, Palmer, Staples, Bryan, M. Smith, Hennessy, Merz, Tetard, Anson, Hammond, Darroch, Towne, J. Fitzgerald, O'Rourke, Joslyn.

COMMERCIAL COURSE.

Messrs. Stewart, Crooker, Dacey, Woods, Lozana, J. Welch, J. Galen, Maurus, Hesse, O'Neill, Jno. McIntosh, F. Peck, Casey, Bradley, J. Mooney, Hanrahan, Dunning.

List of Excellence.

PREPARATORY COURSE.

Latin—Messrs. F. Wile, Weitzel, F. Vurpillat; *Greck*—J. O'Shea; *Arithmetic*—Messrs. C. Merz, A. Neef, Anson, Hahn, Johns, A. Roth, Bryan; *Algebra*—F. Vurpillat; *Grammar*—Messrs. A. Welch, Sutter, Merz; *Reading*—Messrs. Bates, Lannon; *Orthography*—Messrs. J. Gappinger, Sachs; *Christian Doctrine*—Messrs. Bryan, Mainzer, C. Sullivan, O'Mara, Johns.

COMMERCIAL COURSE.

Arithmetic—Messrs. Ahlrichs, Maurus, Lozano, Ernest, Flannigan; *Grammar*—Messrs. King, R. Healy, Curry; *Book-Keeping*—Messrs. Dacey, H. McAllister, Maurus, Crooker, E. Stewart; *United States History*—Messrs. Kenny, Ahlrichs, Hayes, H. Galen, J. Galen, Fisk, P. Coady, C. Soden; *Geography*—Messrs. C. Soden, L. Paquette, Ahlrichs, R. Fitzgerald, Kenny, G. Long, F. Smith, J. Fleming, Beltnick; *Reading*—Messrs. Combe, C. Soden, R. Fitzgerald, C. Youngerman, F. Youngerman, Gobin, Lozano, Kehoe, Sutter, Palmer, Baltes; *Orthography*—Messrs. W. Lahey, P. Coady, Maurus, J. Mooney.

St. Mary's Academy.

One Mile West of Notre Dame University.

—Pearl Griffith has kept the first place in the 4th class of German for one month.

—“Multiplication is vexation” to some, except when computing the days, hours, minutes and seconds that must elapse between now and Commencement.

—The regular monthly Adoration took place on Sunday last; the altar was beautifully decorated, and every hour found worshippers before Him who said: “Blessed are they who have not seen, but have believed.”

—Miss Catherine Hughes, Class of '88, spent a short time at St. Mary's last week; she was on her way home to Denver, Colorado, from Washington, where she spent the winter with her aunt, Mrs. Senator Ingalls.

—Reviews in preparation for the examinations are now in progress; and some few, who have been suffering from mental indolence or “Spring fever,” are awaking to the fact that it is about time to begin the “cramming” process.

—At the distribution of good points on Sunday last, presided by Very Rev. Father General, Miss S. Crane recited the “Chariot Race,” from Ben Hur; so well did she render it that the pupils all applauded, something heretofore never done in the study-hall.

—The members of the Graduating Class are much interested in the culinary art. Anyone who doubts their ability, and is willing to take the risk, will receive practical demonstration of their progress in cooking by applying to them any Wednesday from two to four p. m.

—The Minims seem to be the privileged pupils here, for they have long rambles through the ravine, when the others are enjoying the delights of class. The little folks find pleasure in their walks, nothing daunted by fear of snakes, tan, or freckles, the bane of their older school-mates.

—The Graduates and First Seniors accepted Rev. Father Zahm's kind invitation, and visited Science Hall on Tuesday last. Several interesting experiments made the hour spent there seem very short, and awakened in all the hope that St. Mary's may yet boast of a science hall. The Preparatories think it is their turn to go to Notre Dame.

—On Friday the members of the chemistry and natural philosophy classes had the pleasure of a visit to Science Hall, where several interesting and instructive experiments were made. The time passed all too rapidly, and much regret was expressed when the hour of returning was announced. Sincere thanks are offered Rev. Father Zahm for the kind interest shown.

—Every day do all thoughtful pupils realize

more fully the advantages accruing from Prof. Egan's lectures on literature. His criticisms, his suggestions, his counsels—all are worthy of most serious consideration. The highest standards of measurement are his; and his position in the literary world places him so far above the level of most writers that his dictum carries conviction to his hearers.

—The visitors of the past week were: Mr. J. Dempsey, Manistee, Mich.; Mrs. J. Clancy, Racine, Wis.; Mrs. A. Gordon, Elkhart, Ind.; Mrs. C. M. Lewis, Mrs. J. S. Campbell, Mrs. S. Barnum, Mr. J. Burdick, Mrs. J. Berling, W. V. Carroll, E. T. Carroll, Mrs. J. Ayer, H. W. Mouthing, Chicago; Mrs. C. Duffy, Mrs. McKenna, Miss A. Duffy, Baltimore, Md.; Hon. B. F. Shively, South Bend; S. Parker, Plymouth, Ind.; L. V. Morse, Omaha, Neb.; F. A. McCann, Worcester, Mass.; P. Broderick, Springfield, Ill.

—The effect of Longfellow on one of the members of the literature class is evident from the following, uttered sadly after a certain order regarding the winter wraps:

“The winter is done at St. Mary's,
And the shawls that have had their day,
Must now be folded 'mid camphor,
And silently stored away.”

“The winter is done, and the spring-time
Comes with joyous gleam,
And each youthful face seems longing
For some Malvina cream.”

Our First President.

(Read on April 30th.)

But a few weeks have elapsed since President Harrison pronounced the oath of office, saying: “I do solemnly swear that I will faithfully execute the office of President of the United States, and will, to the best of my ability, preserve, protect and defend the Constitution of the United States.” Thousands flocked from all parts of the Union to witness the Inauguration of the 23d President of the United States; thousands of voices were raised in acclamation as the promise rose to God that the Union should be upheld. One hundred years ago to-day was our beautiful land witness to such a scene for the first time. The conflict for liberty was over; the country was burdened with debt, ravaged by the dread hand of war; homes were desolate, and orphans' wailing was heard at many a fire-side. Such was the picture America presented as she stood, gazed at by the whole world; holding within her grasp the precious boon of Independence. What would she do with it? Would it bring ambition, dissension and failure? or would it bring peace, union and prosperity?

The answer rested with him who should be chosen as the first ruler in the new form of government. Washington, who had signalized himself by his patriotism, was elected, and he who was first in war, was now to be first in peace. Reluctantly did he accept the trust imposed upon him, for he recognized the dangers that were imminent.

In a letter to a friend, he said: "My movement to the chair of government will be accompanied by feelings not unlike those of a culprit who is going to the place of his execution. Integrity and firmness are all I can promise. These, be the voyage long or short, shall never forsake me, although I may be deserted by all men."

Of his ability at the head of our Republic, the world knows all, for America's prosperity to-day rests on the foundation laid by Washington. As a patriot, he stands unrivalled, and no record could be more glorious than that which tells of the hardships, the zeal, the entire self-forgetfulness of him who received the sword of Cornwallis at Yorktown in 1781. As a citizen he was without reproach, the highest standard of moral virtues having been his. Endowed with probity, generosity and Christian principles, he is indeed worthy of imitation and of greatest honor.

His domestic life was one of perfect content and happiness; his home, Mount Vernon, was conducted according to the old Virginia *régime*, simplicity and hospitality reigning supreme; and the virtues displayed in every walk of his life entitle him to a rank accorded to no other American, namely, "first in the hearts of his countrymen."

When the Liberty bell first pealed forth the joyful tidings of freedom, American hearts, glowing with enthusiasm, sent up to God prayers of thanksgiving, and the country rang with acclamations of joy, and shall we of to-day be less patriotic? Ah! no; let us keep that spirit, enkindled by the fires of the Revolution, ever burning in our heart; and while the Stars and Stripes are flung to the breezes of peace over our broad land, let us raise our souls to the God of peace and implore a blessing on the home of the free, that the work of Washington may never be undone, but that "union forever" shall be the characteristic of America and her children; and when another century shall have rolled around may the name of Washington be as revered as it is now by the countless numbers who enjoy the blessings purchased by the blood of thousands and preserved by the Father of our Country!

ERNA BALCH (Class '89).

Roll of Honor.

SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

Misses Ansbach, Anson, Ash, E. Balch, Bub, T. Balch, Burton, Beschameng, Butler, Barron, Bush, M. Beck, C. Beck, Clifford, E. Coll, Caren, Compagne, M. Coll, Connell, Donnelly, Ducey, Dempsey, Dorsey, De Montcourt, Flannery, Fursman, Fox, Gavan, Geer, M. Gibson, N. Gibson, Harriman, Hertzog, Hammond, Harlen, M. Horner, I. Horner, Healy, C. Hurley, Hepburn, Harmes, Haight, Hutchinson, Hubbard, Henke, Hasser, Irwin, C. Keeney, A. Keeney, Koopman, Ledwith, Meehan, McNamara, Moran, Moore, Marley, N. Morse, McCarthy, H. Nester, Nicholas, Prudhomme, Parker, Quealey, Reidinger, Regan, Rentfrow, Rend, Rinn, M. Smith, Spurgeon, Studebaker, Schiltze, Tress, Van Horn, Van Mourick, Violette, Zahm.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

Misses Barry, E. Burns, M. Burns, Campbell, Cooper, B. Davis, Dempsey, Dreyer, Erpelding, Ernest, M. Fossdick, Griffith, Graves, Göke, L. Hamilton, K. Hamilton, Kloth, Kelso, Lauth, McHugh, McPhee, Miller, Patier, Quealey, Reeves, Regan, M. Smyth, J. Smyth, M. Schoellkopf, I. Schoellkopf, Soper, Stapleton, Sweeney, Thirds, A. Wurzburg, N. Wurzburg.

MINIM DEPARTMENT.

Misses E. Burns, Hamilton, Kelly, L. McHugh, M. McHugh, Moore, Palmer, S. Smyth, Winans.

Class Honors.

LANGUAGE COURSE.

LATIN.

Misses Clarke, Griffith.

FRENCH.

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

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

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

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

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

5TH CLASS—Misses Ayer, Scherrer, Kelly.

GERMAN.

1ST CLASS—Misses Bub, Beschameng.

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

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

4TH CLASS—Misses Nicholas, Spurgeon, Ansbach, I. Schoellkopf, Ernest, McCarthy, Ledwith, Haney, Koopmann, Crane, Currier, Lewis, Miller, Dreyer.

5TH CLASS—Misses Griffith, Hagus, M. Davis, B. Davis, Göke, Graves, Barry, Rinn, Kaspar.

THERE is shown about a half day's journey from Damascus, a lofty mountain of white marble shaded with beautiful trees, and therein is a cavern pointed out as the abode of Adam and his sons, and the sepulchre of Abel, which is much respected by the Turks. It is marked by four pillars as the spot on which the fratricide was committed. Ecbatana, the ancient capital of the Medes, now the obscure village of Hamadan, lies at the foot of the Orontes extended amid ruined columns, prostrate temples and mausoleums of red granite, with inscriptions written in some language long unknown; but in it is the tomb of Esther and Mordecai, visited as a term of pilgrimage by the Jews of Persia at the time of the feast of Purim for nearly 3000 years.