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## The Eyes I Loved.

[Rondeau.]

The eyes I loved in childhood's day,  
The eyes of mother, soft and gray;  
The eyes, so deep with saintly love,  
Now shine in Paradise above  
With Mary Mother, Queen of May.

Their starlight now has ceased to play,  
With love fire in each lingering ray,  
For God on earth has ceased to move  
The eyes I loved.

A vision of the past are they,—  
A treasure in my heart to stay,—  
The soft eyes of a Heavenly dove,  
The measure of her love to prove.  
Oh, God! to see again, I pray,  
The eyes I loved.

J. E. BERRY.

## Our Own Poets.

BY JOHN B. SULLIVAN, '91.

America has experienced a century of progress. Our land has increased from a few straggling colonies to a great and a populous nation. In power, wealth and population we rival the European countries themselves. But while we have been so prosperous in material things, the questions naturally present themselves: Have we paid fitting attention to the nobler things of life? Has our mental growth kept pace with our physical development? Have we fostered learning and literature with the same sedulous care that we devote to the advancement of our material interests; or are we not rather as foreigners would paint us a mere mercenary people, with no other end or aim in life except the accumulation of the "almighty dollar?" A compar-

ison of the literary productions of Cotton and Increase Mather with the lofty poetical strains of Longfellow, the strange, weird sweetness of Poe, or the simple grandeur of Bryant refutes the charge of intellectual weakness or mental lethargy.

Poetry is the language of the soul. It gives expression to those finer and more delicate feelings which all must experience. Poetry refines, elevates and ennobles. The great poets of the world, Homer, Virgil, Dante and Milton have each lived at a time when his country was in its most cultured and prosperous condition. The poet must needs be a man of polish and refinement, ready to appreciate the finer feelings and more delicate emotions in every-day life; and it is this faculty of appreciating the beauties around us that makes the true poet.

It is the purpose of the writer to treat, not minutely, of course, but in a general way, of the great American poets. Among these Henry Wadsworth Longfellow stands pre-eminently America's greatest bard. Born A. D. 1807, he entered Bowdoin at fourteen, and four years later received his degree. His was a class of distinguished men. There were William Pitt Fessenden and John P. Hale, afterward marked by long and eminent services in the United States Senate. There was also Franklin Pierce, the future statesman, the soldier and president. In 1829 Longfellow accepted the chair of modern languages at Bowdoin, where but a few years previously he had been a regularly matriculated student. In 1835 he resigned at Bowdoin to accept a like position at Harvard.

Longfellow's first literary venture was "An Essay on the Moral and Devotional Poetry of Spain"; it also included translations from Coplas de Manrique and many of Lope de Vega's sonnets. Among his earlier poems the best

known are: "The Psalm of Life," "A Rainy Day," "The Reaper and the Flowers," and "The Village Blacksmith." In 1842 he published "Poems on Slavery." Although these are the least meritorious from a literary point of view, they exerted a powerful influence in molding public opinion. They brought vividly before the American people human slavery in all its dread realities. 'Tis but the re-echoing of his own thoughts when, in a short poem dedicated to William E. Channing, he says:

"Write! and tell out this bloody tale;  
Record this dire eclipse,  
This day of wrath, this endless wail,  
This dread Apocalypse."

The greatest of Longfellow's poems is unquestionably "Evangeline." This is an idyl written in hexameters, a form of verse particularly difficult. The poet relates at length the expulsion of the Acadians. They were a people happy and contented, inhabiting one of the fairest and most fertile portions of Nova Scotia. Unfortunately for them they were French in birth and sympathies. But the cruel mercenaries of King George, covetous of their fertile fields and rich possessions, evicted them from their homes and scattered them broadcast among the English colonies of the New World. This was an act of cruelty none can palliate, none can justify. Longfellow, in "Evangeline," gives an account of their wanderings with all the power of a master mind. In speaking of their exile, he says:

"Waste are those pleasant farms and the farmers fore'er departed,  
Scattered like dust and leaves, when the mighty blasts of October  
Seize them and whirl them aloft, and sprinkle them far o'er the ocean.  
Nought but tradition remains of the beautiful village of Grand Pre."

Evangeline, the daughter of Benedict Bellefontaine, the wealthiest farmer of Grand Pre, is the heroine of the poem. The shock and pain of leaving proves too much for her aged father, and he dies of a broken heart. He is buried near his home by the sea, in the bosom of his native soil, in the land he loved so well. Gabriel, son of Basil the blacksmith, is Evangeline's lover. In the hurry and anxiety of embarkment they are parted, and Evangeline is carried he knows not where. To the work of finding her he consecrates his life. The poet describes his searches; but he searches in vain. Now the prize seems almost within his grasp, and then, like a Will-o'-the-wisp, eludes him and is far away. While Gabriel is wandering the colonies o'er-seeking his

lost Evangeline, she, with Indian guides, is searching for her parted lover:

"Day after day with the Indian guides the maiden  
Following his flying steps, and thought each day to o'er-  
take him;  
Sometimes they saw, or thought they saw, the smoke of  
his camp fire  
Rise in the morning air from the distant plain; but at  
nightfall  
When they reached the place they found only embers  
and ashes,  
And tho' their hearts were sad at times and their bodies  
were weary  
Hope still guided them on, as the magic Fata Morgana  
Showed them her lakes of light that retreated and van-  
ished before them."

Evangeline, despairing of ever finding Gabriel, becomes a Sister of Mercy, and in the discharge of her works of charity finds her lover sick and dying. With ineffable tenderness she ministers to his wants and consoles him in his last sad hour. Though separated in life they are united in death.

"Side by side, in their nameless graves, the lovers are  
sleeping.  
In the heart of the city they lie, unknown and unnoticed."

Longfellow's fame as a poet was firmly established by this poem. His muse by no means wearied, and in the space of a few years "Hiawatha," consisting of Indian legends, the Courtship of Miles Standish, a semi-humorous poem of colonial times, "The Divine Tragedy," a dramatic account of the Crucifixion, and minor poems appeared in succession.

This short sketch would be incomplete were I to omit Longfellow's translation of that greatest of all epics, Dante's "Inferno." Of this Richardson says: "The spirit as well as the form of the original is carefully preserved; and Mr. Longfellow besides giving a version of Dante, which is incomparably superior to any of its predecessors, has influenced quite a body of American literalists." Longfellow's death in 1882 closed an eventful career—a career full of honor, and marked by every manly virtue.

It is a question among literary critics as to who stands second in the list of American poets. Many favor Bryant. William Cullen Bryant was born in 1794; and even in early life gave evidence of that genius which afterward made him so honored and so loved. He is the poet of nature. There is a subtle something in his writings that paves a way into the sympathies of every heart. In all his works, with masterly skill, he welds the grace of diction and beauty of rhythm into a harmonious whole. In 1810 Bryant entered William's College, but failed to receive his degree. Years after, when he had

become a man of literary note, he received a Bachelor's degree *in honorem*. The poet's soul first found expression in "Thanatopsis," which is considered by many to be his best work. In 1821, "The Ages," a poem read by the author before a Harvard Society, was given for publication.

Bryant ranks not alone as a poet, but as a journalist of acknowledged force and consummate ability. In 1825 he assumed the editorial management of the *United States Review*. A year later he became associated with the *New York Evening Post*, a paper of strong Federalist tendencies. Bryant was a firm believer in the principles of Jefferson; and the *Post* succumbed to his influence and became a vehicle for the expression of Free Trade ideas. While editor of the *Post*, Bryant wrote several masterly articles in favor of tariff reduction. In 1832 he published a volume of poems. Among his pieces "Thanatopsis," "To a Water Fowl," "The Planting of an Apple Tree," and "A Forest Hymn" are the best known. The latter is marked by pure, simple earnestness, Bryant's own style. He is eminently a Christian poet. Who but a firm believer in the revealed religion, taught by the humble Nazarene, could give vent to such thoughts sublime as Bryant in his "Forest Hymn."

"The groves were God's first temples, ere man learned  
To hew the shaft, and lay the architrave,  
And spread the roof above them; ere he framed  
The lofty vault, to gather and roll back  
The sound of anthems. In the darkling wood,  
Amid the cool and silence, he knelt down  
And offered to the Mightiest solemn thanks and sup-  
plication."

Bryant had already passed his seventieth year when he determined to make a poetical translation of Homer's "Iliad." It was written in unrhymed heroic pentameter, and completed in 1869. It has been universally accepted as a good translation. His English version of the "Odyssey" appeared in 1871. His death occurred in 1878 at the ripe age of eighty-four, and his mental vigor was retained until the last. The sorrow of his death was softened by the presence of his beloved family and sympathizing friends. Though not so great a poet as Longfellow, his poetry has all the attributes of greatness; and the memory of William Cullen Bryant will ever be fresh and green in the hearts of the American people. Among our poets he stands second to none, save Longfellow.

Considering the length of our national existence, America has cause to be proud of her bards. Many there are who fail to see the beauty

and the merit in our poets. We as Americans should study and learn to appreciate American poetry. "In all things we should be distinctively American." I do not say neglect Shakspeare, Milton or Tennyson; but I do say that the American who reads these authors and slights Longfellow, Bryant and Whittier is no patriot. The love of our literature is inseparable from the love of our country.

#### Washington City.

One of the most eminent of Latin writers, Virgil, has said: "The noblest motive is the public good." In many cases the facts justify this saying. Such a motive being the noblest, it is but reasonable to suppose a man having this motive is among the noblest of men. Who has proved more satisfactorily than George Washington that he had this motive? Yes! the great ideal of Americans, alike for this as for many other qualities, has gained the title of being a model man.

Should not a city named after so worthy and noble a personage as the Father of our Country be a model city? It is but proper that it should; and I am pleased to say, as well as hear said, that the capital of the United States is a city in every respect worthy of handing down to posterity the name of the immortal Washington. Situated as it is on the bank of the picturesque Potomac; governed as it is by three commissioners; regardless as it is of factional and political prejudice; destined as it is to be the national capital, it has grown to be a city of beautiful and most majestic proportions. It boasts of no great commercial importance, but claims order in its construction, well laid pavements, beautiful parks, grand and superb residences and the finest public buildings, all of which tend to make it a city which deserves the palm, and to an equality with which few cities, if any, may aspire. Let us enter a little more into details.

We find it situated on the Potomac in the District of Columbia. The land which is included in the District was granted by Virginia and Maryland, the two states bounding its territory. We will not look back to its earlier days; it will be enough for us to know it as it stands at the present period. It would take up far too much time to relate the various "ups and downs" in its growth and progress. The first object to be seen upon entering the city by rail is the dome of one of the greatest pieces of architecture the world can boast of—our United

States Capitol. We may observe this when six miles away. On the top of the dome stands the Goddess of Liberty, a figure so sublime that poets can claim for it a position high in the heavens. After seeing the dome we go but little farther when we observe, rising to a height of five hundred and fifty odd feet, a simple marble obelisk which seems to reach and grapple with the dark clouds hovering around it. This is the Washington monument. As it exceeds the other edifices and monuments of the city in height so also did our first President, in many traits of character, look down upon the men by whom he was surrounded.

Very shortly we find ourselves in the midst of all the noise and bustle of the train's arrival. We step from the depot into the street and notice nothing of importance except the cleanliness of everything around us. We also feel the streets of other cities sink into insignificance when compared with the large, broad, spacious and smoothly paved thoroughfares of our national city. One addition to Washington's beauty is immediately scratched down in our note-book, that is the beautiful shade trees planted along the side of each pavement.

Reaching Pennsylvania Avenue—which has been styled the king of American streets—one is greatly impressed with the scene presented. You see on each side of this broad thoroughfare large shade trees growing, and, if it be in the fall of the year, you are surprised to see that hardly a leaf is to be found under their branches on the ground.

Standing at the Capitol and looking for a distance of seventeen blocks, one can distinctly see the Treasury building looming up on 15th street, so open and spacious is the avenue. Even when the city is taxed to its utmost, as during inaugural times when visitors, to the number of 100,000 or more, walk or stand along this street to see the procession, even then one can move in comfort, being crowded no more than you would if walking on Baltimore street, Baltimore, on an ordinary occasion. The city is divided into about six portions: Capitol Hill, Navy Yard, Northwest, Georgetown, the Bay and the Inland. Most of the fine residences are in what is commonly called the Northwest. The Bay is the unmentionable part of the city, where razors and knives are often used in exchange for a few dollars. The other portions of the city are quite respectable if not aristocratic.

The streets are distinguished by figures and letters, the former running from north to south and the latter from east to west. It has been remarked that it is one of the easiest places in

the world for a stranger to find his way in. There are about ten railroads entering the city, but all trains enter and depart from two depots. For a tired and weary sight-seer, street-cars afford ample comfort, passing as they do the principal government institutions of the city. Uncle Sam's buildings are very extensive, and are beautifully constructed.

To the naturalist the city is a paradise, as he can rove at leisure through the Smithsonian Institute and the National Museum, each of which has no equal of its kind in the United States. The Patent Office is a place in which the inventor and scientist would be only too glad to linger forever. By the devotee of our fast mail system the Post Office with its various departments will not be forgotten. The Army, Navy and State Department is a place of great interest to the patriotic visitor. The bureau of engraving and the printing office should by no means be neglected. If you ever visit Washington do not go away without being shown through the presidential house and the Capitol. These are two places that cannot be examined too closely by any American citizen. All these buildings are constructed of white marble with the exception of the State and printing departments. The former is of beautiful and durable gray granite and the latter of brick.

In educational advantages Washington has not been forgotten. In the far western position of the town stands the renowned Catholic Institution, Georgetown College. In another direction we see, looking down from a high slope, Howard University for colored students. Directly southeast of Howard is the great college for the deaf and dumb.

The visitor wandering down twelfth street is shown Ford's old theatre where Lincoln was assassinated. This building is at present the Army Medical Museum, abounding in usefulness to the physician. Across the way is an old, forlorn-looking house with a marble tablet in front containing the words "This is the house in which President Lincoln died."

It is curious to see how many people flock to the Pennsylvania depot daily to see the place where the lamented President Garfield received his fatal wound. A stone star marks the place where he was standing when the shot was fired. Just opposite the place is a bust of General Garfield set in an alcove in the wall.

It has been justly remarked of the city that "if one wishes to see a profusion of beauties he must hie to Washington." In few cities in the world, I will venture to say, will one see more elegant houses, well-kept terraces, and such

variety of architecture as in the city of the Nation.

After working hours are over the river or the numerous parks afford ample recreation. The latter are artistically placed in different portions of the city; these are not, as some writers assert, "oases in the deserts," but rather they seem to be the prettier portions of a grand garden; in short most beautiful little spots in a perfect paradise. In the hot days one can procure, for very little money, a passage on steamers going up the river, or down towards the Chesapeake. The historical sights on every hand suggest to a stranger a flood of solemn thoughts. They remind you of the time when civil dissension held sway; when brother was against brother in field of battle; you think, as you glide over the yellow waters of the river, how many were the parched throats refreshed by the cool, clear water of the Potomac. Many were the men also during that period of bloodshed who, after long days of marching, rested their weary feet at last in some pleasant dale along the banks of this river.

If one instead of admiring the beauties of nature would rather sit in the evening and listen to the wit of a good company, he can do so without travelling far; or if he prefers to witness in breathless suspense the impersonation of a tragedian, the theatres will accommodate him. They are handsome, comfortable and spacious; and there one can spend a few pleasant hours after the toil of the day. The hotels are convenient, reasonable and good; in fact, they must be in order to please the taste of the senators, representatives and the "big bugs" of the land. Game and all kinds of water-fowl abound on the Chesapeake, to say nothing of the fish and oysters in its waters; hence you may always find a good table awaiting you at the hotels and various dining saloons throughout the city. I know of no place in the Union where one can get such excellent meals for so little money. You are surprised to see how many eating places have signs out bearing this legend: "Breakfast, 20 cents; dinner, 35 cents, and supper, 20 cents." At first you are tempted to pass them with a shrug of the shoulder; but on entering you are surprised to see respectable persons, in most instances government employes, taking their meals and passing in and out. The meal, however, surprises you more than all else: it is wholesome and nutritious, and I must say far better than meals that I've paid one dollar for in the hotels of Baltimore. Washington can afford such eating places as these because of the vast number of temporary residents in the city. For instance,

very few of Uncle Sam's men live in the city, and they all have to lodge in one house or another, and eat in places of this kind.

But enough of this. We will now look into the society of Washington, and I will remark here that in no place, not in this country only, but in the world, is it excelled. Here among its men and women we see the flower of the nation. Here we see the greatest politicians, the greatest soldiers, the greatest sailors and the greatest lawyers that America can produce. Here we meet, face to face, with the man who carries in his breast America's highest trust; can we say more? the President! America's most trusted supporters flock to the national city detailed on various duties by the *vox populi*. Most of them bring their families, and why should not people of this kind form a society most polished and select. On Sunday evenings walk up Connecticut ave., the fashionable thoroughfare, and the appearance of people will speak for them. You at once miss that vulgar ostentation so common in most cities, and in its stead see a simple, yet correct toilet, which bespeaks good breeding and a proper dislike for unnecessary display. Not only do the temporary residents improve the standing of society, but also many of the permanent residents. In late years many men unequalled in their duties to the government when in their prime, but who are now infirm with age, have made Washington their permanent residence. Yes, the always moderate climate, good water-works, good lights, excellent drainage, and, principally, the beauty of the city, have induced men who have only been there on temporary duty to return and make it their permanent residence. What Detroit is to the retired merchant and commercial man, so is Washington to the politician, the scholar, the soldier and the sailor.

Men intrusted with governmental and national affairs regard Washington as a haven of rest when their trials and troubles are over. In order to see the people and note their appearance, if one does not care to walk, let him take a drive out to the Soldiers' Home on the Washington boulevard. Almost everyone drives out there in the evening, and on your way you see all manner of conveyances, from the fashionable four-in-hand with the stiff h'inglishman on the box to the crowded one-horse family carriage. It will be appropriate here to say something of this residence of the old and infirm, or disabled patriots who have fought and bled for their laws, their country and their homes. It is about two miles outside of Washington proper; the home is situated amongst pleasant vales and gradual slopes. I suppose the grounds embrace a space



of two square miles in area. The soldiers who are sent here spend the remainder of their life in pleasant seclusion from the world and its wickedness. Their home is a large building, something on the style of our Notre Dame main building, and painted, when I last saw it, the color of St. Edward's Hall. The house is comfortable and spacious, comprising wide halls and well-lighted rooms. The first floor contains a reading-room, library and smoking-room. I think they have their billiard-rooms on the first floor, as also their refectory. The upper story is used for sleeping, and in the top story are the packing and store-rooms for the preservation of certain articles. The soldiers have an excellent garden, and hence enjoy an average good table. To the right of the house and situated in a pleasant vale is the President's summer house. The grounds are however the principal feature of the place. A well-graded gravel drive carries one to every portion of the grounds. Here you pass artificial lakes, then you ascend a gentle slope, and are next descending into a small but beautiful valley. In short, everything that is not naturally beautiful has been rendered as pretty as it is possible to make it by artificial means.

But we will now return to the great city and see what society has been doing since our departure. Strolling along the business and active parts of the city in the morning we notice the soldier, the sailor, the lawyer, the doctor, the historian and the writer, all pursuing different paths to their work of the day. I may remark here that Bancroft, the historian, is often seen on the streets. In appearance he is a venerable old man with grey locks and beard, but even in consideration of his age he generally walks in preference to using the street-cars or the carriage. We have already seen the various men of duty in the morning pursuing different paths. In the evening we see the same class again, but they are not separated now by official duties. They no longer wear that cold dignity which is to be seen only in connection with the houses of business. We see these same men sitting side by side with nought but amiability in their countenances. By a glance into the drawing-room or the theatre we see them, not with different business ideas, but with the one view of entertaining or being entertained.

The President's cabinets and various other receptions, parties, balls and germans make the winter months in Washington one constant round of gayeties. On attending the receptions, or on mixing with society in the capital, one is not surprised to meet some of the pleasantest

people, and to speak with some of the best conversationalists in the country. We often see two lawyers of eminence, who have been in a case pitted against each other in the morning, quietly conversing together in a drawing-room in the evening. More frequently, however, in the place of lawyers, one sees Senators and Congressmen who have brought down the plaudits of the multitudes by their wit and sarcasm in the senate in the morning, laughing and talking, and agreeing in everything at a reception in the evening. Yet such is society, and so will we find it everywhere, though not to so great a degree.

In the best people of Washington the conversation is sometimes witty, humorous or grave; but at all times it is brilliant and refined. All in all, the city is not outranked in the social sense, and why should it be, if ladies are ready to enliven the scene? Why there's Baltimore, forty miles away, called the city of handsome women, and by a post-office order Washington can procure all she wants in case of an emergency. Well, my friends, has not this city of magnificent distances deserved the name of "the winter Newport of America." All will, I am sure, acknowledge this, particularly those who have lived or remained there for any time; so much have I enjoyed my residence there that I'll never hear the name mentioned without associating with Washington city an ocean of happiness. In view of the reasons and facts mentioned, I hope no one will deny that the United States has a great city. A city which not only Washingtonians should be proud of, but a city which by its beauty and majestic elegance deserves the name of being typical. A city which every American citizen should point to with pride, for it is named after the Father of our Country, and it is our national capital.

R. B. G., '92.

#### Vain Strength.

In might he towered,—the self-reliant oak,—  
Unharm'd and firm, through winter's biting wind;  
Disdaining April's wrath in fire enshrined,  
That peeling forth, each hill and vale awoke,  
Had pierc'd his toughen'd bark, like sabre stroke  
Through temper'd mail, which sinking deep behind  
Seeks there the foe's wild-beating heart to find,—  
When found, allows him not his God invoke.

Thus bravely stood and fell a forest king!  
Thus stood this warrior in his wooded home  
So high, that he his Providence forgot.  
But dread his fall! no chanting prayer, no ring  
Of silvery bells that echo o'er the tomb,  
Like man's, his vanity could serve him nought.

DANIEL C. BREWER.

## Notes on Various Subjects.

BY N. R.

Christianity is truth without error, goodness without a mixture of evil, and beauty without defect—all three, however, temporarily concealed by the veil of faith. It has enlightened the world and procured for it all the blessings and enjoyments compatible with our state of trial. Is it not obvious from this that it is the creation of Him who is the All-true and the All-good and the All-beautiful?

When the sea is calm, and the sky bright, and the wind favorable, the mariner heeds not that there is no pilot on board; when the path is smooth and the sunshine bright and the flowers sweet and fair, the child casts aside his father's proffered hand; when the pulses beat true, and the step is light, and the whole frame vigorous and strong, the physician's bitter draught is spurned. But when the waves of life's sea toss and roar, and the fragile human bark drives helpless through midnight storm and gloom—when the road is rough and stony, when clouds gather, and thorns and briars take the place of flowers, when heart and body and spirit faint and fail with sore sickness—then is the time for the great Pilot to grasp the helm and whisper: "It is I, be not afraid."

And lo! the joy that cometh with the morning  
Brightly victorious o'er the hours of care  
We have not watched in vain, serenely scorning  
The wild and busy whispers of despair.

The Grecians every fourth year set forth interludes in honor of Jupiter Olympius, whereof began reckoning by Olympiads, about 777 years before the Christian era; and after six Olympiads, or twenty-four years, Rome was built in 753, B. C., and Our Lord was born in the fourth year of the 194th Olympiad, or three years and seven days before the common account called *Anno Domini*.

Zoroaster was either founder or reformer of the Magi. He wrote the Zendavesta, which is considered inspired in Persia to the present day. He taught the resurrection of the dead, a heaven and a hell, with several other great truths. He became sensible of the necessity of admitting incorporeal substances, though (our idea of them being conveyed to us chiefly through the inlets of our senses) we apprehend them imperfectly and express them by analogies, or terms drawn from corporeal images. He therefore acknowledged that God must necessarily be an

eternal, infinite, incomprehensible Being, and a most pure and perfect Spirit.

Merit is the link between the action and the reward constituted by the promise of God in His free and sovereign grace. It does not mean that we, as creatures, can snatch by right anything out of the hands of God, but that He has promised He will attach to certain actions, a certain reward, of His own sovereign grace.

The gift of free-will which we all have is a perilous gift. It is a wonderful mystery that a man can balance and poise his body to stand or walk—every motion rests in a mysterious manner on the balance of nature; but the freedom of the will is still more mysterious, and still more easily cast down.

Without the sun perpetual sterility, eternal winter and night would reign over every region of our globe, and throughout surrounding worlds. The sun is 520 times larger than all the planetary globes taken together, and 1,300,000 times larger than the terrestrial globe.

The cross is the memorial of our sins, but the symbol of immeasurable mercy.

Sanhoniathon, the Phœnician historian, flourished about thirteen centuries before the Christian era, and is the only author between Moses and David outside the pale of the Israelitish prophets; and Gideon's acts recorded in the sixth and following chapters of the Book of Judges are mentioned by him.

Arabia was, to a certain extent, in contact with Egypt, Palestine, Babylonia and Assyria, and certain facts connected with it are known from their records; but these facts are too few and too isolated, previous to Mahomet, for a history;—as the history of India previous to Alexander the great is excessively doubtful and disallowed by the best critics.

More than 2000 palaces of gleaming marble, or of other costly materials, flashed in the sunlight where Augustus boasted that he had found but dusty brick; statues, obelisks, triumphal arches and amphitheatres for their games surrounded their forum, the world's centre, from which twenty-four wondrously well-paved roads, issuing from twenty-four noble gates, radiated to the world-wide circumference of the mighty empire. Such was material Rome, the great centre of Satan's empire.

# NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.

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

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—A most welcome visitor to Notre Dame during the week was Miss Eliza Allen Starr, the distinguished artist of Chicago. Yesterday (Friday) the gifted lady entertained the members of the Faculty and the collegiate students with a deeply instructive lecture on "Christian Art" of which we hope to give an extended notice in our next.

—The "Centennial Number" of the *Xavier* is highly creditable to its Editors as well as to the distinguished institution—St. Francis Xavier's, New York, of which it is the exponent. It consists mainly of a reproduction of the "Tribute in Honor of Washington" which was presented to the President on the occasion of the recent centennial celebration in New York. Fac-simile plates are given of the many Oriental and European languages in which the "tributes" are expressed. The number itself is a grand tribute to learning and patriotism, and we may add, to enterprise.

—We have received the third volume of "Leaves from the Annals of the Sisters of Mercy," which is published by the Catholic Publishing Society Co., New York. These "Annals" abound with the most edifying and instructive recitals of the great good accomplished, in behalf of religion, education and the relief of suffering humanity, by the devoted members of this illustrious Order throughout the world. And they are told in a plain, unpretentious style, but

with such command of language, elegance of diction and power of description as reveal the gifted mind of the author (a member of the Order), and enchain the attention of the reader. The present volume contains sketches of the Order in the United States and forms the first of the "American Annals." The narration of the foundations of various establishments in different parts of the Union; the story of the services of the Sisters during the Civil War; the tale of many a weary travel in the progress of the Order from New York to San Francisco, interspersed with descriptions of manners and customs, together with the story of the rise and progress of great cities, and especially the valuable information furnished in regard to the early history of the Church in many places; all combine to make it a volume of more than ordinary interest to the American reader.

## Edison's Laboratory.

To a scientific student the instruction and suggestions gained by inspection of practical operations in large shops, factories and laboratories are of high value. An earnest, energetic beginner will not neglect this means of increasing and confirming the knowledge he has, and noting essential principles for future study.

Like all other methods of acquiring knowledge worth having, these inspection visits are sometimes attended by difficulties. Some inventors and manufacturers are necessarily secretive in regard to valuable new and unpatented machines and processes. Others are very uncommunicative without laudable reasons. This is especially the case with narrow-minded men whose knowledge is limited and confined to a few practical details. To them it appears that if they clearly and candidly tell what they know the knowledge will be lowered, the visitor becomes as wise as they are, and loses respect for them. Again, one often meets the good-natured enthusiast always ready to bore a listener with long details of his unimportant single hobby. Probably the worst case is the overwise young man who presupposes total ignorance on the part of a modest visitor and proceeds in a hurried and affected manner to give a muddled explanation of details and principles. Occasionally one meets a well-informed man who not only gives information fully and clearly, but takes pleasure in so imparting, and shows no signs of anxiety that he is giving away all he possesses, or that he is being exhausted.



During our last vacation I visited the laboratories of Cornell, Stevens, the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, and other Eastern colleges. These visits afforded much pleasure and profit fully appreciated, but I could not feel satisfied without a peep into the workshop of Mr. Edison, said to be the best private or public experimental laboratory in the world. Letters from Notre Dame and from Chicago electricians procured for me attention and welcome entry to the principal factories in and near New York city, but it was said that it would be very difficult to gain admission to the new laboratory. However, I crossed the Hoboken ferry and took train for Orange, N. J. At the depot I was told by a man who had conveyances at hand that the laboratory was several miles distant. Fresh, pure air, shady avenues, and splendid lawns along the drive gave an intensely pleasing contrast to the blistering heat and foul atmosphere that I had been moving in in the city. The locality certainly has one of the principal requirements of a mental worker—healthy and pleasant surroundings.

At first sight the laboratory does not present special architectural characteristics. Closer inspection shows a refinement that obviously distinguishes it from an ordinary factory, and discloses its well-planned fitness for its purpose. There are five buildings: the principal one is seventy-five feet wide, over two hundred deep, and three stories; the smaller buildings, entirely separate but near, are thirty by one hundred feet each. No prominent front entrance invites the public.

My driver entered the arched carriage-way and left me within the grounds. I inquired for a gentleman whom I knew by reputation and slight acquaintance, one of Mr. Edison's assistants. When he appeared he at once invited me to the library to see and hear the perfected phonograph. In regard to visitors I was told that certainly Mr. Edison was desirous of having his completed works examined by those interested in them. One of his orders to agents (often disregarded by some) is to not make mysteries of common things. The laboratory, of course, could not be open like a museum for idle curiosity seekers. Very annoying and fierce litigation, still in progress, originated, it is said, from visits made to Mr. Edison years ago by competitors, who appropriated valuable ideas that were being developed.

The beautiful and cozy library and office occupies liberal space in the front of the main building. It has three galleries, polished rich hard wood finish, light from all sides, and ca-

capacity for fifty to seventy-five thousand volumes. A fine large photograph of the owner attracted my attention,—a thing long coveted as a companion for Franklin, Henry and Morse,—a copy of which was secured. On one of the tables was his undisputable production and pride, the phonograph. I was treated to reproductions of music, singing and recitation by notable people, and, more interesting to me, my own voice. I have since examined a later instrument with more perfections.

From the library we stepped into the famous store room. The collection of matter in this room gives one of the reasons for calling the laboratory unequalled. In the library is recorded the known, with indications for progress and things desired. In the store room is material for improvements and for bringing forth the unknown. There, gathered from all countries of the earth, are stored small quantities and innumerable varieties of rare and common matter. Matter, which the student and inventor can investigate, separate, mix, join and form; study and contact with which is free from the quibbles, jealousies and meanness developed in association with average humanity. "In machines," says Emerson, "man is forced to leave out his follies and hindrances, so that when we go to the mill, the machine is more moral than we."

Next to the store room is the large machine room for heavy work, then the engine and dynamo room. The immense planers, lathes, drills and tools show the magnitude of the operations that can be and are performed. There are two high speed automatic engines of 150 horsepower each. Four large dynamos are ready to furnish current for light, power and experiments.

The first room entered on the second floor is equipped with light machinery for delicate accurate mechanical work. Many small rooms on this floor are devoted to special experiments and to perfecting single details. In one several men were examining, melting, mixing and testing varieties of wax to find the most suitable kind or compound to use in the manufacture of "phonogram" cylinders. Here I met an acquaintance, a former Chicago electrician, who was at the time of my visit an expert in the Edison standardizing bureau, in New York city. The gentleman had been waiting several days to gain the inventor's attention in regard to a problem in electric lighting. In the next room I met the general director himself.

Mr. Edison was engaged with two assistants working on the phonograph. I am not well grounded, nor am I a firm believer, in the rules and

deductions of the physiognomist, but I thought Mr. Edison would receive very complimentary criticisms from an expert. He was standing, and I fixed the following impression: Medium height, plain dress, liberal physique, hair iron grey, full, strong, ingenuous countenance, blonde complexion, studious lines, large, clear and sharply inquisitive eyes; no indications of narrow specialism nor over enthusiasm. After exchanging a few pleasant words of greeting I withdrew.

We ascended to the third floor, and I was shown the lecture room provided for private entertainments and the presentation of papers, instructions and experiments by leading members of the staff for the benefit of the others. It may be mentioned here that the electricians, chemists, machinists and others, employed in the laboratory number over one hundred. Other special rooms were seen, and at one end of the building a large number of incandescent lamps were glowing. Experiment and improvement on the lamp is continuous. An estimate of the cost of this work was given at a meeting of the American electrical engineers last year by Mr. Upton, of the Edison Lamp Factory. Mr. Howell had produced in his paper a curve showing graphically the lives of lamps at different efficiencies, and Mr. Upton drew attention to the fact that the curve represented five years' expert labor, and cost more than ten thousand dollars.

From the main building we went out to look into the four ancillary departments. The metallurgical house is well stocked with apparatus for milling, assaying and blacksmithing. The work in hand was the lately devised magnetic ore separator. In the chemical house the men were boiling, analyzing and working oils, bitumen, caoutchouc and other insulating substances. The third building is the wood-working and pattern department.

Opposite the library and farthest from the machinery and metals is the important electrical instrument and measurement house, superintended by Mr. Kennelly, the chief electrician. I witnessed a purely scientific experiment being made: measuring the induction in a single wire vibrating between the poles of a large electro-magnet of variable strength. One of the assistants, a Japanese student, showed me the superb physical instruments: Galvanometers, magnetometers, electrometers, dynamometers, photometer, spectroscope, calculating machine, chronograph, astronomical clock, in number enough for a lengthy catalogue, and single ones that would require several pages to explain their value and purpose. Correct time is received from Washington. The collector's cher-

ished desire to have the latest and best that the science of the world has produced, seemed to be very thoroughly realized.

My guide happened to ask me if I was interested in telegraph instruments. When I told him that my first experience with the "wonders of electricity" began fifteen years before, when I entered as message boy in a telegraph office, he conducted me back to the third floor of the main building.

I found that I had missed the museum filled with glass-doored cabinets, containing Mr. Edison's old instruments and abandoned works, of his own and other's manufacture, including standard college illustrative apparatus. My friend left me, and I wandered from case to case musing over the curious and wonderful ingenuities of the inventor. The shadows warned me when it was time to depart. I descended, thanked my courteous entertainers and left, feeling well rewarded for the efforts made to see one of the most successful achievements of America's greatest electrical inventor.

M. O'DEA.

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#### Books and Periodicals.

—"The Production of Beet-Sugar," including the method of growing the plant, and the processes employed in extracting the sugar, is well described in a copiously illustrated article, by Mr. A. H. Almy, in *The Popular Science Monthly* for June. This account, together with the paper in the *May Monthly*, gives a complete view of an industry which has yielded large profits to the farmers of Germany, and promises to become equally important in this country.

—*Donahoe's Monthly Magazine* for June, among its varied and interesting table of contents, contains a reply to the ex-Nun of Kenmare and Her Libels, by Peter McCorry; New England a Misnomer; the conclusion of Archbishop Ryan's paper on Christian Civilization and the Perils that Now Threaten It; the Hercules Stone and the Amber Spirit; History of the Church of Our Lady of Perpetual Help; The Albigenses; a learned paper by Rev. Reuben Parsons, D. D.; Memoir of Charles Russell, Q. C., M. P., the able advocate in the Parnell trial, with a portrait. These are but a few of the various articles in the June issue.

—*Wide Awake* for June might well be called a "true story number." It opens with a reproduction of Henry Bacon's beautiful, "The End of a Long Day," photographed especially for *Wide Awake*—a lovely picture. Then come the true stories—five of them: "A Plain Case" is by the now famous writer, Miss Wilkins, who grew her early laurels in *Wide Awake*; this story is most pathetic. The scene of Miss Risley

Sewards's brilliant story is on board an ocean steamer; it is entitled "The Naughtiest Boy I Ever Met." Mrs. General Frémont's is a California story, "The House that Jack Built." Mrs. Annie Sawyer Downs' story is of the Confederate side in the Civil War, a jolly tale; "The French Member of Company B." The story by Sara Trainer Smith, "Overboard in the Java Sea," will go to everybody's heart. The serials are excellent: Margaret Sidney's "Five Little Peppers Further On" has a tremendous surprise for readers; "Sibyl Fair's Fairness," by Talbot, will be enjoyed by *Wide Awake's* grown-up audience.

—In the *Forum* for June, Senator Edmunds discusses the decay of political morals indicated by the increasing purchase of voters. He estimates the amount of money spent during the last campaign at \$5,000,000, and in his criticism he spares no section of the country and neither party. Among the remedies that he points out are better registration laws, restriction of immigration and of naturalization, and the compulsory publication of election expenses. Another political article in this number is "The Drift toward Annexation," by W. Blackburn Harte, an editorial writer for the *Toronto Mail*. He maintains not only that commercial union and thereafter political union of the United States and Canada are inevitable, but also that they are desirable for Canada; and that the Canadian politicians of all parties know this, unwilling as some of them are to confess it. He points out also what he conceives to be the absurdity of Canada's continuing the colonial relation to Great Britain. The essay is a frank analysis of Canadian politics from a very liberal point of view. Mr. William Elliot Griffis, author of "The Mikado's Empire," tells the leading features of the new constitution of Japan, under which, on February 11, the government ceased to be an absolute and became a constitutional monarchy. Thirty-six millions of subjects were for the first time admitted to some of the privileges of citizenship. Besides these articles about specific political subjects, there is an essay, by W. S. Lilly, on "The Ethics of Politics," wherein the artificial political morality, which seeks to set up a different standard of judgment for public and for private conduct is examined and condemned. Mr. Lilly uses as illustrative facts the falsehoods of many great party leaders, and points out the decline of nations that has followed a loss of political morals. Mr. Adelbert Hamilton, of New York, a well-known writer on legal subjects, presents statistics to show the unnecessary cost of insurance by reason of what is practically a "trust" maintained by the great companies. He favors government insurance, and compares the cost and security of our private system with the systems of public insurance in New Zealand and Germany. Mr. Hamilton points out also the yet undeveloped possibilities of insurance as a substitute for charity organizations. The

Rev. Dr. William Barry describes "The Moloch of Monopoly," finding cause to regard the present methods of the distribution of property as unjust, and predicting an industrial revolution. He builds his argument not on any socialistic basis other than Christianity.

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#### Personal.

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—P. J. Nelson (Law), '88, has been admitted to the Iowa bar. He stood high in the examination for admission to practice.

—O. T. Chamberlain, '62, and John Monschein (Com'l), '84, of Elkhart, Ind., were welcome visitors to the College on Monday last.

—Mrs. Chute and her daughters, Bessie and Agnes, of Minneapolis, Minn., were welcome visitors to Notre Dame during the week.

—The Rev. J. Whang, Secretary to the Rt. Rev. Mgr. Fallize, Prefect Apostolic of Norway, paid a very pleasant visit to the University during the week.

—Mr. Dennis Sheedy, of Denver, Col., paid a flying visit to the College on Monday last. His visit was a pleasure to his many friends here, all of whom regretted that he could not remain longer. Mr. Sheedy, however, is like every Western man—always in a hurry.

—Letters have been received announcing the approaching marriage of Mr. Joseph T. Homan, '81, to Miss Laura Werner, both of Cincinnati. The ceremony will take place in St. Xavier's Church, Cincinnati, on Tuesday, June 4. Mr. Homan and his amiable *fiancée* have the best wishes of numerous friends at Notre Dame.

—Mr. J. Berteling, the father of the University physician, Dr. J. Berteling, was a welcome visitor to Notre Dame during the week. Mr. Berteling is a well-preserved, active and intelligent gentleman of more than seventy years of age. He was delighted with all he saw at Notre Dame, and accorded the highest praise to the many educational advantages to be found here.

—"The Rev. Dr. Salvatori, His Excellency's late Secretary has, as you know, been appointed to the Professorial Chair of Theology at the University of Notre Dame. What a wonderfully clever man he was! It was a treat to hear him talk. An hour in his company was an hour richly invested with a harvest of instruction, imparted as modestly as only true genius can. One who travelled with him, when he first came out to India—an English gentleman, himself an eminent scholar—said that he found Dr. Salvatori knew everything. Making allowances for admiring exaggeration, his remark was not very far from the truth. America will undoubtedly be the gainer by his presence there, and the young seminarists budding into the flower of priesthood will profit immensely by his teaching." (Extract from a letter to the *Indo-European Correspondence*.)

## Local Items.

- A little cool yet!
- Four, four, four weeks more!
- Nathan says it was a *chic* affair.
- Next Thursday is Ascension Day.
- The prevailing opinion is that Granger is a dry place.
- The "School of poetry" can now say: "We are vindicate."
- New steps will be built to the front entrance of Washington Hall.
- Company "B" will take in the Farm a week from to-morrow.
- The Junior Branch of the Archconfraternity take their "annual" to-morrow.
- Senior and Junior championship games were prevented by rain last Thursday.
- The Caps and Jackets say they want an impartial umpire, and want one badly.
- There was no riot Wednesday evening. It was simply a rehearsal of the opera.
- There was an interesting thirteen inning game on the Junior diamond Thursday.
- According to recent developments, there is more than one *Thaumaturgus* in this locality.
- Two new Minims from Milwaukee have come to reinforce the ranks of the princes.
- Next Thursday is Memorial Day. The customary exercises will be held in South Bend.
- Some of the ball players might put a better game if they wouldn't talk so much while in the field.
- The citizens of Granger are a goodly sort of people. They do not keep their stores open on Sundays.
- The Glee Club is rehearsing under the direction of Prof. Liscombe for the opera to be given in June.
- There is some good material in the Junior fourth nine, as they have played several strong games with the "Vins."
- A mistake in punctuation made one sentence in the account of the first championship game read rather curiously.
- Rt. Rev. Bishop Dwenger will administer the Sacrament of Confirmation in the college church on next Friday morning.
- Elegant stone steps are being put up in front of Music Hall. They will contribute greatly to the beauty of the appearance of the building.
- St. Edward's Park begins to look beautiful. Large conche shells forming the letters Saint Edward contrast beautifully with the rich green sward.
- The invincible base-ball association of the Junior department are daily crossing bats with the other nines of the department and are meeting with a great deal of success.
- The Ann Arbor team was to have played here this morning; but on account of having a

date at another place for yesterday set aside, the nine abandoned their trip till later.

—Two magnificent palace cars have already been secured for the Western contingent leaving for home after Commencement. Preparations are being made for a more than usually pleasant trip.

—The cablegram from the Very Rev. and beloved Founder, bearing the magic words "Arrived. Sorin," sent a thrill of joy through Notre Dame last Monday, to be surpassed only by the joy which his return will cause in a few weeks.

—Melady's men are confident of winning the next championship game. They have a mascot which is in the possession of Fred Carney. Fred will take it out the day of the game, and run it round the bases in order to impart good luck to the "Blues."

—The annual spring games of the University of Michigan occur in Ann Arbor to-day. An invitation was extended to Notre Dame to be present and enter in the events. Owing to lack of time for training it was found impossible to send any one to represent the University.

—Rev. President Walsh has commenced the examination of the classes in St. Edward's Hall. He has just made the visit of the classes in the College, and he told the Minims of the first Arithmetic class that they compared very favorably with those he had already examined.

—The many friends of Mr. John O'Connor Burns will be grieved to hear that in the recent city election Mr. Burns as a candidate for Alderman received only three votes in the sixth ward, and was of course defeated. Mr. Burns, however, is not discouraged; and means to try it again.

—B. Hugh's special Junior second nine, heretofore known as the "Invincibles," were vanquished by the regular third nine special on the 19th inst. by a score of 29 to 15. The noticeable features of the game were Noe's batting and Gapping's base running. McGinty umpired a very satisfactory game.

—By all means let us have a new college cheer. The old one is stale and is not euphonious. What is the matter with "'Rah, 'rah, 'rah; 'rah, 'rah, 'rah; 'rah, 'rah, 'rah; Notre Dame!" Let the "'rahs" be spoken, or rather yelled, with a quick, short tone. Anyone suggesting a better cheer than this will be rewarded with thanks.

—On the 19th inst. the Senior members of the Archconfraternity took a delightful trip to St. Joseph's Farm. The excursionists, under the direction of Rev. Father Stoffel, were accompanied by Rev. President Walsh, Rev. Fathers Morrissey and Kirsch; Bros. Basil, Alexander, Marcellinus, Emmanuel and Hilarion; Prof. Hoynes, Prof. Egan and Gerald. A most enjoyable time was had by all.

—The Minim first nines played the initial game of the championship series last Thursday afternoon. The batteries were: *Blues*—Snyder.

and Roberts; *Reds*—Kehoe and McDonald. The features of the game were Snyder's pitching, Robert's work behind the bat, the batting of Dongherty and Cudahy, and the fielding of Kaye.

—With this issue Mr. G. H. Craig, of the Law Department, severs his connection with the SCHOLASTIC. The demands upon his time by his studies as the end of the year draws near prevent him from giving attention to journalistic calls. Mr. Craig has contributed greatly during the year to make the College paper readable and entertaining, and the "Staff" regret his enforced withdrawal. He has the best wishes of every one for success in all his undertakings.

—LOCAL ART NOTES—The trimmings of Sorin Hall are receiving a fresh coat of paint.—Red noses are going out of style.—The Total Separation Society has decided not to paint things red at Commencement. The Temperance society adopted the same resolution early in the year.—A number of the boys have taken advantage of the competition among South Bend photographers and have had their "phiz" taken. Of course, none of the photographers do justice to the original.

—Frightened at the prospect of a second exposure, the Night Owls have sought to intimidate a fearless press by anonymous messages and communications. Knowing that we have driven them almost to despair, we were not surprised at receiving the following a few days ago:

*To all whom it may concern.*

"The Night Owls are not afraid of the press. They are only waiting for some dark night when they will take their prey by storm. So, beware, do not fall a victim.

"NIGHT OWLS."

We are not alarmed. When we have a duty to perform we will do it and take the consequences. We warn the Owls to desist from such notices. Our patience has been sorely tried. A few more camels like that will break the straw's back. 'Tis safer by far to toy with a base burning hornet than it is to monkey with a fearless press. Night Owls, beware! *Verbum sap!*

—LOCAL LITERARY NOTES.—The first volume of "A Crazy Man's Reveries" will soon be forthcoming.—It is said that Tewks. will shortly issue a book on Coaching.—Only a few more issues of this paper before Commencement. Now is the time, etc.—Among the valuable acquisitions to base-ball literature is Mr. McGinty's pamphlet on Umpiring.—"Why I Did Not go to Oklahoma," by "Kossuth Township," will be read at the next meeting of the Total Separation Society. Few will be present.—"What I Wanted of Cider," by Jimmie; "Beans as an Article of Diet," by "Boston"; "Granger" by Freddie, and "Sights of South Bend," by "B. Bottle," will be read at the next meeting of the Sorin Hall Literary and Bombastic Association.

—AT THE LAKE.—There has been a number of changes in the crews of late. L. Meagher and H. Jewett have left the four-oared crews

on account of ill health. In Mithen's boat K. Newton, Pim and Fleming have taken the places of D. and W. Cartier and Reynolds who have discontinued rowing. Hepburn's crew is rowing daily over the June course and show up in good form.—Piscatorial pursuits are all well enough, even though conducive to mendacity. But it is not the proper thing to catch fish and leave them where they will be set afloat and wash ashore to emit a loud smell.—The ground in the vicinity of the brick house has become a blooming garden under the supervision of the Boat Club horticulturist and able assistants.—The piles on which the old boat house rested are being removed.—A float is badly needed, and one will be constructed when the carpenters can be secured.—The gigs are being fitted out with new slides.

—LAW DEPARTMENT.—The arguments in the Scott case were begun at Saturday's session of the Moot-court, and the countenances of the jury beamed with pleasure at this indication that they would soon be relieved from their long and tedious sitting. Mr. Dougherty opened for the State, and was followed by Mr. Nester of the prisoner's counsel. Adjournment was had till Wednesday evening. At this session Mr. Nester finished his argument, and Mr. Long, of the prosecution, closed the pleadings. The defendant's refuge was self-defense. With such irresistible eloquence and touching pleas for both sides fresh in their minds the jury withdrew, and after a long delay sent in word that they had agreed to disagree, which announcement gave joy to Mr. Scott, although he had hoped for an acquittal. Barrister O'Flaherty will appear for him if the case is tried again.—The remainder of the graduation theses will be heard soon.—The morning class has been studying the subject of Arbitration this week.—Lectures on Equity occupy the afternoon hours.

—It is best to speak in time. Commencement is at hand. The collegiate year draws rapidly to a close, and soon the student will leave his *Alma Mater* and go forth to monkey with the stern realities and other bores of life. Then in future years, when wearied, perchance, with the mighty cares of state or fatigued with holding up the side of some feeble building, the mind will seek relaxation in reflection and in the recollections of by-gone college days. Then you will wonder what has become of Schmitz and Prudhomme; where is J. V. Melady, Fehr and Hepburn; what can Freddie be doing, and "Bottle" too; where is Boston, Patterson, Dwyer, Tewksbury, Burke, the "Sport," Kelly, Brookfield, Göke, Chute, Aiken, "Birdie" and "Lightning," and all the rest of the boys; is A. Eugene O'F. practising law; is McGinty a league umpire; does Jimmie still want cider; do the Columbians still play "Cherry Bounce"; does "Razzle Dazzle" still hold the fort; is Morrison still opposed to prohibition; where is "Dubuque" and "Posey County"; does the Total Sep. still exist? How, fond reader, will you be enabled



to answer all these questions about the companions of yore. Why, buy a bound volume, and leave your name as a yearly subscriber to the SCHOLASTIC which will keep you posted.

### Roll of Honor.

#### SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

Messrs. Ahlrichs, Burns, Burger, Blessington, Barnes, Brewer, Burke, Brelsford, Blackman, Cassidy, Crooker, S. Campbell, E. Chacon, Carney, T. Coady, P. Coady, Chute, W. Campbell, E. Coady, Combe, L. Chacon, G. Cartier, Dacy, Dore, Dougherty, Dwyer, Davis, Freeman, J. Fleming, Finckh, Fehr, Franklin, Fitzgerald, Forbes, Goebel, Giblin, Gallardo, Gallagher, Guillen, Houlihan, Healy, Hayes, Hacket, L. Herman, M. Howard, Hoover, Hummer, Heard, Inks, Karasynski, Kimball, F. Kelly, Kenny, Louisell, Lane, Lesner, Lozana, Leonard, F. Long, L. Long, Larkin, McNally, McErlain, Mackey, Madden, McAuliff, McKeon, Jas. McCarthy, McGinnity, V. Morrison, W. Morrison, J. Meagher, W. Meagher, Melady, Mithen, H. Murphy, H. C. Murphy, Nester, A. O'Flaherty, E. O'Brien, O'Shea, O'Donnell, O'Hara, P. O'Flaherty, L. Paquette, C. Paquette, Prichard, Patterson, Powers, Reynolds, Rourke, Roberts, W. Rothert, Roper, C. Roberts, Schmitz, R. Sullivan, Steiger, J. B. Sullivan, Stephenson, H. Smith, G. Soden, C. Soden, Spencer, Toner, Tiernan, V. Vurpillat, F. Vurpillat, Welsh, Wade, Woods, C. Youngerman, Zeitler, W. O'Brien.

#### JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

Masters Adelsperger, W. Allen, Aarons, Anson, Brady, Boyd, Baltes, Bryan, Bradley, Cunningham, Case, Cass, Connelly, Collins, Cauthorn, Chute, L. N. Davis, E. Du Brul, Devine, Dempsey Daniels, Darroch, Ernest, Elder, Falvey, C. Fleming, P. Fleming, Frei, J. Fitzgerald, C. Fitzgerald, Green, R. Healy, Heller, Hesse, Howard, Hoerr, Hughes, Hanrahan, Hartman, Hammond, Ibold, Joslyn, Krembs, King, W. Kutsche, Maher, Maurus, Monarch, Malone, J. Mooney, Mackey, Merz, McGrath, McMahon, McIvers, J. McIntosh, L. McIntosh, McPhee, McDonnell, F. Neef, A. Neef, Nester, Noe, G. O'Brien, Populorum, Pecheux, F. Peck, Prichard, J. Peck, Palmer, Quinlan, Rose, I. Rose, E. Roth, Rowsey, S. Schillo, C. Sullivan, A. Sullivan, Spalding, Sutter, L. Scherrer, Shear, Smith, Sachs, Staples, Talbot, Towne, Wilbanks, Wood, Welch, Weitzel, Willian, Young.

#### MINIM DEPARTMENT.

Masters Ackerman, Bates, Blake, Barbour, Bruel, T. Burns, J. Burns, Brown, Boyle, Blease, Connelly, Cornell, Creedon, C. Connor, W. Connor, Cudahy, W. Crawford, A. Crawford, Carter, Clark, Downing, Durand, J. Doherty, Jas. Dungan, J. Dungan, Dorsey, J. Dempsey, F. Dempsey, Dench, Dodson, E. Elkin, F. Evers, Elder, Eckler, Finnerty, Falvey, Furthman, E. Furthman, W. Furthman, Fanning, Grant, Greene, Goodwillie, Gregg, Goodman, Gerber, Girardin, Gikison, Hendry, Hagus, Hamilton, Hedenberg, Johns, Kane, Kroolman, Keeler, Kirk, Koester, Kehoe, Levi, Livingston, Londoner, Longergan, Lehnberg, Lee, A. Marre, J. Marre, Maternes, Marx, McPhee, Mattas, McDanel, McGuire, Mooney, Mayer, Montague, C. McCarthy, J. McCarthy, Miller, Marr, Morrison, H. Mestling, E. Mestling, Mosier, W. Nichols, C. Nichols, O'Neill, Oppenheimer, Plautz, L. Paul, Parker, C. Paul, Powell, Quill, Seerey, Seidensticker, Steineman, Stange, Stafflin, Thornton, Taylor, Trujillo, Witkowsky, F. Webb, R. Webb, Wever, Washburne, Wilcox, L. Wilson, W. Wilson, Watson, Waterman, C. Zoehrlaut, G. Zoehrlaut.

### Class Honors.

#### COLLEGIATE COURSE.

Messrs. C. Paquette, Knight, Kimball, Burger, Mackey, Reynolds, W. O'Brien, Prichard, Delaney, A. Finckh, Mithen, Leonard, Hughes, Brelsford, Goebel, G. Cooke, H. Jewett, E. Kehoe, Hoover, R. Newton, V. Morrison, Larkin, W. Morrison, F. Jewett, Fehr, Akin, Rothert, J.

Meagher, W. Meagher, H. Brannick, Barrett, Carney, L. Chute, Burke, H. C. Murphy, Dwyer, Hummer, E. Chacon, Brewer, F. Long, Tiernan, H. Smith, McNally, F. Neef, J. Brady, Reinhard, E. Adelsperger, Pecheux, L. Davis, McPhee, L. Scherrer, E. Hughes, Wilbanks, M. Howard, Boyd.

### List of Excellence.

#### COLLEGIATE COURSE.

*Latin*—Messrs. R. Adelsperger, Larkin, Barrett, Brelsford, W. Meagher, W. Morrison, S. Hummer; *Literary Criticism*—Messrs. Cavanagh, Holden, W. Larkin, J. Meagher; *Astronomy*—T. Goebel; *Calculus*—Messrs. W. Morrison, McPhee, L. Scherrer; *Surveying*—Messrs. C. Paquette, L. Scherrer; *Trigonometry*—Messrs. Pecheux, Reinhard; *Geometry*—Messrs. J. Brady, F. Neef, Wilbanks, J. Hackett, Weitzel, R. Boyd, Joslyn; *Algebra*—Messrs. Brady, Reinhard, Weitzel, Fehr, O'Shea; *Rhetoric*—Messrs. L. Hermann, H. C. Murphy, E. Du Brul, F. Schillo, F. Wile; *Composition*—Messrs. Blackman, Dacey, Weitzel; *Physics*—Messrs. Larkin, W. McPhee; *Chemistry*—W. McPhee; *Ancient History*—Messrs. M. Louisell, Priestly; *English History*—Messrs. Burger, L. Hermann; *Greek*—Messrs. Burke, Barrett, Brelsford, C. Gavanagh, Weitzel, J. Fitzgerald, King.

#### SPECIAL COURSES.

*German*—Messrs. Krembs, Weitzel, F. Neef, Maurus, Hahn, Bunker, Welch, Hesse; *French*—Messrs. V. Morrison, Spencer, A. Adams, Pecheux, F. Neef, Carney; *Linear Drawing*—Messrs. F. Neef, Pecheux, J. Brady, C. Fitzgerald, S. Campbell, Wade, E. Roth, Mackey, C. Paquette; *Mechanical Drawing*—Messrs. Eyanson, Delaney, W. O'Brien; *Figure Drawing*—Messrs. W. Morrison, Lamont, McIntosh; *Perspective Drawing*—Messrs. H. Jewett, Carroll, Prudhomme; *Telegraphy*—G. Knoblauch; *Type-Writing*—Messrs. I. Rose, D. Cartier; *Photography*—Messrs. Lesner, C. Roberts, F. Wile, Blessington, W. Campbell, Reedy, Brennan, Curry.

#### MINIM DEPARTMENT.

*Grammar*—Masters Koester, Bates, Connelly, Kehoe, J. Dempsey, L. Paul, F. Evers, M. Elkin, O'Neill, Downing, Falvey, Miller, Kaye, Gregg, Stone, Greene, Snyder, Mayer; *Arithmetic*—Masters Connelly, Powell, McPhee, Kaye, Kane, O'Neill, Seery, Crane, Downing, Greene, Goodman, Hamilton, C. McCarthy, Kirk, Plautz, Miller, Goodwillie, Foster, J. Dungan, F. Dempsey, Wever, T. Burns, Finnerty, Londoner; *Geography*—Masters Koester, J. Dempsey, E. Elkin, Kehoe, F. Webb, Bates, Seery, Fanning, Mooney, Witkowsky, Powell, Miller, Gregg, Johns, Stone, Kirk, Goodman, Creedon, E. Falvey, W. Nichols, Crane, Seidensticker, J. Burns, Stephens; *Orthography*—Masters Seery, E. Elkin, M. Elkin, Connelly, Bruel, Kehoe, R. Webb, Cudahy, C. Connor, Gregg, C. McCarthy, Greene, Downing, Marr, O'Neill, Lee; *Reading*—Masters Bates, F. Webb, Cudahy, Seery, O'Neill, C. McCarthy, Powell, Grant, Roberts, G. Mayer, Greene, Witkowsky, Hamilton, J. Marre, Creedon, Goodwillie, Stephens, F. Dempsey, Hedenberg, Blake; *Penmanship*—Masters Seidensticker, Stone, Gregg, Roberts, Durand, Creedon, Plautz, McPhee, Wever, A. Marre, Dodson; *Christian Doctrine*—Masters J. Dempsey, Fanning, Mooney, Quill, Kehoe, Connelly, Gregg, J. Marre, Creedon, Durand, Stone, G. Mayer, Blake, McGuire, Cornell, Trujillo, C. Nichols; *Piano*—Masters Plautz, Barbour, Durand, Cornell, W. Crawford, Seery, Seidensticker, Goodman.

### PROFITABLE VACATION WORK:

Any student desiring remunerative work during the coming summer should write The Statesman Publishing Co., Suite H, 78 La Salle St., Chicago, for particulars of work furnished by them.

Several college boys made good pay last summer and greater advantages are offered for the coming vacation. Inclose stamp.

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## St. Mary's Academy.

*One Mile West of Notre Dame University.*

—Rev. Father Walsh, C. S. C., gave a very interesting instruction last Monday at May devotions.

—Another instruction was given on Thursday evening by Rev. Father Hudson in his usual eloquent and impressive manner.

—Misses M. Flitner and M. Clore should have been mentioned last week among those who excelled in the Third Preparatory Arithmetic competition.

—Misses M. Hurff and J. Robinson gave pleasing recitations on Sunday evening after the reading of the notes. Rev. Fathers L'Etourneau and Zahm were present.

—The pupils of St. Luke's Studio were honored on Tuesday last by a visit from Miss Eliza Allen Starr. With all her old-time kindness, she passed among the young ladies, who eagerly listened to her words of encouragement.

—The following visitors registered at St. Mary's during the past week were: Mrs. T. H. Rooney, H. Niether, Mrs. J. Madden, Mrs. P. Madden, Chicago; J. Irwin, Freeport, Ill.; Mrs. C. Maurus, E. J. Maurus, Seneca, Ill.; Mrs. H. Hall, Mrs. E. Balch, Omaha, Neb.; Mrs. F. Hamilton, Austin, Texas; Mrs. W. N. Schindler, Miss O. Tong, Mishawaka.

—At 10 o'clock on Wednesday morning Miss Starr delivered a lecture on "The Three Rivals"—Donatello, Brunelleschi and Lorenzo Ghiberti. Miss Starr is too well known as an art lecturer to need words of praise. Every word was fraught with interest, and whether artist or not, one would find it impossible to relax attention even for a moment. The art department at St. Mary's owes much to Miss Starr, and is keenly appreciative of the interest ever manifested by the highly esteemed artist and critic, who wears the Latare Medal of Notre-Dame with so much honor.

—Miss Angela Donnelly went home on the 15th to be present at the marriage of her sister, Miss Nellie B. Donnelly, and Dr. A. J. Mullen. The bride was for some time one of St. Mary's esteemed pupils, and many good wishes are extended that all happiness may attend her and her husband through life. The *Michigan City News*, of the 15th, gave a full description of the ceremony, etc.; from its account we take the following extract:

"Of the lovely bride, nought but good words can be spoken. She is the daughter of one of Michigan City's oldest and best known families, an accomplished young lady, with a sweetness of disposition that has won for her friends innumerable from her childhood. This fact was evidenced without saying, by the very large numbers of young people who were at the church to witness the great event in the life of their friend—her marriage ceremony."

### "Eaten Bread is Soon Forgotten."

What depths of meaning lie hidden in old maxims! Year after year have they been current, and yet their wisdom is acknowledged by all as unreservedly now as in the days when the epithet, trite, could not be applied to them. Rhetoricians may class our subject among proverbs, or, lower still, among saws; but its signification is none the less striking. In the present age much of the force of writings is lost by diffuseness of style, and ideas are so covered with words that their impress is vague, hence soon pass from the mind.

"Eaten bread is soon forgotten," though a homely saying, expresses a truth that all recognize, and that with the majority experience has proved. There are few qualities more to be admired than gratitude; but, alas! few that are rarer. A short time suffices to erase from our memory a kindness shown us; but let an injustice be done, and it is never forgotten; we write benefits conferred upon us in water, but engrave our wrongs upon adamant.

The truly generous do not crave an acknowledgment of favors accorded, but all are pleased to know that their efforts meet with appreciation. Years but multiply the sacrifices of a mother; she devotes her life to the promotion of her children's happiness; hers is a labor of love, it is true, and the knowledge that she has added to the joys of those dearest to her is a sweet reward; but is her heart content?

Have you ever seen a mother's face brighten at an unlooked-for caress from a manly son? If you have, you must have read in that hour the heart hunger that every mother feels, and that in so many cases is never satisfied. Too often are her ministrations taken as a work of duty, and through thoughtlessness the words of love are unspoken. Let us speak them now before it is too late, that the tears shed over her when death shall claim her may not taste of the bitterness added by ingratitude.

To our teachers, too, is a debt of grateful appreciation due; the solicitude, the prayerful interest shown by them can never be repaid by other drafts than those upon the bank of gratitude. All our life-time we are receiving kindnesses from those around us; perhaps our days are made happy by a thousand little acts of thoughtfulness on the part of one who is truly a friend; we feel all this, and our thanks are expressed in every look, word and action.

A hasty expression, a fancied injury and the countless deeds of kindness are forgotten, and

in the gloom of that one act we see not the sunshine that was ours for so long. Again, we feel truly grateful to a friend; but in his hour of need we fail through cowardice to express our sentiments. True, the hand that received the bread may not strike a blow, but neither does it defend. Is this noble? The pages of history recount beautiful examples of fidelity and gratitude, and; though they were inspired by only natural motives, we cannot but admire those heroes who were mindful of favors received, while we turn with disgust from those who took up arms against their benefactors. When our tender and compassionate Lord healed the ten lepers, did He need their thanks? Yet, when one returned to give thanks, He asked reproachfully: "Were not ten made clean? Where are the nine?"

Gratitude to God is a Christian's duty, and is the surest pledge of a continuance of Heaven's blessings. Let, then, our grateful love ascend, for it is the sweetest incense that comes from the tabernacle of the heart and reaches far up to the throne of God. If we are kind to all and strive to carry sunshine with us it is wonderful how beautiful the world seems to become; the happiness we impart to others sheds a light over our own days, and as we give we seem to receive. If we close our heart no brightness can enter, and the tender flower of gratitude dies, leaving us to think of self, forgetful of others and their kindness to us when most we needed sympathy.

LOUISE McNAMARA (*Class '89*).

### Roll of Honor.

#### SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

Misses Ansbach, Anson, Bub, Bates, Burton, Beschmenng, Barron, Bush, M. Beck, C. Beck, Clifford, Caren, Connell, Ducey, Davis, Dempsey, Dorsey, De Montcourt, M. Dunkin, N. Dunkin, English, Flannery, Fursman, Gavan, M. Gibson, N. Gibson, Gordon, Hertzog, Hammond, Harlen, M. Horner, I. Horner, Hurff, Healy, C. Hurley, K. Hurley, Hamilton, Hutchinson, Haight, Irwin, Hubbard, Henke, Kasser, C. Keeney, A. Keeney, Koopman, Linneen, Ledwith, Meehan, McNamara, N. Morse, Moore, Marley, McCarthy, H. Nester, Nicholas, Prudhomme, Piper, Quealey, Reidinger, Robinson, Roberts, Rentfrow, Rend, Rinn, Spurgeon, Studebaker, Schiltze, Sauter, Thayer, Tress, Van Horn, Van Mourick, Violette, Wright, Webb, Zahm.

#### JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

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#### MINIM DEPARTMENT.

Misses Ayer, E. Burns, Crandall, Hamilton, Kelly, L. McHugh, M. McHugh, Moore, Scherrer, S. Smyth, N. Smyth, Winnans.

### SCHOOL OF ART AND DESIGN.

#### HONORABLY MENTIONED.

GRADUATING CLASS—Miss A. Gordon.

#### ELEMENTARY PERSPECTIVE.

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3D CLASS—Misses Dempsey, Miller, Ernest, Kahn, Pugsley, Penburthy, Linneen, Scherrer, M. Burns, Watson.

#### WORKING IN CRAYON.

Misses I. Horner, Schiltze, Piper, Hull, E. Coll, Crane, A. Wurzburg.

#### PAINTING IN WATER-COLORS.

Misses Brewer, Clarke, Hutchinson, Wagner, Bloom.

#### OIL PAINTING.

Misses Nicholas, Robinson, Sauter, Wehr, Bub, Henke, Burton, Wright, Hellmann.

#### PAINTING ON CHINA.

Miss A. Regan.

### GENERAL DRAWING.

#### SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

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#### JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

Misses G. Fosdick, A. Thirds, R. Campbell, A. Graves, C. Daly, M. Smyth, P. Griffith, L. McHugh, M. Davis, K. Sweeney, J. Smyth, E. Kaspar, L. Dolan, C. Kloth, E. Quealey, M. Hoyt, S. Levy, L. Mestling.

PHILOSOPHY could never have attained to Christian revelation or the sacred mysteries of our holy religion; but now that the revelation is made that the mysteries are revealed, we know that all sound philosophy does and must accord with them—must, as far as it goes, prepare the mind to receive them, and, taken in connection with the historical facts in the case, must demand them as its own complement.

Modern philosophy is mainly a method, and develops a method of reasoning instead of presenting principles to intellectual contemplation. It takes up the question of method before that of principles, and seeks by the method to determine the principles, instead of leaving the principles to determine the method. Hence it becomes simply a doctrine of science, a doctrine of abstractions, or pure mental conceptions, instead of being, as it should be, a doctrine of reality, of things divine and human. It is cold, lifeless, and offers only dead forms which satisfy neither the intellect nor the heart. It does not and cannot move the mind towards life and reality. It obscures first principles, and impairs the native force and truthfulness of the intellect. The evil can be remedied only by returning from this philosophy of abstractions—from modern psychology or subjectivism to the philosophy of reality, the philosophy of life, which presents to the mind the first principles of all life and of all knowledge as identical. R.