

THE NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.

DISCE · QUASI · SEMPER · VICTURUS ·

· VIVE · QUASI · CRAS · MORITURUS ·

VOL. XXIII.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, NOVEMBER 2, 1889.

No. 9.

Rondeau.

[*A Conversation on Board an Ocean Steamer.*]

"The eyes that tell when hearts throb fast"—
(Bill, sea-sick, said with many sighs)—
"Of happiness that in love lies
Are brown," he wailed. Jack said: "Avast!

Go, get thee safe behind the mast,
Your clumsy compass tells you lies.
The 'ayes' that tell

Are where the anchor's landward cast,
And tars hear pleasant city cries,"
"No," said the purser, looking wise,
"Black 'i's,' well dotted, realize
The i's that tell!"

A.

Stray Leaves from a Vacation Diary.

BY M. O'DEA.

V.—PARIS.

AUGUST 7. (Continued.) When we had finished our lunch, the English student introduced me to his companions, and offered to go with me to the Ecole Polytechnique. The invitation was regretfully declined because I had visited the school before and my time in the city was growing short. Two of the students are going to Switzerland, they told me, for a vacation tramp in the Alps, and we promised to meet at Lausanne or Geneva next week. I left them in the restaurant and started on an exploration tour through the zigzag streets and passages of the Latin Quarter. A few days ago a friend told me that the side walks in this quarter consisted principally of a four-inch curbstone. Very often it appears that the quaint, irregular ancient houses were built on top of the walks;

and their positions seem to show that the cardinal points were unknown or entirely disregarded by the builders. This Faubourg St. Germain is the old nobility quarter, but most of them have removed to the modern part of the city around the Arc de Triomphe. It is said that the narrow, busy street which I have crossed several times to-day is not much changed from what it was when the brilliant Madame de Staël, in exile in Switzerland, sighed for her "gutter of the Rue du Bac." Many historical events have occurred in this famous old street.

Along the walls, in the streets and courts, in nooks and corners, everywhere, I found book-stalls crowded with old and new books. There seems to be no censorship of the press in regard to morals, and much of the literature offered to students here is even more vile than the pictures so prominently displayed in the store windows on the Avenue de l'Opera and the Grands Boulevards. Besides this, however, there are thousands of volumes of the best works written on all subjects and in many languages, with prices low enough to suit the poorest student or book lover. I found one very old book on a scientific subject with which I am somewhat familiar, and was surprised to note the modern tone of some of the matter. It is not hard to understand why a superficial or prejudiced reader is so easily tempted to exclaim with Chaucer that "Out of olde books cometh all this new science that men lere." To recognize and appreciate the value and importance of advance steps, good-will, thorough knowledge and experience are required.

Besides the churches, colleges, palaces and slums, the immense catacombs that undermine this part of the city attract many visitors to the Latin Quarter. There are twenty cemeteries in or near Paris, but most of the dead now rest

in the catacombs. The abandoned stone quarries were consecrated for this purpose a hundred years ago, and the bones were collected from churches and cemeteries where they had been accumulating for centuries. Since the general removal, ordinary and extraordinary deaths have increased the number and the inscriptions over the apartments, such as *Tombeau de la Revolution* and *Tombeau des Victimes*, show that sometimes thousands were added at once. One mate gives 6,000,000 as the number of inhabitants of this underground city of the dead.

After three hours of aimless but very interesting wandering, I came to the border of the Latin Quarter at the Pont de l'Archevêché. In front of me across the narrow arm of the Seine was the grand Cathedral of *Notre Dame de Paris*: one of the first places I visited, and which I have several times since admired from all points. I crossed the bridge, and a short distance to my right I saw a low building which I recognized as the Morgue. Even here, and, as my Tit-Bits Guide says, with a certain lugubrious truth, the inscription above the entrance is "*Liberté, Egalité, Fraternité*." I went inside, and through the glass partition I saw half a dozen ghastly, frozen *cadavres* side by side on the slabs waiting for identification. One woman at least seventy years old, a large, strong man with an intellectual face, a girl, two workmen, and at the end of the row a man who, from his face, hat and clothes, I thought might be an American. The morgues I have seen at home in St. Louis and other cities are exactly similar to this, and without further inspection I stepped back into a recess and watched the much more interesting and varied expressions on the faces of the living who were continually coming in to look at the dead.

From the Morgue I crossed to the Ile St. Louis and on to the Pont Sully, a modern and graceful iron structure. The view from any of the twenty-five or thirty bridges in the city is splendid, and visitors are always tempted to stop and enjoy it. At the southern end of the Pont Sully I saw the mammoth *Halle aux Vins*, which covers one hundred acres, cost over five million dollars, and contains, on an average, half a million casks. The demand for wine is immense, but this market seems fully able to supply it. Inside the gates there are 444 cellars and warehouses capable of holding 450,000 casks of wine, 100,000 of brandy, and 400 of olive oil. Above the wine market on the same side of the river is the celebrated *Jardin des Plantes*. I did not visit either place, but turned to the left and went up the new Boulevard Henry IV. to the

Place de la Bastille. The site of the renowned castle and prison is now a broad, open space, larger than the Place de l'Etoile. Excepting history, the only evidence that man and time have left of the great events which have occurred here is the lofty bronze *Colonne de Juillet*, surmounted by its gilt globe and colossal, life-like, nude figure representing the Genius of Liberty. Among other memorable incidents, the insurgents of '48 erected their strongest barricade beneath this statue, and here the much-beloved Archbishop Affre was shot while using his efforts to stop the frightful carnage. He died uttering: "May my blood be the last spilt in civil war!"

It was not yet the regular Parisian dinner hour, but I was tired and ready for supper, so I got into a cab and told the driver where to go. He took me past the Hotel de Ville, Tour St. Jacques, Louvre and Palais Royale to the Bourse. There I left him and went to a restaurant near Notre Dame des Victoires where I was acquainted and had no fear of getting horse flesh when I asked for beef or mutton. I have it from good authority that most of the steaks at the restaurants come from defunct *gee-gees*: broken down horses that have been driven to death on the boulevards. Many of the shops with "Boucherie Hippique" over their doors sell nothing but horse, mule and donkey's flesh. Some of the residents, especially the poor, say that this meat is cleaner and better, and they prefer it to beef, mutton or pork; and it is said that this unusual taste was not acquired during the siege, but long before. I have "looked it up," and copy here a few of the prices current a few weeks before the capitulation. Two elephants were killed and their flesh, which was very tough, sold for \$3 to \$3.50 per pound. Zebras, zebras, yaks, buffaloes, antelopes, camels and stags, for which no food could be obtained, were all sold to the butchers. Horse flesh was \$3 to \$5 per pound; dog, 60 cents; rabbits, \$6 to \$8 each; cats, \$1 to \$2; a hen, \$8; a goose, \$40; a turkey, \$50; eggs, 60 cents each; large carrots, 20 cents; small head of cabbage, \$1.25. The price of coarse bread, made from a mixture of wheat, oats and rice, was fixed by law; adults were allowed to buy half a pound daily for two cents, and children a less amount for one cent.

I finished my supper leisurely, listened to the animated conversation and continual *bon mots* of the people near me, then strolled back across the river to the Avenue Bosquet to get my baggage. I reached the hotel near the Exposition at six, and was told that my train left the *Gare de Lyon* at seven, and that I would have to

hurry. The easy, graceful movements that come so naturally in Paris would not do, and my departure was really *à l'Américain*. The legal charge for a single cab ride to any place within the walls, be the distance more or less, is only one franc, fifty (30 cents). To this a *pourboire* of twenty-five or fifty *centimes* is usually added for the driver. One guide book warns visitors to always demand a card from the *cocher* giving his number and the legal price list, and says that "he will probably ask you if you want his photo as well." I got into a cab at the hotel door, and my satchel was enough to show the cabman that I was a stranger. When I told him that I had to reach the depot before seven he made the inimitable French shrug and said: "*impossible!*" I offered him double fare and he demanded more. This, I thought, was an imposition, and I left his cab and walked quickly to the river. The neat passenger boats on the Seine are very swift, and the fare from one pier to any other is only two cents. I had to wait for one that goes as far as the Pont Austerlitz which I knew was near the depot. When this boat came I was not permitted to go on board because the seats were all taken, and the law is emphatic that only a certain number can be carried. The conductor answered my request with the same shrug and exclamation made by the cabman. Not enough time was left to wait and risk the next boat, and I was willing to pay extra now. Near the Pont des Invalides I found another cab, showed the driver a five-franc piece, and told him he would have it besides his fare if he reached the depot in time. He replied: "*Oui, oui, Monsieur!*" and whipped his nag into a gallop all the way past the Palais Bourbon, Légion d'Honneur, l'Institut and up the numerous quays until he reached the Orleans depot. He claimed that this was where I told him to stop and demanded more pay if I wanted to go to the Lyons depot. There is little distinction, when pronounced hurriedly, between *Gare de Lyon* and *Gare d'Orleans*, but I thought his excuse was only a ruse, and again I refused. I thought I could go from this depot to the other on a *Chemin de Fer Ceinture* train; but with a great many words the guard at the gate informed me that I could not. I had six minutes left and concluded to walk. Several able men who were standing about offered to carry my light satchel. One of them was offensively persistent with his offers, and followed me to the middle of the bridge. I was getting somewhat irritated now, and I put down the satchel and, by signs that could not be misunderstood, showed him that I was prepared to throw him over the

parapet. He went away muttering words I had not learned, and I hurried on to the depot. It was time for the train to start, but there was more trouble when I asked the conductor which car to get into. He slowly and carefully examined the long series of coupons in my *billet de voyage* book, then told me that I had to go to the depot office and have the first coupon stamped: "*Timbre de la gare de départ.*" This formality was complied with, and, though it was unlawful, I got on the train while it was moving.

Outside the fortifications I saw through the open car window a splendid panoramic view of the city: the familiar parks, palaces, churches, monuments, towers and, above all, with an opportunity for comparison, the all-dominating tower which is so tiresomely spoken of, pictured, and diminutively reproduced: the key and the unique thing of the World's Exposition,—the successful exhibit of modern science, *Le Grand Tour Eiffel*.

When this faded in the dim distance I looked at my map and saw that the route followed the Seine, and that the scenery would be similar to what I had seen along the Seine from Rouen to Paris. I turned up my coat collar, pulled my slouch hat over my eyes and slept until I arrived at Fontainebleau.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Was Dickens a Greater Master of Pathos than Thackeray?

A SYMPOSIUM BY THE CLASS OF CRITICISM.*

Probably two of the most pathetic scenes in our modern literature are depicted by Dickens and Thackeray—"The death of Little Nell" and "The death of Colonel Newcomb." In the former the subject appeals more to the feelings of the reader. We see a young, innocent child lying on a sick bed, at any moment to be snatched away from her earthly existence pure and innocent, by that terrible monster, Death. Even the thought is a most pathetic one. It appeals more to our feelings than to our imagination. Col. Newcomb, an old man, is lying on his sick bed; at a ripened age he passes away as if tired of life and wanting death. His death-bed appeals more to the imagination than to the feelings. One would imagine that all sorts of sorrows had befallen the old Colonel; but in the case of little Nell we see a child that has not yet beheld this wicked world in all its frivolities and crimes: no sorrow had yet confronted her, and to see a young blossom like this fade away is surely a sad thing. The death-bed scene of little Nell—where she speaks of her bird, probably her

* Their opinions were written in class in half an hour.

only friend—and her last words certainly bring tears to the eyes of the reader. Colonel Newcomb breathes his last, and leaves the reader conscious that his soul has departed—gone to its Maker.

E. HUGHES.

It has been said that the acme of excellence in a literary style is that in which the art of the writer is well concealed. In the "art that conceals art," it seems to me that Thackeray surpassed Dickens.

In reading the pathetic incident of "Little Nell's" untimely end, we are not able wholly to abstract our mind from the personality of the writer. As an example of prose technique the passage from Dickens is admirable; but while we admire its choice diction we forget to weep for poor little Nell cut off in childhood's bloom and beauty. The environments are too theatrical. The stage appointments are perfect; but we are always conscious that we are witnessing a play.

The story of the last hours of poor old Col. Newcomb is told more naturally. Perhaps Thackeray is somewhat heavy and diffuse, but we never think of that; our minds are intent upon the old man's death-bed; and we almost seem to see the worn and pallid face, and almost do we hear the gasping breath that bore the old man's last *adsum*.

H. P. BRELSFORD.

Little Nell is dying! Slowly but surely from the poverty-stricken surroundings is this bright little soul departing. How pathetic, how sad is the death of any little child! More so is the death of Little Nell, young and innocent, gifted with beauty and happy in the childish joys of an humble sphere of life. Little Nell, a ministering angel to those of her fellow-strugglers who were thrown across her path, was taken from her scenes of charity and sympathetic love to a world more akin to her pure soul. True sorrow comes from the heart; and the hearts that wept were laden with sadness for the loss of one so young, so beautiful and so pure, cut down in the fullness of her youth and goodness, taken from a station so humble, the hope, the life, the all of endeared companions. The circumstances of her death, the agony of him who idolized her, make a truly pathetic story, and the pathos is enhanced by the beauty, the sadness of Dickens' narrative.

From the death-bed of a child we turn to that of an old man, honored by all, loved by many—Col. Newcomb. He is dying with the comforts of a well-spent life strewn around him. The man has again become the child, with all the love of his old, yet tender heart centred in the "Boy;" in his heart, the remembrance of an old love still lingers, and his death is rendered more sad by the object of that pure and ardent love of long ago at his bed-side. The circumstance of the little "gown boy" weaves a string of true pathos, of heartfelt sympathy, in the story or description of his death-bed. The

sad feeling which ever and anon comes over us even in the prime of life, when the soft, sweet tones of a church bell reach us, makes the circumstances of his death-bed more pathetic. The deep, agonizing grief of "Lenore" appeals to our hearts; for the heart that loves dies when the object of its love departs.

Which is more pathetic, the circumstances of the death of little Nell or of the death of Col. Newcomb? To me the latter appeals more forcibly; there is more pathos. From this world of sin little Nell departed to find the peace, not to be found in life. Col. Newcomb left all that he loved: he had tasted of life's bitter cup, had braved the struggles of this world, and in the reward of a noble life he had to give up his last hope and love in a heart-rending *adsum*.

J. E. BERRY.

After a careful reading of the death of little Nell in Dickens and that of Colonel Newcomb in Thackeray, it requires but little reflection to decide that the latter is far more pathetic than the former. The mental picture of the old gentleman dying in the Charterhouse, after a life of wealth and prosperity, makes a deep impression upon the mind of the reader. The author cleverly recalls all the noble deeds of the man, his generosity, simplicity and firm integrity, and by introducing several little incidents of his early life, draws forth our sympathy and sorrow. Then the death-bed scene and little circumstances that show his generous, loving disposition, then the visit of his little friend, the gown boy, the wanderings of his mind, and finally the chiming of the bells as the soul leaves the wasted, feeble body,—all these help to make up the most pathetic episode in English literature.

C. T. CAVANAGH.

Dickens and Thackeray, both novelists of great merit and renown, have left us two remarkable instances of pathos: the one in his "Death of Little Nell," the other in his "Death of Col. Newcomb." As far as I could judge from the little chance I had of studying those two passages, the first, I believe, has pleased me with its more formal style and its solemn reflections on the child's death; while the other has awakened in me feelings of sympathy and sorrow. In short, I would prefer the first as a literary piece of work, but the second as a good example of pathos. I admire the art which Dickens uses to awaken tender emotions with a subject not very pathetic in itself; nobody grieves much for the loss of a child, unless it be its own mother.

Thackeray gives us a more simple description, but treats a much more pathetic subject—one in which the circumstances are more likely to affect our feelings. We are naturally more touched by the death of an old man like Col. Newcomb than by that of a mere child; when we think of the good he has done, of all his acts of abnegation and self-sacrifice. We know

moreover that the child will most probably pass to a better life, while in the case of the old man we can but think with anxious concern of what shall become of his soul.

J. E. H. PARADIS.

Two good examples of pathos in writing may be found in "The Old Curiosity Shop" by Charles Dickens and in the "Newcombs," by Thackeray.

In the first instance, the novelist describes the death-bed scene of a little girl. But after the angels have wafted her pure spirit to God, he still lingers by the sorrowful bed-side. There is a perceptible effort made to secure the reader's attention and awaken his sympathy.

The second scene brings us to the death-bed of venerable age. We are called upon to witness the death of an old man whose years are told by his snowy hair and the deep furrows of his forehead. The death of old age is always more sorrowful than that of youth. The fall of the hoary monarch of the forest, against which the storms of centuries have spent their fury, is always more sad to contemplate than the destruction of the infant tree. So when the young are called to God their taking off is like that of a beautiful flower in the early frost of winter.

H. A. HOLDEN.

There is always a feeling of sadness comes over one at the recital of a death-bed scene. It recalls to the memory the picture of some death-bed one has attended, and its never-to-be-forgotten incidents. Dickens and Thackeray give us two excellent descriptions of such scenes: the former in the death of little Nell, the latter in the last moments of Col. Newcomb.

Dickens has for the main figure in his scene a little girl whom he represents as very beautiful and good. But he does not dwell long upon the girl. He brings to our notice a canary, the especial pet of the little girl, which hops about in its cage in the same room. Also on the coffin are some holly leaves, the presence of which is explained by adding that little Nell asked that something be placed on her coffin which grew in the open air. This seems to be a strange request from one so young as little Nell, but, doubtless, to some readers this and the canary add pathos to the description.

In Thackeray we have a subject that is not always written about and talked of. The death of an old man is to my mind a grander and much more pathetic subject than that of a young girl. Especially so is this the case with Colonel Newcomb. When we read of his death we think of his past life, and how much happier he might be if he was in his own house and surrounded by his friends. His wanderings of mind and childish talk to little Claude about batting the cricket ball and taking part in the youthful games excite our pity for him. Thackeray has a grand climax at the end where the Colonel, on hearing the

bell in his feebleness of mind, imagines himself a schoolboy again. He raises himself on his bed, cries out *adsum*, and falls back lifeless. Thackeray introduces no accessories such as the bird and the holly leaves, but depends upon the situation for pathos, and makes a much more moving scene than if our mind were diverted constantly from the subject to take note of objects about the room.

J. W. MEAGHER.

When one reads the story of the death of Little Nell in Dickens he cannot help the feeling of sadness which comes over him. There is something inexpressibly pathetic in this description of a young flower broken from the stem of life. Dickens, however, introduces a great many extraneous objects to call forth the feeling of pathos, and to me it does not appear altogether natural. I cannot help feeling that the words of Nell sound as though they are said for the effect they produce on the reader. They appear strained. Contrast this scene with that of the death of the old Colonel in Thackeray's "Newcomb." Here we have an old oak, having braved the storms of years, at length succumbing to the iron hand of Father Time, and we are introduced to the last scene in the tragedy of life. As the old Colonel lies on his couch, he calls to his bed-side those whom he loved most. The little Claude is there just in from recreation, and the sight of him reminds the old man that he, too, was once a merry schoolboy. He closes his eyes, and his mind carries him back to the days when he also went to school, how he responded to the roll-call with an *adsum*, and how after school-hours he played football on the green. He imagines he is in the school-room, he hears again the roll-call, and, in a weak voice, replies *adsum*, and falling back on his bed his spirit takes its flight. Thackeray treats his subject as a master artist. His excellence consists in his art of concealing art.

C. PAQUETTE.

We have two pictures of two human beings about to die. The one a little girl, before she has reached the age in which she would experience the disappointments as well as taste the pleasures of youth. The other an old man who has passed far beyond the age of youth, and has partaken of the joys and sorrows of life. We are touched by sight of the little girl taken away so young; we are touched at the sight of the old man also as we see him departing. They are both truly pathetic.

W. HOULIHAN.

To possess a good style it is necessary that a person should gain certain qualifications, one of which, naturalness, forms a most important part. In comparing the two incidents, the death of little Nell and Col. Newcomb we must revert to the one constituent, naturalness. In describing the death of little Nell, Dickens becomes

artificial, and death ought not to be accompanied by artificiality. Although we mourn over the death of little Nell and sympathize with her grand-parent in his great loss, our sympathies are carried toward the death bed of Col. Newcomb in a greater degree. Thackeray's description is so natural, and so unartificial, that we are touched to the extreme. Col. Newcomb has weathered life's battles, and at their close, his youth returns to him; he imagines he is a child again, and his tenderness to the little gown-boy, awakens the pathetic feelings of the reader. While little Nell's death is prolonged and we suffer in the description, our whole thoughts are centred upon Col. Newcomb. And when this grand old man answers *adsum* to the evening chapel bell, and goes before his Maker, we turn with eyes that are dimmed with tears from a picture that is as vivid as the painter's.

B. M. HUGHES.

We have here to make a comparison between two selections, each of which is commonly quoted as an example of pathetic prose. This comparison I have found exceedingly difficult inasmuch as I have been unable to find any measure which might be satisfactorily applied to pathos. When an incident becomes pathetic it is very difficult to classify it with respect to degrees; and, work as I might, I could never distinguish between these two specimens of pathos. They are both pathetic and therefore, I judge, equally touching.

But between the modes of treatment adopted by these different authors lies a very great difference indeed. Thackeray writes like a man who has felt the pathos of the scene perhaps, but who does not feel it at the time of writing. Dickens, it would appear, was sitting at his desk with his pen in his hand when the news of Nell's death broke in upon him. He begins to muse, and it seems to me that, for a man who is used to feel his sorrows gradually and lastingly, this bit of musing must hold a great deal of fascination. In none of his works did Dickens possess the incisive force of Thackeray, and no better selection could be made to exemplify their differences of style.

J. W. CAVANAUGH.

The two selections, namely, "Death of Little Nell" and the "Death of Col. Newcomb," which were lately analyzed by the members of the criticism class, are claimed to be two striking instances of pathos.

In regard to the first selection, the death of little Nell, I will admit that the death of a little child is always an occasion for pathos; but in this particular case, I am led to believe that Dickens was too elaborate.

Now let us pass to the death of Col. Newcomb. At first, we are entranced, as it were, by the style, which being as simple as possible depicts, or places directly before us, the death-

bed, the old man now at his journey's end looking over his many faults and also the many years of his life. Then we see clearly the silvery locks on his aged head, and the tear drops upon the cheek of the old man when he hears for the last time the voice of his little gown boy. After death we admire him for we know that

"His repentance was as deep as the ocean
And his soul was as pure as its spray."

J. CORBETT.

The "Death of Little Nell," by Dickens, and the "Death of Col. Newcomb" by Thackeray are two admirable episodes by two of the greatest masters of literature. Between these two phases it is difficult to say which is the more pathetic. In the death of little Nell, I think, is concentrated more pathos, because we have a subject upon which all our sympathies may be centred. A beautiful and innocent young girl with the hope of youth, a long life of happiness—a life that may shed rays of comfort upon the poor and humble—cut down by grim death! What could be more pathetic than this? Where would our sympathies incline more naturally than towards a beautiful sweet child? Surely not towards the picture of the experienced and weary Col. Newcomb. This is a description of an old man who has passed a long, happy and useful life, and is dying. Does the word dying convey to us such terrors and disappointments in this case as in the other? No, for Col. Newcomb has become old and feeble; life does not seem so pleasant and bright as it once did; he can hope for nothing more in this life on earth, and turns his soul to heaven with the joy and delight that the tired and foot-sore traveller hails a haven of rest and eternal happiness.

C. H. SANFORD.

Although the selection from Mr. Dickens is one of the most pathetic pieces of description in the minds of all critics, in my opinion Mr. Thackeray's description of the death of Col. Newcomb is by far the more pathetic; for in the former piece (Death of little Nell) we find ourselves beside the death-bed of a little child who as yet is ignorant of the cares and troubles of this world, and for whom death is more a blessing than a sorrow; for we know what she will be spared by an early death. And who would be so black-hearted as to wish this poor little girl to live and run the chances of losing that eternal rest and happiness of which she is now so sure? Of course it is hard for a parent to lose a child; but if the bereft is a good Christian he or she will recognize in it the will of the Almighty who does everything for the best.

On the other hand, we are standing beside the death-bed of poor old Col. Newcomb who has seen life in all its phases and who now lies on his sick-bed from which he never again shall rise, and listens with tears in his eyes to the boys who are playing near by; and as he

hears their merry voices, his thoughts naturally turn back to the days of his boyhood when he too used to play in that same lot the game the happy boys are now engaged in, and gradually, step by step, he travels through life once more, and by watching the expression on his careworn brow, we are enabled to accompany him, as it were, through that life, and feel almost that we were participants in his joys and sorrows. Suddenly the old Colonel calls for his little grandson, whom he loves with all his heart; and when the boy enters the room the war-stained countenance of the valiant old Colonel fairly beams with joy, and when this child runs up to the side of the bed and takes his dying grandfather's hand, the old soldier turns and looks upon his innocent face, and a visible shudder convulses him. His face grows sad when he looks back for a moment and sees what his life has been and then thinks of the trouble and trials which this now innocent, thoughtless boy must experience on his way through life, and he shudders to think that possibly he may fail. But driving these gloomy thoughts from his mind, he calls all those who are present to his side, and like the noble-hearted old man he is he devotes his last moments not to himself, but to the laying of plans for the future of this little grandson whom he loves even more than he does himself. After this duty is attended to he takes leave of his friends and servants. It was a most moving sight to see him perform this the last duty of a man who is about to quit this world of sin and sorrow to receive that rest for all eternity which is promised to all faithful men.

J. H. McGRATH.

Science, Literature and Art.

—The proposition to place the remains of Eriesson in the Livingston Manor vault, in Trinity Churchyard, New York, and hence next to the remains of Robert Fulton, and over the two great inventors erect one common monument, is attracting deserved consideration.

—Foundations for the new and great library of Congress are now building. General Casey, the engineer in charge, has about \$6,500,000 allowed him for the structure. The library will be large enough to serve for ninety years, and with small additions for one hundred and twenty.

—Mrs. Catherine Bruce, of New York, has recently given \$50,000 to Harvard Observatory, to be applied to the construction of a photographic telescope having an aperture of twenty-four inches and a focus of eleven feet. It will have two achromatic lenses, and will cover an area of the heavens more than six times that of a telescopic objective.

—Indiana's monument to her soldiers and sailors will rank among the highest monuments of the world. It will be 68 feet in diameter at the base and 269 feet high, including the pedes-

tal and the beautiful statue of Victory with which it will be surmounted. Besides being one of the highest, it will certainly be one of the most artistic and impressive monuments of the world, and one of which Indiana may well feel proud.

—The last session of Congress appropriated \$5000 to defray the expenses of an expedition to be sent to the west coast of Africa to observe the total eclipse of the sun, which will take place on December 22d. The expedition will be divided into two parties, one of which will be in charge of Professor Joseph Russell, of Washington, and the other will be under the direction of Prof. Todd, of Amherst. Prof. Russell is an expert in solar photography, and will have charge of the corps detailed to obtain photographs of the eclipse. The expedition will be gone about three months.

—According to a paper read before the recent meeting of the Library Association, London, shorthand has flourished more or less for 2000 years. Cicero's famous writer, Tiro, is known to have had rivals in his own time, and Cæsar's feats in dictating several letters simultaneously while travelling still remain unequalled. But shorthand, as now understood, is the product of the present century. It is computed that the literature relating to the subject would fill no fewer than 13,000 volumes, and England alone has given birth to 307 different systems.

—Accounts have been received of a so-called snow flower, said to have been discovered by Count Anthoskoff in the most northern portion of Siberia, where the ground is continually covered with frost. The wonderful object shoots forth from the frozen soil only on the first day of each succeeding year. It lives for but a single day, then resolves to its original elements. The leaves are three in number, and each about three inches in diameter. They are developed only on that side of the stem toward the north, and each seems to be covered with microscopic crystals of snow.

—Lovers and possessors of old books, says the *Ave Maria*, will be interested in the following translation of the Latin names of ancient publishing centres, given in the last number of the *Bookworm*. The dates, the correctness of which in some cases is at least doubtful, refer to first printing done in each city:

Amstelodamum, Amsterdam, 1523; Argentina, Strasbourg, 1440; Bononia, Bologna, 1471; Basilea, Basle, 1460; Brugæ, Bruges, 1473; Bruxellæ, Brussels; Colonia, Cologne, 1466; Delphi, Delft; Duacum, Douay, 1564; Gandavum, Ghent, 1483; Glascua, Glasgow; Hafnia or Codania, Copenhagen, 1493; Holmina, Stockholm; Lugduni, Batavorum, Leyden, 1483; Leodium, Liège, 1566; Liysia, Leipsic, 1480; Lugdunum, Lyons; Monachium, Munich, 1500; Moguntia, Mayence, 1440; Norimberga, Nuremberg, 1470; Oxonia, Oxford, 1468; Pictavium, Poitiers, 1479; Rothomagum, Rouen, 1487; Spira, Spire, 1471; Taurinum, Turin, 1474; Toletum, Toledo, 1498; Tubinga, Tübingen, 1498; Trajectum ad Rhenum, Utrecht, 1473; Ulyssipo, Lisbon; Vindobona, Vienna, 1482; Westmonasterium, Westminster, 1474.

NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.

Published every Saturday during Term Time at N. D. University.

Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office, Notre Dame, Ind.

Notre Dame, November 2, 1889

Terms, \$1.50 per Annum. Postpaid.

Address EDITOR NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC,
Notre Dame, Indiana.

Staff.

J. W. CAVANAUGH, '90,	H. P. BRELSFORD, '91,
H. A. HOLDEN, '91,	
WM. C. LARKIN, '90,	W. P. MCPHEE, '90,
J. B. SULLIVAN, '91,	
C. T. CAVANAGH, '91,	JOSEPH E. BERRY, '91.

—The practical refusal of a United States naval officer to convey Minister Douglass to Hayti, upon a vessel of which he was in command, shows that there is yet a strong and implacable race feeling. This should not be. In the quarter of a century that the colored people have had a chance, or rather half a chance, they have progressed wonderfully. There is a law upon our statutes known as the "Civil Rights Bill," which guarantees the negro equal rights with his white brother; yet we have schools, churches, hotels, and cars distinctively for the colored man, and woe to the member of this ill-fated race who presumes to overstep his narrow legal privileges! Their constitutional guarantees are a farce. No negro, either north or south of the Maron and Dixon line enjoys social or business equality with the whites. This is a grave political injustice. Their oppression emanates from narrow and unchristian motives.

—In this day and age, when the pride of birth and the produce of wealth and social caste are so domineering, it speaks volumes for the manhood of Harvard's Seniors in selecting a negro as class orator.

This is a new step, and has created a profound impression on the mind of the public. Harvard has generally been considered as a college of snobs; but the election of Clement G. Morgan, a colored man, to an honored position refutes this charge. The qualities necessary for an orator are literary merit and forensic force rather than social status.

Mr. Morgan is a man of more than ordinary ability. His life is fraught with useful lessons

of industry and perseverance. Alone and unaided he rose from a barber's chair to an honored position in one of America's great Universities. He is a credit to his race. No young man, be his chances and his opportunities ever so few, need despair. Labor is the key-note of success. Honest merit will ever have its reward.

—The press is the world's great educator. It appeals to the masses. The rise and progress of the newspaper business in the United States in the century just passed is simply marvellous. A hundred years have seen the increase from a handful of poorly edited and poorly patronized papers to thousands of great and progressive and prosperous journals circulating in every locality in this broad land. Then they were confined to the chief cities; now every village and every hamlet sends forth its daily and weekly edition. No university or college of any standing, is without its college paper. This wonderful growth is due, in a great measure, to the spirit of liberty that dominates all our institutions.

Education is no longer confined to the classes. To-day it is disseminated among the masses. The press is a potent factor in every great reform. In fact, no great reform can succeed without its "all-powerful assistance." America's greatness can be calculated by the character and the efficiency of her press. A patriotic press means the perpetuity of our free institutions. A thrifty press means a prosperous country.

Questions for the Thoughtful.

To one of reflective habits, a slight, everyday incident will sometimes open rich veins of thought. The writer stopped one night this autumn, at the Seventh Avenue Hotel, Pittsburgh, Pa., and read the following, among other "Rules":

"The proprietor has provided a good safe for the deposit of money and valuable articles, and will not be liable if lost in the rooms."

Let us endeavor to stem the torrent of reflections which rush in upon the soul on perusing this rule, and review them calmly, one by one as a series of interrogations.

1. Are the rooms of this hotel of such a labyrinthine and mazy character, that even the proprietor can seriously contemplate the danger of his getting lost in them?

2. To what further calamity does he think he might be considered "liable," if lost in them?

Does he think he would have to stay lost till he starved to death? Could he not simply approach the window, and by a series of dismal howls, accompanied by frantic gesticulations, attract the notice of the passers-by, who would then get long ladders and rescue him?

3. But suppose he means that some persons might consider him "liable" to be the object of sarcasm in the event of his so getting lost. Will the fact of his having made this rule operate as a check on such sarcasm? Will it not rather add fuel to the flame? Mention a few of the sarcastic remarks that you think would be uttered in the event of the proprietor's getting lost in the rooms.

4. If one of the chamber maids should happen to be named Ariadne, might she not furnish a clew to the labyrinth?

5. Is there a Minotaur, or anything of a like nature, running loose in this hotel?

6. What has the probability of the proprietor's getting lost in the rooms to do with his having provided a good safe for the deposit of money and valuable articles?

7. Does he consider himself a valuable article, and mean to lock himself up in his own safe?

8. Even if he should do so, would that prevent him from being liable to sarcastic remarks?

Answers will be gratefully received.

ADMIRAL BUNG.

The Pan-American Delegates at Notre Dame.

(Correspondence of the "Catholic Review.")

The Pan-American Congress, in the course of its travels, reached Notre Dame on Saturday, late in the afternoon. They had but recently visited Ann Arbor—a college not perhaps so well known in the East as it deserves—Yale and Harvard, and to me it was a matter of immense interest how the only Catholic educational institution they had yet visited would strike them. From their names and the reputations which their names suggested, there could be no doubt that their opinion would be worth something.

The South Americans very rarely send men into other countries incapable of representing them well. Whether the standard of education and cultivation be higher in Spanish America than in our part of America, or whether men are chosen for other reasons than brief political prominence or the ability to tell how a sewing machine should be made, there can be no doubt that at Philadelphia in '76, at Paris in '89, and in this Pan-American Congress, the Mexican and South American representatives were not only practical men, but cultivated men. At Philadelphia we had Semaricon, Plutarco Orclas and Maranno Barçena. In the Congress

we have Manuel Quintana of the Argentine Republic; Z. C. Zagarra of Peru; Alberto Nin of Paraguay, and Clemois Calderon of Colombia, besides others as celebrated in their own countries and as little known in ours.

The télégrams in the daily papers have given a false impression of the religion of these gentlemen. One would imagine that they delighted in showing their disdain for the commands of the Church—of which nearly all of them are devout members—by refusing every opportunity of hearing Mass on Sunday.

On the contrary, the gentlemen regret exceedingly that the energetic Mr. Curtis, who manages—"runs" is a better word in this case—the excursion in the interest of the Government, hurries them from place to place so rapidly that Sunday morning has hitherto been devoted to sight-seeing. Mr. Curtis has made out his programme, and he is as inflexible as time and tide. It is too bad that the Government in arranging its itinerary did not consider that these gentlemen might want—as they do—to devote a part of Sunday morning to their religious duties. Their conduct, not only respectful but devout, in the lovely church of Notre Dame—the "Cathedral," as the appreciative correspondent of the *Boston Herald* insisted on calling it—must have astonished certain spectators who had made up their minds that the visitors were infidels.

The portico of the University was adorned with the flags of all the South American nations. Appropriate decorations gave Science Hall, the Exhibition Building, and Sorin Hall a gala appearance.

On the portico were stationed the Very Rev. Father Sorin, President Walsh, and the clerical and lay members of the Faculty, making a large group. Below in the green of the campus were five hundred students, while the cadets that compose Colonel Hoynes' military company lined the magnificent avenue of maples which led up to the entrance of the College. When the first carriage approached, containing the Rev. J. A. Zahm—whose name is so well known among the contributors to *The Catholic Review*,—Señores Nin, Zagarra and Calderon, the mammoth bell sounded, the cadets fired the usual military salute and the band played an appropriate greeting. The carriages, gayly adorned, moving under the luminous amber leaves of one of the most beautiful avenues in this country, the soft green of the turf, the rich hues of the flags against the pale cream color of the buildings, made one of those scenes of brilliancy which stir the blood like the opening of a grand symphony.

The President, Rev. T. E. Walsh, welcomed the visitors in a short speech:

(Here follows President Walsh's address as reported in the SCHOLASTIC last week.)

The President's speech was received with prolonged applause, and certainly no words more appropriate, more symmetrical, or more Catholic could have been spoken on this occasion.

Señor Don Eusebio Chacon, one of the students of Notre Dame, addressed the delegates in Spanish. This was the first time since they started that they had heard their native language in a formal address. Señor Chacon's speech was brief, compact, sonorous, musical. It had the rhythm and the tenderness of the words of the Colombian poet, whose words Señor Chacon's manner recalled:

"Ondas y nubes es nuestra vida,
Ondas y nubes nuestra illusion,
E la esperanza perla escondida
En lo mas hondo del corazon."

Señor Chacon's eloquence would suffer by translation. After all the poetry, there was a sensible reminder that the good of Chili was the good of Peru, the good of Mexico that of Bolivia, and that union among our southern neighbors in projects of utility is the best guarantee of progress.

The guests, including Messrs. Charles Flint, of New York; Clancy, of the *Herald*; Mayor Cregier, of Chicago; Mr. Clem Studebaker, of the American Commission, and many others not from South America, were then shown through the spacious halls of the University.

The mural paintings by Gregori and the gilded altar by Bernini, the Vandyke, the unique apparatus in Science Hall, the admirable arrangement of the dormitories and the comfortable rooms of the higher students, the new system of lighting and heating the buildings, divided the attention of the guests.

Several of them expressed their opinion that the discipline pursued at Notre Dame, by the Jesuits and other Catholic teaching congregations was the only possible one in this country. "We were impressed by Harvard," one of them said, "but how can young men at the most dangerous time of their lives—particularly those in the Freshman classes—be kept from vice when there is no surveillance on the part of those who act *in loco parentis*?"

This is a question which American parents are beginning to consider seriously. And it looks as if Mexican common sense and observation would conclude that Yale and Harvard are no places for boys under twenty, whatever advantages they may have for older men.

The altar by Bernini, a most exquisite piece of work brought from Rome by Father Sorin, excited enthusiastic comment, as did Gregori's noble "Finding of the True Cross" immediately above it. The delegates drove around the lakes, past the new boat house, in time to see the regatta in progress and to hear a hearty college cheer of farewell. The drive from Notre Dame to St. Mary's is over a mile in length. One more picturesque could hardly be arranged by the most expert landscape gardener. From the moment the carriages left the shadow of the great golden dome until their occupants came in sight of the lilac hedges of St. Mary's, glimpse after glimpse of rural beauty, accentuated by the clear autumn atmosphere, was seen.

At St. Mary's the visitors were received by Mothers Augusta and Annunciata. An address was read by Miss Blanche Hellman and a mezzo-soprano song, Longfellow's "The Day is Done," was admirably given by Miss Leahy. The delegates, in spite of Mr. Curtis' entreaties, could hardly be induced to leave in time for their train which by special arrangement waited at St. Mary's station. The pupils of St. Mary's, two hundred and thirty in number, watched the departure from the grounds.

The guests expressed themselves as astonished at the evidence of the advance of the Church in the West. And Señor Zegarra, a student of Georgetown in Father Early's time, who held that there was no place in the East quite equal in beauty to his *Alma Mater*, was pleased to say that there was at least one college in the West that a Georgetown man might admire. "We expected great material growth in the West," one of the delegates said, "but not such evidences of faith, culture and enterprise."

Notre Dame and St. Mary's were revelations to these men, as they are to most strangers, and these with Southern fervor were not backward in expressing their sentiments.

The train, said to be the most perfectly appointed one ever sent out by the Pennsylvania Railroad, glided through the green fields into the twilight just as the *Angelus* was about to ring. It was very suggestive to see this meeting of men bent on the material aggrandizement of their respective nations under the very feet of the Immaculate Virgin, the Patroness of America. It seemed almost a prophecy that Americans of all tongues may unite in one faith without lessening those qualities that make them great in material progress. And as this faith is becoming more and more the only refuge of reasonable men who think of its alternative infidelity, who shall say that the prophecy is vain?

Amazed, as Balboa was when he saw the Pacific, were these men of his blood at finding among mills and factories and endless chasing of profit an institution built "without State endowment and subject to no State influence for corruption," by the self-sacrifice that had supported Las Casas, and would have saved Spain had not the gold-delirium possessed her.

Exchanges.

—The *Northwestern* still continues to hold its old place on the list of college papers, and its place is near the top.

—The *Coup d'Etat* for October contains the first prize oration delivered at the Inter-Collegiate Oratorical Contest at Galesburg. It well deserves publication.

—The *Athenæum* comes to us as the representative of the University of West Virginia. It is gotten up in good style, and is, no doubt, in the

incipient stage of a prolonged and healthy existence.

—The September number of *Fronde Silvulæ* contains some very good work in the department of historical essays, although a higher measure of good taste might be exercised in its general make-up.

—The *Salve Regina* for September comes to us with the usual amount of good, interesting and instructive reading that marks each monthly issue of that excellent academic journal. It is one of our most welcome visitors.

—We are in receipt of the third number of the *Mount Union Dynamo*, a monthly published near Alliance, Ohio. Although this journal has scarcely assumed a settled air as yet, still we bespeak for it a high degree of success, with this one qualification—that the editor should induce others to write for it as well as himself. Of course we take it for granted that as the *Dynamo* grows older it will learn to devote more of its space to matters of general interest.

—The first number of Vol. XII. of the *College Index* has just reached us. It contains a cyclopedia-essay on "Scholasticism," a grammar-class article on "Poe" and a composition remarkable chiefly for the prominence which the writer gives to George Eliot, George Sand and Mrs. Humphrey Ward. It is true that these women have been favored with a certain amount of attention at different times, but we think that much better and certainly less erratic *femmes auteurs* might be quoted to show the work that women have accomplished of late years in the domain of arts and letters.

—When properly conducted the exchange columns of a college journal afford reading matter that is both interesting and instructive. However, when, as in the case of a few of our contemporaries, the editor of that department insists upon filling his allotted space with trivial praise or superficial comment, that part of the paper becomes anything but a profitable addition. The exchange editor occupies an important position. Through his department the readers of his paper are made acquainted with the doings of other colleges and the contents of other college publications. How important it is, then, that he should be a person of critical judgment and honest expression. These remarks are suggested by a paragraph in the current number of the *Vanderbilt Observer* in which mention is made of Prof. Hoynes' article in a recent number of the SCHOLASTIC on "What the Law Is." The paragraph read as follows:

"The 'Notre Dame' contains a very able theological essay upon the subject of 'What the Law Is.'"

In the above few lines there are two glaring errors. In the first place, the paper referred to is not the "Notre Dame," but the SCHOLASTIC. In the second place, the article in question is not a "theological essay," as the astute critic would perhaps have discovered had he read further than the title. Comments of this character, in

which an alleged criticism is given of an article which has evidently not been read, cannot be too severely condemned; and the offence is particularly flagrant from the fact that the criticism referred to appeared in a journal of the standing and pretensions of the *Observer*.

Books and Periodicals.

—J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia, send us Thillman's excellent work on "Heat." It will be noticed next week.

—Leonard Scott & Co. sends us the current *Blackwood*, the *Edinburgh Review*, the *Contemporary* and *The Fortnightly*. They are authorized reprints from the English editions. The *Contemporary* has Aubrey de Vere's latest poem, "The Death of Copernicus," and a remarkable article by T. P. O'Connor, on "The Candor of Mr. Gladstone." People interested in all phases of the Irish question ought to read Mr. O'Connor's new utterance. *The Fortnightly* bristles with papers of interest. W. M. Gatur's "What the English People Read," "Prussian Characteristics," "Belgian Neutrality," and Prof. Dowdin's Coleridge as a Poet need only to be mentioned to excite attention.

—*The Art Amateur* for October gives two large colored plates of even more than usual excellence—the full-length figure of a beautiful horse, after a study from life by the famous painter, Chelminski, and a highly decorative panel of nasturtiums. China painting receives most liberal attention this month, the designs, especially, being numerous and useful. The text abounds in practical hints, with working drawings for Art Needlework, Wood Carving, Illumination, and Painting in Oil and Water-colors. No one thinking of taking an art journal should fail to acquaint himself with the very liberal offer to new subscribers made by the publisher, Montague Marks (23 Union Square, New York).

—The enterprising publishers, Messrs. Benziger Bros. (New York, Cincinnati and Chicago), send us "The Catholic Home Almanac" for the year 1890. This "Annual" should be found in every household. Its contents are made up of contributions from the best Catholic writers, and include short stories, historical and biographical sketches, poems, anecdotes, astronomical calculations, etc. The contributors include such well-known names as John Gilmary Shea, Christian Reid, Eleanor C. Donnelly, Anna T. Sadlier, Sara Trainer Smith, Clara Mulholland, and others. The illustrations are numerous and artistic. The chromo-frontispiece, which is well worthy of framing, is a careful copy of Raphael's famous painting, the *Madonna della Sedia* (Our Lady of the Chair). Among the other illustrations is an authentic portrait of Father Damien, the Leper Priest of Molokai, from a photograph which he sent to a friend in America.

Personal.

—John Moffitt, Esq., '63, is one of the leading lawyers of Chicago.

—Rev. J. F. Nugent, Des Moines, Iowa, was a welcome visitor to the College during the week.

—W. H. Boland (Com'l, '79), of Minneapolis, occupies a responsible position in the Irish-American Bank at Minneapolis, Minn.

—Mr. William P. Breen, '75, of Fort Wayne, Ind., has been chosen Diocesan Vice-President and Delegate to the Catholic Centennial Congress which opens at Baltimore on the 11th inst.

—The Founder of Notre Dame, Very Rev. Father Sorin, received on all sides congratulations on the celebration of his feast-day, that of St. Edward. Addresses were presented, and in various other ways the venerable and beloved head of Notre Dame was made to feel the warm place he has in the hearts of all.—*Catholic Review*.

—Among the visitors during the week were: Mrs. W. Murphy, Vancouver Barracks, Washington Territory; R. Seeberger, of Des Moines, Iowa; John H. Fritz, George Fritz, Frank Weber, Mishawaka, Ind.; Mr. R. Disch, Miss M. Disch and T. Disch, Detroit, Mich.; Otto Keller, Warren, Michigan; W. Hurley, Cleveland, Ohio; Flora B. Anderson, Dayton, Ohio; Ellen S. Dietrich, Lancaster City, Pa.; J. A. Chomel, Agent *Catholic Record*, Indianapolis, Ind.; Mrs. J. A. Bovett, Miss C. Bovett, Chicago; Mrs. N. Young, Miss Emma Tharp, Macon, Mo.; J. D. Ryan, Rochester, N. Y.; Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Peterson, Tekamah, Neb.; R. J. Ball, Boston, Mass.; Mrs. C. H. Court, Toledo, Ohio.

—The *South Bend Tribune* has the following in reference to an old student of Notre Dame of the Class of '62:

"Mr. James H. Armstrong, the park architect and landscape gardener of Chicago, who was instrumental in providing Chicago with its beautiful Lincoln park, being the alderman from the north side who introduced the matter into the city council years ago, has been in our city for several days looking over the Coquillard park site with a view of making plans for its permanent improvement. Mr. Armstrong compliments Mr. Coquillard's choice of location for a city park, and will soon submit plans for beautifying it. He is sure it can be made pretty and attractive with very little expense. Mr. Armstrong is a competent man and will take a great deal of pains in arranging the plans for beautifying the park, as he takes more than a passing interest in the enterprise, being an old student of Notre Dame, and thinking of making a home for his family near to this University that his sons may have the advantage of an education afforded by this great institution of learning."

—Brother Augustine, C. S. C., known in the world as John E. Sullivan, departed this life on the 29th ult., after a lingering illness borne with Christian patience and fortitude. The deceased religious had been for a number of years engaged in teaching on the missions of the Community, and last year directed the Post Office at Notre Dame. May he rest in peace!

Local Items.

—"Rec."

—Foot-ball.

—Hand-ball now.

—Success to our eleven.

—"Pet" should blow off.

—The Rush line has a "Keg."

—What is the new college cheer?

—Bulletins—what kind did you get?

—"Hurrah! Paw! Paw!"—a new yell.

—St. Cecilia's Day is next on the list.

—Rain last Wednesday prevented a game of football.

—If you wish to become hard-hearted, join the team.

—"Gladiatorial contests" are the latest among the Juniors.

—Evanston *vs.* "Notre Dame" next Thursday and Saturday.

—The Juniors glory in a "Mammoth Cave" in their campus.

—Bulletins were read in the Senior department last Wednesday.

—One of the pressmen has given proof of skill in cabinet-making.

—We have had some fine days for football, but a day of retribution is near at hand.

—To those who have not tickets yet—start right up and procure one for Thursday.

—B. B. denies the charge that he is seeking the Junior "gym" faculty for this winter.

—The Northwesterns will probably be here on the 9th, and a good game is expected.

—S. wants to join the team; there is certainly nothing small about him, but he is of a soft nature.

—The boys enjoyed two days of "rec" this week. Such days are always welcome to the foot-ballists.

—Messrs. S. Hummer and A. Ahlrichs received perfect bulletins in the Senior department this month.

—Our friend John says a tank should be placed in the Presbytery. One cannot tell what may happen.

—The trees have lost their "golden robes," but the "down" still clings to its rich support—the upper lip.

—"It makes me hōt," says the funny boy nowadays. "What?" from his victim. "Why, the steam-pipe! See!"

—The best players in the "Anti-special" football team are Jackson, S. Fleming, Moncada, Paradis and Campbell.

—The base-ball season is finally closed, and we cannot help but express our sympathy for the numerous "cranks."

—The eleven have gone into training, and take a run around the lake every morning at daybreak. This looks as though they mean business.

—There is enough frost around here every morning to turn a man's hair white; but some are so hot-headed that it would melt.

—The Juniors endeavored to organize a Rugby association, Sunday, but owing to want of enthusiasm, the project was abandoned.

—*Lost*—A ciliated upper lip (four brown and three sandy hairs forming a dangerous angle). Finder will please return the same to "the barber shop."

—Will Ann Arbor dare to meet Notre Dame this fall? She crows loudly over Albion, but keeps a discreet silence as to our eleven, and perhaps does not want to hear from N. D.

—Some one said recently that the Prefect's desk which has so long graced the Junior study-hall with its presence has been "throne" out to make room for a handsomer and more substantial one.

—The forthcoming number of the *Ave Maria* contains an article on the Catholic Centennial by Dr. John Gilmary Shea. It is of great interest—a paper that only one man in the United States could have written.

—There's music in the air these cool nights, particularly in the region of the Junior yard. Cause: the "Dicky" quartette rehearsing their latest addition to their already fine repertoire—"When Johnny gets his gun."

—The members of the Sorin Literary and Dramatic Association held a meeting on Oct. 27 in St. Edward's Hall. C. Connor read an essay and H. Gilbert and McPhilips delivered declamations. J. Pellinz, N. Walsh and J. O'Neill were admitted to membership.

—Master Francis Halbrook, of Des Moines, Iowa, is the latest arrival among the "princes." Rev. Father Nugent, who accompanied the little gentleman, said that the Minim department is certainly unique in the splendid advantages joined to home comforts it affords to the pupils.

—What the football eleven needs most is a coacher. They are all strong men and work hard, but do not play as scientifically as they might. If a good man was obtained for two or three weeks there would be a great improvement. As it is, we congratulate the boys on the spirit they show in training, and in other ways preparing for the coming season.

—The Pan-American delegates have listened to the Yale College and Ann Arbor University yells. And now it is intimated that the purpose for which the Congress was called, which was the closer union of the American States, is not likely to become an accomplished fact.—*Chicago Times*.

It has been suggested that Notre Dame should modify its "yell." The time-honored "hurrah," or "three cheers and a tiger" ought to be good enough for all practical purposes. It certainly displays more hearty and enthusiastic feeling, and is recognized and appreciated by all peoples.

—The fourth regular meeting of the St. Aloysius' Philodemic Society was held Oct. 26. Mr. A. Meehan was unanimously elected a member and

is cordially welcomed to its ranks. The criticism of the preceding meeting was read by Mr. Cavanagh. The question "Resolved, that the proposed World's Fair be held in Chicago" was argued by Messrs. McGrath and G. Cooke on the affirmative, and Messrs. Toner and Fitzgibbons on the negative. The relative beauties and advantages of Chicago and New York were thoroughly discussed on both sides. The judges decided in favor of the affirmative. This society is in a flourishing condition, and ranks among the best in the University.

—The football game on Thursday resulted in a victory for the "Blacks" by the score of 7 to 4. The weather was all that could be desired, and the spectators were rather numerous. E. Prudhomme gave the "Browns" their score by a touch-down in the first half. On the other side D. Cartier made a field kick and the "Blacks" forced their opponents to a safety. The noticeable incidents of the game were the playing of Fleming, Jackson, P. Coady, Campbell, Dickerson and Dorsey and the tackling of Paradis. The old men, of course, played well; but the difference between the present players and those of last year can easily be seen. If the boys wish to play to win, they must continue their training steadily and earnestly; don't forget that the time for action is near at hand.

—A recent valuable accession to the numerous art treasures of the University of Notre Dame is an admirable copy of a section of the Dispute about the Real Presence—Raphael's famous fresco in the Vatican Gallery. It was made by Prof. Gregori during his stay in Rome, and is probably the only fac-simile of anything of Raphael's to be found in the United States. It is well known that artists are not allowed to approach nearer than six feet to copy any of the masterpieces in the Vatican; but this favor was granted to Prof. Gregori by the late Pio Nono at the special request of his favorite Minister, Monsignor de Mérode. "La Disputa" is one of the most celebrated masterpieces of Christian art.—*Ave Maria*.

—The football "Specials" defeated the "Anti-specials" on the 27th by a score of 10 to 4. The game was well played throughout and was very interesting. During the first half neither side scored, although some excellent kicks and passes were made. In the second half Prudhomme dribbled the ball and threw it to Ed. Coady who caught it and put it down for a scrimmage. Here one of the "Antis" captured the sphere, and by some clever sprinting placed it within a few yards of the "Specials'" goal. When the ball was again put in play Moncada got it and made the first touch-down, thus giving the "Anti-specials" a lead of four points. Then the "Specials" took a hand in the proceedings. Fehr and Prudhomme made touch-downs, and the latter also made a goal kick. Nothing more was done on either side, and when time was called, the "Specials" had 10 points to the op-

ponents' 4. The teams played in the following positions:

SPECIALS:—*Rushers*: Fehr (centre), Flynn, Fitzgibbons, McKeon, Larkin, T. Coady, Hepburn; *Quarter-back*: E. Coady; *Half-backs*: Prudhomme, (captain), Dickerson; *Full-back*: D. Cartier.

ANTI-SPECIALS:—*Rushers*: Jackson (centre), Mithen, Pim, Sinnott, Daly, Cooney, P. Fleming, Conway; *Quarter-back*: Moncada; *Half-backs*: Campbell and S. Fleming; *Full-back*: Paradis.

—The eighth regular meeting of the St. Cecilia Philomathean Association was held Tuesday evening, the 29th ult. The exercises opened with a song by the society quartette, composed of Masters F. Schillo, Monarch, C. Schillo and Wile. Masters Du Brul and Bachrach read humorous selections, and F. Schillo read an interesting criticism of the previous meeting. The question "Resolved, that the winter season affords more pleasure than the summer" was debated by Masters J. Fitzgerald, Flannigan and Hannin on the affirmative, and L. Reidinger, C. Schillo and Maher on the negative. The judges decided in favor of the affirmative. O. Ibold and F. Keogh were admitted to membership. The society numbers twenty-three members.

—Notre Dame will be represented at the inauguration of the new Catholic University at Washington and the ceremonies attending the centennial anniversary of the establishment of the Episcopate in this country by the consecration of the Rt. Rev. Dr. Carroll, first Bishop of Baltimore, the primatial See of the United States. Very Rev. Father General Sorin, Very Rev. Provincial Corby and Rev. President Walsh leave for Baltimore next Friday, and will be present at the exercises. The University will be represented at the Lay Congress, to be held at the same time, by Profs. Egan and Edwards and Mr. Eugene Arnold, '82. It is confidently expected that this congress will exercise a marked influence, a Catholic public spirit, and tend to cultivate a broadly national interest in the Catholic University.

—The following clipping from a recent issue of the *Indianapolis Sentinel* will, no doubt, prove of more than passing interest to our local football team:

"The colleges of the State are endeavoring to organize a football league. A meeting was held yesterday afternoon, and four colleges were represented as follows: Hanover, Mr. Crow; Earlham, Mr. Hubbard; Butler, Mr. Meeker; Franklin, Mr. Bradshaw. The object is to have a series of games between the various colleges for the State championship, the games to be played at the Y. M. C. A. athletic park in this city. In the spring it is proposed to have a field day, also base-ball matches. An association was formed. Mr. Hubbard, of Earlham, was elected president, and Mr. Bradshaw, of Franklin, secretary. The following colleges it is hoped will enter and put elevens in the field besides those above named: Purque University, State University, De Pauw University and Wabash College. The schedule will be made out as soon as it is ascertained the number of clubs that will participate. Football will doubtless prove a favorite sport in this as during the past two seasons it was played under the auspices of the old Indianapolis Athletic Club; it made many friends."

We certainly think the project of an inter-collegiate association an excellent one, and most

cordially recommend the above to the serious attention of our "team." Arrangements should be made for the admission of our "team." There would be nothing like it.

Roll of Honor.

SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

Messrs. Adelsperger, Ahlrichs, Allen, Anderson, Blackman,* Brookfield, R. Bronson, Burns, E. Brannick, H. Brannick, Barrett, G. Beckham, Benz, Burger, Cabanna, Combe, Cassin, Cassidy, S. Campbell, G. Cooke, J. Cooke, L. Chute, F. Chute, Cooney, Clayton, E. Coady, T. Coady, P. Coady, E. Campbell, S. Dela Pena, Dorsey, Delany, Dennis, Daly, Draper, Davis, Dougherty, Daniels, F. Flynn, P. Fleming, Ford, Fehr, Gobin, Garfias, Giblin, Gibbons, Hepburn, Houlihan, Herman, Healy, Heard, Howard, Hackett, E. Hughes, Hummer, Hempler, Hoblitzell, Hoover, Hayes, J. S. Johnson, Jewett, J. A. Johnson, Karasynski, Kearns, King, Krembs, Kohlman, J. Kelly, Lesner, Langan, Lair, Lancaster, G. Long, A. Larkin, W. Larkin, Lane, Lappin, Lynch, Lahey, F. Long, L. Long, Leonard, Moncada, Mock, McGinn, McDonald, McKeon, McAuliff, McKee, Mithen, McConlogue, Morrison, Mackey, McGrath, Meehan, Meagher, O'Neill, O'Brien, O'Shea, Olds, Prudhomme, Parker, Powers, Phillips, Paradis, Pyplacz, Portilla, H. Prichard, Paquette, Quigley, Rebillot, Rose, Reedy, Rothert, Scherrer, A. Sinnott, Schwarz, L. Sanford, N. Sinnott, Steiger, Smith, Schaack, Sullivan, Soden, Toner, F. Vurpillat, V. Vurpillat, White.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

Masters Aarons, Anson, Atchison, Brubaker, B. Backrach, H. Backrach, S. Backrach, E. Bates, B. Bates, J. Brady, T. T. Brady, W. Brady, T. Brady, Burns, Bruel, Bradley, Bos, Baltes, Crandall, Cohn, Cunningham, Cosgrove, Cheney, Conroy, Cudahy, J. Connors, E. Connors, Clendenin, E. De Brul, Davis, Doig, Dempsey, Des Garennes, De Lormier, Drumm, Evers, Elder, Fleming, C. Fitzgerald, J. Fitzgerald, Field, A. W. Funke, A. M. Funke, Gerlach, Gale, Garrison, Goodson, Gnewuch, Gough, Galen, Hull, Howard, O. Hasenfuss, W. Hasenfuss, Hambaugh, Hack, Hesse, Hahn, Healy, Hannin, Hagus, Heller, Hebbard, Hoerr, Hague, Ibold, Jacobs, King, Kearney, Keough, V. Kehoe, Kellner, A. Leonard, J. Leonard, Lenard, Lewis, Lamberton, Lee, White, Mackey, Maurus, Maher, D. Monarch, Merz, Messick, Mitchell, Mier, J. McCartney, E. McCartney, Jas. McPhillips, Murphy, A. McPhillips, McDonnell, McIvers, E. McKee, F. McKee, McConnell, Neef, A. Neef, Nockles, Neenan, O'Brien,* Otis, O'Mara, O'Neill, Putnam, Prichard, Quinlan, Quill, Rarig, Robinson, Root, Reichhold, Robbins, Roper, Regan, Roth, W. E. Stanton, W. A. Stanton, Spurgeon, Sloan, Scott, Seymore, Seerey, Sukup, Snyder, Scherrer, Sutter, Spalding, Siebert, Stapleton, Sweet, Talbot, Towne, Tivnen, Tetard, Turner, Welch, Weston, Weitzel, Wright, Weise, Ward, T. Whalen, Wolff, Wertheimer, Zinn, Zimmerman, Youngerman.

MINIM DEPARTMENT.

Masters Ayers, Ball, O. Brown, F. Brown, Blake, T. Burns, J. Burns, Barbour, Browning, Cornell, Crandall, W. Connor, Covert, W. Crawford, A. Crawford, Croke, C. Connor, Coquillard, Clarke, Durand, Dench, Elkin, C. Eckler, T. Finnerty, W. Finnerty, Fischer, Frankel, Falvey, Fuller, C. Furthman, E. Furthman, W. Furthman, Funke, Girardin, Greene, Gilbert, D. Gilkison, Grant, J. Griggs, A. Gilkison, C. Griggs, Hill, Henneberry, Hoffman, Hamilton, Hendry, Jonquet, Kröllman, Keeler, King, Kern, Lonergan, Londoner, H. Lamberton, C. Lamberton, Lonnsberry, Loonie, Loomis, Montague, Marr, Maternes, Mattas, H. Mestling, E. Mestling, Myers, McGuire, McPhee, McPhillips, McCarthy, Mayer, Marre, C. Nichols, W. Nichols, O'Neill, Powell, L. Paul, C. Paul, Pellenz, C. Packard, J. Packard, Roberts, Stone, Sloan, Seidensticker, G. Scherrer, W. Scherrer, Stephens, Thornton, Trujillo, Vorhang, Vandercook, Washburne, Wilcox, Wever, Walsh, Weber, C. Zoehrlaut, Ziegler.

* Omitted by mistake the last three weeks.

St. Mary's Academy.

One Mile West of Notre Dame University.

—At the academic reunion of Oct. 27, Rev. Father Zahm made "Forks" the subject of some very interesting remarks, confirming the opinion held by some of the Minims that "fingers were made before knives and forks."

—The "Lives of the Princesses of France" is holding the attention of St. Catherine's Literary Society, and the members of St. Angela's circle are still abroad with Miss Walworth, enjoying "An Old World as Seen Through Young Eyes."

—Many consider mending one of the lost arts among young ladies; such is far from being the case at St. Mary's as may be seen by an examination of the mending done in the Junior department by the Misses Farwell, Northam, Thirds, Fosdick, Evoy, Robbins, Holmes and A. Tormey.

—On Wednesday last the members of the Elocution class took advantage of the fine weather, and enjoyed an hour's walk through the woods. They returned home laden with botanical *souvenirs* of which, with commendable generosity, they hastened to dispose, and burrs were at a discount for a few days.

—The First Seniors, under the leadership of Miss D. Deutsch and Miss Clarke, held an interesting competition in French History last week; not one question was missed during the time allotted for the test. Miss N. Morse and Miss G. Clarke, of the Second Senior Class, were captains in a review lately held, at which the members of the class acquitted themselves most creditably.

—Honest criticism is ever a source of emulation, as was shown last Tuesday evening at the meeting of St. Teresa's Literary Society. The Graduates read a paper on an essay written by the First Seniors, who returned the compliment by a good article criticising a composition written by the Graduates. The efforts were deserving of commendation, and were well read for the respective classes by the Misses M. Davis and Hurff.

—The visitors registered for the past week were—Mrs. A. Savage, Salem, Oregon; Mrs. J. Smith, Mrs. A. J. Kaspar, G. H. O'Brien, Mrs. J. A. Barrett, Mrs. A. Cummings, Mr. and Mrs. J. J. McGrath, Chicago; J. S. Shirey, Indianola, Neb.; Mrs. G. A. Shidler, York, Neb.; Mrs. M. Hackett, Watertown, Wis.; Mrs. A. Chapaton, Detroit, Mich.; Mrs. Shirland, South Bend, Ind.; M. R. Ansback, Clarinda, Iowa; Dr. W. Wickham, Dr. W. D. Kreider, Goshen, Ind.

—The first number of *Rosa Mystica*, edited by the Graduates, was read by the Misses Hammond and Flannery, after the reading of the class and conduct averages on Sunday last. The pupils were honored by the presence of

Very Rev. Father General and Rev. Father Zahm. The principal articles were "October," "The Souls in Purgatory," "What is in a Name?" "The South American Delegation," "Departed Bangs," and "Earnestness of Purpose."

Earnestness of Purpose.

Wouter Van Twiller whose portrait, as sketched by Irving's master pen, is familiar to all Americans, according to his biographer, daily took his four stated meals, appropriating exactly an hour to each; he smoked and doubted eight hours, slept the remaining twelve of the four and twenty, and felt no curiosity to know whether the sun revolved around the earth or the earth around the sun.

In this age of investigation and activity, the indifference of the old Dutch burgomaster may seem exaggerated; such is not the case, for he is the type of a class of individuals to be found in every walk of life in even this enlightened period. The characteristics of those belonging to this class are a general distaste for anything requiring continuity of thought or action, a restlessness of mind, and a want of power to focus the attention upon any one object, all of which are opposed to earnestness of purpose.

Magic power seems to attend the quality known as earnestness; it is an essential requisite in all professions and in all undertakings, and he who on crossing the threshold of active life does not realize the full extent of its importance, lacks the first ingredient of success. The man who attains his desires is not the one, who when reverses cross his path, resigns himself to his fate and abandons his projects; the successful man is he who makes his mistakes his teacher, and allows each rebuff to strengthen him for one which may be more severe, never swerving from well-conceived plans.

There are three phases of life in man—the physical, the mental and the moral—each of which is influenced by earnestness or its absence; and the perfect development of the body, mind and soul is dependent upon the determination with which the laws that govern them are followed. The earnest man is alive to opportunities; he has an object in view of which he never loses sight, and he realizes fully that "crises come, the seizing of which is triumph, the neglect of which is ruin." He knows that to do well what he has in hand he must not attempt too much, that if his attention is divided among a multitude of things, some must suffer; so he keeps to his first object with firm resolution,

unmindful of allurements that invite him from the narrow path that leads to his goal.

Even school life cannot be successful without earnestness of purpose. There are those whose highest ambition is merely to reach the standard marked out; a half-heartedness characterizes their whole career, and as there is no depth to their purpose, neither is there depth to their learning. A branch that presents some difficulty is laid aside, caprice governs the studies pursued, and months and years glide away without profit to mind or soul.

Fortunately, there are those who understand the duties of students, and while not insensible to the trials encountered, bravely push forward in the work of education, knowing that gain and effort are concomitants.

A winter in Capua affected a whole army, and in like manner if one stops to rest too long in the way, the tempter may prove strong enough to cause, not the loss of a single battle, but an irretrievable overthrow. All one's energies should be held as a standing army, and victory must crown persevering efforts. We should remember that in all pursuits earnestness of purpose is the "open sesame" to success. Indispensable to the man of business, the professional man and to the student, it has accomplished all that is worthy of record in the history of science and art; it has given France her Napoleon, America her freedom; it has given the world its heroes and heaven its saints. Bearing this in mind, every earnest heart will strive to "act in the living present, heart within and God o'erhead."

ETTA FLANNERY (*Class '90*).

Roll of Honor.

SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

Misses E. Adelsperger, Ash, Anson, Ansbach, Bates, Balch, Bogner, Bero, Bovett, Byrnes, Beck, Coll, Cunningham, Collbrann, Currier, Crane, Curtis, M. Davis, C. Dempsey, N. Davis, Deutsch, Dennison, S. Dempsey, M. De Montcourt, I. De Montcourt, Donahue, English, Flannery, Fitzpatrick, Frost, Green, Ganong, Hammond, C. Hurley, Healey, Horner, K. Hurley, Hess, Hagus, Hurff, Harmes, Hellmann, Hale, Hull, Hutchinson, Hamilton, J. Hughes, L. Hughes, Haight, Hepburn, Jungblut, Krimbill, Kasser, Kimmell, Kelso, Linneen, Leahey, Lynch, Lauth, Leavic, McFarland, Moore, N. Morse, McLoud, K. Morse, Maher, Mills, M. McPhee, S. McPhee, McCarthy, Murison, McCune, Mullaney, Marley, Milless, Norris, Nacey, H. Nester, L. Nester, O'Brien, Otis, Piper, Pyle, Pendleton, Pugsley, A. Ryan, K. Ryan, Roberts, G. Regan, Rinehart, Rose, Rinn, Robinson, Reilly, Schiltz, Spurgeon, Studebaker, Shaefer, Skancke, Smith, Sweet, N. Schermerhorn, M. Schermerhorn, Saviers, Tormey, Van Mourick, Violette, Woolner, Wickersheim, Dolan.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

Misses Barry, E. Burns, M. Burns, Black, M. Clifford, Cooper, Culp, Daly, M. Davis, L. Dreyer, B. Davis, L. Ernest, Evoy, Farwell, Fosdick, Hickey, Henry, Holmes,

L. Kasper, C. Kasper, Levy, Mabbs, McCormack, McGuire, Meskill, K. Moore, Mestling, A. O'Brien, O'Mara, Patier, Patrick, Pellinz, Philion, Quealy, E. Regan, Robbins, Reeves, Ruger, M. Scherrer, Shirey, M. Smith, J. Smith, Soper, Sweeney, Thirds, A. Tormey, E. Wagner, Waldron, M. Wagner, Wood, N. Wurzburg, B. Wright, Young.

MINIM DEPARTMENT.

Misses L. Adelsperger, Ayer, Crandall, Dennison, M. Egan, Finnerty, Goodwin, K. Hamilton, M. Hamilton, L. McHugh, M. McHugh, S. Scherrer, N. Smyth, L. Scherrer, S. Smyth.

Class Honors.

LANGUAGE COURSE.

LATIN.

1ST CLASS—Miss G. Clarke.

2D CLASS—Misses F. Burdick, A. Crane, B. Hepburn, M. Smyth.

FRENCH.

2D CLASS—Misses C. Morse, E. Dennison, F. Marley, B. Balch, B. Hellman, H. Studebaker.

3D CLASS, 1ST DIV.—Misses D. Deutsch, R. Bero, L. Curtis, E. Nester, D. Davis, K. Schermerhorn, M. Rinehart, M. Hurff, N. Davis, A. Penburthy, B. Hepburn.

2D DIV.—Misses M. De Montcourt, A. Lynch, S. Hamilton, M. Coll, M. Jungblut, A. Pugsley, A. Wurzburg, G. Roberts, M. Byrnes, I. De Montcourt, L. Wurzburg, A. Dennison, J. English, A. Gardon, C. Haight, M. Scherrer.

4TH CLASS, 1ST DIV.—Misses A. Ryan, M. Leahy, M. Otis, M. Violette, M. Hickey, E. Quealy, G. Clarke, S. Dempsey, M. Ash.

2D DIV.—Misses McFarland, McLoud, D. Pellinz, A. Tormey, C. Daly, L. Woolner, M. Wagner, K. Wood, J. Patrick, E. Philion, L. Young, E. Evoy, M. Burns, E. Burns.

5TH CLASS—Misses K. Hamilton, L. Ayer, M. McHugh, S. Scherrer, L. Scherrer, M. Egan.

GERMAN.

2D CLASS—Misses G. Lauth, K. Hurley, K. Morse, C. Hurley, M. Piper, E. Quealy, F. Moore.

3D CLASS—Misses Deutsch, D. Spurgeon, E. Woolner.

4TH CLASS—Misses E. Schäfer, L. Hagus, J. Currier, L. Ernest, M. Hess.

2D DIV.—Misses A. Koopmann, L. Kasper, E. Wagner, M. Rinn, C. Kasper, L. Dreyer.

5TH CLASS—Misses G. Green, E. Adelsperger, L. Farwell, K. Mills, A. O'Mara, N. McGuire.

PHONOGRAPHY.

1ST CLASS—Miss K. Hurley.

2D CLASS—Miss J. Bogner.

3D CLASS—Misses D. Deutsch, Cunningham, I. De Montcourt.

BOOK-KEEPING.

Misses Cunningham, Ansbach, Violette, Bovett, D. Davis, J. Bogner, Harmes, Dorsey, Maher, Donahue, W. Tormey.

TYPE-WRITING.

Misses M. Harmes, Cunningham, Holt, Crane, Ash, Deutsch.

PUNS are like the prematurely withered leaves of a fine tree which, being separated from the branches by a breath, fall ineffectually rustling to the ground, a presage of approaching winter or a warning that the tree itself is about to perish and decay. The green leaves above rustled pleasantly yesterday, there is music in them to-day, and to-morrow the summer breeze will make them laugh together; but the withered leaf rustles but once, and poorly then, when it falls to the ground dead, like a pun, never to chime softly again with its fellows in the bell-fries of the woods.—(*With the Immortals*.)