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Night.

Oh! night serene, thy silver stars appear
Like brilliants flashing on thy sable brow;
Whence is thy beauty—wherefore makest thou
The starry music * that around I hear?
Why flies my soul on high with holy fear?
'Tis thus I muse, and many a heart-made vow
Breathe forth. The stars shine on and seem they now
To gleam like to a Cherub's sparkling tear.

Thine is the night, O God! The stars and all
Of beauty and of loveliness are thine.
An echo far of Thy sweet melody
The silent music is; and, lest I fall
From grace away and lose my soul divine,
The night was made to draw me close to Thee!
H. A. HOLDEN, '91.

Mors Triumphalis.

BY F. E. LANE. (*Lit.*)

The thirteenth and fourteenth centuries saw Europe convulsed in religious and political anarchy. The Pontifical authority was weakened, and many disorders arose in consequence. The fall of the German Empire, the Hundred Years' War, the Spanish wars against the Moors, the Great Schism, which lasted for nearly three quarters of a century, and the Turkish inroads, each contributed to the chaos which ushered in the dawn of the 15th century.

The minds of men were wholly occupied with thoughts of conquest and strife. Literature and learning were neglected, and the sword displaced the pen. And yet, notwithstanding this confusion, the minds of men were prepared for some great revelation; for, as coming events cast

their shadows before, so the human mind has its omens—the vague precursors of coming occurrences. The hidden instrument of Providence, when He thinks fit to make use of man to accomplish His plans, is inspiration.

Providence causes a man to be born, and to this man sends inspiration; power follows the inspiration by which it is attracted, and the ends of Providence are accomplished. So it was with Columbus and the discovery of America.

Columbus was a man of deep thought and reflection; he came to no conclusions until he had carefully weighed in his inspired mind all the evidence that would bear upon the subject. He was tall and powerfully built; his bearing was that of a prince; his forehead was high and noble, and his frank countenance bore traces of misfortune and mental anxiety. His voice was deep, powerful and impressive; in all he was a grave, modest and pious man.

His power of conversation was extraordinary. Nature had endowed him with all the personal recommendations which delight the eye, as well as with the earnest eloquence which convinces the mind. Such was the man who was destined to discover to future generations the broad, free land of America.

The first gaze of Columbus, while a child, fell on the sky and sea of Genoa. Being an unusually bright boy, he became at an early age an ardent student of astronomy, geography and navigation. His genius soon overstepped these sciences, then in their infancy, and at the age of fourteen he was master of all that was taught in the schools of his day.

His youth was mostly spent on the sea; unable to endure the unintellectual confinement of his father's business, he braved the perils of sea and war for many years. Not being a man of means, he engaged in the manufacture of

* "And the many stars sang together."

globes and nautical charts to gain a livelihood. While turning his globes under his hands, or dotting his charts with islands and continents, his attention was attracted to the immense void in the middle of the Atlantic. There the earth seemed to him to want the counterpoise of a continent.

Being a man of more than ordinary thought and discretion, Columbus did not give credence to the vague ideas of his day, concerning the extent of the Western water. Some thought it incommensurable; others considered it a species of deep and boundless ether, upon which the venturous mariner would be hurried on indefinitely, and at last hurled away into infinite space. But these fanciful theories were not entertained by Columbus. It is true, he did not expect to find a new continent in the Atlantic; but he believed that Asia extended far to the east, and that by sailing boldly to the west he would reach it, knowing as he did that the earth was round. Here he expected to find the land of gold and pearls from which Solomon drew his untold riches—the Ophir of the Bible. It was not a new continent that he sought, but one that had been lost in the night of time. And the pursuit of a false theory was but leading him to the truth.

Columbus applied to his native state for aid to make his first voyage; but his plans were not appreciated, and he went away to seek success in other quarters. Prince John of Portugal next heard Columbus' offer of a new world, but again his hopes were blasted and his conjectures treated with contempt as contrary to all the laws of nature and religion. But he was not discouraged when his plans and proposals were rejected; disappointment and encouragement were received alike with good grace, the former as a necessary circumstance that must be endured, and the latter as a precursor of future success.

As a last resort he turned to Christian Spain, and set out on foot for the court of Castile. By chance one night he sought refuge in the Convent of La Rabida near Palos; here he found a sincere friend and supporter in the person of Juan Perez, a Franciscan monk, who had once been the confessor of Isabella. The good Father supplied him with money for his journey and a letter of recommendation to the Catholic Queen. Full of gratitude for this first generous friend, to whom he afterward ascribed the origin of his future success, Columbus set out for Cordova where the migratory court of Spain was then located, determined to offer to Ferdinand and Isabella the continent which Portugal had

refused. He went with the confidence of success, but his hopes were again overshadowed. Far from thinking of conquering visionary possessions beyond unknown seas, the Spanish sovereigns were fully occupied in their efforts to recover their own kingdom from the Moors, who now had taken refuge within the walls of Granada. It was at this time that Columbus, a destitute foreigner, came to beg admittance to the palace of Cordova, his only passport the letter of a poor Friar. But fate seemed again to step between Columbus and success; his letter was read with prejudice and unbelief by Castile's ministers, and another long vista of delay and discouragement was cast upon him.

Through the favor of Mendoza, Archbishop of Toledo, a man of great influence in court, Columbus obtained an interview with the sovereigns. Ferdinand listened with attention, and Isabella was fascinated by the earnest eloquence of Columbus; in her he had found a new and willing disciple and protector. Before his plans had matured, however, they were once more interrupted by a fresh contest against the Moors. Columbus followed the fortunes of the Islam war; he was present at the siege of Granada and saw Boabdil, the last of the Moorish kings, yield the keys of the Alhambra to the Christian sovereigns of Spain. The peace which followed this conquest in 1492 witnessed the success of Columbus. Isabella, in a sudden transport of generous enthusiasm undertook the enterprise at first in her own name; but Ferdinand afterward joined her, and Columbus was granted the necessary aid for the voyage. Thus after eighteen years of toil, discouragement and expectation his efforts were crowned with success.

On the 3d of August, 1492, Columbus with his little fleet of three vessels sailed from Palos, and steered boldly to the west. Favorable winds from Europe wafted him toward the Canaries, "the last resting-place of those who sail into the Atlantic." The flaming peak of Teneriffe, whose eruptions illuminated the heavens, cast terror into the minds of the seamen, for they imagined that they saw in the flames the sword which drove our first parents from Eden, and looked upon it as an evil omen. But Columbus was firm in his intentions. He infused his own energy into their minds; he described to them the islands, vegetation and riches of the new continent as one

"Who had dipt into the future, far as human eye could see;

Saw the vision of the world, and the wonders that would be."

These images tinged with the bright colors of

their Admiral's rich imagination infused new spirit into their discouraged minds. The trade-winds, which blew constantly from the east, seemed to second the impatience of the seamen to get beyond the lines of familiar waters.

When a few hundred leagues from Teneriffe a new phenomenon presented itself to Columbus for solution: "The magnetic needle, his last and, as he thought, his infallible guide," now began to vacillate. For some days he kept to himself this terrible secret; but at last it became known to his men, causing consternation among them; but Columbus, who endeavored to explain to himself "the mystery of which science still seeks the cause," again had recourse to his fertile imagination, "the internal guide which Providence had given him." He ascribed the variation of the needle to new stars whose motion in the heavens was followed by the compass, and so with renewed faith they sailed on. The sea began to send its warnings; vegetation unknown to them was daily seen upon the crest of the waves; at night and morning dense clouds formed themselves into cliffs and hills in the horizon only to melt away into space on being approached, and the land so often pointed out by the sailors was found to be only a mirage deceiving them. The steady east wind which drove them on was ever a source of mental anxiety to them. How, they asked, were they to return against this contrary wind? Only by beating across the immense space—apparently an insurmountable task. But when murmurs threatened to break into mutiny, Providence would send new signs to change their complaints into hope. Thus on the 20th of September the east wind, which had prevailed for so many days, suddenly changed; birds hovered around their masts, and they recognized among them the sparrow "which always builds its nest beneath the roof of man." The green weeds they saw on the surface of the water, and the vegetation under it seemed to be the forerunner of land, and it delighted their eyes tired of the endless expanse of blue.

On the 7th of October, the *Nina*, which led the fleet, hoisted the signal of land, announcing the glad tidings by firing her guns; but on nearing the supposed land it was found to be a deceiving cloud, and the wind which scattered it dispersed their hopes. Nothing tires the heart more than these alternations of false hopes and bitter disappointments—

"They are the sarcasm of fortune."

Reproaches against the Admiral were now heard on all sides; they no longer accused him of their hardships and difficulties, but for their

lives hopelessly sacrificed, for bread and water were beginning to fail. Many had counted the days and the rations fewer. Mutiny was consummate; but Columbus did not flinch. He offered his life as a pledge of his promise, and asked them to suspend for three days their unbelief and determination to return to Europe. He swore a rash but necessary oath "that if in three days land was not visible in the horizon he would comply with their wishes and return." The sunrise of the second day brought many signs of the long-sought land; the sailors brought on board these living and inanimate witnesses, and before land appeared in sight the mutineers fell upon their knees before the injured Admiral and begged forgiveness for their mistrust. Columbus offered a reward to the first one who should cry land; but Providence reserved to him the first glimpse, which he purchased at twenty years of his life.

The cannon-shot which announced the newborn world rang out on the night of Oct. 12, 1492, the "mystery of the ocean had breathed its first whisper in the bosom of the night." Never did night appear so long before in giving way to dawn, for that morning's light was to reveal to Columbus and his followers a shore "That Christian ne'er had trod."

Columbus, clothed in all the insignia of his dignity, bearing in his hands the flag of Spain, entered his boat and pulled toward the shore. On landing he fell upon his knees, to acknowledge by his acts of humility and worship the greatness of God. With solemn ceremonies he planted the Cross of Christ and the royal ensign of Castile side by side in the sands of his discovery. He called the island San Salvador in honor of our Saviour. Supposing the island to be an out post of India, Columbus called the natives Indians, the name which they still retain. Not finding on the island the precious metal which they sought, Columbus and his men again set sail this time for the South; they visited Cuba, but with no better success.

They set sail for Europe, impatient to announce to Spain the news of their wonderful navigation and its results. Day after day they labored on against adverse winds and tide. Storm followed storm; the vessels became disabled and unmanageable and drifted at the mercy of the elements. All hopes of reaching shore were given up; but the infinite hand of Providence at last guided them to a haven of security and rest; but only one vessel came to anchor where there should have been three, the others were swallowed up in the raging sea.

Columbus anchored in the mouth of the

Tagus on the 4th of March, 1493, after braving for eight months the perils and hardships of a wild and dreary sea. While in Portugal, a conspiracy was instigated to assassinate Columbus, and thus bury with him his secrets and deprive Spain of her newly acquired province by the Nobles of King John II.; but this noble-minded sovereign would not listen to the cowardly proceedings, and Columbus was returned to Spain. He arrived in Palos on the 15th of March, 1493, and landed amidst a multitude frantic with joy and pride. Thus ended the first transatlantic navigation ever accomplished by man, and which is destined to shine on the illustrious pages of history until time and eternity shall contend for the supremacy.

Columbus made three subsequent voyages to the New World and planted a colony in Hispaniola, and later discovered the true American continent near the mouth of the La Plata River in South America.

But jealousy and calumny had done its worst for Columbus both in the New and the Old World. From his last voyage he returned a prisoner in his own vessel loaded with the chains of his accusers. But to him the fetters were both a sign of obedience to his sovereigns and a symbol of the wickedness of man. When his kind-hearted jailor offered to remove his manacles Columbus refused. He said: "When my king so orders then shall they be removed, and I will preserve them as a reminiscence of the reward bestowed by man upon my labors." Thus this great benefactor of mankind returned to his native country to die in poverty and disgrace; but, nevertheless, a true hero and a devout Catholic. And the poet has justly said:

"He that dieth with honor liveth forever."

His, indeed, was a triumphant death.

From the Heights.

BY JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY.

[Read at the banquet in honor of the Inauguration of the new Catholic University of America, Wednesday, Nov. 13.]

"Come to me for wisdom," said the mountain;
 "In the valley and the plain
 There is Knowledge dimmed with sorrow in the gain;
 There is Effort, with its hope like a fountain;
 There, the chained rebel, Passion;
 Laboring Strength and Fleeting Fashion;
 There, Ambition's leaping flame,
 And the iris-crown of Fame;
 But those gains are dear forever
 Won from loss and pain and fever.
 Nature's gospel never changes;
 Every sudden force deranges;
 Blind endeavor is not wise;
 Wisdom enters through the eyes;
 And the seer is the knower,
 Is the doer and the sower.

"Come to me for riches," said the peak;
 "I am leafless, cold and calm;
 But the treasures of the lily and the palm—
 They are mine to bestow on those who seek.
 I am gift and I am giver
 To the verdured fields below,
 As the motherhood of snow
 Daily gives the new-born river.
 As a watcher on a tower,
 Listening to the evening hour,
 Sees the roads diverge and blend,
 Sees the wandering currents end
 Where the moveless waters shine
 On the fair horizon line—
 All the storied Past is mine;
 All its strange beliefs still clinging;
 All its singers and their singing;
 All the paths that led astray,
 All the meteors once called day;
 All the stars that rose to shine—
 Come to me—for all are mine!

"Come to me for safety," said the height;
 "In the future as the past,
 Road and river end at last
 Like a raindrop in the ever-circling sea.
 Who shall know by lessened sight
 Where the gain and where the loss
 In the desert they must cross?
 Guides who lead their charge from ills,
 Passing soon from town to town,
 Through the forest and the down,
 Take direction from the hills;
 Those who range a wider land,
 Higher climb until they stand
 Where the past and future swing
 Like a far blue ocean-ring;
 Those who sail from land afar
 Leap from mountain-top to star.
 Higher still, from star to God,
 Have the spirit-pilots trod,
 Setting lights for mind and soul
 That the ships may reach the goal.

"They shall safely steer who see:
 Sight is wisdom. Come to me!"

Webster, the Dramatist.

It is not by all a man does that he becomes distinguished; neither is it by all a man writes that he acquires a great name; nor is it by making a great preamble that an orator acquires celebrity. It depends on *how* he does it. Quintilian says that one of the Romans became famous by three orations—"Insignem non immerito famam tribus orationibus meruit." Such was the case with the subject of this sketch. Born, we know not where; educated, in like manner, of his parents he has left us no account; nor should we come to know himself had it not been that we were attracted by a streak of what Shakspeare calls "genius," and which he describes when he says:

"Genius is like a circle in the water,
 Which never ceaseth to enlarge itself,
 Till, by broad spreading, it disperse to naught."
 (Henry VI., Act I., Scene 3.)

Now, it is a flash of that *genius*, even more striking in its character than in its power, that

has reached us. Already we have said that of the personal history of John Webster we know nothing, and this is especially disappointing in the case of one whose works are marked with so strong an individuality as his. We merely know of him that he was a contemporary of Massinger, Ford, and the rest of the younger school of dramatists of the Elizabethan period.

What his early occupation was we are unable to state; but we may safely conjecture that a considerable portion of his time was passed in working with the dramatists, or improving upon the productions of earlier authors. The works of Webster which have reached us are few, and although we know that some others have been lost, there is no room for supposing that he was ever a voluminous writer.

To compare one so little known with that giant whose genius is many-sided would be taking rather a slippery stand. Yet among all the dramatists of that period, none so strongly reminds us of Shakspeare as Webster, and none probably who in a certain department stands so nearly on a par with Shakspeare. In sunshine and in gloom the latter is at home; whether in portraying the anguish of Lear or Othello, or in the bright fairy-land of the "Midsummer Night's Dream." Webster, on the other hand, is grave, and seldom mounts from a key that is profound and melancholy.

"I do love," he says, "those ancient ruins.

We never tread upon them but we set
Our foot on some reverend history;
And questionless here in this open court,
Which now lies open to the injuries
Of stormy weather, some men lie interred—
Loved the churchyard so well, and gave so largely to it.
They thought it should have canopied their bones
Till doom's day. But all things have their end—
Churches and cities which have diseases like to men
Must have like death that we have."

This is about his lightest mood, but in tragedy he is a consummate master. To accumulate images of horror he can ransack nature and the supernatural world giving free play to an imagination and an ingenuity such as Shakspeare describes when he says:

"The poet's eye in fine frenzy rolling
Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven;
And, as imagination bodies forth
The form of things unknown, the poet's pen
Turns them to shape, and gives to airy nothing
A local habitation and a name."

He accumulates images of horror without ever overstepping the line which fascinates by its horror and sadness from what disgusts; for with Webster the physical is always subordinate to the moral, the physical suffering a mere ac-

cessory to the mental anguish. His power in painting characters from a true tragic point of view is marvellous. He makes minds not only noble in suffering but ennobled by suffering. Full of a variety of images, yet always in the same key of sadness, his style is in harmony with the subject which he chooses, always dignified and expressive.

The greatest of Webster's works are "The White Devil, or Vittoria Corombona," and "The Duchess of Malfi." The mood in which the character of Vittoria is conceived and worked out makes the former a very remarkable play. "The Duchess of Malfi" is one of the most powerful plays in our language. The outlines of this story are simple. The widowed Duchess of Malfi is secretly married to her steward, a man, but for his birth, in every way worthy of her.

By this alliance she incurs the displeasure and draws down upon herself the vengeance of her two brothers. They succeed in their determination of effecting a separation between husband and wife, banishing the former and seizing and imprisoning the latter. They apply to her every kind of mental torture which ingenuity could devise, and ultimately caused herself and her children to be strangled in prison. Charles Lamb says, speaking of the skill and ingenuity displayed in this part of the play: "Writers of an inferior genius may 'upon horror's head horrors accumulate,' but they cannot do this. They mistake quantity for quality, they 'terrify babes with painted devils,' but they know not how a soul is capable of being moved; their terrors want dignity; their affrightments are without decorum. To move a horror skilfully, to touch a soul to the quick, to lay upon fear as much as it can bear, to wean and weary a life till it is ready to drop, and then step in with mortal instruments and take its last forfeit—this only a Webster can do."

Nor is the end of the two brothers less powerfully brought forth. One, Webster says, smitten with a madness caused by a guilty conscience meets his doom. Finally both brothers fall by the hand of the man who had been their instrument in perpetrating their crimes. Extracts at best cannot well illustrate a play, yet we are tempted to give a few here, for it seems that Webster concentrates his power especially in the character of the Duchess. What can be more pathetic than this against their tyrannical hostility to her marriage?

"The birds that live in the field,
On the wild benefit of nature, live
Happier than we: for they may choose their mates,
And carol their sweet pleasures to the spring."

She exclaims, in the height of her misery:

"Oh, that it were possible we might
But hold some two days' conference with the dead!
From them I should know somewhat, I am sure,
I never shall know here. I'll tell thee a miracle.
I am not mad. Yet, to my cause of sorrow,
The heaven o'er my head seems made of molten
brass,
The earth of flaming sulphur; yet I am not mad.
I am acquainted with sad misery
As the tanned galley-slave is with his oar;
Necessity makes me suffer constantly,
And custom makes it easy."

M. J. P.

The Academy of the Arcadians.

The Academy of the Arcadians was founded at Rome in 1690, under the form of a democratic republic; its members adopted pastoral names, derived from various cantons of Greece, which, it is supposed, had been given them to cultivate.

The object of the society was to purge Italian literature of the absurdities and extravagances which had, for more than a century, disfigured it. Although nearly forgotten for awhile it existed, however, till seventy-five years ago, but was divided into almost as many colonies as there were cities in Italy and still exists in Rome.

From its foundation the Academy had no fixed place for its agricultural or literary meetings. At first it held its *seances* on Mount Janicule; shortly after it removed to Mount Esquiline in the Duke of Paganica's forest. Compelled to seek a larger and more commodious place to satisfy the entreaties of the daily-increasing public who came to hear them, our academicians took up their quarters in the gardens of the palace formerly occupied by the celebrated Christine of Sweden. Two years afterwards they obtained from Raunce II., Duke of Parma, permission to transfer their meetings to the Farnese gardens. Up to this time the Arcadians preserved all the simplicity of their rustic manners, using for chairs the grass and stones; but now the Duke of Parma built them a sort of rural theatre, where for the space of six years they quietly held their exercises. Again, in 1699, they saw themselves obliged to seek another asylum. The Duke of Salviati offered one to which they retired, and they now believed their wanderings over, when the death of the Duke once more deprived them of their retreat. Their next patron was Prince Justinianus. In fine, François Maria Ruspoli, prince of Cerveteri, settled them on Mount Aventine, where, to accommodate the members of their general

assemblies, they built a beautiful edifice in the form of an amphitheatre.

Wearied with wandering from garden to garden and from hill to hill, but, above all, indignant at the cold welcome extended to the Muses, some of the members withdrew. This defection was not, however, its greatest misfortune. One of the chief members, the famous Gravina, having been consulted on the meaning of one of the laws of the society—a law dictated by himself—and the majority having rejected his definition, he, to observe the law, separated from all those who, he pretended, had transgressed it. Those members whose mind and taste he had formed followed him, and though but very few had the pretension to announce themselves as the representatives of the Academy. The attempt appeared monstrous. Rome had never experienced a more stormy schism. The matter was given over to the lieutenant of the Apostolic Auditory Chamber for examination; his decision was ready when the minority, yielding to the instances of Cardinal Corsini, renounced their pretensions; abandoned the name they had taken of "The New Academy," and promised henceforward to meet under that of the Quirinal Academy.

As to the rest, the Arcadians never achieved their end. They succeeded in doing nothing else than perpetuating a taste for witticisms and other literary frivolities with which the Italians had for a long time been smitten. The Abbé Arnaud, in his history of the Arcadians, terminates his notice with these words: "A Grecian philosopher compares the Athenians of his time to a reed instrument of music; take away the reed and nothing remains but wind." "There are very few of the Arcadians to whom this comparison is not applicable." At the present day the society is in a most flourishing condition, and numbers among its members the most notable ecclesiastical and literary men of the Eternal City.

F.

Country Life.

Manifold are the beauties of a country life, especially when we compare them to those of a city. In a city one can never see what beauty there is in the forest and stream, in the meadow and hill; but in the country the pictures which these present to the eye cannot be equalled by the painter. Man can never produce them, even with all the artificial means which he has at his disposal.

It is a well-known fact that the most beau-

tiful scenes are those which are produced by nature; and where can these be seen except in the country? There the sky is beautiful at all times, even when the dark masses of clouds which precede the storm, are rolling and flying with impetuosity and sublimity in the broad expanse of space.

What other life contains such bliss? In the early morning all is still, and on rising the sweet tones of the *Angelus* may be softly wafted on the fragrant breeze. At noon one can go to some cool and shaded stream and thus be sheltered from the glaring sun; in the evening when the sun is just disappearing behind the clouds, can be seen the true beauty of nature. And at night when one lies in bed and thinks over the well-spent day which has just passed, and looks out at the countless host of stars a feeling of contentment fills his heart.

It is a very refreshing change from the city to the country. In the one we are suffocated by the flying dust, deafened by the noise of the street *gamin* and passing vehicles, and jostled by the crowds of surging humanity; whilst in the other we can breathe the sweet fragrance of the pure air, and be as free as the birds singing overhead. The tasks of a country life may be more laborious than those of a city, yet the farmer's life is more conducive to pleasure and health, and health is more valuable than riches.

G. T. WEITZEL, '93.

College Gossip.

—One hundred and seventy-one American students attended the Berlin University last year.—*Ex.*

—Ex-Minister Phelps, President of Columbia, receives a greater salary than any other college president in America.—*Ex.*

—There are novelties in college cheers just as there are in dress patterns, and nearly as many varieties. Where and how a new cheer originates is just as hard a question to answer as who started the latest fashion. Class room and campus incidents are probably the initial points of most new cheers; but the fully developed cheer is generally so unlike the incident that fathered it that the origin is never traced. The average college youth doesn't care a rap for its history anyway, provided the cheer itself has the right ring and rhythm. Once started, a good cheer flies like a rumor. In a fortnight it has possession of another college than that of its birth, and in three months it is an old story in all Eastern colleges, and is catching on out West. How it makes its way about is as mysterious a question as how it originated; but it is probable that intercollegiate contests and gath-

erings of various sorts help it along a good deal. The very latest thing in college cheers was heard at the Harvard-Yale football game. Yale claiming to have started it; but the students of at least six colleges present were familiar with it, and appropriated it by substituting the names of different colleges for the word "Yale" that originally ended it. It is little more than a quotation from Aristophanes's "Frogs," which somebody saw had every element of a fine rhythmical cheer, and set agoing. Here it is:

Brack-a-kak-kax, coax, coax!
Brack-a-kak-kax, coax, coax!
Whoo-up! Whoo-up!
Para-ballou! Ya-a-le!

—*Sun.*

"FROM THE HEIGHTS."

When Tennyson, or Swinburne, produces a new poem it is considered, in England, a great event. The press chronicle and commend; the reviews criticise it with care and thought. Yet, in our country, while occasionally some enterprising journal publishes a poem from one of the great English poets by cable, more as a sensational feature than as a literary event,—while occasionally this is done, yet when one of our own poets, and our own greatest poet, John Boyle O'Reilly, gives to the world a poem that has in it the greatness of immortality, there seems to be no recognition of this, as a very important event. In this issue there appears Mr. O'Reilly's latest poem, "From the Heights," read at the opening of the Catholic University in Washington on Nov. 13, a poem that takes rank with the best productions of Wordsworth and Tennyson.

The poem is an expression of the noblest wisdom of life, of its extended vision and its highest recognition. There is nothing in American poetry to which it can be compared save with that wonderful creation of Emerson—the "Initial, Dæmonic and Celestial Love," in which, while there is no similarity, there is the same greatness of vision and serene outlook on infinite life. The sublimity of the expression where the

"Guides who lead their charge from ills,
Leap from mountain-top to star,"

and the succeeding lines:

"Higher still, from star to God,
Have the spirit-pilots trod,
Setting lights for mind and soul
That the ships may reach the goal."

Such lines as these sound the highest note of poetic exaltation. The poem has a message to give. It teaches that "Sight is wisdom"; that it is on the heights that safety dwells: that it is in vision that wisdom, riches and safety lie. On the lower level knowledge is dimmed with sorrow; effort is spasmodic, like the leaping fountain; "Blind endeavor is not wise," for,

"—the seer is the knower,
Is the doer and the sower."

For the one poet of our country who has a message to deliver, whose words call us to the noblest achievements, the celestial vision, we must look to John Boyle O'Reilly.—*Boston Traveller.*

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C. T. CAVANAGH, '91,	JOSEPH E. BERRY, '91.

—A short time ago an assemblage of representative men, from the West and South, known as the Silver Congress, met in St. Louis. This convention protested against the demoralization of silver. This metal is much more abundant in the United States than gold, and should be made the unit of value and legal tender for all debts public and private. The masses demand the unlimited coinage of the "dollar of our dadies;" the monopolists and gold bugs of Wall street favor the gold unit. We should have a standard circulating medium, and the silver dollar should be that medium.

—Rugby football, as now played, is certainly too brutal a sport to retain popular favor. Fractured limbs and unimaginable injuries seem to be the inevitable concomitant of every match. We consider the present interest in the game to be spasmodic and transitory. We are unwilling to believe that football will ever supplant the more scientific base-ball as our national pastime. However, if the "sport" must be indulged in let there be a return to the good old game, unless the "reduction to a science" will take into consideration suitable protection for the bodily members which each individual would like to keep together as much as possible.

—The sectional animosities engendered by the late civil war are well nigh-dead. Now and then, 'tis true, some fanatic, who seems to be oblivious of the fact that the issues of the late contest are forever settled, bursts forth in an impotent denunciation of the South, her customs, her politics and her people. But despite this

we cannot but believe that the majority of our people are disposed to be generous. The cordial reception of General Gordon in Chicago, a few days ago, will do much to promote a new era of good feeling. We should be ready to forgive, if not forget, the past. In recent years the South has made wonderful progress. She will soon be able to cope with the North in her public improvements, in her schools and in her manufactures. We are glad of this. This is our common country. The South's prosperity means prosperity for all.

—The late revolution in Brazil leaves but one representative of monarchical government in America. Canada must feel lonesome. There was something phenomenal in the change: there was no violence or bloodshed. It was an easy transition from the insignia of royalty to the more subdued forms of republicanism. The seed of religious and political freedom sown first upon American soil has not fallen upon stony ground. The harvest has been abundant. One by one, the Spanish-American provinces have severed their connection from the mother country. We trust the Dominion on our north may not be unmindful of these lessons. A century has shown the wisdom and the stability of republican governments. A monarchy hampers its subjects, a republican government affords opportunities for broadest development and the greatest possibilities. The former restrains its people by narrow and restrictive measures; the latter fosters by wise and liberal laws. One is crumbling with decay and threatened with speedy dissolution; the other is throbbing vigorously with the pulsations of healthy life. May the day soon dawn when monarchies will be strangers to our continent!

—Some one has said that oratory is on the decline; this is a statement which should be accepted with a reservation. It is true that as a didactic medium, in some instances, the press has usurped the province of the orator. It is true also that the lawyers of to-day depend more upon a logical presentment of the law and evidence than upon a plea to the jury. But though the field of oratory of the present is more restricted than that of the past, yet this very fact has served to concentrate the powers of the orator within their narrowed sphere, and to intensify their potency within the field of their operation.

It is a weakness of human nature that man-

kind is prone to disparage present men and institutions and accomplishments in comparison with those of a similar character in the past. And often do we hear it said that we have now no such orators as the past produced—no Burkes or Pitts or Clays. We doubt this. The lapse of years lends a glamour undeserved to the fame of those great men. It is a question whether Gladstone or Beaconsfield be not capable of forensic flights as lofty as either Burke or Pitt attained. A century after their death Blaine and Conkling will be named in the same category with Webster and Clay. So far as pulpit eloquence is concerned, it is certain that Spalding or Ryan in the Catholic world, or Spurgeon in the non-Catholic need not fear comparison with the preachers of times gone by.

Education.

The cause of education is the noblest that can engage the mind of man—a work that finds its meet reward, notwithstanding the calumnies of enemies and the indifference of friends. Apart from other and higher considerations, the consciousness of a life devoted to elevating and ennobling the mind and heart of man is an immense reward in itself. It is a work far more important than that of the legislator and statesman: they can only make the laws, whereas the educator gives them life by inculcating the observance of them. Education is so far higher than statesmanship inasmuch as the statesman is formed by the educator, and the machinist is nobler than the machine.

We of the 19th century plume ourselves on being in an age of progress, of enlightenment. Civilization and enlightenment have made great strides; but if we look carefully around us can we in reality boast of living up to the circumstances and times? It is true, material progress is very great; but does civilization consist merely in this? Does perfection end with the gas-pushed car? or in the completion of the gigantic enterprise which girdles with iron bands the broad expanse of the American Continent? Does it consist in those gilded palaces, etc., which sleep upon the bosom of the deep, and which, by the motive power of steam, bid defiance to wind and wave? Is it comprised in the electric spark whose instantaneous flash spans the globe? Is it contained in our present common school system, which considers material education *alone* a sovereign balm for all the evils that our time and country are afflicted with? No: this is not civilization—true civilization. It has a higher

aim, a nobler end; it tends to the advancement and development of our higher powers and faculties of the heart as well as the head, of our moral as well as our intellectual endowments, and not solely the corporeal and material portion of our being. This is the true definition, this is the correct view to take of education.

If we consider carefully, weigh minutely the workings of our present system of common schools, we shall find that they are fast de-Christianizing modern society. They are doing just what ex-Governor Seymour, of New York, once said: "A good education makes a man, frequently only more successful and accomplished in his career of crime and wickedness." In short, material education only makes our rogues and thieves more expert in their rascalities. These schools, it is true, aim at the cultivation of the intellect; but they leave the will and heart a moral wilderness, overgrown with rank and luxuriant weeds and noxious plants. Under the baneful influence of this educational system children are growing up without respect for parents, without veneration for old age, without obedience to civil or ecclesiastical authority. Are not the greatest rascals in America the most highly educated? We have only to look around us and see how the human heart belches forth its moral corruption, poisoning domestic and social happiness. Go, visit our courts of justice and see how men will perjure themselves; step into one of those "scalping dens," usually denominated a saloon, or enter one of our prisons, and you will be convinced that we are a long way behind on the road that leads to our true end. You will then be convinced that it is not more education, but a better system of education that we want. Therefore, as material progress does not imply moral progress, what is to be done to meet the moral want of our age? We must have a mental and moral knowledge—which is a religious culture. Religion is to education what the soul is to the body, what justice, patriotism and liberty are to a government—its controlling, living and saving principle. Religion and education together bring civilization and prevent crime—form, in fact, the real foundation to our liberties. Are there any here inclined to doubt it? The strength of a government like ours depends upon the character of her citizens. The basis of a republic is the spirit of her people. The Constitution may quiet the workings of that spirit, but it can neither create, nor, when lost, restore it. Good laws may tend to preserve it, but they are not always able to prevent its destruction.

A republic may flourish, notwithstanding a

defective constitution. It may survive the shock of bad measures, or pernicious policies; but it cannot outlive the demoralization of the people. It cannot outlast the loss of honesty in its citizens, rectitude in its judges, purity in its legislators. The first duty of those who would serve the republic is to preserve *goodness* in the people; and to make men good they must be Christians, they must be religious—the only true basis upon which republics can be placed. Let the framers of our laws write them with all the human ingenuity imaginable, with the most ingenious system of check and counter-check; let them impose penalties, forfeitures, impeachments, for a transgression; in a word, let them do more and better, if possible, than the wise men who gave us our Constitution—but this alone cannot preserve the life of a republic. There is a part of the government which must rest upon that over which human laws have no power—the conscience of those who compose it.

What guarantee can the Constitution afford against the perverse choice of majorities, the corruption of legislators, the inaction of judges? And when these are found in combination, who shall save the State? When the citizen lives in continual distrust of those who govern; when offices shall be sought, not as an honorable distinction, but as means of individual gain; when parties shall be so complete that majorities will perpetuate themselves in power; when the government, in its blindness, shall forget that the existence of a republic is secured only by securing to each individual a field of independent labor and existence, and that nothing is more hostile to it than the abuse of vast capital in the hands of the few; when corporations shall by their wealth decide the fate of elections and dictate laws for the promotion of their own interests; when bribery shall successfully rule judge and jury and legislator—vain will it be then to appeal to the Constitution. The Constitution will survive, but the Republic will be in ruins.

F.

Books and Periodicals.

ELEMENTARY LESSONS ON HEAT. By S. E. Thillman, Professor of Chemistry, United States Military Academy. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1889.

This little manual of 160 pages is decidedly the clearest and best work on Heat that we have yet seen. In it is found much more than is given in the ordinary text books of physics. The results arrived at by recent investigators in the fertile domain of Heat, scarcely known outside of the "Translations" of learned scientific societies, are incorporated in the text in

such a way as to make the book fully abreast with the latest discoveries. The illustrations are numerous and appropriate, and, with three or four exceptions, were executed specially for this work. If Prof. Thillman will now prepare similar works on the kindred topics of "Sound" and "Light" he will put many students and teachers of physical science under lasting obligations to him.

GOOD THINGS FOR CATHOLIC READERS: A Miscellany of Catholic Biography, Travel, etc., Containing Portraits and Sketches of Eminent Persons, and Engravings Representing the Church and Cloister, the State and Home and Famous Events in all Lands and Times. Profusely Illustrated. Second Series. New York: The Catholic Publication Society Co., No. 9 Barclay St. 1889.

This is a large octavo volume of more than seven hundred pages, the nature of which is well indicated in the above title. Most of the articles are of a popular character, interesting and instructive to the young; but at the same time there is much that will prove of value to the scholar and student, particularly to the student of Catholic Church history in America. The subjects are not confined to our own country alone. Famous persons, events and places in other lands are depicted. Outline lives of Catholic saints, prelates and priests of different ages and many lands are given, as well as sketches of the lives and works of Christian statesmen, warriors, scholars and artists of other countries. The work is very tastefully issued by the publishers and would prove a very acceptable holiday gift.

—*Donahue's Monthly Magazine*, for December, is varied and interesting. The leading article is a scathing review of the course of the *New York Mail and Express*, by Peter McCorry. "Canada and Her Neighbor" is continued. Rev. William Barry has an able article, entitled "Wanted: A Gospel for the Century." Rev. John Costello begins a series of articles on Theology and Natural Science. "Description of the Paris Exposition," by a Bostonian, is very interesting; "A Christmas Sketch," by Miss M. A. Tincker. Centenary of the Hierarchy and the great events in Baltimore. "Story of the Boston Tea Party." "Is Divorce Wrong?" by Cardinal Gibbons, together with a great variety of matter on various subjects, Youth's Department, etc.

—*Scribner's Magazine* for December is a holiday number of striking beauty and attractiveness in its illustrations, and the text of the articles will appeal to the fancy and sympathy of readers, rather than to their desire for instruction in practical affairs. With the exception of the fourth instalment of Harold Frederic's serial, each article is complete in this issue. The contents include a sympathetic study of life in the poorest quarters of New York's tenements; a vigorous end paper, sure to provoke discussion, by Edward J. Phelps Esq., ex-Minister to England; a genial and discriminating review of the whole field of American humorous drawing, by J. A. Mitchell, the founder and editor of *Life*;

another story by Mr. H. C. Bunner, editor of *Puck*, whose "Zadoc Pine," and "Squire Five-Fathom," in previous Christmas issues, will be recalled; a vivid and picturesque account of some characteristic Breton festivals; and a sunny picture of life and eccentric character on some of the least frequented of the Bahama Islands.

—The Editor of *St. Nicholas* deserves the hearty thanks of all lovers of Thackeray. She has secured from Mrs. Ritchie an account of "The Boyhood of Thackeray," illustrated by fac-similes of drawings and letters not hitherto published, and also by the frontispiece to the magazine—a bust showing Thackeray at the age of eleven. This early portrait is contrasted by Mrs. Ritchie with the last photograph ever taken of her father. She says: "All a lifetime lies between the two portraits, all its sorrows and successes, its work and its endurance. No words of mine are needed to point out the story. As a boy, as a man, my father held to the truth as he felt it to be, to the duties and courageous things of life. He bore much trouble with a brave, cheerful heart, and he made all who belonged to him happy by his generous trust in them, and his unchanging tenderness and affection." One is tempted to quote many paragraphs; but it will be better to refer to the number of *St. Nicholas* containing the whole of this welcome addition to our knowledge of England's great novelist. It is a delightful Christmas magazine. The January number, it is announced, will also be a holiday issue.

—In the *Forum* for December Mr. Edward J. Phelps, ex-Minister to England, writes upon "Divorce in the United States." He presents statistics regarding the increase of divorces, and considers the many laws under which they are granted. The remedy he proposes for the evils—and one shown to be consonant with reason and necessary to the welfare of society—is the prohibition of re-marriage. It is in other words a return to the doctrine of the Church that no human power can grant a divorce *a vinculo*; that the State should not usurp a power it does not possess; but may establish suitable legal provisions for separation, when shown to be necessary. In an article entitled "Can the Race Problem be Solved?" Prof. Henry A. Scamp says that race feeling is the dominant fact in Southern life and the controlling force in politics; that it has constant hidden dangers, and is permanent; that separation of the races is necessary, and assisted emigration the only practical method of separation. A timely and valuable article on "Religious Teaching in Schools" is contributed by the Rt. Rev. B. J. McQuaid, Bishop of Rochester, N. Y. The propositions which he establishes are contained in the following paragraph:

"Catholics hold a proud position in the face of their fellow-citizens, though it is one for which they are heavily fined by state-schoolism. In state schools: (1) Their parental rights and duties toward their children are infringed upon, (2) Their children's rights to a moral

education and training by religious enforcements are seriously interfered with. (3) The natural dependence of children on parents is weakened. (4) The double taxation to which parents are subjected is irritating, unjust and cruel; it is a hindrance to mutual esteem and to a kindly spirit among fellow-citizens. (5) They are made to suffer for the sake of conscience. It is not necessary to tell us again that somebody else's conscience ought to suit us."

Exchanges.

—Fold, do not roll your papers.

—The *Normal News* brings us much fine reading matter bound up within its bright and tasteful covers.

—*Res Academicæ* comes to us much improved in form and matter. What one misses most in the *Res* is an exchange column.

—"Men to the Front" in the current *Portfolio* is a very readable article, and displays the author's good sense to advantage.

—Some of our high-school journals show more animation and vitality than many college papers "of larger growth" and longer experience.

—The *Stonyhurst Magazine* is the latest English exchange to grace our table. We have very few visitors from beyond the Atlantic, but such as do greet us are of a high order of merit.

—The sixth number of the *Cadet* comes to us from St. John's, Denver, marked "Please exchange." We are indeed glad to exchange with the *Cadet*, but cannot fully understand why its editors should speak of exchange work as merely "taking up space."

—"Magazine" is a suggestive title for a college publication, and yet the *North Carolina University Magazine* seems worthy of the name. Six issues of this journal appear yearly; but then in college papers, one is willing to sacrifice quantity for quality.

—Among the latest visitors who have requested admission to our sanctum is the *Delphic*, and we bid it a hearty "Come in!" This interesting journal comes from Drake University, Des Moines, Iowa, and speaks well for the literary work done by the students of that institution.

—The columns of the *Polytechnic* are surcharged with martial enthusiasm, the result of a pleasant little encounter between the "freshies" and the "sophs." One policeman was carried home unconscious, and large numbers of the students received other marks of esteem and hard clubs. This is a pleasant variation from the monotony of "Rugby."

—One of the keenest satires on "The Puritan in Literature" appears in the October issue of the *Philosophian Review*. Its author, however, does not seem to know that the article in question is really satirical. He begins by a scurrilous allusion to the mental gloom (?) that was before the Reformation and to the "cruelties of 'bloody' Mary!" Then comes a quotation: "'The Puritans,' says Lord McCaulay, 'were the

most remarkable body of men the world has ever produced.' Pray, who is Lord *McCaulay*? Lord Macaulay certainly thought, as we all do, that the Puritans were "remarkable"; but everyone knows what the great English critic thought of that sniveling, whining troop of cant-mongers who were out of joint with their times and with much that was best in those times. Many things are "remarkable" that are not commendable. The audacity and unparalleled ignorance of the writer of the above-named article are remarkable; they are certainly not commendable. A few select sentences are worthy of standing alone: "Adam and Eve (in *"Paradise Lost"*) are simply Mr. and Mrs. John Milton." The blind poet would turn in his grave at this allusion to his married life. "Perhaps the most noticeable characteristic of Puritan literature is its musical quality." Perhaps so. It is hard for us to see how the very types could keep themselves straight, in lines like those quoted above, or how they could repress a smile at the innocence of any writer who could advance such statements.

Local Items.

- Hand out!
- 'Rah, 'rah, 'rah!
- "Schaack" hands!
- Two weeks more.
- The Quartette is fine.
- You did nobly, Charlie.
- This is essay week, boys.
- The Elocution class next.
- The snow is nearly all gone.
- "Chip" is with us once again!
- A game with Butler is expected.
- The Juniors still hold that "fort."
- Look out for the Christmas number.
- The beautiful hath gone glimmering!
- There are no flies on the Philodemics.
- We understand that a new cheer is in order—it is time.
- The team practised on the Junior grounds Thursday.
- The military companies are larger than ever before.
- To-morrow is the Feast of the Immaculate Conception.
- Wake up, Ed., and give us a game before the holidays.
- It is reported that Albion will play Notre Dame to-day.
- Our friend John says he will play the "tuba-four" in the band.
- "Kell" has signed with the brotherhood. Not *our* "Kell," though.
- The boys are glad to see their friend, Bro. Leander, up and around again.

—Secure your tickets for "The Battle of Gettysburg" next Monday evening.

—An entertainment by the Elocution class is booked for the week before Christmas.

—That public debate was great; we would like to hear from the Philodemics again.

—Notice the Junior "Roll of Honor" this week. It is the largest on record so far this year.

—Bro. Philemon, C. S. C., Director of St. Pius' School, Chicago, spent Sunday at the College.

—J. B. says he knows nothing of the "beautiful" poem credited to him. John is too modest.

—We are soon to hear from the St. Cecilians, before the Christmas vacation, we understand.

—Some one humorously remarked that he had seen lots of Jewels, but never "The hidden gem."

—The Vocal Quartette goes to extremes when they put Schaack and Willie along side each other.

—The next bulletin will go home soon now, boys. Try for the next few weeks to make it a good one.

—Dr. L. Prichard, Grayson, Ky., called during the week on a visit to his three sons at the University.

—LOST—A bunch of keys. The finder will please return them to the Junior refectory and be suitably rewarded.

—A two-story addition to the east side of the boiler house is in course of erection. It will be for the use of the tin smiths.

—If Chicago can't get the World's Fair, our next choice is South Bend. We have a *spark* of home pride left in us, at any rate.

—The Curator of the Museum is indebted to the Rev. P. Johannes, C. S. C., Rector of St. Mary's Church, South Bend, for a number of rare coins.

—A certain Junior was accidentally locked up in the "box room" the other day, and was actually frantic until he was released from his "prison (?)."

—Rev. P. P. Cooney, C. S. C., Miss. Ap., returned to Notre Dame yesterday (Friday) evening, greatly improved in health after an absence of more than two months.

—Among the visitors during the week were Dr. and Mrs. J. H. Blecker, Mrs. M. M. Cluiner, Chicago; Mrs. A. J. Goodson, Bellevue, Ohio; A. E. Dacy, Woodstock, Ill.

—Boys, look out for the Christmas number of the SCHOLASTIC. It will be larger than usual, contain illustrations and a feast of stories by popular local writers. Leave your orders before going home.

—John P. Lauth, '68, of Chicago, passed a few short but pleasant hours at the College on last Saturday, and was cordially welcomed by many friends, whose only regret was that he could not prolong his visit.

—Among the eminent Catholics absent from

the Centenary celebrations none were more missed, nor more frequently inquired for, than Prof. Maurice F. Egan, of Notre Dame University, Ind.—*Boston Pilot*.

—It is the opinion of most of the students that our team will be called upon to play in Chicago next Thanksgiving, as it is the only team left to dispute the championship of the Northwest with the Chicago men.

—Our sages should endeavor to have a new and respectable college yell to spring upon us before the opening of the base-ball season. We merely wish to remind them, lest they let this extremely important matter drop.

—QUERY:—Are not the Chicago newspapers and their camera "fiends" amenable for contempt of court *in re* Cronin trial? Perhaps Chicago is too much engrossed in *speculating* about the World's Fair to consider the usages of civilized life.

—The numerous defeats which Ann Arbor's football team has suffered within the last two years are but the continuance of work begun by Notre Dame, as our boys were the first to break the record of the Michiganders; and their decline dates back to the day when Notre Dame scored against them in the second game we ever played.

—Our local military companies have secured the services of Gen. St. Clair Mulholland, of Philadelphia, who will give his descriptive lecture and panorama of the Battle of Gettysburg in Washington Hall on Monday next. Press notices throughout the East speak very favorably of the entertainment, and certainly all who attend will be enabled to pass two hours of enjoyment and instruction.

—Very Rev. Edward Sorin, Superior-General of the Order of the Holy Cross and founder of Notre Dame University, Indiana, received an ovation in the parlors of the Hotel Rennert. Archbishop Riordan, of San Francisco, an old student of the University, headed a delegation of graduates and others who called upon him, and a number of ladies also came into the room. Father Sorin, whose venerable appearance had made him a conspicuous figure at the Centennial, received all graciously and appeared pleased at the attention shown him.—From "Centennial Notes" in *San Francisco Monitor*.

—The eighth regular meeting of the St. Aloysius' Philodemic Society was held on the 23d ult. with President Sullivan in the chair. The exercises of the evening began with an excellent criticism of the preceding meeting by Mr. Bronson. The debate on the question "Resolved, that railroads should be owned and controlled by the Federal Government," was ably discussed by Messrs. Burger and McAuliff on the affirmative, and Messrs. Cooke and Fitzgibbons on the negative. Voluntary speeches were made by Messrs. Morrison and Sullivan. Decision was rendered in favor of the negative.

—The eighth regular meeting of the Law

Debating Society was held on Wednesday evening, Dec. 6. The minutes of the previous meeting were read and adopted. The question chosen for the next debate is, "Resolved: That agriculture is more important than manufactures in assuring the peace and promoting the prosperity of nations." The subject of extensive commercial relations with South America was very ably argued by the gentlemen having the question under consideration. Mr. Flynn opened the debate in a manner which showed that he was thoroughly familiar with the subject in all its phases. He is an able speaker, and the society hopes to hear from him again in the near future. Messrs. Herman, Lane and Dickerson followed with very interesting papers.

—It has long been a query in society circles why the Columbians have not reorganized this year? We cannot say. This society has been one of the foremost in the house since its first organization. Last year excellent work was done. The weekly meetings were well attended, and the duties imposed were faithfully and cheerfully performed. It cannot be the fault of the College Faculty as they are ever ready to encourage such a movement. The Columbian Society was organized for the benefit of the students of the Commercial Course. This year there is exceptionally good material in this course, and the delay is, therefore, unfortunate. The matter should be taken in hand. The advantages conferred by such a society cannot be estimated. The students of the Commercial Course are wasting a splendid opportunity for social enjoyment and intellectual improvement. We trust that we may soon have occasion to chronicle the reorganization of the Columbians.

—On Thursday afternoon the long-promised public debate took place, and as the event was heralded in last week's SCHOLASTIC, the general interest was raised to its highest pitch. The exercises were conducted under the auspices of the St. Aloysius' Philodemics, and this fact, together with the *personnel* of the contestants, sufficed to make the debate an assured success. At 4.30 o'clock the doors of Washington Hall were flung open, and when the audience was comfortably seated Mr. Brelsford stepped forward and announced the opening piece of the following

PROGRAMME:

Quartette—"The Praise of a Soldier"..... E. Mock, W. P. McPee, E. Schaack, W. Lahey.

DEBATE—"Are Labor Organizations Conducive to the Best Interests of the Nation?"

Moderator..... Mr. H. Brelsford
Affirmative..... J. B. Sullivan, C. T. Cavanagh
Negative..... J. St. Elmo Berry, J. E. H. Paradis
Duet—"Ship Ahoy!"..... W. P. McPhee, W. Lahey

The musical portion of the exercises was excellent, and the gentlemen who took part in it, and who were under the skilful direction of Professor Liscombe, gave evidence of superior vocal powers and careful training. When the applause that followed the rendition of the first selection had subsided, Mr. H. Brelsford again came to the front, and in his usual happy style

explained the subject of the debate in an exordium which we can only characterize as eloquent. He spoke at some length on both sides of the question, and his remarks were warmly received. He closed by introducing Mr. J. B. Sullivan who immediately proceeded to open the debate for the affirmative. Mr. Sullivan possesses oratorical gifts of a high order, and although he has long enjoyed considerable local repute, still he never appeared to better advantage than in this contest of giants. His arguments were clear and logical; his expression terse and incisive; and before he had finished, appearances were strongly against the negative.

Mr. Berry, however, was not to be daunted by the stirring appeals of his antagonist, and advancing to his audience he put forth his argument in the form of a syllogism which promised to explode all the pet theories proposed by the affirmative. He showed rare tact in balancing his thought, and frequently surpassed himself in literary expression.

Mr. C. T. Cavanagh responded for the affirmative, and his *début* was a pleasant surprise to his numerous friends. He began by a critical review of his opponent's speech, and brought forth many conclusive proofs in favor of his own side. His enunciation was distinct, and his diction powerful, but his delivery was somewhat angular, and lacked the animation necessary to work upon the feelings of his audience. He concluded amid rounds of applause.

Mr. Paradis arose to close the debate for the negative. He commenced by a pleasant remark on the importance of this debate, and on the influence it was destined to exercise upon our legislators. He continued in this easy strain, and his remarks were highly pertinent and suggestive, although his diction was not sufficiently easy and idiomatic.

Mr. Sullivan closed the debate in a few well-pointed and dignified periods, and the audience, highly pleased, filed out of the hall.

The public debate is one of the very best exercises in the College course and reveals, better than any other, the deficiencies or acquirements of a student. The effort of the Philodemics, though in every sense successful, proves that the points most neglected in their education are elocution and stage experience. Here at Notre Dame we have ample facilities for acquiring excellent training in both these respects, and it is to be hoped that in future the students of the different courses will apply themselves more diligently to the study of those branches without which all other attainments fall flat and insipid.

Roll of Honor.

SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

Messrs. Adelsberger, Ahlrichs, Allen, Berry, Brookfield, Burns, Benz, Cabanna, Walsh, Wade, V. Vurpillat, Combe, Cassin, Cassidy, S. Campbell, G. Cooke, F. Vurpillat, L. Chute, F. Chute, Cooney, P. Coady, Coder, Dorsey, Delany, Dennis, J. Flynn, P. Fleming, Rothert,

Ford, Fisk, Fehr, S. Fleming, Franciscus, Grange, Garfias, Gibbons, Galen, Houlihan, Herman, Hackett, W. Roberts, E. Hughes, Hummer, Hempler, Hoover, Hayes, Hepburn, J. S. Johnson, J. A. Johnson, Karasynski, King, Kearns, Krembs, Kohlman, Lesner, Langan, C. Roberts, Lair, Lancaster, Lane, Lynch, Lahey, F. Long, L. Long, N. Sinnott, McGinn, McDonald, McAuliff, McKee, McDonnell, McConlogue, Mackey, Morrison, J. McGrath, M. McGrath, Steiger, McConnell, O'Neill, O'Brien, O'Shea, Powers, Phillips, Paradis, Pim, Portilla, H. Prichard, F. Prichard, Paquette, Prudhomme, Reedy, Rebillot, Toner, Soden, Satter, Anderson, Bovett, Knublach.*

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

Masters Adler, Aarons, Ayer, Anson, B. Backrach, S. Backrach, E. Bates, B. Bates, J. Brady, T. T. Brady, T. Brady, W. Brady, Bruel, Burns, Boyd, Bradley, Bos, Cunningham, Cosgrove, Covert, Case, Cudahy, Coll, J. Connors, Clendenin, Campbell, Collman, O. Du Brul, Dion, Delaney, Davidson, Dempsey, De Lormier, Drumm, Evers, Elder, J. M. Flannigan, C. Fitzgerald, J. Fitzgerald, Field, A. W. Funke, A. M. Funke, Gale, Garrison, Girsch, Gnewuch, Gough, Gross, Galen, Hull, Howard, W. Hasenfuss, Hambaugh, Hack, Hesse, Hann, Healy, Hagus, Hoerr, Hague, Ibold, Johnson, Jacobs, Kearney, King, Keough, V. Kehoe, L. Kehoe, A. Leonard, Lenard, Löwenstein, Lewis, Lamberton, Lee, Mackey, Murphy, Maurus, Maher, L. Monarch, D. Monarch, Merz, Mier, Mitchell, Merkle, J. McCartney, E. McCartney, Jas. McPhillips, Jos. McPhillips, A. McPhillips, W. McDonnell, McDonald, McIvers, F. McKee, E. McKee, F. Neef, A. Neef, Neenan, O'Brien, O'Rourke, Otis, O'Mara, Putnam, Palmer, Priestly, Pendleton, Prichard, Pomeroy, Quill, Quinlan, Rarig, Root, Robbins, Roper, Regan, Riedinger, Roth, Rowsey, W. E. Stanton, Spurgeon, F. Schillo, Seymour, Sloan, Seerey Snyder, Scherrer, Sutter, Spalding, Siebert, Stapleton, Talbot, Towne, Thorn, Tivnen, Tetard, Turner, Walsh, Welch, Wile, Weitzel, Wright, Ward, T. Whalen, White, Wolff, Wertheimer, Young, Youngerman, Zinn, Zimmerman.

MINIM DEPARTMENT.

Masters Ball, O. Brown, F. Brown, T. Burns, J. Burns, Browning, Cornell, Crandall, W. Connor, C. Connor, Covert, W. Crawford, A. Crawford, Coquillard, Croke, Clark, Crane, Durand, Dench, Elkin, Evers, Eckler, T. Finnerty, W. Finnerty, Fischer, Frankel, Falvey, Fuller, E. Furthman, W. Furthman, C. Furthman, G. Funke, Flynn, Girardin, Gilbert, D. Gilkison, A. Gilkison, Grant, C. Griggs, Hill, Henneberry, Hoffman, Hamilton, Hendry, Holbrook, Jonquet, Krollman, Keeler, King, Klamer, Kern, Lonergan, Londoner, Lonnsberry, H. Lamberton, Levi, C. Lamberton, Loonie, Loomis, Montague, Maternes, H. Mestling, Marr, E. Mestling, Myers, McGuire, McPhee, McPhillips, McCarthy, Morrison, Mayer, Marre, C. Nichols, W. Nichols, O'Neill, L. Paul, C. Paul, Pellenz, C. Packard, J. Packard, Pierce, Roberts, Roning, Ryan, G. Scherrer, W. Scherrer, Stephens, Thornton, Trujillo, Vorhang, Vandercook, Washburne, Wever, Walsh, Wilcox, Weber, Witkowsky, G. Zoehrlaut, Zeigler, C. Zoehrlaut.

* Omitted by mistake the last three weeks.

List of Excellence.

SPECIAL COURSE.

German—Messrs. Krembs, Baltes, Ibold, Maurus, A. Neef, Weitzel, Blumenthal, Mier, E. Garrison; *French*—Messrs. W. Larkin, F. Neef, Berry, C. Scherrer, D. Cartier, Allen; *Telegraphy*—Messrs. B. Bradley, Blodgett; *Type-Writing*—D. Conroy; *Vocal Music*—Messrs. Lahey, Mock, Ramsey, F. Long, Hackett, C. Schillo, L. Monarch, F. Schillo, J. Cunningham, McPhee; *Instrumental Music*—Messrs. P. Coady, Sutter, Dinkel, Lynch, Gough, Nester, Seery, O'Mara, L. Chute, Burger, McAlister, Wright; *Mechanical Drawing*—J. Delaney; *Architectural Drawing*—Messrs. Cunningham, Wade, C. Paquett, Wolff; *Linear Drawing*—Messrs. Weitzel, F. Schillo, H. Bronson.

St. Mary's Academy.

One Mile West of Notre Dame University.

—Very Rev. Father General gave a short instruction to the Children of Mary after the Mass on Monday morning.

—Much beautiful work is in progress in the Fancy-work department; the studio also has many fine pieces nearing completion.

—The French and German classes find a special means of improvement in the "conversations," held every evening, presided by the teachers of these languages.

—The "Siege of Valencia" is engaging the attention of the members of St. Catherine's Literary Society. The Graduates and first Seniors add special interest to their literary exercises by their essays and criticisms.

—To-morrow (Dec. 8) is the patronal festival of our beloved St. Mary's. And Tuesday next, the 10th inst., will be the feast of Our Lady of Loreto, under whose invocation our beautiful chapel has been dedicated to the Mother of God.

—Among the visitors of last week were: Mrs. A. C. Crandall, Miss T. Mullaney, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Plecker, H. Manning, Mrs. J. F. Morrison, Chicago; Mrs. J. B. Beardslee, Mount Vernon, Ohio; Miss M. Ryan, Hancock, Mich.; Miss F. Harris, Houghton, Mich.; Mrs. H. Hall, Omaha, Neb.; Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Philion, Paterson, N. J.; Mrs. G. Philion, Mishawaka, Ind.

—Thanksgiving Day was enjoyably spent by all; fancy-work, painting, reading and talking were the features of the morning hours. After the traditional turkey dinner, singing, recitations and confections were in order; a late sleep on Friday morning banished all signs of weariness after the unusual proceedings of the day before, and classes went on with their accustomed regularity.

—The Schubert Quartette Club of Chicago gave a most enjoyable concert in the Seniors' study-hall on Saturday, November 30th. Among the selections rendered were "Schubert's Serenade," "Lead Kindly, Light," "Eternal Rest," and "Tars' Song," by the Quartette; Miss Mecusker sang "The Flower Girl," and "My Old Kentucky Home;" two instrumental solos by Miss Lay completed the programme.

—The first number of the *Chimes*, edited by the Second Seniors, was read at the reunion of Sunday evening; it was dedicated to Very Rev. Father General in honor of the forty-eighth anniversary of his first holy Mass at Notre Dame. The opening article was an offering of congratulations and good wishes to St. Mary's venerated Founder. The principal topics were: "The Retreat," "Tam O'Shanter," "The Art of Walking," "Class Songs," "The Burial of our Fish" and "Feast of the Presentation, 1889." The paper was well read by the Misses K. Morse and H. Nacy, and was a most interesting little journal.

Gold Lies Deep in the Mountain.

Precious things are acquired with great difficulty, hence their value. In the pursuit of these objects, diligence is necessary to turn everything to advantage; foresight, to avoid dangers, and fortitude, to bear the troubles usually attendant on success. It is universally admitted that mental culture is one of the great boons of existence, and none will deny that laborious study alone can obtain it.

Knowledge is the golden ore for whose possession we should all strive. Deep it lies buried; and though many have delved and toiled and been rewarded by its final discovery, everyone must work the mine for himself, assisted a little, perhaps, by the advice of those who went before in the same path; but in all cases must the strata of ignorance be removed before we can reach the golden vein of knowledge. Perseverance is an instrument indispensable in securing the ore of learning. If in the removal of metals from the mountain side the machinery becomes unfit for service, all operations are suspended; so if our determination is weak and incapable of overcoming the many obstacles we are sure to meet, we need not expect to obtain that which we seek. As in the mine supports must be judiciously placed, and measures taken to prevent the choking up of the excavation by the loose, surrounding clay, so courage, constancy and hope must prevent the earth of sloth and despondency from destroying the progress that may have been effected.

History furnishes abundant illustrations of our subject; and seldom do we find that great ends have been achieved without correspondent effort. The career of Christopher Columbus was one of trial and bitter disappointment; still, battling against all difficulties, he gained his end, and added another country to the then known world. With the name of Demosthenes is ever linked the herculean labor which made him the greatest orator of ancient times. What unceasing toil was required to produce the masterpieces of painting, sculpture and literature which have elicited the admiration of succeeding ages, and rendered the names of Raphael, Michael Angelo, Dante, and of a host of others, household words in every family wherein is cherished a love of art and science.

The wonderful discoveries of modern times have been made only after repeated experiments and not a few failures. The men who have attained the greatest perfection in any department of learning have well understood the slow

process of attaining it; and when these stupendous intelligences had reached the acme where it would seem that man was again about to lay his hand upon the tree of knowledge, may we not believe that theirs was rather a feeling of disappointment than of pleasure, when they contemplated how limited was their erudition compared to the many mysteries of science which to human understanding must remain forever a sealed book. When Herschel, after the completion of his great telescope, explored the vast realms of space and beheld the myriad worlds spread out before his vision, how limited to him must the power of man have appeared! We are told that the great naturalist, Agassiz, spent a life-time endeavoring to penetrate the secrets imbedded in the bosom of the earth; his efforts resulted in great discoveries, although many mysteries of nature yet remain wrapped in the darkness of obscurity.

"Thus far and no farther," saith the Lord; by which command God places a limit to man's understanding beyond which he must not pass. Let us beware, then, of scrutinizing too closely the works of the Almighty, lest, passing the boundary line of our intelligence, we fall into error and uncertainty. In the search after knowledge, we should not be satisfied with the first few handfals found, which may prove but glittering earth; but, guided by the torch of faith, we should dig deep into the mountain side; the toil will be great, but perseverance will finally break the barrier; and, having found the golden ore, we may exclaim with Archimedes: "Eureka!" Nor should we possess ourselves of the treasure too sparingly, for, "A little learning is a dangerous thing;" but ever in its pursuit raise our eyes and heart to heaven, remembering that *there dwells the Author of all wisdom, without whose blessed guidance all earthly knowledge is vain.*

M. HURFF (*First Senior Class*).

Roll of Honor.

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

SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

Misses E. Adelsperger, Ash, Ansbach, Anson, Balch, Bates, Bero, Bovett, Byrnes, Coll, Cunningham, Clarke, Collbrann, Crane, Calderwood, M. Davis, C. Dempsey, N. Davis, Deutsch, Dennison, S. Dempsey, D. Davis, Dorsey, Dolan, M. De Montcourt, Donahue, I. De Montcourt, Ernest, English, Flannery, Fitzpatrick, Green, Ganong, Hammond, Healey, K. Hurley, C. Hurley, Hurff, H. Hanson, Holt, Hess, Hagus, Harmes, A. Hanson, Hellmann, Hale, Hutchinson, Hamilton, J. Hughes, L. Hughes, Hepburn, Haight, Kasser, Krimbill, Kimmell, Kelso, Koopmann, Leahy, Lynch, Lauth, Lewis, Leavick, Moore, N. Morse, McFarland, McCloud, Maher, Mills, M. McPhee,

McCarthy, M. McHugh, Murison, McCune, S. McPhee, Marley, Milless, Nickel, Norris, H. Nester, L. Nester, O'Brien, Otis, Piper, Pyle, Pendleton, Pugsley, A. Ryan, K. Ryan, Roberts, Rose, Rinn, Robinson, Reilly, Rentfrow, Stapleton, Spurgeon, Studebaker, Schiltz, Schaefer, Smith, Shrock, M. Schermerhorn, Saviers, N. Schermerhorn, Tormey, Van Mourick, Woolner, Violette, Wickerheim, Wurzburg.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

Misses Burdick, E. Burns, Black, M. Burns, Cooke, M. Clifford, E. Cooper, Culp, M. Cooper, Daly, M. Davis, L. Dreyer, B. Davis, L. Ernest, Evoy, Farwell, M. Fosdick, Hickey, Holmes, C. Kasper, L. Kasper, S. Levy, Mabbs, McCormack, McGuire, Meskill, Mestling, M. Northam, O'Brien, O'Mara, Patier, Patrick, Pellinz, Philion, Palmer, E. Quealy, E. Regan, Reeves, Robbins, Ruger, M. Smyth, M. Scherrer, Shirey, J. Smyth, Soper, Sweeney, Thirds, A. Tormey, E. Wagner, Waldron, K. Wood, N. Wurzburg, M. Wagner, Young.

MINIM DEPARTMENT.

Misses L. Adelsperger, Ayer, Crandall, A. E. Dennison, M. Egan, Finnerty, Goodwin, K. Hamilton, M. Hamilton, L. McHugh, M. McHugh, C. Porteous, 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, McCloud, 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, L. Nickel.

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

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

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, M. Rose, N. Schermerhorn.

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.