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Shakspeare and Milton.

BY JOHN J. M'GRATH, '91.

I.

In no way, perhaps, may one more readily comprehend the revolutions of English literature since the end of the sixteenth century than by examining the amount and method and spirit of the study which in each of the principal stages of each period has been bestowed on the works of Shakspeare and Milton. The general opinion, I make bold to say, is that in the aggregate the poetical qualities of Shakspeare are superior to those of Milton. I include sublimity and every other claim to admiration.

II.

If the epic poet be sublime, so is our great dramatist. I do not intend to obscure the general term sublime with unnecessary distinctions; yet when we say that Shakspeare is sublime we must speak more of his merit in the aggregate rather than in detached passages. His sublimity is more strong than striking; it lies more in effect than in perceptible manner. It is like listening to an orator of whose power of persuasion we are not fully conscious till he has finished his discourse. When we read the dialogue of his dramas, so much of the familiar occurs in his language that the triumph over our sympathies seems to be obtained without an effort of the poet. The design of Milton to dazzle us with splendor and overwhelm us with great images is always obvious. "Milton has all the signs and regalia of sovereign genius; Shakspeare all the power and prerogative." Let us recur to an instance of the sublime in Shakspeare, and it will illustrate this distinction. Take the scene of "Macbeth" relating the mur-

der of "Duncan" to "Lady Macbeth," "There's one did laugh in his sleep and one cried murder!"

Shakspeare has done more for humanity, the Scriptural poets excepted, than any other writer ever born into the world. Through the whole natural and mental universe his spirit has ranged, and whatever it has touched it has illuminated. He has shown "Virtue her own feature, and scorn her own image"; he has reached "Imagination's airy height," sounded the lowest depths of passion, trodden every path of life, and acquainted us with every kind of human experience. There seems not a thought, not a pleasure, not a sentiment, not a truth, not a pang connected with humanity that Shakspeare has not felt and spoken. He has illuminated for us the whole past; he has "turned the globe around, and surveyed the generations of men and the individuals as they passed with their different concerns, passions, follies, vices, actions and motives;" he has left us a picture of undying beauty to raise up, refine and refresh us; he has left us a nobler monument of wisdom than is to be found in the works of all our philosophers, and he has erected for us a code of truth and morals that surpasses all that the world's statesmen have ever given us.

How can we calculate the effect of such a soul upon the world? None but a spirit similarly gifted could hope to show how through its subtle agency the mysterious sympathies of man have been secretly and indissolubly linked to the whole universe of life; could hope to follow the high thoughts it has created through their purifying and regenerating mission, or to estimate the life-giving influence of those radiations from the eternal star of beauty which it has conducted from the heavens to the earth. The mind instinctively shrinks from full inquiry, for it feels that only infinity can answer it.

III.

Both Shakspeare and Milton are poets of humanity; both address themselves to universal feelings and passions; but Shakspeare seems to have known the human heart better, and to have addressed it more effectually than Milton. This appears to arise from the fact that Shakspeare's sight was direct and perfectly clear, whilst Milton's had to pass through the medium of his imagination. Milton rose aloft from the crowd of men, and looked down upon them as through a microscope; Shakspeare mingled with men and saw them face to face. Milton might therefore have seen erroneously, whilst Shakspeare's vision must have been absolutely true. He who sees through a microscope may perchance have a false or distorted lens before him, whilst he who uses the naked eye is liable to no such danger. Thus it was that Milton's vision of the world was less true than Shakspeare's. Let us take the idea of the world and of life which we get from Milton, and the idea of the world and of life which we gather from Shakspeare. Place them side by side; what do we see? Milton makes earth a grand colossal universe of thought, and man a great theological, metaphysical, moral *thinker* and *debater*; Shakspeare makes the earth a world full of busy, active, practical life, and man a restless doer—working, feeling, hoping, despairing, replete with energy, intelligence and passion. In a word, man is with Milton an imaginary being; with Shakspeare a real one. Milton gives us man as he would have made him; Shakspeare portrays him as he *is*. Shakspeare is the poet of truth; and truth being immortal he is therefore the poet of immortality.

There is no writer that refers more constantly to the eternal rules and laws of God than Shakspeare; he recognizes them and acts by them. He tries to conduct, not by circumstance, but by perennial morality, and considers life only as affected by the world beyond the grave. "Macbeth" affects to "jump the life to come," but he is held in check by the fear of hell which he merits. Wolsey is made to say to Cromwell: "Let all ends thou aimst at be thy country's, thy God's, and Truth's." "Hamlet" is made to bear the ills of life by "The dread of something after death, that undiscovered country from whose bourne no traveller returns."

The sense of immortality is continually appealed to by Shakspeare more than by any writer. "Constance" even in her frenzy is led to say that

"When she meets her pretty child in heaven,
She shall not know him."

"King John" is appalled by fear of the doom which the awful day of judgment will award him; instances of this kind are too numerous and well known to need further quotation.

We have seen his religion in his faith already. Immortality with him was a conviction strong as life itself.

IV.

Milton was, above all English poets, Shakspeare excepted, stately and grandiose. In comparison like sailing ships at the mercy of winds of passion and circumstance, he resembles the ocean steamer which, by reason of internal energy, can pierce right through the hurricane. Never, perhaps, was a mind more richly furnished. His *Comus* is the very morning light of poetry; while in his great epic there is a massiveness of thought and a sublimity of imagery, a pomp of sound, as of rolling organs and the out-bursting of cathedral choirs, which can be found nowhere else.

In the quality of imagination, Milton, in my opinion, excels all other poets, not even Shakspeare excepted. The great poem of "Paradise Lost" is the instance I select in proof. The very conception of this extraordinary work is sufficient to stamp Milton as the first of poets.

"To vindicate the ways of Providence
And justify the ways of God to man,"

is an idea that only the highest style of mind could have conceived. And the execution of the idea is as wonderful as the conception of it. Eden, earth, hell and heaven, are in turn presented to us, and described with a vividness, distinctness and force, which we look for in vain in any other writer. Shakspeare and Milton have engraven their names so deeply on the world that, till the heart of man perishes forever in the grave of time, their glory shall be fresh and ineffaceable.

The Ambition of Wolsey.

The name of Cardinal Wolsey calls to our minds an important era in English history. Thomas Wolsey was born in the reign of Henry VII., and being ordained priest, became one of the royal chaplains. While still a young clergyman he attached himself to the Bishop of Winchester, through whose influence he was entrusted with an important negotiation, and the address with which he conducted it raised him in the admiration of his sovereign. And this was accomplished by that diplomatic genius which was afterwards destined to rule England, and cause her to be respected by the other

nations of Europe. Before the death of Henry VII., Wolsey was created Dean of Lincoln, and soon after he was appointed almoner to the king. This latter was an office that necessarily required much intercourse between the almoner and the king. Wolsey had not long occupied this position when Henry VII. died, and was succeeded by his son, the young, handsome and fascinating Henry VIII., joyfully hailed king by the unanimous consent of an admiring people. Why this love for the young monarch and the impatient desire of his reign? It sprang both from the joy at being rid of the crafty, mistrustful king, his father, and from the hopes that was reposed in the abilities and noble character which the young Henry had always displayed. What an astonishing change may be brought about by a few short years of a nation's history!

The beginning of his reign witnesses the filial devotion and blessings of a nation of freemen, the end beholds the curses and weepings of a nation of slaves, and the temperate, noble young king had changed to a matured monster. The gay disposition, ability, and noble bearing of Wolsey attracted powerfully all those by whom he was surrounded because the poison of his insatiable ambition had not yet begun to vitiate every act of generosity and greatness. The king, being almost of the same age, was fascinated and drawn towards Wolsey in bonds of intimate friendship. The fine points in their characters became known to each other, and it was soon perceived by all who wished to approach the king that the surest way was through the recommendation of Wolsey. Titles and honors were successively conferred upon him. Pope Leo X. named him Cardinal priest of St. Cicily beyond the Tiber; he was consecrated Archbishop of York; he was compelled by Henry to accept the office of Chancellor of the Exchequer. His ambition was unbounded. He was never satisfied, although he was raised to the highest dignities in Church and State.

The king of France continually sought his friendship, and the other potentates of Europe, while studying their own interests, sought the good will of Wolsey. When Henry first broached the subject of his amour to Wolsey, the Cardinal did not then imagine that Henry would obstinately persist in this unlawful passion which he foresaw would lead to sad consequences. In a short time he beheld with amazement whither the king was being driven by this uncontrollable and unlawful desire. But fearing to lose the royal favor he entered into the business of the divorce with as much zeal as he had previously shown in opposing it. The king tried

every artifice to deceive his people and the Pope. He pretended that the doubt of the legality of his marriage troubled his conscience. Negotiations in regard to the divorce were vigorously pushed forward. During these proceedings the king seldom consulted Wolsey, and the unfortunate minister perceived that he was losing the royal favor. Had he known in the beginning that Anne Boleyn was the one object of Henry's thoughts he would have returned a far different answer when the king first mentioned his love and the doubt existing in his mind. But he was blinded by the thought of uniting Henry and Renée of France—in the event of a divorce—thereby aggrandizing his own power and influence. Perceiving now that he was rapidly declining in the royal favor, and knowing well that the victory of Anne Boleyn would necessarily cause his downfall, since she and all her relatives were his bitter enemies, he hastened to solicit a commission and dispensation from the Pope. But the Pope was not to be led by the caprice of Wolsey and Henry. He sent a commission, not to Wolsey, but entrusted it to Cardinal Campeggio, an eminent canonist and experienced statesman, charging him never to leave it out of his hands, but to read it to the king and Wolsey. It was the earnest desire of Wolsey to get possession of this bull, in order that he might publish it in own his defence. His Holiness knew this, and accordingly took the necessary precautions.

As the star of Wolsey's fortune waned, that of Anne Boleyn rose. The favorite minister was still loved by his king, despite the machinations of his enemies; so that when worldly disappointments and the accusations now brought against him worried his mind and finally brought him to his bed, the king became alarmed and sent him tokens of his love and esteem. He recovered and his enemies renewed their accusations against him.

Although the king loved Wolsey to the end, still his enemies would allow the king no rest till they had him banished from court and deprived of his powers. He was compelled to move from one place to another, until he finally reached the monastery of Leicester, where he died amidst the tears of its inmates. In the most beautiful scene of "Henry VIII.," Shakspeare describes his death—Griffith relates it in these words to Katharine:

"At last, with easy roads he came to Leicester,
Lodged in the abbey, where the Rev. Abbot
With all his convent, honorably received him;
To whom he gave these words: 'Oh, Father Abbot,
An old man, broken with the storms of state,
Is come to lay his weary bones among ye;

Give him a little earth for charity;
 So went to bed, where eagerly his sickness
 Pursued him still; and, three nights after this,
 About the hour of eight (which he himself
 Foretold should be his last), full of repentance,
 Continual meditations, tears and sorrows,
 He gave his honors to the world again,
 His blessed part to heaven and slept in peace."

Henry sincerely mourned the death of his great minister. It was his boast that he had the greatest minister in Europe.

The Cardinal had the happiness of dying with all the consolations of religion; but even in his last moments he gave expression to his saddest thoughts, showing clearly his all-absorbing ambition. His last words are beautifully paraphrased by Shakspeare (Act III., Scene II.):

"Had I but served my God with half the zeal
 I served my king, He would not now in mine age
 Have left me naked to mine enemies.

CROMWELL:

Good sir, have patience;

WOLSEY:

So I have. Farewell

The hopes of court! my hopes in heaven do dwell."

The king knew well how faithfully he had been served by the great Cardinal; he knew his character well—none knew him better. When his enemies painted him as a traitor, Henry concealed his emotions, and his love and admiration never changed. Many were his faults, 'tis true; but who amongst this world's great ones were without their faults? But in justice to Wolsey's memory let it be said that if he did love money it was not for the purpose of hoarding it up, and that if he loved power still more than money it was for a noble end. His ambition from a secular point of view, was praiseworthy, for he sought only his country's greatness; but, alas! his ambition from a religious standpoint must be condemned. He aimed at nothing less than the papacy. Here he cannot be defended on the ground of zeal for the Church, for the Church recognizes no such ambition as his based on vanity. Humility is to be looked for in the ministers of the Catholic Church. Hear the great poet again, speaking of his ambition:

"This Cardinal,

Though from an humble stock, undoubtedly
 Was fashioned to much honor. From his cradle,
 He was a scholar, and a ripe and good one;
 Exceeding wise, fair spoken, and persuading;
 Lofty and sour to them that loved him not;
 But to those men that sought him, sweet as summer,
 And though he were unsatisfied in getting,
 (Which was a sin) yet in bestowing, madam,
 He was most princely: Ever witness for him
 Those twins of learning, that he raised in you,
 Ipswich and Oxford, one of which fell with him,
 Unwilling to outlive the good that did it;
 The other, though unfinished, yet so famous,

So excellent in art, and still so rising
 That Christendom shall ever speak his virtue.
 His overthrow heaped happiness upon him;
 For then, and not till then, he felt himself,
 And found the blessedness of being little;
 And to add greater honors to his age
 Than man could give him, he died fearing God."

It might be supposed that the king would become jealous of a minister displaying so much wealth and magnificence; but Henry rather prided himself in having such a minister. This confidence and generous friendship was not betrayed by Wolsey, who presented to his king one of the most magnificent tokens of esteem that, perhaps, a subject ever presented to his king—Hampton Court, which he furnished in all the luxury of a royal palace. Cambridge and Oxford he richly endowed. Cambridge especially, to which he added what is known now as Christ Church.

The aspirants in the different walks of life, literature, science and art, were all fostered by his fatherly aid. A lover of the good, the beautiful and the true, he aimed at the greatness of his country; he ruled her with a mighty hand, and caused her to be named among the first nations of Europe. Had he been blessed in possessing that virtue of self-denial—which alone is the ensign of superiority and greatness—he would have drawn nearer to himself those with whom he came in contact; for it is by this mastery over ourselves that we gain the mastery over others and draw them towards us. Thus it was that the great Ximenes won the esteem of Queen Isabella, who could not restrain her admiration at the humility of such a lofty character. Had Wolsey shunned honors as the Spanish Cardinal did, greater would have been forced upon him. As a priest of the Church we must not hesitate to condemn his ambition; but as a minister of state, we uphold the zeal which prompted him to seek high offices; for English history will attest that his motives were those of the true patriot jealous of his country's greatness.

WILLIAM J. HOULIHAN, '92.

Columbus and Americus Vesputius.

America should, without doubt, be called Columbia; for to Columbus rightly belongs the honor of its discovery. It is true that this great man, like all his contemporaries, died under the impression that the land he had discovered was a part of Asia, or, according to his own words, a part of the Indies; whence it happened that the savages of America were called Indians, by

which appellation they are known at the present day. It was several years after Columbus that navigators became aware of the fact that, instead of islands more or less extensive, a new and immense continent, totally distinct from Asia, had been found. Its boundaries were traced in 1525.

It is also true that, if we consider facts rigorously and according to the letter, we would be authorized in maintaining that Sebastian Cabot was the first European to land on American soil, since it is well known that he landed on the coast of Labrador on the 14th of July, 1497, while Columbus, who thus far had discovered only islands, did not actually reach the continent till the 31st of July, the following year, when he touched upon the coast of Cumana. But from the day on which he discovered the Archipelago of Lucaya, Cuba and St. Domingo, the discovery of America was made, and the genius of Columbus expounded the enigma of this new and mysterious world, leaving to Cabot and his followers nothing more to do than to follow the route thus pointed out to them. If the honor of this discovery is denied Columbus, to whom must it be attributed? Can it not be alleged the Scandinavians had discovered North America many years before? And, still more, can it not be pretended that America has never been discovered, since it is without question that from time immemorial commercial relations have existed between the islands of Asia called Aleutian, and what we call the new Continent? Continuing on this train of ideas, must we not conclude that America was first discovered by its own natives or by those who were the first to arrive in it? In this sense there remains nothing on the earth to be discovered but deserts. All this is only pleasantries. To Columbus belongs the honor of having discovered America; such is the opinion of all men, and it is corroborated by reason and justice.

As to Americus Vesputius, he was a man of probity, learned, courageous, who lived and died without pretending to have discovered America. He was a native of Florence, and fifteen years Columbus' junior. He made several voyages to America, the first of which was in 1499. His position, even on the vessels in which he travelled was only secondary. During his whole life, but particularly towards its close, he was held in high esteem as a geographer and navigator. He was much consulted in matters of the kind. Columbus entertained a particular friendship for him, and there is a letter of his extant in which he recommends him to his son in most flattering terms.

Americus Vesputius was very far from supposing that even the most obscure corner of the earth, let alone the western hemisphere, would ever do him the honor of adopting his name; and he certainly had been stupefied to find that it was done to the detriment of Columbus. Nevertheless, there had already appeared at the time of his death maps on which the new continent was called by his name. It is supposed he knew nothing of them; but even had he been aware that so strange an error was circulated he could scarcely be reproached for not having arrested it, the means not being in his power. In those days communications between *litterati* were far from being as facile and rapid as they are to-day; besides, the rage for navigation was so great that literature claimed but little attention. The first geographer who gave to the new world the name of America was, it appears, the librarian, and at the same time a professor at St. Dié, on the Meuse. Why he called it after the baptismal rather than after the family name is unaccounted for. This author adopted for surname Hylacomilus; his real name was Martin Walzemüller. What put it into his head to dub his map "America?" It was very probably owing to the histories of Americus Vesputius' voyages, then circulating around him,—a copy of which Vesputius himself had but a short time before addressed to René II., then reigning in Loraine, where no account of Columbus or his achievements had ever penetrated. The details which Vesputius gave of the manners of the savages were very amusing. His reputation gradually spread abroad; when speaking of the New-World, the authority of Vesputius was considered definite. This is the explanation generally admitted.

Vesputius died poor, at Seville, February 15, 1512. After his death the error became more widespread. B.

The Bollandists' "Acta Sanctorum."

Perhaps no other work compiled by man has had for its object so lofty a motive, has had to struggle against such determined resistance and, I may even say, such bitter persecutions in its endeavor to accomplish a noble and much-needed undertaking, and has at the same time been prepared at so vast an amount of expense and labor and with such determined and persistent perseverance on the part of those who have become immortal through the medium of its pages, as the Bollandists' *Acta Sanctorum*. Comprising, as it does, the history of almost two and a half centuries, the most eventful

period in the history of the world, both in regard to politics and religion, how can the case be otherwise? To accomplish this undertaking every means that money could afford and indefatigable labor procure must be employed in order to render it a history not based upon private judgment and caprice, but one whose statements should be unquestionable. It had to deal with holy subjects, and its foundation must be truth. Hence, the deepest researches into all disputed and doubtful questions were required, so that by the falsity of one fact doubt might not be thrown upon the truth of the whole. The object of this work of so vast an extent—namely, that of giving a full and complete biography of all those canonized in the Church—is one that should have won the support of all who hold dear their religion; and yet, as is ever the case in noble undertakings, enemies sprang up on every side, who, animated by the most bitter and uncalled for animosity, sought its destruction.

The canonized saints whose lives it gives formed frequently the grand central figures of the ages in which they lived. An account of their lives could not be complete without giving their effect upon the times, and this naturally involved a complete history of the manners, customs, morals and even of the political condition of the people. Here we learn how the ridiculed and scoffed-at monk treasured in his obscurity the feeble spark of civilization that survived the downfall of Rome, preserved its vitality through the ensuing ages of darkness and ignorance, and at length fanned it into that glorious flame of progress which has given us the enlightenment of to-day; we learn how the disciples of that Church which is reviled by the infidel free-thinkers of to-day as the impediment to science, the foe to progress, the worshipper of images, the enslaver of reason and the stumbling-block to free institutions, received from the life of Christ the principles of religion, guarded their sacred trust against the infidel and pagan persecutions of almost two thousand years, and to-day extends the only hand that opposes the headlong rush of man into infidelity. The poor and laboring monk, who has consecrated his soul to the eternal adoration of Him who rules all things, and the powerful and widely-ruling monarch, who, possessed of a noble and Christian spirit, has done all in his power to further the cause of true religion,—neither is beyond the reach of the Bollandists' pen. Wherever the seed of the Gospel has been sown, be it even at the farthest confines of the globe, there the Bollandist must penetrate and gather

the materials for his mighty project. Geography must be summoned to his aid to settle the boundaries of episcopal sees and kingdoms. Topography, chronology and archæology, all lend their aid to the common purpose.

This great work first found conception in the brain of Père Rosneyd; but he was unable even to begin the great project which he had formed. This was reserved for John Bolland, who commenced the work about the middle of the 17th century. It was to be written according to the months, commencing with January. When we consider that it averaged about two and a half years to each volume, and that it took, throughout, from three to thirteen volumes for each month, we can form some conception of the work that was to be performed. And we must remember that during all the time they were employed at this work that new saints were constantly being canonized, which required a review of the ground that had already been passed over, that none might be omitted. The work already comprises more than sixty volumes of large folio, and is steadily advancing, with one-sixth of the work yet to be performed. Who could look at so vast an undertaking without being disheartened at the sight! Who, but one almost inspired, would persevere through such bitter trials, such unexpected discouragements, to a successful end? More than once were they obliged to suspend operations altogether, and once their museums and libraries were destroyed, and persecution forced them to seek refuge in a foreign land. Yet they hoped almost against hope; the consciousness of the rectitude and the greatness of the project which Heaven had consigned to their care buoyed them up to overcome all obstacles. Who can conceive of the good that such a work can accomplish! What greater monument could be reared to perpetuate the glory of those who devoted their lives to the service of their God, who have done so much to preserve Religion—the parent of true civilization, the essence of progress, the key to another and a better world—inviolable from the storms and persecutions that beset her pathway?

R. R.

Science, Literature and Art.

—An ambitious young Englishman announces that he is about to publish a key to Browning's works.

—It is rumored that the first volume of Bismarck's unpublished correspondence, extending from 1862 to 1880, is about to be issued, and that the second volume will appear soon after the first.

—There is a new Eiffel Tower on the banks of the Neva, near St. Petersburg, constructed entirely of 10,000 blocks of ice, with restaurants, observation platforms and other attractions. It is 150 feet high.

—A Catholic Indian Missionary, the Rev. Father Jerome of the Benedictine Order, has compiled a prayer book for the Sioux. It will be published by Bishop Marty and will be printed in the Sioux language. Besides the ordinary Catholic prayers, the book will contain a catechism of Christian Doctrine and Catholic hymns with appropriate music.

—Two important discoveries have just been made in the history of political economy. Dr. Stephen Bauer, an Austrian student in Paris, has found in a mass of manuscripts of the elder Mirabeau in the Bibliothèque Nationale a copy of the "Tableau Economique," one of the principal works of Quesnay, the first and greatest of the Physiocratic school. The "Tableau Economique" appeared in one very small edition in the royal palace at Versailles. All copies had long since disappeared, and economical students have been obliged to rely on analyses and criticisms of Quesnay's contemporaries for their knowledge of the work. Still more important than the discovery of the "Tableau" was the finding of a manuscript article entitled "Hommes," which was written by Quesnay for an encyclopædia, but was withheld from print. Both of the treatises in question will be published shortly. Their appearance is looked for with unusually keen attention, because Quesnay and his school stood very near to many economical problems of vital importance to-day. They were the original advocates of the single land tax, the teachers and inspirers of Adam Smith, and the uncompromising founders and persistent promulgators of most of the free trade doctrines of this country.

"ENGLISH AS SHE IS WROTE."

The following is an extract from a book-notice which recently appeared in the *N. Y. Sun*:

"Among the permanent results of the latest World's Fair is the *Practical-Guide of the Exhibition, Paris, 1889*. English-speaking persons who are so fortunate as to possess this book will cherish it. As an example of English 'as she is wrote,' it is immeasurably superior to the songs of the Sweet Singer of Michigan, and is in every respect worthy of shelf room by the side of that standard Portuguese work, 'English as She is Spoke.'

"There is only one way in which a book like this can be produced. It must be written in another language, and then translated into English by one whose acquaintance with the latter tongue was made through grammars and lexicons, and it must be put into type by printers who know nothing of English. It may be a good while before these essential conditions and other favoring circumstances again come together in such a way as to produce another book so noteworthy as this.

"The universal exhibition," says the *Practical-Guide*, 'for whom who comes there for the first time is a true chaos, in which it is impossible to direct and recognize one's self without a guide;' and in order that he may set out properly equipped, the stranger is provided with certain 'general informations,' among which is this: 'Constables are affected in a permanent manner at the

service of every wicket. The chief controller has to concert him with the police chief at the exhibition to assure the regular execution of the entrance.'

"Under the head of 'The Exhibition Seen in a Straight Line,' the visitor is conducted to the 'Tower Eiffel,' and there the *Practical-Guide* has a chance to show what can be done in the way of putting French descriptive writing into English. Although many persons 'prophetized' that the tower never could be built, there it stands, and it 'astonishes and lets in extasy' all who behold it. On one of the landings a 'coffee room offers us refreshments of various kinds, and all in thrinking a bock, or tasting a glass, we discover the most splendid panorama which it may be possible to fancy.' From this point of view 'the houses are very plainly, because you see the four sides which are holed by the windows, symetric like points of dice, so well that Paris has an appearance of a vast party of biribi played by a giant on a green carpet.' Concerning the height of the tower the *Practical-Guide* says: 'In such a way that the monument erected to Washington at Philadelphia, which was before the highest of the globe is still overpassed 131 metres.' In the group of emblematic figures of the fountain near the tower, 'America is a young woman, energetic and virginal however, characterizing the youth and audacies of the American people,' and 'Asia, the cradle of the human kind, represents the voluptu and sensualism.' Further on is the great fountain, and 'in the evening, at the electric light, the impression is chilling.'

"Having seen 'the two wonderworks which fly at the eyes, the tower and the fountain,' the visitor is conducted through the pavilions of the various nations, until at that of Venezuela he is halted and turned back by the warning, 'We have remoted us,' in order that he may not miss the children's palace, that 'wonder of elegance and ingenuity.' Further on is the palace of fine arts, which, however, does not contain the works of certain French artists, for these paintings 'remain in the museums to which they belong to and co-operate to the recompenses in the same prerogatives than those figurating here.' Again the visitor is requested to take special notice of a patent horse-shoe, celebrated for its lightness, which 'impedes less consequently the allure of the horse;' and shortly afterward he comes into a hall 'where is rolling a humming crowd, like an ant hill in rumour.' Still making his way onward, the visitor is assured by his *Practical-Guide* that 'in going out from the domain of the hongrery and tannery we penetrate in that of the chemistry and apothicary, as it is said in jesting the art to drug the people.'

"Further along the stranger has the 'little wheel' of his grandmother pointed out to him as the 'spin machine of the flax;' and in a space devoted to musical instruments he finds 'pianos, organs, orchestrions, a dreadful cacophony which enchants the children, but would make desperately bark the dogs if one had not the bad grace to interdict them the entrance of the exhibition. The brass instruments burst, the organs roar, the pianos mourn, and the violins mew, without counting the orchestrions, which commence to acclimate them in France, which is not a recommendation and of which some ones are monuments.' The impression produced upon the visitor by 'a street of Cario' is thus described: 'When one comes out of the palace of the divers industries, a little giddy pate and aching of a blustering decoration, the eyes rest them there instantly. Not any art has carried at the same degree of perfection as the Arabian art the elegance and the grace of the lines; it appears that the ideal of the happy life has consisted for it to the indolence in a cool place with exquisite and light shapes around it, it penetrates you with what I don't know of languishness.'

"In the course of an essay on the excellence of Havanah cigars occurs this lucid passage: 'However, it wants much that all the cigars manufactured at Havanah are good. All the conaissors, are at the contrary, in one accord concerning the decay the more to more accentuated of the tobacco of Havanah and declare that the true puro which has its excellent aroma, unites an agreeable taste and a regular combustion, becomes the more to more rare and dearer.'

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

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Washington's Birthday at Notre Dame.

If we are to know that our country will be happy in the future we must learn it from the admiration in which the heroes of the past are held. A nation which ceases to pay due homage to the mighty dead—which misprizes their services or underrates their virtues—will soon feel the decay of patriotism within itself. In the full knowledge of this fact, and feeling that they are to produce not bookmen merely, but intellectual and moral citizens as well, the authorities at Notre Dame have ever held themselves bound to encourage among students love of country and appreciation of national benefactors.

The anniversary of Washington's Birthday is eagerly welcomed here as a national holiday. The celebration of this day has always been carried on with great spirit and earnestness, but this year its observance was particularly appropriate. At nine o'clock, the University band, under the direction of Rev. Father Mohun, filed down from their rooms in Music Hall. They took their stand in the Columbian corridor, just opposite the students' office, and made the college halls ring with harmony. The music discoursed on this occasion was so well chosen and so varied as to satisfy the most critical taste—a fact attested by the rounds of applause that followed each selection. The earnestness and perseverance with which the young musicians have applied themselves since the organization of the band, and the well-known skill of

the Rev. Director, led the auditors to expect a musical treat; but it was a pleasant surprise for most of those present to learn that they were really so proficient.

The celebration being thus fittingly opened, the students proceeded to enjoy themselves in the outdoor amusements which the pleasant weather permitted, and nothing very important occurred until one o'clock, when companies "A" (Seniors) and "B" (Juniors) appeared in dress parade. They executed many difficult movements before their return to the barracks, and were heartily applauded.

But the great event of the celebration—the event which held most interest for those at Notre Dame as well as the numerous visitors from neighboring cities—was the afternoon exhibition. It was given under the auspices of the Thespians, a society which has always held a high place among our college organizations. At half-past four o'clock the doors of Washington Hall swung open and the visitors, who had gathered in large numbers during the afternoon, crowded into the hall.

The exercises began with an overture by the University orchestra. Then came the grand old chorus "America," which was rendered by the Choral Union, and reflected great credit on their musical training. As a complement of this selection, Messrs. Lahey and Mock rendered the "Star Spangled Banner" in the refrain of which they were enthusiastically aided by a chorus of twenty trained voices. The burst of applause that followed showed how hearty was the appreciation of the audience.

After a march by the Orchestra, Mr. E. R. Adelsperger appeared as the orator of the day. His effort displayed rare facility in literary expression, and his distinct enunciation made up in part for the volume of tone which he lacked. His oration, though hastily prepared, abounded in healthy sentiment and was generously applauded. When the curtain rose again, companies "A" and "B" appeared in an exceedingly picturesque camp scene, and rendered "Comrades in Arms." They fully deserved the enthusiastic applause accorded them. A polka done by the Orchestra in their very best style, and a quartette by Messrs. McPhee, Jewett, Lahey and Schaack concluded the musical portion of the programme.

The second part of the entertainment was the presentation of Prof. Egan's new melo-drama, "At the Sign of the Rose." This play, which promises to become very popular, presents a phase of New York life after the election of Washington, when the old order changed, giving

place to new, and the Americans were just beginning to get used to it. The various parts of the drama were so judiciously assigned, and the interpretation and expression of the actors so perfect as to win enthusiastic plaudits of the audience throughout the entire play. Mr. L. Herman personated the eccentric old Tory, "Robert Morton." His effort showed a careful study of his part which was presented with such fidelity as to call forth rounds of well-merited applause. Mr. J. E. Berry entered fully into the spirit of "Robert Kirke," and displayed considerable dramatic talent, particularly in his difficult struggle with "Giles Morton" near the close of the play. He was generously applauded. "Roland Cashel" by J. S. Hummer was well acted. Mr. Hummer has already earned a local reputation as an amateur, and the subdued earnestness that characterized his performance impressed the audience very favorably. The heavy villain of the play is "Giles Morton." In this very dramatic rôle Mr. H. P. Brelsford had ample scope to display his elocutionary ability and careful training. He acquitted himself of it to the great satisfaction of the audience, his death-scene being a particularly fine bit of acting; Mr. J. E. Paradis as "Gaston de Martin" was charming and presented the typical Frenchman. Messrs. J. B. Sullivan, J. R. Fitzgibbons, H. O'Neill, W. F. Ford, W. P. Blackman, C. B. Flynn and F. Lane covered themselves with glory in the minor parts, and rendered excellent support to the principal actors. The interludes by the Orchestra and the short selections which were incidental to the play and most effectively rendered by the Band, added much to the impressiveness of the acting.

The drill by companies "A" and "B," in the second scene of Act II., was a pleasant feature of the play. For some years a stage drill has been regularly expected here on Washington's birthday and, moreover, the new drama itself calls for the drill. This arrangement is particularly gratifying to an audience of students, most of whom take great interest in the science of war. Captains Prudhomme and Fehr deserve special mention for the progress made in their respective companies since the beginning of the year.

Taken altogether the exhibition was a great success. The students who took part in it applied themselves diligently from the beginning, and it is a matter of surprise that young gentlemen with so little time at their disposal should present such a creditable entertainment. The success of the play was due in a great measure to the careful supervision of Rev. Father Regan, as

also to the constant efforts of Professors Brogan and Liscombe to whom the dramatic and musical training of the students had been committed.

(Special Correspondence.)

St. Isidore's, New Orleans.

EDITOR SCHOLASTIC:

Poets, when about to commit their burning thoughts to papyrus or sheepskin, used to invoke the aid of the Muses. Your correspondent would need a little of the *divine afflatus* to give you an adequate description of the scene upon which his organs of vision now feast from the portico of St. Isidore's College, on the classic banks of the Father of Waters! Unfortunately, the Sisters Nine but rarely visit the levee of the Mississippi. We have, it is true, Seven Sisters here, just arrived from Chicago—whose power, like that of Sampson, lies in the length of their locks—but their only mission among us is to reap a golden harvest from the bald pates of confiding men and women in the Crescent City. Let the faculty of your creative imagination, therefore, supply the imperfect delineations of my pen.

If the sublime Plato drank in the highest inspirations from the beautiful grove of Academus, what rich sources of deep meditation and sentiment must not the students of St. Isidore's enjoy in the glorious wealth of scenery that encompasses them! If we rise from nature to nature's God, there is every element united here in the open page of nature's book: beauty of outline, warmth of color, strength and sublimity, to raise their thoughts and hearts to the contemplation of the intelligible world, the *Tó νοητόν*—to the Fountain of all truth, beauty and goodness itself.

Sweeping onward in majestic and unceasing march are the floods of the Mississippi, rolling over a continent, flowing through endless plains and valleys, dashing against the wharves of mighty cities, traversing thousands of miles in their descent from the North, gathering strength at every moment from mountain snows and shining lakes, silvery rivulets and rushing rivers, ever moving forward, like a Thracian steed, to meet the ocean and enter the *nirvana* of its boundless expanse of waters! No doubt the great soul of Marquette, as he caught a first glimpse of this rushing inland sea, hymned a song of heartfelt praise to Him who holds the "waters in the hollow of His hands," and who has set bounds to the angry billows of the sea. What are the yellow Tiber's swelling waves, so grandly sung by Horace, compared to this mighty "King of Rivers"? A tiny rivulet made in the mud by the foot of a child after a shower of rain. Would that an American Horace, or Chateaubriand, with poetic soul, might arise to paint in words of flame the "majestic and impressive beauty" with which Dame Nature's lavish hand has enriched our favored country!

Banks of emerald sheen, crowned with forests of evergreen trees, which grow luxuriantly in an alluvial soil, and flecked with numerous white plantation buildings, form a fitting setting to this noble stream. On its broad waters ply the grandest mechanical works of man's genius, moved swiftly by the mighty spirit of steam—as though instinct with life and feeling—those huge leviathans of the deep—coming from the shores of distant continents across trackless seas—the immense steamships of commercial nations—floating parti-colored streamers in the breeze, and leaving behind a cloud of smoke to mark their pathways o'er the waters! Adding splendor to sublimity, the King of Day, from a sky of azure, pours down on land and water a golden flood of warm light. Anchored in the stream or tied to the levees are crafts of every size and description, stretching westward along the city for miles. Directly opposite us lies a Norwegian gun-boat at anchor. From her decks float over the water the sounds of musical instruments. We can distinguish a weird melody—such as, perhaps, cheered up the ferocious Vikings in their predatory incursions into southern seas. Between us and the river is a beautiful grove of orange trees. Through the wax-like leaves shines forth the golden fruit in its maturity, while the white buds that peep from the branches give forth a delicious odor that fills the balmy air with fragrance. Everything around reminds us of a semi-tropical climate—the green grass and tall clover ready for the scythe, the Jerusalem palm, the Spanish dagger, the tall and fragrant magnolia, the pecan, the big-leaved banana, the guardian live-oak, flowering trees and shrubs such as the bridal-wreath, bushes covered with roses of snow-white hue or the deepest purple, and live hedges of green shrubbery. Such is the view in front of St. Isidore's.

Behind the college buildings is the campus which is carpeted with a velvety sward of the deepest green. Then comes the useful and not unornamental kitchen garden with its treasures of vegetation that simply astonish a man coming from the home of the blizzard. There are succulent lettuces, odoriferous onions, crispy carrots, titanic turnips, tony tomatoes, registers, beets, parsnips, aristocratic artichokes, democratic cabbages, asparagus, sweet and Irish potatoes, vines and stalks telling of the swelling tubers beneath, besides long rows of fruit trees, the peach, the Japanese-plum or mepolousas, the fig and banana trees, all giving promise of a delicious dessert for the college tables.

The grounds upon which the college stands were purchased for the Congregation of Holy Cross, thirty years ago, by Father Shields, C.S.C., since deceased, then Vice-Provincial of the Order in the South. They formed in ancient times the plantation of a wealthy Creole family. Governor Claiborne resided here and owned the property. They are but 400 feet in width, but they extend from the Mississippi River to Lake

Ponchartrain, a distance of five miles at this point. After the French had established a colony here, they cut up the river front outside of the area, intended for the settlement, into small strips of a few hundred feet, but the land ran back like a ribbon for several miles, usually as far as the shores of the lake above mentioned. Narrow roads or lanes separated these tracts, and a deep ditch was generally dug along these lanes for the purpose of irrigating the rice fields.

On the premises are still two good specimens of planters' houses, lying adjacent to one another. Wide porticos—or galleries as they are termed—supported by heavy columns of brick run all around with the exception of the rear, in which the portico is narrowed by rooms projecting at the ends of the building. Two heavy brick chimneys with open hearths, project from the roof. The windows and doors are double, hung on the sides and secured by strong wooden shutters hung in the same manner. The upper part of the doors are of glass. The roofs are of slate, with dormer windows, and extend over the porticos. Low garrets served as storage rooms for household trumpery. One of these buildings has been raised over a solid brick foundation of a story, and serves as headquarters for the professors, the other has been fitted up for a chapel and infirmary. The house of the overseer, with only one large porch in front, is in a good state of preservation as yet and is occupied. Three large, new, two-story oblong buildings, enclosing two courtyards, contain the study-halls, dormitories, lavatories, refectories and several of the class rooms. Though within the city limits, and easy of access by the street-cars, St. Isidore's enjoys all the seclusion and quietude of a rural retreat; and it is thus especially adapted for an asylum of learning, profound study, and moral culture.

Beautiful promenades, flanked on the one side by large plantation cottages and shade trees, on the other by the river, lead eastward to the United States Barracks, the national cemetery, Jackson's unfinished monument and to the old Chalmette battlefield, the scene of Old Hickory's victory over the Red Coats in 1815. To the Northwest are the large quaint and century-old buildings, the well-kept groves, lawns and gardens of the Ursuline Convent and Academy.

About a mile and a half down the river is an old plantation house or cottage now belonging to Leon Godchaux, Esq. Around the building stands a magnificent darkling grove of towering pines, sycamores and live oaks from whose branches immense festoons of Spanish moss hang swaying in the wind. It is said that Chateaubriand here conceived his sublime and glowing description of an American forest.

Though it is only ten years since the college was formally opened, the applications for matriculation have been so numerous of late, especially since the installation of Rev. P. P. Klein, C. S. C., as President, that new and more commodious buildings are demanded, which

will be at the same time a boon to the public, an honor to Holy Cross and an ornament to the city. As the citizens of New Orleans begin to recover the wealth and abundance dissipated by the late war, they become anxious to give their sons and daughters the best quality of education in the highest institutions. And the interest which many of the most prominent men in the city are beginning to take in the prosperity of St. Isidore's is a guarantee that this seat of learning and piety will receive a very large share of public patronage as soon as its halls are capacious enough to receive the pupils who are seeking admission. Several of its students belong, in fact, to the most wealthy, aristocratic and cultured families of the land.

The faculty consists of some of the ablest priests and Brothers of Holy Cross, assisted by several eminent lay professors. Full classical and commercial courses are successfully pursued; the fine arts are not neglected. Studies of either kind can be supplemented by such practical branches as telegraphy, phonography, surveying, practical architecture, linear drawing and modern languages. Among the members of the faculty I recognized as old friends Rev. P. P. Klein, C. S. C., who though quite a young man has helped to build up several institutions of learning in Canada and Europe as well as in the United States. His marked ability and genial manners have already won for him, though little over a year a resident of the locality, the esteem and good will of persons of every class and denomination; also Rev. J. Adelsperger, C. S. C. Father Adelsperger, by his untiring efforts has materially contributed to the success of the College; he is the idol of the students through his kindly disposition and zeal for their welfare and progress. Rev. F. Wagner, C. S. C., forms an excellent prefect as well as an able professor. The old students of Notre Dame will remember Brothers Lambert, Camillus and Clement, who are all efficient members of the faculty here. Professors McCarthy, Finn and Wunsch have all made themselves prominent in the world of literature or science. Juniors and Seniors have each their dramatic, literary and musical societies. A salient feature of the Institution, readily observed by a Northern man, is the warm affection and trust which exists between teachers and pupils, professors and students, and which gives to the establishment much of the character and kindness of family life, obviating the harsher methods of discipline.

At a reception given a few days ago to Very Rev. Wm. Corby, Provincial, C. S. C., the students reflected much credit on themselves as well as on their professors by the evidences of industry and progress which they displayed. The addresses, in several tongues, were original, well written and well delivered; the vocal and instrumental music was excellent; the declamations would have satisfied the fastidious and silver-tongued orator, Daniel Dougherty himself. No wonder the Very Rev. Provincial gave

expression to his surprise and delight in the most glowing terms.

I am afraid that if the Very Rev. gentleman remains here much longer, St. Isidore's will partly wean his affections from Notre Dame. He revels in the genial climate, walks for hours beneath the orange trees, plucks buds and flowers and inhales the ozone-laden breezes from the Gulf. Sometimes from the levee he watches the graceful motions of the steamers, ocean-tugs, schooners and oyster boats. A special attraction for him have been the huge logs and trees that go floating by, each manned by a crew of black crows. Why the crows perch on the swiftly floating drift wood is a problem which he asks me to solve. It might be they are in search of grubs and worms. Possibly they want to save their muscular strength as the Yankee who walked two miles in order that he might get a horse to ride one; perhaps they enjoy the swift and see-saw motion as little boys ride on a toboggan or velocipede. Perhaps they wish to be admired in their new rôle of fresh-water sailors by their fellows or even by the featherless bipeds of Plato. Why should not the cunning birds have animal spirits, a sense of humor, perhaps of vanity, or a rudimentary faculty of utilizing some of the forces which nature puts in their way? Would that the anthropoid ghost of Darwin could but "revisit the pale glimpses of the moon!" Here he would discover an ornithological phenomenon worthy of his profound investigations and superficial reasonings!

Father C., who in his youth had been a veritable Nimrod in the forests of Michigan, determined to have a shot at the black *sassenachs*. I am not repeating "ye ancient and interestyng historie of ye three blacke croweis." He got Father Adelsperger's breech-loader, and an intelligent negro accompanied him for the purpose of bringing the game to the shore in a skiff. The Very Rev. gentleman posted himself on the levee—bang! bang! went the gun every time a log with crows floated by. But the crows! oh! where were they? Most of them remained calmly standing on their perch and craned their necks at their adversary, as much as to say: "What are you trying to do, anyhow? the moon isn't up yet." The negro allowed he didn't care for crow; he had cooked one some time ago, but had found the flesh too tough and bitter for a *bon bouche*. It was a case of sour grapes. Father C., having used up his cartridges, returned to the college "a sadder but a wiser man."

It is commonly believed in the North, that the malaria of Louisiana is incompatible with longevity. Well, here is Bro. Ignatius, who has lived thirty-nine years in New Orleans in good health, with the exception of an attack of Yellow Jack in '53. He is yet hale and vigorous, though his age may range anywhere between the span of life assigned to man by the Psalmist, and a well-rounded century. He has not heard of McGinty, nor has he had *la grippe*. S.

NEW ORLEANS, Feb. 20.

Obituary.

ALEXIS COQUILLARD.

The first student of Notre Dame is no more. Mr. Alexis Coquillard, the well-known wagon manufacturer of South Bend, died on Monday last, the 24th inst., at Battle Creek, Michigan, whither he had gone in the hope of finding relief in the illness from which he had suffered for many months. The funeral services took place on Friday, from the Church of the Sacred Heart, Notre Dame. Solemn Requiem Mass was celebrated by Very Rev. W. Corby, Provincial, C. S. C., assisted by Rev. Fathers Spillard and Maher, as deacon and subdeacon. The sermon was preached by Rev. T. E. Walsh, President of the University, who paid an eloquent tribute to the many good qualities of the deceased. The Last Absolution was pronounced by the venerable Father General, and the remains, escorted by an immense concourse of friends, were laid away to rest in Cedar Grove Cemetery.

Mr. Coquillard was born in Detroit, April 29, 1825. A few years later he moved with his parents to South Bend. It was he who, in 1841, directed the venerable Founder to the site which had been selected for the building of the University, and a year later, on the erection of the first college building, his was the first name inscribed on its rolls. He did not remain to complete his Collegiate Course, but after a few years of study, in which he received a good commercial training, he engaged in business and laid the foundations of that career which became so signally successful. He was held in high esteem by his fellow-citizens and by all with whom he had any relations. All at Notre Dame received the sad tidings of his demise with the deepest regret, and unite in extending to the bereaved family their heartfelt sympathy. May he rest in peace!

LAWRENCE KEHOE.

A telegram received on Thursday evening conveyed the sad news of the death of Mr. Lawrence Kehoe, of the Catholic Publication Society Company, New York. The deceased was the father of Messrs. Vincent and Lawrence Kehoe, students in the University, to whom, and the afflicted family, warm friends at Notre Dame extend their sincere sympathy. May he rest in peace!

Personal.

—James Larkin, brother of John Larkin, '86, Johnstown, Pa., visited Notre Dame last Sunday as the guest of Rev. T. Maher.

—Rev. John Lauth, C. S. C., the genial and zealous Rector of St. Vincent's, near Fort Wayne, Ind., visited Notre Dame during the week. All regretted his visit was so short.

—Visitors during the week were: Mrs. M. E. Hasenfuss, Cadillac, Mich.; Mrs. D. Thornton,

Chicago, Ill.; Mrs. Jacob Wile; Mrs. H. Rosenthal, Mrs. H. W. Kessler, Laporte, Ind.; Mr. L. Howard, Mrs. M. A. Cunningham, Nashville, Tenn.; Mr. and Mrs. P. M. Schwarz, Mr. John Fischer, Chicago, Ill.; Mr. Paul B. Newman, Elgin, Ill.; Mrs. J. C. Bates, Denver, Col.; Mr. and Mrs. John S. Cooke, Chicago; Messrs. T. B. and J. B. Rhodes, Mt. Carroll, Ill.

—Prof. Maurice F. Egan, of Notre Dame University, has adapted the famous play "Le Pater Noster" by François Coppée, for Mr. Augustin Daly, who will soon present it at his theatre in this city. Mr. Egan is contributing to the *Ave Maria*—that splendid little weekly magazine issued from Notre Dame—a very interesting story, "The Disappearance of John Longworthy." It is an Irish-American story of New York life, a phase of contemporary literature in which Mr. Egan is always at his best, and in which his admirers find much to delight and charm them.—*Irish-American*.

—Very Rev. Father General Sorin, accompanied by Rev. D. J. Spillard, C. S. C., visited Indianapolis on Monday last to attend the celebration of the Golden Jubilee of Mgr. August Bessonies, Vicar-General of the Diocese of Vincennes. Mgr. Bessonies has spent in Indiana thirty-three years of his fifty years in the priesthood, and through his learning, zeal and piety has accomplished much good. The fiftieth anniversary of his ordination was made the occasion of great rejoicing on the part of all with whom he is engaged in the work of the sacred ministry and who united in extending heartiest congratulations and best wishes.

—Prof. Edwards returned this week from New Orleans where, with Monsignor O'Connell, Rector of the American College, Rome, he was the guest of Most Rev. Archbishop Janssens. He is indebted to his Grace and the members of his household for many kindnesses and favors. Numerous courtesies were also shown him by Mr. John Gibbons, brother of Cardinal Gibbons, and by His Eminence's nephews, Messrs. Stanton and Swarbrick. He says for generous, whole-souled hospitality the Crescent City cannot be excelled. Many of the old students, especially Messrs. Gilbert, Castanedo, Cassard, Hertzog and Roy Hall, send greetings and kind messages to their numerous friends at Notre Dame.

Local Items.

—The robins are here.

—Don't walk on the grass.

—Chicago has walloped 'em.

—Pleasantries by the Prefect.

—When the lilacs bloom, you know.

—The mock Congress is in full blast.

—We hope the band has come to stay.

—The new bath house is nearly completed.

—Will "our Congress" concur in the choice?

—The St. Cecilians are busy with the "labor question."

—Remember, boys, essays are due on the 15th of March.

—Soon deserted will be the reading room and the "gym."

—It was sanguinary enough to satisfy the most blood-thirsty.

—The music at the entertainment was of a high order of merit.

—The drilling at the entertainment on Saturday evening was the best yet.

—The Chief Justice has certainly had quite an education in art, as recent exhibitions show.

—Wanted—Some one who did not "know all along that Chicago would get the World's Fair."

—We have now a band and orchestra that put a quietus on all reminiscences of "days of yore."

—What an example of false, fleeting hope is that poor lone toboggan slide on the "Princes'" campus.

—It is understood that somnambulism, especially towards town, is forbidden under heavy penalties,

—The Juniors indulged in an exciting game of football on Wednesday last. The "north-erners" won.

—Ground has been broken for the new department of Mechanical Engineering, just south of Science Hall.

—The drilling last Saturday was the best we have ever seen here, and thanks are due Messrs. Prudhomme and Fehr.

—The "vigilance committee" should take steps to celebrate the triumph of our metropolis, Chicago, in a fitting manner. Everyone is happy!

—The candidates for second nine captaincies are Mr. Doherty of Sorin Hall and Mr. Schaack of the yard. "Brass" may come to the front, soon, though.

—The Library is increasing daily; new books are arriving and objects of historical interest are swelling the cases under the able management of Prof. Edwards.

—The two M's proved themselves to be entirely too light for their opponents with the soft gloves. The wind was completely knocked out of them on the 13th round.

—We heard a little innocent, unpretentious Junior remark, 'mid sobs, that he "was in the bouillon, because the esteemed Director of Studies had sent him to the 'first course'!"

—A certain young Freshie aptly remarked, in speaking of his trigonometric functions, "that if we were to judge the weather by the *sines*, we wouldn't be touched by it." The class adjourned *sine die*.

—Fifty-one portraits of distinguished Catholic priests have been added to the Edgerly collection in the Bishops' Memorial Hall. Mr. Edgerly has already placed more than a thou-

sand portraits of clergymen in this collection.

—Are we going to have a new diamond? If so, why not put it in the middle of the campus? It is the best place for it, and the second nine should sacrifice their ground to the cause. There is plenty of room on the eastern part of the campus for them.

—Rev. President Walsh visited the Senior study-hall last Thursday, and spoke to the young gentlemen upon some matters pertaining to the remainder of the year. He complimented the members of the Thespian Association on their excellent presentation of last Saturday night, and exhorted the members of the Columbian Society to do likewise on the 17th.

—At last the candidates for base-ball honors have come to the front and declared themselves. Long is alone in the run for the "Special" captaincy, but the other contests will probably be very interesting. Campbell, Bronson and Hayes of the "yard," and Kelly and Mackey of Sorin Hall will do the fighting, and they are all in earnest about it. It will take a little work to "get there" this spring.

—At a meeting of the Columbia Literary and Dramatic Society, held on the 23d inst., the following officers were elected for the session: Rev. M. J. Regan, President; J. McKeon, Vice-President; G. McAlister, Recording Secretary; Wm. Ford, Treasurer; C. Flynn, Censor; A. Ahlrichs, Sergeant-at-Arms. After the election of officers, Wm. Ford, very effectively delivered a selection. Messrs. O'Neill, Lesner and Louisell then spoke on the subject of oratory, and gave promise of becoming very able speakers. The subject to be debated at the next meeting is "Resolved, that commerce has exerted a greater influence upon the civilization of the world than literature." The subject is open to discussion by all the members.

—The twelfth regular meeting of the Law Debating Society was held Wednesday evening, Feb. 27, President Col. Wm. Hoynes in the chair. After the roll-call the minutes of the previous meeting were read and adopted. The programme of the evening was then taken up. Mr. Herman read a very well-written criticism upon the debate of the last meeting. The debate "Resolved, that the Tariff should be exclusively for revenue" was then argued on the affirmative by Messrs. Cassin and McConlogue, and on the negative by Messrs. Herman and Blackman. Under the leadership of the first speaker, Mr. Cassin, who is a strong democrat, the question was made to assume a political aspect, and the second speaker, Mr. Blackman, who is an equally strong republican, saw fit to return his fire by presenting a political metaphor which created some excitement. The debate will be concluded at the next meeting.

—The 23d regular meeting of the St. Cecilia Philomathean Association was held Wednesday evening, the 26th ult. The exercises opened with a song by the St. Cecilia Quartette. They

were accompanied by the genial Prof. Liscombe, to whom was tendered a vote of thanks and the privilege of perpetual membership in the society. Mr. P. Murphy then read a criticism on the previous meeting. It was his first appearance, and although much was expected the anticipations of all were more than realized by his impressive delivery and excellent paper. Next on the programme was the debate "Resolved, that labor organizations are beneficial to the interests of the workingmen," in which the whole house participated, each speaking in accordance with his own convictions. The speeches of Messrs: F. Wile, P. Murphy, J. Boyd, O. Ibold, J. Fitzgerald and E. Du Brul deserve special mention. Under the head of miscellaneous business, it was resolved that a vote of congratulation be sent to Chicago. The meeting was one of the most interesting the society has held for some time.

Roll of Honor.

SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

Messrs. Ahlrichs, Allen, Bovett, Burns, H. Brannick, Barrett, Benz, Burger, Brennan, Combe, Cassin, Cassidy, L. Chute, F. Chute, Cosgrove, Crall, Dennis, Daniels, Davis, Jas. Dougherty, F. Flynn, P. Fleming, Ford, Fehr, Garfias, Grange, Grimes, E. Hayes, Houlihan, Herman, Heard, E. Hughes, Zimmerman,* Hempler, Hoover, W. Hayes, J. S. Johnson, J. A. Johnson, Karasynski, J. King, F. Kelly, J. Kelly, Lesner, Lancaster, Lane, F. Long, Lynch, L. Long, Leonard, McWilliams, McAuliff, McDonnell, McPhee, McConlogue, Mackey, J. McGrath, J. Newman, H. O'Neill, O'Shea, Paris, F. Prichard, Paradis, H. Prichard, Pyplacz, Quigley, Rothert, Stanton, N. Sinnott, Steiger, Scherrer, D. Sullivan, F. Vurpillat, Standard, O. Sullivan, McAuliff.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

Masters Adler, Aarons, H. Bachrach, B. Bates, E. Bates, J. Brady, T. M. Brady, T. T. Brady, W. Brady, Blumenthal, Bruel, Boyd, Bradley, Bos, Barclay, Burns, Bergland, Coll, Collman, Cheney, Delaney, Doig, Dempsey, Dorsey, Drumm, DeLormier, Elder, J. M. Flannigan, J. H. Flannigan, J. Fitzgerald, C. Fitzgerald, A. W. Funke, A. M. Funke, Field, Gibert, Garrison, Girsch, Gross, Galen, Grund, Howard, Hannin, W. Hasenfuss, Hambaugh, Hack, Hesse, Hahn, R. Healy, Hagus, Heller, Hoerr, Ibold, Jacobs, Kearney, L. Kehoe, V. Kehoe, J. Leonard, Lenard, Löwenstein, Lamberton, Lorie, Murphy, Maurus, Maher, L. Monarch, D. Monarch, Merz, Mitchell, Mier, McCartney, Jas. McPhillips, Jos. McPhillips, A. McPhillips, F. McDonnell, F. McKee, McNally,* McIvers,* McCormack, McLeod, F. Neef, A. Neef, Neenan, O'Brien, O'Rourke, Otis, O'Mara, Palmer, Pomeroy, Prichard, Quinlan, Quill, Roper, Stanton, F. Schillo, Scott, Seerey, Sökup, Snyder, Scherrer, Sutter, Spalding, Stapleton, Swan, Smith, Treff, Thorn, Tetard, Tinsley, Walsh, Welch, Weston, Wile, Weitzel, Weise, Ward T. Whalen, Wolff, Wertheimer, Zinn, Schaack.

MINIM DEPARTMENT.

Masters Ayres, Adler, Ball, O. Brown, F. Brown, Burns, Barbour, Bixby, Cornell, Crandall, W. Connor, C. Connor, Covert, W. Crawford, Coquillard, Croke, Durand, Elkin, Eckler, Ezekiel, W. Finnerty, T. Finnerty, Fischer, W. Frankel, Falvey, Fuller, E. Furthman, W. Furthman, C. Furthman, Funke, Flynn, Greene, Gilbert, D. Gilkison, A. Gilkison, Grant, Girsch, Hoffman, Hamilton, Hendry, Holbrook, Jonquet, Krollman, Keeler, King, Kuehl, C. Kern, Lonergan, Londoner, C. Lamberton, H. Lamberton, Levi, Loonie, Loomis, Montague, Maternes, H. Mestling, E. Mestling, Myers, McGuire, McPhee, McPhillips, Morrison, Marre, C. Nichols, W. Nichols, O'Neill, Oatman, Priestly, L. Paul, C. Paul, C. Packard, J. Packard,

Pierce, Roberts, Ryan, Stone, W. Scherrer, G. Scherrer, Stephens, Thornton, Trujillo, Vorhang, Vandercook, Wilcox, Washburne, Wever, Weber, G. Zoehrlaut, Zeigler.

* Omitted by mistake last week.

Class Honors.

PREPARATORY COURSE.

Messrs. D. Parker, F. Flynn, Karasynski, C. Flynn, Combe, Houlihan, Phillips, W. O'Neill, Pyplacz, Bovett, Schaack, P. Fleming, J. A. Johnson, Darroch, Tivnen, Reedy, Crall, Grothaus, Sanchez, W. Newman, D. Sullivan, J. Cavanagh, A. Leonard, Weston, De Lorimier, Tinsley, W. Hasenfuss, Benz, S. Bachrach, F. Keough, Kearney, Bos, W. Burns, Palmer, Conroy, Lenard, D. Monarch, Welch, Merz, Snyder, Halthusen, Davidson, J. Leonard, F. McDonnell, J. Dempsey, Regan, Hagus, Weise, McIvers, Sutter, Cudahy, Quill, P. Jacobs, Otis, R. Tivnen, Dorsey, Burke, O'Mara, A. Prichard, Wolff, Casey, Hoerr, Bergland.

List of Excellence.

PREPARATORY COURSE.

Latin—Messrs. J. Fitzgerald, J. King, Priestly, Fitzgibbon, Merz; *Algebra*—Messrs. Hennesy, Galen, Bradley, Jos. Delany, Dyer, Hesse, Otis, Karasynski, Heard, Latson, F. Flynn, W. Hayes, Bovett, F. Walsh, Wade, W. Burns, A. Campbell, O'Rourke, Scott; *Arithmetic*—Messrs. Parker, Snyder, H. Hull, Tinsley; *Grammar*—Messrs. Benz, Murphy, W. Burns, White, T. Whalen; *Reading*—Messrs. T. Whalen, E. Whalen, Barclay, Coe, Collman, Dion, Deutsch, Hull, Lenard, Martin, Neenan, Lammie, D. Monarch; *Catechism*—Messrs. J. Flannigan, F. McDonnell, Boone; *Geography*—Messrs. Barclay, J. Hack, Boone, H. Des Garennes, Hull, Lorie; *History*—Messrs. Barclay, Des Garennes, E. Whalen, Cohn, Coe, Dorsey, Lamme, Spurgeon.

"To the City by the Sea!"

The fight is o'er, ours is the day;
To buck Chicago doesn't pay;
New York, don't howl! oh, don't despair—
To see you sad will spoil our fair!

Cruel Congress squelched your fleeting hopes;
The "Wild West" city held the ropes;
The air swarmed thick with thoughts of fair;
But, oh, don't howl! oh, don't despair!

Depew and bluster didn't win;
You can now sing "What might have been";
"We who are brave deserved that fair";
Although you howl, oh, don't despair!

Your swell "four hundred" didn't go;
Much times four hundred they must grow;
The Brooklyn Bridge won't win a fair;
Yet don't you howl! oh, don't despair!

St. Louis, too, doth feel quite blue;
She'll bluer feel in ninety-two;
Console with her about our fair;
But, oh, don't howl! oh, don't despair!

Chicago fair and New York "soup"
Is 'nough to make an Indian whoop;
Of course, we know you didn't care,
So if you howl, oh, don't despair!

YRIAF.

N. B.—The foregoing is inserted at the urgent request of a number of excited individuals. The MS. was neatly written, on one side only, and to our eyes, terror-stricken by the frenzy of the author and his cohorts, it appeared like poetry. We trust that Congress will in any way be influenced by our action in the matter.—THE STAFF.

St. Mary's Academy.

One Mile West of Notre Dame University.

—The catechetical instructions in Christian Doctrine, given each Sunday by Rev. Father Walsh, C. S. C., are most interesting, and are listened to with marked attention.

—Washington's Birthday was a day of recreation at St. Mary's; everywhere were the national colors displayed, and a vote of thanks was tendered the "Father of his Country" for the late sleep and the other special privileges of the day, so thoroughly enjoyed by all.

—Very Rev. Father General presided the regular academic meeting of Sunday last. The First Seniors' class paper, *Rosa Mystica*, was well read by the Misses Balch and K. Hurley. Nearly all the members of the class contributed to the columns of the paper; but those who were most active as editresses were the Misses Hurff, Currier, Curtis, Balch and K. Hurley. The principal articles were: "Checkers at St. Mary's"; "Mending"; "A Flowery Affair"; "Pride must Have a Fall"; "Devotion to St. Joseph," and "Prophecies."

—"Dante" was the subject chosen by Prof. M. F. Egan for his lecture on Tuesday last, and it was one of the finest ever delivered at St. Mary's. Depth of thought and beauty of expression, together with the confidence which Mr. Egan always inspires in his auditors, combined to make an impression that must be lasting. The time of Dante, his political, religious and personal views, as well as the allegorical allusions contained in his works, were gracefully touched upon, and in so clear and scholarly a manner as to furnish the key to the treasures contained in the writings of the greatest of Christian poets, and to awaken a desire to make a study of him, whom the "Father of English Poetry" saw fit to imitate.

Obituary.

MRS. B. CLAFFEY.

The sad tidings of the death of Mrs. B. Claffey, brought sincere sorrow to all at St. Mary's. An exemplary Christian, a devoted wife and mother, all looked upon her as a model of every virtue that makes woman truly admirable. To the Congregation of the Holy Cross, Mrs. Claffey was always a warm friend, and one who showed her devotedness in days when adversity weighed heavily upon the little band of missionaries, gathered in the wilds of Indiana around the standard of the cross. To the Community she so loved did she give a devoted daughter, who

is now a professed member. Heartfelt sympathy is offered each one of the bereaved family, left to mourn her loss; and prayers shall not be wanting that eternal light and peace may be granted her precious soul.

The Influence of Woman.

Man has been styled the lord of creation, and justly so; for in Genesis we read that when all things had been created man was made to be their ruler. Further, that Eve was given him as a helpmate: which signifies, not an inferior but an equal. Supposing, then, that when Adam and Eve came forth from the creative hand of God there was a beautiful equality in those perfect natures, that no superior gifts of mind or body distinguished the man from his gentler companion, we are led to consider the peculiar mission of the first woman. It was indeed an exalted one; for to her was given the power of calling forth all that was good and noble in the nature of man.

As Eve, the common mother of mankind, has transmitted her own qualities to her daughters, so also has she bequeathed to them her dignity and mission. All ages have felt the salutary effect of a noble woman's influence, and we have only to turn over the pages of history to study the example of Blanche of Castile, the mother and counsellor of the saintly King Louis. When death had deprived her of a husband, and Louis of a father, she felt the responsibility resting upon her; but she knew her duty, and France had much for which to thank her, and the sainted Louis much in her to love.

The sphere of the majority of women is in the home circle, and in this she reigns as queen. To her is entrusted the care of the future generations, and each young heart is placed in her hands to be moulded for the glory of its Creator and the good of mankind. Her mind is constantly occupied in studying the nature and disposition of each young soul, and in choosing the best method to guide his thoughts and aspirations towards all that is lofty and great. Thus she makes home bright and happy by her gentle influence, infusing new life and courage into the hearts of those confided to her care.

Man has indeed performed wonderful feats; he has made many and great sacrifices for the preservation of freedom; he has tilled the soil that it might produce the fruits of the earth; he has hewn his way through places apparently impenetrable, and thrown bridges across bodies of water over which danger spread her wings.

But woman has done her part also in the great feats of this world, and we have only to con the annals of by-gone times to become familiar with the numerous examples of noble, high-minded women who have risked every danger for their country's sake. We see Esther braving the displeasure of her lord for her people; we behold Judith, having called into play all her courage, entering the enemies' camp and slaying the leader while in the sleep of debauchery, and thus delivering her people from bondage.

True, woman has not penetrated unknown wilds or traversed the trackless forest, but she has done infinitely more. To her has been given the power of infusing new courage into the sinking hearts of men, enabling them to persevere to the end in the face of seemingly insurmountable difficulties. What a grand example of fortitude and noble unselfishness has been left us in the person of the mother of the Machabees! The anguish that filled her soul at the sight of the tortures of her sons was in truth a sevenfold martyrdom; and when at last she consummated the sacrifice by her own death, it was to leave to posterity an example of all that is noble in woman when actuated by faith.

How great even among pagan nations was the influence of woman! We have but to mention the name of Veturia, the mother of Coriolanus, to recall that wonderful influence over the rebellious heart of her son, whereby she saved Rome from the destroying hands of revenge! Cornelia, the mother of the Grachi, likewise furnishes an example that any Christian mother might well follow.

If the power of woman was so felt and acknowledged even in pagan nations, how much greater must be that gentle influence since the coming of Our Lord, who by His birth raised a Virgin to a place above angels and men.

Many other examples adorn the pages of history, and among them stand foremost the Maids of Saragossa and of Orleans. Spain glories in the former, and chivalrous France ever sings the praises of the latter. We read with thrilling hearts of the great feats accomplished by the Maid of Orleans, and it seems incredible that a weak and timid woman could compass the works that wreath with glory the name of that brave, but humble maid.

All these, with daily instances of what a woman can do, prove the nobility of her character. Her sphere is daily widening, and mankind feels more than ever the need of her gentle ministrations. Yes, her hand is all-powerful, whether alleviating the pain of the sick,

leading the young to virtue, or the old to the grave, or when with hands lifted to heaven she averts from the world the punishments of God.

IRENE HORNER (*First Senior Class*).

Roll of Honor.

SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

Misses E. Adelsperger, Ansbach, Ahlrichs, Bernhart, Bates, Balch, Bogner, Bero, Bovett, Beck, Butler, Clarke, Cunningham, Cooper, Coll, Currier, Curtis, Churchill, Crilly, Cochrane, M. Davis, C. Dempsey, Deutsch, Dennison, S. Dempsey, Dorsey, Dolan, Donahue, De Montcourt, English, E. Flannery, Fitzpatrick, Fosdick, G. Green, Gordon, Hammond, Healey, Horner, C. Hurley, Hurff, H. Hanson, Holt, Hagus, Harmes, A. Hanson, Hellman, Hale, Hutchinson, Hamilton, Haight, Hepburn, Hughes, Hemelspeck, Jungblut, Kimmell, Kelso, Koopmann, G. Lauth, McFarland, Moore, N. Morse, K. Morse, Maher, McCarthy, M. McHugh, McCune, Mullaney, Marley, M. Moore, L. Nickel, Norris, Nacey, H. Nester, L. Nester, O'Brien, Patier,* Piper, A. Ryan, K. Ryan, Rinehart, Rose, Rinn, Rentfrow, Reilly, Spurgeon, Schiltz, Schaefer, Shrock, M. Schermerhorn, N. Schermerhorn, Thirds, Tormey, Van Mourick, Violette.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

Misses Barry, Burdick, E. Burns, Black, M. Burns, M. Clifford, M. Davis, B. Davis, Evoy, Hickey, Holmes, C. Kasper, Levy, N. McGuire, Meskill, Mestling, O'Brien, O'Mara, Patrick, Palmer, Philion, E. Quealy, E. Regan, Ruger, Robbins, Shirey, M. Scherrer, M. Smyth, Sweeney, A. Tormey, E. Wagner, Waldron, M. Wagner, Wood, Wright, Young.

MINIM DEPARTMENT.

Misses L. Adelsperger, Coady, Crandall, A. E. Dennison, Eldred, M. Egan, Finnerty, Girsch, K. Hamilton, M. Hamilton, McCarthy, L. McHugh, M. McHugh, Porteous, S. Smyth, N. Smyth.

* Omitted two weeks by mistake.

Class Honors.

LANGUAGE COURSE.

FRENCH.

2D CLASS—Misses C. Morse, D. Deutsch, E. Dennison, F. Marley, B. Balch.

3D CLASS, 1ST DIV.—Misses D. Davis, E. Nester, L. Curtis, Bero, M. Schermerhorn, Hepburn, Hurff, Rinehart.

2D DIV.—Misses Lynch, De Montcourt, C. Haight, S. Dempsey, M. McFarland, Gordon, Byrnes, Roberts, A. Wurzburg, L. Wurzburg, Dolan, A. E. Dennison.

4TH CLASS—Misses A. Ryan, M. Otis, M. Violette, M. Hickey, E. Quealy, Clarke, Murison.

2D DIV.—Misses A. Tormey, M. Wagner, K. Wood, J. Patrick, E. Philion, Young, Evoy, M. Burns, E. Burns, Moore.

5TH CLASS—Misses K. Hamilton, M. McHugh, M. Egan.

GERMAN.

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

3D CLASS—Misses D. Spurgeon, Nacey, A. Ansbach, Harmes, Koopmann.

4TH CLASS—Misses E. Schäfer, L. Ernest, Currier, L. Hagus, C. McCarthy.

2D DIV.—Misses Rinn, E. Wagner, C. Kasper, Levy, L. Kasper, Dreyer.

5TH CLASS—Misses Green, E. Adelsperger, N. Schermerhorn, N. McGuire, O'Mara, L. McHugh, M. Wagner, M. Davis, Cochrane, B. Davis, Farwell.

LATIN.

1ST CLASS—Miss G. Clarke.

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