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## Easter.

BY T. A. CRUMLEY, '91

O Angels! scatter blessings on the earth  
To-day we give you back your risen God.  
"All is forgiven—All," the maples nod,  
"Rejoice and hallow thy new spiritual birth!"  
Now swell the throats of birds with songs of mirth  
And scented blossoms perfume all the sod;  
Now virtue treads where vice unnoticed trod  
And man's prerogative is moral worth.

This life's a Lent of woes, but wholesome ones  
If we but mind us that an Easter comes;  
The soul, our holier half, is so high-priced  
Of Heaven, that to be one of Adam's sons  
In that bright sphere, the whole of pleasure sums.  
Behold! God held us worth the Blood of Christ.

## Emerson.

BY T. H. CORBETT, '91.

It is a well authenticated fact in the history of English literature that although the grasses have grown, the suns have come and gone, and the violets have bloomed upon the grave of Shakspeare, still his name is more thought of than that of any other English writer living or dead; and we all know that the most learned critics dispute and have disputed, and no doubt will continue to dispute, concerning his marvellous genius.

In the history of American literature there is another person, a genius, a man who has not been appreciated simply because he is not well known, but one on whom, or rather concerning the works of whom, the most learned critics of the nineteenth century have failed to agree, and who, as I have just said, is still quite unknown to the American people. Nevertheless some parts

of his writings show very artistic taste. I refer to Ralph Waldo Emerson, by whom Concord, Mass., has been made our Literary Mecca. There are many so-called biographies of Emerson, but we join our opinion to the opinions of the press in general by saying that James Eliot Cabot is his chief biographer.

As we all know he was born in the Athens of America, May 25, 1803, and among the external facts in the history of his life are those that he belonged to a clerical race. In reading his biography we find that he himself assumed the office of the ministry, and for a long time was a Unitarian preacher in Boston. While at college it is said that he did not appear to have held a high mark in his class although the records of the college show that he twice received a Bowdoin prize for dissertations, and once a Boyshon prize for his excellent declamations. There is a footprint, if I may so call it, left by him at the University of Harvard—which, I am very sorry to say, cannot be said of many students of our day—which is that while at the university he made more use of the library than is common among students. In 1829, he was ordained as colleague of Henry Ware, at the second Unitarian Church of Boston. In Sept. 1830 he married Ellen Tucher, of Boston, who died in Feb. 1831. As the giving up of his fellowship at Oxford, and his reception into the Catholic Church cost Cardinal Newman more than anything he had ever done, so the separation of Emerson from the church of which he had been a member for a number of years, but within whose limits, owing to the deep influence of Channing's theology, he was unable to remain, and his retreat to the sweet New England village, were the beginning of Emerson's career as poet, lecturer, essayist, thinker and inspirer. A full record of all the details of his social, do-

mestic and civic relations is faithfully kept in that sweet town in whose sacred environs he passed the happiest hours of his life. Here the culture of that famous Eastern university afforded him an opportunity of blending it in his speech and action.

As a lecturer, Emerson's range was the country at large; but the group that drew about him made Concord a modern academe. He passed the better part of his life, according to his own words, in the quaint New England town, which he made what it is now, and where his soul escaped from its mortal tenement, April 27, 1882, at the ripe old age of seventy-nine years.

"The gods reclaim not from the seer  
Their gift, although he ceases here to sing,  
And, like antique sage, a covering  
Draws round his head, knowing what change is near."

As we all know, Emerson's philosophy is sometimes very weak. Being an idealist first of all, it seems that he found the key to his own nature in Plato; and, speaking of Plato, he said years afterwards: "I hesitate to speak, lest there should be no end." Plato, who was the guide of his youth, remained his type of philosopher and man.

If we compare Taylor's translations of selections from the works of Platonius, published in 1817, and also compare some of Emerson's essays, I am led to think, with a certain noted critic, that these translations must have greatly impressed Emerson.

Emerson published an essay on "Nature" in 1836, which was followed by "Literary Ethics" in 1838. In 1841 he published his first series of essays which were followed, in 1844, by his second series. 1849 saw the publication of his "Miscellaneous Essays," which were followed, in 1850, by an essay on "Representative Men." "English Notes" followed these in 1856, which, in turn, was followed by an essay on "Life," in 1860. In 1847, he published a volume of poetry, which preceded "May-day," and other pieces in 1867. In 1876, he published another volume of poems. In his poetry Emerson's spiritual philosophy and the laws of nature appear again, but transfigured.

As to his style, I coincide readily with Mr. Clarence Stedman, who speaks thus in regard to Emerson. He says, first of all, that style makes itself, and that "Emerson's is the apothegmatic style of one bent upon uttering his immediate thoughts, hence strong in sentences, and only by chance suited to the formation of an essay. Each sentence is an idea, an epigram, or an image, or a flash of spiritual light. No poet, let us add, has written prose, or shown

better his special attribute. Anyone taking the trouble to read Emerson will see that his whole argument is poetic, if that work is poetic which reaches its aim through a striking analogy of things."

In summing up the praises of Emerson, we must cease to be critical, and remember that the best biography of a man is his own life. To quote the words of a noted critic of our century, it may be said that the greatest poet must be all in one; and Emerson may be said safely to be the foremost amongst them. According to *Blackwood*, Emerson's works are pointed out for their undoubted marks of original genius and philosophical characters. No French or German critic can read the speculations of Emerson without tracing in them the spirit of the nature to which this writer belongs.

Throughout his words the prevailing spirit of Emerson's writings is self-reliance. "Wood-Notes" is one of his best poems; but the finest of his poems is the "Problem." He, as a general thing, wrote in octo-syllabic metre, and his poetry is always subjective.

When we accuse Emerson of obscurity it is not obscurity of style that we accuse him of. But there is an obscurity of thought in his writings produced by a vein of mysticism which runs clear through his works.

Speaking of Emerson, James Russell Lowell says: "What Ben Johnson said of Bacon may be said of him. 'There happened in my time one noble speaker, who was full of gravity in his speaking. His language was nobly censorious. No man ever spoke more neatly, more precisely, more weightily, or suffered less emptiness. No member of his speech but consisted of his own graces. His hearers could not cough or look aside from him without loss. In order to find out what he is, go to the quaint New England town where his name is as fragrant as the heliotrope, and where the lilies fair and the grasses green have bloomed for many years over his grave, and let us

"There pay the reverence of old days  
To his dead fame;  
Walk backward, with averted gaze,  
And lude the shame!"

NEGOTIATIONS are said to be nearly completed with M. Gounod to write an original grand opera in four acts which will be produced in America in 1892. The master will himself superintend the production, and conduct in person on the first night. The first, second and fourth acts are laid in Mexico, at the time of the Montezumas, and the third act is in the Western States.

## Hamlet.

The tragic history of the Hamlets has received its full share of attention, to say the least. From the time when the great poet began to cast about him for the tangible points of the story—and even long before that, for Shakspeare was not the first to write about the Danish prince—the critics and *littérateurs* have always felt a kindly interest in the recital. Nor will we think this fact strange when we remember that the literature of the world offers few productions more thoroughly imbued with passion. Empires have been swept away and princes driven from their thrones at times when lesser passions agitated humanity. But the soul is stronger than we usually suppose, and one poor breast may be tenanted by passions so desperate that to share them with a nation would be anarchy.

It is impossible to imagine greater anguish than that which preyed upon the younger Hamlet. He was a prince just returned from a German university. He was Christian enough to know the depth of the wrong he had suffered without being able to suffer in a Christian manner. He was young and very sensitive, and this is all that can be said with certainty of his character. Thus far, all the versions of the tragedy coincide, and this coincidence, if it extended further, would leave few obscurities in the text of "Hamlet."

An old Danish historian, Saxo Grammaticus, was the first to treat the story. His "Amleth" is made up of the most rugged incidents, dyed in the flaming colors of which barbarous nations are so fond. But the theology of the grim old Norseman seems a trifle hazy. The coarsest imagery and the most unrefined expression are employed in the delineation of character, and the moral aspect of the history is left unnoticed. Belleforest, who made a French version of the legend under the title of "Hamblette," changed the hideous nudity of the original into an absurd conglomerate which was found to be of little use to the gay Parisians. One great result it had indeed, for it was through this translation that Shakspeare was made acquainted with the tale; or rather let us say it was this translation that suggested to the English bard his tragic masterpiece.

I do not purpose in this essay to delve deep into musty parchments, and haul out documentary explanation of the doubtful passages in Shakspeare. Many brilliant minds have been doomed thus to mouse among mummy-dust and often with indifferent results. The thesis I have to propose here is that obscurity in the text of "Hamlet" may be traced to two main causes. One of these causes will be found in the carelessness of the poet, and

the other in an entire misconception of the character of Hamlet, the result of learned research among the old Danish chronicles. Persons who do not know how great Shakspeare really was, and persons who know nothing of Hamlet, except what they have learned from the great dramatist himself, find little difficulty in understanding this unique character.

When Hamlet was first represented on the London stage it had gained but little by its rendition in English. Of course, Shakspeare saw great dramatic possibilities in the plot, and in the first printed edition (1603) the old tale of lust and murder that had amused the Danes was adapted to suit an English audience. It was only the skeleton of its present self, however, and the next year saw a new edition, on the title-page of which we read that it was "enlarged to almost as much again as it was." Here we have the complete "Hamlet"; here we have the wealth of imagery, the delicate character carving, the strength of expression and the human sympathy that distinguishes all Shakspeare's work.

I have stated that one of the causes of obscurity in the great tragedy is found in the carelessness of its author, or, perhaps we should say, in the circumstances under which it appeared. Shakspeare was engaged to furnish "copy" for the actors of Globe Theatre, just as many playwrights of our time supply the modern stage. The fact that "Hamlet" was merely a chain of coarse incidents when it first appeared is proof positive of the haste with which it was prepared. Then, too, Shakspeare never dreamt that his great drama would go "thundering down the ages" attended by a cloud of dust that should bury all meaner productions. In fact, his modesty is a miracle in literature. We have no reason to suppose that he ever aimed at producing anything more than a marketable article, notwithstanding the denunciation with which Ruskin would visit such offenders.

But the great source of the seeming obscurity in our text results from the persistent efforts which many critics make to reconcile the historical Hamlet with the melancholy prince of Shakspeare's own creation. Our bard used the raw materials which the Danish legend offered, to be sure; but these materials were transmuted into precious minerals, and were made to glint and glimmer until even dross was glorified. He was right, then, in stamping his own work with the British trade-mark. He was right in importing English manners and English civilization into the country of the Vikings.

Hamlet, when the brush of Shakspeare touched the canvas, was a young *Englishman* who had a purpose in life. He suspected the fratricide of his uncle; he knew the incestuous second marriage of his mother. Disgusted with the depravity of the

court, half-crazed by grief and hidden shame, his life took that melancholy, listless, half-unconscious turn which was necessarily the result of his fits of brooding. Hamlet's early life must have been happy. He had, apparently, bestowed his love upon Ophelia, as she had certainly given her heart to him. But now he knows the unspeakable crimes of his household, and his heart thirsts for vengeance. The speech of Laertes fits him very well:

"How came he dead? I'll not be juggled with;  
To hell, allegiance! Vows to blackest devil!  
Conscience and death to the profoundest pit!  
I dare damnation. To this point I stand  
That both the worlds I give to negligence.  
Let come what comes; only I'll be revenged  
Most thoroughly for my father!"

He cares not for his love; he cares not for his life; only one thing he wants: revenge, as deep and as black as the grief in his soul. He begins to work in a systematic manner, accomplishes his end, and seems to find supreme consolation in his own death.

But what was Hamlet after he had suffered the caresses of the critics? No Englishman, surely, but a *Dane*, "who fails to act in any definite line of consistent purpose; neglects what he deems a sacred duty; wastes himself in trifling occupations; descends to the ignoble part of a court jester; breaks the heart of a lady he dearly loves; uselessly and recklessly kills her father, with no sign of remorse for the deed; insults a brother's legitimate grief at her grave, and finally goes stumbling to the catastrophe of his death, the most complete failure in the direction of the avowed purpose of his life ever recorded."

Now it must appear to every impartial reader that if we are to consider "Hamlet" as a drama, and not as a mere history, it makes but little difference what sort of person our hero was before he found his way into Shakspeare's book. We must take the masterpiece as it comes from the master, and we must cast that shocking old Danish legend overboard. Let us, then, spend no more time in making learned notes and absurd speculations. Let us rather drink in long draughts of wisdom at this fountain-head of poetry, and profit by the moral lessons that the tale inculcates.

You will find persons, "mostly fools," who discuss learnedly the probability of Shakspeare's existence, and who criticise his plays as "too utterly heavy" and even as having "too many quotations." But you will also find critics who stand agape at the mention of his name—men who would hesitate to say bluntly that he was inspired, and who, nevertheless, hold any adverse criticism of his works to be sacrilegious. It is a strange thing this inexplicable reverence for a poet of whose life so little is known. And perhaps we should be thankful that

his life is unknown, for the shrine might not be worthy of the god. We can now think of him piously, and burn incense at his altar with a clear conscience. We can now say of Shakspeare, not that he *lived*, but that he *wrote*.

J. W. CAVANAUGH, '90.

#### Die Mutter an des Kindes Grabe.

Unter'm Schatten einer Weide,  
Unter wilder Veilchen Duft,  
Eingehüllt im Todenleide,  
Ruh't ihr Lieblich in der Gruft.

Ach! die Mutter kann's nicht fassen.  
Daß man senkte ihn hinab;  
Daß ihr Knabe sie verlassen,  
Er nun ruht im kühlen Grab.

Traurig sinkt die Sonne nieder,  
Langsam naht die dunkle Nacht;  
Vögel singen Klagelieder,  
Und der bleiche Mond erwacht.

Immer knieh't sie noch am Grabe,  
Fühlt nicht mehr den kalten Sand;  
O was sieht sie—ist's ein Knabe?  
Ja! Er bietet ihr die Hand.

Hat ihr Kind das Grab verlassen,  
Sie zu seh'n im Mondenschein?  
Zitternd will sie ihn umfassen:  
Ach! 's ist nur der kalte Stein.

Um das Kreuz schlingt sie die Arme,  
Preßt es an ihr wundes Herz,  
Betend, daß sich Gott erbarme;  
Daß Er lind're ihren Schmerz.

Gott erhörte ihre Worte.  
Vor dem ersten Morgenroth,  
Fand man sie an jenem Orte,  
Frei vom Kummer—sie war todt.

Fr. E. Neef, '92.

#### Books We Have Read.

##### V.

"MR. BARNES OF NEW YORK."

When the reader of "Mr. Barnes of New York" is collecting himself together, after the shock that he received on finding out that Edwin Anstruther was innocent of the murder of M. Antonio Paoli, the first thought is, "Can it be possible?" The reader is all through the book lead to suppose that Edwin Anstruther is the murderer. But turning out as it does, the hero's character is raised in the reader's estimation and his actions more perfectly understood.

Marina Paoli reveals her weakness of courage and mind. Even when she finds that Edwin has

not been killed, she forgives him, not for her love for him, but that he is innocent. He is obliged to prove to her that those pistols and the lucky coin were not used by him when her brother was killed. And the trunk marked G. A. was the property of the officer who did kill her brother, and that his name was George Arthur. She would have taken revenge on this George Arthur, had Edwin or "her" Gerard not told her that he was killed in battle at Alexandria. Any brave wife would have believed her husband to be in the right, no matter what might have been said by other people.

This also shows the bravery and love of Edwin Anstruther; for he could not believe that Marina would touch the wicked dagger, which was intended to kill him, only that she herself told him that it was so; and he believed that she was almost insane when she said it.

From the time that we leave Count Musso Danella at Ajaccio, to the time when he was killed, he shows himself to be a true villain. At Nice he tries to lead Marina into the uncivilized manners of Corsica. If she abated her revenge in the slightest degree, he was by her side reminding her of all that she had vowed.

The characters represented by the name of Count Musso Danella and that of Tomasso are like type that are used sometimes without being cleaned, and when they are set to print again make blurs upon the face of the paper. These individuals are the type uncleaned which make blurs upon the face of the earth. As to the characters of Mr. Barnes of New York, and Miss Enid Anstruther, the author has shown a thorough knowledge of the English and American people. Mr. Barnes is a true American. All in all, he is a perfect type of some men in this country. He is a perfect gentleman. No man is there without fault; but yet we call some of them "perfect gentlemen." Mr. Barnes of New York is one of these men. Enid Anstruther is a woman deserving of Mr. Barnes. She is a lovely and beautiful representative of English womanhood.

The book itself has a few faults which might condemn it if it were not a sort of summer novel with which to while away an idle hour 'neath the shade of some massive oak, near a beautiful breezy lake or stream. But considering that it is such a novel, the faults can easily be excused. Its greatest fault is to leave the reader to reason out how, when Mr. Barnes went into the club room at Ajaccio, he found Edwin Anstruther's card on the table. It should not have been told, until when Anstruther was proving to Marina that he had not killed her

brother; then it might have been inserted parenthetically. The reader is inclined to take Edwin Anstruther by the hand and call him a soldier and a hero.

FRED. CHUTE.

#### A Traveller's Musings.

NEW ORLEANS, Feb. 23, 1890.

We took our departure from that great inland summer resort and sanitarium of Columbia's happy land—the Queen City of the prairies—in the beginning of February, by one of the Illinois Central excursion trains for the Crescent city. There were about 500 persons on the train—some going to the great *Saengerfest*, some to *Mardi Gras*, and some, like ourselves, to visit old friends in the land of the poetical white swan, or rather of the practical *dolichonyx oryzivora*, and to bask in golden sunshine or walk in orange groves; while we looked with lofty compassion on the poor mortals of boreal latitudes with spinal marrow chilled by blustering blizzards and fuciferous frosts. We are all seeking rest and recreation. Strange that we should find them in a state of perpetual motion! But steam and Geo. M. Pullman have solved the problem and explained the paradox. In our magnificent vestibule Pullman Sleepers and buffet cars, which, borne along by the genii of steam, like an Aladdin's palace, mock the tardy flight of the winds, we enjoy more comfort and have better accommodations than the kings and queens of old, in their royal residences, at least in those ages when a sparrow could fly in at one door and go out by another, as happened in the palace of Edwin, King of Northumbria, at a banquet given to his thanes. The speed is exhilarating; the clatter of the wheels on their iron bands—though not as musical as the old college brass band—is distinctly rhythmical; the rapidly dissolving views of scenery most interesting and attractive. We can run from car to car and gaily chat with old friends and acquaintances, or make new ones if we have a little *savoir faire* and *savoir vivre* and volubility of speech. There is an instinctive feeling that draws people together by the cords of Adam, if they be isolated from the rest of the world for a few days. Anyone who has crossed the ocean or travelled to California must have remarked this.

But though we men of the latter half of the nineteenth century boast of having annihilated time and space, and therefore pity the slow locomotion and crude mechanical contrivances of our ancestors, so noted for their *bonhomie*, we must not forget that in the good old times of stage coaches, plank and corduroy roads, these good old fogies had some compensation for their snail's pace through mud, through slush, over frozen ruts and ridges, in the far better view they got of the country; in the more intimate acquaintance formed with the inhabitants, their local usages and customs, and the many thrilling stories told on the broad hearth before



the blazing log fire at those stopping places with refreshments for man and beast. They met the earliest settlers, the oldest inhabitants, the local celebrities, the squires, the colonels, the monopolists of the corner groceries, the village blacksmith—

“With large and sinewy hands;  
And the muscles of his brawny arms  
Are strong as iron bands”—

the village master, who,

“—though vanquished, he could argue still  
While words of learned length and thundering sound  
Amazed the gazing rustics ranged around.”

Here the weary wayfarer might have met

“Some village Hampden, that with dauntless breast,  
The little tyrant of his fields withstood,  
Some mute inglorious Milton—  
Some Cromwell guiltless of his country’s blood.”

God be with those good old times, when a glass of hard cider, walnuts, apples, hickory nuts, and sometimes a thimbleful of honest *spiritus frumenti* whetted the wit and enlivened the understandings—perhaps the pedal extremities—of those pre-Raphaelite provincials! Then were sulphuric acid and glucose unknown quantities (*vide* Robinson’s Algebra); then were the wondrous chemical compounds of cocktails, cobbles, brandy-smashes, stone-fences, Thomases and Jeremiahs, mintjuleps, tangle-foot and *cuisine fait* embosomed in Tyndall’s “promise and potency of matter” or rather liquid; but its not material which. Then snakes did not hibernate in boots; then there were no such barrels of

“—headaches, of heartaches and woes.”

In ye goode olden tymes, fresh air, unlimited joltings and swayings à la rock-a-by-baby-in-the-tree-top, furnished the best sauce and appetite for tough steak, corn-dodgers, slap-jacks, pickles, pork and beans, roasted-corn-coffee, pumpkin-pie and other truly rural luxuries. In these country caravansaries, Akenside could have got some excellent pointers for his noble poem on the “Pleasures of the Imagination”; old Chaucer might have found material wherewith to enrich his “Canterbury Tales,” and the beautiful queen Scheherazade could have spent another thousand and one nights in her story-telling exploits before exhausting her treasury of Eastern fiction.

While surveying the pigmy past from the Eiffel Tower of our nineteenth century self-sufficiency, let us not forget that the generations to follow may well treat us just as cavalierly; look upon us as *Dunkelmaenner*; regard our locomotives and ocean greyhounds as tortoises in motion; view ourselves as barbarians in solid life, as troglodytes in progress, culture, comfort. To the men of the future, our gas and electric incandescents and arcs will be the “pale, ineffectual fire” of the glow-worm; our tallest skyscrapers, mole-hills; our cities, the rude and comfortless wigwams of an Indian village. They will throw arches and vaults and domes of shining crystal over their beautiful squares and parks against the rains and snows and chilly wintry

blasts; the solidity of their buildings will defy the fury of the cyclone or tornado. Electricity, which includes light and heat and force, will minister to the wants of every household, giving warmth, the brightness of fairy-land, and motive power for machines that will wash and sweep and dust; run the sewing machine, rock the baby, carve the goose or turkey, and pull off the boots of the lord of the mansion whenever he comes home in a condition which is proverbial of lords. Under the manipulations of physiologists it will almost double active sentient life by minimizing the hours of sleep, and give such blissful dreams as are described by Coleridge in “Kubla Khan” and by De Quincy in the “Opium Eater”—without, however, causing any injury to the sensitive nervous system. Professor R. B. Thurston tells us that the body will grow in strength and size and beauty in harmony with all those felicitous arrangements. Plug hats must be enlarged; No. 12 foot-gear will be relegated to babies; each eye-glass will be as big as the full moon; the stomach and digestive organs will grow in size, as men will then subsist on grain and fruit. It will, however, be somewhat inconvenient and unæsthetic to sit at table, unless a semicircular section be cut out of the festive board for the abdominal regions of one’s anatomy as was done in the case of old King Ludwig of Bavaria, and perhaps in that of the two-limbed porker, Henry the wife-killer. According to the theory of Saint Simon, we shall enjoy a perpetual summer with roses of perennial bloom; and the poetic pumpkin will grow as big as a hay-stack. Ladies will exchange society visits of hundreds of miles through pneumatic tubes between tea and theatre. Electric motors will drive trains made of aluminum on rails suspended vertically in the air with a speed to which the eagle’s rapid wing would be only the slow crawling of a snail. Then, too, Jules Vernes, with his Voyage to the Moon, and 20,000 Leagues Under the Sea, will be looked upon as some old pachydermatous foggy who never wandered beyond the limits of an Arcadian hamlet or Boetian bower! Perpetual motion will be discovered, if not in a *horn*, at least in the *tongue* of Eve’s fair daughters! But what will become of the great races of Europe when we have settled down to a vegetarian regimen? The beef-eating Briton will borrow the chop-sticks of the pig-tailed celestial; the batracophagous sons of Gallia will amalgamate with the rice-eating worshippers of Brahma; and the mercurial Celt will discard his mettlesome *usquebaugh* for the sober beverage of the staid sons of good old Gambrinus!

But let us continue our journey or we shall never get to the end of it. For the benefit of my fellow-travellers I shall note the cognomens of the different states or their inhabitants. “They may be useful for reference.” Alabama, Lizzards; Arkansas, Tooth-picks; California, Gold Hunters; Colorado, Rovers; Connecticut, Wooden Nutmegs; Delaware, Musk-Rats; Florida, Fly-up-the-Creeks; Georgia, Buzzards; Illinois, Suck-

ers; Indiana, Hoosiers; Iowa, Hawkeyes; Kansas, Jayhawkers; Kentucky, Corn-Crackers; Louisiana, Creoles; Maine, Foxes; Maryland, Craw-Thumpers; Michigan, Wolverines; Minnesota, Gophers; Mississippi, Tadpoles; Missouri, Pukes; Nebraska, Bug-Eaters; Nevada, Sage-Hens; New Hampshire, Granite Boys; New Jersey, Blue Hen's Chickens, or Clam-Catchers; New York, Knickerbockers; North Carolina, Tar-Boilers or Tar-heels; Ohio, Buckeyes; Oregon, Web-Feet; Pennsylvania, Pennites and Leather Heads; Rhode Island, Gun-Flints; South Carolina, Weasels; Tennessee, Whelps; Texas, Beef-Heads; Vermont, Green Mountain Boys; Virginia, F. F. V.'s; Wisconsin, Badgers.

Allow me also to give the origin of the names of the States in geographical order. Maine takes its name from the province of Maine in France, and was so called in honor of the queen of Charles I., Henrietta, its owner; New Hampshire—first called Laconia—from Hampshire, England; Vermont, from the Green Mountains (French, *Vert mont*); Massachusetts, from the Indian language, signifying, "The country about the great hill"; Rhode Island gets its name from the fancied resemblance of the island to that of Rhodes in the ancient Levant; Connecticut's name was Mohegan, spelled originally, Quon-eh-ta-cut, signifying "A long river"; New York was so named as a compliment to the Duke of York, whose brother, Charles II., granted him that territory; New Jersey was named by one of its original proprietors, Sir George Carteret, after the Island of Jersey, in the British Channel, of which he was governor; Pennsylvania, as is generally known, takes its name from William Penn, the "sylvania" meaning woody; Delaware derives its name from Thomas West, Lord de la Ware, Governor of Virginia; Maryland receives its name from the queen of Charles I., Henrietta Maria; Virginia gets its name from Queen Elizabeth, the unmarried or Virgin Queen; the Carolinas were named in honor of Charles I., and Georgia in honor of Charles II; Florida gets its name from Kasquas de Flores, or "Feast of the Fowers"; Alabama comes from a Greek word signifying "The land of rest"; Louisiana was named in honor of Louis XIV.; Mississippi derives its name from that of the great river, which is, in the Natches tongue, "The Father of Waters"; Arkansas is derived from the Indian word Kansas, "Smoky Water," with the French prefix of arc "a boy"; Tennessee is an Indian name, meaning "The river with the big bend"; Kentucky, also, is an Indian name—"Kain-tuck-ee" signifying "At the head of the river"; Ohio is the Shawnee name for "The Beautiful River"; Michigan's name was derived from the lake, the Indian name for a fish weir or trap, which the shape of the lake suggested; Indiana's name is derived from that of the Indians; Illinois' name is derived from the Indian word "illin," men, and the French affix "ois," making it "Tribes of Men"; Wisconsin's name is said to be the Indian one for a wild,

rushing channel; Missouri is also an Indian name for muddy, having reference to the mud-diness of Missouri River; Kansas is the Indian name for smoky water; The derivation of the names of Nebraska and Nevada is unknown; Iowa signifies in the Indian language, "The drowsy ones," and Minnesota "Cloudy Waters," the origin of the name of California is uncertain. Some derive it from *callidus formus*—a hot oven or furnace; others from *cala* (Spanish) cove of the sea and *formix*, a vault; others from *καλή χώρα νέα* a fertile and beautiful new country. The origin of the nickname Hoosier was given by the Rev. Aaron Wood during a course of lectures at Greencastle on "The Unwritten History of Indiana" as follows:

"Louisville was a great resort for the Indiana folks, and very frequently rows would occur. The Kentucky bullies would swear they were 'half hoss, half alligator and the balance snappin-turtle.' On a certain occasion a Mr. Short, who had heard old Col. Lemonosky lecture on the wars of Napoleon, in which he related the battle of Cossacks and Hussars (the Col. pronounced it Hoosars) was in Louisville, and got into a muss, when he jumped up and swore he was a Hoosiar; since which time we have been called Hoosiers."

Some of our cities are designated as follows: New York is called the Empire City"; New Orleans, the "Crescent City"; Chicago, the "Garden City"; Boston, the "Hub" namely of the Universe; Philadelphia, the "Quaker City"; or the "City of Brotherly Love"; Detroit, the "City of the Straits"; Pittsburg, the "Smoky City"; Indianapolis, the "Railroad City"; Lafayette, the "Star City"; Laporte, the "Lake City"; Cincinnati, the "Queen City" or "Porkopolis"; South Bend, the "University City," etc. S.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

#### Book Notice.

—*Wide Awake* for April opens with a burst of Easter beauty and hope; the frontispiece, by W. L. Taylor, "Easter Offerings," embodies the spirit of youth and bloom and gladness, while Mr. Butterworth's beautiful story, "The Pilgrim's Easter Lily," ought to go far to settle the question of America's national flower. W. J. Rhees of the Smithsonian Institution, under the title, "What's In a Name?" gives a brief history of the English founder of the famous institution at Washington, with three portraits of Smithson, and then goes on to give fifty or more examples of the mistaken ways in which people address letters to the institution. "The Difficulties of a Darling," by Mrs. L. B. Walford, is an amusing story of the way a little sister proved her devotion. "How Simon and Sancho Panza helped the Revolution" is a first-rate true historical story, by Olive Risley Seward. "Work and Play," by Mrs. Frémont, is another true story of this number, showing a delicate woman's business, energy and success. "Nervy's Wicked Summer," by Lucia Chase Bell, is also true, evidently; "The Fugitives of French Cross" is a pathetic Acadian story, by Grace Dean McLeod,

# NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.

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Notre Dame, April 12, 1890.

## Staff.

J. W. CAVANAUGH, '90,	J. E. H. PARADIS, '90,
H. A. HOLDEN, '91,	
H. P. BRELSFORD, '91,	C. T. CAVANAGH, '91,
J. B. SULLIVAN, '91,	
JOSEPH E. BERRY, '91,	W. MORRISON, '91,
F. C. LONG, '91.	

—Too much of the Nation's landed property is now owned by foreign syndicates. The proprietors of these lands are not citizens; nor are they amenable to our laws. The importation of alien capital to promote American industries is undesirable. In a restricted sense we believe in the doctrine "America for Americans." But while we should inveigh in no unmeasured terms against any interference with the amassing of wealth by foreigners, who have honest intentions of becoming citizens, yet we believe that the hand of the law should interpose and thwart the designs of those English lords and Scottish dukes who long for the possession of our soil. The State of Illinois by legislative enactment has declared that all lands over one million acres in the possession of aliens shall be forfeited "unto the State" unless the owners become citizens. At first sight this may seem unjust; but it behooves us to combat monopolies in every form. This ownership of countless acres of our public domain may only aid the revival and the engraftment of a detested feudal system. We see no objection to the tenure of a reasonable amount; but the Nation has certainly a right to interfere and say: "Thus far and no farther." Public policy demands congressional legislation.

—Science has made phenomenal strides in recent years. The poet little dreamt of this progress when he said:

"Science moves but slowly creeping on from point to point."

Every department of physical knowledge has been widened and elucidated. For instance, scarce a decade of years has passed since electricity, as a motor and illuminating force, was a novelty. Now motor cars are common, and every city of any size has its electric light. Who can foretell the diverse ways in which this subtle fluid shall be used in coming years. There is talk of the formation of a syndicate to utilize the energy of Niagara Falls. Scientists tell us

that the power of these falls compass more energy than all the steam engines of the world. Now the erection of large turbine wheels is projected to supply the motive power for the generation of electricity. But is this practical? Nothing could be more simple. With our modern appliances and engineering skill this would be a comparatively easy task. Many of the lesser falls have been turned to account. In this case the same principle is involved only on a larger scale. It would not surprise us to see great transcontinental trains run by electricity before the century's close. With the improvements, discoveries, and the inventions of the past it would not seem remarkable if the lighting and heating force of our cities would be furnished by the fall of Niagara's waters. Verily, we live in an age of progress!

—It is an evident fact that our treatment of the red men has been unjust and inexcusable. The Indians have been robbed of their land; yes, literally robbed, and all their appeals for redress have been unheard. The secret of many an Indian uprising is governmental neglect. The chief cause of the Ute out-break, some years ago, was the culpable neglect of the Government to fulfil its contract with them. Though the Indians are answerable to the law, they can obtain no satisfaction through the courts. If they had the opportunity they would become industrious and self-supporting, notwithstanding the strange notion to the contrary. The testimony of scores of reputable Indian agents places this fact beyond question. When the Indians understand that they are to become permanent residents, and that their lives and property are to be protected there will then be some inducement to become working men. The policy of the nation in dealing with the Indians has been habitually insincere. For instance, a few years ago the Osages were driven from their lands in Kansas in direct violation of a most sacred treaty. They had established homes, had hundreds of broad acres under cultivation, and were becoming interested in farm work, thus paving the way for self-support. This case is but one of many. This subject has been discussed so repeatedly *pro* and *con* that it seems as if it ought to be well ventilated. It is a significant fact that the men who have come in contact with the Indians in an official capacity are a unit in protesting against the injustice of their treatment. Common justice demands some action upon this question. Further delay should not be tolerated.



Easter Monday at St. Mary's Academy.

A MODEL AMERICAN CONVENT SCHOOL.

EDITOR SCHOLASTIC.

DEAR SIR:—You will, perhaps, allow me, as one of the favored guests at the entertainment given by the young ladies of St. Mary's on last Monday evening, to say a word or two on that event in your periodical. It was my intention to have made a few remarks on the occasion itself; but the admirably appropriate French speech of your Rev. President, Father Walsh, made it impossible that I should intrude my poor English (and spoken with an Irish *brogue* at that!) on the symmetry of the evening. However, in all seriousness, I cannot, as a stranger, help expressing my sincere admiration and, I will add, surprised at the brilliant display of gifts—musical, linguistic and elocutionary—to which I listened with such deep pleasure. I express my satisfaction with all the more willingness, on account of my connection with a *Review* which has, I regret to notice, published in its latest issue some severe and unjust strictures on the education of Catholic girls in the United States; and I can only say that if I had shared the opinions expressed in the article I refer to, which I was very far from doing, I could not desire a more welcome refutation of them than the evidences of true culture shown at St. Mary's. I suppose none of us—neither we nor our works—are quite perfect, and I trust as the years go on, critics like the writer in question will detect fewer and fewer blemishes in an institution of which any country might be proud. I remain, dear Mr. Editor,

Your faithful

WILLIAM P. COYNE,  
Associate-Editor "*Dublin Lyceum*."

P. S. I have refrained from any detailed criticism of the performance as, I presume, you will have a full report furnished by much more capable hands.

W. P. C.

The Congregation of the Holy Cross.

A pleasant ride from Buffalo over the Lake Shore railway brought me to the flourishing city of South Bend, with its millionaire carriage, wagon and plough manufacturers—the Coquilards, Studebakers and Olivers.

But I was interested particularly in what I had heard about Notre Dame, and I determined to go out to the University—a drive of two

miles—and spend a day or two in visiting this renowned Institution, or, I should say, cluster of institutions—for, though separate, yet in close proximity are the University, under the Fathers of the Holy Cross, the Industrial Schools conducted by the Brothers of the same Order; beyond the lakes, on the banks of the St. Joseph River, St. Mary's Academy, and the Mother-House of the Sisters of the Holy Cross; and many other imposing buildings, of which I will make mention farther on.

Forty-nine years ago, the present venerable Superior-General, Father Sorin, came from France with six Brothers of the Order, and on the banks of the two picturesque lakes—St. Mary's and St. Joseph's—laid the foundation of what is now a village in itself of over a thousand souls, comprising the University of Notre Dame, with its ample accommodations for five hundred students. The grand main building, surmounted by its splendid Dome, two hundred feet from the ground, seems a fitting throne for Our Blessed Mother, whose burnished statue, sixteen feet high, crowned by an aureole of electric lights, is gracefully poised upon it as if midway between heaven and earth; with outstretched hands she is ever, by day and by night, blessing the broad acres with all their wealth of animate and inanimate nature, which twenty-four years ago were solemnly dedicated to her by the Most Rev. Archbishop Spalding, surrounded by many other prelates and priests, and thousands of devout Catholics gathered from many states to assist at the memorable crowning of the statue on the Dome of Our Blessed Lady.

To the left of the University stands the beautiful Church of the Sacred Heart, a Gothic structure 275 feet in length, with nineteen altars, built at the cost of over a hundred and fifty thousand dollars—mostly the contributions of the devout clients and children of Mary throughout the United States. But the real beauty is within. The paintings with which it is adorned, and the frescoing of its grained arches, have not their equal in the United States. This *chef-d'œuvre* is the work of the celebrated artist, Gregori. The towers of the church contain a chime of twenty-three bells; the principal one—the great Bourdon—is the largest bell in the United States.

The Conservatory of Music, or Odeon, including also the reading-rooms and the Exhibition Hall, is another large and imposing structure, to the right of the University, and by its side another splendid building—Science Hall—with its lecture rooms, museums, laboratories, etc., corresponding to it on the left, is Sorin Hall, a

large and commodious structure for the graduating classes.

In the rear are situated the long range of buildings for kitchen, laundry and other domestic purposes; the printing office of *The Ave Maria* and SCHOLASTIC, with its fine steam presses, and its book publishing departments. And last, but not least of the University proper buildings is St. Edward's Hall, the gem of the domain. It is fitted up with elegance, and furnished with every advantage as a primary school for young boys from six to twelve years of age. It is popularly called "The Palace of the young Princes."

On another portion of Notre Dame's domain is the Manual Labor School, where, under the direction of the Brothers, a large number of boys, from fourteen to twenty years, are taught a variety of trades. On the border of St. Joseph's Lake are the Novitiate and Scholastic Houses of the Order; and, on the margin of St. Mary's Lake, the Holy Cross Seminary, a new, large building, for the training of young boys who evince a vocation for the priesthood.

Between the two lakes is the home of the Professed Brothers, with its lovely chapel, the Portiuncula, that draws every year, on the 2d of August, crowds of pilgrims from far and near. Then, the most important of all, when we consider its moral and religious influence extending over all the Houses and members of the Order in America and Europe—the Mother-House of the Congregation of the Holy Cross. Here resides the venerable Superior-General, the Very Rev. Father Sorin, with the Assistants-General of the Order.

Notre Dame comprises an area of eight hundred acres. Six miles distant, the Order has a stock farm of fifteen hundred acres. I also visited this Farm, and made my adoration of the Blessed Sacrament in the neat, pretty chapel connected with the Brothers' House. I then passed several hours wandering around those immense fields of grass waving like the billows of the ocean, as stirred by the pleasant breeze that was making sweet "Pentecostal music in the leafy trees" on that bright April day.

On the Farm, as in the University, I was surprised to find that a large number of those engaged in both places were seculars. On expressing my astonishment, the Rev. Father who accompanied me said that, although the Ecclesiastics and Brothers engaged in the offices and duties of the *ensemble* of Notre Dame numbered over one hundred, yet they were not sufficient to meet the demands of the Institution. In the manual employments of the University and farm

duties, between twenty-five and forty hired men, and in certain seasons about one hundred, are employed. Imagine, good reader, the heavy amount that must be paid out annually for wages and you will be puzzled, as I am, as to *how an unendowed Institution* can meet such a heavy demand, and yet do all the grand work it is now doing for the intellectual and religious needs of the day, as Notre Dame most certainly does in the most brilliant and efficient manner. And if it is enabled to do so much under such an immense financial drain, what could not this noble and zealous religious Order do were it able to command professed members to fill all the places now occupied by hired laborers?

I pray God that what I am now writing may attract the attention of the Catholic young men of the day; I am in earnest, speaking of their temporal and eternal interests.

In God's holy designs, higher vocations than for mere worldly pursuits should be as many *now* as in the ages of faith; and, the spirit of the age to the contrary, why are not these vocations developed and acted out in the great work of training youth for eternity as well as for fleeting time? To this large class of young men I address these few lines, and pray that many will heed them. To the talented and educated, what nobler life can be proposed than that of a religious Priest or Brother, consecrating to the training of youth the intellectual gifts bestowed upon them by the good God. To young, vigorous and robust laborers, what more enviable position can be offered than that of advancing their own best interests in the religious state, whilst aiding, by their willing hands, those devoted Priests and Brothers engaged in the weary work of teaching?

After paying all the *employées* on the large Farm of Notre Dame, but a very small surplus remains. If this work could be all done by Brothers, a large yearly revenue could be secured as a material resource for the development of the University of Notre Dame and its branch schools and colleges.

To the youth destined to this work I would propose the grand promises given, not by a lying and deceitful world, but by God himself—*He who instructs others unto justice shall shine as a star through all eternity. He who leaves father and mother and lands and possessions for My sake shall possess a hundredfold in this life, and eternal happiness in the life to come!*

How many thousand honest, innocent young hearts in America, now unsettled and seriously exposed to misery and ruin, could at once secure here blessings for this life and for eternity!

If we can judge from what we see, I declare I never saw a happier lot of men than I did at Notre Dame. Nor is it so very difficult to account for this; on the contrary, it is quite reasonable. The Order is not severe; all it requires is *good will*, good health, and devotedness to duty. Even with these qualifications, many will fail in the world; here they will succeed and be happy for life and forever. The Farm, the garden, the shops, the printing-office, the immense steam apparatus, with its seven huge boilers, and other multiplied internal employments, will utilize to mutual advantage every good will, every natural ability; and when the race is run, heaven will open its gates to the faithful servant more readily than to the poor wretch coming from a world of miserable infidelity.

The Rules and Constitutions of this new Order in the Church were submitted to the Holy Father, Pius IX., who encouraged the work, assigned the Sta. Brigitta, in Rome, for the residence of its Procurator General, and, on the 13th of May, 1857, the Holy See solemnly approved those Rules and Constitutions.

The Very Rev. Father Sorin, Founder of the Order in America, who had long filled the office of Provincial, was elected Superior-General at the General Chapter held in 1868. A prominent feature in this young and vigorous Order is the union of Priests and Brothers under a common Rule. This is a feature peculiar to this Order, and gives it a remarkable strength and power for development. By it the Fathers have the aid of Religious of their own family, not only for the manual employments, but also as assistants, teachers and prefects in colleges; and the Brothers in their schools have the direction and spiritual assistance of the ecclesiastical authorities, and in their asylums and industrial establishments they are directed by their own religious Fathers.

A FRIEND OF EDUCATION.

#### Exchanges.

—"An Ierian Tale" is a clever sketch in the March number of *Res Academicæ*.

—It seems to us that the literary department of the *Concordiensis* is very meagre for a college paper of its standing and pretensions.

—*The Exponent* is the name of a bright little monthly published by the students of the North Side High School, Denver, Colo.

—The March number of the *Acta Victoriana* is unusually attractive. Its table of contents is admirably balanced, and a contribution to its literary columns, under the title of "Coriolanus," is an acute appreciation of Shakspeare's great play.

—In the latest *Annex* is an oration, delivered in a local contest, entitled "The Trident I nought," that is exceedingly well written. The orator concludes: "Science, literature and art

deck thought as a royal diadem, and the God-given mind wears an immortal crown.

—Did it ever occur to you that papers as well as people have an individuality? You like some people, though you don't know why; it is not their dress, nor yet their worth alone that attracts you, but a subtle something that you cannot name. So you hold some papers in high esteem, not because of their handsome exteriors, or on account of their literary excellence, but by reason of some quality you are unable to define. For instance, in taking up the *Georgetown Journal* or the *Brunonian*, or papers of that class, you are impressed with a sense of their substantial merit as soon as you note the quiet dignity that permeates them from cover to cover.

—*The Northwestern* thinks that the exchange matter of a college paper is good enough stuff to fill space not needed for other purposes. In other words, the *Northwestern* is of the opinion that an exchange column does not amount to much anyway, and is useful only to piece out an edition. Did the Evanston publication cite its own pages as a case in point, we would most decidedly concur in its view of the matter; for we know of no college paper that publishes so uninteresting a mess of careless clippings as does that periodical under the head of "Exchanges." However, we believe that an exchange department is an interesting and important feature of a college journal, and we regret that so excellent a paper as the *Northwestern* has fallen below its own standard in this respect.

#### Obituary

It is with deep sorrow we record the death of Mr. EDWARD H. COADY, for the past five years a student of the University, who departed this life last Saturday morning. During his stay at the College he had endeared himself to his professors and fellow-students through the many noble qualities of mind and heart with which he was gifted. His illness was of few days' duration, and defied all that medical skill and the most careful, tender nursing could do to stay its progress. His last moments were made peaceful by all the rites of his holy Faith—a consolation to his afflicted relatives to whom all at Notre Dame extend their heartfelt sympathy in this hour of grief. May he rest in peace!

#### RESOLUTIONS OF THE STUDENTS OF NOTRE DAME UNIVERSITY ON THE DEATH OF EDWARD H. COADY.

WHEREAS, It has pleased Divine Providence in His infinite wisdom, to remove from this earth one of its most promising sons, from our happy home a loving companion, and from the bosom of his family its dearest hope: and

WHEREAS, We deeply feel the loss of him, who for years moved among us, and whom we had learned to love for his superior gifts of mind, his amiability of disposition, and his true and virtuous life. Be it therefore

RESOLVED, That we offer to his afflicted relatives and family our most heartfelt sympathy, reminding them that their and our loss is the loved one's eternal gain; that surrounded as he was by the consolations of our holy Faith, and fortified by the rites of mother Church he gave his pure soul to his Maker to receive the eternal reward for his noble life and exemplary Christian virtues.

RESOLVED, That we attend in a body the holy Sacrifice of the Mass to be offered up in the Church of the Sacred Heart that his soul may be speedily admitted into the home of everlasting rest and peace.

RESOLVED, That these resolutions be printed in our college paper, THE NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC, and also in the daily papers of the home of the deceased and a copy of the same be forwarded to his afflicted family.

E. C. PRUDHOMME,	R. BRONSON,
D. E. CARTIER,	S. CAMPBELL
F. FEHR,	J. E. BERRY,—Committee. ]

#### In Memoriam.

As a wild flower that lifts above  
The brown and withered leaves its bloom,  
So o'er the ruin of our tomb  
Will bloom our earthly deeds of love.

Oh, man! frail creature of a day,  
Like him in youthful hours then try  
Yet living teach thyself to die;  
To seek those joys that ne'er decay.

Flow on, flow on, oh! stream of time!  
Across the gulf of death we build  
A bridge of faith as He hath willed,  
And cross into a better clime.

Weep for the dead—his sunlight fails,  
The silver chord is rent in twain;  
The golden band has shrunk amain;  
The soul its brother dead bewails.

#### Local Items.

- Easter greetings.
- The Boss Paper.
- Ham and eggs!
- Great game, that!
- Navigation has opened.
- To-morrow is Low Sunday.
- They are counting the days.
- The outside-windows are down. So are the earlaps!
- Those Hand-Bell Ringers were the finest we ever heard.
- That Joker with the Bell Ringers was an elongated Puck.
- The next essays are due this week; therefore it behooves the slow ones to make haste.
- Lost—A swan fountain pen. Finder please leave with Bro. Paul Hermit in students' office.
- Somebody thinks that our militia should be represented at the Annual State Encampment.
- Another little "banquet" took place in the Junior refectory Sunday afternoon. The *élite* of the department were there.

—"Enter into the music with your whole hearts, but not with your soles," said the quiet funny man of the Bell Ringers.

—Several peculiar young Juniors have signed certain "Articles of Agreement." No one is permitted to know the secrets of their "inner circle."

—The members of the Crescent Club enjoyed a spread of ice-cream, cakes and fruit through the kindness of Prof. Edwards, last Wednesday evening.

—Col. Otis, U. S. A., Ft. Meade, S. Dakota, has kindly presented to the Lemonnier Library a complete set of the "Official Reports" of the late war.

—The Dress parade last Sunday was very fine. The companies make a good appearance, and much credit is due to the Captains. A little more enthusiasm from the boys is all that is necessary.

—Lost—A Gold Medal—"Elocution Prize, June 22d, 1889,"—with name on back, somewhere on the premises at Dress Parade, Easter Sunday. Finder will please leave at students' office and receive reward.

—The St. Cecilians held a regular business meeting Wednesday evening. Mr. Otto Ibold read a very interesting criticism of the previous meeting. An excellent programme is in preparation for this week's meeting.

—We take great pleasure in stating that the article on "Labor Organizations," by Mr. J. B. Sullivan, 91, which appeared in a few numbers back, has been reprinted in all the Labor Journals throughout the country. J. B. still holds his own.

—The entertainment given by the Royal Bell Ringers on Monday last was one of the most pleasing events of the year. We regret that our reporters have failed to send in due notice of the grand concert, but we hope to make amends next week.

—The fresco work on the walls of the Rotunda makes a complete and brilliant transformation. In a few days the work will be finished, and the grand Dome, with Gregori's allegorical paintings crowning the whole, will be the admiration of every visitor.

—Eight noble heads met last week and organized a Tennis Club, which will henceforth be known as the S. T. C. Mr. Delany was elected Treasurer. Those who compose the club are Messrs. Delany, Bronson, Rothert, O'Brien, Rose, Ramsey, Hempler, Wade.

—At the last regular meeting of the members of the Sorin Literary and Dramatic Association a very interesting debate was participated in by D. Gilkison, W. Walsh, P. Stevens, W. Connor, J. Loonie, G. Bixby, J. O'Neill and C. Connor. Speeches were made by W. Walsh, J. O'Neill and C. Connor.

—Very Rev. Father General blessed the new statue of the Blessed Virgin in the Chapel of St.

John the Evangelist on Easter Monday. At the same time he gave such a beautiful instruction to the Minims, on what practical devotion to the Blessed Virgin means, that the youngest of them cannot forget it as long as he lives.

—The music furnished by the choir last Sunday contributed much to inspire worshippers with suitable thoughts for the day. At once reverent and joyous, it expressed sentiments of awe for the Mystery of the Resurrection, and of the hope which that mystery heralded. Our choir deserves great credit for the skill with which they render their difficult and devotional music.

—The "Notre Dame Lawn Tennis Club" is now in fair running order. Through the courtesy of Messrs. Sprague, Warner & Co., of Chicago, they have been able to provide themselves with a very creditable outfit, and they now have two courts located between Science Hall and the Post Office. It is true you do not hear "duce and vantage" very often as yet, however we hope that before the June vacation arrives they will be able to play a very strong game.

—On Thursday evening the Senior Base-ball Association celebrated the completion of their organization for the coming season by partaking of a sumptuous banquet prepared for them under the auspices of their Director, Bro. Paul. A very exciting and successful season is now assured by the quality of the membership, and the liberal contributions made to further the interests of the sport. With Hayes, Jewett, and C. Flynn as "change catchers," the association is now prepared for any visiting clubs.

—Among the visitors during the week were: Mr. and Mrs. Edward Furthman, Mrs. P. Schillo and Miss Schillo. Mrs. Jacob Maternes and Miss Maternes, Chicago; Mrs. H. C. Laundon, Denver, Colo.; J. H. Field, Owensboro, Ky.; James L. Robeson, Redfield, Mich.; Mrs. C. Youngermann and daughter, Des Moines, Ia.; Mrs. H. F. Galen, Helena, Mont.; Wm. Davis, Niles, Mich.; J. P. Flynn, Laredo, Texas; Mrs. O. H. Cheney, P. W. Trant, Chicago; Mrs. H. Gilman, Mrs. C. Swan, Elkhart, Ind.; Chas. H. Mead, Newark, N. J.; Mrs. V. Zimmerman, Rochester, Ind.; C. Bos, Morris, Ind.; Prof. C. W. Parks, Troy, N. Y.; Mrs. Jacob Wile, Laporte, Ind.

—The usual weekly meeting of the Columbians was held in their society room on Tuesday evening, Prof. Brogan presiding. T. McConlogue read a criticism of the last meeting. L. M. Sandford read in a forcible style an interesting essay on "The Resignation of Bismarck and what led to it." Wm. O'Neill read an essay on "The Recent Changes in Brazil." His composition is of a graceful and flowing style. The debate, "Resolved, That a Monarchy is better for France than a Republic," was opened on the affirmative by Mr. B. Lair. Ed. Brannick opened on behalf of the negative and distinguished himself. W. Hayes closed on behalf of the affirmative.

—The Junior Base-ball Association met in regular session Thursday afternoon, the 10th inst., with the President, Mr. Pierce Murphy, in the chair. The balloting for captains resulted in the election of Messrs. James R. Boyd and James Connors in the first nine, and Richard D. Spalding and Vincent Kehoe in the second. Men were chosen by the respective newly-elected Captains, and interesting games are expected. Messrs. Boyd and Connors chose respectively the *Blue* and *Red* colors, and in the second nine, Messrs. Spalding and Kehoe chose respectively the *Red* and *Blue*. Much interest was manifested throughout, and the association is in a highly prosperous state.

—The members of the Wesleyan Glee Club, of Wesleyan University, Middletown, Conn., visited the University last Thursday morning. After having gone through the various buildings and seen many of the objects of interest, they sang several songs in the refectory to the great admiration of the students. They greatly regretted that circumstances compelled them to forego the pleasure of giving a grand concert in Washington Hall. The club consists of eighteen members and a finer body of young men and singers, it has seldom been our pleasure to entertain. They sang Thursday night in South Bend to a large and appreciative audience. We hope that their visit will have the effect of giving renewed impetus to the movement now on foot to organize a glee club among the students of Notre Dame.

—The Spring meeting of the Senior Base-ball Association was held on Thursday evening, April 10, Bro. Paul presiding. The officers elected for this session are as follows: President, Col. Wm. Hoynes; Directors, Bro. Emmanuel and Bro. Paul; Treasurer, J. B. Sullivan; Recording Secretary, Ed. Prudhomme; Corresponding Secretary, H. P. Brelsford; Field Reporter, C. F. Cavanaugh. By a unanimous vote of the association the playing of a championship series was abolished, and the association is to be represented by a 'Varsity nine with the sole purpose of playing outside teams. Mr. Geo. Long was elected Captain and Mr. Frank Kelly Assistant-Captain. The election of second nine captaincies was deferred until the next meeting to be held on Thursday, April 17. After a few remarks by the Director, Bro. Paul, on the promising outlooks of the association, the meeting adjourned.

—The sixteenth regular meeting of the Law Debating Society was held Wednesday evening, April 9, President Col. Wm. Hoynes in the chair. After the roll-call, Secretary Vurpillat read the minutes of the previous meeting which were adopted. The critic, Mr. Herman, then read his criticism on the last debate. The remarks of the critic have become one of the interesting features of the meetings, and although severe, all the members are pleased with them, as they appreciate the old adage "a friend tells you of



your faults; an enemy conceals them." The debate, "Resolved, That subsidies should be granted in order to promote the interest of American shipping on the high seas," was then argued by Messrs. Lane and Cassidy on the affirmative, and Messrs. Burns and Lancaster on the negative. The subject was one that required considerable study and research, and both sides of the subject were ably presented. Mr. Cassidy's paper was very well prepared as have been those on former occasions. The President being called out on business early in the debate, Vice-President Flynn was summoned to the chair. In deciding the debate it was concluded to leave it to a vote of the society. The affirmative won by a majority of one vote.

—The question discussed at the last meeting of the Leonine Society, Holy Cross Seminary, was "Should America erect a Statue of Queen Isabella in 1892?" The exercises, which were complimentary to Very Rev. Father Provincial, were very interesting, and were conducted according to the following programme:

"Moonlight on the Lake"..... Quartette  
J. Hyland, J. Maguire, H. Santen, T. Crumley.

#### DEBATE.

*Affirmative*..... W. Houlihan

*Negative*..... T. H. Corbett

"Anchored"—Solo..... J. Hyland

*Affirmative*..... R. Marciniak

*Negative*..... H. Santen

The affirmative's closing

"Ship Ahoy"..... Duet  
J. Hyland, T. Crumley.

The question under discussion had evidently been thoroughly studied by those who took part in the debate. The arguments advanced were chosen with the very best taste, and were expressed with great force and clearness. The musical portion of the programme shared the honors with the debate, and spoke volumes for the vocal training which the young gentlemen enjoy. At the close of the exercises, Very Rev. Father Corby spoke of the excellence of the entertainment, encouraging the members in his own pleasant way, and stimulating them to even greater exertions. Rev. Father Fitte spoke felicitously of the glories of Isabella, and of our debt of gratitude to her. Rev. Father Spillard closed with a few interesting remarks, and the meeting adjourned.

#### Roll of Honor.

##### SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

Messrs. Ahlrichs, Allen, Berry, Bovett, Burns, Barrett, H. Brannick, Benz, Burger, Combe, Cassidy, G. Cooke, C. Cavanagh, L. Chute, F. Chute, Clayton, J. Cavanagh, Cartier, S. Dela Pena, Delany, Dyer, Jas. Dougherty, C. Flynn, Fitzgibbon, Ford, J. Flynn, E. Fleming, Garfias, Gibbons, Galen, Grothaus, Herman, Heard, Hackett, Hummer, Hempler, Hayes, J. A. Johnson, Karasynski, Kearns, J. King, Kohlman, Kunart, Keys, Lesner, Lair, Langan, W. Larkin, Lane, Lahey, F. Long, Leonard, Latson, Mulroney, McDonald, McKeon, McAuliff, McDonnell, Mithen, McConlogue, Morrison, Murphy, Mandrue, J. Newman, W. Newman, H. O'Neill, O'Brien, O'Shea, Otero, Powers, Phillips, Paradis, Pyplacz, Portilla, H. Prichard, Roberts, Reedy, N. Sinnott, Steiger, Schaack,

Soden, Standard, Sanchez, W. Stanton, V. Vurpillat,\* F. Vurpillat,\* Youngermann, Zimmerman, McCartney, Talbot.

##### JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

Masters Anson, Adler, Aarons, Bachrach, E. Bates, J. Brady, T. M. Brady, T. T. Brady, W. Brady, Bradley, Barger, Barclay, Burns, Crandall, Cunningham, Campbell, Collins, Delany, Dempsey, Dorsey, DeLormier, Dela Pena, Elder, J. H. Flannigan, J. Fitzgerald, C. Fitzgerald, A. W. Funke, Field, Gibert, Garrison, Girsch, Grund, Galen, Howard, Hannin, Hambaugh, Hack, Hesse, R. Healy, Hahn, P. Healy, Hagus, Heller, Higgie, Ibold, Kearney, Keough, L. Kehoe, V. Kehoe, Kutsche, A. Leonard, Lenard, Löwenstein, Murphy, Maurus, Maher, D. Monarch, Merz, Mitchell, McCartney, Jas. McPhillips, Jos. McPhillips, A. McPhillips, F. McDonnell, F. McKee, McNally, McIvers, F. Neef, A. Neef, Neenan, Nester, O'Brien,\* O'Rourke, O'Mara, O'Neill, Pomeroy, Prichard, Quinlan, Quill, Rarig, Roper, F. Schillo, C. Schillo, Scott, Seerey, Sokup, Sutter, Spalding, Stapleton, Smith, Treff, Thorn, Tivnen, Welch, Weston, Weitzel, Weise, Ward, Wolff, Wertheimer.

##### MINIM DEPARTMENT.

Masters Adler, Ayres, Ball, F. Brown, O. Brown, Blake, Burns, Barbour, Beirs, Bixby, Cornell, Crandall, W. Connor, C. Connor, Covert, W. Crawford, A. Crawford, A. Coquillard, Crane, Coone, Croke, Durand, Elkin, Eckler, W. Finnerty, T. Finnerty, Frankel, Falvey, Fuller, W. Furthman, C. Furthman, E. Furthman, Funke, Flynn, Girardin, Greene, Gilbert, D. Gilkison, A. Gilkison, Grant, J. Griggs, C. Griggs, Girsch, Hill, Henneberry, Hoffman, Hamilton, Hendry, Holbrook, Jonquet, Krollman, King, Keeler, Kuehl, Kern, Lonergan, Londoner, Lonnberry, H. Lamberton, Levi, Loonie, Loomis, Montague, Maternes, Marr, Mattas, H. Mestling, E. Mestling, Myers, McGuire, McPhee, McPhillips, Mosier, Marre, W. Nichols, C. Nichols, O'Neill, Oatman, Klaner, Priestly, L. Paul, C. Paul, C. Packard, J. Packard, Roberts, Ronning, Ryan, Stone, G. Scherrer, W. Scherrer, Stephens, Swan, Thornton, Trujillo, Vorhang, Vandercook, Washburne, Wilcox, Wever, Walsh, Weber, Wilson, C. Zoehrlaut, Zeigler, G. Zoehrlaut.

\* Omitted by mistake last week.

[From the St. Louis Republic.]

#### Mary's Mistake.

Mary had a little lamb,  
Its fleece as white as snow;  
It strayed away one summer day  
Where lambs should never go.

Then Mary sat her quickly down  
And tears streamed from her eyes;  
She never found the lamb, because  
She did not advertise.

And Mary had a brother John,  
Who kept a village store;  
He sat him down and smoked his pipe  
And watched the open door.

And as the people passed along  
And did not stop to buy,  
John still sat down and smoked his pipe  
And blinked his sleepy eye.

And so the Sheriff closed him out,  
But still he lingered near,  
And Mary came to drop with him  
A sympathetic tear.

"How is it, sister, can you tell  
Why other merchants here  
Sell all their goods so readily  
And thrive from year to year?"

Remembering her own bad luck  
The little maid replies:

"Those other fellows get there, John  
Because they advertise."

## St. Mary's Academy.

*One Mile West of Notre Dame University.*

—The impressive ceremonies of Holy Week were conducted by Rev. Father Maher, who officiated also at the High Mass of Easter Sunday. At the early Mass, celebrated by Very Rev. Father General, all the Catholic pupils approached the Holy Table.

—Keen regret is felt by all at the departure of Rev. Father Saulnier from St. Mary's, where for the past thirteen years he filled the office of assistant chaplain. His uniform kindness and untiring fidelity to duty have won the grateful esteem of all, and will insure special prayers for him wherever he may go, that his health, now seriously impaired, may improve rapidly, and that all blessings may attend his zealous labors.

—The visitors of the past few days were: Miss P. Wagner, Mrs. E. Simler, Miss L. Ruger, Lafayette, Ind.; P. G. Van Mourick, Houghton, Mich.; E. B. Hanson, Denver, Col.; Mrs. W. Fosdick, Michigan City, Ind.; Mrs. J. F. Culp, Miss A. Walker, Athens, Mich.; Mrs. J. Waldron, Bloomington, Ind.; S. B. Morse, Grinnell, Iowa; Miss M. Mullaney, Mrs. J. Cooke, Mrs. D. H. Cheney, Chicago; Miss Adelaide Gordon, Elkhart Ind.

The principal feature of Easter Monday's entertainment was the play enacted by the French pupils. The very words "French play" have a magical power at St. Mary's, for every one knows from the past that the pupils of the French classes enter with more than ordinary enthusiasm into the preparation for their plays; consequently, they are always well presented. The pleasing drama entitled "The Miracle of the Roses" was no exception, and was a real success. The prologue was well read by Miss Ruth Bero. The characters were as follows:

Mme. La Supérieure.....	Miss F. Marley
Reine Elizabeth.....	" K. Morse
Le Landgrave.....	" T. Balch
Petite Muette.....	" A. Dennison
Page du Landgrave.....	" M. Scherrer
La Laitière.....	" A. Penburthy
Margot,	Miss M. Hurff
Clarisse	" L. Nester
Angelique	" J. English
Alix	" D. Deutsch
Marguerite	" L. Curtis
Camille	" Dennison
Blanchette	Miss Schermerhorn
Louise	" M. Davis
Eugenie	" R. Bero
Annette	" A. Wurzburg
Lisette	" N. Davis
Amelia	" M. Jungblut
Lucile	" N. Wurzburg
Jeanette	" M. Rinehart
Marie	" De Montcourt
Madeleine	Miss L. Dolan
Antoinette	" H. Pugsley
Catherine	" Hamilton

### Mendicantes.

Misses S. Hamilton, D. Davis, R. Bero, M. Coll, N. Davis, M. Jungblut, A. Wurzburg, S. Dempsey.

At the close of the first act Miss N. Hale sang Ardit's "Bolero Song," showing a fine voice already much improved by her course of

training this year. Miss B. Hellman also rendered a vocal selection, "Lo! Hear the Merry Lark"; her voice gives much promise, and will, it is hoped, be heard often. Misses L. Curtis, D. Deutsch and M. McFarland added not a little to the entertainment by their instrumental music. An "Ave Maria," sung by the Misses Dempsey, Hellman, Hale, Balch, Horner, English, O'Brien and Marley was highly commended. The Minims, introduced by Marie Egan, presented a little play which afforded much pleasure, and spoke well for those taking part; they did not take any historical event as their theme, but presented a chapter from everyday school-life, and carried out the idea naturally and gracefully.

The closing remarks were made by Rev. Father Walsh, who addressed his audience in French, a compliment much appreciated by the French pupils. He expressed himself as delighted with all he had seen and heard, and concluded by saying that the motive was evident in the work, and that affectionate gratitude to their devoted superior, the Directress of the Academy, had been beautifully expressed in their every action.

Among those present at the entertainment were Very Rev. Father General, Rev. Fathers L'Etourneau and Maher; Dr. M. F. Egan, Prof. Brogan, Notre Dame; Mr. W. P. Coyne, Dublin, Ireland.

### The Future.

We live in the present; behind us lies the past, while before us stretches the future hidden from sight and knowledge by a dense fog of ignorance which, as we advance, lifts and discloses the landscape of hopes and possibilities. Every step we take is attended by danger—pitfalls half concealed open on all sides, and we must stumble on through the mist guided only by the lamp of experience, whose light grows dimmer as the possibilities of the future crowd upon us.

The query often arises: "Are we justified in anticipating the future?" If man were denied hope, the very foundation of endeavor would be withdrawn. It is in accordance with human nature to look hopefully towards the future; but when, in the strife to lift the veil that shrouds it from our gaze, we lose sight of the importance of the present, then it is that temptation with outstretched hands endeavors to draw us aside from the path of duty. Often while seeking to avoid aspirations and desires that are either too far above our station in life, or so far beyond our capabilities that it is mere folly to indulge them, we fall back into the slough of despondency. More awful is the fate of one who lives, as it is termed, in the future;

his sensibilities are practically dead, and with eyes fascinated by baubles of achievement, which seem to float within his grasp, he lives and moves in a maze of improbability. While thus absorbed he is cut off from the realization of his dreams by death which comes not in the future, but in the all-important present. Thus is the uncertainty of life brought before us.

"Oh! blindness to the future kindly given,  
That each may fill the circle marked by Heaven."

If Divine Providence had so ordained that at any period in life we were permitted to have full insight into the future, to understand and appreciate our position, how varied would be the effect of such knowledge upon mankind! To some it would come as the hoar-frost to the buds and flowers of spring, blasting the hopes and plans of a lifetime. To some would come the terrible consciousness that before another sunrise they would be in eternity; while others, weighing their life in the balance of the future only to find it wanting, would experience the remorse due to wasted years and abused graces. Can we then doubt the wisdom of God in withholding from us that knowledge which to many would bring but bitter despair? Living in the present, and hoping for the future, yet never anticipating it, is the secret of success.

We are accustomed to think of the future as stretching away into a vista of years, when in reality we may have almost reached its terminus. Since, however, this is an affair about which it ill becomes us to be sanguine, let us, appealing to Him who gave us being and who in His own good time will call us hence, say with Shakespeare: "God (if Thy will be so) enrich the time to come with smooth-faced peace, with smiling plenty, and fair, prosperous days."

J. CURRIER (*Class '91*).

#### Roll of Honor.

##### SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

Misses E. Adelsperger, Ansbach, Ahlrichs, Bates, Bernhart, Balch, Bogner, Bero, Bovett, Byrnes, Beck, Barry, Butler, Clarke, Cunningham, Cooper, Coll, Currier, L. Curtis, Crane, Crilly, Churchill, M. Cochrane, M. Davis, C. Dempsey, N. Davis, Deutsch, E. Dennison, D. Davis, E. Dempsey, Dorsey, Dolan, De Montcourt, Donahue, Ernest, English, Flannery, Fitzpatrick, Fosdick, Farwell, Green, Ganong, Gordon, Hammond, Healey, Horner, C. Hurley, K. Hurley, Hurff, H. Hanson, Holt, Hagus, A. Hanson, Harmes, Hellmann, Hale, Hull, Hutchinson, Hamilton, Haight, Hepburn, Hughes, Hemelspeck, Jungblut, Kimmell, Kelso, Koopmann, Lynch, Lauth, Lewis, McFarland, F. Moore, N. Morse, K. Morse, Maher, M. McPhee, McCarthy, McHugh, Murison, McCune, S. McPhee, Mullaney, Marley, M. Moore, Nickel, Norris, Nacy, Nester, O. O'Brien, M. Otis, Piper, Penburthy, Pugsley, Patier, A. Ryan, K. Ryan, Roberts, Rinehart, Rose, Rinn, Regan, Rentfrow, Reilly, Stapleton, Spurgeon, Studebaker, Schiltz, Schaefer, Schrock, N. Schermerhorn, M. Schermerhorn, Thirds, Van Mourick, Violette, Wurzburg.

##### JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

Misses Burdick, E. Burns, Black, M. Burns, Clifford, Carlin, Culp, Cooper, Daly, Dreyer, M. Davis, B. Davis, Ernest, Evoy, Girsch, Hickey, Holmes, C. Kasper, L. Kasper, Levy, Mabbs, McGuire, Meskill, Mestling, O'Brien, O'Mara, Patrick, Palmer, Philion, Quealy, E. Regan, L.

Reeves, Ruger, Robbins, Shirey, M. Scherrer, M. Smyth, Soper, J. Smyth, Sweeney, A. Tormey, E. Wagner, M. Wagner, Waldron, Wood, Wright, N. Wurzburg, Young.

##### MINIM DEPARTMENT.

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

#### SCHOOL OF ART AND DESIGN.

##### GRADUATING CLASS—Miss M. Schiltz.

##### ELEMENTARY PERSPECTIVE.

2D CLASS—Misses M. Hurff, K. Hurley, A. Hammond, M. Fitzpatrick, S. Crane, N. Davis, S. Dempsey.

3D CLASS—Misses S. Hamilton, M. Shaefer, T. Kimmell, M. Violette, M. Clifford, K. Ryan, H. Hanson, E. Dennison, M. Otis, A. Penburthy, C. Ruger, C. Dorsey, A. Mullaney, A. Hanson, K. McCarthy, A. Girsch, I. De Montcourt, M. Burns, L. Kasper.

##### WORKING IN CRAYON.

Misses I. Stapleton, I. Horner, M. Hull, A. Wurzburg, L. Ernest.

##### PAINTING IN WATER COLORS.

Misses L. Curtis, N. Morse, M. Piper.

##### OIL PAINTING.

Misses J. Holt, B. Hellmann.

##### CHINA PAINTING.

Miss A. Regan.

##### GENERAL DRAWING.

##### SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

Misses S. Dempsey, H. Hanson, A. Thirds, M. Rinn, E. Dennison, M. Otis, M. Jungblut, G. Clarke, K. Ryan, G. Lauth, T. Kimmell, K. McCarthy, E. Churchill, M. Schermerhorn, L. Bernhart, H. Nacey, A. Hanson, E. Adelsperger, F. Murison, M. Patier, M. Fosdick, M. Kelso, A. Koopmann, A. Lynch, N. Schermerhorn, A. Ahlrichs, N. Hale, I. McCloud, M. Rose, H. Pugsley, S. McPhee, M. Byrnes, A. Ryan, L. Bovett, R. Bero, B. Hepburn, R. Butler.

##### JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

Misses M. Clifford, B. Davis, E. Evoy, E. Wagner, L. Black, F. Soper, E. Philion, F. Palmer, C. Ruger, B. Wright, M. Wagner, N. McGuire, E. Regan, I. Mabbs, M. Davis, A. O'Mara, J. Patrick, K. Sweeney, L. Young, M. Cooper, A. Girsch, I. Cooke, C. Robbins, G. Shirey, L. Mestling, C. Kasper, E. Quealy, Jennie Smyth, M. Culp, S. Meskill.

#### Easter Eve.

How beautiful the feet of Him  
Who on the everlasting hills,  
Quick with the glory of new birth,  
The Resurrection brings to Earth!

Arise, O sun of Easter morn!  
Break glorious on the world beneath,  
Old sins undone, old griefs outworn,  
Life victor over Life and Death!

Arise, O sun of Easter morn!  
Touch with thy light the eastern slopes  
Where, waiting till the final dawn,  
Lie buried loves and buried hopes.

Arise, O sun of Easter morn!  
They too shall rise that sleep beneath;  
All hearts, all hopes that died forlorn  
Shall rise, and live, and know not death!

O happy Night so soon to die  
In light, in strength, in victory!

Have in thy keeping, holy Night,  
All souls that watch, all souls that stray,  
All souls that sin, all souls that pray;  
Lay thou thy balm to every smart,  
Lay thy dear peace to every heart,  
Till glorious in the weakening skies  
The Easter sun arise.

—M. J. M. in *Catholic World*.