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## The Vanished Years.

O witching was the melody  
A bird sang on the fruit-crowned tree.  
  
So blinding sweet its every note,  
All heaven seemed quivering in its throat.  
  
So clear and strong its music fell,  
The soul vibrated like a bell.  
  
So piercing keen the exultant strain,  
The earth was tranced with joy and pain.  
  
Its pulses shook with love and scorn  
And fear was slain and hope was born.  
  
Its plumage flamed, as it had won  
Its gleaming crimson from the sun—  
  
It died, and left the world forlorn—  
O golden bird of youth, return!

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Portia.

BY MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN, LL. D.,  
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(CONCLUSION.)

Portia knows something of the law. She is a strong-minded woman in the highest sense. She and her cousin, the learned Dr. Bellario, of Padua, have often argued on the niceties of Venetian law. She writes to him. He replies, and we next see Portia, supplied with legal notes and a doctor's gown, waiting to be admitted to the court-room of Venice where the Duke and Magnificos are presiding over the dispute between Antonio and Shylock. The Duke awaits Bellario; but there comes instead the learned, but youthful Dr. Balthazar, of Rome, recom-

mended by Bellario. A clerk accompanies her, and this clerk is the pert Nerissa, disguised, too, in a long robe and a little bonnet, not so imposing as the doctor's cap her mistress wears.

Portia knows the law by heart; she admits that Shylock has the law on his side; she is ready to meet law with law, for Dr. Bellario has well supplied her with lore; but her woman's heart will not let her cut the suit short by mere justice until she has tried the argument of mercy. Shylock must have a heart, she says to herself; let him show that he is not altogether malicious, and gain praise for his mercy. Justice without mercy works evil instead of good. She cannot believe that Shylock is so hard as he is said to be. She asks of Antonio:

"Do you confess the bond?"

ANTONIO:—"I do."

PORTIA:—"Then must the Jew be merciful."

SHYLOCK:—"On what compulsion must I? Tell me that."

And then Portia speaks from the depth of her womanly heart, voicing the spirit of true womanhood in all ages and particularly Christian womanhood; for if justice is the oak, mercy is the ivy. If men are just, women are merciful. They staunch the wounds of the soldiers who have fought against their fathers and brothers; they save the fugitive who rushes panting to their feet, pursued by the bloodhounds of the law. If the flashing edge of the sword is wielded by man, it is woman that throws a barrier of thickest moss between it and its victim; and so the most blessed and purest of women is called the Mother of Mercy.

Shakspeare created noble women, like Cordelia and Portia, and he made them most noble when they were most gentle. Portia modestly wears the doctor's gown, but she does not unsex herself; she forgets the law in something more

divine than law; and if her garb is that of a man, her words could have come only from the heart of a woman. The Duke, the Magnificos, Shylock, Antonio, Bassanio, who, of course, does not recognize her, expect, perhaps, a long, dry argument. But she answers in words that will ever live, and grow fresher as they grow more immortal:

"The quality of mercy is not strained;  
It droppeth as the gentle rain from Heaven  
Upon the place beneath: it is twice bless'd;  
It blesseth him that gives, and him that takes;  
'Tis mightiest in the mightiest: it becomes  
The throned monarch better than his crown;  
His sceptre shows the force of temporal power,  
The attribute to awe and majesty,  
Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings;  
But mercy is above this sceptred sway;  
It is enthroned in the hearts of kings;  
It is an attribute to God Himself;  
And earthly power doth then show likest God's  
When mercy seasons justice. Therefore, Jew,  
Though justice be thy plea, consider this,—  
That in the course of justice none of us  
Should see salvation: we do pray for mercy;  
And that same prayer doth teach us all to render  
The deeds of mercy. I have spoken thus much  
To mitigate the justice of thy plea,  
Which, if thou follow this strict court of Venice,  
Must needs give sentence 'gainst the merchant there."

Then follows the famous trial scene, probably the most dramatic, yet the least theatrical in all literature. With marvellous skill—comedy approaches tragedy! We are in the secret of Portia's disguise; but none of those present know that the young Dr. Balthazar, who wears the Roman cap so carefully adjusted above his wig, is the Lady of Belmont. It must be remembered that in Shakspeare's time no women were permitted to act in the theatre. Their parts were taken by boys; and Portia, as the young doctor, was probably more life-like than the chatelaine in the halls of Belmont.

Judge Blackstone, who, like most lawyers, studied this noble scene in which suspense and hope and fear, malice and revenge and feverish despair, courage and fortitude, and the intellect and heart of a woman, weigh, each in its turn, in the balance of the hearer's mind, objects to the fact that Portia should use Christian arguments to one who was not a Christian,—he thinks Portia's paraphrase of the Lord's Prayer a little out of place addressed to Shylock. But Shylock was a Jew, not a pagan. The argument used by Portia to touch his heart was the only one that she, thoroughly saturated, as was her time, with the doctrines of Christianity, could use. They were emanations of the Truth; and, besides, they were not new to Shylock; he must have heard them in his own syn-

agogues in a different form, for the old Jewish law was not a law only of justice, of blood, of revenge. If it had been, Our Lord would not have said: "I come not to destroy, but to fulfil."

Bassanio impetuously begs Portia to stretch the law, and offers ten times the amount of the bond. But Portia, in her character of Doctor of Laws, will not hear of it. She says:

"—there is no power in Venice  
Can alter a decree established."

Shylock is delighted. "O wise young judge!" he exclaims. Portia looks at the bond Antonio has forfeited. She admits that

"—lawfully by this the Jew may claim  
A pound of flesh, to be by him cut off  
Nearest the merchant's heart."

Shylock gloats over this. His revenge is at hand. He sharpens his knife in court in order to be ready for the moment when the Duke shall give the signal, and he can cut his pound of flesh from Antonio's heart. Portia asks Shylock if he has a surgeon ready to stop Antonio's wounds, that he may not bleed to death, and the scales with which to weigh the flesh. Shylock says these things are not named in the bond, and he will do nothing out of charity. Antonio is resigned; he bids an affectionate and dignified good-bye to his friends. Bassanio protests in vain. Gratiano, who has married Nerissa, exclaims that he would willingly yield his wife to Heaven, much as he loves her, so that she might by her prayers save Antonio. Shylock is wild with joy; but Portia checks his exultation. She follows exactly the letter of the bond. So far Shylock agrees with her. She calls attention to the fact that while the bond calls for a pound of flesh, there is no mention of a drop of blood:

"The words expressly are, a pound of flesh;  
Take then thy bond, take thou thy pound of flesh;  
But in the cutting it, if thou dost shed  
One drop of Christian blood, thy lands and goods  
Are by the laws of Venice confiscate  
Unto the State of Venice."

Gratiano cannot contain his joy at this; he turns to Shylock and echoes his words—"O upright judge!—Mark, Jew, a learned judge!" Portia, whom Dr. Bellario has well taught, goes on to say that if Shylock should cut off the slightest atom of flesh more or less than the *exact* pound of flesh he should die and, his goods be confiscated. Shylock, beaten down, humiliated, demands to be let go; he will take the money he lent Antonio and ask no more. But Portia reminds him that justice, which he so loves, has another hold of him. It is enacted by the laws of Venice that if any stranger make indirect or

direct attempts against any citizen of Venice he shall forfeit all his goods: one half to go to the State, the other half to the party against whom he has conspired, and that his life shall be at the mercy of the Duke. The Duke, to show the difference between the Christian spirit and that of Shylock, gives him his life, declares that half his property shall go to Antonio, but that he may, if he be submissive, redeem the other half by a fine. Antonio, refined and made more Christian by the suffering he has so recently undergone, does not sneer at Shylock now. He has been too near death himself to bear ill-will to any man; besides, Portia's words about the quality of mercy have struck deep into his heart. He now begs that the court will relieve Shylock of the forfeiture to the State, and give him the other half that he may bestow it on Lorenzo and Jessica; in return he insists that Shylock shall become a Christian, and record a gift of all he shall die possessed of to Lorenzo and his wife.

Shylock, in despair, consents. He leaves the court-room, his heart bitter with baffled hate. The point of his own knife has been turned against him. We fear that he will not make the most exemplary Christian, for good Christians are not made by force. So desperate is his condition, that one's sympathy almost turns to him. And if Jessica were but to appear and offer her arm to the broken old man, tottering to his desolate home, one would forgive her for her previous unfilial conduct. But she is at Belmont looking after Portia's housekeeping, and so the old man, more bent, more wrinkled, more aged than he was an hour ago, when he applauded the learned and youthful Dr. Balthazar, hides his untarnished knife in his gaberdine, and crawls over the bridges of Venice. The dark gondolas glide to and fro through the canals in the sunlight of the noon-day, and their occupants recognize the infamous miser and point him out derisively. He sees the island called the Rialto—whose very soil he loved—and he shudders. There shall be no more gain for him there. For what use is gain? Will it not all go to the hated Christian Lorenzo and his more hateful wife? He sees the cross of St. Mark's blazing above the city of the sea. He would snarl and shake his fist at the sacred symbol if he dared, but he only clutches his knife more closely. He is not well; his head swims; he reaches his lair, and sinks almost unconscious—an example for all ages of the wrecks which hatred makes. All the curses he has called down on others fall upon his own head. Nerissa, still disguised as the lawyer's clerk, in her trailing gown, knocks at his door

and demands that he sign the deed of gift to Lorenzo and Jessica; he signs it in stony silence and he is left alone.

There is amazement and joy at Belmont when Bassanio discovers who has saved the life of his friend. Antonio joins the happy party there, and the news comes that his ships, though delayed, are safe. And the play ends, as a play should, leaving all the personages who have suffered the better prepared for life. A comedy should be a picture of life, not a mere piece of comical fooling. Madame Swetchine, to whose works I commend you, says that though comedies always seem to end with a marriage, life only begins when the comedy ends. Similarly, the novels would teach you that the object of life is marriage, and that the object gained,—orange-blossoms and wedding-cake and white veils and congratulations accompanying it—there is nothing to be done but to be happy. But this is an error. Life begins only when one has found one's vocation. As Father French said in a recent sermon, the child may turn away from the bitter cup offered him by his nurse and, perhaps, go to sleep, but the man or woman cannot. The dregs are there, noisome dregs, in every cup of joy, and we must all drink them, *volens volens*. If life were all happiness, the cross would have no lesson for us. In that we hope, in that we conquer.

Even Shylock, ground in the mortar of God's justice, may have risen a new man. Shakspeare does not say so; but the beings created by the great poet have so much humanity in them that we cannot let them rest when the curtain goes down, as if they were puppets.

We may be sure that Portia made a noble wife and mother. Notice the contrast between her and Jessica. When it is a question between love and duty, between inclination and honor, she chooses without hesitation. She would scorn Bassanio if he were not an honorable man. She respects him and, therefore, she loves him. And this fact is the best guarantee of her future peace and contentment; for in spite of the novels, love without respect is a very poor thing. Portia was truest, most womanly; when she bade Bassanio leave her to save his friend. Bassanio is not so strong a character as she is; but he has sufficient nobility in him to appreciate the nobility in her. It is probable that he never realized until he saw how much Antonio would suffer for him what real generosity was. Bassanio's generosity has hitherto been the generosity of the prodigal. He gave because he liked to give, out of pure good nature, or out of ostentation. But the generosity of Antonio and Portia,—

both willing unselfishly to repair his errors—must have taught him a lesson which could not fail to strengthen a character so good at the core as his.

In reading "The Merchant of Venice," you will notice how strong Portia is, and her strength is not masculine. She is an answer perpetual to the foolish saying that learning unsexes a woman. In Portia's time, there were many learned women, and yet they were not the less womanly for being learned. You may be sure that reduced to poverty, Portia would assume the domestic apron with as much grace as she donned the doctor's gown, and adorn it as well. And ascending to heights even beyond the altitude of this strongest and sweetest of Shakspeare's creations, let me remind you that St. Gertrude was not less of a woman because she deserved the title of Doctor of the Church, nor St. Catherine of Genoa more than a woman because the Vicars of Christ listened to her monitions as coming from Heaven. A woman cannot be too learned, if she be a true woman. As we have seen, Bassanio was not so well instructed as Portia, and yet see how humble Portia is to him. A little learning is dangerous, as Pope has said in a famous line; but great learning, with the grace of God, never rendered man or woman less humble. I have little to say of the comic element in the comedy. It doubtless served its turn; but Lancelot Gobbo and his father are not so amusing now as they were two centuries ago.

Jessica offers, it seems to me, an admirable foil to Portia. With her, inclination sets aside duty. She does not seem to understand that respect can only be engendered by a capacity for sacrifice. She does not realize that in deserting her father, and in taking his ducats and jewels she is guilty of an act which, however defensible from a romantic point of view, cannot stand the light of impartial judgment. Lorenzo we do not consider at all; he has not much character, and, for that reason, it seems as if she would have reason to regret that she had not been more Portia-like in her regard for honor.

"Such love is rainbow-tinted, and as short  
As is the life of rainbows."

If what I have said about Cordelia and Portia makes you like the great poet, who could draw such pictures of womanhood, I could not have done you a greater kindness; for a genuine liking for Shakspeare means a distinct ascent in education and cultivation.



## The Greeks and the Romans.

BY W. LARKIN, '90.

### I.

Genius, soar it in the lofty realms of poetry, or move it to daring deeds in human strife, never yet received its due till after ages came and tore away the veil of prejudice cast before it by envy or by hate. The greatness of great men produces effects that last through the ages; theirs is a work not for a day, but for all time. As with individuals, so with nations: their place in history is to be fixed by their influence on future generations.

Of the peoples of antiquity two nations—the Greek and the Roman—have filled the world with their glory. In both were inherent those powers of body and mind that mark their possessors or rulers. They resembled each other in many respects: in love of liberty, in desire of conquest; but they presented many and wide diversities of character: the Greek pleasure-loving, indolent and careful of his ease; the Roman stern, harsh and energetic. And these differences of temperament were shown in their daily life, and impressed on their national literatures; the one was full of beauty, strength and grace; the other harsh and rugged. The pages of the one are redolent with the flowers of diction that naturally spring from the thought; of the other—but we can say but little of Latin literature until it was perfected by the study of Grecian models.

### II.

Greece, the Greece of poetry, of music, and of heroic deeds, is the first subject of my theme. Situated on the banks of the Mediterranean, it was the cradle of art and of liberty. The home of the Hellenes, it was the mother of poetry. In its youth it gave birth to a Homer, and in more mature age brought forth a Demosthenes. The heroes of Marathon nursed at its bosom; and the hosts of Xerxes succumbed to the onset of its children.

The Greek, fanned by the soft winds of the South and protected from the cold by the mountain barriers of the North, early reached a high degree of civilization. He revelled in the beauties of nature, and worshipped its phenomena which he could not understand. Of poetic and loving temperament, he sang the praises of his fatherland, and raised its heroes to the rank of demigods. Though at first governed by kings, he drank in freedom with each draught of air,

and soon all threw off the yoke of tyranny save the Spartans.

In Athens, the foremost democracy of this little world, we find the highest type of Grecian civilization. There flourished art and literature and philosophy; there was the abode of the Muses, and there the gods had lavished all their gifts. At Athens, in the time of her glory, lived Phidias, king of sculptors; and there remain the relics of that great monument of architectural and artistic skill, the Parthenon, the figures of which yet command our wonder and admiration. There, too, dwelt Zeuxis and Parrhasius, skilled in painting. So life-like were their representations that one deceived the very birds of the air, the other baffled the keen eyes of his friend.

Of Greece's poets, Homer stands unrivalled in his tale of a woman's sin and a country's fall; and Sappho sang those sweet, amatory lyrics, on hearing one of which Pericles is said to have exclaimed: "O gods, grant that I may memorize this before I die!" Simonides, Pindar, Æschylus and Euripides fill the cup of the greatness of Grecian poetry; though Aristophanes yet lives as a comic poet, and many others would be accounted great, save that in a country where all are eminent, we can only mention the most extraordinary.

The Greek, though loving peace, was brave in war. His subtle nature well fitted him for the arduous task of statesmanship. Aristides, Themistocles, Cimon, Pericles, and Demosthenes, Athenians all, are the names most associated with the idea of Grecian greatness. To Themistocles was due the foundation of Athens' pre-eminence; to Pericles, the zenith of its power; but on the upright and honest, the firm and clear-headed Demosthenes devolved the harder task of upholding its glory in its declining years.

Of statesmen none more wily, none more successful ever was than Philip, king of Macedonia, a Greek in all but birth. His son, Alexander, uniting all Greece under his banners, hurled his brave troops against the mighty Persian throne which tottered, shook, and fell beneath the blow. Having subjugated the then known world he died, because there was no more to conquer.

Brilliant and brief is the history of the Grecian states. They fell, exhausted by internecine war, and finally passed under the Roman sway. But, though fallen, they were yet the victors; for Rome, conquered by the vanquished, became a second Athens in manners, language and traditions.

### III.

Rome, the mighty mistress of the world, the fairest city of the universe, now commands our attention. The "city of the hills" was inhabited by a martial race of men whose thoughts were ever turned to conquest. The Sabine, the Etruscan and the Gaul first felt and long dreaded the displeasure of the Romans. Carthage, proud and haughty, fell to rise no more beneath the attacks of its implacable foe. Greece, unable to make headway against the power of Macedon, welcomed the invader as a deliverer. And Macedon, whose flag had floated from the lofty heights of many a Persian citadel, whose name yet inspired awe in the most populous districts of Asia Minor—Macedon, too, became a trophy of the conqueror, and bowed her neck to the Roman yoke. Egypt, with its inexhaustible granaries, and Asia, from the Mediterranean to the Euphrates, acknowledges the Roman sway.

Rome was rich in the number of her great men. Fabius Maximus and the Scipios displayed their abilities in the Punic wars. The elder Cato, distinguished for his probity and love of country, was eminent as an orator. But in eloquence, Cicero surpassed the rest as much as Shakspeare towers above the other dramatic poets. In the forum, when he spoke, all were silent; in the senate none approached him in oratorical abilities. If we except Demosthenes, he was undoubtedly the greatest orator the world has ever seen. The conspirator, Catiline, fled from Rome, unable to withstand his denunciation; and the infamous Claudius perished unavenged, because Cicero was in the lists against him. He died as became a great man he fell with the Republic in the conscriptions of Mark Antony.

With the subjugation of the Grecian States, Greek influence began more and more to be felt in Latin circles. In learning, culture, depth of thought and grace of expression, the Roman acknowledged the Greek as his superior. Patriotic youths flocked to Greek schools to finish their education. Greek became the language of fashion; and Roman dudes aped Greek customs. Latin writers disdained not to take Greek masters as their models; nor did Roman dramatists think it any disgrace to take the plot and treatment of their plays from the Greek. The author of the "Æneid" followed in the footsteps of Homer, and Plautus adopted most, if not all of his dramas from the work of Grecian playwrights.

But it is rather to the age of Augustus, the Golden Age of Latin literature, that we would

confine ourselves in this essay. And, truly, a brilliant galaxy of great men was grouped about the venerable figure of the first emperors. Agrippa, the warrior and statesman; Mæcenas, the devoted minister and profound statist; Virgil, the prince of Latin poets; Horace, the charming lyrist; and Livy, the historian, combined to make that age the period of many triumphs both in war and in literature. Of Virgil it may be said that though he imitated Homer, he was not a mere copyist. His was a genius but little inferior to that of his master. Much of the "Æneid" is original, many passages sublime; all show the greatness of intellect in its author that mark him the worthy successor of the blind poet.

To account for this lack of originality, even among their greatest writers, we may say that the Romans were a race born to command; their genius lay in ruling. All the treasures of the universe were at their disposal. What need had they of making for themselves what could be had for the taking? Did a painting please them? it was theirs by the right of conquest. The statues of Grecian sculptors adorned their walls, and the great works of Grecian artists beautified their homes. Theirs was a nature stern and unbending until wealth begot luxury, and luxury, decay. With nothing to do but gratify their passions, they degenerated from a nation of gallant men and virtuous women, into a nation of slaves.

The annals of the Greeks and the Romans differ not more widely than their individual qualities; or, perhaps, we may say that the diversity of their natures reacted on their history. The thoughts, feelings, and interests of the Greeks clustered round their city; all else might perish if only that was safe. The Romans, on the contrary, thought and felt as a nation. The former were fickle and pleasure loving; the latter steadfast and persevering, whom no threats could terrify, no obstacles retard. In Greece bribery and corruption were openly used, and traitors abounded. In the annals of Rome we find no case wherein the State was betrayed by its citizens. Greece fell because she could not exist as a people. Rome, proud and haughty, threw the gauntlet before all nations of the earth and no champion could be found strong enough to avenge the insult.

MUSIC is love, and hate, and peace, and war, and all great passions and great deeds. It is the only art which can express everything that is infinitely noble and grand, and yet which need never define anything.

—With the Immortals.

#### A New Text-Book of Botany.

Some time ago we had occasion to speak of Prof. Bastin's "College Botany," published by G. P. Engelhard & Co., Chicago; but space did not permit us then to say anything about that of the text-book, which treats of the classification of plants.

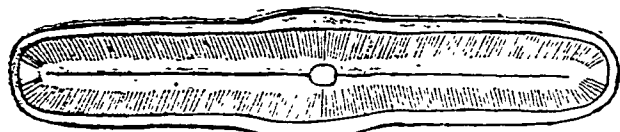


Fig. 1.

The subject of classification in Botany is at present one that involves great difficulty, as the science is constantly undergoing changes, owing to the many researches that are being made everywhere. This is true, particularly in

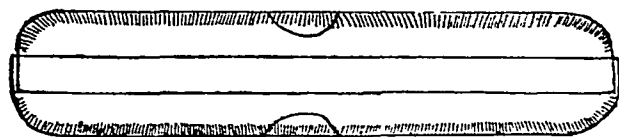


Fig. 2.

regard to the lower non-flowering plants. Sachs endeavored to establish a classification, and was followed by Prof. Bessey in his text-books; but the system was soon abandoned.

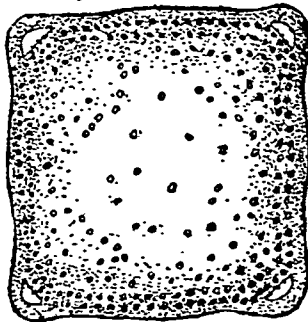


Fig. 3.

The system now most commonly followed is that of Dr. Goebel and of Van Tieghem. It is also followed by Prof. Bastin, and, in our opinion, it is more easily studied, and will serve best the purpose of the student of Botany.

In Prof. Bastin's Botany we find plants grouped into four series:

(1) The Thallophyta including the Myxomycetes, the Schizomycetes, the Algæ, the Fungi and the Lichenes as five distinct classes.

(2) The Bryophyta including the two classes of Hepaticæ and Musci.

(3) The Pteridophyta including the three classes of Equisetineæ, Filicineæ and Lycopodiaceæ.

The Spermatophyta or Phanerogamia including the two classes of Gymnospermæ and Angiospermæ.

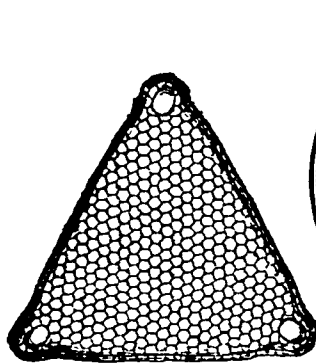


Fig. 4.

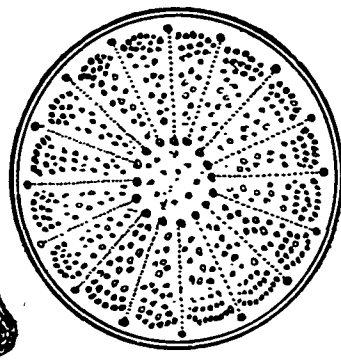


Fig. 5.

To give the student an idea of the lower plants found so abundantly in the water, so that in a drop thousands may be seen under the microscope, we know of no better text-book than that of Prof. Bastin.

The arrangement of the various groups of



plants and the beautiful illustrations accompanying the text cannot help but facilitate the study of the lower plants, and add to the pleasure of the beginner. Take, for example, the Diatoms, of which the author says:

"Diatoms are exceedingly abundant plants, both in individuals and in species, being found in nearly all

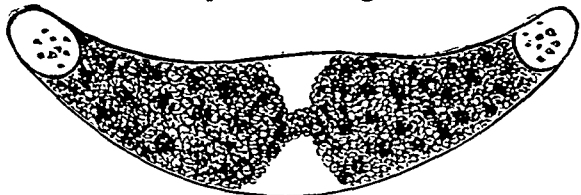


Fig. 6.

waters, both salt and fresh, that are reasonably free from putrid matters. They occur in the tropics in springs where waters are so hot that few other forms of life are able to survive, and in the ice-cold waters of the polar seas. Their shapes are also exceedingly various."

Then he illustrates the leading typical forms as shown by the accompanying figures.

Again, take those curious plants bearing the name of Desmids. He says:

"They are found in great abundance and variety in clear, fresh water. They are mostly unicellular, but in some cases are loosely united into filaments. . . . The species are exceedingly numerous, and the semi-cells of many are lobed, spinose, delicately striated or otherwise ornamented."

Fig. 7.

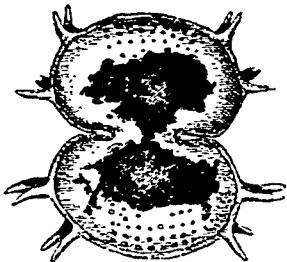


Fig. 8.

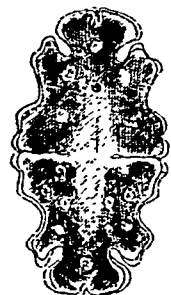
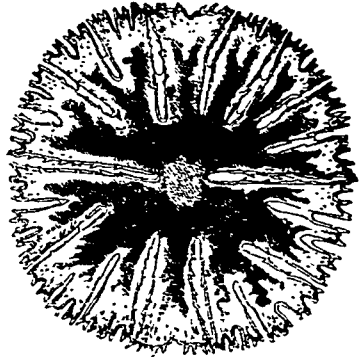


Fig. 9.

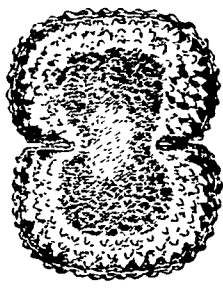


Fig. 10.

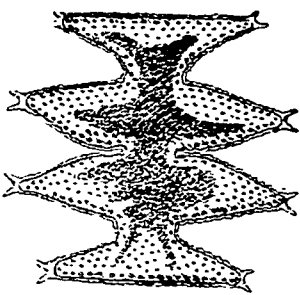


Fig. 11.

Many of the typical forms are also illustrated as may be seen from the figures accompanying this notice. With such a delightful text-book the study of Botany becomes a pleasure to the student, and is a constant source of satisfaction to the teacher.

#### EXPLANATION OF THE ILLUSTRATIONS.—Diatoms.

Fig. 1. Side view of valves of Pinnularia, dactylus, magnified about 300 diameters.

Fig. 2. Front view of the same, showing how the two valves fit together.

Fig. 3. Valve of Triceratium intermedium, magnified about 500 diameters.

Fig. 4. Triceratium favus, magnified about 150 diameters.

Fig. 5. Cosmiodiscus Normanianus, magnified about 500 diameters:

#### Desmids.

Fig. 6. Closterium Chrenbergii, magnified about 100 diameters,

Fig. 7. Xanthidium fasciculatum, magnified 500 diameters.

Fig. 8. Micrasterias radiosa, magnified 200 diameters.

Fig. 9. Euastrum elegans, magnified 500 diameters.

Fig. 10. Cosmarium pardalis? magnified 500 diameters.

Fig. 11. Micrasterias pinnatifida, magnified about 400 diameters.

A. M. KIRSCH, C. S. C.

#### Exchanges.

—The Wesleyan *Hatchet* has been rechristened *The Ecritean*.

—The *University Mirror* for April, comes to us with reversed column rules on account of the recent death of William Bucknell, the munificent benefactor of Bucknell University. The editors very properly publish a supplementary addition to the regular issue of the *Mirror*, detailing the life and services of the deceased philanthropist.

—From Austin, Texas, comes the *College Echo*, full of the awakened vivacity of the "New South." The *Echo* is too modest to call itself a voice; yet such a title would be no misnomer. Its leading article is a brief and trenchant *résumé* of the history of "Texas, the Lone Star State"; while "A True Advertisement" is a scathing review of a recent scurrilous publication, "Conspiracy against our Public Schools."

—The *Concordiensis* for April has for a supplement an illuminated double page cut. It is splendidly done, and we congratulate our contemporary upon the unique design as well as the excellent execution. Upon one page is "A Song to Old Union," in illuminated text, and surrounding this are sketches of the university and characteristic scenes in its environs. The other page bears the likeness of President Webster above the arms and monogram of the College.

—In a recent number of *The Athenian* there is a thesis on "Should the Reader of 'Henry Esmond' Read the 'Virginians'?" The writer handles the subject in an original and highly interesting manner, and concludes:

"In biographical and historical excellence 'The Virginians' compares favorably with 'Henry Esmond'; and while 'Esmond' is undoubtedly Thackeray's highest work of art, 'The Virginians' should not be left unread." To which we think most lovers of Thackeray will readily assent.

—The *Mount* for April contains an essay on "Greek and Egyptian Architecture" that is worthy of more than passing notice. After briefly considering the purely mechanical aspect of the subject, the writer gives a thought to the art of building as expressive of the racial nature of a people, and finally examines the influence of religious belief upon the architecture of the Egyptians and the Greeks. The writer says:

"The oak is Egyptian in its endurance and immutability, and the willow is Greek in its lightness and beauty."

The reciprocal of the argument might also have been added—that, as Ruskin says somewhere in his writings, the architecture of a nation powerfully influences its thoughts.

# NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.

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**Notre Dame. May 10, 1890.**

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 here tofore lent it a helping hand.

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## Staff.

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

—We take pleasure in announcing that the Rt. Rev. J. L. Spalding, D.D., Bishop of Peoria, will deliver the Oration at the annual Commencement exercises in June. The learned and zealous Bishop enjoys a world-wide reputation through his eloquent and masterly discourses and writings in behalf of education, and no words of ours are needed to tell of the rare intellectual treat in store for all who attend Commencement.

—One of the most commendable uses which our readers can make of the books, pamphlets and periodicals, which they are free to dispose of, is to present them to the Library of the

Northern Indiana State Prison. This library has been established, through the energy and zeal of the Rev. John Bleckman, Pastor at Michigan City, Ind., for the use of the prisoners. It is hoped that by thus providing these temporary outcasts from society with good, wholesome literature, an effectual aid will be given to the ministrations of the chaplain; minds and hearts will be improved and lifted up from the slough of despondency, and the cause of morality and the good of society be most efficaciously subserved. No words are needed to show how worthy this object is, and how powerfully it appeals to the charitably inclined. Rev. Father Bleckman, to whom all donations should be addressed, will gratefully acknowledge the receipt of all books, etc.

—The International Copyright Bill has just been rejected by our Federal legislators, and literary piracy is, by act of Congress, become legal. That a great moral principle should thus be sacrificed to further interests that no intelligent man can pretend to understand is a precedent which, if we reason by analogy, will lead to disagreeable results. It means that there is really no justice. Justice is expediency, and if the clamorous part of the American people consider it advantageous to steal, our Government will teach the necessity of theft as an article of its political creed. This comes of sending incompetent men to Congress—men whose heads are stuffed with utilitarian views not clarified by moral principles. And if, haply, a few able politicians opposed the measure, we may be sure it was from no sense of right—it was rather a disgraceful concession to unthinking voters. We advocate the proposed Bill for two reasons: first and principally because it is right, and next because it is expedient. It is due in justice to authors that they should know to what extent their books have been read, and that they should derive profit in proportion. As for the imaginary increase in the cost of literature that is to follow the passage of the Bill, we need only to reiterate what has been said so often—that only those books will be affected which every citizen worthy of franchise is anxious to discourage. We have yet to hear more of this Bill. The sound judgment and natural integrity of the American people will not willingly leave its best citizens to the tender mercy of unscrupulous publishers who mutilate texts, "improve upon" titles, and bring out valuable works in nasty yellow covers and hide-bound tomes.



## The Lyons' Monument Fund.

Rev. D. A. Tighe, '69, the efficient pastor of Holy Angels' Church, Chicago, has sent the treasurer of the Lyons' Monument fund a draft for \$25; Mr. Frank Ward, of Harris Township, has handed in \$2, directing that the same be added to the fund. This is all the cash that the treasurer, Prof. Hoynes, has thus far received, although several hundred dollars have been voluntarily promised. The delay in sending the amounts, said to have been subscribed, is inexplicable. It is now apparently too late, on account of this seeming tardiness, to take measures to erect a suitable monument before Commencement. However, action should be taken in the matter without delay. The work should be finished next summer or early in autumn. But it is manifest that no contract can be entered into—that nothing can be done—until the money subscribed and promised shall have been received. Hence it is to be hoped that all who have received subscriptions, or promised to contribute to the fund, will realize the situation, and communicate promptly with the treasurer.

## My Favorite Book Shelf.

Every lover of reading has, I presume, his favorite books. They need not necessarily be—indeed I doubt if they generally are—the most famous productions of genius, no more than our dearest personal friends are always, thank God, the most distinguished men in the world. In either case these "obscure companions of our solitary hours" seem to correspond to and fulfil some need of our nature, which more renowned books and people often ignore or fail to satisfy. Who, for instance, makes an intimate of Shakespeare?

"Others abide our question. Thou art free.  
We ask and ask.—Thou smilest and art still,  
Out-topping knowledge."

Or who would think of claiming—though here I, naturally, speak with less confidence—as a bosom friend, the President of the United States? I pause for a reply. If you can get a glimpse at a man's pet books, take it. A stray glance of the kind will assist you to gauge his humor (in the Elizabethan sense) more accurately than months of every-day contact. They are so many windows that give on his inner nature. I once knew a man who, on the odd holiday he allowed himself from the hard, practical business of his profession (he was a lawyer), was invariably found by a certain meadow stream with a well-thumbed copy of Sir Thomas Browne's "Treatise of Urn-Burial" lying on the grass in front of

him. What a flood of light it threw on his character, his ideals, as I caught the quaint title over his shoulder one day when passing with my fishing-rod. I don't know, however, if I came so near a correct estimate of another of my acquaintances who, on such occasions, would console himself in an attic with Brillat-Savarin's "Physiologie du Gout." But he died. How wide are the reaches of one's experience! What is it, I often wonder, that guides our selection of these *livres intimes*? It cannot so much be the book itself,—the mere words, I mean—as something congenial in the personality of the author.

Take, for example, to name a book that would, I think, be found on many shelves,—take Walton's "Complete Angler." How many of his readers have one iota of interest in tying flies or seeking for baits? Come! let us be frank, kind reader, how many of them could distinguish a trout from a perch or either from a mackerel? The book, no doubt, has charming pastoral descriptions, scarcely less lovely than Marlow's lovely lyric which they enshrine, but is not half the charm, confess it, the genial personality of old Isaac himself, leading his simple, contented life, at peace with all men, and looking out on God's beautiful world with eyes full of sunshine, and a heart choking with gratitude? And what a wonderful charm it is, too. Dear old fellow! I was once asked at a small dinner party by the young lady at my side if I liked the "Complete Angler." I was a little astonished, though I politely concealed it, at such a question; for what had poor Walton in common with all this chatter of the latest modes which was going on around us! Yes, I admitted I had once looked into it. "And don't you think the *illustrations* charming!" came the rapturous response. My fair friend was thinking of Mr. Burnand's facile parody of the book in question.

But, even apart from the illustrations, books of this kind do attract us strangely. Every reader, as I have said at the beginning of these desultory remarks, has his own select company, and I started out with the honest intention of saying a word or two about mine. But, lo! I have not even written their names. Perhaps it is better so. Reader, do you remember Artemus Ward's lecture on "Africa"? If not, read it again. The author only thinks of mentioning the subject of his discourse in the last three lines, and then it is to say that it was marked on every map of Africa he had ever seen, and his hearers could there, if they felt anxious, study it for themselves. Well, my favorite book shelf is full of my favorite books. *Favete linguis!*

W. P. C.

## A Traveller's Musings.

## IV.

Our train being an extra or wild one, was not limited to any rate of speed, or restricted to any stopping place by a cast-iron time-table. This was unfortunate for us in one respect—we could get no regular meals, as we did not stop for them at the proper stations, and we had no buffet attached to our train. Lunch baskets came into requisition, but they were soon exhausted of their precious contents. Wherever the train stopped for a few moments, there was a wild rush of men, women and children to the dingy hotel, the saloons and corner groceries, for something wherewith to refresh the inner man, but often in vain. Ginger-bread, fried cakes, hard eggs, pop and muddy coffee gave out before the hungry was half supplied. As the brakeman's stentorian lungs called out Coffeeville in the Bayou State there was a charge made on the dilapidated village that outrivalled that of Tennyson's Light Brigade. But, alas! there was no coffee to be had either for love or money. Some ludicrous incident would occasionally occur to compensate us for our disappointment, and put us in good humor again. A learned ecclesiastical dignitary, from one of our Northern seats of learning, who had generously delivered his basket of eatables into the hands of the conductor for the benefit of the ladies and children, made a dash for a grocery store at a place where the cars stopped for a couple of minutes. He had just filled his shining stove-pipe with oranges, candy and cake, and thrown a V on the counter to pay for them, when the whistle sounded, the bell rang and the locomotive started. There was an impromptu race without sweep-stakes between the solemn divine and the iron horse, that was never equalled at the Derby. The change for the five-dollar bill was left behind, professional dignity was flung to the winds, and hat and contents were abandoned; but the good man by the sprightly movement of his nether limbs came up with the last car and was pulled up the steps by stalwart arms, amid the cheers of all the onlookers from the platforms and car-windows! He looked a sadder but a wiser man, as he fished out of his valise a little travelling cap wherewith to cover his flowing locks. At another place a young mother, travelling alone with her baby, went out of the train to procure some eatables for herself and a bottle of milk for her little one. On her return she got into the wrong car by mistake. Of course her diminutive descendant was nowhere to be seen. A hue and cry was raised through the length of the train of a baby stolen or strayed, lost or mislaid! The cars were stopped and backed to the station. Half a thousand passengers together with the train hands went in search of "the babe in the wood." The little tot was at length discovered in his mother's section, crowing and chirping and crooning contentedly on the floor! If some of

our fellow-travellers suffered for want of solids, they did not lack a profusion of liquids. The following partial list of provisions for a trip to New Orleans was picked up near a section occupied by a delegation of Hawkeyes who are law-made abstainers:

"One Flagon of grippe medicine;  $\frac{1}{2}$  lb oatmeal crackers; one Demijohn Sunstroke;  $\frac{1}{2}$  lb Limburgher; two quarts microbe exterminator; two boxes stogies;  $\frac{1}{2}$  gallon malaria preparation."

The rest of the paper was torn off. "What an amount of sack for such a small quantity of bread!"

Soon after entering Louisiana, the live oak, the magnolia, green creeping vines, the palmetto and further south vast cypress swamps, with banners of moss floating like streamers of lace from every bough gave indication of our presence in a semi-tropical climate. On nearing Lake Ponchartrain these gloomy forests of cypress rose out of the lagoons or bayous like huge stalagmites. Their weird trunks and gnarled limbs supporting the festoons or bunches of Spanish moss that swayed mournfully in the breeze would form a fitting entrance to Dante's "Inferno" were it not that the green palmetto and flowering shrubs proclaimed the fact that we were still in the land of the living, and not in Pluto's dark realm of shades. Within the depths of these melancholy swamps alligators and large serpents lie in wait for their prey.

The Spanish moss forms now an article of commerce. It usually hangs from the cypress tree or live oak in large garlands or streamers with long filaments. According to southern naturalists, it is not a parasite, but lives on the miasma of the vitiated air. It is of a grey color when living, but black when dead. The bunches are often many yards in length and will weigh in favorable localities several tons to a tree. It is prepared for market by some process analogous to bleaching. Upholsterers and carriage builders use it extensively to-day. The beds and pillows at St. Isidore's College are stuffed with it, and from my own experience I would prefer a mattress filled with it to a couch of down. Though it somewhat resembles human hair—the woolly crop of the negro and the stiff horse hair of an Indian mixed together—I would not advise any old bachelor to make a wig of it particularly if he is seeking to become a Benedict. There might result an explosion of female ire worse than dynamite or mill dust.

The transition, as we reached the shores of the beautiful expanse of water called Lake Ponchartrain, was very striking. Along the beach vast tracts of swamp lands have been reclaimed, and now nourish on their fertile bosoms immense quantities of succulent vegetables, especially the classic *genus brassica*. Of course, visions of corned beef arose before the imaginative faculty. When we arrived in the Crescent City, the transformation as to climate, scenery and architecture was complete. Men were complaining of cold weather although it was about 65 degrees

in the shade. The festive mosquito and the industrious house fly were plying their avocations with all the activity of a New Englander in search of the almighty dollar. Were all the Southerners, white and colored, as industrious as their *genus musca*, the New South of the eloquent Mr. Grady would be a land flowing with milk and honey, like Palestine of old—with little time to waste on questions of race, ballot-box unpleasantnesses, or Ku-klux raids upon the swarthy children of Cham! New Orleans is, even in winter, a poor place for bald-headed sinners. I would advise these unfortunates before coming here to secure a bottle of Duffy's hair invigorator at South Bend. It is said to raise a capillary crop on a glacial boulder or wooden limb! Every bed here is protected by mosquito bars from the attacks of the bloodthirsty little pests. But in spite of all precautions they get a taste of our claret. They have a weakness for the foreign article.

We arrived in time for the 26th Saengerfest of the North American Saengerbund. My learned companion and myself, having been members of the famous Brass Band of ye ancient tymes at Notre Dame, prided ourselves on our acquaintance with such classical music as Yankee Doodle, La Marseillaise, Garryowen, a Life on the Ocean Wave, and could not miss the opportunity of hearing the great *Mæstri* adequately interpreted. It is true that Prof. Max Girac one day told your humble servant, as we were banging away on the piano, that we had better give the world a rest and learn to play on some of Adam's agricultural implements. He quoted Shakspeare for us about

"The man that hath no music in himself,  
And is not moved with concord of sweet sounds,  
Is fit for treasons, stratagems and spoils.  
Let no man trust him."

Nevertheless, by a vast expenditure of wind that would have supplied Demosthenes on the sea-shore, a Turkish muezzin in his minaret and the blowing bellows of the Village Blacksmith, we climbed the golden stairway of the band from the bassoon to the E flat, notwithstanding many a nerve-shaking and many a dolorous discord. Such was the result of pneumatic pluck and puerile perseverance! The Saengerfest, though open to criticism on some minor points, and though somewhat marred by defective acoustic arrangements, was, on the whole, a triumph in the realms of song. Uncle Sam may well feel proud of the programme, and his song-loving Teutonic sons may well congratulate themselves on its success; for it proved a brilliant success musically and financially. The six grand concerts were given in a large hall 150 feet long and 200 feet deep, erected especially for the festival on the corner of St. Charles and Howard Avenues. The building fronted the Lee Circle, in the centre of which the bronze statue of General Lee stands on a tall column of marble. There were 1000 male singers on the stage. In front of them were the few female artists or prima donnas—altos, contraltos and

sopranos. The masculine vocalists occupied the rear of the stage on tiers of seats in horse-shoe form, that rose above one another as in the Colosseum. In front was grouped the orchestra, numbering 60 pieces. Had the old Brass Band been there, the instrumental music would have been more effective, more in proportion to the volume of the vocal chorus, and more in harmony with the acoustic properties of the hall. The auditorium and galleries averaged 5000 people.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

### Personal.

—Hon. William A. Daily and wife, of Walkerton, Ind., were welcome visitors at Notre Dame last Wednesday.

—Col. J. B. Stoll, Editor of the *Herald*, and family rode out from South Bend early in the week to note the progress of Spring in the country. They favored Notre Dame with a call, and it is hoped that henceforth they may come oftener.

—Edward Hotaling (Com'l), '85, writing from his home in Baldwinsville, N. Y., to a friend here, mentions all his old Professors and Prefects by name and wishes to be kindly remembered to them. Ed. has a longing desire to visit his old college home, and promises himself that pleasure in the near future.

—Rev. Father Saulnier, C. S. C., formerly Chaplain at St. Mary's Academy, Notre Dame, Ind., replaces Rev. J. Scherer, C. S. C., as Pastor of the Church of the Sacred Heart, this city, who goes to Notre Dame. Father Scherer during his stay here built the presbytery and greatly improved the school, which now has a daily attendance of seventy-five pupils. We shall at all times be pleased to hear of his reverence wherever he may be.—*New Orleans Morning Star*.

—Hon. O. Z. Hubbell, of Elkhart, called on friends at Notre Dame, last Monday. Mr. Hubbell is one of the most popular and promising young men in this portion of Indiana. He was elected State Senator in 1888 by an exceptionally large majority. As such he made a record creditable to himself and gratifying to his friends. It is now proposed to ask him to go higher, and it is generally said that the secretaryship of State awaits him. Later on it will be in order to tell him to go still higher, for he possesses in an eminent degree the qualities that make friends and the abilities that command public confidence and promise honorable distinction.

—The following beautiful notice of the death of E. H. Coady is taken from the *Daily Palladium* of Pana, Ill.:

"Edward Hoffman Coady, eldest son of Patrick and Mary Coady, was born in the city of Pana, Ill., on the 29th day of May, 1867, and died at the University of Notre Dame, Ind., on the 5th day of April, 1890. He

was taken suddenly and seriously ill at 3 o'clock a. m., April 5th, and departed this life at the eighth hour of the same day from congestion of the lungs, resulting from a second attack of la grippe. Although the warning was brief, he was in full possession of his mental faculties and was prepared and willing to try the realities of that 'bourn from whence no traveller returns.'

"The five years spent by the deceased at the renowned University of Notre Dame, under the supervision of Rev. T. E. Walsh, though exacting in discipline and strict in the enforcement of its rules, were happy ones, because conscious of the fact that he was acquiring wealth of which no one could rob him—an education. He was not a student to grumble or find fault, knowing that he was there for the purpose of gaining knowledge and thorough instruction in his religious views, hence became reconciled to all and every requirement of his instructors. He therefore was happy in knowing that he was about to finish his education this coming June and return to his parents for a short vacation before going to Chicago to commence his battle with the world and his race among the business men of that great city for a place of honor. But an All-Wise Providence, deeming it best, we hope, carried him off in the pride of manly vigor and exalted aspirations, leaving a vacant place in that happy-home of which he was the beloved of his parents and brothers and sisters, who deeply mourn their loss and look upon his vacant chair with grief and sorrow, yet have no regrets, as they fully know he died fortified by all the Sacraments of his Church, believing in a just God to whose will, in all things, we should most humbly bow."

#### Obituary

Rt. REV. C. H. BORGESS, D. D.

The Catholic Church of the United States mourns the loss of a saintly prelate and a scholarly defender of apostolic truth. The spirit of the late Bishop of Detroit has left its mortal body and winged its flight to those high realms where are gathered the sainted dead. The sad news has cast a gloom over the people among whom it was Bishop Borgess' lot to minister. He died on Saturday morning, the 3d inst., after a lingering illness. On Wednesday the funeral services were held in Kalamazoo with all the impressive ritual of the Church. Rt. Rev. Bishop Foley chanted the Requiem Mass, and the panegyric was preached by the Most Rev. Archbishop Elder of Cincinnati. The University was represented by Rev. President Walsh and Prof. J. F. Edwards. The remains were interred near the church, where a suitable monument will soon be erected. The life of Bishop Borgess is fraught with many beautiful and instructive lessons. He was a valued friend of the University which, during the years of his episcopal office, he frequently loved to visit, to the great delight of the students who longed to hear the kind, paternal words of instruction and advice which he so often imparted to them. He was particularly a benefactor of Bishops' Memorial Hall which he enriched with numerous precious souvenirs among which was a gold chalice owned by Archbishop Carroll. May he rest in peace!

ELLSWORTH C. HUGHES.

Almost before the air had ceased to pulsate with the tenderly solemn notes of the great

organ in the church last Thursday, when the family and friends of Edward Coady had assembled to pay the last sad tribute to his memory, the thread of another life was broken, and another soul was called to God. Immediately after the Solemn Requiem Mass of Thursday morning, Ellsworth Hughes went to the lake with several companions, and a few minutes afterwards the report spread that he had been drowned by the accidental overturning of a boat. It proved to be only too true. Of the three occupants of the boat Ellsworth was the only one who could not swim; and in spite of the strenuous efforts of his companions to save him, his limbs became cramped in the almost icy water, and he suddenly released his hold on the boat and sank.

It hardly lessens the poignant grief of Faculty and students to know that no one was to blame for the terrible accident. It was one of those occurrences that can neither be foreseen nor guarded against. It has been many years since college circles were so shocked, while President Walsh and the Faculty, especially those members of it who had been teachers of the deceased student, were wellnigh prostrated with grief.

Ellsworth C. Hughes was a member of the Junior class of the University and was about 17 years old. He was the son of A. S. Hughes, General Traffic Manager of the Denver & Rio Grande R.R., and was a nephew of U. S. Senator Ingalls. There were few students at the University, who had a more promising career, and none who were more universally beloved. He was exceptionally talented and had distinguished himself especially in the scientific classes. His character was unusually attractive. He was of a frank and generous nature, ever ready to oblige a friend, and was always modest and unassuming. His memory will long remain with his fellow-students and professors who sympathize most deeply with the bereaved relatives in this terrible affliction.

The Rev. Father Zahm, together with the bereaved brother of the deceased, started Friday morning with the remains for Denver, where the parents reside and where the body will be interred. The students telegraphed to Denver for an appropriate floral design to be placed on the casket when it arrives.

#### Local Items.

- Invincibles!
- Begin your essays.
- The "triples" are next on the list.
- Commencement—in June, sometime!
- The Juniors will open the championship series Thursday.
- The Minims feasted Tuesday afternoon, but the Staff—
- He has taken up Geometry, and daily practises on the parallel bars.

—That promises to be a fine lawn back there. Good idea, that! Who "sod" so?

—The bicyclists are more numerous than ever. Their territory is limited, however.

—The opera at Commencement promises to eclipse all previous efforts in that line. The rehearsals indicate the fact.

—*Cornellius* has developed into a phenomenal twirler. He says he likes it much better than the occupation of a spring poet.

—The Juniors play football after supper nightly; there is, of course, the usual amount of "kicking" attached to this exhilarating sport.

—The Juniors will organize the 8th nine this week. There are just 22 boys left "on the bench" on ball days. Verily, this is our national game!

—We promised him not to tell his first offence; but when he gently whispered that "the boat club could boast of a *buoy* who would *sinnot*," we wilted. Next!

—Messrs. Lane, McKeon and Burns of the Law class have written theses on the subjects of negotiable paper, statute of frauds, and master and servant.

—On Tuesday, May 6, the Feast of St. John before the Latin Gate, Very Rev. Father General said Mass in St. John's Chapel in St. Edward's Hall and preached a very instructive sermon on the Beloved Disciple.

—Prof. Hoynes left for Chicago on Wednesday afternoon. We trust his visit to the Garden City will entirely remove from the amiable Professor all traces of the severe cold from which he has suffered for some days past.

—Prof. M. F. Egan has presented a Japanese bronze bell of rare workmanship to the Chapel of St. John the Evangelist. The sweetness of its sound is something wonderful. The "Princes" and all connected with St. Edward's Hall return their warmest thanks to Dr. Egan.

—The Graduates are already at work on the last series of essays for graduation. In the Classical and Literary Courses the subjects are philosophical, and the students of these courses may choose any one of the following:

1. How can it be proved against Materialists that the human soul does not necessarily die with the body?
2. What is the best form of government according to St. Thomas? Are the principles laid down by the Angelic Doctor to be found in the American Constitution?
3. Can human reason prove that there is a personal God, the Creator of all things?

In the Courses of Science and Civil Engineering the candidates for degrees will discuss the following:

- 1 Spectrum analysis in Chemistry, Physics, and Astronomy.
- 2 The electric light.
- 3 The applications of electricity.

—The regular meeting of the Philodemics was held Saturday evening, May 3, Mr. H. P. Brelsford presiding. After the minutes were read and adopted and other preliminaries, the programme of the evening was taken up. Mr. J.

Wright read an essay which was well received by the society. A debate, "Resolved, That the present jury system should be abolished," was argued on the affirmative by Messrs. A. P. Flynn, F. Chute; and on the negative by Messrs. P. Fleming, J. B. Sullivan. Both sides showed careful preparation as well as deep thought, advancing many conclusive arguments to support their respective views. The decision was reserved until next meeting. After a few words from the chair, relative to the closing meeting, May 17, the body adjourned.

—On Thursday morning solemn services were held in the Church of the Sacred Heart in memory of MR. EDWARD COADY whose lamentable death recently grieved our little college world. The military companies formed on the Junior campus and, followed by the students in a body, marched to the Church in the form of a triple cross. The procession, headed by the College Band, playing a sweet and touching funeral dirge, entered the Church where a Solemn Mass of *Requiem* was then sung, in the presence of the bereaved relatives and friends, by Rev. D. J. Spillard, assisted by Fathers Morrissey and Connor as deacon and subdeacon. Rev. President Walsh preached an eloquent sermon, and paid a glowing tribute to the talents and virtues of the deceased. The choir rendered a new *Requiem* Mass with excellent taste and expression, thus adding greatly to the impressiveness of the services.

—The lectures on etiquette seem to have excited a great deal of discussion, and there are actually two factions in the "yard"—the square envelope and the oblong envelope parties. The question as to whether the German nobility eat with their knives has also been fully discussed. A paragraph from a famous German traveller's letters in the *New York Commercial Advertiser* has, however, settled it in the affirmative. A rude shock was given to the susceptibilities of Sorin Hall on Monday morning by the appearance of the lecturer on the verandah in a short coat and a tall hat. The horror of this event was only mitigated by the explanation—made officially—that the lecturer had borrowed the coat, having been placed by the storm of Sunday night in the alternative of committing this solecism, or of going down to breakfast in evening dress—a breach of etiquette which would have paralyzed the refectory.

We are delighted to see that the knife is no longer thrust into the Juniors' mouth, that the tinkling of various implements against glasses has ceased, and that other little nuisances have been extirpated. There was some doubt as to whether the lecturer recommended the letter-writers to begin their letters on the fourth page of the note paper or not, according to the latest fashion; but on Sunday night he explained that he meant that they should begin on the first page, go to the third, run back, if they had more to say, to the second and *end* on the fourth. The lectures have so far gone well.



—THE SEMINARY.—Last Saturday, May 3, was the anniversary of the laying of the cornerstone of Holy Cross Seminary. It was also the patronal feast of the house—the commemoration of the Finding of the True Cross. On Friday and Saturday evenings the beautiful new building was brilliantly and artistically illuminated—the work of the skilful hands of Mr. F. Reuter, C. S. C. Early Saturday morning, Rev. Father French sang High Mass at which all the students received Holy Communion. Having thus properly opened the day, they proceeded to celebrate it in an appropriate manner. At half-past nine o'clock, the Leonine Society, the members of which know well how to arrange and render an agreeable programme, presented an entertainment in their own hall. The exercises were complimentary to Very Rev. Father General, and were conducted in such a manner as to win the admiration of all present. The following is the

## PROGRAMME:

Gaudeamus.....Seminary Choir  
Latin Poem—"Mensis Maii".....J. Just  
"The Lord is My Shepherd"—Duet.....J. Hyland and  
T. Crumley.

Oration of the Day—"The Triumph of the Cross"

H. Santen.

"The Chapel"—Quartette....J. Hyland, T. Crumley, H.  
Santen, J. Maguire.

Selection—"The Cross of the Wilderness" R. Marciniak  
"Ave Maria"—Solo.....J. Hyland

Dialogue—"The Brother's Pardon".....W. Houlihan  
T. Crumley.

"Land of Light".....Seminary Choir

Very Rev. Father General expressed his delight at the excellence of the entertainment, and called upon Very Rev. Father Provincial, who complimented the young gentlemen in a graceful speech, dwelling particularly on the quality of the music—a well-considered compliment to Prof. Liscombe's admirable training. He then introduced Rev. Father Spillard who made a few pleasant remarks insisting on the superiority of the speaking. Other visitors were Rev. Fathers Granger, Walsh, Morrissey and Scherer; the Theologians; Professors Edwards, Egan and Brogan. The entertainment was conceded by all to have been a brilliant success. It evinced a degree of taste and cultivation that speaks volumes for the education the students receive—an education scarcely equalled by that of any American seminary.

## Roll of Honor.

## SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

Messrs. Adelsperger, Ahlrichs, Allen, Bovett, Burns, H. Brannick, Barrett, Brelsford, Bachrach, Blackman, Combe, Cassin, Cassidy, Campbell, G. Cooke, Cavanagh, L. Chute, F. Chute, T. Coady, P. Coady, Cartier, J. Cavanagh, Dela Pena, Dillon, Delany, Dacy, Davis, Dyer, Jas. Dougherty Dunkle, F. Flynn, Ford, J. Flynn, Garfias, Gibbons, Houlihan, Herman, Hughes, Hummer, Hempfler, Hoover, Hayes, Hepburn, Hynes, Higgie, Jewett, J. A. Johnson, Karasynski, Kearns, Krembs, F. Kelly, R. King, Kunart, Kehoe, Lesner, Lair, Lancaster, A. Larkin, Lane, Lynch, F. Long, L. Long, Leonard, Latson, W. Larkin, Moncada, McKeon, McAuliff, McKee, McDonnell, McPhee, Mithen, McConlogue, Mackey, Mor-

risson, Meehan, H. O'Neill, W. O'Brien, O'Shea, W. O'Neill, Powers, Phillips, Paradis, Pyplacz, H. Prichard, F. Prichard, Paquette, Prudhomme, Paris, Rebillot, Rose, Reynolds, Rothert, Robinson, L. Sanford, C. Sanford, N. Sinnott, Steiger, Schaack, J. B. Sullivan, Scherrer, D. J. Sullivan, Sinclair, Standard, Sanchez, O. Sullivan, Stanton, Talbot, V. Vurpillat, F. Vurpillat, Wright, Zimmerman.

## JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

Masters Adler, Aarons, E. Bates, B. Bates, J. Brady, T. M. Brady, T. T. Brady, W. Brady, Bruel, Blumenthal, Bradley, Bos, Burke, Barclay, Burns, J. Connors, Cheney, Coe, E. DuBrul, Delany, Doig, Dempsey, Dorsey, DeLormier, Drumm, Dela Pena, Elder, J. Fitzgerald, C. Fitzgerald, A. M. Funke, A. W. Funke, Gibert, Gerlach, Garrison, Girsch, Grund, Howard, Hambaugh, Hack, Hesse, Hahn, R. Healy, P. Healy, Heller, Higgie, Jacobs, Kearney, Keough, Lenard, Löwenstein, Murphy, Maurus, Maher, Merz, Mitchell, Mier, McCartney, A. McPhillips, Jas. McPhillips, Jos. McPhillips, F. McKee, McIvers, F. Neef, A. Neef, Neenan, O'Brien, O'Rourke, Otis, O'Mara, O'Neill, Palmer, Pomeroy, Prichard, M. Quinlan, Quill, Roper, Rowsey, Scott, Seerey, Sokup, Stapleton, Smith, Treff, Weitzel, Weise, Ward, Wertheimer, White, Zinn.

## MINIM DEPARTMENT.

Masters Adler, Ayres, Ball, O. Brown, F. Brown, Blake, Burns, Barbour, Browning, Bixby, Cornell, Crandall, C. Connor, W. Connor, Covert, W. Crawford, A. Crawford, Crane, Coon, Croke, Durand, Drant, Elkin, W. 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, Keeler, King, Kuehl, Kern, Klaner, Lonergan, Londoner, Lohnsberry, H. Lamberton, C. Lamberton, Levi, Loonie, Loomis, Montague, Maternes, Marr, Mattas, H. Mestling, E. Mestling, Myers, McGuire, McPhee, McPhillips, Morrison, Marre, Mosier, W. Nichols, C. Nichols, Oatman, Priestly, Paul, C. Packard, J. Packard, Roberts, Ronning, Ryan, Stone, G. Scherrer, W. Scherrer, Stephens, Swan, Thornton, Trujillo, Vorhang, Vandercook, Washburne, Wever, Wilcox, Weber, Wilson, Wolf, C. Zoehrlaut, G. Zoehrlaut, Zeigler.

## Questions.

Do ships have eyes when they go to sea?  
Are there springs in the ocean's bed?  
Does a "jolly tar" ooze from a tree?  
Can a river lose its head?

What kind of food is a watchman's beat?  
Can an old loom sing its lay?  
Can a poem trip without its feet?  
What notes does the gambler play?

Will a blacksmith's vise condemn his soul?  
Can book be white and read?  
To whom does the church bell pay its toll?  
Who shingles a water shed?

If a minstrel boy can sing his lay,  
Can a ship sing her "lay-to"?  
Do tigers ask for grace when they prey?  
Can a bugle note come due?

Is "Father Time" a noted thief  
For stealing the hours away?  
Can you give a window-pane relief?  
Can you mend the break of day?

Will a foreign clime make anyone tired?  
Is a mountain climb like May?  
Can a haul of fish for balls be hired?  
Can donkeys feed on a brae?

Is a purchase made when shoes are soled?  
Can an ax the rainbow hue?  
If I keep on twisting the tale I've told,  
Pray what will your readers do?

—Boston Globe.

## St. Mary's Academy.

*One Mile West of Notre Dame University.*

—Miss Nellie Dempsey, for several years a pupil of St. Mary's, and her sister, Miss E. Dempsey were welcome visitors last week.

—St. Luke's Studio is under obligations to Mr. A. F. Miller, of South Bend, and Miss M. Hurff, Elmwood, Ill., for favors received.

—The Feast commemorative of the Apparition of St. Michael was celebrated by the members of the Holy Angels' Sodality as a special festival of their own.

—Rev. Father Scherer gave an instructive sermon on "The Finding of the Holy Cross," on Saturday, May 3, after which Benediction of the Cross was given.

—Very Rev. Father General gave a beautiful instruction to the Children of Mary on Monday last, taking as his subject his favorite theme—"Devotion to the Mother of God."

—The Misses Mabel Clifford, J. Patrick and E. Regan entertained the members of St. Agnes' Literary Society with well-prepared papers on "Mrs. Hemans" and "Charles Dickens."

—The many friends of Miss B. Gove (Class '85), of Denver, Col., were pleased to welcome her to St. Mary's last week, where she spent a few days, renewing old friendships and forming new ones.

—C. S. Hamilton, M. D., Columbus, Ohio, a kind friend of the Sisters of the Holy Cross, in charge of Mt. Carmel Hospital in that city, paid a visit to St. Mary's and Notre Dame last week, and expressed himself as delighted with both institutions.

—The Junior Preparatory Arithmetic class shows commendable application in the science of numbers, and its members are especially expert in calculations relative to the time that must elapse between now and June 25. In a competition held lately those worthy of mention are the Misses E. Wagner, B. Davis, J. Patrick, M. Davis, N. McGuire, Evoy and Regan.

—Domestic economy is not omitted from the curriculum at St. Mary's, as the neat mending and darning done by the pupils, even the little Juniors, amply testify; at present the members of the Graduating class are deeply interested in the difficulties of the culinary art, and hope by June to have mastered some of the problems of cookery, upon which, according to grave philosophers, much of man's happiness or misery depends.

—The May devotions were opened Wednesday evening by Rev. Father Maher, who spoke impressively of the graces to be gained during this season of prayer, after which the President of the Children of Mary's Sodality, Miss A. Hammond, read the Act of Consecration to

Mary Immaculate, and the choir sang one of those touching hymns, so dear to the hearts of all, and expressive of the tender love the devoted client of Mary bears the Queen of Heaven.

—Very Rev. Father General, Rev. Fathers Scherer and Zahm were present at the reading of the class and conduct averages on Sunday evening. Miss M. McPhee read a selection from "All for Jesus," and by her clear enunciation and intelligent phrasing surprised many of her auditors; Miss I. Cooke made her *début* in the elocutionary art, and recited "Water Lilies" very creditably. A few interesting and instructive remarks by Rev. Father Zahm closed the meeting.

—The visitors' register of the past week bears the following names: Dr. M. O'Brien, Topeka, Kan.; M. Finnerty, Mrs. M. L. Weber, Denver, Col.; W. K. Shirey, A. Butler, C. H. Bohanon, F. A. Palmer, Miss J. G. Murison, D. McGuire, Chicago, Ill.; W. F. Morland, Shelbyville, Ind.; Mr. and Mrs. B. Claggett, Lexington, Ill.; E. Colton, Providence, R. I.; Mrs. E. Ryan, Hancock, Mich.; A. Levy, Archibald, Ohio; L. R. Neil, New York city; S. R. Culp, Athens, Mich.; Miss. T. Cahill, Mendon, Mich.; T. B. Lawler, Worcester, Mass.

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"In Union There is Strength."

The history of all nations, though presenting a variety of scenes and setting forth a multiplicity of motives, teaches in eloquent language the truth of the saying: "United we stand, divided we fall." The schism of the ten tribes and its consequent evils, the dissensions between Abraham and Lot, the condition of the Grecian colonies before the establishment of the Amphictyonic council—all point a moral which the wise of every age since have not been slow in appreciating.

Man naturally seeks the advantages of union, whether he aims at knowledge, pleasure or worldly reputation, and the famous Areopagus of Athens is but the type followed by hundreds who seek the benefits accruing from companionship. The student desirous of improvement seeks the society of those more learned than himself, thus showing the principle underlying literary clubs or guilds. The business man associates himself with another that unity of interests may produce good results financially; syndicates are formed, and the advantages of the few composing it are secured. In social circles we see that union is the essential component, and that the welfare of society depends upon the individual members constituting it; hence the family harmony should never be destroyed; for "as the family is, so is society."

Nowadays, labor unions are formed for the purpose of protecting the interests of the workman; and the question as to whether these unions are beneficial or otherwise is agitating the greatest minds of the world. In religious matters, the claim of the Catholic Church which asserts her unity is one that has ever been her glory and her pride, and it is one that the enemies of Catholicity cannot gainsay. With unity as her characteristic, she marches on triumphantly over the ruins of the sects divided among themselves, having but one port in sight—the haven of the Sacred Heart.

The advantages arising from collective bodies are not to be lightly estimated: temperance societies, the Conference of St. Vincent de Paul, numberless religious orders, the workings of all gatherings for laudable purposes, speak for themselves, and insure success. Domestic life is only beautiful when peace and union reign, and any example of conjugal happiness handed down to us owes its existence to the spirit of unity.

"Blessings brighten as they take their flight;" and the subject under consideration forms no exception to the rule; for very often we are led to fully appreciate the beauty of union, and to long for its strength, when weakness, the fruit of division, is destroying our best efforts; and how little it takes to effect discord and dissension! A word, a look, a little jealousy, a movement of anger, and the work of years is overthrown. Natural history tells us of an insect which eats away the dikes that protect seaport towns from the inroads of the water; like to them are the narrow persons who eat away the supports of friendship or society,—though beneath notice themselves, the result of their work is often disastrous. There must be union to produce strength; and this is true, whether we look at the subject from a social, a political, a business or a religious point of view. Our own loved country is an example of what may be accomplished by union, and the unhappy condition of France and Italy stands as a monument to the futility of division in the carrying out of anything worthy the name of effort.

"*Ad maiorem Dei gloriam*" is the motto of that grand body of men, the Jesuits, whose wonderful success in the vineyard of the Lord is due in a great measure to their unity, and to them may we look for the secret of all union. It must be founded on Him who is one in essence, the Lord of heaven and earth, who has said: "A kingdom divided against itself cannot stand." All science, all art and experience teach that, in order to carry out the designs of Providence,

God's creatures should be united in one, grand league to promote His glory, and His love should be the animating spirit; then would we enjoy a foretaste of Paradise where all are engaged in praising the God of unity and of strength.

ELIZABETH HEALEY (*Class '90*).

### Roll of Honor.

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

#### SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

Misses Adelsperger, Ansbach, Ahlrichs, Bates, Bogner, Bovett, Currier, Curtis, Crilly, Churchill, Cochrane, M. Davis, C. Dempsey, Deutsch, Dennison, Dorsey, Dolan, Donahue, English, Flannery, Fosdick, Green, Gordon, Hammond, Healey, Horner, Hurff, Holt, Hagus, Harmes, Hale, Hutchinson, Hamilton, Haight, Hepburn, Jungblut, Kelso, Koopmann, Lynch, Lauth, McFarland, F. Moore, Maher, McCarthy, Mullaney, Nickel, Norris, E. Nester, O'Brien, Ottis, Piper, Patier, A. Ryan, K. Ryan, Roberts, Rinn, Rentfrow, Reilly, Spurgeon, Studebaker, Schiltz, M. Schermerhorn, Violette.

#### JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

Misses Burdick, E. Burns, Clifford, M. Davis, B. Davis, Evoy, Girsch, Hickey, Holmes, C. Kasper, L. Kasper, Meskill, Mestling, O'Mara, Patrick, Philion, E. Quealy, E. Regan, Ruger, Shirey, Sweeney, E. Wagner, Waldron, M. Wagner, Wood, Wright, N. Wurzburg.

#### MINIM DEPARTMENT.

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

### SCHOOL OF ART AND DESIGN.

GRADUATING CLASS—Miss M. Schiltz.

#### ELEMENTARY PERSPECTIVE.

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

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

#### PAINTING IN WATER COLORS.

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

#### OIL PAINTING.

Misses J. Holt, B. Hellmann.

#### CHINA PAINTING.

Miss A. Regan.

#### WORKING IN CRAYON.

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

### GENERAL DRAWING.

#### SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

Misses S. Dempsey, H. Hanson, M. Jungblut, M. Otis, E. Dennison, A. Thirds, G. Lauth, E. Churchill, G. Clarke, F. Murison, A. Ahlrichs, M. Fosdick, C. Haight, A. Koopmann, M. Patier, M. Rinn, M. Schermerhorn, M. Kelso, N. Hale, H. Nacey, E. Adelsperger, L. Bernhart, A. Hanson, L. Bovett, M. Rose, B. Hepburn, N. Schermerhorn, K. McCarthy, R. Bero, H. Pugsley, R. Butler, L. Crilly.

#### JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

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