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To a Poet in Exile.

BY MAURICE F. EGAN.

"I cannot sing!" the grieving heart-harp sighed;
"The breeze that touched me lives beyond the foam;"
A rough wind struck it, and its voice replied
In sweeter music than it made at home.

O Sorrow, Sister Sorrow, thou dost give
A richer tone to poets when they cross,
To seek Eurydice, from where joys live,
And make them Godlike through thy gift of loss.

—*Lippincott's Magazine.*

The Excellence of Philosophy.

Philosophy may be ranked among the most beautiful and excellent of the different sciences, or rather as the queen of the leading sciences in the natural order. Philosophy is an intuition of principles, or the recognition of self-evident truths, and hence may be designated the science of reason, or, as Cicero defines it, "The knowledge of human and divine things in so far as they can be proved from reason."

Philosophy, then, addresses itself to human reason—one of the noblest gifts of man. By his reason man is elevated above the whole material creation; for by the powers of his intellect he masters the most difficult and abstruse sciences; on its pinions he soars even to the very heavens, numbers the stars, calculates the motions of the planets and unfolds the secrets of the firmament. But as man is an intellectual being, with an immortal soul, and as the soul has such extraordinary faculties, he is naturally led to consider the nature of his mental powers; but in order to do this, he must call philosophy to his aid. Man has an innate desire to arrive at

truth, to know the nature of things, the cause of their existence, the laws by which they are governed, and what enables them to exist.

Philosophy does not limit itself to the study of the soul and its faculties, but leads us to the consideration of existences contained in the world—existences of every grade and species. But creatures cannot have actualized themselves; nor have they the power to exist by the necessity of their nature. There must, then, be a cause of their existence, and an order not only of existence, but also an order of the commencement of existence, called the initial order.

Every creature, or specific existence, must have a specific cause; as, for instance, the acorn produces only the oak, and not a tree of a different kind. But we see in the universe not only a variety of different specific, contingent and secondary causes, but a concatenation of causes for the specific existence of beings; these causes must then be in the specific order. And though the specific causes we behold in the universe may appear to be disconnected or isolated, yet there is a connection between them. It is self-evident, and attested by observation and experience, that there can be no effect without a cause, for cause and effect are correlative; they connote each other, and the one cannot exist without the other; there is, therefore, a connection between them. This can easily be seen in the producing order of existences. One productive existence produces another, and that one still another, and so on. The relationship, or connection between these existences, is clearly seen. But there is not only a connection between productive existences in their productive order, but also a connection between them and the unproductive order of existences, as can be clearly seen from the law of attraction and repulsion. We know that the heavenly bodies

mutually attract each other as well as bodies attract each other on the earth. Besides, there is not only a mutual attraction of terrestrial bodies, but a general connection between them and the earth by means of the law of gravitation; but the general connection of cause and effect in the universe constitutes what is termed the dynamical order. Beside the dynamical order, or the order of cause and effect, there must be a teleological order, or an order of final causes which direct existing things to their end. He who denies the order of final causes is forced to deny the creative act, God the Creator of all things. In relation to this matter, I will give a passage of the Angelic Doctor as I found it quoted by San Severino:

"Since God has not created by any necessity, but by His free will, without doubt, in His supreme wisdom and goodness, He proposed an end worthy of Himself. For every intellectual being in acting must act for some end; but how much more does this apply to the Divine Intelligence. But as He created the world for some end, it is certain that He created each individual nature for its own specific end. But as God created the world for some end, each specific nature of things, whether natural or artificial, cannot arrive at the end intended unless its particular parts are destined to its special end, and the special ends of all the parts must harmonize. Therefore, we must hold that God created all things for an end, and that each individual thing has its special or specific end; but these special ends are connected with the end for which the world was created, and it serves them in the attainment of their end."

In order, then, to have a clearer conception of final causes and the nature of the teleological order, which consists in directing all things to their end, we must consider in what the end of all created things consists. The term or end of all creatures is their preservation, development, or the attainment of their natural growth, and their perfection or completion. Although this is the end intended by their nature, it is not the ultimate and absolute end intended by their creation; for the ultimate and absolute end is the *Bonitas Infinita*—the infinite goodness of God; and hence the causes leading to the end of creatures are secondary or created, as explained above.

Now, a creature needs the aid and service of other creatures for its preservation. Thus, for instance, the plant must have the earth and its moisture and a certain degree of heat for its preservation. The clouds serve the earth by their gentle and salutary showers, and in turn receive

their waters from vapors emitted from the ocean. The atmosphere we breathe serves to preserve life; the winds drive away noxious vapors, purify the air and procure the enjoyment of health. Moreover, the waters sent by the clouds on the earth enable it to bring forth vegetation which serve both man and beast. Thus, if we survey the universe we find that all things serve each other in one way or another; and that there is an order which directs all things to their end which is called *teleological*.

It cannot be said that the series of efficient causes and their effects is infinite, for that would be a contradiction in terms; they must therefore necessarily be traced to a first and uncaused, free and infinitely intelligent cause, or to the Creator of the universe. But as everything was created for an end, and final causes lead to the end of every creature or existence, we must then of necessity have an ultimate end of creation which again must be an Infinite Being; hence both efficient and final causes, as they are created or secondary, must terminate in a primary cause and in an ultimate end, or in an absolute and necessary Being. There must, then, be a prime mover, not in potentiality, not in the power of any thing, and therefore infinite in every perfection, or a most pure Act which is an infinitely Supreme Being.

From what has said in this short article we may conclude that philosophy points out to us vast regions of the highest and most profound science, and invites us not only to seek wisdom, but to seek it at its fountain head.

L. I. MILLER.

The Dream of Gerontius.

One of the greatest masters of English prose was the late Cardinal Newman. His style is absolutely pure, and reveals that fondness for the use of short Saxon words which strengthen and beautify his writings. Cardinal Newman has not confined himself entirely to prose, and has written many beautiful religious poems. They form a good example of the purity and simplicity of style, and of his facility in clothing his thoughts with a pure poetic garb. But the love of Saxon words, as the form for the embodiment of moral truths, modify that inner glow of poetic genius, leaving it with a touch of the prosaic. This has been well expressed by a recent writer who says:

"Of Cardinal Newman it is said that he is the greatest master of English style which this century has seen is generally admitted by his own countrymen, and the late

Matthew Arnold used to say that Newman's power over the English language was second only to Shakspeare's. His originality is striking. He does by means of words what the painter does by means of colors. His expression of thought and feeling is in the highest degree artistic, in the sense that it conceals art. Looking at his writings, as forming one harmonious whole, they present a grand picture containing a variety of pleasing forms and tasteful colors. Yet no brilliant success or grand peculiarity or gorgeous fault marks his style; no Ma-caulay-like trick of rhetoric is used for effect; no foreign element is introduced as a medium to convey his ideas. He kept his language pure and virgin-like; he would not wed it to any other, and no man has succeeded better than he in expressing ideas difficult of expression in English and at the same time retaining the severe precision of the schools. There is no Carlylian swagger, no uneasy bravado, no affectation of coarse forms of speech, no unnecessary obtrusion of his personality about his writings. His style is as well chosen and well fitting as a dress made even to Parisian perfection. To say that a writer is a mere master stylist, using style in contradistinction to thought, is not much of a compliment nowadays. To be able to clothe one's ideas in the clearest, and therefore the choicest language, is an accomplishment not to be despised altogether; but if a person must choose between the language and the thought, the latter is, after all, the chief thing. Obscurity of expression generally arises from confusion of thought; Cardinal Newman was master of the thought and of the word. As a man of thought, literary men compare him to Aquinas, Scotus and Plato; as a luminous stylist he is too far above modern writers to admit of comparison."

The "Dream of Gerontius" has placed its author on an exalted pedestal among the religious poets. The subject of this poem is a new one, scarcely ever attempted by other poets: it is a glance behind the veil of death. It is true, many have written of the death-bed, and it has always been a source of pathetic and touching descriptions. In this work the poet does not take us by the hand, as Virgil takes Dante, but he reveals to us, in an unsurpassed way, the experiences of a soul during the time between its separation from the body and the time it bows before its Creator to receive its doom or reward. This poem is a preface to the *Divina Commedia*—a guide that leads us over the dark and frowning abyss to the gates that open to eternal happiness. It deprives death of its sting, and excites us to lead a life so that we will fare as well as Gerontius; and it gives the reader that purity and elevation of thought which true poetry can alone inspire.

The poem opens at the death-bed of Gerontius. He knows that death is about to clasp him in its arms, not by his failing sight, or feeble, pulsating heart, but by the feeling that the very essence of life is about to leave him. His soul is on the edge of that bottomless chasm in which all that is mortal is bound to lie. The angel of death is hovering over him, and in a

few minutes will summon him away. Yet he finds consolation in the fact that his friends are at his side and are comforting him with soothing words and preparing his way with earnest prayers.

The faintness of death overcomes him for awhile, but he rallies; and, with the desire of making good use of his last few minutes, Gerontius sings a hymn in which he makes a complete profession of all the mysteries and dogmas of the Catholic Church. With marked humility he bears that which God is pleased to send. Again, another feeling comes over him, and he is pervaded by the idea that he is falling into that frowning abyss, and he is filled with terror by the presence of an evil form flapping its mighty wings. At last, wearied by the struggle, he falls asleep, and, like the gentle summer breeze, the soul departs on its journey to its Maker.

Cardinal Newman from this point now leaves the beaten road, and takes an entirely new one. The subtle feelings of the soul are clearly and delicately described. Gerontius now awakens from his deep sleep, and no longer finds himself encased in that mould of clay, which has tended to drag him downwards, but feels as light and thin as the air itself. He no longer hears the throb of his pulse, nor the ticking of the clock. It seems as if he had a dream, and he remembers that some one said: "He is gone!" and the beginning of the *Subvenite* by the priest. The sounds grow weaker, and weaker and he no longer knows whether he is dead or alive. Each sense is in its particular place, but the power of locomotion is gone.

Gerontius no longer knows the present state of his soul, but knows that he is carried onward by angelic hands. A sweet melody steals upon his senses, and he finds that it is a song of the angel guide. Burning with curiosity, Gerontius begins a conversation with the angel who assures him of a ready answer. He is puzzled as to the lapse of time that has taken place during his departure from the earth, and wonders why he is not before his Judge, and, emboldened by the reply of the angel, says:

"I ever had believed
That on the moment when the struggling soul
Quitted its mortal case forthwith it fell
Under the presence of its God,
Then to be judged and sent to its own place.
What lets me now from going to my Lord?"

The angel replies:

"Thou art not let, but with extremest speed
Art hurrying to the just and holy Judge,
For scarcely art thou embodied yet.

Divide a moment, as men measure time,
 Into its million millionth part,
 Yet even less than that the interval
 Since thou didst leave the body, and the priest
 Cried—*Subvenite*, and they fell to prayer.
 Nay, scarcely yet have they begun to pray;
 For spirits and men by different standards mete
 The less and greater in the flow of time.
 It is thy very energy of thought which keeps thee
 from thy God."

The manner in which the poet gives his explanation of time as considered by men and angels is very clear and beautiful. The soul is puzzled why it no longer fears to meet its God, who always appeared so severe; and on asking the reason of the angel, he says:

"It is because
 Then thou didst fear that thou now dost not fear.
 Thou hast forestalled the agony and so,
 For thee the bitterness of death is passed."

The soul of Gerontius and his angelic guide approach a celestial court where a loud uproar is heard. It is that of the fallen angels bewailing their lot, and reviling God for having created men to fill their places. Gerontius notices his want of perception and wonders if it will be restored to him after his penance. The soul and its guardian spirit go onward and hear the songs of the angels chanted in praise of Him who has redeemed us. They sing of God's mercy to men; but, ere they close, of the agony of the soul, which Gerontius is soon to experience. The description of Purgatory is very beautiful.

Gerontius has no fear of meeting his Creator, and longs to be with Him. He at last comes within the presence of Him who gave the soul life and to whom it must return. The voices of the people he left on earth and the pleadings of the angel ascend like perfumed incense before the throne. Here is the most striking part of the poem, and the treatment is solemn, impressive and majestic. The soul being in the presence of its Maker darts forward with an insatiable love

"To the dear feet of Emmanuel."
 But as it reaches them the keen sanctity
 Which with its effluence, like a glory, clothes
 And circles around the Crucified, has seized
 And shocked and shrivelled it; and now it lies
 Passive and still before the awful throne—
 A happy, suffering soul; for it is safe,
 Consumed, yet quickened, by the glance of God.

At the same time of this joyful change, the soul receives its sentence. It is then given over to the angels of Purgatory by its guardian angel, who says, on bidding it good-bye:

"Farewell, but not forever brother dear!
 Be brave and patient on thy bed of sorrow;
 Swiftly shall pass the night of trial here,
 And I will come and wake thee on the morrow."

The Dream of Gerontius, although the metre is sometimes irregular, and the blank verse is made to rhyme, is a truly great poem. The style and very conception of thought show the author to be a master theologian and metaphysician. Cardinal Newman rises at times to the sublime, but lacks that sonorousness of style which has characterized the grand epic poet, Milton. But he does away with the racks and pains, the glassy eye, which accompany the works of others, and in their stead makes death a peaceful sleep; and on awakening, the soul finds itself in the presence of One who has created us, and in whose presence alone we can find rest.

B. M. HUGHES.

Obscurities of Hamlet.

The dramas of Shakspeare, though given to the world over two centuries ago, are as yet not fully explained. Though hundreds of critics have written of Shakspeare and his works, and though not only all his characters, but even their most minute and unimportant expressions, have been weighed and sifted, yet such is the boundless range of his intellect that each play still retains the freshness and novelty of a new work. The most profound philosophers and the most skilful critics for two hundred years have endeavored to explain and elucidate the manifold obscurities contained in Shakspeare's tragedies with only partial success.

Hamlet, the noblest work of Shakspeare and perhaps the grandest work of human composition, is the most mysterious. The closer we study it, the more involved and interested we become. Each successive perusal gives rise to new thoughts, new suggestions, and a multitude of unexpected ideas. Notwithstanding the fact that interpretations in abundance have been offered, the obscurity does not diminish, but, on the contrary, increases; while some mysteries are solved, or appear to be solved, others innumerable spring into existence, and a clear insight into the trait of human passion, portrayed in Hamlet, seems impossible. The obscurity, in fact, seems to be a vital part of the work of art which deals not so much with a problem as with real life. In Hamlet, his character, and his situation, there is a concentration of all the interests that belong to humanity. What his real character is, can only be conjectured. By some he is thought to be an example of all that is virtuous, noble, wise and amiable; others condemn him as a mass of unfeeling inconsistency, and declare he is either a madman or a villain. However

it may be, Hamlet is an obscure character, and few fictitious or historical persons are more inexplicable.

Before attempting to speak of Hamlet's character, a glance at his situation and the surrounding circumstances is necessary. When first introduced in the play he is fresh from college; he has had no experience with the world, and was never compelled to perform any noteworthy action. Obstacles and difficulties surround him on every side. On the one hand he is burdened by a disposition averse to action. Naturally contemplative and meditative, all his time is consumed in thinking on his wrongs rather than in righting them. He is, as has been said, "a thinker rather than a doer, an habitual dweller with his own thoughts, preferring the possible to the real, until all the obligations and engagements of life become a weary task, stale and unprofitable. On the other hand, the affairs of a corrupt court are in such a condition as to bewilder and puzzle a man of so little experience. His father is just two months dead; his mother has been the wife of Claudius one month. The suspicion of his uncle's foul crime and his mother's dishonor hangs heavily over him, and has brought a mass of sorrow, of wounded feeling, of disgust, upon him. Again, the sudden transition from halls of wisdom and philosophy—where his idle fancies and glorious dreams were cherished—into the gloomy courts of sin, murder, incest, tends to increase his burden. In such a state of perplexity and depression is Hamlet introduced.

The most striking obscurity in Hamlet, and the one which first presents itself to us, is the cause of his inactivity and delay in avenging his father's murder. It is true, there was in his mind at first only a suspicion of his uncle's guilt, and while laboring under doubt there was an excuse for indecisive action. But why he remained inactive after the apparition of his father's ghost, when the fact and circumstances of his father's death were clearly demonstrated, is a matter of much controversy. Some attribute his delay of action to cowardice or lack of moral courage; others maintain that he was prevented from taking immediate revenge from the dread of punishment in the life to come. That his inactivity was caused through feebleness of mind or lack of courage is absurd. Throughout the whole he does not display the least sign of effeminacy or weakness; on the contrary, he proves himself a brave and fearless prince. In the presence of his father's spirit, he is not afraid to converse with what the stoutest warriors have trembled even to think upon;

he even jests with the visitant from darkness without betraying the least sign of fear, and from the pangs of death he seems to have gathered unwantoned vigor. Nor in all the many-colored mazes of his thought is there anything of female softness or amiable weakness. While his friend Horatio trembles and grows pale at the vision of the ghost, he stands unshaken. When the same Horatio, in fear and weakness begs him not to follow the ghost, he replies in a spirit of bold defiance:

"Why, what should be the fear?
I do not set my life at a pin's fee;
And for my soul, what can it do to that?
Being a thing immortal as itself."

In a like strain is the style of his more serious discourse, more austere and philosophic than in any other character in Shakspeare. It is not the weight and magnitude, the danger and difficulty of the deed imposed on him as a duty that prevents him from acting, but rather a lack of will-power and a want of resolution. Although he is by nature bright and intellectual, and though his intellect has been enriched by all the facilities which a university training can afford, yet all this only tends to embarrass him rather than to extricate him from his difficulties. Too much intellect supported by an insufficient amount of will-power is a burden rather than an advantage. Evidences of a weak will are apparent throughout his whole course of action, and to the lack of this quality of the mind can be attributed his remarkable inactivity.

Although seemingly inactive, Hamlet is not incapable of action if he be allowed to think the fact away into an idea. In spite of the difficulties without and within he clings to the terrible duty, letting it go for a time, but returning to it again, and in the end accomplishing it. His actions are slow, sudden, discontinuous and incoherent; but he has not failed in performing a single act he desired to transact. He is the first to board the pirate; he stabs Polonius; he sends his schoolmates Rosencrantz and Guildenstern to their death, and finally executes justice upon the king.

Not less incomprehensible or mysterious than Hamlet's inactivity is his love for Ophelia. It seems impossible to reconcile all parts of his conduct towards her with each other, and unless his regard for Ophelia was but an accidental, a youthful, or a transient affection, the difficulty cannot be overcome. Had his love for Ophelia been very profound surely this cold and unimpassioned exclamation—

"What! the fair Ophelia!"—

would not have been all he would have uttered

when struck into the sudden conviction, by the ghastliest terrors of death, that all he loved in human life had perished.

That the beautiful Ophelia held a place in Hamlet's affections is evidently true. She was young, beautiful, artless and pure; and to a mind like Hamlet's, which is almost spiritual, but of a spirit-loving nature and life, there is something touching and captivating in her. All the acts and indications of Hamlet's love seem suitable to such a feeling. Throughout the whole play, even from the beginning, Hamlet does not, either in his words or actions, manifest a sign of that love which goes even into the blood and possesses all the regions of the soul. Before misfortune had come upon him, he loved her for her beauty and purity. The moment his soul has sickened of the world, his love ceases, and there remains only tenderness, sorrow and pity. A deep and intense love that comes from the heart could not have become so affected. It would either have resisted and purged off the fire victoriously, or it would have made him hopelessly insane.

Another, and perhaps the most inexplicable point in Hamlet's character is the peculiar state of his mind. Through the whole tragedy Hamlet shows symptoms of madness; but whether this madness be real or assumed has never been fully determined. At times his behavior is inconsistent with that of a sane being; his actions are strange and mysterious; his words wild and incoherent. Again his mind appears rational; his actions are controlled with propriety, and wisdom and philosophy only are found in his speech. Most certain it is Hamlet assumed madness for certain reasons of his own; yet it is not less certain that his mind was impaired or unsettled.

His mind was not diseased in a physiological sense; but his whole being was unsettled by the misfortunes that had fallen upon him. His soul was too delicate and his mind unfit to bear the burden imposed upon it. Before he appears in public life, he has lived occupied in noble studies, apt in bodily exercise, with a taste for art, loved by the noblest father—not yet having perceived from the height of the throne to which he was born anything but the beauty, happiness and grandeur of nature and humanity. The sudden overthrow of all his hopes and the calamities that had fallen upon him were more than his sensitive nature could bear. In his very first speech, when first left alone, we see from the violence of his style and the crudity of his exact details, evidences of his unsettled spirit:

"O that this too solid flesh would melt,
Thaw and resolve itself into a dew,
Or that the Everlasting had not fixed
His canon 'gainst self-slaughter."

Again his speeches appear to be those of a child or idiot. Hollow phrases whirl in his brain and fall from his mouth as though he were in a dream. He succeeds in puzzling all he comes in contact with, and evidently this was his object in assuming madness. He is not mad, but he assumes madness as a means of concealing his actual disturbance of mind. He is aware that his over-excitability may betray him; but if it be the accepted opinion that his mind is unhinged, such an excess of over-excitement will pass unobserved. Madness he sees possesses exquisite immunities and privileges. From the safe vantage of unintelligibility he delights himself by uttering his whole mind and sending forth his words among the words of others, with their meaning disguised under the form of parables. His wild sayings are uttered merely to puzzle his auditors, or to gratify a passing mood of melancholy. As soon he has meted out justice to the king the disease of his will disappears. He is master of his words and actions. Listen to his dying words, and see if there is any madness in his soul:

"Heaven make thee free of it! I'll follow thee.
I am dead, Horatio. Wretched queen, adieu!
You that look pale and tremble at this chance,
That are but mutes and audience to this act.
Had I but time—as this fell sergeant death,
Is strict in his arrest—O I could tell you;
But let it be. Horatio, I am dead;
Thou livest; report me and my cause aright
To the unsatisfied."

D. BARRETT.

Science, Literature and Art.

—Jules Verne's latest story of travel and adventure, "Cæsar Cascabel," will be published early in the autumn by the Cassell Publishing Company by arrangement with the author.

—James Jeffry Roche, the present Editor of the *Boston Pilot*, will shortly publish a "Life" of the late John Boyle O'Reilly. The work will contain a full biography of the lamented editor-poet and patriot, from original papers, etc., in the possession of the family, together with his public orations and a large number of poems and sketches hitherto unpublished.

—Cardinal Newman was an accomplished performer on the viola, says a writer in the *London Daily Telegraph*, but of late years he had lost the power of using his fingers, for writing or playing to any extent, and some time ago he gave his instrument to Father Richard Bellasis as an especial mark of his esteem.

Apropos of this accomplishment, a good story is told of the late Bishop Ullathorne of Birmingham, who had absolutely no ear for music, and was continually enforcing on his clergy the use of plain chant. During one of his visitations he came to a certain church where the choir gave a capital rendering of Mozart's "Twelfth Mass." After the service the organist was presented to him, and he ventured to hope that the Bishop had enjoyed the music. "Not at all," was the startling reply; "very poor stuff."—"But," urged the poor organist, "Dr. Newman was here last Sunday, and he was delighted."—"Oh, I dare say," said the Bishop, "he fiddles."

—The remarkable rapidity with which the Western Union Company, New York, re-established its circuits after its recent fire, 300 being restored in a single day, has been commented upon by a leading French electrical journal which recalls, by way of contrast, a very instructive historic incident which occurred in Paris during the Commune. When the Republican Government quitted the city, the operators at the central office contrived to mix up all the wires before leaving. The Communists, knowing little of telegraphy, found the task of unravelling the wires more than they could undertake, and during the two months they held the building, they could make use of only the military lines. M. Fabre de Lagrange, who was compelled to carry out the duties of chief electrician to the Commune, was careful to keep the wires in the hopeless tangle in which he found them; and among other services to the State he sent misleading telegrams, and thus saved the destruction of many public and private buildings. These facts were clearly authenticated by the court martial which tried M. Lagrange, and he was honorably acquitted.

Books and Periodicals.

—*Scribner's Magazine* for October contains articles of life and adventure in unusual places and circumstances, as on a cable ship in the Maine lake region, and on board the "White Squadron" in port; others about interesting natural phenomena, like Professor Shaler's second paper, and the description of destructive sand-waves; articles of great practical value, like Mrs. Sylvanus Reed's paper on private schools for girls, and John W. Root's on Western city architecture; good fiction and poetry, and many rich illustrations.

—*Harper's Magazine* for October seems to have reached the highest point possible in artistic illustration. The charming little vignettes in Daudet's serial are quite equal to the French originals, which is saying a great deal. Rennell Rodd's classic poem, "The Dream of Phidias," is technically admirable and does not lack warmth. "The New Money of Lincoln's Administration" and Prof. Newberry's "The First Oil Well" are of great practical value. Some

very pleasant short stories add to the attractiveness of the magazine.

—After the spirited ballad of "Piping Jean," by Caroline D. Swan, which opens the October *Wide Awake*, the reader comes upon a good football story, a story of Phillips-Exeter Academy, written by Mrs. Adeline A. Knight, and entitled "John MacGregor's Lesson"; curiously enough, while this story describes a foot-ball game between this school and Phillips Academy at Andover, the chapters of Mr. Ward's serial, "The New Senior at Andover," chronicle a baseball contest between the same two schools; the first story is illustrated from life photographs of a typical "team" of each school.

—*The Illustrated Catholic Missions* for September has reached us, and, as usual, presents a number of interesting and instructive articles, with many illustrations, sketches and letters showing forth the work which the Church is accomplishing in far-off lands through her devoted and zealous missionaries. The *Catholic Missions* should hold the same place among English-speaking Catholics as that taken by *Les Missions Catholiques* in France and other countries. It is a "monthly record" of matters of interest and edification in connection with the Society of the Propagation of the Faith. Each number is profusely illustrated with excellent engravings which portray the manners, customs, scenery, etc., of those distant lands whose inhabitants are still buried in the darkness of paganism, but over whom the light of the Gospel is being spread through the devoted efforts of religious men and women of the present day. The *Missions* is published in this country by the Catholic Publication Society Co., New York.

—We have received from the Prang Educational Company, Boston, a pamphlet, entitled "Instruction in Drawing in Primary and Intermediate Schools in Europe and America." It is a translation of a critical review of the Prang Course in Form Study and Drawing, written by Dr. Arnold Dodel, Professor of Botany in the University of Zurich, and published in the *Pædagogium of Leipsig*, one of the leading educational journals of Germany. In presenting this article to American readers, Mr. Prang has thought it proper to give a brief account of the manner in which during the past twenty-five years this course has been developed. The Prang Course in Form and Drawing is quite well known to American educators. Not all, however, are familiar with the fact that it is the outgrowth of the movement which began twenty years ago in Massachusetts to make Art Education one of the fundamental features in public education, and that it embodies the professional knowledge and practical experience of the most eminent teachers, who during this period have successfully introduced the study of Form and Drawing into public schools. Those interested in Industrial and Art Education would do well to peruse this pamphlet.

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

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Notre Dame, Indiana.

—Very Rev. Father General Sorin has greatly improved during the week, and with care and the attention he receives will soon be convalescent. All at Notre Dame rejoice in the expectation of seeing their hopes and prayers realized in his speedy restoration to health.

—We are pleased to learn that the buildings of St. Mary's of the Woods, Vigo Co., Ind., which were recently destroyed by fire, have been replaced by more elegant and substantial structures. We congratulate the Sisters of Providence, who are among the ablest instructors in the land, upon this new evidence of the success attending their labors, and hope that their splendid academy will continue to do good work in the cause of religion and education.

—In the death of Prof. A. J. Stace the University Faculty has lost one of its most efficient and devoted members; one whose connection with Notre Dame, as student and Professor, covered a period of thirty years, and was of a most pleasant and companionable nature. He was a man of more than ordinary ability, gifted with rare mental qualities that did noble service in his chosen field of labor—the education of the young—and would have made him a shining mark in the world had he preferred to abandon the class and lecture room. Many contributions to various periodicals of the day have established his claim to distinction as a poet and *littérateur*; while among the students entrusted to his charge, and also his fellow-members of the Faculty, he was honored as philosopher, scientist and linguist. A brilliant imagination, with a lively sense of the humor-

ous, gave a peculiar attractiveness to his writings. His contributions to some of the journals and magazines of the day were highly appreciated, and plainly indicated a rich and varied talent as a writer.

During the time he was absent from Notre Dame he had the direction of an engineering corps in the Northwest; and during the six months of the International Exposition at Paris he acted as one of the United States Commissioners, having been appointed to the post by President Cleveland. In these capacities he fulfilled his duties with marked efficiency, and received the highest encomiums of his associates.

To the students he always showed himself a friend and one devoted to their interests, not alone in the class-room, but in the campus and their recreation rooms. When in the enjoyment of health he would join in their sports and amusements, and take part in their society exercises; while the dramas that he composed or adapted, and the presentation of which he directed, still remain as mementos of the departed friend and devoted teacher.

The SCHOLASTIC, as the students' paper, has, from its inception in 1867, received special marks of his interest in the numerous contributions from his facile pen, both in prose and poetry, which have adorned and enlivened its pages. (Many of these poems were collected some years ago and published in book form under the title of "Vapid Vaporings.") We may well, therefore, pay this weak tribute to his memory, expressing our sorrow at the loss we have sustained, and the confident hope that his has been the gain.

A Neglected Book.

The announcement that the Merriams are about to issue a thoroughly revised edition of "Webster's Unabridged" suggests some remarks on a class-book to which the average student pays far too little attention.

To the young man who would profitably pursue any course of studies, commercial, literary, classical or scientific, a habit of frequently referring to a dictionary of his own language is absolutely indispensable. Such a volume is a necessary auxiliary to every text-book that is placed in his hands, and none of his text-books should be oftener in use. Whether the student be memorizing a lesson, writing a letter or an essay, listening to a lecture, or simply reading for amusement, his lexicon should never be beyond his reach. Rightly considered, the dictionary is the student's friend, with whom his

intercourse should be frequent and intimate; as a matter of fact, it is too often a mere "bowing acquaintance," little seen and less consulted.

What are the uses of a dictionary? Briefly, familiarity with its pages secures us from incorrect spelling and faulty pronunciation, teaches the true signification of the words we read or hear, enlarges our vocabulary, and trains us to accuracy in the use of language. As to orthography, the student, when writing, should make it a rule to consult his dictionary in the case of every word with whose *written* appearance he is not perfectly familiar. Phonetic spelling has not yet become authorized, and *sound* is anything but a trustworthy guide in English orthography. Students should keep a list of the words which they most commonly misspell, and frequently review it. When they know a word so well that it looks odd or queer unless correctly spelled, they may erase it from the list.

Of the use of the lexicon in memorizing lessons or in general reading, nothing can be better said than this of Brother Azarias in "Books and Reading": "Consult your dictionary. Do not give yourself the habit of passing over words of whose scope and meaning you are ignorant. Such a habit begets a slovenly mode of thinking Every intellect has a certain limited vocabulary of words in which it thinks, and it fully grasps an idea only when it has translated that idea into its own familiar forms of expression It is of primary importance to know, beyond mere guess-work, the precise meaning of the words one reads." No young man likes to be told that he doesn't know what he is talking about; but it sometimes happens that a student who has committed a lesson thoroughly to memory merits this rebuke, because he has not "looked up" words of whose meaning he has only a vague idea, or no idea at all.

Finally, the average student should frequently consult his dictionary in order to improve his orthoëpy. If his pronunciation is not susceptible of very considerable improvement, he is not the average, but the exceptional student. Most men, even among the educated classes, are guilty of occasional orthoëpic blunders, and most boys mispronounce at least one fourth of their whole vocabulary. They misplace the accent, confound the different sounds of the vowels, and curtail syllables with a recklessness quite reprehensible. There are no "jaw-breakers" in the following list of words; but it is a tolerably safe assertion that the average youth cannot, unaided, correctly pronounce one-third of the number: With, often, sojourn, epistle, vagary, virago, squalor, suffice, adept, discern,

flagrant, peremptory, grievous, ludicrous, consummate, lamentable, contumely, exemplary, sacrifice, comment, abstractly, heinous, desuetude, obligatory, egregious.

While it is quite possible to make a hobby of orthoëpy, and to become finical in one's style of pronouncing, it is certain that any one with pretensions to the title of an educated man should endeavor to avoid forms unauthorized by Webster or Worcester. The dictionary merits more attention than it receives.

Labor and Toil.

Were labor a pleasure it would lose the greater part of its reward. God furnished the timber, iron and stone, but He did not erect our habitations. He furnished the soil and the seed, but man must cultivate; and to insure the necessity of that cultivation He created the weeds and thistles, which required no cultivation, and ordained that they should overcome and smother out the seed if not eradicated; He gave us faculties, but he did not cultivate them: all pointing out the certain Divine command—Labor.

But the idle man cannot see anything of this; he only comprehends the fact that the world is very beautiful, and that God did a very wise thing in creating the shade for him to lie in. He never thinks that this must all be paid for, but educates himself in such sophistry as requires very little thought. He always keeps up his faith in circumstances—and is, whether he believe it or not, a fatalist. He will tell you that certain men were born to fill positions of honor and trust, and no amount of exertion can raise any other man to those places. He will show you how contentment is the true source of happiness, and a thousand other old maxims which he has perverted to justify the course he is pursuing. Now, the influence of circumstances in shaping our mental and moral growth is very slight. It depends upon the man himself. If he have the will and earnest determination to be a scholar, a philosopher or mathematician, then all the circumstances that were ever combined cannot prevent him. He will rise above them, and come out from the conflict a stronger and greater man for having overcome them. If he have genius, then so much the better or the worse for him in proportion as he interprets and makes use of it. Many a man who might have been, and should have been, a brilliant light in the intellectual world, in the bitterness and humiliation of defeat can thank genius for

his ruin. Genius, like circumstances, is only an aid when rightly used; and it is so often abused, and is altogether such an intangible and difficult thing to understand, that I would prefer the faculty of earnest, steady application to produce great results to all the genius that was ever concentrated in the world.

It is easy for a straw to float on the surface, and it is deserving of no reward for so doing. Now, I might point out to the idler how he is ignoring, going against the express will of God; I might appeal to the highest possible motives for action—motives that transcend the bounds of earthly things and overlap the infinite—but, in all probability, he would fail to comprehend my meaning and possibly doubt my sincerity. But this he can understand, and I appeal to the experience of the world in all ages for its truth, that unless you labor the world will despise you. You cannot avoid it; it is fixed, and perfectly immutable. Ambitious men will pass you by; honest men will shun you. The world has work to do; and they who are willing to do their own work and yours will receive the reward that belongs to you, and never thank you for it. No, they will despise you rather for the indolent, useless creature that you are. A man who adds nothing to the great granary of the world is a beneficiary, a nuisance; and working-men are justified in condemning him. Men do not work for the mere love of toil, it is not natural; but along the whole pathway of life are strewn the legitimate rewards of labor, and they alone are sufficient incentive. Here is where little circumstances make men great. The habit of labor is a little thing, but it must be acquired; and its acquisition renders its possessor the peer of the world's kings.

Young man! are you a student? The world has need of you by-and-by; it cannot afford to lose you, nor can you afford it. No matter how humble are your prospects, or how simple your ambition, you at least wish to be respected; you wish to be considered a man; and I tell you unless you study, unless you labor, you cannot be respected, and you will surely be despised. The world will pay for that which it receives; and though it may not reward you as you think you deserve, yet the consciousness of your own self-respect is worth the remainder. Here, then, is the great circumstance which will make you a great man. It remains with you to say whether you will improve it and accept your certain reward, or drift down the stream of life—a straw—to the great unfathomable ocean of the world beyond. You have a talent! Will you bury it in the mire of vice and sin, which is always the

result of idleness? If so, how will you account for it when you stand before your Creditor and your Judge? Will you dare to excuse your idleness? I think not.

It makes but little difference what you do, if you only do it well; the world is not over-critical. Peter the Great learned to make shoes, and said that the happiest days of his life were passed in that employment. You can do something; only prove your title to the name of a man, and the world will honor you for it. Do not be discouraged if you have mistaken your calling. There are positions which you will never reach, and it is well for you that you cannot. You may never become President of the United States. God may not have given you capacity to fill the position; but you can fill some other position—and there are thousands of them—just as honorable. You may not be able to write a great book, or poem; but you can, at least, assist to make the paper on which it is written. Then there is no excuse for you to remain idle. You can find work to do. Be ready, and if circumstances favor you accept them, but never wait for anything so fickle and uncertain. You will find this course the wisest and most practical for you to pursue. It will strew your pathway with garlands here, and when you are called beyond the river of life you will not go empty-handed. D.

Father Cooney's Book.

A RECORD OF WHAT WAS DONE FOR THE TEMPORAL
AND SPIRITUAL BENEFIT OF THE SOLDIERS
ON BOTH SIDES IN THE LATE WAR.

With all that has been written on the late war, little or nothing has been published recording the part taken by Catholic chaplains and Sisters of the various religious orders in their work in the hospitals and on the field of battle. Such a contribution to the history of the war is, however, likely to appear before a very distant day. Rev. P. P. Cooney, C. S. C., of Notre Dame University, is now in Washington gathering information for such a work. During the war, and ever since then, Father Cooney has been pursuing this work; but it has not been until recently that he has been able to devote much of his time to it. As an army chaplain Father Cooney has had a most interesting career.

Soon after the war broke out he was invited by Governor Morton, of Indiana, through his Superior to take charge, as chaplain, of an Irish regiment, then being organized at Indianapolis. It was called the 1st Irish 35th Regiment, Indiana, Volunteers. Having enlisted for the second three years, they were called "Vet-

erans," and Father Cooney was with them to the end of the war.

It was in 1862 that the rank of chaplain was made by Congress, and Father Cooney was largely instrumental in bringing the matter before Congress. In that year, Senator Wilson endeavored to have chaplains abolished in the army. The generals and commanders were called upon to give their testimony as to the advisability of establishing the rank and as to the efficacy of the work done by chaplains. Among the first to testify was Gen. Butler, and his memorable words regarding the work of Catholic chaplains have gone into history: "I answer that they are especially useful because they are subject to a higher than a military law." Congress promptly established the rank of chaplain, with pay of captain. Before the Indiana regiment had left for the seat of war, Gov. Morton had met Father Cooney, and, being in Washington at the time, addressed the following note to President Lincoln, the original of which I had the pleasure of seeing this week, together with Mr. Lincoln's reply. It is written on a sheet of the Executive Mansion note paper, and reads as follows:

TO THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES:

"I respectfully nominate Rev. P. P. Cooney, a Catholic priest of Indiana, for the Indiana troops at large. There are Catholics in every regiment, and, in my opinion, it is justice, as well as sound policy, to appoint a chaplain for them.

"O. P. MORTON,
"Governor of Indiana."

The following endorsement is written on the reverse side of the paper:

"Let the appointment within requested be considered as made, to take date from the passage of a law, which will be passed, authorizing me to make such appointment.

"A. LINCOLN.

"February 3, 1862."

Father Cooney served with the Indiana troops during the entire four years of the war, and a narrative of his individual experiences on many a field of battle will of itself be interesting. On the morning of the battle of Stone River he said Mass for the troops, and in turning around to say *Dominus vobiscum*, he saw General Rosecrans and Colonel Garesche among the soldiers who had come forward to receive Holy Communion. The afternoon of the same day he witnessed the shooting of Colonel Garesche, and was with that young officer when he died.

While the reverend gentleman narrates many pathetic incidents he also occasionally drops into a humorous vein, and many of his anecdotes are exceedingly enjoyable. Speaking of the fidelity existing between soldiers, he tells of two young Irishmen who entered into an agreement to look after one another in case of one or the other being wounded. One of them was shot in the leg, and called to the other to take him off the field. The sound one took his wounded comrade upon his back and started with his burden for the hospital, but on the way a cannon ball took off the head of the

wounded one. The other kept on with his load when an officer asked him what he was doing with that dead man on his back. He answered in astonishment that his comrade was not dead; but, on looking up, seeing that the poor fellow's head was gone, said: "Be jabbers, he towld me he was only wounded in the leg."

Father Cooney informs us that the Order of the Holy Cross sent six priests and fifty Sisters to the war, the latter serving mostly in the hospitals along the Mississippi River. It is his desire to secure a complete history of the work done by Sisters of Charity, Sisters of Mercy, and other orders in both the Federal and Confederate service. With that object in view, he intends to visit all the Northern and Southern cities. To-day, he goes to Norfolk, Va., to meet Rev. L. P. O'Connell, chaplain of St. Vincent's Hospital of that city, a brother of Rev. Dr. O'Connell, of Brooklyn, both of whom were chaplains in the Southern army during the war. On his return from Norfolk he will visit Baltimore, where several of the Sisters are located who were actively ministering to the sick and wounded in the hospitals. Father Cooney can be addressed Washington, care of St. Peter's Church.

In conversation with two Southern gentlemen on the subject of Father Cooney's coming book, I was informed that there are now living several priests who were with the Confederate army during the war, notable among the number being Rev. Father Hubert, now of New Orleans, who went out as chaplain to a Louisiana brigade, and was desperately wounded at Gettysburg while ministering to the wounded on that bloody field. Mr. D. A. Blanchard, of Washington, whose father commanded the First Louisiana Regiment, in which he himself was a lieutenant, pays Father Hubert a glowing tribute for the service he rendered his regiment.

Father O'Keefe is another priest remembered by Confederate soldiers with feelings of love. Stationed near Richmond, he was constantly moving from one point to another, sometimes in the Union ranks and sometimes within the Confederate lines. He became so well known that a pass was hardly ever required of him; and it is doubtful if any other person during the entire war had such free permission to pass from one army to another as did Father O'Keefe. He afterward became assistant to Bishop Kain when he was stationed over the church at Harper's Ferry. Father O'Keefe died some years ago.

Rev. Father Mooney, of New York, chaplain of the famous 69th, and Father Gillen, chaplain of the Irish Legion, must have preserved much valuable data that would be of great service to Father Cooney, and it is hoped he may be able to secure it. It is said that the Sisters of Charity at Emmitsburg have much valuable information among their records also. The publication of Father Cooney's book will be looked forward to with great interest.

N. T. T.

—Michigan Catholic.

Obituary.

REV. PATRICK J. MORAN, C. S. C.

It is our sad and painful duty to record the death of the Rev. Patrick J. Moran, C. S. C., who departed this life on the 25th inst. The deceased entered the Community of the Holy Cross, December 8, 1876, and was connected with the Faculty of the University up to the year 1882, when he was transferred to the establishment of the Order at Côtés des Neiges, near Montreal. There he continued his efficient and zealous services in the work of education, and was ordained priest. A few years later the dread disease, consumption, fastened itself upon his delicate constitution and he sought a southerly climate in the hope of recovering his health. About a year ago he returned to Notre Dame and calmly and resignedly awaited the end which came last Thursday and found him well prepared. Father Moran, in the work of teaching and in the exercise of his sacred ministry, was zealous and devoted; his life was bright and companionable to all with whom he was associated, and a model of edification and instruction to his fellow-religious. May he rest in peace!

PROF. ARTHUR J. STACE, '64.

Last Thursday evening, at half-past five o'clock, the genial and gifted Professor A. J. Stace, of the University Faculty, breathed his last after a lingering illness, borne with truly Christian fortitude and patience. For more than three years he had suffered from the dread malady which finally carried him off; but during that time no murmur escaped his lips, and often, with heroic self-control, he appeared to all the same social and scholarly gentleman that he had always shown himself during his long association with his fellow professors and the students of Notre Dame. Despite the painful nature of his illness, his last moments were calm and peaceful, and he met the summons of his Maker fortified by all the rites of Holy Church and in the profession of that Christian faith to which from early childhood days he had been true before earth and Heaven. Though the old students and the hosts of friends which Prof. Stace had made everywhere will learn with deep sorrow the tidings of his death, yet for all, both friends and relatives—to whom Notre Dame extends its sincerest sympathy and grieves with them in the great loss sustained—there is the inexpressible consolation that the Christian life of the deceased has been fittingly crowned by a happy end.

Prof. Arthur J. Stace was born on the 28th of January, 1838, at Berwick in the County of Sussex, England. His childhood passed away in rural happiness on his father's farm, where he received his elementary education under the immediate supervision of his mother, a talented and highly educated lady. When he was about nine or ten years of age, his mother,

previously a member of the Church of England, became a convert to the Catholic Church, and Mr. Stace himself was baptized in that Church March 11, 1849, and afterwards received confirmation from his Eminence Cardinal Wiseman, then Bishop, *in partibus*, of Melepotanus. From 1849 to 1852 Mr. Stace continued to improve his mind and fit himself for future usefulness.

In June, 1852, the family removed to Canada West (now Ontario), and took up their abode at Toronto, where they resided till 1858. During this time, Mr. Stace served a five years' apprenticeship in the art of printing in the *Mirror* office, then conducted by Mr. C. Donlevy. In May 1858, Mr. Stace came to the United States, and took up his abode at Marshall, Michigan, where he taught a Catholic school for some time.

In January, 1860, he entered the University of Notre Dame as a student, where he soon won universal sympathy by his pleasing manners and sociable disposition, and after a short experience in that capacity engaged as a teacher in the Preparatory Department, pursuing, at the same time, those studies of the Collegiate Course in which he was still deficient. He continued thus till 1864, when he received, in June, the degree of Bachelor of Arts, and in June, 1866, the second degree of Master of Arts.

From the time of his graduation, in 1864, Prof. Stace had been, with two or three brief interruptions, engaged in teaching at the University of Notre Dame. He taught, successively, many of the branches taught in the University, and finally adopted the Mathematics as a specialty, and up to the time of his death was Professor of Mathematics and Civil Engineering.

The funeral services took place from the college church this (Saturday) morning. A Solemn Mass of *Requiem*, at which the Faculty and students assisted, was celebrated by Rev. President Walsh, attended by Rev. Fathers Zahm and Morrissey as deacon and subdeacon. The sermon was preached by Rev. D. J. Spillard, C. S. C., and was an eloquent tribute to the memory of his departed classmate. The remains were then borne to the cemetery at Notre Dame, where they were laid to rest beside those of Prof. Lyons—the old-time friend of the deceased. May he rest in peace!

Local Items.

- Now is the time.
- Silence in the corridors!
- Where did you get that hat?
- Several society reports and other items have been unavoidably crowded out this week.
- All the classes are in good running order, and the societies in a flourishing condition.
- The number of students now in attendance is over 400, all in the best of health and spirits.
- The athletes of the various Halls are mak-

ing active preparations for the Field Sports on Founder's Day.

—We are informed that a bicycle club will be formed in the near future, by some of the University crack riders.

—NOTICE.—The SCHOLASTIC will be ready for distribution at 3.30 p. m. on Saturdays. Please do not call at the office before that time.

—The students in Brownson Hall are given a musical treat every Sunday, so far, in the form of a large music box. It is simply elegant.

—The "poet-philosopher," whose verses the Seniors of days of yore so much appreciated, still gets an occasional inspiration at Watertown.

—Very Rev. Father General's appearance on Tuesday, after being confined to his room for over two weeks, was hailed with joy by all at Notre Dame.

—A complete set of indoor games has been presented to the Novitiate by the directors of the Junior reading-room. The novices return thanks for the kindness.

—Rev. Emil Lafont, C. S. C., left Notre Dame on Tuesday morning *en route* to Eastern Bengal, where he will engage in missionary work. The Congregation of Holy Cross has a number of establishments in that part of India.

—A large dredge is in process of construction on the southwestern shore of St. Mary's Lake. The South Bend Cement Co. have the work in hand for the purpose of utilizing the valuable marl with which the lower lake abounds.

—The races and games on St. Edward's Day promise to be more exciting this year than ever before. One of the interesting features will be a bicycle race, as there are a very large number of wheels here at present. Look out for Robinson in the safety race!

—A course of vocal music, which promises the very best results, has been instituted in the Novitiate under the direction of Bro. Basil, C. S. C. The class is taught daily, and the novices have already made considerable progress under the skilful supervision of their instructor.

—We were pleased to greet, on Wednesday last, the Rev. A. B. Oechtering, the zealous Rector of St. Joseph's Church, Mishawaka, who has just returned from a trip to the old country. He is looking well and hearty, and greatly improved in health by his vacation tour.

—The reorganization of the Band took place during the week under the direction of the able and energetic leader, Rev. M. Mohun, C. S. C. There are several vacancies still remaining which, it is expected, will be filled during the coming week. Those desirous of membership should make early application to Father Mohun.

—On Tuesday as Very Rev. Father General drove by, the "Princes," assembled in full force in St. Edward's Park, gave him a royal salute. It was a surprise and a joy to him. He stopped the carriage for a moment, and in his own graceful and affectionate way returned their warm

greeting and, more than by words, expressed by his looks the happiness that the sight of so many bright, beaming faces gave him. May his presence gladden the Minims and all at Notre Dame for many years to come!

—At the recent Republican Congressional Convention, held in Laporte, Col. Wm. Hoynes, of the Law Department of the University, withdrew his name, though a renomination was within his grasp had he desired it. The reason of his action was that he was entitled to the honor of a nomination by acclamation, and as there was no unanimity in the Convention, he could not permit the consideration of his candidacy. The *South Bend Times* says:

"He was entitled to that honor by reason of his splendid campaign of two years ago, when he made a larger net gain than any other Republican Congressional candidate in the State. He did this entirely at his own expense, neither asking nor receiving any aid from the Republican Congressional Committee. In view of his extraordinary race two years ago he had a right to expect the tender of a unanimous renomination. . . .

"From a personal point of view, Col. Hoynes has many reasons to congratulate himself on being relieved of the burden of a toilsome and expensive campaign. He pursued a thoroughly honorable course in regard to a second race, frankly telling his Republican friends that a unanimous and hearty call to again lead the Republican forces in the district would be regarded as obligatory, and accepted with a full appreciation of the responsibility attaching to the same. A nomination obtained in a contest he could not entertain for a moment. He has the proud satisfaction of knowing that his conduct has been that of an honorable, upright gentleman."

The *Plain Dealer* of Laporte adds:

"And to-day no man is closer to the hearts of the people of this district than William Hoynes."

—At a meeting of the Amateur Athletic Union on Aug. 30, says the *Cleveland Leader*, the record of 44 feet 8¼ inches for the running hop, step and jump made by Harry M. Jewett at Detroit on Aug. 17, was accepted, and it now becomes the best American amateur record, excelling by 3¼ inches the previous one held by J. H. Clausen, of the Boston Athletic Association. Jewett is 20 years of age, 6 feet 1 inch tall, weighs 169½ pounds in athletic clothes, and his chest measures 39½ inches; natural. He has been a student of the Notre Dame University of Indiana for the past five years and was graduated in the civil engineering course last spring. He has participated in rowing, base-ball, football and field contests for the past four years, and has made some remarkable records. He has cleared 5 feet 10 inches for the running high jump, and 21 feet 4¾ inches for the running broad jump. His running time for 100 yards is 10 1-5 seconds, and he can put a 16 pound shot 35 feet 8¾ inches. Last May he joined the Detroit Athletic Club. On June 14 he won the Western championship 100 yard run, defeating John Owen, the champion of America, and also the running broad jump. On Aug. 21, at Syracuse, in the 100 yard run, he defeated Mortimer Remington, the celebrated sprinter of the Manhattan Athletic Club. Although the track was very muddy, owing to rain, the time returned for the race was 10 1-5 seconds. Jewett also won in the run-

ning broad jump and in putting the 16 pound shot. When he broke the record for the running hop, step and jump the ground was so hard that it gave him a stone bruise on the foot he hops with. His hop on this occasion was 17 feet. He is quite sure that on ground suitable for the game he can cover considerably more than the present record. He intends to take part in the 100 and 220 yard runs at the American championship games at Washington on Oct. 11. Jewett is unquestionably a very promising amateur athlete.

Roll of Honor.

SORIN HALL.

Messrs. H. Allen, A. Ahlrichs, Brelsford, Burger, Berry, Blackman, Brady, Bachrach, J. Bovett, Cavanagh, Cartier, Clayton, Chute, Chute, Jas. Dougherty, Fitzgibbon, C. J. Gillen, E. Hoover, Herman, Hackett, Hummer, Murphy, Morrison, J. McGrath, Neef, O'Neill, O'Brien, Prichard, Paradis, Paquette, Rothert, Reynolds, N. Sinnot, R. Sinnot, E. Scherrer, C. Scherrer, O. Sullivan, J. B. Sullivan, F. Vurpillat.

BROWNSON HALL.

Messrs. Aarons, E. Ahlrichs, Bundy, Blameuser, Bell, Benz, Connors, T. Coady, Cassidy, Crall, Castanado, Correll, Coad, Combe, Connolly, P. Coady, Dechant, Dela Pena, Dahler, Dacy, Frizzelle, Flanagan, Fleming, Guertin, L. J. Gillen, Gruber, Grove, Hospes, Huber, Heineman, Hennessy, Hausske, Houlihan, Hubbard, Joslyn, Jacobs, Jackson, C. C. Keyes, Kearns, J. King, Karasynski, Keenan, Kyle, Krembs, Kelly, Layton, Long, Langan, Wilson, Myler, Mozier, McCabe, Manly, Mock, Mug, Mitchell, Mahany, Maurus, McAuliff, Murphy, McDonnell, F. McKee, J. McKee, Moncado, Masi, McConlogue, McGonigle, O'Keefe, Olde, O'Shea, Otis, Otero, O'Brien, Powers, Paris, Phillips, Priestly, Richardson, Roberts, Roper, A. M. Robinson, Stanton, J. F. Sullivan, S. M. Scholfield, Sanchez, Sinclair, Sanford, Schaack, J. Sinnot, V. Vurpillat, Vidal, Vandecar, Vital, Waugh, White, Wall, Walsh, Wood, Youngerman, Zeitler.

CARROLL HALL.

Messrs. Anson, Boohar, Burns, Bolland, Ball, E. Bates, Brady, Blumenthal, Boyd, B. Bates, Casey, Cole, Carney, C. Connor, W. Connor, Cope, Coe, Cregier, Collmann, Connolly, Connell, Collins, E. Connors, Cummings, Chassaing, Campbell, Du Bois, Drumm, Delany, Ellwanger, Foley, Fitzgerald, Falk, Alfred Funke, Arthur Funke, Fox, Gerlach, Green, G. Gilbert, H. Gilbert, Hill, Hannin, Hack, Hude, Hagus, Hoerr, Hake, Haddican, Hahn, Jackson, Kearney, Kennedy, Kanmeyer, Lorie, Leonard, Luther, Mitchell, Mattox, Mott, Morrison, Marr, A. McPhillips, McDonnell, Mattes, H. Nichols, W. Nichols, Neef, Mester, O'Neill, O'Rourke, O'Mara, Pope, Pena de La, Payne, Pomeroy, Palmer, Quill, Quinlan, Renesh, Roper, Scallen, Stokes, Schillo, Stapleton, Smith, Sutter, Treff, Tong, Tucker, Thorn, Teeters, Vandercook, Weinmann, Wolff, Welch, Zinn.

ST. EDWARD'S HALL.—(Minims.)

Masters Allen, Adler, Ball, O. Brown, F. Brown, Bixby, Blumenthal, Burns, Blake, W. Crawford, A. Crawford, A. Coquillard, Cornell, Coon, Curry, Chapoton, Cross, Croke, Christe, Drant Ezekiel, E. Furthmann, W. Furthmann, Fuller, Fischer, Fossick, Funk, T. Finnerty, W. Finnerty, Freeman, Girardin, Girsch, Griesheimer, Hoffman, Haddican, Hamilton, Higginson, Henneberry, Howell, Jonquet, Krollman, Kuehl, Kern, Keeler, Loomis, Lonergan, Levi, Lounsberry, G. Lowrey, T. Lowrey, McPhee, Myers, Maternes, McGuire, McInyre, McPhillips, H. Mestling, E. Mestling, Marre, Nichols, Oatman, Otero, Pellenz, Peiser, Paul, Ransome, Ronning, Rose, Russell, Stephens, G. Scherrer, W. Scherrer, Stone, Trujillo, L. Trankle, Wolff, Wilcox, Warburton, White, Washburne, Windmuller, Zoehrlaut.

More About "The King-Fisher."

[The following communication has been received from a learned friend whose thorough knowledge of the classics would overawe any ordinary mortal. We hope, however, it will lead to the removal of all doubt in this important matter.—ED. SCHOL.]

"CEDAR BROOK, MINN.,

"Sept. 22, 1890.

"EDITOR SCHOLASTIC:

"I was not a little amazed at the claims which a certain 'local fisherman' puts forward in your last issue in behalf of an instrument which he has been pleased to call the 'King-Fisher,' and the invention (?) of which, he affects to believe, is a just reason for felicitation. All of which your humble subscriber knows to be utterly false and can consider it nothing less than an attempt to impose on the credulity of unsuspecting victims. Indeed, I have no doubt that his purpose in writing was his own personal aggrandizement, and the vaunting himself into fame by his claims to the invention of a machine which, it is well known among scholars, was universally used by the ancient Greeks and Romans, as well as among the most enlightened tribes of Persia. It is my intention here to frustrate his project by adducing such proofs of the ancient character of the instrument as cannot fail to convince a discerning public.

"Thucydides, whose antiquity few will be disposed to question, tersely describes this machine which, he says, was much used by the aristocratic fishermen of Athens. Here are his words: *Εἶδον ἐν ταῖς Ἀθήναις ὄργανον θαυμαστόν διὰ τοῦτο δὲ ἐπὶ ποτάμῳ τις ἐπιστάς τὸ δίχτυον εἰς τὸ μέσον ἐξέβαλεν.* (Book III., Chap. 19.)

"Again Cicero, recounting in 'De Senectute' the pleasures of a country life, gives a glowing account of this contrivance which he calls a 'little ship,' after which comes this remarkable passage:

"*Est tamen, nescio quomodo, delectamentum mirabile; ex illa navicula oriens quam nemo negat hominibus ab aliquo deo esse datam.*"

"There! Granted to man by some god! And yet there are not wanting nowadays those who lay claim to an invention which the 'Prince of Pagan Eloquence' clearly and distinctly affirms to be then well known among men. And to think of having it patented! We hereby enter a most vigorous protest.

"Other authorities, indeed, we might cite in proof of the antiquity of the so-called 'King-Fisher'; but we trust that the evidence already adduced will suffice to confound the anonymous contributor whose pretentious temerity demands this exposure.

"Hoping that my humble efforts to rectify a flagrant wrong have not been altogether futile, I beg to remain, sir,

Yours truly,

"JAMES GABRIEL CASS."

St. Mary's Academy.

One Mile West of Notre Dame University.

—Miss G. Walton, an old pupil and esteemed friend, was a most welcome visitor last week.

—Rev. Father Scherer presided the distribution of "good points" on Sunday last, after which he made a few remarks relative to the effects of Christianity on woman's position in the world.

—St. Edward's reading-room was last week reopened for the scholastic year; several new books have been presented to its library, and, thanks to a kind friend, *Blackwood's Magazine* has been added to the periodicals received.

—A full account of the last search for botanical specimens, so graphically given by the graduates, might be mistaken for one of Münchenhausen's adventures, although wire fences, burrs, cows, etc., were not among the obstacles he met in his way.

—The mending circles were formed on last Wednesday, and here and there might be heard—not in dolorous pitch, but in the happy tones of youth—"stitch, stitch, stitch, on this lovely autumn day. There! it is finished at last, and I'll be off and away!"

—At the academic meeting of the 21st, Miss M. Hurff gave great pleasure to all lovers of good reading by her charming rendition of a selection from Father Faber's beautiful work, "The Foot of the Cross"; Miss Maud Patier then recited with good effect "The First Settlers' Story."

—On Saturday evening, the first of a series of lectures was given by the Directress of the Music Department. An hour was devoted to an interesting explanation of the method, or musical course, as given in the catalogue; and the immediate result of the instruction was a new interest in the theory of music, which is so often neglected.

—Everywhere and by all is Very Rev. Father General's absence felt, and fervent prayers are daily offered that he may soon gladden his faithful children at St. Mary's with his kindly words and fatherly counsel. In the meantime, knowing from the past the beautiful qualities it is his delight to see cultivated, all are striving to become worthy pupils of the Institution founded by him and fostered since with such untiring solicitude.

—The Children of Mary wore their badges last Sunday for the first time this year. How much does not the simple blue ribbon and silver medal signify! The society, which has been established so long a time, is still guided by the old rules; hence it is made up of the most exemplary among the Catholic pupils. It is to

be hoped that the Confraternity, which has numbered saints among its members, may even prove a means of sanctification to the pupils of St. Mary's.

—Our Blessed Mother, under her beautiful title of "Our Lady of Sorrows," being the special patroness of the Sisters of the Holy Cross, Sunday, the Feast of the Compassion, was a day of loving devotion at St. Mary's. At the early Mass, which was celebrated by Rev. Father Lafont, the Children of Mary received Holy Communion; the celebrant of the High Mass was Rev. Father Scherer, who took as the subject of his excellent sermon "The Dolors of Mary." The altars were tastefully decorated with choice flowers, and a representation of the *Mater Dolorosa* was exposed to veneration. All nature seemed to rejoice in our Blessed Mother's patronage; and the bright sunshine that stole up, even to her shrine, shedding a many-tinted radiance around her statue, was significant of the joy and light which now crown her life of sorrows.

—One of the many advantages afforded the pupils of St. Mary's is the regular literary society with weekly reunions. In order to secure the full benefit accruing from such meetings, there are four divisions, the work in each being graded to suit the capacity of the several classes composing it. St. Teresa's Society, comprising the Graduating and First Senior classes, has as its aim the cultivation of an intelligent love for the highest and best in literature; to attain this end, standard authors are read and discussed, and criticisms and compositions, prose and poetical, are required. At the first meeting held on Tuesday, the 23d, the following officers were elected for the scholastic year: President, Miss M. Hurff; Vice-President, Miss K. Morse; Secretary, Miss J. Currier; Treasurer, Miss M. Fitzpatrick; Librarian, Miss F. Moore.

Devotion to the Blessed Virgin.

Among the icy crags of the Alps and on the wide expanses of Arctic fields, the earth sends forth a tiny blossom which, standing in its bed of snow, looks up to the blue sky, whose hue it reflects, and drinks in the glad sunlight. Along quiet streams that carry verdure far and wide, nodding flowers bloom and shed their fragrance sweet; in the thick, luxuriant fastnesses of the south the air is heavy with the odor of floral beauties—everywhere are there flowers making earth beautiful and fair.

Exquisite as are the blossoms of wild-wood, roadside or *parterre*, there are in the world of devotion; flowers surpassing those of mountain, plain and dale. Springing up in unlooked-for places do we find the tender blossom so dear to Catholic hearts—devotion to Mary Immaculate,

Mother of God. At Bethlehem's crib we see her; and as we feast our eyes on the tiny Infant God—the flower that sprang from the root of Jesse—our love goes out to Mary, His Mother. We follow Jesus in His work at Nazareth, and while we pray to Him, behold! twined around our prayers are the tendrils of loving devotion to Mary. On Calvary's height, when our tears flow fast at sight of a crucified God, we turn at Jesus' word and gaze upon that broken-hearted Mother, Golgotha's passion flower.

Yes, the flower of devotion to Mary, that "Lily among thorns," is ever living in the hearts of those who love her Son. The cold world may kill the blossom; but the root is far down in the warm soil of the heart, where it was planted in youth and nourished in childhood's hours. Prayers may be laid aside, virtue trampled on, God even forgotten, when, after years of sin and sorrow, the sight of a little medal of Heaven's Queen or the chance reading of the title "Child of Mary," will sink into the heart like gentle spring rain into the earth; and lo! the root sends forth a tendril, and on his knees the sinner cries: "Holy Mary, Mother of God, pray for me!" and the fragrance of the flower of devotion to Mary never fails to touch the Heart of Jesus.

In all ages has the Church incited her children to great devotion to the Blessed Virgin, and in every pontificate numerous have been the spiritual favors offered as an incentive to renewed fervor in Mary's service. As children of the United States, we glory in being under the patronage of Mary conceived without sin, and Pio Nono shall ever hold a warm place in our hearts for this honor to our beloved land.

To the reign of Leo XIII. was it left to give a fresh impetus to the veneration of Mary, and the institution of the devotion known as the "the Month of the Holy Rosary," and the new title in the Litany of Loreto, are as jewels in the crown that world-wide esteem and reverence have placed on his brow. Living as we are in halls consecrated to her and founded by one whose every day has been marked by special devotion to Heaven's Queen and blessed by evidences of her loving protection over him, dwelling within the shadow of a temple called "Our Lady of Loreto," visiting each day the shrine enriched with all the indulgences of the *Santa Casa* in Rome, how happy should we be! Under her loving protection may we sow the seeds of virtue deep within our hearts, and kneeling at her feet, may we as children invoke her aid for those we love—parents, teachers and friends! In joy or in sorrow, she is our Mother;

and in the sanctuary of her sorrowful heart may we find a refuge when dangers threaten: In youth we fancy that to us the hour of trial will never come. Ah! let us be wise, and secure the patronage of her who has never been invoked in vain.

Ever should St. Mary's children cherish the sweet flower of devotion to Heaven's Queen; and in years to come, when the storms, that will surely rage, are upon us, the words of our evening hymn shall be sent up to her, and strength will be granted. As in life, so in death, may we be children of Mary, and bearing in our hearts the sweet flower of devotion to our Mother, may our last sigh be:

"Thou that hast looked on death,
Aid us when death is near;
Whisper of Heaven to faith,
Sweet Mother, hear!"

Roll of Honor.

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

SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

Misses Anson, Allen, Balch, Buck, Bassett, Bero, Bunbury, E. Burns, R. Butler, Byrnes, Beach, Brady, Breen, A. Butler, Bradford, Black, Clarke, Currier, Coleman, Charles, Chase, Churchill, Clayton, Cohoon, Cochrane, Campbell, Cowan, Crilly, Dority, Deutsch, Dennison, L. Du Bois, L. Du Bois, D. Davis, E. Dempsey, Donahue, M. Donahue, Dougherty, Daley, Eisenstädt, Evoy, Fitzpatrick, Farwell, Fehr, Fitzsimmons, Griffith, Gibbons, Green, Galvin, Good, Grauman, C. Hurley, K. Hurley, Hurff, Hughes, Haitz, Howe, Maude Hess, Mollie Hess, Minnie Hess, Holmes, Hutchinson, Hanson, Hunt, Hopkins, Johnson, Kimmell, Kirley, Kasper, Kieffer, Kingsbaker, Lynch, Lauth, Lewis, Loennecker, F. Moore, N. Morse, McFarland, C. Morse, M. Moynahan, Murphy, M. Moore, Murison, McCormack, Mullaney, McCune, N. Moore, McGuire, A. Moynahan, McPhilips, Nester, Norris, Nickel, Niemann, O'Brien, O'Leary, Patier, Pugsley, Pengemann, Quinlan, Quirk, Quinn, C. Ryan, K. Ryan, G. Roberts, M. Roberts, Rentfrow, Root, Rizer, Ruger, Rose, Spurgeon, Stokes, M. Smyth, Sanford, M. Schermerhorn, N. Schermerhorn, Thirds, Tipton, Violette, R. Van Mourick, H. Van Mourick, Wile, Witkowski, Wagner, Whitmore, Wolff, Waldron, Young, Zahm.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

Misses Adelsperger, A. Augustin, M. Bachrach, Boos, M. H. Bachrach, Bartholomew, M. Burns, E. Burns, Campbell, Culp, Cowan, Coady, Clifford, Crandall, M. Davis, Dennison, B. Davis, Doble, Fossick, Gilmore, Girsch, Hamilton, Hickey, Holmes, Hammond, Kasper, Kellner, Kelly, McGuire, Meskill, Mabbs, Mills, Mestling, O'Mara, Quealy, Robbins, Silvey, J. Smyth, M. Scherrer, S. Smyth, Silverman, N. Smyth, Schaefer, A. Tormey, Van Liew, Wurzburg, Wagner, White.

MINIM DEPARTMENT.

Misses Eldred, Egan, Finnerty, Girsch, Hamilton, McPhilips, McCarthy, McKenna, Otero, L. Smith, V. Smith, Windsor.

IN conversation one should speak *little*, and then say only what is *good*.