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Longfellow.

BY THOMAS E. CRUMLEY.

American poetry has all the delightful glow of a mellow Indian summer. It does not boil with passion; it is calm, sweet and clear. At times it is warm with the tint of the oranged maple leaf; then it cools into the sienna of the oak. Ours is the poetry of the lily, not of the rose. Its beauty is the beauty of the peasant, and is haloed with a peasant's simplicity. It does not express the clear insight of Shakspeare; if we have a Milton, he has not yet been discovered; nevertheless we own a great poet. And this means much when we consider that he is great beside Wordsworth and Tennyson.

Americans, as a rule, like everything that smacks of home—an excellent thing in a nation. Longfellow is intensely native; he does not tell you "How they Brought the Good News from Ghent to Aix"; he gives you rather the peace-flavored cottage, or lets you

"hear
Of the midnight ride of Paul Revere."

The poet himself claims, apologetically, that his verse

"Has still this merit that it yields
A certain freshness of the fields,
A sweetness as of home-made bread."

And this is true; for Longfellow is well skilled in painting pictures of his own country. As a critic of the old school tersely expresses it: "Home poetry charms, foreign teaches"; and if, indeed, the highest aim of the "divine art" is to please, it is well, then, that we learn to love our own sweet poets, because the cultivation of a taste for the poetry of our own coun-

try is the key that will win for us the purest nectar that life—apart from religion—can offer—intellectual pleasure.

Longfellow is a poet whom all will love at first sight. He has all the excellencies requisite for such a conquest: grace, color, tenderness, culture. By the quality of his *technique*—and it is this more than anything else that determines the relative positions of modern poets—he is the Tennyson of American literature. If the laureate's versification is the smoothness of the cañon, Longfellow reflects the same water gently ruffled by the noon-day breeze and warmed by the noon-day sun. Tennyson burnished what was old in literature, Longfellow lent his polish to the new. The one wrote the "Idyls of the King" in perfect heroic, the other produced a masterpiece in hexameter. Each has the same beautiful quality of song, but in both there is not the same elevation of subject. Instead of giving us a series of love ballads, without a single tradition to hallow them, Longfellow tells us of higher things in the "Tales of a Wayside Inn."

Each little poem of Longfellow seems an embryo of his great "Evangeline." They all have the purity of thought and expression which is his characteristic. Each appears a precious gem in some unique mosaic. They are not Byronic; every sentiment has the true, healthy ring. Fortunately, Longfellow had no "cousin Amy"; and if he had, the sore would not have developed into "Locksley Hall." Indeed he speaks very little about himself; he never confides to us the doubts that perplex his mind or the fears that nestle in his breast. All his lesser poems have a place near our heart. "The Day is Done" expresses what we only feel, and cannot say; we see in it our own thoughts, perhaps; but the touch of a poet's brush has given these

thoughts such exquisite form that we scarcely know them as our own.

"Evangeline" is one of the quaintest poems in English. It has made Longfellow great. In it he has done the only thing that all others of our poets have failed to do: he has written a rich, tuneful hexameter. If it is odd, it is not the less beautiful. Wordsworth never wrote anything that touched a softer chord of the heart than this "Tale of Love in Acadia." It teems with pathos. The simple good-heartedness of the peasants is natural, but it is also highly poetic. That picture of the saintly young girl coming from confession is like a beatific vision falling on a startled world—

"When she had passed it seemed like the ceasing of exquisite music."

It would be selfish for one to tell the story. It is too sweet to be marred by prosy hands. Art alone could not produce such a song; something stronger, something higher, must have guided the pen. Nothing but the purest poetry could lend such soul to this matchless work.

In "Hiawatha" we have the wild entanglement of the forest. It is a story of idealized Indian life. It tells of the uncourtly nobility, the rude strength of character that we read in the portraits of worthy Indians. There is a soothing feeling in the reading of this strange love song. The rich vowels of the Indian names have an utterance truly luscious. The metre—an unfrequent one in English—is like the fitful autumn. But it is not less pleasing on this account; a wild song is always sung to a wild tune. If Longfellow had not given us "Evangeline," we would have accepted "Hiawatha" as a very great poem. As it is, it stands an immortal monument to a dead race. It is the "Love's Labor Won" of the Indians.

Longfellow also courted the dramatic muse. "The Spanish Student" is not a work that would astonish a world permeated with the genius of Shakspeare, yet it is a powerful drama. It has been received with much more applause than Tennyson's "Queen Mary." The play abounds in refined feeling, but it lacks that universality which makes Elizabethan dramas great. Longfellow as the writer of "The Spanish Student" falls below our estimation of him as the author of "Evangeline."

Longfellow never forgets that he must please. His taste always shows that delicacy which marks the true artist. He is never formal; his enthusiasm invites you to intimacy. In description he seems to have had in mind Shakspeare's characterization of "the soul of wit;" he is vivid, and his picture always impresses. If he ever

takes a liberty, it is the liberty which brings the wild bird nearer nature by keeping it from man. His is the art of putting things in a pretty way; at times his simplicity even seems involved. He is almost timid in his reverence for the Catholic Church, as indeed are nearly all greater English poets. His songs are in the happiest vein of modern poetry.

Society is now trying to solve the insolvable; it forms Browning clubs and seeks for beauty as a scientist analyzes light. Art concealed is true art; but art concealed beyond the finding is not art at all. Instead of looking for poetry through the spectroscope, it would be well to read the simpler, sweeter lays of Longfellow. It is good to admire a poet, but it seems a desecration to make him popular.

Milton is a greater poet, but not a truer one. Longfellow sings as if he did not sing. He makes a rose appear no less nor greater than a rose, but fills its petals with a flame that is divine. His gloom is a wholesome gloom, and his "sorrow makes us wise." The soul of poesy—that warmth we feel, but do not understand, that light we see not, but by which we see—breaks out from every thought. In every line we see his aim—the poet's noblest and the most divine—

"To wake the soul by tender strokes of art,
To raise the genius and to mend the heart."

Woman and her Influence.

"If all of goodness or of grace
Be mine, hers be the glory;
She led me on in wisdom's path,
And set the light before me."

Influence is something difficult to define. It is a thing of imperceptible, impalpable, subtle, ethereal nature; and as it cannot be seen with the eyes, nor clasped with the hand, so it is difficult to describe it in words or present it in a form which renders it cognizable by the mind. It is a power, and yet it is distinguishable from power, which it far exceeds both in the nature of its effects and the sphere of its operations. Power is concentrated, definite and limited, like a thunderbolt; influence is indefinite, diffuse, like the atmosphere or the light.

Power will force, and control, and determine action; influence moulds and creates character. The one moves by a sort of mechanical process; the other effects a change as the silent forces of nature promote the growth of plant or tree. The one commands in a tone of authority, and enforces compliance with its dictates by a sort

of punishment or a promise of reward; and the other gently and imperceptibly swerves men in whatsoever direction it tends.

One directs the soldier's march or the servant's labor; the other produces the difference which there is in nature between a savage of the forest and an inhabitant of the town; between the heir of a coronet or a throne, who grows up amongst the surroundings proper to his rank, and the inmate of a cottage, who is familiar only with the instances and circumstances of a laborious life. In influence, which is the more potent form of the two, woman is unquestionably superior to man. Where their wills come into direct collision, woman will have to yield; but where it is question of influence, more than strength of moving imperceptibly the spring of feeling and conduct, man must yield the palm to woman. As a matter of fact, woman's character produces a wider and more powerful impression on man than man's character upon woman. The influence, whether for good or evil, is almost incalculable. She makes him better or worse, according as she is good or bad; for what she is, he, more or less, becomes. And thus Providence has so ordained that in case of his treating her improperly, and keeping her in a state of degradation, by shutting her out from all means of moral and mental improvement, his wrong recoils with interest on himself. By the webs of influence which she weaves around him, she gradually drags him down to her own level. Where women are educated and trained to virtuous habits, men rise in the scale of civilization; where women are cribbed and confined, shut out from the gateways of knowledge, and treated meanly, men deteriorate and decay.

Past and present history bears the same testimony. Every page of it tells that where woman is degraded, man is low; and not only so, but that where man has made strides in intelligence in which, from whatever cause, woman was not permitted to share, her exclusion has been followed by disastrous consequences. Wherever Christianity has exerted its influence woman has gradually and rapidly risen into a position which she had never previously occupied.

And why, we may ask, has Christianity exalted the condition of woman? Saints and holy writers say that from the time Our Blessed Saviour possessed a created Heart It was inseparably united to the heart of His Blessed Mother; He ever honored and loved her in a manner worthy of her as His Mother, and she in return honored and loved Him. There is no created being upon earth, nor in heaven, that has honored and loved God, that has worshipped and cherished Him, as

much as the Blessed Virgin. She by herself, by her worship and love, has incomparably surpassed and excelled all the saints and angels together. From whence has there arisen in the mind of every one of the faithful so great an esteem for innocence, and so humane a feeling for woman except from the most pure and august Virgin Mother of God? Uncivilized barbarism made woman a slave of misery, civilized infidelity made her an idol of the passions; error in religion, an instrument of deceit, the true religion alone made her truly free and truly estimable; preserves her free and worthy of honor by ever proposing to her as a model the Virgin Mother of God.

The days of chivalry, with all their faults, were distinguished by many noble features in which we may discern the germs of our own law and civilization; and though their estimate of woman was not that required by our advancing intelligence, their reverence for her, romantic as it was, exerted on them a softening and elevating influence. Whatever was good in them, was traceable to the fact that woman had such a place in their estimation, and was so much the theme of their songs and their talk. "Shut up," says Achme Martin, "in their Castellated Towers, they civilized the warriors who despised their weakness, and rendered less barbarous the passions and prejudices which themselves shared. The intelligence of both was comparatively limited. Men had not learned so much that women were deemed mentally unfit to be the companions in their social hours, or to confer with them in the matters which occupy their thoughts. The intellectual exercises of the time, instead of separating, united the sexes. Man's chief intellectual performances were composed in woman's place and rewarded by her approval. Their love songs likened her to, and associate her name with, nothing that was vile or mean, but with all that was beautiful and pure; with such as pleased his eye and improved his heart.

Since then the relation of the sexes has, in our country especially, been undergoing adjustment; and in proportion as a proper estimate of woman's place in the social economy has been formed, America has advanced in all that is great and good. Woman's influence is not only more powerful than man's, but much more extended. Man has little share in molding her character until after she has past through the first stage of its formation; woman molds his from the beginning. "Her influence" says the writer whom we have already quoted, "impresses the whole of his life." A wife, a mother—two magical words, comprising the sweetest sources of

man's felicity. There is the reign of beauty, of love, of reason. Always a reign. A man takes counsel with his wife; he obeys his mother; he obeys her long after she has ceased to live, and the ideas which he has received from her become principles even stronger than his passions. It is no diminishing potency to the fact of her influence that it is exercised mainly in the domestic circle; the deepest and most enduring impressions are produced there. There the foundations of national life are laid; there the seeds are sown from which public actions spring. Whether a man shall be in the senate or the pulpit, at the bar, or on the bench, depends generally on the inspirations he received at home. The youth reflects his mother's training, and the man of mature years the daily influence of his wife or his daughters; and the entire aggregate of national life is but the outcome of family character in the ten thousand households of which the nation is composed. They who complain that woman's influence is confined to too narrow a sphere because home bounds it have no adequate comprehension of her power or her responsibility—how the circle she sets in motion spreads over the entire surface of society; and the strings she pulls in the retirement of home, awaken the feelings of passions which determine its character.

Much both of good and evil in man is directly traceable to woman's influence. On the mother especially depends the future character of the child. They seldom go far astray who are blessed with the influence of an affectionate and high principled mother. The society of sisters under the parental roof, when it is of an improving nature, has a most important effect both on the temper and the character of their brothers. And when a youth broadens into a man, and new and more passionate loves begin to fire his breast, the character of the woman who awakens and reciprocates the virgin flame often determines in what channel the current of his life shall flow. So the Poet Laureate makes the king say to his knights whom he draws about his "Table Round":

"A glorious company, the flower of men,
To serve as model for a mighty world,
And be the fair beginning of a time.
I made them lay their hands on mine and swear
To reverence the king as if he were
Their conscience, and their conscience as their king;
To break the heathen and uphold the Christ;
To ride abroad redressing woman's wrongs;
To speak no slander—nay, nor listen to it;
To lead sweet lives of purest chastity;
To love one maiden only, cleave to her,
And worship her by years of noble deeds

Until they won her; for indeed I knew
Of no more subtle master under heaven
Than to his maiden passion for a maid,
Not only to keep down the base in man,
To teach high thoughts and amiable words,
And courtliness, to the desire of fame,
To love of truth, of all that makes a man."

When once man enters the marriage relations, and the woman of his choice becomes his daily companion, his character takes complexion from her to an extent scarcely credible, except to those whose very close observation makes them cognizable of the fact. It is our conviction that, while a man may, and very often does, become bad, in spite of all that his wife can do to prevent it, he cannot, if he be constantly in her society, and living with her on amicable terms, become much better than her influence will allow.

We have seen so many instances in which a wife's worldliness and looseness of principle and truckling expediency have, by their constant action, worn down and undermined the high-mindedness of her husband, weakened his purposes, lowered his moral tone, and made him postpone the performance of requisite duty, that we have come to regard a man as almost lost to all that is good when by marriage he has fallen into the hands and under the power of an unprincipled woman. He may resist her influence, of course, if he will; but the fearful cost to his domestic peace, at which this alone can be done, makes all but the strongest man shrink from the attempt. And though where it is made and persisted in, the agitation it occasions at first will, in all probability, ultimately subside, and the opposition to it be gradually weakened, and he in the long run succeeds in raising his wife with himself, as a matter of fact, in the majority of instances, the man succumbs and the woman prevails.

But if the unworthy be powerful for evil, that of the worthy is no less so for good. The world will never know how many men have been restrained and saved from a downward course, by the influence, which have been thrown around them by a virtuous wife; nor of how many of the excellent have surpassed themselves because of the manner in which they have been encouraged and braced up by her to stretch themselves to their utmost mental stature, and to exceed their loftiest moral height, so as to become better than their best. Many a good woman has been a conscience to her husband; her quick intuition perceiving, as it were, the moral wrong, which by a process of causistry he had passed over, and all, as it were, discovering to him and draw-

ing him back from the precipice upon whose brink he stood. Many a wife whose husband has become weary in well-doing, and disposed to relinquish his attempts to do good, has, by the influence which at the time she was not aware of exerting, prevented him from yielding to his craven inclination because he was ashamed to think of how his conduct would appear in her eyes; and more frequently still, by an encouraging word spoken at a fitting time and in a kindly, winning manner, has she put to flight the recreant purpose, and reanimated his fallen courage and given him strength to persevere. The feelings proper to the marriage relation are considerably wanting where a wife's counsel will not produce this effect; and where there is not only good and wise counsel, but skilful tact and persuasive manner, it is not often that a woman entirely fails. More frequently does she, like the virtuous woman in the Proverbs, lay the foundation of her husband's excellent reputation and prepare him for earning public respect by the salutary influences with which she surrounds him. Many of these have acted their part most nobly, and amid general respect have risen to the head of their profession or trade, having found in their wife's sympathy and encouragement and excellent example the spring of their successes. Many a high-minded and true-hearted woman has helped to encourage men who were struggling with difficulties on their way to the attainment of all that was good and true. A casual meeting between a youth of lofty aspirations, which he knew not how to realize because his circumstances so held him in, and a woman of kind heart and sanguine temperament and ingenious mind, who, while ready to give help, made light of difficulties and readily devised methods for their removal, has made plain that youth's future course, and enabled him to attain to a position honorable to himself and a blessing to the world. A kind or a little timely help from a woman, who had discernment to see a promise to which others were blind, has often enabled struggling genius to fulfil more than her most sanguine prophecy and anticipation.

Such things have happened times out of number, and are happening constantly, so that there is room for questioning if woman's encouragement even more than man's training, has not given the world the benefit of the labors of some of its greatest men. It has been said that women have not been the authors of any great inventions which have benefited mankind—a thing not much to be wondered at, nor proving any deficiency of intellectual capacity, when it is considered how far her sphere has lain apart

from the pursuits in the direction of which these inventions have been produced. But whether women have been the authors of them or not, women at least have ministered at their birth, and aided their authors in the accomplishment of their purposes.

Time would fail us to trace all the directions and manners in which woman has influenced men. Enough has been said to show how widespread and potent her influence is; how much men should value and utilize it, and how careful women should be to make it salutary in its nature and blessed in its results. She need not complain of a want of power if she will only use her influence well; she need not complain long of being unfairly treated if she will only wisely direct her influence to the correction of the evil. She need least of all complain that her sphere is narrow and obscure, when in that narrow and obscure sphere she touches the springs of public life and sets in motion the forces which govern the world. Without taking any greater part in public affairs, without having any rights conceded to her beyond those which she now enjoys, she already occupies a position of tremendous responsibility, where the good she may do is enough to gratify the most lofty ambition and the evil enough to awaken the most lively apprehension.

May it be given her to fill that position well! May the influence of her goodness be felt in every relation, that fathers and sons and brothers may bless her for the improvement she has wrought in their individual character, and for having given a healthy impulse and a high tone to our national life!

A.

Bridge Building.

The earliest authenticated record of an arched bridge dates back 400 years before Christ. The origin of the arch itself, however, is so obscure that it is impossible to know to what country to ascribe it. The Egyptians, skilful as they were, did not possess arches; their temples were roofed with slabs laid horizontally from pillar to pillar, and the openings of their buildings were covered with massy lintels. We likewise look in vain for examples of the arch in Hindoo architecture. They often, it is true, cut openings or niches in rocks giving the ceiling an arched form, but it is very improbable that they understood the principles of constructing the arch. Ruins of arches are found in Central America, but their date is very uncertain, and it is not probable that

they possess a very high antiquity. The Chinese, however, were acquainted with the use of arches from very early times, and it is possible that they were the original discoverers. Their arches are of various forms and are, in some cases, of considerable size.

However, the most ancient arches of whose erection we have dates are those in the Cloaca at Rome. There are also arches in several Greek theatres and gymnasia, some of which date back nearly 400 years before Christ.

In the Middle Ages bridge building was carried to a considerable degree of perfection. During the twelfth century an order of religious was founded, whose office was to assist travelers by making passable the rivers either by constructing bridges or establishing ferries.

It was these religious that, during the twelfth century, erected the first bridge over the Thames. It was a very massive structure, and was remarkable mainly for the great amount of material used. The piers alone were so numerous and occupied so much space that scarcely one-third of the original waterway was left.

During the latter part of the eighteenth century an impetus was given to bridge building by the application of iron. The merit of having first employed this material in the construction of bridges is generally accredited to the English; but more accurate writers state that it really belongs to the Chinese.

In the first cast iron bridges curved ribs were used. They were formed of several concentric arcs united by radial pieces. The spandrels were either filled with contiguous rings or with vertical pieces of cast iron upon which the roadway beams were laid. Of this form of bridge we have an example in the first iron bridge erected in England. It was over the River Severn, at Coalbrook Dale, where that river is narrow and rapid. It had a span of about 100 feet; and the versed sine, or rise, was 45 feet. The principal ribs which formed the arch were five in number, and were each cast in two pieces. The spandrels were filled with contiguous rings of cast iron. The entire weight of the iron used in this structure amounted to 379 tons.

In the next stage of progress the curved ribs were made less deep, and were each formed of several segments or panels. Each panel consisted of concentric arcs connected by radial pieces, and having flanches with other suitable arrangements for connecting them firmly by wrought iron keys and screw bolts. The entire rib thus presented the appearance of three concentric arcs connected by radial pieces. The spandrels were filled either with contiguous rings

or a lozenge-shaped reticulated combination of cast metal.

The first bridge to be constructed on the above principle was across the river Wear, at Sunderland. The confidence in the use of iron for arches of great extent was by this time so well established that nothing was thought of a span of 200 feet. The arch at Sunderland, for instance, had a span of 230 feet and a rise of 34 feet.

In the third stage of iron bridges the ribs were composed of voussoir-shaped panels, each formed of a solid thin plate with flanches at the edges. In some cases the panel was replaced by curved tubular ribs. We find an example of the former method in the Southwark bridge over the Thames, of the latter method in the Pont des Arts, Paris.

About this time—that is in 1820—suspension bridges began to come into general use. The first suspension bridge of any considerable importance was erected over the Tweed, in 1820, by Captain Samuel Browne, the famous engineer. Instead of making the main chains of wire rope, as had been formerly the custom, he constructed those chains by links several feet in length. In this manner he reduced the surface exposed to the action of the atmosphere, thereby considerably prolonging the life of the chain. This bridge had a span of 450 feet.

The practicability of suspension bridges once firmly established, there were over a dozen erected in various parts of the country. Included among these we find the far-famed bridge over the Menai Strait and the one over the Thames at Hammersmith. Their spans were 570 and 420 feet, respectively.

Up to this time the desideratum for railway bridges had been a method of constructing iron bridges perfectly flat. That this was required was owing to the fact that the English law exacted the railways to cross the ordinary roads at a different level. Bridges of this kind, it is true, had been built of timber; but the application of cast iron girders had as yet been made only to limited spans. The maximum length of bearing to which single cast iron girders, liable to be loaded with heavy weights, could be safely applied, having been taken at 40 feet only, it followed that the use of these girder bridges was necessarily much restricted. The convenience of this form of structure, however, was so obvious, and so desirable was it to extend its application to bridges of larger span, that attempts were continually made to combine wrought and cast iron in such a manner as would impart to the compound structure the power to resist the extension of the wrought iron itself.

This problem was first solved by a Mr. Storey, who, in a paper read at one of the meetings of the Institution of Civil Engineers, described a very ingenious method of combining malleable iron bars with cast iron girders, thus forming a kind of metal trussing. His designs met with general favor, and several bridges were soon erected in a manner similar to that suggested by him. But many lamentable failures occurring in some of the largest of these structures caused an official investigation of the subject to be made.

One result of thus publicly calling attention to the defects in iron girder bridges was the impetus given to the mathematical investigation of the structures in question. Up to this time empirical rules and guesswork had been the practice of many engineers. While such practice may answer for masonry structures where the factor of safety as regards strength is very large, the introduction of iron skeleton structures where the pieces occupy definite lines of force rendered a better practice desirable. But we must remember that mathematical analysis, however important, can never entirely take the place of empirical formulæ. Every successful structure serves as a guide in the construction of all future similar works; thus the experience of one becomes the wisdom of many.

Again, in 1841, another step forward in the progress of bridge architecture was made. The tubular form of bridge was first used in England, on the line of the Eastern counties railway, though in a rude and miniature manner. When it became necessary to again bridge the Menai Straits, various forms were suggested by the engineers in charge, but none of them seemed to suit all the parties concerned. At last an appeal was made to the Lords of Admiralty, and they prescribed a structure which should have a clear span of 450 feet over each of the navigable channels. They were also to have a height of 105 feet above high water, so as to admit of the passage of vessels of the second class. It was this that led to the grand design of the present wrought iron tubular bridge. Robert Stephenson, who for many years held the highest rank among English engineers, appears to have been the first to entertain the novel and bold idea of spanning the Straits by a tube of sheet iron, supported on piers, and of sufficient dimensions for the passage within it of the usual railway trains. The preliminary experiments for testing the practicability of Stephenson's conception were made by Wm. Faielbaine. Various experiments were made in order to determine the form of cross-section

best adapted to withstand the various strains. This was determined to be a rectangle. A model tube was next constructed. Its dimensions were exactly one-sixth those of the proposed structure. Its length, therefore, was 78 feet, while the depth averaged 4 feet, 4 inches; and the breadth was 2 feet, 8 inches. The tube resisted a weight of nearly 190,000 lbs with an ultimate deflection of 489 inches, thus proving the practicability of the tube in such a manner as to exceed the hopes of the most sanguine.

This paper would be incomplete without at least a mention of those two triumphs of engineering; the East River Suspension Bridge, and the new Forth viaduct. The first one I will merely mention, while the latter, being of more recent construction, deserves a brief description.

The plans were adopted in 1882. The total length of the viaduct is 8,296 feet, or nearly 1½ miles, and there are two spans 1710 feet, two of 680 feet, fifteen of 168 feet girders, four of 57 feet, and three masonry arches of 25 feet span.

The clear headway for navigation is 150 feet for 500 feet in the centre of the 1710 feet spans. The extreme height of the structure is 361 feet above, and the extreme depths of foundation 91 feet below the level of high water. There are 53,000 tons of steel in the superstructure of the viaduct, and nearly 150,000 cubic yards of masonry in the foundations and piers. The main piers, three in number, consist each of a group of four masonry columns, faced with granite, 49 feet in diameter at the top, and 36 feet high. These columns rest either on the solid rock or on concrete.

The material used throughout is the best steel. That used for parts subject to tension is specified to withstand a tensile strain of 30 to 33 tons to the square inch, while the compression members must be capable of withstanding a stress of 37 tons to the square inch.

The superstructure of the main spans is made up of three enormous double cantilevers resting on three pieces before mentioned. The two on the shore sides are 1505 feet, while that in the centre is 1620 feet in length. The centre portions of the two 1,710 feet spans are formed by two lattice girders 350 feet in length. The compression members of the cantilevers are formed of tubes, either circular in form or circular with flattened sides. The tension members are girders quadrangular in section.

This bridge, the construction of which is justly regarded as one of the greatest scientific and mechanical achievements of modern times, is the largest viaduct in the world.

A. LARKIN, '90.

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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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—An excellent and popular feature of the current volume of the *Ave Maria*, whose circle of influence is constantly being enlarged, is the series of short papers by Prof. Egan, under the happy heading "Chats with Good Listeners." Dr. Egan is always interesting and entertaining, but in these chats he has a higher object in view: he aims to benefit his readers; and certainly no one can fail to profit by what he says, or fail to admire his manner of saying it. Prof. Egan is always himself and always a true artist.

In the last "Chat with Good Listeners" he has some "words in season" well worth heeding. "Now is the time for young men who feel every day the need of a better education to seize the opportunity of beginning it." Yes, now is the time, and the opportunities are within easy reach. No season is so favorable to mental effort as the present one, and we are in the very atmosphere of study. The only thing needed is to will efficaciously the acquirement of knowledge.

After the actual experience of life, which, of course, most of us have not had, nothing is better calculated to show the need of a thorough education, or to stimulate one's efforts to acquire it, than a judicious course of reading. And now, of all times, is the season to begin it. It is surprising how much can be accomplished by a little well-directed effort in this line. Many a useful and entertaining book might be read in

the course of a month by devoting to reading a portion of one's leisure time that would otherwise go to waste. Try it; now is the time.

Prof. A. J. Stace.

[The following beautiful tribute to the memory of our departed Professor is from the pen of the gifted author and artist, Miss Eliza Allen Starr. It was kindly conveyed to us through the medium of Professor Edwards:]

EDITOR SCHOLASTIC:

Allow me to lay my little tribute on the bier of the shy, gentle-minded Professor Arthur J. Stace, who, while he taught his mathematics with the conscientiousness of a lover of perfection even in small things, found his delight in the zeal of his pupils and their progress, and his recreation among the woodland paths of Notre Dame. A lover of nature, her delicatest blooms could not escape his observant eyes; and yet this was not all. When their beauties had been scientifically noted, they were offered as a hymn of praise to the Creator, and laid at the feet of Mary as the sweetest and most perfect work of His creative will. It was this union of the scientist and the poet in the truly Catholic heart of Professor Stace which set him above the mere naturalist, and gave a charm to his least description of the beauties of the wood and meadow and field. His muse was as delicate as his sensibility to beauty, and his rhyme and rhythm as harmonious as one of the songs poured forth in the groves he loved so well.

Long may his gentle spirit be remembered by the students of Notre Dame, and long may it influence their own studies of the wonderful works of God! Long, too, may they remember to breathe a "rest in peace" for one whose ambition never wandered beyond the beloved precincts of the University of Notre Dame.

ELIZA ALLEN STARR.

ST. JOSEPH'S COTTAGE, September 26, 1890.

Reading Aloud.

All students who intend embracing in after-life some profession ought to practise reading aloud. It is an exercise which combines a muscular effort with a mental one, and hence has a twofold advantage. It does not require a teacher, and may, perhaps, be better cultivated alone than under instruction, because the person practising the exercise will acquire a naturalness of tone from instinct more than from art; for if dependent on instruction, all he acquires comes to him from the rules and directions laid down by the master; while, if left to himself, it will be his own instincts which must guide him. The most that is required of the person who practises this exercise is that he should make a

strong effort to understand fully the mind of the author, that he thoroughly master the sense of the subject read.

In order that a person may read aloud well, it is necessary that he not only understand the subject, but, moreover, that he should hear his own voice, and that he should feel within him that he enunciates distinctly and clearly each and every syllable. Then he should endeavor to so modulate his voice that it matters not what be the number of his auditors, or what their distance from him, he may be heard by all of them. In this he must be taught by himself alone, and be made perfect by experience. He should feel that he is heard by all if he would read well. He should be able to say whether or not he is heard by the auditors in the farthest part of the room: if he is not able to tell whether he is heard or not, it is from a want of proper judgment and observation.

The lungs are developed by reading aloud just as they are by singing. They are helped by loud reading, if properly done, because its effect is to induce, every once in a while, the drawing of a long breath, far oftener and far deeper than by reading without any enunciation. By these deep inhalations we cannot fail to develop the capacity of the lungs, and this development will be directly in proportion to their practice.

It is with imperfect and insufficient breathing that consumption uniformly begins. One of the characteristics of this disease is that the breath becomes shorter and shorter through the long, weary months down to the very close of life. Whatever will counteract this short breathing, whatever will tend to make us breathe deeper, cures to that extent. Let any person—we care not who—make the experiment by reading a page of a book in a loud voice, and he will discover that in less than four or five minutes the tendency to take a long breath will show itself. A weak voice is developed and strengthened by reading aloud. It is made sonorous. Reading aloud is also very efficient in making the tones of the voice clear and distinct. It frees them from the hoarseness so annoying to auditors, and which is exhibited by the unaccustomed reader before he has gone over a full page. By the time he has read a page, the unaccustomed reader is forced to stop and hem and haw, to the confusion of himself and to the disgust of his hearers.

When properly done, loud reading leads to great vocal power. It leads to this on the same principle that by exercise all muscles are strengthened. The voice-making organs are not exceptions to this rule; and consequently we

find those who exercise them obtain great vocal power. And hence it is that in many cases the vocal power is diminished by total silence, just as the arm of the Hindoo devotee is at length paralyzed forever by its continued non-use. The general plan is to read aloud in a conversational tone, three times a day, for a few minutes at a time, to increase the time every day until half an hour is thus spent three times every day. Continue then to read in this length of time until the desired object is accomplished.

C. M. R.

October Thoughts.

Bright, golden October! rich with the garnerage of the year; mellow with the accumulated fruitage of the season. The year has risen grandly, culminated, performed its mission, and in October it wraps its mantle sadly around it and lies down to die. There is not, in the round of the twelve, a month so grand, so solemn, so sad as October. Grand in its tropical luxuriance of tint and color; solemn in its hoarse, wailing storms and rustling, dying leaves; sad in its lingering farewell to summer. There is something comfortable and cozy about it withal, something suggestive of approaching festivities and the animal gratification which a warm fire produces. It is the season when we long to see the sun burst out with those gorgeous crimson flashes which can be seen at no other time; and almost instinctively we seek some south wall protected from the keen wind, or some dry, sunny bank reaching down with an easy slope to the south and in the midst of the densest of shrubbery, and, as we are doing to-day, bask in the bright, still sunshine with the most indolent sense of languid enjoyment. There are certain people who have the most unbounded faith in "spring fever"; but be that as it may—and we will not question—it we are most thoroughly convinced that there exists annually such an indisposition as "October fever," and it is not complementary to a chill either. The first indication we have of the approach of autumn is in the increased depth and beauty of the sky and the little lamps of light that God is kindling in every leaf and shrub around us; silent little voices beginning to whisper of the approach of the grand old storm king. How few of us ever see the grandeur and exquisite beauty of those tiny silent ministers of our spiritual sense. We see those things, it is true, but we do not try to interpret or understand them. The apathy and sensuality of our sordid natures are too exclusive. We can appreciate only what is awful or

what is extraordinary. We say a rushing torrent is grand; an angry charging of the waves of ocean is sublime, and the crashing of the thunderbolt, so aptly called the artillery of heaven, is awful. We comprehend them only inasmuch as they inspire us with terror; and it is the instinctive cowardice of our nature which discharges the apathetic bond that enchains us; and yet it is not in the fierce and angry manifestations of elemental activity—it is not in the crashing avalanche, nor the mad, wanton devastation of a Southern tornado—that the purest, truest characters of the sublime are developed. No; we must seek our ideal in solitude; in the deep, subdued passages of unostentatious majesty; in the smooth, perpetual changes of rolling worlds; in the germinating seed and the kindling leaf; in things that must be studied ere they can be seen, and pondered on ere they can be comprehended; things which God is working out within and around us every day; in life itself, which is renewed every instant by a perpetual act of creation—it is through these that we must seek our ideals of grandeur and our sublime conceptions of the beautiful.

How few of us ever notice the grand panorama which nature spreads out in the October of each year: the almost infinite variety of tints and shades which the trees present—the gorgeous drapery of autumn. The maple is, perhaps, the most beautiful in our climate, with its bright crimson and scarlet and deeper shades of purple. The oak comes next, increasing its color from day to day till it becomes a rich deep brown; then the hickory and the ash, the pawpaw and walnut, clothed in the purest golden yellow; and, last of all, the cedar reverses the order and seems to become a deeper bluish-green. How often the question is asked: "What makes them turn yellow when there has been no frost?" the popular idea being that their kindling depends on the frost. And how unsatisfactory the answer must ever be! We know that the leaves have power to decompose the air, and in proportion as that power declines with the waning of season an undue proportion of carbonic acid is left behind; and it is owing to excess of nitrogen, oxygen, or carbon, that the leaf becomes yellow, crimson or violet; but here our knowledge ends. What are the exact proportions we have not determined; and we presume it would be impossible for the chemist to produce the same colors by artificial means. Why are they so complex, so various, so beautiful? The practical man asks such questions in perfect good faith, and the scientific man, as such, cannot answer. They might as well retain their chlorophyll in-

tact, and fall from the tree as green and fresh as when they first made their appearance. God in His infinite wisdom had a wiser, more merciful design. He fixed the innate admiration of the beautiful in our hearts, and then most perfectly moulded the creation to meet that want, and it becomes a distinctive mark of the declining year; its crimson life-blood dying, the maple becomes a means to trace the progress of vegetable life in its later stages.

I am inclined to be ashamed of Lowell for calling this glorious season "nothing but a few hectic leaves when all is said," and again, "a season of fogs and mellow fruitfulness;" but as he himself says: "To be sure, *eyes* are not so common as one would think, or there would be more poets who base their claims to distinction on their genuine love of nature for herself." We cannot prevent the reflection that Rousseau was wiser than he, in spite of his ill-timed ridicule. And is not the tinting leaf typical of the passage of humanity? Trace the path of the delicate bud through all its changes to the proudly glowing leaf, and then a few more days bring it to the common bourne of all mutable things—the grave. It is a sad spectacle to see a tender bud torn from the branch and cast away to die before its mission has begun; but we feel no such sorrow in contemplating the innumerable crimson and yellow leaves that form such a beautiful panorama for our delectation. We know their days are short and the snow will be their death-shroud and their mausoleum; but it excites only "a passing pity, scarce akin to pain." It is nature, and we are passively submissive, comforting ourselves with the reflection they will be renewed again. And thus the great world passes on; the dissipating hand of time destroying everything, withering, perishing, decaying when it has become most beautiful, like the crimson leaves only decking itself with beauty for the grave. But buds and dawning leaves are sometimes torn from the parent branches by ruthless storms which come without warning, and we feel a grand, beautiful sympathy, as honorable to us as it is sweet and touching, for their loss. And it is true of life. The broken lily is the sweetest, tenderest emblem of the going forth of a young soul to meet its Creator ere its earthly existence had passed the meridian. And what is life but a strange, uncertain mixture of pleasure and regret and death—often of ill-timed exultation in the midst of sorrow; and how we forget the lessons taught us of our mortality is a stranger phenomenon than the very mystery of life itself.

Books and Periodicals.

"KIT AND KITTY." By W. D. Blackmore. New York: Harper & Bros.

Mr. Blackmore's is a name that has been long and favorably known to the better class of the reading public. "Kit and Kitty" is his latest work and, with the possible exception of "Lorna Doon," his greatest. The plot is not over-intricate, but the details dovetail with extreme nicety. The story—the old one of love and tears, of happiness, of hatred, reparation and impatient waiting—is of intense human interest. The different elements of sadness and humor and joyousness, of triumph and defeat, are mingled together and blended with an art that conceals itself. Uncle Corney's joke—over which he thought all night—was something wonderful in its line. He was a true gentleman, was Uncle Corney, with all his bluffness; and Aunt Parslow—just the kind of woman we all like to know. Kit and Kitty—perhaps it would be better not to say anything of them. A last word: the "villain" was a villain to the end.

—Noticeable in this month's *St. Nicholas* is the article "Through a Detective Camera," written by Mr. Black, the well-known amateur, and illustrated with characteristic bits of child-life; the street scenes are as perfect as insects in amber; the hokey-pokey ice-cream man is a *genre* picture complete, and his Italian baby is a history of a down-trodden race in miniature. Frederic Villiers, the famous English war correspondent, tells of his narrow escape from asphyxia, because of a "Copper Brazier" containing crude charcoal used in warming an inn room at a Serbian hotel. Mr. Villier's forcible and peculiar drawings fully illustrate his text. A real juvenile story is "Betty's By and By," in which Julie Lippmann tells a heedless heroine's experiences in that great rendezvous of procrastination. Mr. Bensell's quietly humorous drawing shows the youthful postponers engaged in squaring their accounts. Another story with a sly moral administered in a well-flavored medium is "The Gwynnes' Little Donkey," by Kate Woodbridge Michaelis. This tells of the substitution of a pet donkey for the overworked drudge of a tinker's cart. It is the sort of story that is sure to make young people think, and yet not set them to worrying.

—Although restricted to the domain of science, *The Popular Science Monthly* never fails to lay before its readers a pleasing variety in each issue. In the October number the article that will be most generally attractive is a plentifully illustrated description of Ancient Dwellings of the Rio Verde Valley, in Arizona, by Captain Edgar A. Mearns, M. D., U. S. A. These dwellings consist of cliff-houses, built by walling in cavities high up in the sides of cañons and pueblos, which stand on level ground. Doctor Mearns tells how both kinds are constructed and arranged, and what relics he has found in them. A paper on Barrier Beaches of the At-

lantic Coast, by F. J. H. Merrill, describes the making and cutting away of the beaches at Coney Island, Sandy Hook, Cape May and other places on our eastern seaboard. To the many mothers whose thoughts turn this fall to the beginning of their children's education, Mrs. Mary A. Aber's bright and sensible talk on Mothers and Natural Science will be very welcome. There are two replies to articles in former numbers—one by George F. Magoun, D. D., ex-President of Iowa University, in reply to Dr. Hammond, entitled Liquor Laws not Sumptuary; the other by Henry V. Meigs, on Cotton Spinning South and North, replying to Edward Atkinson.

—The October *Century* opens with a frontispiece portrait of Joseph Jefferson. The last instalment of the autobiography accompanies the familiar face, an instalment which the author considers the most important of all, perhaps because it contains, at considerable detail, his own final reflections upon the art of which he is an acknowledged master. It is doubtful whether such subtle and, at the same time, practical suggestions can be found elsewhere from a source so authoritative. Professor Darwin, of Cambridge, England, contributes a paper of high and original value on "Meteorites and the History of Stellar Systems." A striking photograph of a nebula, in which a system like our own solar system seems to be in actual formation, accompanies this remarkable paper. "A Hard Road to Travel Out of Dixie" is the accurate title of a paper in *The Century's* new war-prison series. The present contribution is by the well-known artist and illustrator, Lieut. W. H. Shelton, of New York. Mr. Shelton naturally furnishes his own illustrations for his own story of hardship and adventure. "Prehistoric Cave-Dwellings" is a profusely and strikingly illustrated paper by F. T. Bickford, on the prehistoric and ruined pueblo structures in Chaco Cañon, New Mexico, the Cañon de Chelly, Arizona,—the ancient home of the most flourishing community of cave-dwellers,—and other extraordinary cave villages not now inhabited. The first article in the number is a pleasant travel sketch, "Out-of-the-Ways in High Savoy," by Dr. Edward Eggleston, fully illustrated by Joseph Pennell. Mr. La Farge's "Letters from Japan" have for their most striking feature this month the description, in word and picture, of fishing by means of cormorants in a Japanese river. Mrs. Amelia Gere Mason closes in this number her first series of articles on "The Women of the French Salons." These articles having been so successful Mrs. Mason has been asked to furnish a supplementary paper or two on Mesdames Récamier, De Staël, and Roland. Miss Helen Gray Cone contributes a paper on "Women in American Literature," in which she reviews the whole field of American female authorship—Miss Cone apologizing at the beginning for thus separating the women writers from those of the opposite sex.

Local Items.

- Pleasantries.
- How about that umbrella?
- Be cautious where you sit.
- Beware of the festive walnut.
- Jamie O'Neill, of Boston, Mass., is the latest arrival among the "princes."
- The melancholy days have come; but don't say anything about them, please.
- The Seminary has a new observatory. It is said to have been "ready made."
- See that the electric is turned off when you leave your room and before retiring.
- The inveterate joker is humbly petitioned to furnish a key for his coruscations.
- The devotional exercises of the month of October were opened last Wednesday evening.
- Hamlet's melancholy howl of "Words! words!" has been commuted for convenience sake into "lines! lines!"
- The Abbé MacGuire has cancelled his engagement to deliver the address at the opening of the *Palais d'Industrie*.
- St. Edward's Park, in spite of the frost, looks gorgeous. It is to be hoped it will remain so until after Founder's Day.
- Rev. President Walsh has the thanks of the "princes" and all at the palace for the electric clock placed in St. Edward's Hall.
- So far, no literary or dramatic societies have been organized among the students in Brownson Hall. What means this delay?
- Rev. Father Stoffel has completely recovered from his recent illness, and is around again, receiving the congratulations of his many friends.
- The grand, sonorous tones of the big bell in the church tower peal forth every evening announcing the opening of the devotions of the month.
- The Minims are more enthusiastic than ever in organizing games for the 13th. It looks as if they wanted to throw the Sorin Hall men in the shade.
- The magnificent painting of the Assumption, which formerly hung behind the main altar in the church, has been removed to the Novitiate, and will be placed above the new altar soon to be erected there.
- A rare musical treat was afforded the students at the High Mass on Sunday last. During the Offertory Mr. Fernando Dorbesson, of New York, visiting the University and St. Mary's, sang a beautiful *Ave Maria*. Mr. Dorbesson has a rich and well-cultivated tenor voice which was displayed to advantage in the exquisite music of his selection.
- There will, in all probability, be two races on St. Edward's Day, one for the ordinary and one for the safety bicycles. Those who propose riding so far are Hennessy and Robinson for the

safety race and Hawthorne and Searle for the ordinary. All four of the above gentlemen are good riders, and the contest for the championship of the University in the respective races is sure to prove interesting.

—The first of the fall series of championship games was played on Thursday last. The following is the

SCORE BY INNINGS:—	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
REDS:—	0	0	0	1	4	0	1	1	6=13
BLUES:—	0	1	0	0	0	2	0	0	4=7

Batteries: Long, Comb; Smith, Moncada. Base hits: Reds, 8; Blues, 4. Errors: Reds, 4; Blues, 20.

—We are glad to state that Very Rev. Father General Sorin has experienced a decided improvement during the week, and is now rapidly convalescing. Though still weak, from the effects of his recent illness, yet he has been able to take the fresh air several times and enjoy an occasional walk from his room. All at Notre Dame rejoice at this, and hope that soon the venerable Founder will appear with his old-time vigor and elasticity renewed, and continue for many years to come to direct the destinies of our *Alma Mater*.

—Rev. President Walsh has received many letters from old students, expressing sympathy and regret at the news of the death of Prof. Stace. Each of the letters is evidence of the popularity of the gentle and gifted Professor, and the deep hold which his memory retains in the hearts of those whom he taught in bygone days. It is proposed that a monument be erected over his grave. We hope that this will be carried into effect, as also the placing of a monument over the tomb of his departed associate Prof. Lyons.

—The second regular meeting of the St. Cecilia Philomathean Society was held on Wednesday last. The Rev. President, Father Morrissey, in a few remarks, mentioned the good work done by the St. Cecilians of last year, and expressed his hopes that the members would endeavor to maintain, if not to surpass the high standard reached by the St. Cecilians of "'89" and "'90." Next followed the inaugural speeches of the newly-elected officers. The speeches of P. Murphy, M. Quinlan, J. Fitzgerald and Roy Boyd deserve special mention. E. Jewett, M. Prichard, A. McPhillips, J. McPhillips, J. Delaney, A. Nester and E. Wolff were elected members.

—The first regular meeting of the Base-ball Association was held on Thursday, Oct. 2. It was resolved by a vote of the house that the different athletic associations of the University be united in one organization. The following officers were elected: Directors, Bros. Emmanuel and Paul; President, Col. Hoynes; Vice-President, J. R. Fitzgibbons; Secretary, N. Sinnott; Treasurer, T. Coady; Corresponding Secretary, M. Reynolds; Captain of 'Varsity Rugby team, E. Prudhomme; Captains of regular Rugby teams, Z. Cartier and T. Coady; Captains of second nines J. Dougherty and L. Grimes. The officers elected at the special meetings were

Captain of 'Varsity team, G. Long; Captains of first nines, J. Fitzgibbons and J. Comb.

—The Philopatrian Association held their first regular meeting on Saturday evening, Sept. 20, at which the following officers were elected: Rev. T. E. Walsh, C. S. C., and Rev. M. J. Regan, C. S. C., Honorary Directors; Rev. A. Morrissey, C. S. C., Director; Brother Marcellus, C. S. C., President; Brother Urban, C. S. C., Promoter; Prof. J. F. Edwards, Literary Critic; Prof. F. J. Liscombe, Musical Director; P. J. Healy, 1st Vice-President; E. O'Rourke, 2d Vice-President; C. J. Connors, Treasurer; S. L. Martin, Recording Secretary; J. Girsch, Corresponding Secretary; B. Bates, Librarian; G. A. Hahn, 1st Censor; H. J. Cheney, 2d Censor.

—The University can now boast of an excellent bicycle club. On Sunday morning last, ten of Notre Dame's most energetic wheelmen, assembled in the reading room, the use of which was very kindly donated for the purpose by Brother Paul, and organized the University Cycling Club. A committee of three, consisting of Messrs. Robinson, Hawthorne and Hennessy, was appointed to draw up a constitution and by-laws to be submitted at the first regular meeting. The committee will also arrange for the races, to be held St. Edward's Day under the auspices of the club. The following is a list of the officers elected at the meeting: Honorary Director, Rev. M. Regan; President and Director, Bro. Paul; Vice-President, C. A. Roper; Secretary and Treasurer, W. B. Hennessy; Captain, R. W. Hawthorne; 1st Lieutenant, C. N. Robinson.

—The Law class held a meeting on last Saturday evening for the purpose of reorganizing the Law Debating Society. The following officers were chosen: Col. Wm. Hoynes, President; S. J. Hummer, Vice-President; L. J. Herman, Critic; F. J. Vurpillat, Recording Secretary; J. C. McWilliams, Corresponding Secretary; W. P. Blackman, Treasurer; T. J. McConlogue, Sergeant-at-Arms. A committee, consisting of Messrs. Herman, Chute and O'Neill, was appointed to select questions for debate, subject to the approval of the President. It was decided that at certain times, in the discretion of the members, the society should resolve itself into a Senate for the purpose of considering and debating subjects of current interest. The following officers were elected to act at such meetings: President of the Senate, Colonel Wm. Hoynes; Secretary of Senate, W. P. Blackman; Enrolling Clerk, F. J. Vurpillat; Sergeant-at-Arms, J. M. Mauley. The first regular meeting of the society was held Wednesday evening, Oct. 1, in the Law room.

—On Saturday, September 27, the St. Aloysius' Philodemic Society held the first meeting of the session in Sorin Hall reading-room. The chief object of this meeting was to elect officers for the present term. J. B. Sullivan called the members to order, and a temporary President

and Recording Secretary were appointed in the persons of J. McGrath and J. Fitzgibbons respectively. After this came the election of regular officers. A unanimous vote placed President Walsh as the Rev. Director. The election of other officers resulted in a vote, also unanimous, as follows: President, J. Fitzgibbons; Vice-President, N. Sinnott; Recording Secretary, J. McGrath; Corresponding Secretary, F. Chute; Treasurer, C. Gillen; Censor, J. Elmo Berry. On taking the chair J. Fitzgibbons said a few and well given words, after which he appointed his standing committees which were: on program, J. B. Sullivan, chairman, with Messrs. O. Rothert and J. Clayton assistants; on credentials, W. Hackett was elected chairman with Messrs. H. Murphy and J. Wright assistants.

—On Tuesday 30th, Rev. Father Spillard was the bearer of a message from Very Rev. Father General to the "princes." It consisted of a handsome Japan box containing nine pictures, each of which bore the initials "E. S." written by Very Rev. Father General's own hand. Also a letter to the "princes," stating that the pictures were for the "best nine," and requesting that on the last day of each month the names of the best nine would be sent to him in the same box. As the Minims in general are good boys it was difficult to find the best nine. The weekly notes were therefore made the criterion, and according to them, W. Furthmann, J. Coquillard, J. Pellenz, T. Finnerty, J. O'Neill, V. Washburne, W. Crawford, E. Coon and P. Stephens were the banner boys. In close competition were W. Scherrer, A. Crawford, F. Cornell and A. Loomis. This new device will create in the Minims a greater earnestness in study, and greater attention to refined manners.

—MOOT-COURT.—The following members of the Law class were elected officers of the University Moot-court for the ensuing session: Judge, Col. Wm. Hoynes; Clerk, H. O'Neill; Prosecuting Attorney, T. J. McConlogue; Sheriff, L. P. Chute; Bailiff, P. J. Houlihan; Coroner, D. A. Crall; Reporters, Messrs. L. J. Herman and S. J. Hummer. The first session of court will be held Saturday evening Sept. 27.—The morning lecture in the Law department deals with the subject of Commercial Paper.—The first afternoon lecture treats of the Law of Real Estate in its various branches.—The Quiz class is also hard at work.—The first meeting for the September term was held on Saturday evening, the 27th ult., Judge Hoynes sat on the bench. The case at bar was that of Julia Cook administratrix *vs.* James Saunders, both of South Bend, County of St. Joseph, State of Indiana. James Saunders was a contractor on Bank Buildings in the city of South Bend. He erected scaffolding which was used not only by his own employees, but those of the bank trustees as well. John Cook, husband of plaintiff, was an employee of the bank trustees and was killed by falling off the scaffolding erected by Saunders. The plain-

tiff sued James Saunders for \$10,000 damages by her attorney, Mr. W. P. Blackman. Mr. H. O'Neill as defendant's attorney demurred, and for causes assigned the following: (1.) That the declaration did not state facts sufficient to state a cause of action; (2.) That there was a misjoinder of parties; (3.) That the plaintiff had no legal capacity to sue. After hearing the arguments on both sides, the court sustained the demurrer.

Roll of Honor.

SORIN HALL.

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

BROWNSON HALL.

Messrs. Aarons, E. Ahlrichs, Butler, Bundy, Bell, Benz, Connors, T. Coady, P. Coady, Cassidy, Crall, Castanado, Correll, Combe, Cunningham, Carroll, Connolly, Dela Pena, Dechant, Dahler, Flynn, Guertin, L. Gillen, Grove, Gruber, Green, Grothaus, Heinemann, Hennessy, Heard, Hauske, Houlihan, Hubbard, Johnson, Joslyn, Jacobs, Jackson, Kearns, J. King, Kyle, Kellner, Krembs, Kelly, Layton, Lorie, Long, Langan, Lesner, Miller, Myler, Mozier, McCabe, Mauly, Mock, Mug, Mitchell, Monarch, Mahany, Maurus, McAuliff, Murphy, McCarthy, F. McKee, J. McKee, Moncado, McConlogue, McGonigle, J. Newman, O'Keefe, Olde, O'Shea, G. O'Brien, S. O'Brien, Powers, Paris, Phillips, Parker, F. Robinson, Roper, Rebillot, Rudd, Roberts, A. Robinson, Ramsy, Stanton, Schwarz, J. F. Sullivan, S. Scholfield, R. Scholfield, Sanchez, Sanford, Schaack, J. Sinnott, Spalding, V. Vurpillat, Vidal, Vandecar, Vital, Waugh, Wright, Wall, Walsh, Wood, Zeitler.

CARROLL HALL.

Messrs. Anson, Ayer, Booher, Burns, Boland, Ball, E. Bates, Brady, Blumenthal, Boyd, B. Bates, Casey, Cole, Carney, C. Connor, W. Connor, Cope, Coe, Connolly, Connell, Collins, E. Connors, Cummings, Chassaing, DuBois, Drumm, Delany, Dempsey, Dorsey, DeLormier, Ellwanger, Foley, Fitzgerald, Falk, Flannigan, A. M. Funke, A. W. Funke, Fox, Gibert, Gerlach, J. Greene, G. Gilbert, H. Gilbert, A. Greene, Hill, Hannin, Hack, Hagus, Healy, Hoerr, Hake, Haddican, Hahn, Jackson, Kearney, Kennedy, Kanmeyer, Keith, Mitchell, Mattox, Mott, Molitor, McCartney, J. Marr, A. McPhillips, Mattes, McDonough, H. Nichols, W. Nichols, Neef, O'Neill, O'Rourke, Orton, O'Mara, Pope, Pena Dela, Payne, Pomeroy, Palmer, Prichard, Quill, Quinlan, Russell, Regan, Roper, Reilly, Sugars, Stokes, Stapleton, E. Smith, Sutter, M. Smith, Treff, Tong, Tucker, Thorn, Teeter, Thornton, Weinmann, Wolff, Welch.

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, Funke, 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, J. O'Neill.

That "King-Fisher."

EDITOR OF SCHOLASTIC.

We were glad to see a communication from Mr. J. Gabriel Cass, Cedar Brook, Minn., in the last issue of your valuable paper, as it informs us of the antiquity and former use of the "King-Fisher" or apparatus for cross fishing. We are thereby saved the trouble and expense of applying for a patent; but we had no idea that it was used by the "ancient Greeks and Romans and the most enlightened tribes of Persia;" nor that our explanation would call out quotations from them concerning it, as well as a quotation from Cicero, the prince of pagan eloquence, from such a learned chap as a Mr. Cass, to justify his claim that the contrivance had been used in ancient times. Although we did not live in the days of Cicero and his "little ship"—a very inappropriate name for it, as a ship is supposed to have a bottom, rudder and masts, while this has neither,—and as we cannot now lay any claim to its invention, owing to the kind information of Mr. J. G. Cass, still we are satisfied with bringing this ingenious contrivance again into use in this nineteenth century for the advantage of our modern sportsmen.

L. B.

The Most Common Misquotation.

"What is the most common misquotation in the English language?" asked the inquisitive member of the Cogburn Club this morning as the purist entered. The answer came promptly:

"When Greek meets Greek, then comes the tug of war."

"Well, what is the matter with that?" asked the inquisitive member.

"That is the most common misquotation in the English language," responded the purist.

"I heard the late Roscoe Conkling say once that he won a basket of wine from Clement L. Vallandigham on that quotation. He wagered that Mr. Vallandigham could not tell what the correct words were, nor who wrote them, nor when they were written. And he won on every point. Now, put yourselves in Mr. Vallandigham's place. What would you have done?"

"I should have declined to make the bet," said the inquisitive member.

"And I," "and I," came from all parts of the room.

"But I should not," said the purist. "'When Greeks joined Greeks, then was the tug of war' is the correct quotation. It was written by Nathaniel Lee, an Englishman, about the year 1700."

"Did you ever see it quoted correctly?" asked the inquisitive member.

"Never, in the newspapers," said the purist.

—*Utica Observer.*

St. Mary's Academy.

One Mile West of Notre Dame University.

—Rev. Father Kiely, of Salt Lake, Utah, an esteemed friend, was a welcome visitor during the week.

—St. Agnes' Literary Society reorganized last week, electing Miss F. Soper, President; Miss N. Wurzburg, Vice-President; Miss M. Clifford Secretary, and Miss S. Meskill, Treasurer.

—The recent election of officers in St. Angela's Literary Society resulted as follows: President, M. Shermerhorn; Vice-President, N. Shermerhorn; Treasurer, M. Cochrane; Secretary, L. Farwell.

—The regular catechetical instructions were begun on last Sunday by the Rev. chaplain, who dwelt on the necessity of a thorough knowledge of Christian Doctrine as the groundwork of a sound education.

—At the reorganization of St. Catharine's Literary Society on Tuesday evening, Miss E. Dennison was elected President; D. Miss Davis, Vice-President; Miss A. Howe, Secretary; Miss L. Norris, Librarian; after which the remainder of the evening was devoted to the reading of the "Life of Longfellow."

—At the academic meeting of Sunday, September 28, the first number of *Rosa Mystica*, edited by the Graduates, was read by the Misses Balch and Hurff. It contained many instructive articles which were listened to with close attention; while its wit and humor provoked frequent ripples of laughter.

—On the evening of the 22d ult., the Society of the Children of Mary held its first meeting of the year, on which occasion the following young ladies were appointed to fill the offices until the customary election, held on the 8th of December: President, Miss L. Norris; Vice-President, Miss R. Van Mourick; Secretary, Miss Catherine Hurley; Treasurer, Miss Caroline Hurley; Librarian, Miss O. O'Brien; Sacristan, Miss M. Coleman.

—On Saturday last the members of the Graduating and French classes, with other invited guests, enjoyed a rare vocal treat through the kindness of Mr. Fernando Dorbesson, of New York. The gentleman is gifted with a fine tenor voice, smooth and round, but possessing above all the magic power of touching the heart. Seldom have his listeners heard the *Ave Maria* rendered with such touching sweetness, to which the simple, unaffected manner of the singer lent an added charm.

—The Graduates took formal possession of their new class-room last week, seeming fully to appreciate the beauty of their surroundings, and with good reason; for the walls and ceiling reflect the taste and skill of the paper-hanger, and even the floor shines with an unwonted lustre. The brightness of the surroundings is,

however, eclipsed by that of the members of the class, and henceforth the walls of said room will echo only "words of learned length and thundering sound."

—Prof. M. F. Egan began his regular course of lectures in English Literature on Monday, Sept. 29. The subject—"How to Study Literature, and How to Write"—was handled in a masterly manner, the speaker laying particular stress on the necessity of an early and intimate acquaintance with the history of words. The importance of selecting a good author for repeated perusal and study was likewise emphasized, as having a tendency to develop original thought as well as to form a correct style. Even a chance listener could see that the lecturer was speaking of the art that he most loves, and he hesitated not to place its consolations second only to those of religion. The Professor was accorded rapt attention throughout, and if the enthusiasm awakened among the pupils be a criterion, the success of the course is assured.

Dare and Do.

"Life is a duty, dare and do."

As the youth stands upon the threshold of real life, there lies spread out before him a vast and ever-changing panorama. Its moving scenes present to view the surging crowd of humanity, and in the world of character there represented are to be found the greed for gain, the promptings of selfishness, the disregard of authority and the eager love for all that pertains to self-love, which is characteristic of the age in which we live. Sad is the outlook to him who thus studies the world into which he is entering as a toiler in the strife, and yet he must push on if he hopes for success. Woe to him who falters, for only to him who dares to act does victory come!

In the exercise of any gift that may have been given us, whether that gift be mental or moral, there is presupposed the quality of courage—a moral courage that prompts us to act at all times from a motive of principle, and to dare, in the very face of opposition, to do what our conscience dictates as right.

Determination and action go hand in hand; without purpose, men are drifted hither and thither at the mercy of every chance wave of opinion, or of every breeze that fickle fortune wafts across the sea of life. The history of men and times teaches us that no two persons are thrown into precisely similar circumstances; and yet, whatever one's surroundings, the motto "dare and do" finds application. It is from within that the motive power of our actions

must come if we hope for success; and the shipwrecks that strew the sands of time speak eloquently of the necessity of firmness and self-reliance in the journey from the cradle to the grave. A Napoleon and a Columbus, a Wellington and a Washington, may serve as exemplars in the fields of honor; but to ourselves must we look if we hope to achieve anything worthy of accomplishment. A hesitating, half-hearted spirit presages dire failure, and the victor's crown is given to him who in the battle of life sheds his heart's blood for his cause. Earnestness of purpose, or a disposition to dare and do, leads man to the highest pinnacle in the temple of education and to the performance of noble duties in the rank and file of society. It was the actuating spirit of a Fulton and a Morse, of a Father Damien and of a Newman; it found a resting-place in the heart of a St. Francis Xavier and in the soul of a Thomas Aquinas; and at the present day it is as essential to true success as it was in days of yore. Where would have been our great inventions, our evidences of prosperity, our literary productions, but for the spirit of daring and the desire of doing? "Nothing venture nothing have" is a maxim fraught with the wisdom of ages, and the records of time bear us out in saying that simple earnestness often leads to successes which mere talent would never have reached.

The very opposition one meets should be a means to attain the end; such was the case with Tennyson whose earliest poems were hushed to silence under the voices of critics; but after a period of solitude and study, England's pride, the poet-laureate, sang his new songs to the world, and chords of praise gave forth a mighty sound which has swelled since into a universal Pæan which will ring for ages, when he has "crossed the bar." "The sweetest songs die unsung," and why? Only because the poet shrinks from the judgments of men; and thus he sings on in his own heart, not having the courage to dare to write. A character that has never met with opposition is not developed; the finer qualities of such a nature lie dormant, waiting the voice which will bid them rise and dare to act. Even in the circle of school life do we find success crowning the efforts of those who find the very difficulties of daily life a spur, an incentive to noble actions.

Practical indeed is the advice given in the words: "If an anvil, be patient; if a hammer, strike hard." Yes, let us dare to be firm if we are to be anvils on which are fashioned the lives of others; and if we are to be active, "let us be

up and doing with a heart for any fate;" for the world is sadly in need of workers—of souls who for the sake of duty will dare and do.

JENNIE CURRIER (*Class '91*).

Roll of Honor.

SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

Misses Adelsperger, Anson, Allen, Balch, Buck, Bassett, Bunbury, E. Burns, R. Butler, A. Butler, Bradford, Brady, Breen, Black, Clarke, Currier, Coleman, Charles, Churchill, Clayton, Cohoon, Cochrane, Campbell, Cowan, Crilly, Cooke, Dority, Deutsch, Dennison, D. Davis, Donahue, Daley, Eisenstädt, Evoy, Fitzpatrick, Farwell, Fehr, Fitzsimmons, Gibbons, Green, Galvin, Good, Grauman, C. Hurley, K. Hurley, Hurff, Hughes, Haitz, Howe, Maude Hess, Hutchinson, Mollie Hess, Hanson, Minnie Hess, Hunt, Horner, Kingsbaker, Kirley, Kasper, Kieffer, Loennecker, Lynch, Lauth, F. Moore, McFarland, N. Morse, C. Morse, M. Moynahan, A. Moynahan, Murphy, M. Moore, McCormack, N. Moore, McGuire, McPhillips, Nacey, Nester, Norris, Niemann, O. O'Brien, C. O'Brien, O'Leary, Patier, Quinlan, Quirk, Quinn, A. Ryan, C. Ryan, G. Roberts, M. Roberts, Rentfrow, Root, Rizer, Ruger, Rose, Spurgeon, Stokes, M. Smyth, Sanford, Schermerhorn, Tipton, R. Van Mourick, H. Van Mourick, Violette, Wile, Witkowski, Wagner, Wolff, Waldron, Young, Zahm.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

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

MINIM DEPARTMENT.

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

Class Honors.

GRADUATING CLASS.—Misses Balch, Clarke, Currier, C. Hurley, K. Hurley, Hurff, Moore, Morse, McFarland, O'Brien, Van Mourick.

1ST SENIOR CLASS.—Misses Adelsperger, Buck, Dority, Deutsch, Fitzpatrick, Griffith, Morse, Nester, Nickel, Thirds, Violette, Wile, Quealy.

2D SENIOR CLASS.—Misses Coleman, Dennison, Gibbons, Hughes, Haitz, Howe, Lynch, Moynahan, K. Ryan, Spurgeon, Stokes, Bassett.

3D SENIOR CLASS.—Misses Bero, Bunbury, Charles, Churchill, Davis, Green, Lauth, Clayton, Cohoon, Dempsey, Lewis, Moore, Murison, Norris, Quinlan, Roberts, Sanford, Smith, Zahm, Kirley, M. Burns.

1ST PREPARATORY CLASS.—Misses Anson, Brady, Cochrane, Donehue, Farwell, McCormack, Pengeman, Rentfrow, Roberts, Shermerhorn, Van Mourick, Campbell, Clifford, O'Mara.

2D PREPARATORY CLASS.—Misses Breen, Butler, Bradford, Cowan, Dougherty, Evoy, Fehr, Hanson, Hunt, Johnston, Kasper, Kieffer, S. McGuire, Moynahan, N. McGuire, Niemann, O'Leary, Quinn, Root, Rizer, Shermerhorn, Whitmore, Young, Bachrach, M. Davis, E. Davis, Gilmore, Hammond, Kelly, Meskill, Scherrer, Smith, Wagner.

3D PREPARATORY CLASS.—Misses Crilly, Daley, Hopkins, Kingsbaker, Loennecker, McPhillips, O'Brien.

JUNIOR PREPARATORY CLASS.—Misses Black, Waldron, Bartholomew, Holmes, Hickey, Kasper, Kellner, Van Liew.

1ST JUNIOR CLASS.—Misses Cowan, Doble, Smyth, White.

2D JUNIOR CLASS.—Misses Bachrach, Mills, Windsor.