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My Favorite Flower.

Some flowers for odoriferous scent are sought,
Some for their beauty; others are admired
Because their loveliness with flames has fired
The poet's breast, and he their charms has wrought
Into sweet song; while others oft are brought
From foreign climes where they grow unadmired,
As the rude natives have no taste acquired
For nature's works. The pansy, flower of thought,

To me is dearest; for, when I behold
Its petals colored as the Heaven's ark,
It doth remind me that in thought I find
A richer treasure than a mine of gold—
A means wherewith to soar o'er earth so dark
With ignorance, and feast the soul and mind.

N. E. C.

Henry W. Longfellow.

In considering the heroes and patriots of this glorious country we should not confine our admiration and render our praises only to those who have won fame upon the battle-field, or gained the applause of the listening senate; but we should let honesty and good judgment guide our admiration, and let our heart prompt the homage of our praises.

What Virgil is to Rome, Longfellow is to America. He is, without doubt, the greatest poet America ever produced. Longfellow has rendered to America some valuable services. By his mighty pen he has clothed in beautiful garments the floral fields of Florida. He has made her landscapes the rival of scenes on the Rhine. And why could not America have such a great poet? She can boast of her Washingtons as heroes upon the battle-field; she can turn her eyes to a Franklin or an Edison and say with propriety: "There is a man whom the

queen of invention has chosen as one of her representatives." If fair science has been so bountiful to this young republic, if all other branches of learning have figured so conspicuously in the country's welfare, she must have some great representative in the literary world.

Longfellow seemed to have some supernatural power by which he pictured to man the beauties of life, and the happiness after death. He wrapped nature in a vestment of incomparable beauty. He elevated the works of God, and made the inventions of man, like the sands on the seashore, liable to be blown away at any time. Longfellow had a peculiar style which appealed to everyone, because he observed simplicity. Clothed in their simple garments, his thoughts are great and sublime. Another characteristic of Longfellow's poems and writings is that he was patriotic. Though his patriotism was not shown at Bunker Hill or Gettysburgh—neither was his voice ever heard in the halls of Congress,—yet he was a great and noble patriot. His love for his country was manifested in all of his works. When he wished to draw a simile from nature, he did not go to England to procure his flowers; he did not use the landscapes of the Rhine for his metaphors; but from the floral regions of Florida he drew his similes; from the rugged scenes of Colorado he procured his metaphors.

Besides the patriotism which enshrined all of Longfellow's poems, we find that he was endowed with all the virtues which elevate the soul to God. Look at his poems! You can see that each line, nay, each word, has some touch of moralistic beauty; his very sentiments disclose to man the evil which is enclosed in the case of temptation, and beseeches him to beware of the time when death shall throw her garments around him and carry him beyond the

stream of time to the shores of eternity. How well does Longfellow describe life when he says:

"Life is real, life is earnest,
And the grave is not its goal.
Dust thou art, to dust returnest
Was not spoken of the soul!"

In those few lines we find the substance of thoughts which have often visited our memory, but could not be coined. And again Longfellow says:

"Tell me not in mournful numbers,
Life is but an empty dream,
And the soul is dead that slumbers,
And things are not what they seem."

Here again we find a clear, simple and concise description of life; for let us reflect awhile. Is not life like a dream? We know not what is going to happen; we simply place our lives in the hand of fortune. And then when Longfellow says, "The soul is dead that slumbers," he pictures to us the condition of the soul of man. If a person's soul receives no spiritual nourishment, it will wither and be dead to God. Longfellow also says: "Things are not what they seem."

In these lines he shows his qualities as a poet. He teaches us in that one line that we should not judge everything by its appearance; but we should be careful in expressing our judgment. And so Longfellow continues to describe life in a manner which has never been equalled.

Let us now look at Longfellow's "Village Blacksmith"—a poem which is very popular in the literary world. He shows in it how simple the hard-working man lives, and yet how happy he is. He says:

"He looks the whole world in the face,
For he owes not any man."

If we could only be in harmony with all our neighbors, how much better we would feel towards the Almighty God!

We now find ourselves studying Longfellow's "Rainy Day." It seems useless for me to say anything about this short, though exquisite poem. It has received so much praise from better pens than mine that I could hardly elevate its rank as a poem. But I will say it is a poem which appeals to everyone's heart. In this poem Longfellow compares life to a cold, rainy day, and well does he do it. He says:

"My life is cold and dark and dreary;
It rains and the wind is never weary.
My thoughts still cling to the moldering past,
But the hopes of youth fall thick in the blast,
And my days are dark and dreary."

One of the characteristics of Longfellow's

poems is that he wrote in such a manner, and upon such subjects that everyone could not help but see the beauty and the greatness of his works. When he wished to write a poem he did not look back into Roman history or Greek art for his subject; but he simply took his subjects from the fields of nature or from some humane incident.

Longfellow's greatest poem, "Evangeline," is written in the most difficult form of verse—hexameter. It is a history of the Acadians—a nation whose privilege it was to possess the sweetest blessing, namely, the love of God.

Acadia contained many French settlers, who at the close of the war, twenty years before, had been promised freedom in religious matters, and exemption from bearing arms against the French. They were a simple, God-fearing people, never stirring up any revolts, or interfering in any way with the welfare of the Government. But jealousy soon interfered with their success and happiness. The dark cloud of despair and unhappiness was now making its appearance. The hatred and envy of King George was soon to enter that quiet village and scatter its inhabitants like leaves in a blast of wind. Well does Longfellow describe the situation of those people, and their embankment to shores they knew not where. They were scattered along the coast from Maine to Louisiana. Brothers were separated from sisters, wives from their husbands and children from their parents; family ties had no voice in this distribution and separation. I quote the following from "Evangeline."

"Thus dwelt together in love these simple Acadian farmers
Dwelt in the love of God and man."

Such is the conclusion of one of Longfellow's descriptive passages on the Acadians. In "Evangeline," he relates many incidents as to the treatment of the Acadians, but we need not dwell upon them now. He wrote many other poems, among which may be mentioned "Hiawatha," "The Courtship of Miles Standish," "The Ride of Paul Revere," "The Death of Absalom," "The Reaper and the Flowers," "Wreck of the Hesperus."

Longfellow was the possessor of rare mental gifts refined and perfected by an extended and successful collegiate training; but withal he was modest and unobtrusive. Ambition exercised but little influence upon his actions. He has left behind him a memory of perpetuity; and a character of incomparable beauty and tenderness. He was the expresser of the inexpressible, and a painter of the works of God. D.

Temperance.

III.

The invention of distillation has been ascribed to the Chinese. It is true, they were versed in alchemy—the search for a panacea to soothe all ills and to perpetuate life to immortality. The disciples of Lao Kinn originated experiments for *elixir vitæ* nearly six hundred years before the Christian era. In Europe the alchemists, with good intention but little wisdom, endeavored to extract from Aristotle's four elements—fire, water, earth and air—the quintessence of life. They discovered alcohol, which baffled analysis and which they hailed as the long-sought elixir of life. Strange that man should extract from the elements given him for his advantage the essence of death! This was welcomed as a remedy which, stimulating and intoxicating, would naturally be attractive to an ignorant age. In the seventeenth century the demand was so great that fruits, grain and vegetables were used for distillation to satisfy the public want.

The adulteration of alcoholic substances has become a work almost beyond the possibility of detection; so much so that the various drinks which please the palate of the most fastidious would be repulsive to even vitiated tastes if the constitutive elements were known. The tendency of wines to lose their attractive sweetness and become sour compels the honest merchant to become a "fraud," and corrupt the pure article that he may preserve it to accommodate the public. Indeed, in some concoctions, which bear the label of imported wines and liquors, the original grape juice is so combined with other substances that its presence is *nil*.

The change of season and the fermentation of fruit juices have forced wine-makers to resort to many intrigues which are deceptive even to the most experienced. Tastes trained to frauds would not appreciate wine wanting in artificial flavors; and the article, to be of commercial value, must be suitable to the consumer's desires.

IV.

The longevity of man cannot be computed, although it is considered an hereditary blessing which, if it is not impeded in its natural course, might stretch itself out to patriarchal old age. Yet all those who have preceded cannot stay the hand of death, no more than creatures could reverse the sidereal order. The past indulgence cannot restrain the harshness of that black night which presses all to sleep without distinction; nor beauty nor age may escape where he thrusts

his scythe deep into the harvest, or with icy fingers plucks away the flowers. However, not the caprice of fortune alone could have so decreased the proportion between ancient old age and the present period of life. The Inspired Page tells us of men that lived many years beyond the termination of life, as marked in later ages. The patriarchs saw generation after generation, until nine hundred years and a numerous progeny blessed their firm steadfastness to duty. Few men indeed now live to the ripe old age that honesty, sobriety and diligence would insure. Often the morning of a bright life has scarce dawned for a promising young man when he is hurried to the grave—a victim of intemperance.

The body is the instrument of all our actions, as the soul is the principle of all activity. To cherish one we must care for both. They are as a wedded couple that share all pain, all pleasure. Every rational being will acknowledge that he should live so as to preserve incorrupt his faculties and powers, and act for their development. That life may be lengthened to the time destined by the natural strength of constitution it is necessary that one should practise the virtue of sobriety. Therefore, we must recognize the insidious demon that weakens the body and ensnares the soul. Let us then take cognizance of the physiological results; for it is the duty of everyone to concern himself with the general physical laws that, seeing and knowing, he may act for the maintenance of physical and mental vigor.

V.

The organism is, indeed, marvellous in its mechanism, receiving food and converting it into tissue, utilizing what will foster growth, and rejecting, as far as possible, what cannot be accepted for the food of the body; but often what is not food is taken into the body and thence result detrimental effects. Nature has given us appetites which we must satisfy; and they are urgent, imperative and irresistible as long as man would preserve existence. Such inclinations are regular—as sleep and exercise, hunger and thirst; and they are legitimate, impelling us instinctively, and desisting when their object is attained. Acquired appetites are such as we do not long for as a necessity and which at first may have been disagreeable. A poison is a substance which injures the body and contains nothing of food. Few substances are neutral—that is, neither food nor poison; therefore, what is not food requires a useless expenditure of force to carry it off. The living

organism contains anything that is food, and the absence of alcohol proves that it is a poison. Dr. Boer, treating this subject, says: "Alcohol contains neither albumen nor fat, nor any substance either present in the animal organism or arising by chemical changes and replacing a part of the same." Alcohol is not essential to life. Unlike the periodic requirements, it is not satisfied. A craving springs up where we thought to satiate; and only a steadfast denial can eradicate this passion for alcohol once acquired. Its action is hurtful on the nerve tissues which it disturbs; the assimilation with the blood which it fills with impurities; digestion is retarded and thrown out of harmony. A want is produced as a reaction after a strain on the system from drinking, and the drinker misinterprets it as a craving, thereby mistaken necessity offers an excuse with which to palliate weakness of determination. Our nutritious beer swells out the flesh and is apparently healthful. "But fat in the beer drinker consists of albuminous residues, which, having been alcoholized, resist the action of the various solvents in the system, and being neither fit for use in the body nor reducible to an excretionable form, they have to be stored away so as not to obstruct the circulation, and hence they are packed away under the skin, which accounts for the obesity of the beer drinker. After this the fat is deposited around the kidneys, liver and heart which produces the fatty diseases of these organs."

By many alcoholic liquors are erroneously supposed to increase the temperature of the body. This science denies; and repeated experiments attest that inhabitants of northern countries feel the cold of winter more when intemperate than when they have become abstainers. Yes, even those who now go seafaring in northern climates have rejected alcohol as not only useless but detrimental. Upon the nervous system it exercises its undermining influence. The brain is directly attacked, being delicate and sensitive, the seat of the intellect, the noblest part of man's organism. But as the sweetest, most delicate instrument is most susceptible of derangement, so is the brain soonest injured. It is the centre of the nervous system, and is operated upon, through the system, by means of the alcohol introduced into the blood. Aye, even in an unchanged form in the brain has alcohol been found. This emotion suspends the activity of the brain; and those attributes divinely given are expelled until lost reason again recovers itself in its dethroned habitation. A morbid confusion now returns; sufferings are more painful, and misfortunes are doubly disagreeable.

The mind is paralysed, and this may account for the unconsciousness of the deterioration in mental capacity. Impressions lose much of their significance and intensity; but whether of judgment or the senses we need not inquire, but accept undoubted the only sure rule of intellectual preservation, and become an abstainer. If any man hesitate to adopt this rule, let him look to the victim whose body is a poison of corruption, governed by insanity and haunted with hideous contortions of the imagination; wild with snakes and raging demons—the victim of *delirium tremens*. Indeed, not only are things imaginary made fearful, but even realities are "misconstrued by a disordered intellect into all kinds of forms and fantasies, horrible and grotesque; and natural sounds receive undue importance and are misinterpreted by the delirious patient." Terrible visions invite him away; threatening voices howl in his ears; fancied fire chokes him, and even the hallucinations then disappear, mocking him with shouts of triumph; but quickly they return, until he longs to leave himself and go with them. Ah, no! the air that once gently kissed his heated brow, bringing refreshing sleep and ease, is now filled with torments that delight in his miseries. Poor madman, we pity you! 'Tis all we can give you now, as you have been your own enemy; for the man without self-respect cannot expect the friendship or assistance of others.

VI.

Now, as we have spoken of man as an individual apart from society, let us look at him in his intercourse with his fellow-man. We have shown that by drinking man makes himself a suicide; in this he is a criminal. It may be objected that a social glass provokes candor, good humor and jollity, and that it brings hearts closer in the bonds of friendship. The friends thus fastened by wickedness are unworthy the name. They will abandon the fallen; for their regard was measured only by the entertainment they found in him, and the sot has nothing left to recommend him. Then, again, when beyond the limit of moderation the soul is moved, a quick impulse, a sudden crime, and forever he is dishonored, if not condemned, in expiation of crime. Hot blood revives some evil design, and blindness urges—the same old story repeated of a home made miserable and a blighted future.

Is the drunkard a son? Let him look to his mother—the angel of home—wearied with sorrowful regrets. That very name which thrills man with reverence at its very utterance has no charm for him. The love that watched his

tender childhood, in hopes of claiming him an honorable man, must now quench its flame with tears. Could the future have bared itself to her view she would have torn him from her breast, despite the depth of a mother's love. There at the hearth, where long ago she planned his career, there where once visions of pride gave resplendent brightness, she sits; her dishevelled hair grows gray above a mourning brow, as if sorrowed in sympathy; her beauty darkened by a miserable age, despised by her unnatural son who would sell her life for drink.

Husband or wife, a drunkard must be that lowest state to which mortal can sink! Poisoned offspring may live after them, but always heirs to this parental deformity. Suspicion rankles in the heart of both. No dignity nor self-respect can remain. Affections are unmeaning words.

Erasmus Darwin on this subject mentions distinctly that "all diseases from drinking spirituous and fermented liquors are liable to become hereditary even to the third generation, gradually increasing, if the cause be continued, till the family becomes extinct." Aye, many who love their parents whilst yet their tastes are not formed will point back to that father and say: "He drank, how can I resist? Am I not my father's son?" Indeed, he is his father's son with qualities like his inborn; but do we spare the hissing snake because it is like its parent? The drunkard is a begging bankrupt. His importunities are a nuisance that estrange him from all who know him; for the drunkard has no reason by which he could make a return, and no feeling to be grateful, and the first indulgence would be as an acquiescence to future loans. In short, he is an exile from all that might bring comfort.

For medicinal purposes alcohol may have something to commend it. But now since science has advanced, until the loss of one remedy may easily be replaced by another, it can be dispensed with. Besides, alcohol soon loses its repugnance and becomes a taste. So when it is unnecessary to longer continue it as a stimulant it is taken as a pleasant narcotic. How many have their first appetite in this beginning? And if to cure a temporary ill it induces a thousand permanent ones that fill the doctor's vocabulary, should it not be rejected?

To speak of the psychological results is rather the teacher's duty; but we can truly declare that by God's holy word we shall one day "render an account of our stewardship" when we have served the term of life, and departed over the dark river that stands between time and eternity. We can never deserve God's

grace, yet He gives it; His mercy we cannot merit, yet He is liberal with it: "Ask and you shall receive." The drunkard cannot ask; he despairs; he tries to thrust out of his mind these thoughts of immortality. Deplorable state of man; for were he dying and drunk, Almighty God, with His boundless mercy, could not grant the least grace! Theologians tell us that it binds the hand of even God. Why? Because mercy is for man, and the drunkard is but the remains of a man without reason; a veritable brute that dare not raise an appealing glance to Heaven, and ask for that so willingly promised to mortals—mercy. The development of this plague is a cruel evil that has extended far and wide over the land of freedom making slaves until its familiar countenance has made it a social virtue.

VII.

It seems inconsistent that the glorious nineteenth century should close its eyes to an age so elevated by invention and discovery, but so depressed by intoxication. This social crime, which existed from all time, has burst forth from its pent-up prison, like the eruption of some fierce volcano, and the country is deluged with alcohol. Shall we look with complacency upon the ruin? Should not dumb mouths be loosened to cry out the word of reform? Would any man be so hateful to his kind that, standing on the bank of a swift running stream, he would permit a venturesome child to paddle therein unconscious of the irresistible rapids near by that will rush him headlong over the cataract down to the hissing depths below? Humanity revolts at the very idea. Yet how will our voice be heard in the whirlwind unless we combine our strength and lay our plans with a determination to suppress all possibility of resistance? The people indirectly make the laws which they must obey. Then we shall unite with all politics, for temperance can be partial to none. Like liberty, it must identify itself with every cause and be reciprocated by all. Then shall we have High License, because it is the most practical way of diminishing the evil, as the many saloons which are ubiquitous will be broken up because the patronage cannot justify the tax. We urge this on the principle that the Government should punish wrong-doers, for such they are, since they violate peace and corrupt morals. Inasmuch as temperance is an impediment to public good and public wealth, political economy calls for measures of repression. After the number has been thinned, prohibition will perfect the rest, and prove the proverb that "Law is the people's safety." Prohibition alone can eradicate this

nuisance that infringes upon the nation's safety.

The majority of our people believe that each man should adopt his own principle of action; and if he drink, moderation should be his bounds. But who will answer the question, "What is moderation?" Between that line and excess there are more fears, more fallacies than even the drinker can see. Drunkenness begins when moderation is overstepped. Where is the line? Men are of different temperaments; perhaps custom may make one less susceptible to alcoholic influence, just as the arsenic eater can gorge himself with enough poison to kill a dozen men. The stronghold of defence breaks through when reason becomes dazzled, and then to satiate is but a further prolongation of pleasure.

Blasphemous lips will then pour forth defiance against Heaven, and the vulgarity of heart rolls out, yet swells the more with brutal sentiment; tenderness maddens and loses all its nature; love forgets all affections and beholds only objects of violence upon which to vent unprovoked anger; virtue is entirely discarded, and the honest man lifts up to Heaven the murderous weapon that may summon his unconscious foe to hell. This is but a step beyond moderation; dark shades of unexpected reverses have come with it.

We must guard against surprise. No walls of cities are strong enough to repel its attacks. It invades the pauper's hovel, unsightly with smoky rafters that creak and groan before the blasts; nor are the marble mansions of extravagant finish, where golden goblets dispense the tempting wine, exempt from its hostilities. In crowded confusion of queenly city, amid the bustle of business as well as the quiet country home remote from all excitement, it steals its way with embittering hideousness to disseminate its misery to the loving hearts of the peasant's dependents.

There is no moderation; for what is at all an evil is in every respect to be avoided. It is the pestilential fever that knows no fixed locality, that roams wherever there is welcome, breathing a noxious plague, a hankering for death and disappointment. Age and rank, beauty and intelligence, occupation and denomination—all are tempted by the seductive bowl, and, yielding to its charms, go down to that degraded station from which they lift up an imploring voice, but cannot hope.

Can memory, then, when reason is dethroned and majesty snatched from where the God of all goodness had placed it, bring joy to him who is deep in the dust of difficulty? Were it the dust that covered heroes with glory it might

be so; but lower than swine has he fallen, because the swine wallows in mire by instinct, and man imitates them through choice. What is natural is right, and the brute is not so debased as the drunkard. But can memory with gentle sweep brush back the curtain of the past, and dispel the mist of intervening years, and show him the face of his aged mother whose furrowed cheeks have become a valley of tears? Can he feel remorse because with the hellishness of a demon he has clouded the sunset of her whose youth was spent in loving anxiety, but who now is heart-broken and dying? In every light he is miserable; for consciousness would strike a pang to his very heart to know what it is; memory would rouse gloomy melancholy; drink brings to his company the demons of hell.

Do you strive for immortality of glory? Then you must be sober. Is a long life your aim? Then preserve your constitution—abstain. Is life a burden? Drunkenness will increase melancholy and disappointment. Make firm and certain your step. Hours, days and years glide away, but past time never returns, nor is it possible to see the future.

C. J. S.

The Earth a Cinder.

Combustion is the union of a substance with oxygen with an evolution of light and heat. Set fire to a piece of wood: the oxygen of the air seizes on the particles of the wood, rushes off as smoke with some, and remains as ashes with others. This is the primal feature of the phenomenon. The evolution of energy is secondary; it is only an effect of the chemical change. In olden times it was thought that matter was destroyed by being burned; but it is certain now that matter is indestructible, and that combustion involves no more than a change of form. We know that most of the elements combine with oxygen; we know further that they combine with it in the manner of combustion. Understanding, then, that when an element is found united to oxygen the phenomenon of combustion may be logically inferred, let us see the directions that follow.

Three-fourths of the earth's surface consist of water. Water, we know, is a combination of the two gases hydrogen and oxygen. In fewer words, water is burnt hydrogen. Take a given quantity of water, decompose it, and we get hydrogen and oxygen; set fire now to the hydrogen, or, in other words, cause it to combine again with the oxygen, and, as the product of the combustion, we get, with an intense evolu-

tion of light and heat, the exact quantity of water with which we started. The conclusion seems inevitable, then, that all the waters of the earth—clouds and dew and frost and ice, winter's snow and summer's rain, the rivers and the lakes and the boundless ocean—are but products of a great primeval fire.

For a century past, the solid crust of the earth has been the object of a painstaking, persistent scientific investigation. The composition of everything on the face of the globe has been accurately determined, and a large portion of the interior as well has been subjected to a very severe scrutiny. Thousands of hitherto unknown substances have been found, and thousands of wonderful and useful facts have been brought to light. And now, as a result of all these marvellous discoveries, as a result of all these years of patient toil, it appears that the interior, no less than the surface of the earth, is oxydized. In plainer terms, there is the clearest and fullest evidence that the whole huge body of the globe is but the cinder of a titanic conflagration. The sands of the sea-shore and the dust under our feet; the crags and hills and snow-capped peaks, with all the underlying gigantic framework of mountain system; the solid strata of the earth for twenty miles downward—as far as our direct acquaintance goes—all are oxydized; all are cooled embers that must once have glowed with the fervor of a fiery sun. Out of this vast burnt waste a small portion—the matter that enters into the composition of living things—has been rescued; and thus it is that every organic body is combustible, and the cinereous old earth is clad in beautiful green.

Modern chemistry seems thus to have confirmed some of the wonderful things astronomers had told us before. The nebular hypothesis assumes that the earth was once a fiery gaseous mass, thousands of times larger than it is now, radiating heat and light with an intensity like that of the sun. The sun, in fact, we are told, is an exact image of the olden earth. The combustible matters, being finally consumed; the mass slowly cooled, was condensed to the liquid state, and at length took the form and features we are now so familiar with. If all this be true, the sun too must be gradually cooling; and yet the cooling process is so slow that man, in six thousand years, has not been able to detect the slightest diminution of the flood of solar energy that is daily pouring down upon the earth. The sixty centuries of human life, compared to the time required for the stupendous vicissitudes through which the earth has passed, are like the earth itself in the mighty mechanism of the starry universe,—an infinitesimal speck, a wrinkle on the surface of a limitless sea.—J. BURNS in *Seminary Journal*

Books and Periodicals

—The first number of nineteenth volume of *St. Nicholas* contains the beginning of a serial for boys, by Brander Matthews. It is called "Tom Paulding," and deals with the search by a New York boy for buried treasure in the upper part of Manhattan Island. Local color is given in the first chapter by the bright flames of an election-night fire. This is Mr. Matthew's first venture in writing a long story for the young. Among the most amusing things in this bright number is "The Barber of Sari-Ann," by Jack Bennett. The author, having in the preceding number taught the readers how to make silhouettes, in this shows his credentials by producing exceedingly funny illustrations to an equally amusing poem, which reads like an Ingoldsby legend. Another clever bit of work is "Launcelot's Tower," by Marjorie Richardson, wherein fun and good counsel are equally blended. "The Dickey Boy," by Mary E. Wilkins, is a pathetic story of a country waif. That the country has waifs will not easily be forgotten by those who sympathetically follow the troubles of the Dickey boy. C. H. Palmer, an English writer, tells the history of "The Sea-Fight off the Azores" in more detail than is permissible in Tennyson's ballad, "The Revenge."

—*The Century* has just "come of age," and in its November number begins its twenty-second year with some notable "features." Mr. Cole's engravings of the masterpieces of the Italian painters reaches a climax in the full-page blocks, after two of the Sibyls of Michael Angelo, which are printed as a double frontispiece in *The Century* for November, and which are the prelude of the concluding year of this important series. There is an editorial article calling renewed attention to this series, under the title "An American Achievement in Art," and stating that these blocks of Mr. Cole are still classified by the Treasury Department, not as works of art, but merely as "manufactures of wood." The feature of the number which is likely to attract the most attention is probably the new novel, "The Naulahka," by Rudyard Kipling and Wolcott Balestier, the latter a well-known American now living in London. This is Mr. Kipling's first experience in collaboration. Under the title of "A Rival of the Yosemite," John Muir, the California naturalist, contributes the first fully illustrated description which has been made of the great cañon of the South Fork of King's River. The death of Mr. Lowell is further commemorated by a paper of literary criticism by Mr. George E. Woodberry, the newly-appointed professor of English poetry at Columbia College. The New York Club of actors, dramatists, and others, founded by Edwin Booth, under the name of "The Players," is the subject of an illustrated descriptive article by Brander Matthews.

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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 now enters upon the TWENTY-FIFTH 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.

THE NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC contains:

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—The Catholic students of the University are now engaged in the exercises of the annual retreat under the direction of the zealous and gifted Jesuit missionary, the Rev. A. G. Van der Eerden, of St. Louis. The instructions of the devoted missionary are calculated to impress the minds of his hearers with a sense of their dignity as men and a realization of what should be their true aim in life. The authorities speak in the highest praise of the admirable spirit and the earnestness with which all enter into this spiritual work. It gives the best assurance for the happy and successful issue of their collegiate year, and of the great benefits to be gained which may have an influence upon a lifetime.

—On Wednesday evening, the members of the Faculty, students, and a number of visitors, eagerly awaited the moment when the Elocution and Musical classes would make their first appearance; for the rumor that Father Mohun, Dr. Liscombe and Professor Clarke had accomplished wonders since the beginning of the scholastic year had raised the expectations of the audience to the highest pitch. And, indeed, expectations were realized beyond measure; for the performances of the evening clearly demonstrated the efficacy of able and zealous

instruction, diligent and incessant application.

A charming programme, consisting of songs, declamations, impersonations and instrumental music, had been arranged in order to satisfy every variety of taste; and we can safely say that all as they retired experienced the sensation of having spent a happy and cheerful evening.

The University orchestra opened the entertainment with a beautiful waltz, which was followed by the brilliant "Marching Chorus" of the University Glee Club. Next came alternately declamations and different kinds of music. Benjamin C. Bachrach's gallant "soft complaining flute" touched the hearts of the audience with pity and commiseration, while D. J. Phillips' violin solo, "Melancholie," made each one feel "the pangs, fury and frantic indignation of despair." The Sorin Quartette, however, carried off the laurels of the evening. When, after the second *encore*, it breathed forth the sweet, enchanting strains of the "University Carol," the enthusiasm of the audience knew no bounds. Clapping of hands and shouts of laudation shook Washington Hall from "turret to foundation stone."

The speeches and recitations of the Elocution class were of unusual excellence, and showed unquestionably that it has never been in a more flourishing condition. If the present industry of its members will last, there can be no doubt that at the end of this session Notre Dame's school of oratory will equal any in the East or West. Hugh O'Donnell was remarkable for grace of gesture and perfect control of his vocal organs; Robert Healy, for the vigor and pleasantness of his voice; H. Ferneding, for a pleasing delicacy of delivery and gesticulation. The champions of St. Edward's Hall, Jamie O'Neill and Thomas J. Finnerty, surprised the audience by the elegance of their action. The stage, indeed, has seldom welcomed two elocutionists so young and yet so finished.

The Brownson Quartette presented a fitting conclusion to a magnificent entertainment, and the audience left, sighing and longing for the quick return of such a delightful hour.

A Noble Example.

The following communication from a highly esteemed friend of the University will be read with more than ordinary interest. While it speaks well for the manly purpose which directs the career of the talented young son of Notre Dame, and the thoroughness of his collegiate

training, it furnishes a bright example to be followed by all young men who are animated by a sense of duty and love of truth:

"Onarga is on the Illinois Central RR., some eighty miles south of Chicago. Here is located a Methodist college. The town is intensely Methodist. It is, perhaps, the most bigoted and narrow-minded community in Illinois. No Catholic or Irishman lives in the vicinity. To this place a man of the Murray stripe was brought last 4th of July to give the oration. He seemed to imbibe the spirit of the surroundings, and, instead of delivering an oration appropriate to the occasion, gave a fierce diatribe against Catholicity in general, and Irish Catholics in particular. Having finished his insulting and un-American harangue, a young man in the audience came forward and asked permission to say a few words. His manly bearing and eloquent words soon captivated the audience. He told, in clear and concise language, that he was neither an Irishman nor a Catholic; that he did not come from a distance with, perhaps, an unsavory reputation; that he was a resident of the place (and, I may add, the son of one of the oldest residents and most honored physicians of the County), but that he received part of his education in a Catholic college, and would consider it an insult to his *Alma Mater* if he stood by and listened without protest to such lies and calumnies as had just been uttered. He briefly refuted all the calumnies that had been resuscitated, and recalled to the minds of his hearers all that the Irish and the Catholics have done for American liberty from Charles Carroll, of Carrollton, and the soldiers of the Revolution to Phil Sheridan, and the thousands of Irish who freely poured forth their blood for their country during the Rebellion. Even that bigoted crowd could not fail to honor his manliness, his nobility of soul, and to look with disgust upon him who came there to pander to their passions and prejudices. I am not personally acquainted with the heroic youth. I have never met him. But I honor, I respect him. He has in him the elements of a true hero. This manly youth is a graduate of Notre Dame. His name—Homer P. Brelsford."

Pronunciation "Bees."

A few years ago one of the most instructive and entertaining features of school-life was the spelling "bee." All over the country public competitions in orthography were held, and unusual interest was manifested in these contests. It is needless to say that they were valuable adjuncts to the regular school work of the pupils, furnishing, as they did, an incentive to more than ordinary diligence and application. Introduced on a smaller scale into the class room,

they were found beneficial in many respects, and are still used to no small extent as monthly reviews. The spelling "bee" undoubtedly suggested the pronunciation "bee," which was the novelty at Chautauqua last season. Of the thousands who were in attendance, only forty-two entered the lists, presumably because they felt their inability to stand the test; and almost all of those who had the temerity to air their knowledge of English orthoepy retired, convinced of their incompetency to pronounce correctly all of the words in common use.

When we consider that many of those who stood the trial had perhaps enjoyed the advantages of a more than ordinary education, and that, nevertheless, they failed to substantiate their claims to proficiency in the pronunciation of our language, we are naturally led to enquire the cause. Some of the words given to the contestants at Chautauqua are rarely used, and were not, consequently, a fair test of knowledge. Amongst those in ordinary use, before which many went down, are the following: gladiolus, grimace, grimy, haunt, laundry, naïvely, swarthy, spinach, senile, rapine, construe, contumely, clique, maritime, recess, resume, sacrifice, vizor, swaths, brooch, exile, irrefragable, collect (the noun) and garrulity. No one will deny that this list contains only words frequently used; but those who take the trouble to look them up in Worcester's or Webster's dictionary, will be surprised to learn that they have been at fault in their pronunciation of many of them. What is true of these words is true of a host of others. Lack of early training in the true sounds of letters, business and social intercourse with those imperfectly acquainted with English, the dissemination of false pronunciation by the apparently well educated, and, above all, our own indifference to acquire an exact knowledge of our language by a diligent study of the dictionary, are the real causes of our deficiency in orthoepy.

The pronunciation "bee" held at Chautauqua has demonstrated one fact, viz., that we are woefully incompetent in the pronunciation of common words. Will the consciousness of our incompetency stimulate us to a diligent study of the sounds of letters and of accent? It is to be feared that it will not; and that the pronunciation "bee," like so many other practical methods of acquiring knowledge, will not be given a fair trial. It served its purpose at Chautauqua. It amused a large audience by the discomfiture of the few contestants. Hundreds of educated ladies and gentlemen, though unwilling themselves to stand the test, did not

hesitate to give it their approbation; but in the opinion of unprejudiced judges the real friends of education were those who entered the lists.

As yet it is impossible to say whether the pronunciation "bee" will become popular or not. It would certainly be a source of instruction and entertainment to students of all grades, and would help to while away many a lonely winter evening. Teachers should recognize the utility of such contests, and do all in their power to bring them into popularity. Emulation might be aroused amongst the younger pupils by offering prizes to be competed for in public. After a time all would realize their ignorance of orthoepy, and take the only sure means to remove it, viz., a careful study of the dictionary. Whether a trial be given the pronunciation "bee" at Notre Dame or not, certainly more interest should be shown in so important a matter by all classes of students. Those whose attention has been already called to this deficiency might do much to remedy the defects of others by publishing in the SCHOLASTIC lists of the words commonly mispronounced by their companions. A crusade against false orthoepy, once begun and diligently persevered in, will be of incalculable benefit to all. K.

Summer Sketches.

VI.

PARIS.

JULY 10.—Let me tell you, dear SCHOLASTIC, that no sooner was my last communication bottled up, sealed and sent adrift than remorse—foul fiend and all that kind of thing—seized upon me. And why? Because I did not tell you where that *cocher* brought me; that's the why. I thought to myself (an ordinary person would say "methought"): Suppose these effusions should be published—it's always dangerous to write to editors,—what would the gentle readers think of such an extraordinary *hiatus*? (I venture to remark that this word, while perfectly expressive of the idea intended to be conveyed, may be utilized as an illustration of the rhetorical figure known as *onomatopœia*; and I think anyone who has had the good fortune to ride in a Parisian cab will bear me out in the assertion.) It would certainly be a most extraordinary feat to go in a hop, skip and a jump from the Porte de Neuilly to the Louvre—especially as in the meantime my kind driver, according to previous statement, took me through the principal parts of the city. Nor do not think

that I have forgotten Montmartre. In fact, my visit there must be postponed until to-morrow; but I intend to make it the event of my life. The visits of this day—the Louvre alone would suggest that—carried me so far into the twilight as to necessitate a cessation.

Well, to go back to our *cocher* and our career, we drove down the Avenue de la Grande Armée, which is one of the twelve grand avenues, that strike out, like so many rays, from the circle of which the Arc de Triomphe is the central point. These avenues are great and broad, the like of which I have never seen elsewhere. Take the Avenue de la Grande Armée,—there is no street in New York, Philadelphia or Chicago to equal it in width. It has its sidewalks on both sides, as all well-regulated streets should have; but besides it has subdivisions not to be seen in any other city, as far as I know. Here the streetway adjoining one side forms a road for heavy teams, while that next the other side is a tramway. In the centre is a grand drive for carriages and light wagons, separated from either streetway by beautiful walks shaded by grand, majestic trees. It is not precisely the same with all the great avenues of Paris; but you will find in all of them the same grandeur of width, the same leafy, umbrageous trees, the same regard for the beautiful as well as the useful in their construction. The Parisians are very careful in regard to the number and beauty of the trees in their city. Trees are watched attentively, and those that show any signs of decay—if beyond remedy—are quickly replaced by others. House builders are required by law to build a wall around the trees in front to protect them from injury, and so on. It is this æsthetic sense, with the commercial activity of Paris, that causes the visitor to say: "There is only one Paris."

I think the same may be said in regard to the construction of the houses. One thing a New Yorker cannot fail to miss in Paris is "stoops." The houses—private residences, as well as stores, etc.—are down flatly perpendicular to the sidewalk. To gain admittance into a residence, you enter a little archway, and ring or call for the *concierge* who has his or her apartments on one side. This personage directs you through a courtyard to the place or the person you seek. These open courtyards within serve the same purposes for fresh air and light that the "Knickerbockers" seek through the medium of "stoops." It must be said, however, that the Parisians, especially those who patronize the *cafés*, find them insufficient; and hence not unfrequently the promenade through the streets of Paris has to pass between rows of tables, at which are seated

seekers after refreshment in various shapes and forms. It may be all very nice when you get used to it; but I do not think, just now, with my American notions, that I could be prevailed upon to sit out on the side-walk and take a—well, say a glass of soda-water, while *tout le monde* passed by. Is it not the fact that according to our ideas too much publicity detracts from sociability? If it be true that “where two are company three are too many,” what can be said when the whole living, moving world, as far as can be encompassed within the limits of one’s horizon, seeks to form “company”? Still, *de gustibus*, etc. The Parisians, “without regard to age, sex, or previous condition of servitude,” seem to like it. And, after all, as I have seen it in summer, I hope it may be my happy lot to see Paris in winter. I shall ever cherish, as one of my happiest recollections, my hurried drive on this July day with my *cocher* through this most beautiful of all beautiful cities.

But to return to *nos moutons*, as *we* say here, you must know that the Arc de Triomphe, called *de l'Etoile*—from the rays of avenues, of which I told you,—forms what might be called a dividing line between the Avenue de la Grande Armée and the Champs Elysées, or more briefly and simply the latter is the continuation of the former. My good *cocher* stopped in front of the circle around the grand *Arche*, and told me to go and look at it while he drove around to the other end. As I was in for seeing what was to be seen, I jumped out and followed directions. But the slow moving stream of humanity, passing to and fro through the narrow passageway, was something repugnant to my republican ideas, so I jumped over the iron railing encircling one of the grass plots, and made my way to the *Grande Arche*. I think that I remarked in a previous communication how, as we approached Paris, we observed from the train this enormous piece of masonry. It is nearly 160 feet in height by about 130 feet in width, and each column forming the sides of the arch is over 65 feet in depth. The dimensions are colossal, but one does not realize it all until he passes beneath the vaulted arch. Admission may be had through one of the columns to the top from which a grand view is presented of the city. One of the *gens d'armes*, or *sergents de ville*—were he in New York I would call him a “policeman,” but here the term does not apply; firstly, because although he wears the regulation uniform, save the military cap, yet he carries a short sword instead of a club at his belt, and secondly, he is to be found everywhere in Paris, whereas our “finest” are never, or hardly ever, at hand

when wanted—well, this *officiel* seemed to know me, and very politely said: “*Par ici, Monsieur*,” pointing in the direction of an open door in one of the towers. The “cop” thought, no doubt, that I was looking for a way of getting up to the top; but I wasn’t just then. I remembered my waiting *cocher* and the objective point of my trip, so I bowed—as much as to say, “I’ll see you later”—and passed on. Of course, I stopped to look at the immense sculptured groups and bas-reliefs commemorative of the great battles and victories of Napoleon and the Republic, together with the inscriptions and names of celebrated generals engraved upon the monument.

Our journey was then resumed, and we bowled down the beautiful Avenue des Champs Elysées to the Place de la Concorde, the largest and most beautiful of the immense squares in the city. Known formerly as the Place de la Revolution, this square has a memorable history as the scene of the bloody events of the “Reign of Terror.” In the centre stands the Obelisk presented to Louis-Philippe by Mahomet-Ali, Pacha of Egypt. It is formed of a single block of granite nearly seventy feet in height. On each side are a number of elegant fountains decorated with statuary. Around the square are eight colossal stone statues typical of principal cities in France. The one representing Strassburg—lost to France through the war with Prussia—is surrounded with flowers, and serves not a little to keep alive anti-German feelings in the populace. The river Seine forms one of the boundaries of the *Place*, and the view from the bridge is one of the loveliest in the city. One sees therefrom the Place de la Concorde, the Church of the Madeleine, and the Chamber of Deputies, the garden of the Tuileries and the Louvre, the bridges of the river, the Palais de l’Industrie, the tower of Notre Dame and Trocadero Palace, and, of course, the Eiffel Tower. We drove on, passing close to the Tower of which the world has heard enough. One does not realize the immensity of its height, so graceful and well proportioned are its parts; but your main building could very easily be placed under the lower arches. Opposite is the Trocadero Palace which, in addition to its rich museums, possesses many of the exhibits made by various nations at the Exposition. On we go, very nearly retracing our way, till we arrive opposite the Louvre. And here we stop. My *cocher* has earned two francs, and I thank him for his polite attentions. Then, saying “I’ll see you in the morning,” we part, perhaps never to meet again.

SAMMY.

Personal.

—A Meehan (Com'l), '87, is the efficient superintendent of an Iron Foundry at Chattanooga, Tenn.

—Vincente Baca, '72, of Belen, New Mexico, made a very pleasant visit to his *Alma Mater* during the week.

—Frank Mattes, '85, of Des Moines, Iowa, has the sincere sympathy of his former Professors at Notre Dame in the great affliction which has befallen him in the death of his mother. May she rest in peace!

—M. E. O'Kane (Com'l), '86, is a salesman in the Wholesale Department of the American Book Company, Cincinnati, and is doing well. His brothers, Byron and George, are also engaged in very successful business.

—Very Rev. Father Provincial Corby received a few days ago a letter from the Rt. Rev. Mgr. Louage, C. S. C., Bishop of Dacca in Eastern Bengal. Mgr. Louage speaks of the great good already accomplished by the devoted missionary band who left Notre Dame a few years ago. Seventy-eight adults—converts from paganism—were recently baptized, and about one hundred and sixty, among whom are two Buddhist priests, are under instruction.

—"In next week's issue," says the *Michigan Catholic*, of Detroit, "we shall commence the publication of a series of twelve articles from the pen of Maurice F. Egan, LL.D., Professor of English Literature at the University of Notre Dame. The subject of the series will be Literature and Art, the specific title being 'Our Heritage of Literature and Art.' The articles will be written for a syndicate of Catholic papers, namely: The *Michigan Catholic*, the *Milwaukee Catholic Citizen*, the *Buffalo Catholic Union and Times*, and the *Catholic Columbian*, of Columbus, Ohio. We believe this announcement will be sufficient to awaken the interest of our readers and of Catholics generally throughout the country. The subject, as may be guessed from the title, is at once an interesting and important one; and the name and literary fame of Professor Egan are sufficient assurance that the subject will be treated learnedly and beautifully."

Local Items.

—Retreat!

—Indian Summer!

—His face was a study!

—Who wrote that song?

—That new song is a daisy.

—He does look like Cassius!

—All Saints' Day to-morrow.

—The small boys did excellently.

—The Quartette were right there!

—History repeated itself on last Thursday.

—The entertainment was a howling success.

—"And many were the things that they said."

—The "Reds" of Carroll Hall won, score 5 to 6.

—He got up that side and did not like to see it beaten.

—Some new talent was brought out by that entertainment.

—Can a man be captain and umpire? The Sorins think not.

—The second milestone of the year will be passed to-morrow.

—Was that contortion of the features a part of the programme?

—The "Blues" of Carroll Hall thought that they could play base-ball.

—The "old boy" says he never had a medal awarded him for elocution.

—The elocutionary part of the programme was very good. This speaks well for Prof. Clarke's training.

—The Physics class, with the aid of the Magdeburg hemispheres, are learning to throw back—somersaults.

—Alderman Allright doth wax jocose. He says that a pound of lead is heavier than a pound of feathers, because one feels the lead more when dropped on one's foot.

—One of our local critics—a wit, by the way—must be mentally cross-eyed to judge by a remark he lately passed on Herbert Spencer's conception of force in writing.

—The sixth regular meeting of the St. Cecilians was held Wednesday, October 28. A very interesting debate was conducted by Messrs. Thorn, Walker, Tong, Ball, Egan and Rend.

—In a recently discovered and yet unpublished MS. the following thrilling verses occur:

"Led across an abyss on the edge of a razor
And again drowned with care to regain his sweet life."

—Football is in the ascendant. Two challenges this week. The one from Purdue could not be accepted because of the retreat, but Ann Arbor's has been accepted. Training will commence Monday.

—The Rev. A. M. Kirsch, C. S. C., will begin his course of illustrated lectures next Thursday afternoon at five o'clock. Father Kirsch has procured a number of new illustrations for the present series.

—The new arrivals among the "princes" during the week were Masters B. Smith, of San Francisco, Cal.; F. Repscher, of Little Rock, Ark.; E. Dugas, of Montreal, Canada, and R. Brown, of Clarksville, Va.

—"Oh, the boys of Brownson Hall

Thought that they could play football!

And many were the things that were said, said, said,

But their neighbors cross the way

Took the cake and won the day."

—Bulletins for September and October are

being made out, and will be mailed during the week. It is expected that they will be read in the different Halls to-morrow evening. The Sorins and Brownsons who aspire to the honor list must look to the percentages from the very start. Carelessness in the early part of the year might be difficult to repair at a later date. However, the earnestness and application thus far manifested give a guarantee that little need be feared on that score.

—Notwithstanding the condition of the weather "ye local" was on the grounds to witness the game by which the base-ball advocates of St. Mary's and St. Joseph's halls determined to decide, for the winter season at least, who were to be considered as pennant holders. In the interesting game which followed, but which the rain stopped before the conclusion of the eighth inning, the base running of Kelly and the batting of Burns were especially noticeable. The score stood: St. Mary's, 1; St. Joseph's, 0. For St. Joseph's Hall, McQuery and Devanney did excellent work.

—The Lecture Bureau for '91-'92 has been reconstituted. Its membership is as follows: Chairman, Louis B. Chute (*Lit.* '90, *Law* '92); N. J. Sinnott, '92; John J. Fitzgibbon, '92; Joseph Combe, '94, and Patrick Coady (*Law* '92). The bureau will have to do good work if it would rival the lecture bureau of '91, which was under the energetic directorship of Homer P. Brelsford. But the remark is hardly necessary in view of the talented membership of the present board; and we are gratified to learn that a number of attractions are spoken of for the months of November and December.

—The fifth regular meeting of the St. Aloysius' Philodemic Society was held Sunday evening, October 25. The debate "Resolved, That a stringent immigration law should be enacted" was well contested and highly instructive. The affirmative side, composed of Messrs. Rudd and Fitzgibbon, won the debate, though ably opposed by Messrs. Houlihan and Dacy. To the credit of Mr. Fitzgibbon it may be said that, though unprepared, he volunteered to take the place of Mr. McGrath who was absent, and showed much skill as an extemporaneous speaker. The meeting was concluded with a sharp and well-written criticism by Mr. H. Murphy.

—An exciting game of football was played between a team from Brownson Hall and one from Sorin Hall last Thursday. The teams were of fifteen men each and the game was a rough and tumble. The fight was close and exciting and the game was a good one. The Sorins, however, manifestly had the best of it. Just as they had forced the ball to their opponents' goal it was thrown through. This, of course, did not count. Here a big squabble ensued as to whence the ball should be put in play, whether from behind or from the side of the Brownsons' goal. As a fair decision could not be reached, the Sorins refused to play longer, and the game

was given to the Brownson team. The features were the playing of Gillon, the umpiring and captaining of the umpire and "Sport's" consequent kicking.

—The laundry of the University has been enriched by the addition of a number of new machines that are almost invaluable in point of economy of labor and the excellence of the work done. One of these is a "Centrifugal Extractor," drying and wringing with neatness and dispatch a large number of pieces. It has a capacity of 88 shirts every five minutes with a speed of 1178 revolutions per minute. Besides these are a "combined collar, cuff and shirt ironer" which can iron 500 shirts and 500 collars and cuffs per day, and a steam mangle which also does the work of an ironer, as the pieces can be ironed when taken directly from the extractor and passed once through the mangle. The machines are from the Troy Laundry Machinery Co., New York & Chicago, and are a credit to the skill and enterprise of the establishment.

—The entertainment given on Wednesday evening by the members of the Musical and Euglossian Societies of the University was conducted according to the following

PROGRAMME:

Phi, Kappa, Psi Waltzes.—*Boerx*. University Orchestra
Marching Chorus..... University Glee Club
Selection—Marc Antony's Speech..... H. O'Donnell
Symphony.—*Haydn*..... University Quintette
Selection—"Capture of Quebec"..... R. Healy
Baritone Solo and Quartette, "The Bogie Man," E.
Schaack, E. Harris, F. Chute, F. Schillo H. Murphy
Selection—"Sir Hubert's Last Hunt,"..... J. O'Neill
Flute Solo—Tittl Serenade..... B. Bachrach
Selection—"The Soldier's Pardon"..... T. Finnerty
Violin Solo "Melancholie."—*Prume*..... D. Phillips
Selection—Speech of Cassius..... H. Ferneding
Solo and Quartette, "Signal Bells at Sea," P. Gillon, F.
Schillo and H. Murphy.

—On Saturday last, after his return from a ride, Very Rev. Father General delighted the Minims with quite a long visit. Rev. President Walsh accompanied him, not suspecting that the wily Minims had laid a snare for him. Suddenly one of the "Princes" stood up and asked for a half day's recreation in honor of Father General's recovery. In an instant one hundred and eight pairs of eyes were fixed on Father General; but he directed them to the President, saying: "He is the man." The Rev. President, seeing there was no way of getting out of the difficulty, was forced to yield to the entreating look depicted on their anxious faces, and to their great delight he appointed the afternoon of Tuesday. Out of consideration for the feelings of their brothers in Carroll Hall the Minims did not take the recreation in their campus, but went off on a picnic, returning in time for supper after having had a delightful afternoon in the woods. The Minims request the SCHOLASTIC to be the bearer of their warm thanks to Very Rev. Father General and the Rev. President, and also of a promise that they will try to show their appreciation of the favor by

working harder than ever the remainder of the session.

—For the inmates of St. Joseph's Novitiate Sunday last was a day which they will long remember. The reverend Master of Novices, Father Fitte, C.S.C., then celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of his birth, and the twenty-seventh of the celebration of his First Mass. The Novices had long before made preparations for the day, and every part of their dwelling-place bespoke a festival. On the evening previous Father Fitte gave Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, during which he wore for the first time the beautiful cope which belongs to the magnificent new set of vestments lately received from France. Mr. Houlihan, the zealous sacristan of the Novitiate, had decorated the pretty chapel in his usual tasteful manner. The altar was decked with natural flowers of all kinds, and a great number of candles wrapped the Most Holy in a halo of light. The choir, under the leadership of Messrs. Petry and Maguire, rendered very creditably the hymns that had been selected specially for the occasion. Before dinner on Sunday, Mr. Just extended the heartfelt congratulations of the Novices to the reverend *fêlé* in a well-written address, after which Mr. Donahue presented a fine missal in the name of the seminarians. Father Fitte answered in his usual happy way, expressing his thanks for the sentiments that had been uttered, after which all sat down to a banquet so sumptuous that the *menu* would occupy too much space were we to print it. To the great regret of the Novices, missionary duties called Father Fitte away in the early part of the afternoon, and their happiness was thus in some measure marred. A long stroll through the neighboring woods ended the holiday, which was one of the happiest the members of the Novitiate can remember.

Roll of Honor.

SORIN HALL.

Messrs. Ahlrichs, Bachrach, Brady, L. Chute, F. Chute, Coady, Dechant, DuBrul, Fitzgibbon Fitzgerald, Gillon, Hannin, Joslyn, Langan, H. Murphy, Monarch, McKee, Maurus, P. Murphy, McAuliff, McGrath, Neef, O'Neill, O'Brien, Quinlan, Rothert, Schaack, O. Sullivan, C. Scheerer, E. Scheerer, N. Sinnott, R. Sinnott, Vurpillat.

BROWNSON HALL.

Messrs. Ahlrichs, Breen, Burns, Brennan, J. Brady, Baldwin, Brown, T. Brady, Beaudry, Coady, Corcoran, Combe, Corry, Cosgrove, J. Crawley, P. Crawley, Cassidy, Carter, J. Cummings, Correll, Chilcote, W. Cummings, Caffrey, Crilly, Cushing, Cole, Conroy, Cherhart, Cook, Connors, C. Delaney, Doheny, Dinkel, Doyle, R. Delaney, Devanny, Egan, Ferneding, R. Fleming, Funke, Flynn, Flannery, Foley, Frizzelle, Flanigan, Heneghan, Healy, Harpole, R. Harris, Hesse, Holland, E. Harris, Henly, Houlihan, Jacobs, Kunert, F. Kenny, Krost, Kleekamp, Kearney, W. Kennedy, M. Kelly, Karasynski, Krembs, Kirby, Kintzle, W. A. Kennedy, Kearns, E. Kenny, Lindeke, Layton, S. Mitchell, McFadden, Monarch, C. L. Murphy, Maloney, Morrison, D. Murphy, Magnus, McErlain, W. McDonnell, Marchoff, F. Murphy, Mattingly,

G. McDonnell, McCarrick,* O'Farrell, Ocenasek, Olde, O'Shea, Palmer, Powers, Prelskamp, Phillips, Quinlan, M. Ryan, J. Ryan, G. Ryan, Ragan, E. Roby, Sherman, Stanton, Schopp, Vinez, Vurpillat, Welsh, Whitehead, Weaver, Wilkin, Zeitler, Zeller.

* Omitted the last six weeks by mistake.

CARROLL HALL.

Messrs. Arvidson, Bergland, Bouer, Bixby, Barbour, Brennan, Baldauf, Ball, Bates, J. Brown, Bachrach, F. Brown, Burkert, Carney, Casey, Cosgrove, Cullen, Collins, Curran, Cheney, Connell, Corcoran, Carpenter, DuBois, Dion, DeLormier, Duncombe, Dillon, Dillman, Delany, Dorsey, J. Dempsey, F. Dempsey, Dixon, Eagan, C. F. Fleming, C. S. Fleming, Falk, A. Funke, G. Funke, Ford, Girsch, L. Gibson, N. Gibson, Gilbert, Griffin, Gerdes, Gerner, Gillam, Garfias, Hill, Hagan, Harrington, Hilger, Hoban, Hamilton, Hargrave, Hagus, Hittson, Healy, Janssen, Joseph, Kindler, Kaufman, Kreicker, Kountz, Kerker, A. Kegler, W. Kegler, LaMoure, Lee, Lowry, Mahon, Mills, Miles, Major, Mitchell, J. Miller, W. Miller, Meyers, Marr, Moss, Minor, Marre, McCarthy, J. McKee, A. McKee, McDowell, McPhee, H. Nichols, W. Nichols, Oliver, O'Brien, W. O'Neill, O'Rourke, J. O'Neill, Peake, Prichard, Pope, Pomeroy, Rumely, A. Rupel, Ratterman, Renesch, F. Reilly, Strauss, Stern, Shaffer, Sparks, Sedwick, Shimp, Sweet, Scholer, Slevin, Stephens Smith, Thome, J. Tong, O. Tong, Thornton, Thomas, Teeters, Vorhang, Washburne, Wellington, Walker, Weaver, N. Weitzel, B. Weitzel, Yingst, Yeager, G. Zoehrlaut.

ST. EDWARD'S HALL.

Masters Allen, Ayers, Ahern, Ball, O. Brown, R. Brown, V. Berthelet, R. Berthelet, Burns, Blumenthal, Cornell, Curry, J. Coquillard, A. Coquillard, Corry, Christ, F. Curtin, Coulter, Crawford, Croke, Chapoton, O. Crepeau, F. Crepeau, Cross, B. Durand, H. Durand, DuBrul, Dugas, Elliot, Everest, W. Emerson, F. Emerson, Egan, C. Francis, E. Francis, Fossick, Fuller, Finnerty, J. Freeman, B. Freeman, W. Freeman, C. Furthmann, E. Furthmann, Girsch, Walter Gregg, Wm. Gregg, Gavin, Gilbert, Healy, Hoffman, Higginson, Hathaway, Howard, Hilger, Jones, Jonquet, King, Krollman, Kinney, Kuehl, Keeler, Kern, W. LaMoure, E. LaMoure, Londoner, Longevin, Langley, Lounsbery, Lowrey, Lawton, Loughran, Loneragan, McIntyre, Maternes, Morrison, McPhee, McAllister, McCarthy, Nichols, Oatman, O'Neill, Platts, Pratt, W. Patier, Pieser, E. Patier, Pursell, Ransome, Rose, Repscher, G. Scherrer, Steele, Swan, Smith, Stuckart, L. Trankle, F. Trankle, Thomas, Trujillo, Tussner, White, Wilcox, Weber, Wilson, Wolf.

List of Excellence.

MINIM DEPARTMENT.

Arithmetic—Masters Crawford, Blumenthal, Lowrey, Krollman, Trankle, Wilcox, Wolf, Lounsbery, C. Furthmann, Freeman, Cornell, Hathaway, Durand, W. LaMoure, Rose, Patier, Curtin, Langley, Cross, Gavin, Keeler, McAllister, Walter Gregg, G. Scherrer, Wilson, Christ, Nichols, Morrison, F. Trankle, McPhee, Platts, Curry, Stuckart, Coulter, V. Berthelet; *Grammar*—Masters Durand, Brown, Ransome, Loneragan, L. Trankle, Blumenthal, Lowrey, McGinley, Girsch, Burns, Londoner, Gavin, Rose, Higginson, Trujillo, White, Langley, Chapoton, Jones, Platts, Pieser, Hilger, Berthelet, F. Trankle; *Reading*—Masters C. Furthmann, Maternes, Wolf, Cornell, Krollman, King, Ransome, Lounsbery, Londoner, McAllister, Langley, Walter Gregg, Curtin, Gavan, Hilger, Everest, Ball, Thomas, Patier, W. Scherrer, V. Berthelet, E. LaMoure, McIntyre, McCarthy, Wm. Gregg, Allen, Finnerty, E. Francis, Oatman, Swan, O. Crepeau, Ahern; *Piano*—Masters Durand, Krollman, Cornell, Maternes, Trankle, Rose, Blumenthal, Nichols, Hathaway, W. Scherrer, C. Furthmann, King, Christ; *Penmanship*—Masters C. Furthmann, Durand, Crawford, Wilcox, W. Patier, Ayers, Kern, Walter Gregg, Elliot, R. Berthelet, Hilger, Kuehl, Crandall, Nichols, Hoffman,

St. Mary's Academy.

One Mile West of Notre Dame University.

—Recent welcome visitors were: Mrs. W. P. Rend and Miss M. Rend, of Chicago; Miss L. Carney, Mich.; Miss M. Dacey and Miss M. Shermerhorn, both of Detroit.

—Cheering reports relative to the steady convalescence of Very Rev. Father General encourage the hope that ere many days he will be able to resume his customary visits to St. Mary's, where hearts in which filial affection burns brightly are eager to give him the warmest of welcomes.

—The Graduates enjoyed extra recreation on Monday last, and report a delightful afternoon spent in the neighborhood of St. Angela's Island, where they indulged in rural pastimes, after which they adjourned to the porch of the presbytery, and listened to choice reading from the life of the Angelic Doctor.

—The First Senior class room, almost a miniature conservatory with its climbing jasmine, trailing vines and snowy callas, has a new attraction in the shape of an elegant steel engraving of the great Washington. The picture, tastefully framed in walnut, is the gift of a grateful pupil, to whom are offered many thanks.

—The academic meeting for October 25 took place as usual, Very Rev. Father Corby, C.S.C., presiding. After the calling of the notes for the previous week—always a matter of deep interest to the pupils—the audience was pleasantly entertained by English and German selections, read respectively by Miss E. Dennison and Miss Grace Green.

—At the reorganization of the Holy Angels' Sodality, the following officers were appointed: Misses M. Hickey, President; J. Smyth, Vice-President; L. Holmes, Secretary; A. O'Meara, Librarian, and C. Kasper, Treasurer. At the reception, which occurred on Sunday last, the Misses Cooper, Girsch, Garrity and Coady were admitted as full members, the aspirants being the Misses Boyle, Baxter, Ford, Wheeler, Cowan and Curtin.

—Another perfect day, dropped "from heaven or near it," was Sunday, the 25th. Unlimited sunshine flooded the earth with its brightness, until the red leaves seemed like veritable tongues of fire—as if upon the trees had come the Spirit of God. The atmosphere,—inviting and balmy, with a just-perceptible hint of the haziness that, veil-like, rests upon an autumn landscape—was not to be resisted; hence the extra recreation granted the pupils was a double pleasure, devoted to a pleasant stroll round the environs of St. Mary's.

—Of making fancy work there is no end, is the involuntary comment on entering the ornamental needle-work department, where most do congregate those who love to ply the "threaded

steel." Although the roses have faded in our gardens, yet here they bloom perennially—on satin and bolting cloth; and even Alpine violets, far from their native skies, flourish, as if indigenous to the soil. Here bright eyes bend over elegant trifles, while busy fingers weave in and out the bright-hued silks until the original fabric looks as if a section of a rainbow had become entangled therein.

—The Art Department is indebted to Miss Emma Tipton, of Tidioute, Penn., for some very fine specimens of the Fungi growth, received last week. The specimens in question have become hardened, assuming a woody appearance, the upper surfaces being dark and rough, while the reverse sides have a velvet-like smoothness, in color a pale gray, over which run lines of white intersecting others of the various shades of brown. Altogether, they are unique in appearance, and will be utilized as back grounds for paintings of dainty and fanciful device.

What will Mrs. Grundy Say?

If we look into history we will find that every country, at some period of its growth, glory or decay, directly or indirectly, acknowledged its submission to the rule of some one great name or mind; and we have only to recall the memories that cluster around the name of a Borgia or a Medici family to see how potent the sway of a name may be when its superiority has once been recognized. We, of a free country, proclaim our independence, and boast that all men are equal; but while with one hand we wave the flag of freedom, with the other we take off our hat to more than one power. Wealth gets a very respectful salute, and "Mrs. Grundy" is received with positive adulation. But who is Mrs. Grundy? This dame, whose opinion is so much respected, is a prominent member of a prominent family, known as "Public Opinion," to whom the learned and the illiterate, the young and the old, the rich and the poor, pay the homage of their service.

In many questions the opinion of the world leads towards that which is true and noble; and even if circumstances seem to turn the tide of popular thoughts in the wrong direction, after awhile the flood turns and resumes its old course. Hence a certain amount of deference is due the opinion of the world. Often the question "What will Mrs. Grundy say?" serves as a check to the commission of deeds contrary to the laws of God and man. The conventionalities rest on no firmer basis than the opinion of the majority, and respect for this opinion insures the observance of those

amenities of life which do so much to make society bearable. However, human respect is dangerous when we allow it to interfere with what conscience tells us is our duty. And even should we win the world's approval for a deed contrary to the dictates of our better nature, the "still, small voice" will rob us of all peace. The fear of incurring the censure of those around us shows itself in all stages of life. In the school-room we find it when the child shrinks from acting according to his good impulses lest his companions subject him to raillery, and even consents to infringements of the rule through fear of their ignorant contempt. The woman of the world follows the dictates of fashion, and submits herself to inconvenience and discomfort rather than shock Mrs. Grundy by an expression of individuality in dress. In this matter it is a subject of regret that the devotee of fashion suffers discomfort; but how much more painful is it when Christian modesty must suffer, which is so often the case in the manner of dressing followed by so many!

The business man advocates by his silence, if not by his actions, methods which, conscience tells him, are not strictly honest; but he calms his mind by saying that he is not called upon to be a reformer; and he goes on heaping up wealth and robbing his soul of that which the world cannot give—honor and peace. The politician gives himself up to the opinions of his adherents, and loses himself, as it were, in his party. Even manhood rebels against the degradation which this sometimes imposes; but "Mrs. Grundy" controls even the election polls.

The desire for public approval is a marked characteristic of those weak people who wish to be courted in society. To be a general favorite is to them an object worthy of special effort; and if, after numberless sacrifices of pride, of self-respect, of truth and of honor, they win that title from a fickle public, they drift along on the tide until an adverse criticism washes them on the shore, a pitiable wreck.

Of course, we should so far regard the opinion of the world as to strive to be ornaments to society; and we should try to raise the standards by which men and actions are judged. The truly noble of character are those who lose sight of self for others; but who live a life in keeping with that code of honor which conscience has given to every man. We should, as regards our deference to Mrs. Grundy, "Render to Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's, and to God the things that are God's."

KATHARINE RYAN

(First Senior Class).

Roll of Honor.

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

SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

Misses E. Adelsperger, Alkire, Augustine, Agney, Bassett, M. Burns, E. Burns, Bell, R. Butler, Brady, A. Butler, K. Barry, M. Barry, Buell, Benz, Black, Brand, Byers, M. Byrnes, Bogart, Charles, E. Churchill, Clifford, Crilly, Carpenter, Davis, Dempsey, Duffy, Dieffenbacher, Dennison, Evoy, Ellwanger, Fitzpatrick, Field, Griffith, Green, Galvin, Good, Grace, Goodell, Gilmore, Lucy Griffith, Groves, Gibbons, Garrity, Haitz, Hellman, Hutchinson, Holmes, Higgins, Hammond, Hanson, Hopkins, Hittson, Hess, Hunt, Maude Hess, Jewell, Jacobs, Kirley, Klingberg, Keating, Kemme, Kieffer, Kelly, L. Kasper, Kaufman, B. Kingsbaker, Kimmell, Kiernan, Kinney, Lynch, Lewis, Ludwig, Londoner, Loker, Lennon, Lancaster, Leppel, La Moure, Morse, Moynahan, Marrinan, Morehead, E. McCormack, Maloney, McGuire, A. Moynahan, McDowell, M. McDonald, McCune, McCormack, Nickel, Nacey, L. Norris, M. Nichols, B. Nichols, Nester, O'Sullivan, Plato, Patier, Pinney, Payne, Quinn, A. Ryan, K. Ryan, Robinson, Roberts, Rizer, M. Smyth, Sanford, Sena, Tietjen, Tod, Van Mourick, Van Liew, Wile, G. Winstandley, B. Winstandley, Wagner, N. Wurzburg, Whitmore, Whitney, Zahm.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

Misses Adelsperger, Boyle, Baxter, Curtin, K. Coady, Cooper, Crandall, Culp, Davis, M. Davis, B. Dennison, M. Dennison, Ford, Girsch, Germain, B. Germain, Hopper, Hickey, Kingsley, Londoner, Mills, S. Meskill, Pfaelzer, Schaefer, Tilden, Williams, White, Whittenberger, Wolvert, Wheeler.

MINIM DEPARTMENT.

Misses Ahern, Buckley, Curtin, Dysart, Egan, Finnerty, Girsch, McKenna, McCormick, McCarthy, Palmer, M. Wormer.

Class Honors.

GRADUATING CLASS—Misses Adelsperger, Fitzpatrick, Griffith, Morse, Nacey, Nickel, Wile, Nester.

1ST SENIOR CLASS—Misses Bassett, Haitz, Lynch, Moynahan, A. Ryan, K. Ryan, Thirds, Dennison, Ludwig,

2D SENIOR CLASS—Misses Alkire, Bero, E. Burns, M. Burns, Butler, Call, Carico, Charles, Churchill, Davis, Dempsey, Green, Klingberg, Lewis, Murison, Norris, Roberts, Robinson, Sanford, Smyth, G. Winstandley, B. Winstandley, Zahm, Tormey, Kimmell, Carpenter, Field, Plato, Kirley.

3D SENIOR CLASS—Misses Byrnes, Clifford, A. Cooper, Duffy, Farwell, Galvin, Good, Hellman, Higgins Hutchinson, Keating, Londoner, Moore, Morehead, M. McCormack, N. Nichols, E. Seeley, Stewart, Van Mourick, N. Wurzburg, Whitney, M. Hess, Kinney, Kiernan.

1ST PREPARATORY CLASS—Misses M. Barry, Bogart, Buell, Butler, G. Cowan, Dieffenbacher, Ellwanger, Evoy, Gilmore, L. Griffith, Hammond, Hanson, Hunt, Johnson, Kelly, Kemme, Lancaster, Lennon, Lichtenhein, E. McCormack, Maloney, McDonald, A. Moynahan, B. Nichols, O'Sullivan, Quinn, Rizer, A. Seeley, Whitmore, Wolfe.

2D PREPARATORY CLASS—Misses Benz, Black, Brand, Crilly, Daley, Kingsbaker, Groves, Hittson, Hopkins, Jacobs, Jewell, Kaspar, Kauffman, Lippel, Pinny, Robbins, C. Sena, Adelsperger, Hickey, Hopper, Dennison, Curtin, Doble, Berthelet, N. Smyth, Germain, P. Germain, C. Kaspar, Holmes, Agney, Byers, McDowell, Garrity.

3D PREP. CLASS—Misses Augustine, La Moure, Payne, Schmidt, Van Liew, Zucker, Tietjen, Welter, M. McDonald.

JUNIOR PREPARATORY CLASS—Misses Schaefer, White, Dreyer, Dennison, Cooper, Londoner, Baxter, Williams, Kline, Cowan, Nacey.

1ST JUNIOR CLASS—Misses Mills, Dysart, Ford, Finnerty, Egan.

2D JUNIOR CLASS—Misses Crandall, Wheeler, Tilden, Kingsley, Buckley, McCormack.