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The Azure Distemper.

BY A. SINNOCK.

Anent that grave disease yclept "the blues,"
Full many learned folk have had their say;
And, truly, this were rather late a day
To marvel that at times our friends should lose
Their wonted cheerful mien, and e'en refuse
To visit haunts where careless mirth holds sway;
What wonder if, to gloomy thoughts a prey,
The rôle of blanket wet they do not choose?

'Twere well, perhaps, to wear a placid mien
And seem unruffled still, though sorely vexed;
But if one can't, why then the less one's seen,
The less one's looks for talk will prove a text.
To drink a bitter draught is bad enough,
One is not bound to call it pleasant stuff.

American Poets.

BY MEMBERS OF THE CRITICISM CLASS.

III.

ELEANOR C. DONNELLY.

In the bright galaxy of nineteenth century writers we recognize one who has long filled a useful place in the Catholic literature of America. Deprived of her poems, this literature would suffer a severe loss. In a locality redolent with Catholic memories, in a quiet portion of Philadelphia, far away from its busy marts, among her own people, in the midst of refining influences, dwells the poet Eleanor C. Donnelly.

There is scarcely a magazine or periodical to-day that has not, at some time or other, been enriched by her gifted pen. From time to time her valued contributions have appeared, not only in the columns of our own College paper, the NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC, but also in the

Ave Maria. Miss Donnelly has written many beautiful poems, and new ones are constantly presenting themselves to the public. Besides having all the fire, pathos, and purity of a true poet, her wonderful command of words has given her the enviable power to use the right ones in the right place; and consequently one finds displayed a naturalness and force which at the same time interest and impress the reader. Her poems are mostly religious; but what natural power can so stir our souls to love and admiration of God as the voice of poetry? James Russell Lowell, whom no one can charge with a predisposition towards Catholicity, as an artist, could not help but admire the exterior beauty of the Church; for, he said, "She is the only poet among the churches. . . . The only Church that has been loyal to the heart and soul of man." A deep devotional spirit pervades all Miss Donnelly's prose writings, and she has taken Catholic themes for the subjects of her sweetest songs. She is said to have once regretted having written anything but religious verse.

In 1873 some of her literary productions for the first time appeared in book form. This small volume, entitled "Out of Sweet Solitude," is divided into three parts: "Sacred Legends," "Poems of the Civil War," and "Miscellaneous Poems," presenting a charming variety both of matter and style. Of the "Sacred Legends," "The Bronze Berenice," for the charming way it is told, is the loveliest. It is the legend of the woman who touched the hem of our Lord's garment and was cured, when a

"—Voice answered, rich and tremulous,
'Daughter, thy faith hath healed thee, go in peace.'"

The story is told with such fervor and delicacy as to cause the beauty of spirit to stand revealed.

Among the "Poems of the Civil War," though

each one in itself is picturesque,—pre-eminently “Missing” appeals to one’s feelings, touching a deep chord in many a wounded heart that waited in vain for the smile of a face that returned no more. “The Miscellaneous Poems” contains probably one of her best specimens of versification in “Unseen, Yet Seen.” The technique is most exquisite, while the poem is full to overflowing with heavenly wisdom:

“’Tis worth an infinite treasure to know
 (Whatever beside should be unknown)
 How utterly false and mean we grow,
 When we work for the eyes of men alone.
 How blind and aching our sight becomes
 With the glare of glory such works may win us,
 While a selfish purpose narrows and numbs
 All that is noble and fresh within us.
 ’Tis only when self is dead and gone,
 And our souls from the mists of passion free,
 That the angels of God come in and crown
 Our labors with immortality.”

But this volume must speak for itself. To pick out a verse here and there is breaking jewelled links from costly chains of thought; and to select one special poem for note would give no fair idea of Miss Donnelly’s powers.

There appeared in 1875 another volume from her graceful pen under the title of “Domus Dei.” This book was the gift of the author to the Church of St. Charles Borromeo in her native city. The work had a large sale, and greatly benefited the financial condition of the church.

Never forgetting her Irish birth, nor allowing to escape an opportunity to do good, Miss Donnelly, in 1880, when the cries of starving Ireland were heard from across the waters, published her touching and exquisitely told “Legend of the Best Beloved.” This she gave to the “starving fund,” when Parnell, the fallen hero of Ireland, was soliciting aid in America.

In 1881, was presented to the University of Notre Dame,—to aid in placing upon the dome a statue of the Blessed Virgin crowned with twelve electric lights—a book entitled “Crowned With Stars.” It contains twelve poems commemorating the twelve different graces with which our Blessed Lady was gifted. Besides these volumes, Miss Donnelly has edited a collection of letters and memorials of Blessed Margaret Mary, called “Pearls from the Casket of the Sacred Heart.” Among her latest works is the “Life of Father Barbelin,” who was for thirty years pastor of St. Joseph’s Church, Philadelphia, memorial poems—poems of sentiment and feeling. There are so many rhymesters nowadays—versifiers of various degrees of excellence—that our understanding of what poetry is

becomes somewhat confused; but there is no mistaking the easy, measured flow, the voice of melody and the heart of tenderness. It is impossible to read Miss Donnelly’s poems without at least a desire for a closer union with the Infinite Perfection. She is a steady worker, and, let us hope, may live long to sing the soft, musical songs in which religion is entwined with the lily white flowers of fancy.

L. MONARCH.

“Becky Sharp” in “Vanity Fair.”

William Makepeace Thackeray is one of the most celebrated and artistic writers of English fiction which we possess. As a novelist he ranks with Charles Dickens and Bulwer Lytton, and is said by some to surpass both of them. He is called the “cynic painter of the follies of the rich”; and in none of his writings can this character be more admirably seen than in “Vanity Fair,” in which he praises Becky Sharp, a poor orphan girl, and satirizes Amelia Sedley, who represents the richer class.

Becky Sharp is the heroine of this novel; but to my mind Amelia Sedley is as great a heroine. It may seem somewhat strange that I should say this after having remarked that Thackeray sympathizes with the poorer class and satirizes the richer; but no one with a heart can read “Vanity Fair” and not be in love with Amelia.

As I am not supposed to give a review of the book, it will suffice to say that both these personages studied together and were graduated the same year. Naturally they entertained a love for each other, which lasted until their latest days. We cannot characterize either of them before they married, as young persons, especially girls, are very fickle and unstable, and are not accountable for the little faults which they commit, because they have no sense,* and on the other hand, when persons are young they sometimes commit faults in order to see the result, and it is only by these little failings and their results that they come to see what life really is.

Amelia’s character cannot be better painted than by the words of Thackeray himself, who loads her with eulogies when speaking of the care with which her only son was educated. I shall quote his words:

“He had been brought up by a kind, weak and tender mother who had no pride about anything but about him; and whose heart was so pure and whose bearing was so meek and humble that she could not but needs be a true

* The Editors disclaim any responsibility for the opinions of contributors.

lady. She busied herself in gentle offices and quiet duties. If she never said brilliant things, she never spoke or thought unkind ones; guileless and artless, loving and pure, indeed, how could our poor little Amelia be other than a true gentlewoman."

In such words Thackeray sums up the character of Amelia. On the other hand, Becky was a lively, spirited gentlewoman, full of wit and brilliant sayings, but too much given, in my opinion, to flirtation. Picture to yourself a young woman the opposite to Amelia and, in truth, you have Becky.

Amelia, as I have said, is quiet, unassuming and childish; but Becky is proud, haughty and likes to be seen and heard. She is invited to balls and evening parties without number; but she does not want her husband to go with her, and even if he goes it is all the same, he is left alone; she never seems to notice him during the party; never asks him to dance with her, or do anything else; and, in fine, he seems to be only an impediment to her. But Becky can hardly be blamed for this. She is handsome, jolly, affable and just what suits all young gentlemen; first-class dancer, singer and conversationalist, all of which qualities are to be admired in a woman. On the contrary, her husband is an uneducated man, unaccustomed to refined society, but, nevertheless, he knows how to conduct himself, and he loves her very much. The natural order of things would seem, then, to require that she should live in union with her husband.

The position and rank which Becky held in society show the power and influence which education can exercise. The educated man can support himself any time by it, and make for himself numberless companions and admirers.

P. T. MORRIS.

Noah Webster.

In the city of Hartford, Conn., about the year 1758, a child was born that was destined to pursue and accomplish some of the greatest works of man. His birth ushered him not into a world of apprehensions and pecuniary misery, for his parents possessed a large share of the goods of fortune. His name, which is held in veneration by his countrymen, will never sink into oblivion.

Noah Webster was noted for his keenness and zeal as a worker. Patriotic in spirit, his aid to our country, at a time when every surrounding savored of confusion and strife, was incalculable. The energetic efforts of this man were not unproductive; unity and peace filled the hearts of men; he saw the veil of tranquillity

overspreading the land that was so dear to him.

He entered Yale College in 1774 in the sixteenth year of his age. One year later the War of the Revolution broke out, and he, being of a sanguine disposition, volunteered under the command of his father. His deeds of valor, while acting in this capacity, are, unfortunately, unrecorded. When he returned from the scenes of bloodshed, the condition of the country around him looked dreary; extreme poverty was the unwelcome visitor of every home. The property of the rich had been swept away in the tide of hostilities.

Webster, finding that his father had shared in the fate of others, was obliged to leave his home. With the sum of four dollars he cast himself upon the waves of the world. He wished to study for the bar; but not having money to secure a regular course, he resolved to be his own teacher. After two years of toil and hard study he was permitted to practise law. His means being too meagre to allow him to open an office, he continued to teach the classics. About this time he wrote a series of primary school-books. These were the first of their kind published in this country. They sold rapidly, and from the proceeds he obtained quite an income. In the year 1789 he married. Some of his friends were ironical enough to say of him on this occasion: "I am afraid he will not continue long in the style he now puts on. I fear he will breakfast on Institutes, dine upon dissertations and go to bed supperless." These words were not of an encouraging nature, yet he continued to live up to the acknowledged standard of social life.

His life is one grand system—nothing is missing. The same course was pursued day after day. With his children he was very strict; never allowing any of them to hesitate in obeying him. In regard to the manner in which they should be taught he was very sensitive; he strongly opposed all the methods of his time.

He believed that an earnest effort must be made on the part of the pupil, as the mind is beginning to be formed; otherwise his advancement in literary pursuits will be slow. He threw open the library to his children while they were yet young, and said to them: "Read and you will know."

Like all other great men he often met with difficulties. His objects were frustrated; his language and actions ruthlessly criticised, and often condemned. He had to contend with everyone, even his dearest friends. Perhaps the greatest work of his life is the dictionary which he with so much labor compiled.

B. E.

Memory.

Ah, memory! to me the dearest joy
Of life! Thou true memento of the past,
Steal gently on! Let not wan care annoy
My mind! Approach and soothe it to the last.
Come, cheer my drooping spirits with a view
Of blissful childhood and its halcyon days!
Approach, my youthful pleasures to renew;
Once more enshroud me in thy subtle maze!

Then, memory comes and calms my weary soul,
And soon each painful thought is forced away.
Emotions quiet; and 'neath her control
No gloomy fear o'erclouds me with dismay.
My former haunts are pictured once again:
The peaceful home—that happy, happy spot—
The merry green, the shadow-casting glen,
The running brook, the sweet forget-me-not.
Those evening rambles, when the vesper bell
Tolls sweetly forth upon the tranquil air,
Resounding through each plain and rocky fell
She gives to all a wish for holy prayer.

When gone she leaves upon my mind undimmed
Reflections of a youth 'midst pleasure spent,
By aid of Purity my heart is trimmed
Of all opposed to the Omnipotent.
To God, by love, upraising heedless hearts,
She forward guides us on this earthly shore,
And fills our careless souls with precious darts
Of grace, that ne'er will part till time is o'er.
Be still my helpmate that, when stealthy Death
Forth comes to show me mine eternal bower,
Thou mayst console my latest human breath,
And give me consolation in that hour.

K.

The Highlands of the Hudson.

The sun was just about to set behind some of the more elevated peaks as our craft launched forth on the bosom of the waters of the Hudson, which wind their way through the Highlands, forming one of the grandest spectacles of nature to be found in our picturesque country. The scene on this occasion was singularly romantic. The shores, which seem almost to meet, are lined with great, roughly-carved walls, forming a deep abyss, having the river for its base.

It is said that these immense pillars of rock were at one time consolidated into one mass, and that the mighty Hudson, in his seeking the Atlantic, tossed them about in their present state.

As our craft is wafted slowly but merrily around these extended peaks and rocky cliffs, we pass through tunnels, as it were, where the overhanging precipices seem to meet and the gigantic shade trees throw their branches like a canopy across these noble waters. The mountains, which extend along the narrow shores,

are decorated with stately towers and numerous castles, perhaps not as antique as those which adorn the Rhine, but in many cases surpassing them in grandeur; while here and there the green valleys are dotted with the huntsman's hut, and on some outstretched point we find light-houses erected on rocky elevations to guide the mariner through these dangerous passages.

Now and then through some modest little interval would steal the tinkling rivulet through the fresh and vivid verdure; and the sun at times would break from the East, sparkling the landscape with a thousand dewy gems. As we continue to glide through this rural paradise, on one shore we see the bold promontories rising up to such a height that they seem to be towering among the clouds, clad in their respective garbs of foliage, while at a distance a long wavering line of hills throw their shape across the river, whose placid waters, like an unruffled mirror, reflect in their bosom this variety of stupendous scenery.

J. A. DELANY.

Hamlet.

A SYMPOSIUM BY THE MEMBERS OF THE LITERATURE CLASS.

II.

WAS HAMLET MAD?

Many are the opinions offered on this subject. Some say Hamlet feigned madness; while others think he was mad at times, on account of the great mental pressure he was necessarily compelled to undergo. My opinion is that Hamlet was really mad. My principal reasons are: Hamlet's mind, before the interview with the ghost, probably had been for a long time in a rather deranged condition from the effect of the late actions of his uncle Claudius, who had murdered his father and then married his mother. The uncertainty as to the identity of the murderer greatly affected his mind. Then the ghost appears, and still more confounds him with his horrible disclosures, through which Hamlet knows the whole situation in which he is placed; finally, a man with a nervous temperament could not stand so many conflicting emotions. As another reason it might be said that in old ghost lore, the spectre either finds the man to whom he talks already mad, or makes him so. All the actors in the play deem Hamlet mad,—all but the king who is excessively troubled by his conscience, and thinks, as he says, there's "method in his madness." He

thinks Hamlet feigns madness to cover up some plot against him. Hamlet himself says at one time that he is mad, and at another that he is not mad.

Why should Hamlet feign madness? It would only hinder his purpose; and even the way he *does* act makes the king more on the alert. In the interview with the ghost the latter tells Hamlet to

"Revenge this foul and most unnatural murder."

But he also says, "taint not thy mind." The time and manner of action are left to Hamlet for him to do as he sees fit. But he cannot do anything dishonorable. This is the reason he does not strike the king when he finds him praying; he also wants his revenge to be complete; he wants to catch the king in a wicked mood or action, so that

"His soul may be damned and black
As hell, whereto it goes."

While he is in this mental torture, because he has such a strong nature, the situation rouses all his faculties to decisive action, and he loses not one bit of his intellectual ability. From the time of his interview with the ghost, Hamlet's life changes. His future must be devoted to avenging his father's death; and how was it possible for him to undergo such terrible mental agony without some outward sign of its effect on him? It was *not* possible.

For that reason, I think Hamlet was not feigning madness, but was really mad. It is true that he shows wonderful sharpness of intellect; but that has nothing to do with his being sane.

FROST J. THORNE.

It seems almost impossible to obtain the key to Hamlet's character—whether he was really mad or only feigned to be so. This is a question for the last three hundred years, and it is not as yet agreed upon by the literary men of the world; but we cannot wonder at this as literature is a personal subject, not a general theory. Every one can maintain his own opinion, until he is convinced truly and surely that he is wrong. My opinion of Hamlet is that he was not really mad; and my reasons for so saying are as follows: How could a mad person devise such a scheme as Hamlet did when he thought of the play, "wherein," he says, "I'll catch the conscience of the king?" And mark the manner in which he thought that he would catch him,—by watching him closely, and noticing his disturbance of mind. If he were really mad he could not possess such sense and forethought as is here displayed. We know that he was

not really mad from the various slurs which he throws at the king, touching him to the very quick. For example, when he speaks of the king as,—

"A little more than kin and less than kind."

This refers to the king being at once his father and his uncle; and he is "less than kind," because his marriage is un-Christian. Again, he stings the king by the following: "I am too much in the sun"—meaning that when his father was gone he was without home and kindred. He could not be so much affected as he was by the untimely marriage of his mother if he were really mad. Things more serious than this have happened to mad persons without any effect. In one of Hamlet's soliloquies he says:

"O cursed spite,
That ever I was born to set it right."

If Hamlet were mad he could not speak so sensibly; because when a person is mad he does not care for the consequences of his acts; neither does he care for the gravity of the consequences, which Hamlet does, and in this the possession of reason is shown.

I believe that the ghost was purely imaginary, still it is hard to decide whether it was or not. Because Horatio, Bernardo and Marcellus saw the ghost when they were keeping watch in the night, and they thought that it was Hamlet's father. Now their imaginations were in no way excited, and consequently they could not see the ghost unless it was there really present. But against this is the speech in which the ghost says:

"I am thy father's spirit,
Doom'd for a certain term to walk the night,
And for the day confined to fast in fires,
Till the foul crimes done in my days of nature
Are burnt and purged away."

From this we judge that the ghost, if it were really one, was from Purgatory. And yet we see a little further on that the ghost tells Hamlet to "*Revenge* this foul and most unnatural murder."

P. T. MORRIS.

There is one part in the play of "Hamlet" which has been considered, and without a definite result, ever since that masterpiece was produced; and it is concerning the soundness of the mental faculties of Hamlet, the hero. From the beginning of the play we observe him to be a deep philosopher, a man who finds few pleasures, if any, in life, and constantly ponders on the premature death of his father, and suspects that he has come to his end by foul means. He knows not who has done the deed, and longs

for a clue which he may follow up and so find the murderer.

The ghost breaks his soliloquy, as it were, with the sublime yet simple words: "Mark me"; and then, after introducing himself as the father of his hearer, he says:

"I could a tale unfold whose lightest word
Would harrow up thy soul, freeze thy young blood,
Make thy two eyes, like stars, start from their spheres,
Thy knotted and combined locks to part,
And each particular hair to stand on end,
Like quills upon the fretful porcupine."

Then he conjures Hamlet to seek revenge. After this Hamlet's nature changes and he is a different man; but why should he act as one mad? Would not this, instead of helping him to obtain his end, prove a grave obstacle? With consideration, however, we see the reason. The ghost, after telling him to seek revenge, says:

"Howsoever thou pursuest this act,
Taint not thy mind."

He cannot kill Claudius, the king, and must find out some other way to wreak vengeance on him. Hamlet's mind and soul, we may say, are changed; and, to hide the cause, he must feign madness, otherwise he cannot hope to obtain his end.

Another great proof in his favor is when he says to his friend Horatio, on the approach of the principal members of the court: "I must be idle," which meant he should seem distracted. And again, doubting the reality of the ghost, he says:

"The play's the thing
Wherein I'll catch the conscience of the king."

Does this show insanity? Would a man with a diseased mind contrive such a plot as this? Again, when speaking to his mother in private, and, perceiving he is watched, he kills the spy. This, indeed, is rash, but it was done in a moment of intense excitement. As soon as he regains self-control he tells his mother to test him, and he will recall his actions and account for them. Again, was it insanity to open the sealed letters which contained orders to put him to death? Many other instances show that the hero, although sometimes worked into intense excitement and almost madness, nevertheless was not for an instant wholly unbalanced.

I would say, therefore, that he only feigned insanity, and masked his designs in an almost perfect manner.

J. J. DOHENY.

After reading and considering the character of Hamlet, the question naturally arises: Was Hamlet insane or feigning insanity? Upon this subject many contradictory opinions have been

expressed, and the majority of specialists in Shakspearean literature concur in saying that Hamlet was insane. In my opinion, he is partially insane at different times during the play, but it is only temporary insanity. It would be a difficult task for any one to make me believe Hamlet was insane after I had read his great soliloquy when contemplating suicide after finding out the treacherous manner in which his uncle, Claudius, has been raised to the throne of Denmark. Such trials would have a visible effect upon any mind, and in the vast majority of cases would have produced permanent insanity; but to a mind strong enough to make such utterances of human art, it has a less marked effect. His words have been quoted the world over from the fifteenth to the nineteenth century, and to such a mental genius the word insanity does not well apply.

J. W. COSGROVE.

Most people who have read "Hamlet" are nearly equally divided on the subject of his sanity. He is just fresh from Wittenburg, and seeing the state of affairs at home is greatly shocked; and then, too, beholding his father's ghost, which could have been no fancy of his as both Horatio and Marcellus saw it before the Prince, and in the same dress in which he saw it, he hardly knows what to think. But one thing is certain: he has a fixed purpose of revenge.

Hamlet cannot be really mad, as a madman does not stop and reflect, however cunning he may be; and Hamlet, being a Christian, thinks thus: "He killed my father when he was in his sins, why should I not kill him? But my father is in purgatory, and one day will be free; while, if I kill my uncle, he will surely go to hell, and would not this be a fearful retaliation?" He is almost afraid to do the deed; yet at one time it is evident he has a temporary fit of madness—when he kills Polonius. After this, seeing Ophelia's grief, he grows despondent and would like to die, but his purpose of revenge is strong within him.

To let the world know why he takes this revenge, he has a play enacted which represents the killing of the king by his uncle who at the play grows pale and retires; while Hamlet, to draw the net still closer around his uncle, goes on, regardless of everything else and pretends madness.

In the last scene, when Hamlet does kill the king, he has brooded so much on the subject that he acts regardless of the consequences; and his mother and Ophelia being dead, he

has no more desire to live. After he himself is fatally stabbed, Laertes joins with him in denouncing his uncle. Then, desiring his friend Horatio to explain all, which no madman would do, he goes to meet his Creator to receive his reward or punishment.

C. S. MITCHELL.

III.

THE CHARACTER OF HAMLET.

Two hundred and seventy-five years have passed since Shakspeare left us. But in his writings he lives in immortal youth. The creation of character he disdains; but he gives to us portrayals of characters that have existed, that exist at present—rational likenesses. Men that have been dead to the world years ago, live anew in his works.

No play of Shakspeare's has had a greater power of eliciting widespread attention than the play of "Hamlet." It has given rise to so many and conflicting interpretations that it has been rightly named the tragedy of thought. A duty is imposed on Hamlet which he is incapable of performing, from the lack of a stable will. He receives a terrible shock at the death of his father and the hasty marriage of his mother. The terrible duty imposed on him by the ghost, of revenging his father's murder, weighs on his mind and causes his life to grow sad. His moral nature has been corrupted by brooding over means of ending his own and the king's life. He knows that he is surrounded enemies, and, to veil from them his true self, he assumes the part of one whose mind is deranged. It is easily shown that Hamlet was only feigning madness; he resorted to that so as to avoid suspicion in detecting and punishing the murderer of his father; and also by the way in which he confided in his friend Horatio.

The play of "Hamlet" may well be called the play of contrasts. For Horatio's fortitude and self-possession is a strong contrast to Hamlet's indecision and instability of character. Laertes, who takes violent methods in a short time to revenge his father's death, is also a remarkable contrast to Hamlet's indolent character. Ophelia, although a very lovable character, fails him in his trouble, and is therefore undeserving of honor; to her we can only extend our pity.

FRANK BOLTON.

In one of Shakspeare's saddest hours his genius conceived a character to a great extent akin to his own. This character was Hamlet, the hero of our greatest modern tragedy. In Hamlet we find a most refined, talented and

noble prince. He is not a nobleman in the sense in which the current novel uses the title; but he is all that is manly,—all that indicates a perfect gentleman,—a true prince. Very little information regarding his religious beliefs is given us; yet Hamlet's words and actions compel us to consider him a Christian at heart.

With this forecast of our hero, let us see how well he executes the great artist's will. Though every character, scene, and touching of this grand tragedy has for us a world of thought, yet it seems that the poet has made Hamlet the idol.

We meet him for the first time at the court of his mother, the queen of Denmark. He appears to be an admirable picture of one whose "fondest hopes are blasted,"—whose happy life is soon to be terminated most miserably. He is burdened by an untold melancholy caused by his mother's infamous marriage with Claudius, her one-time brother-in-law. The shame and grief Hamlet suffers from this are far too much for him to bear; so he becomes despondent, giving utterance to his sad heart's trouble in that famous soliloquy:

"O that this too, too solid flesh would melt!"

The once gay, happy disposition is now changed into a sad, melancholy one. He sees no joys about him. Even sweet love has no charms to soothe his pains. Along with the knowledge of his mother's shameless conduct, a strange suspicion possesses him that some one about the royal court has murdered his dear father. His dread suspicion is confirmed by the conclusive testimony of his tried and true friend Horatio, who tells Hamlet of the appearance of the ghost, not unlike his dead king. Under this strain of mind and heart Hamlet sees the ghost, finds him to be none other than that of his dead father. (Let us take it for granted the ghost is that of Hamlet's father, and that the news it gives to Hamlet is true, it will serve the poet's purpose far better, I think, to have it thus.) From the interview with the ghost, I think Hamlet's greatest traits appear to us in their best light.

W. V. McNAMEE.

IN an editorial on the horse-disease, the *Congregationalist* suggested that it might be well to sit at the foot of a horse and learn humility. "Just so," says the *California News-Letter*, "sit down at the hind feet of a mule, and if he don't humiliate you, pull his tail and tickle the inside of his legs with a stable fork."

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—The article "A Notable Picture" which appeared in the SCHOLASTIC last week, contained a misstatement in attributing to Very Rev. Father Corby an utterance in regard to Christian burial which he never made.

The "Scholastic."

The *Indianapolis Journal* of Nov. 14 contains an anonymous contribution from Notre Dame, in which the SCHOLASTIC is severely and rather unjustly criticised. We doubt very much that the charges brought forward in this communication are entertained by a large number of students, or even that their author is himself firmly persuaded of their truth. They are of so specific a nature, however, that, if allowed to pass unnoticed, they might be received as true by those only slightly acquainted with the pages of our college paper.

The columns of the SCHOLASTIC are open to all students of the University; and it is false to assert, as did the correspondent of the *Indianapolis Journal*, that their contributions are rejected to make room for heavy, uninteresting matter, utterly unsuited for insertion in a college paper. All contributions to the SCHOLASTIC receive the attention which they merit. No article is rejected without sufficient reason. Some may, it is true, find the articles which are accepted heavy and uninteresting, but this is certainly not the opinion of the majority. Recent numbers of the SCHOLASTIC afford a full refutation of this charge. The Essays on Contemporaneous Poets, the Symposia of the Literature and Criticism classes, and the various essays on philosophic and scientific subjects which have appeared from time to time—all the work of students—offer sufficient variety for any fair-minded reader.

It is unjust to charge the SCHOLASTIC with indifference to athletic news. Such a charge could be actuated only by malice or thought-

lessness—the latter, we think. The SCHOLASTIC has always been willing to print in its local columns full reports of the various games which take place on the University grounds, or in which the University students participate elsewhere. The correspondent of the *Indianapolis Journal* gives the local editor of the SCHOLASTIC well merited praise for his efficient work. Was it not rather inconsistent to accuse him, almost in the same breath, of an almost total disregard of athletic events?

Anyone acquainted with the college papers of the country must, in a spirit of fairness, admit that the SCHOLASTIC ranks amongst the best and brightest of the college weeklies. If it does not come up to the standard desired by the correspondent of the *Indianapolis Journal*, he and all others who coincide with his opinion have an easy remedy at hand: Instead of attacking the reputation of the SCHOLASTIC in the daily papers, and wasting time and energy in making useless complaints and in passing unfriendly criticisms, let them generously put their shoulders to the wheel, and strive to make it, according to their views, an organ more representative of Notre Dame. If some of the brightest students of the University persistently refuse to contribute to the columns of the SCHOLASTIC, and continue to bring forward, in excuse for their indifference, the silly, time-worn reasons: "no time," "no staff," "no encouragement," etc., is it not unfair to sneer at the efforts of those who are earnestly doing their best to make it interesting? Would it not be much more consistent to help to advance the good work by finding time and organizing a staff? We venture to say that, in such an event, they would meet with the encouragement which they deserve.

"Education and the Higher Life."*

A REVIEW.

The greatest minds of all ages have busied themselves with matters pertaining to education. It is a theme for every one, and as the progress of time widens the horizon of knowledge, new additions to literature on this subject will present themselves. To this age, such an addition is Bishop Spalding's latest volume, entitled "Education and the Higher Life."

The book is a series of powerfully written

* "Education and the Higher Life." By J. L. Spalding, D. D., Bishop of Peoria. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.

essays whose aim is to teach the real worth of life—life in the world of what is best, of goodness, of truthfulness, of godliness—showing to us the infinite beauty in which we live, the innumerable advantages and opportunities we have, and bids us seek knowledge, peace of mind and soul, as the ideal aim, the truest wealth, the purest happiness of life. The subject of each essay suggests its central thought, and all are so connected that, from the aims of life in the first essay, "Ideals," we are led to the "Exercise of the Mind." "Love of Excellence" is the natural consequence, which, in turn, makes us thinkers, observers, inquirers; and thus we seek to know the "Culture and Spirit of the Age"; in doing so, we have learned what self-culture is; we understand that Growth and Duty are the compounds of "Right Human Life," which is the effect of "University Education." We are forcibly impressed throughout with the plea that "being is better than having," and are convinced that faith, hope and love is the only meaning of noble life.

It is a mistake to think that life, cast in whatever sphere, is monotonous. *We* are the choosers of our chances and ideals; they make us what we are. "To the youth, life is not mean or short because the blessed freedom of youth may make it noble and immortal." It is then that we form our conceptions of what is best and grandest and, whether we know it or not, give to ourselves an ideal, "base or lofty, which moulds character and shapes destiny." But if this certain aim, which all men have, be good, it is not always reached. Too often we become indolent, forgetful of what we are striving after, and in the end are bad, irresolute and ignorant men; for "never to act is never to know." Then, in youth, when the warm blood tingles through every little vein; when we are careless and indifferent about our ends, and carried away with every wind of pleasure; when the chances of a life-time are ours; when "the aids to noble life are all within," oh! then, could we but seriously understand what life means—what is there we could not hope for? To the youth in whose bosom "the germ of the godlike bursts and springs" what is impossible? Why may not he be numbered among the great leaders of men? "What they were, why may not he also become?" This is what should be inculcated into the heart of youth; be his constant lesson, his guardian, his aim, and his life will be fresh and happy.

When we wake up to the fact that "what we possess is qualified by what we are," and become more earnest in our progressiveness than we have been, then will life seem different to us.

We are a nation of worth, of wealth, of business—a sprightly people blessed with all that nature and money can give. Now, "if from this paradise of utility, materialism and business, a voice is raised to plead for culture, for intelligence, for beauty, for philosophy, poetry and art, why need anyone take alarm?" Besides, we should have a higher aim than to live in ease, in luxury, in wealth, in titles; what are all these if we want peace of mind and soul? Remember that although "true thought, like right conduct, is its own reward," yet it is an infinite one and incomparable to all else.

The present alone is the hour of opportunity. As "the whole social network, in whose meshes we are all caught, cripples and paralyzes individuality," we must begin *now* to make it and ourselves anew; become inspired with some great thought, a love for something that is really good and excellent and allow it to influence all our actions. Goodness and knowledge are the only true ideals; and we must learn to love these for their own sake—because "it is good, it is godlike to know."

These points are so ably and strongly developed by the author that they give a merit and sparkle to the book beyond measure. Once having become acquainted with it, we cannot but be better men. We seem gifted with a new spirit; to have been inspired; to have been strengthened in nobility, in love, in virtue,—which is charity. Would that our country were blest with a few more such books, a few more such minds and godlike men as Bishop Spalding—men who live not for themselves but for mankind; whose aim is to so live that, when dying, they will leave the world better because they have lived; who live not for notoriety, wealth or sensuality, but to make themselves and their fellow-men breathe the purer atmosphere of beauty, purity and goodness. Oh! then, truly in our country, that lack of ideals, which our author so much deplores, would begin to be filled. We would have high-minded, whole-souled men who would work, in the love of excellence, for the highest aims, and we would have, at least, the beginning of a godly nation.

The author is always very logical, imaginative, full of strong, beautiful, poetical thoughts, and has a style so simple, pure, forcible, convincing, persuasive, that, unconsciously, we are transported with what he says. The book is a literary masterpiece, better than anything Emerson has ever given us, and is deservedly recommended to every man, to every student, to every lover of the beautiful and true in literature.

HUGH A. O'DONNELL.

Summer Sketches.

IX.

VERSAILLES.

JULY 12.—One of the good Fathers at Neuilly—with whom the days of my sojourn in the Garden City are passing pleasantly and all too quickly—found himself relieved to-day (Sunday) from the busy cares of his responsible office, and offered himself as my guide on a visit to the royal palace at Versailles. The kind proposal was gladly accepted, and about half-past ten we drove to the *Gare Ste. Lazare* to take our "suburban" train. These trains run hourly and half-hourly to the numerous cities, towns and points of interest and pleasure that are to be found within the environs of Paris. Especially on holidays the various depots present a wonderful scene of life and animation in the ever-moving throng of sight-seers or seekers after pleasure and relaxation.

The second-class coaches on these trains are provided with seats on the roof, and on a fine day (such as to-day) they are very desirable. So at least my companion and I thought, and we secured our places on top in order to have a good view of the country as our train moved on its way. And what a long train it was! There must have been at least twenty-five coaches, filled above and below, except, of course, the first-class cabs which are all *dedans*.

After a ride of about one hour, through scenes that delighted the eye and will linger long in the memory, we arrived at the *gare* in Versailles. We moved on with the crowd through the depot, passed the gentlemen of the *octroi*, to whom I showed my umbrella, and accepted the invitation of a 'bus man to ride with him to the Palace—a great many others had accepted the same invitation, so that the 'bus was most uncomfortably crowded. However, in less than fifteen minutes we were at the palace gates. There we alighted and walked through the *Cour Royal*, which is paved with cobble stones—pretty hard on a chap with corns!—and forms a grand square wherein at times cavalry exercises take place. In the middle of the court stands an equestrian statue, in bronze, of Louis XIV., who erected the palace and during whose reign it existed in the height of its glory and splendor. Along the sides are ranged sixteen colossal statues of French celebrities—Richelieu, Bayard, Condé and others. Before us was that imposing structure—once the abode of royalty and associated with events forever memorable in the history of

the country. Now it is a national museum, preserving the record of the past for the entertainment and instruction of the people.

À TOUTES LES GLOIRES DE FRANCE.

is the inscription in large letters over one of the wings of the palace. All the pride and glory of the historic past are revealed within these walls, and impress and instruct the visitor.

During the Franco-Prussian War, from Sept. 19, 1870, to March 6, 1871, the palace was the head-quarters of the king of Prussia, who was there proclaimed Emperor of Germany, January 18, 1871. Later it became the seat of the new French Government which directed the military operations that overthrew the revolutionary work of the Commune. In 1879 the Chambers were removed to Paris, and Versailles resumed its normal peaceful condition.

The historical museum contains a collection probably unequalled throughout the world. The halls are without number, and the historical value of the paintings is incalculable, more expressively than words depicting grand events in the political and military history of France, its rulers and its generals. One of the galleries is called the "First Gallery of the History of France," and, in its eleven halls, contains a series of historical paintings from Charlemagne to Louis XVI. The "Second Gallery of the History of France" has ten halls with a series of paintings representing historical events in the years from 1797 to 1835.

Among them all there is one, *La Galerie des Glaces*—"the Mirror Gallery"—to which more than ordinary interest is attached. It is the hall in which royalty of old held its court, and was selected for the ceremony of the installation of the German Emperor. It is about 225 feet in length, 35 feet in width and 40 feet in height. Seventeen large arched windows afford a magnificent view of the gardens and fountains, and on the opposite side are a corresponding number of mirrors within gilded niches. The paintings in this gallery are by Lebrun, and are directed to the glorification of Louis XIV.

Almost parallel with this gallery are the *Salle du Conseil* (Council Hall) and the apartments of the king. The bed-chamber of Louis XIV. is shown with the furniture and decorations precisely as it was in the seventeenth century. There is the bed upon which *le Grand Monarque* died, after a reign of seventy-two years, on the first of September 1715. Before the bed is a railing beyond which no one could go without the permission of the king. The apartment adjoining is the famous *Œil-de-Bœuf* (Bull's Eye), so

called from the oval window at one end of the room. This was the ante-chamber wherein courtiers awaited the coming of the king, of the scene of diplomacy and intrigue, and, too, of those excesses that brought upon France the horrors of the Revolution. A striking evidence of the base adulation of which the king was made the object is shown in one of the immense paintings, hung upon the walls, in which the royal family are represented as pagan deities.

Another large hall is the *Galerie des Batailles*, about 360 feet long and forty wide, and divided by columns into two parts. It contains thirty large magnificent paintings, together with eighty busts of princes, admirals, generals and other French warriors who died for their country.

The chapel is beautiful in the extreme, richly decorated with paintings and sculptures. Among the frescoes are, the Resurrection, the Eternal Father, and the Descent of the Holy Ghost.

Our chronometers showed the hour of two, and our "inner men" said it was a long time—since breakfast. It behooved us therefore to seek for some refreshments which, no doubt, we could find through the gardens. As we entered upon the beautiful terrace in the rear of the palace we were confronted by a most striking evidence that here democracy has superseded monarchy. There they were, just as you might expect to see around the City Hall in New York, or the Court House in Chicago; fruit stands, lemonade, soda water, etc., and the criers and venders of the same; the only thing lacking to complete the picture was the gay and festive peanut stand. These refreshment stands are also to be found scattered through the gardens. From one we procured some eatables and a couple of bottles of—well, water is hard to get at Versailles—and had a little lunch, *al fresco*, in one of the cosy groves; it was, in fact, a delightful picnic.

These magnificent gardens behind the palace, with their walks and groves and fountains, leave an impression of grandeur and solemnity which cannot be effaced. The palace, as seen from the gardens, presents a majestic appearance and one can form an idea of its imposing dimensions. (It is 1300 feet in length.) The fountains with their basins are ornamented with statues and sculptured groups executed in the highest style of art. We were not fortunate enough to see them playing (*les grandes eaux*), as the waters are turned on only once a month and on festivals. The cost on each occasion is from 8 to 10,000 francs—nearly \$2,000.

Passing down through the garden, past the

basin of Neptune, the largest of the fountains, we entered upon the *Avenue de Trianon*. A few minutes' walk brought us to the *Grand Trianon*, the one-story palace erected by Louis XIV., through which we were shown by a guide. There are many objects of interest—paintings, sculptures, vases—especially four in *Sèvres* and two in malachite which were presented to Napoleon I. by the Russian Emperor, Alexander I. One is shown also the apartments prepared for the Queen of England in expectation of her visit in 1846, but which she never occupied.

Of greater interest, perhaps, are the State carriages to be seen in the museum near by. There are seven of these immense gilded vehicles, some of them made at a cost of a hundred thousand francs. They are clumsy, cumbersome-looking things of the olden style, and, no doubt, in days of yore they overawed the gaping mob. In one of these, the richest of all, Napoleon I. was driven to his coronation in the Cathedral of Notre Dame. In another Napoleon III. was conveyed to his nuptials with Eugene. Still another was used on the occasion of the baptism of the Prince Imperial; and so on. They are all reminders of the days of royalty which have passed away, perhaps never to return. The President of the Republic, on great occasions, rides in an open barouche and, in accordance with the *Zeitgeist*, has no use for these relics of departed glory.

At a little distance to the northeast is the *Petit Trianon* which was built by Louis XV., and was the favorite abode of Marie Antoinette. We contented ourselves with a view of the exterior, as we were somewhat fatigued after our visit of nearly four hours, and so, hailing a cab, drove down to the station and took the train for Paris.

One of the stations between Versailles and Paris is St. Cloud, which is of special historical interest. The castle—now in ruins—was built by Louis XIV. in 1658. There the Council of the Five Hundred were holding their sessions when Bonaparte dissolved the assembly on the 19th of November, 1799 (18 Brumaire), and three days afterwards had himself proclaimed Consul. It was there that Charles X., in 1830, issued those famous proclamations—abolishing the freedom of the press, dissolving the chambers and modifying the law of elections—which led to the Revolution of July. At a later period it was the principal summer residence of Napoleon III. During the Siege of Paris, in 1871, it was destroyed by shot and shell, and naught now remains save ruins.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Personal.

—The Rev. President Walsh will deliver the sermon to-morrow (Sunday) at the dedication of the new St. Patrick's Church, Ft. Wayne, Ind.

—We were pleased to meet, on Thursday last, the Rev. F. C. Wrobel, the efficient and zealous Rector of St. Stanislaus' Church, Michigan City, Ind.

—Very Rev. Father General presided at the Conference of the Clergy at Notre Dame which was held on Thursday morning. It was a gratifying evidence of improvement, and all earnestly hope that the health of the venerable Superior may soon be completely restored.

—We are happy to state that the honor and pleasure of a visit from the Most Rev. Archbishop Riordan, D. D., of San Francisco, may be expected on Monday next. Needless to say his Grace will meet with a cordial welcome from the Faculty and students of his *Alma Mater*.

—Dennis J. Hogan, '74, is now the efficient and popular Mayor of Geneva, Ill. A recent issue of the *Chicago Evening Post* speaks highly of his administrative ability and the marked improvements wrought by him during his term of office. His early college career betokened the success which has attended him, and his many friends here heartily wish him a long continuance of the same.

—A large delegation of Polish priests from different parts of the Union, chaperoned by the Rev. V. Cyzewski, C. S. C., visited the College on Thursday last. They had been in attendance upon the Polish Clerical Convention which was held during the week in South Bend to provide for the good of the faithful of their nationality throughout the United States. They expressed the pleasure afforded them by their visit to Notre Dame.

—We have received a circular of the venerable founder of Notre Dame University, Very Rev. E. Sorin, C. S. C., who has lately been very ill, and who, through the Notre Dame press, gives expression to the gratitude he feels for the prayers offered in his behalf. We, with his devoted children and many friends, rejoice that his life has been prolonged. He has labored zealously for the honor of God and to promote devotion to the Blessed Virgin Mary. Had his work been confined to the founding of the *Ave Maria* alone, it would have been much; but it is immeasurably more.—*Salve Regina*.

—We take pleasure in announcing the engagement of Mr. Eugene F. Arnold, '77, of Washington, D. C., to Miss Frances Bournham Woods, the only daughter of the late Major-General Charles R. Woods, U. S. A., and niece of the late Mr. Justice William B. Woods, of the Supreme Court of the United States. Miss Woods will soon be received into the Church, and the marriage will take place at her home in Newark, Ohio. The ceremony will be per-

formed in St. Francis de Sales' Church by the Rt. Rev. Bishop Watterson. Mr. Arnold has the congratulations and best wishes of his numerous friends at Notre Dame.

—Rev. Augustine Saulnier, C. S. C., the zealous pastor of the Church of the Sacred Heart of Jesus, Canal and Lopez streets, is somewhat better. Last Saturday his case was considered precarious; but we are glad to announce a change for the better. Father Saulnier has worked hard in his parish and has done much good. During his stay great improvements have been effected in the church building and school. The grounds have been beautified and new iron railings erected, thanks to the good parishioners who have always given the zealous Father a helping hand. Father Saulnier belongs to the Congregation of the Holy Cross whose Mother-House is at Notre Dame, Ind.—*Morning Star* (New Orleans).

Local Items.

- Shut the door!
- They had to swim.
- Those Chicago feet!
- A little cool, nowadays.
- Those jokes were excellent.
- What made that tank leak?
- The skulls looked very lifelike.
- Next Thursday is Thanksgiving Day.
- The Grads are hard at work on their essays.
- Did you see the Sorin Hall dress parade?
- Those new tactic books are muddling everything.
- The Thanksgiving turkey is preparing to gobble his last goblet.
- The double runner has taken the place of the *bike* in certain parts of the grounds.
- Co. "B's" armory will be open to receive enlistments daily from 1 to 1.30 p. m. till Nov. 25.
- When are the storm windows to be put on Sorin Hall? Ye gentle Grads need them badly.
- The genial secretaries of the societies would oblige by sending their reports not later than Thursday afternoon.
- Alderman Allright says that his mustache is so heavy, also his beard, that the moon gives plenty of light to shave by.
- Though we are in no more danger from the cycle fiends, yet the earth has a happy (?) faculty of still jumping up and hitting us in the back.
- Columbians, remember when you make such sweeping statements that, like the two kinds of good, there are two kinds of surprises. Try the other kind on us this year.
- Another game for the final decision of the billiard championship was played this week. The game was 200 points. P. Coady won against 199 scored by Joslyn. The contest was close and exciting throughout.

—The Sorin Hall musicians demand the retraction of the insinuations cast on their music last week. With all due sorrow we humbly state that we took the opinion of one whom we afterwards found out was no judge of music. On consulting competent judges, it was ascertained that the music was of the highest order of merit. The "Fisher Maiden" and "Gose's Dreamland" waltzes merit special mention.

—A pleasant (?) surprise was in store for the denizens of the northwest corner of Sorin Hall last Thursday. A trickling sound first attracted their attention; then a copious flood of water came pouring down upon them and upon their belongings. It was not a pitcher of water wielded with fiendish delight, but on examination it was found that the tank had overflowed. The question now asked is: "What caused the automatic valve so suddenly to get out of order, and then as suddenly to right itself?"

—NOTICE:—Owing to the revision of the "United States Army Infantry Tactics" and the large number of men already enrolled, the officers of Co. "B," H. L. G., have deemed it advisable to change their recruiting time. Instead of February 1, a squad will be placed under instruction on Thursday, November 26. All those students of Carroll Hall, eligible to membership, who wish to join should hand in their names as soon as possible. The special attention of those who intended enlisting after the Christmas vacation is called to this notice.

—The ceremony on Sunday last was very solemn and impressive, when the Archconfraternity of the Holy Rosary was canonically erected in the church at Notre Dame by the Rev. M. A. Horrigan, O. P. At ten o'clock, after establishing the altar of the Rosary in the chapel behind the main altar, the eloquent Dominican preached a glowing sermon on the meaning and advantages of the devotion. Then Solemn High Mass was celebrated by the Very Rev. Provincial Corby, assisted by the Rev. Fathers Fitte and Maloney as deacon and sub-deacon. In the afternoon, after the recitation of the Rosary, the procession took place through the church and was followed by Solemn Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament. The day will long be remembered, and many a heart must have been stirred to renewed devotion by the impressive scenes which were witnessed.

—The Philodemic Mock Congress met on the 15th inst. The bill provided for the appropriation of five million dollars for coast defences, introduced by Hon. D. Cartier, Michigan, was passed. A vigorous opposition was set up, however, by Hon. E. DuBrul, of Ohio, and Hon. A. Dacy, of Ill.—A bill providing that pensions be given—to the sum of twelve dollars (\$12.00) per month—to each and every soldier that was injured in any war of the United States was introduced by Hon. P. Houlihan, of Indiana. The bill was referred to a Committee on Pensions composed of Hons.

Quinlan, of Illinois (Rep.), Cartier, of Michigan (Dem.), and McAuliff, of Illinois (Rep.); Hon. G. Lancaster, of Kentucky, was elected Clerk of the House. Hon. M. Quinlan was appointed to fulfil the duties of the office till the return of the Clerk.

—LECTURE.—On Thursday evening at five o'clock the Faculty and students assembled in Washington Hall to listen to the first of the series of lectures to be given by the Rev. A. M. Kirsch, C. S. C., Professor of Natural Sciences in the University. Father Kirsch took as the subject of his discourse, "the human body," or, as he called it, "the house in which we live." With great care and discrimination he had selected from the treasures of his laboratory a number of microscopic preparations and charts which illustrated the different parts of man. By the aid of a stereopticon, he was enabled to explain very clearly the appearance, structure and characteristics of the bones, muscles and ligaments, and their combination in the formation of the human body. The Rev. lecturer had an exceptionally fine preparation of bony tissue, showing the canals and the ramifications which carry the blood through the bones. Although Father Kirsch speaks on scientific matters, often dry and tiresome, he possesses the knack of keeping constantly the hearers' attention. His short stories and sparkling wit frequently threw the audience into convulsions of laughter, but at the same time conveyed a lesson that will not easily be forgotten. The special lecture course thus happily inaugurated will, no doubt, prove as entertaining and instructive as the courses of former years, and stimulate the students to the higher branches of learning.

—LAW DEBATING SOCIETY:—A meeting of the Law Debating Society was held on Saturday, the 14th inst., Colonel Hoynes presiding. The important event of the evening was a discussion on the Tariff; the subject was thus stated: "Resolved, That the wealth of the nation has been vastly increased, and its commercial welfare greatly promoted, by the Protective Tariff policy." P. Coady opened on the affirmative; his presentation of the facts involved showed he had given the subject much consideration. P. Houlihan opened on the negative. He dealt with the question on the historical side, and traced the effects of Tariff on our prosperity. H. O'Neill followed on the negative, and treated the issue from an economic point of view—its effects on wages, home market, agriculture, commerce, merchant marine, the development of our industries and the prosperity of the nation. He also touched upon the effects of Tariff on the continent of Europe, in Canada and Mexico; touched on England prior to the abolition of the Corn Laws and England of to-day, summing up with the effects and consequences of the protective policy in this country. L. P. Chute next spoke on the affirmative. Mr. Chute, like the others, was cogent and argumentative. His line of reasoning was on a strictly economic basis. He

showed how Protection did and would help to develop the infant industries of the country; how it affected supply and demand, and the home market in general. The debate was left open to the next meeting.—On Wednesday evening the debate on the Tariff was resumed by Mr. Chute, who consented to give Mr. O'Neill the floor. The latter replied to the arguments of Mr. Chute, who closed on behalf of the affirmative, and made a strong presentment of his contention. The chair, after considering the merits of the arguments, decided in favor of the negative. The chair then treated the question from an impartial point of view,—from the stand-point of a political economist. The Professor always deals with a question in a masterly style. In this instance he seemed to be up to his best. Touching on the Tariff as a political doctrine, he changed his style from the serious and stately, to the humorous. So appropriate and effective were his witty allusions that, while he kept on this strain, everyone in the audience strained his sides with laughter. He gave the principles of political economy that underlie this question, and the application of these principles under our governmental system in time past and present. At the usual hour the meeting adjourned, all feeling highly pleased with the proceeding, but in a particular manner with the very able speech of Professor Hoynes.

Roll of Honor.

SORIN HALL.

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

BROWNSON HALL.

Messrs. Ahlrichs, Burns, Brennan, J. Brady, Baldwin, Brown, T. Brady, Beaudry, Bundy, Combe, Chassang, Corcoran, Corry, Cosgrove, J. Crawley, P. Crawley, Cassidy, J. Cummings, Correll, Chilcote, W. Cummings, Crilly, Cole, Conroy, Cherhart, Carroll, Connors, Cook, C. Delaney, Doheny, Doyle, R. Delaney, Devanny, Egan, Ellwanger, Ferneding, P. Fleming, R. Fleming, Funke, Flynn, Flannery, Foley, Frizzelle, Heer, Heneghan, Harpole, Healy, Hesse, Henly, Houlihan, Kunart, F. Kenny, Krost, Kleekamp, Kearney, W. M. Kennedy, M. Kelly, Karasynski, Krembs, Kintzele, W. A. Kennedy, Kearns, E. Kenny, Layton, McCullough, S. Mitchell, McFadden, Maloney, Morrison, D. Murphy, E. Mitchell, F. Murphy, Mattingly, McCarrick, McDermott, McClure, O'Shea, O'Donnell, Olde, Palmer, Powers, Prelskamp, Phillips, Perkins, Quinlan, M. Ryan, J. Ryan, G. Ryan, Ragan, E. Roby, C. Roby, Raney, Sherman, Schopp, Sabin, Vinez, Welsh, Weaver, Wilkin, Zeitler, Zeller.

CARROLL HALL.

Messrs. Arvidson, Bouer, Bixby, Barbour, Brennan, Baldauf, Ball, Bates, J. Brown, F. Brown, Bachrach, Burkert, Burns, Carney, Casey, Corry, Cosgrove, Cullen, Collins, Curran, Cheney, Connell, Crawford, Carpenter, Dion, DuBois, Dix, DeLormier, Duncombe, Dillon, Dillman, Delany, Dorsey, J. Dempsey, F. Dempsey, Dixon, Eagan, C. F. Fleming, C. S. Fleming, Falk, Finnerty, A. Funke, Foster, Girsch, Grote, L. Gibson, N. Gibson, Gilbert, Griffin, Gerdes, Gerner, Girardin, Gillam, Garfias, Hill, Hagan, Harrington, Hilger, Hoban, Hamilton, Hargrave, Hagus, Hittson, Hack, Janssen, Joseph, Johnson,

Kindler, Kauffman, Kreicker, Kountz, Kerker, W. Keger, A. Keger, LaMoure, Levi, Lee, Lowrey, Leonard, Luther, Mahon, Mills, Miles, Major, Mitchell, J. Miller, W. Miller, Meyers, Marr, Marre, A. McKee, McDowell, McPhee, Martin, H. Nichols, W. Nichols, Nicholson, O'Connor, Oliver, O'Brien, W. O'Neill, O'Rourke, Payne, Peake, Prichard, Pope, Phillipson, Pomeroy, Rumely, Regan, Rupel, Rogers, Ratterman, Rènesch, Rend, F. Reilly, W. Sullivan, Stern, Shaffer, Sparks, Shimp, Sedwick, Sweet, Scholer, Slevin, Sheuerman, Smith, Shirk, Thome, Thorn, J. Tong, O. Tong, Tallon, Thornton, Thomas, Teeters, Vorhang, Washburne, Wellington, Walker, Weaver, N. Weitzel, B. Weitzel, Yingst, Yeager, G. Zoehrlaut.

ST. EDWARD'S HALL.

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

Class Honors.

PREPARATORY COURSE.

Messrs. Heneghan, G. Ryan, Kilkenney, McFadden, Kleekamp, Whitehead, Thayne, Ansbery, Pulskamp, V. Brennan, Harpole, R. Healy, J. Brady, W. Monarch, Scallen, Baldwin, R. Harris, C. Murphy, Stanton, D. Maloney, C. Zeitler, McClure, Moxley, Hesse, Layton, Olde, Robinson, Murphy, McErlain, Tollenberg, C. Roby, Crilly, Weaver, Ellwanger, Flynn, Harris, Kirby, Lindeke, Raney, McDermott, E. Roby, Kintzele, W. A. Kennedy, Doyle, Henley, Cook, Zeller, LaMoure, Hagan, Sullivan, Hilger, Janssen, O. Tong, Strauss, Sedwick, E. Brennan, Cullen, Sparks, Marre, DeLormier, L. Gibson, Falk, H. Nichols, Scholer, Curran, Sweet, Peake, Wensing, Barbour, F. O'Brien, Thomas, Yeager, Weitzel, Oliver, Rumely, Thome, Washburne, Moss, Krembs, F. Dempsey, Thornton, Crawford, Voorhang, Gillman.

List of Excellence.

SPECIAL AND PREPARATORY COURSES.

Greek—Messrs. Gallagher, Smoger, Walker, Murphy, McNamee; *German*—Messrs. Cullen, E. Brennan, P. Crawley, Ellwanger; *French*—Messrs. Maurus, Jewett, C. Mitchell; *Christian Doctrine*—Messrs. Thome, Chassang, Krost, E. Ahlrichs, McFadden, V. Brennan, R. Healy, A. Corry, Carney, Delaney, Casey, Walker, O'Rourke, Slevin; *Algebra*—Messrs. Kunert, McNamee; *Arithmetic*—Messrs. Falk, Rumely, Peake, Payne, R. Harris, Thome, Downey, Hesse, McClure, Moxley, O'Neill, Stanton, Wilkin, D. Kelly, Zeller; *Grammar*—Messrs. Yingst, Falk, Hagan, Cherhart, Foley, E. Harris, Sherman, Singler, Washethemanaski, R. Harris, Stanton, Peake, Barbour, Sedwick, Gillam; *Reading*—Messrs. Sparks, J. Cummings, R. Harris, Hesse, Hermann, McClure, Moxley, Monarch, Sweet, Welsh, Yeager, McCarthy, Baldauf; *Orthography*—Messrs. Joseph, R. Harris, Hesse, Morrison, McClure, Monarch, Labelle, Stanton, Sweet, Welsh, Yeager, Baldauf, Smith, Gerner; *Geography*—Messrs. Hesse, Kintzele, Sedwick; *United States History*—Messrs. Sparks, Cushing.

St. Mary's Academy.

One Mile West of Notre Dame University.

—The *Chimes* wants to know how it is that, tho' autumn comes after summer, we find autumn leaves when summer leaves.

—Rev. M. A. Horrigan, O. P., and the Rev. President of the University, Father Walsh, honored St. Mary's by a visit last Sunday.

—The instruction given on Friday evening by Rev. Father French was on the third article of the Apostles' Creed, and commanded close attention.

—The cover of the Second Seniors' issue of the *Chimes*—a delicately pencilled landscape and a chime of bells—was the work of the Misses T. Kimmell and S. Dempsey.

—On Sunday, the 15th, Rev. Father Hudson was celebrant of the High Mass, at which he delivered an impressive sermon on the devotion known as that of the Holy Souls.

—The Class of '92 held a reception on Tuesday last, which was one of the most delightful ones of the session. The Misses Gibbons, S. Ludwig, M. Marrinan, G. Dieffenbacher and F. Quinn lent pleasure to the occasion by their musical talent, obligingly placed at the service of the hostesses.

—Misses Maud Nacy, M. Cooper, A. Cowan and G. White showed a most commendable acquaintance with the rules and exceptions of Mr. Bullion at a late competition in the Junior Preparatory Grammar Class. Said acquaintance should be cultivated by all who aim to move in cultured circles.

—A spirited review in the form of a competition was held in the first preparatory grammar class lately; the respective sides were led by Misses A. Hunt and E. Evoy; and they, ably assisted by the Misses B. Nichols, B. Davis, M. Davis, A. Moynahan, K. Barry, S. Meskill, J. Hammond and G. Cowan, are deserving of special mention.

—The Christian Art Society held its regular meeting on the 10th inst., devoting the time appointed to a glance at the art of painting before the Christian era. The characteristics of Chaldean, Egyptian, Etruscan, Greek and Roman painting formed subject-matter for a most interesting paper, which met with intelligent appreciation on the part of the art pupils.

—Very Rev. Father Corby presided at the distribution of "points" on Sunday evening, and lent an additional value to the tickets of excellence awarded by his kindly and genial manner, as well as by his words of counsel. Notwithstanding the fact that Father Corby is not in favor of woman leaving her sphere, and assuming the duties which usually devolve upon man, the Second Seniors appeared in the rôle of editors and presented St. Mary's *Chimes*. The readers were Miss D. Davis and Miss M. Patier.

—"Music as a Language" was the subject of the last lecture before the St. Cecilian Society, and from the opening sentence to the last word it was fraught with interest. Music as the medium of expression of all that is noblest in man, all that is best in the human heart, was analyzed to see wherein its wonderful power lies. The influence of association as regards artistic effect, the sway of the imagination over the sounds of music, were dwelt upon at large, and the relation of tones was shown in a clear and interesting way. One of the most suggestive parts of the lecture was on the exposition of character by means of music. The lives of the masters in harmony were cited as evidence; for in the study of Beethoven, Mozart and others, they and their works seem inseparable when it comes to the work of judging the merits of either. The ennobling influence of music was not forgotten; and those who had the privilege of hearing the lecture should feel that to them was accorded a privilege as well as a pleasure.

Only Day-Dreams.

How delightful is the quiet hour in which we draw aloof from the world around us, and form a new abode for ourselves in the land of day-dreams! With eyes blind to surroundings, and ears deaf to sounds of busy earth, we travel on the wings of fancy to a region where in that light which "has never been on sea or land," we build to ourselves a castle, peopling it with the forms of those near and dear to us. Ever since the days of Charlemagne has the title "Castles in Spain" been given to those airy fabrics we all so love to rear, even when we know they are mere creations of the imagination; and while visions of Moorish magnificence, scenes of rare beauty, olive groves, flowers and crystal streams are conjured up by the very name of Spain, the pictures we portray in our day-dreams are more beautiful than nature paints under the softest southern skies.

We who build in Spain are the most wonderful architects in the world; we blend Gothic, Grecian and Roman styles of building into harmonious structures. We gather our materials from the fields of geography, the quarries of science, the mines of history, the treasure-houses of the poets, and we furnish our castles from the looms and workshops of the past.

Let me describe some of these wonderful architects. Across the street there lives an old man preparing to take a long journey. His thoughts are ever turned towards a beautiful castle in Spain; at the entrance stands its queen, his wife, who took the long trip before him. She is waiting in glowing raiment, her hands

outstretched for his arrival. Back of her are a gentle old father and mother, eager to welcome the weary traveller, and bright and happy children cluster around, making the picture complete. You ask me if I ever saw this old man's castle: no, but my kind old friend has described it all so often and so vividly that I would know it if I saw it.

On one corner of the street there stands a little ragged barefoot boy, who is saving his pennies that he may go to his Spanish possessions. In the mist of that dreamland he sees a home where his mother is to be enthroned, with baby brother on her knee, and the other little ones with warm clothing and happy, cheerful faces, rid forever of that hungry look which haunts his hours when at home. He pictures Christmas to himself, and in fancy he fills the stockings of the anxious children with the prettiest toys the shop windows display. He is as rich as a king in that hour of castle-building.

These are beautiful, but they do not compare with my abode in sunny Spain—an abode wherein are crowned with love, father, mother, the dear grandmother, and the friends who have ever shared both my trials and my joys. There it is that I repay the debts of gratitude that years of devotedness have placed to my heart's account!

Some may say: "Only exalted notions engender such fancies; every-day people do not indulge in such ether-like amusements." Castle builders are only ordinary men and women blessed with the gift of forgetting the cares and worries of the hour; and what a benison it is to leave the tumult of real life to rest for awhile in the quiet halls of the ideal! The restless business man hears the rustle of crisp bank-notes in the music which fills the rich palace reared by fancy; the student finds visions of magic towers wherein are treasured hidden lore, and in his castle he has a laboratory in which he finds the secrets of the old alchemists; the mother hovers over the cradle of her little one, and grand is the career she plans for him, as her heart whispers, in the words of the poet: "Philip, my king!"

But of what use are such castles, such day-dreams, do you ask? Is anything useless which adds brightness—lawful brightness—to our daily round of life? True, if we waste in idle thoughts and vain regrets the time God has given us, we lay ourselves open to blame; but if our fancies keep us to the path of duty, if our dreams make us practise industry, so as to realize at least some of our hopes, there can be no harm in

forming in our heart and mind faint reflections of the heavenly Jerusalem, "where the many mansions be."
LOUISE NICKEL.

Roll of Honor.

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

SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

Misses E. Adelsperger, Alkire, Augustine, Agney, Bassett, Bero, E. Burns, M. Burns, Bell, R. Butler, K. Barry, Brady, M. Barry, Buell, Black, Benz, Brand, M. Byrnes, Bogart, Charles, Churchill, A. Cooper, Clifford, Crilly, Davis, Duffy, Daley, Dennison, Ellwanger, Evoy, Fitzpatrick, Field, Griffith, Green, Galvin, Grace, Gilmore, Lucy Griffith, Groves, Gibbons, Hartz, Hellman, Hutchinson, Higgins, Hammond, Hopkins, Hittson, Hess, Hunt, Maude Hess, Johnston, Jewell, Jacobs, Kirley, Klingberg, Keating, Kemme, Kelly, Kaufman, Kingsbaker, Kimmell, Kiernan, Kinney, Lynch, Ludwig, Loker, Londoner, Lennon, Lancaster, Lichtenhein, Leppel, La Moure, Morse, M. Moynahan, Marrinan, Murison, Morehead, E. McCormack, Maloney, D. McDonald, A. Moynahan, McDowell, M. McDonald, M. McCormack, Nickel, Norris, M. Nichols, B. Nichols, Nester, O'Sullivan, Plato, Patier, Pinney, Payne, Quinn, A. Ryan, K. Ryan, Robinson, Roberts, Rizer, M. Smyth, A. Smith, Sena, Stewart, Schmidt, Staw, Thirsd, Tod, Van Mourick, Van Liew, Wile, B. Winstandley, Wurzburg, Wolffe, Welter, Whitney, Zahm, Zucker.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

Misses Boyle, Curtin, M. Davis, B. Davis, Eberts, Ford, Garrity, M. Hickey, Kline, Londoner, O'Mara, Pfaelzer, S. Smyth, Tilden, Williams, White, Whittenberger, Wolverton, Wheeler.

MINIM DEPARTMENT.

Misses Ahern, Buckley, Curtin, Dysart, Egan, Finnerty, Girsch, Lingard, McKenna, McCormack, A. McCarthy, Palmer, Wormer.

SCHOOL OF ART AND DESIGN.

HONORABLY MENTIONED.

ELEMENTARY PERSPECTIVE.

2D CLASS—Misses T. Kimmell, Clifford, Dempsey, K. Ryan.

3D CLASS—Misses E. Dennison, Robbins, Evoy, Jewell, Pengeman, Girsch, Charles, E. McCormack, L. Kasper, Doble, Byers, Garrity, Palmer, Schmidt, M. Burns, M. Hess, Schaefer, Williams, B. Londoner, Hopper, Loker, Kenny, Boyle, Tietjen, Curtin.

PAINTING IN WATER COLORS.

3D CLASS—Miss M. Fitzpatrick.

OIL PAINTING.

3D CLASS—Misses Plato, Marrinan, Dieffenbacher.

GENERAL DRAWING.

SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

Misses Marrinan, McCune, Bassett, Churchill, Black, Kirley, G. Cowan, E. Seely, A. Seely, McGuire, Murison, A. Ryan, Dieffenbacher, Johnson, Wolffe, Roberts, McCormack, M. Hess, Kelly, R. Butler, Wurzburg, Kingsbaker, Klingberg, M. Brady, Morehead, E. McCormack, Whitmore, Kaufman, Welter, Augustine, M. Wagner, Payne, Van Mourick, Schmidt, Hopkins, Pinny, A. Butler, Leppel, Jacobs, Crilly, Ludwig, Hammond, D. McDonald, Daley, M. McDonald, Higgins, A. Moynahan, Lancaster, Benz, Hittson, Hunt, Duffy, Robinson, Groves, Kemme, Zucker, Cooper, Byers, Lennon, Kieffer, Goodell, Hanson, Agney, La Moure.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

Misses B. Davis, Palmer, Meskill, Schaefer, Doble, M. Davis, Baxter, Adelsperger, Ebert, Curtin, S. Smyth, A. E. Dennison, Coady, Wolverton, Garrity, Holmes, Girsch, O'Mara, Cowan, Pfaelzer, M. Dennison, Williams, Cooper, Culp, Londoner, Kline, J. Smyth, Hopper, White, Tormey, Wheeler, Whittenberger, Crandall, Mills, Kingsley, L. Tilden, Ford, N. Smyth.