

THE NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.

DISCE · QUASI · SEMPER · VICTURUS ·

· VIVE · QUASI · CRAS · MORITURUS ·

VOL. XXV.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, JANUARY 2, 1892.

No. 17.

The Old Year.

Slowly the old year is dying,
Surrend'ring its place to the new;
Silently weeping and sighing,
It lingers to bid us adieu.

Slowly 'tis dying forever
To sleep in oblivion's tomb;
Fate soon its life-cord shall sever,
And bury it deep in the gloom.

Midnight in silence is grieving,
And dumb are the bells in the tower,
Death in his mansion is weaving
A shroud for the old year's last hour.

M. A. QUINLAN, '93.

Paris Underground.

THE CATACOMBS.

There is no city in the world more frequented by pleasure-seekers than Paris. The reputation which she received under Louis XIV. of being the mistress of fashion, the patroness of the fine arts, the nurse of warriors, she has since preserved, adding the embellishments she took from Haussmann and Alpband to the gaiety which so pre-eminently characterized her under the reign of the "Grand Monarque." Charles II. of England imitated the fashions of the French court. He did his best to pose as a "Grand Monarque" whose taste for the refinements and luxuries, which he had learned to cultivate during his exile, was restricted by a penurious Parliament. On one occasion he was highly flattered by the delicate attention which the Duke de Grammont knew so well how to bestow, in receiving from that nobleman a present of a coach which had been made and fitted up

in Paris with all the art of the work builder of the time. The crowds of followers of the Stuarts, whose opinions forced them to share the lot of their masters, were loud in their praises of the elegance and gaiety of the society to which they found ready access in France. The importance of the language induced many of that class of English society, whose aim was the highest offices in the state, to combine business and pleasure in fixing their temporary home at Paris.

In one word, nothing speaks more plainly of the attractions which Paris held out to the world at an early date than the number of foreigners who were in the city at the outbreak of the Revolution. Since then the French capital has jealously guarded the early name which she acquired for gaiety and splendor. Nature and art combined have endowed her with so many charms that it is impossible to foresee the time when any rival may dispute with success the gentle despotism which she now exercises over all that pleases, refines and educates.

A learned writer in the SCHOLASTIC has gracefully described the outward beauties of the Western Athens, familiarising American readers with its countless squares, its hundred churches, adorned with the beauties of ancient and modern architecture, its public gardens, in which nature and art vie with each other for supremacy, its majestic palaces whose treasures are the envy of the world, its streets and boulevards defying even comparison. These are but few of the monuments of interest which Paris offers to the most casual observer. There are others hidden away from the searching eyes of the tourist, open only to the astonished gaze of the privileged few. It is to these I now am going to conduct the reader.

When the old city of Lutèce began to extend

itself beyond the narrow circle of fortifications which the Romans had drawn round it, great facilities were offered to its early inhabitants desirous of building for themselves more suitable residences on the high ground which overlooked the Seine on the south-east by the practically inexhaustible quarries which were worked from a very early date on the south bank of the river. Far beyond the bounds of the city a sloping entrance was excavated into those subterranean quarries to give a ready exit to the rough waggons which were then used when laden with their large white stones with which a great part of the city is built. In later times this descent became known under the name of the "Fosse des Lions," and was destined for a very different purpose. For centuries these quarries were disused and probably unknown until at the end of the reign of Louis XVI. they were discovered by an accident. Marie de Medicis had embellished Paris with numerous fountains supplied by an aqueduct which she had constructed for the purpose of leading the springs of Arcueil to her favorite gardens of the Luxembourg. Suddenly the fountains ceased to play. No cause could be assigned for what threatened at the time to be the deprivation of one of the greatest pleasures in which out-of-door Parisians were hitherto able to indulge; for in those good old days it was a never-failing source of delight to those unsophisticated souls to watch the crystal waters as they leaped up from sources unknown into the summer sun light, dancing for a moment in its smiling beams and falling with tinkling music at their feet. After many conjectures, it was discovered that the aqueduct was led over the vault of some of the old quarries, and that, owing to the great weight of the stone of which it was built, as well as to the insecure state in which the quarries had been left, the channel of the aqueduct had fallen through, cutting off the water supply of Paris, and deluging these underground cavities which no one had heretofore ever thought of exploring. The deprivation of water was not the only evil which then threatened the south side of the city. At one time whole streets, public gardens and churches were almost engulfed in these quarries, necessitating an immediate survey of the condition of the vaults and pillars which supported the surface. Engineers were appointed to thoroughly examine every part of those enormous caves. Maps were made of them; roads were driven through them; massive supports were raised wherever there seemed to be any danger of the ground falling in. The thorough investi-

gation to which the entire area over which the quarries extended was subjected helped to bring about the new use to which these excavations were adapted; for, in the course of a few years they became the last resting-place of a population as great as that which to-day swarms in this the second largest city of the world.

The quarries then received the name of Catacombs from analogy to the subterranean sepulchres which are found in almost every country of Europe and Asia. The readers of Herodotus are familiar with the many passages in his history in which he refers to the punctilious care the Egyptians and the inhabitants of other countries of which he had heard, showed in the embalming of their dead, and the religious ceremonies attending the last rites of the deceased, particularly the solemn procession to the family vault of the dead man where he was to take his rank among his ancestors who had predeceased him.

The enormous caves hewn out of the solid rock of the Lybian mountains, which served for the last resting-place of hundreds of generations of men, have doubtless suggested to Mr. R. Haggard one of the many interesting chapters which contribute to the weirdness and fascination of "She."

The great antiquity of the catacombs of Rome is well known. They are long anterior to the time of Cicero, who refers to them in his speech for Cluentius. At an early date they were used by the Romans as places of sepulture; but little was known of their extent until the persecutions to which the early Christians were subjected forced them to explore the alleys, roads and chambers of these huge labyrinths, whose intricacy alone afforded them an opportunity of following the tenets of the Faith which so soon spread itself in every quarter of the world. The home of the earliest martyrs, the hidden cradle from which the giant growth of the infant Church first showed itself to the world, the works of art sacred to the endurance and skill of their executors, the receptacle of the mortal remains of thousands of men and women like ourselves, who, like us, have lived with their joys and sorrows, who have felt their souls rise for a moment over the frail habitations of clay which surrounded them, buoyed on the wings of hope, and again sicken when the trials of the world had chased away this most powerful and consoling aid to the human heart in its journey through life, are combined in the Catacombs of Rome to weave a charm round the imagination which age mellows, but does not destroy.

Having been within a very recent period consecrated to their present use, the Catacombs of Paris lack much of the interest which must forever be attached to those of Rome; but their enormous extent, and the actual number of human bodies deposited in them will always excite the astonishment of the most wayward visitor. It is impossible to realize that scarcely a hundred years ago one of the most populous districts of Paris had been during a period of two centuries scourged with successive plagues, owing to the horrible stench which the putrifying bodies in the Cemetery of the Innocents continuously exhaled.

The ground of the cemetery was raised almost eight feet over the adjoining roads by the number of bodies which had been interred in it. In some places there was scarcely enough of clay to cover the decomposing bodies. The bones of the dead were forced into the cellars of the surrounding houses through the number of bodies which were heaped up in every available space of the graveyard. Notwithstanding the horrible spectacle perpetually exposed before the inhabitants of the district, and the dangers to which they were liable as a result, no less than thirty thousand burials took place in the three years immediately preceding the year 1786, when the cemetery was finally closed.

The explorations which had just been made in the old quarries suggested a means of removing an evil which, as well as being revolting to human nature, was a serious menace to the public health. It was determined that these quarries should be fitted up to receive the bones dug out from the Cemetery of the Innocents. The necessary works were immediately commenced. During night and day, for three years, when the weather permitted, the exhumation of the millions of bodies which had been deposited in the old cemetery was carried on. About four o'clock in the afternoon a long row of funeral cars started from its gates, the priests, chanting the prayers for the dead, followed by acolytes and torch-bearers, the lurid glow of the torches contrasting with the white surplices of the priests and the black panoply of the funeral procession, as it passed day after day through crowds of spectators, hushed in respectful silence for the dead, among whom might have been their own friends and ancestors. The bones were thrown into what then became known as the Catacombs, and were afterwards arranged into the curious heaps which now seem so peacefully at rest in the unbroken silence of their second graves.

To-day as you pass down through the long,

narrow passages seventy feet under the surface you conjecture what will be your first impressions on gazing on the remains of a population as great as that which now lives, and frets, and makes merry, and glides along the rosy path of a peaceful existence and battles in life-long struggle with an "outrageous fortune" in the gay, bustling city you have quitted for the moment to explore the haunts of the dead. There is not much time for speculation. You are standing in a low, gloomy chamber from which winding galleries run out into the impenetrable darkness beyond. On one side the sickly grey-ness of the walls has assumed the deep sombre shades which mark out the approach to the realm of Death.

On the black pall which hangs over a door supported by massive pillars, the eye rests on the significant inscription: "To the memory of those who have gone before us." One step forward leads you into the great charnel house where the remains of generations of men lie heaped together. In the home of the dead, wealth brings no distinction; beauty is ignored; virtue and vice lie side by side; enmity is lulled to peace in the long night of eternity; the dust of the wise mingles with the clay which to them had been soulless, even before the breath had left the body which the lamp of wisdom had never guided by its rays. All ranks are there levelled: a mistress of a king has found her last home in the same vault where repose the bones of the humblest of her lord's subjects. Close to the place on which are now crumbling the bones of the fastidious lawyers, who were at first interred in the cemetery of St. Severin, are all that remains of the fishwives, who had gained an unenviable notoriety in Paris, not only by the virulence of their language, but by the strength of their arms. Priest and atheist, Jesuit and Jansenist, poet and critic, royalist and revolutionist, have hushed their differences in the silence of the tomb. The past, present, and future are fused there in the inscrutable end of everything mortal—nothingness.

From the eyeless sockets of long rows of skulls, which the hand of man joined together as if in derision of the different passions and aims which must at one time have been seated within them, streams out the meaningless glare which speaks of nothingness. "We are generations of your race who have sunk into the nothingness of death. Learn the lesson of life from us who have lived like you do to-day, ten centuries ago. Already the unborn ages are marked out as our companions by the destroying hand of time." Inscriptions on the walls

proclaim the empire of death. At every turn of your eyes the inscrutable end of man looms out upon them. In the gallery of Legouv   the following verses, taken from his "Melancolie," point out the bourn, to which the traveller of life is speeding from the moment he first opens his eyes to the world:

"Tel est donc de la mort l'inevitable empire!
Vertueux ou m  chant, il faut que l'homme expire.
La foule des humains est un faible troupeau
Qu'effroyable pasteur, le Temps, m  ne au tombeau."*

In the temple of Death the tributes to his sway are neither few nor uninteresting. Altars, originally intended for divine service, are built up from the bones of his victims. *Tombs* are artistically piled up in enormous heaps surmounted by crescents of grinning skulls. The square piles of *tibias* are relieved of their sameness by the cross-bones which stand out prominently against the dark brown color of their surfaces (the bones never whiten, owing to the humidity of the atmosphere in the Catacombs). A quotation from the Prophet Jeremias, referring to the desecration of the cemetery under the "Reign of Terror," leads back the mind over the short space of one hundred years when Death stalked rampant in the streets of Paris, reaping his black harvest which fanaticism and cowardice had made then unusually copious, prematurely devoting to his garner the young as well as the old, the strong as well as the infirm, the patriot as well as the traitor: "*In illo tempore, ejicient ossa Regum et ossa principum ejus, et ossa sacerdotum, et ossa prophetarum, et ossa eorum qui habitaverunt Jerusalem de sepulchris suis.*"† So deeply had centuries of oppression engraved their sufferings on the hearts of a people despised and oppressed that the fierce hate, begotten of injustice, wreaked itself even upon the lifeless bones of the men who had tyrannized over them.

The interest which man takes in man does not stop short at the brink of the tomb. Into the awful stillness of the grave the mind of man penetrates; for it loves to live in the past, to realize the storms and sunshine which once fitfully swept over the powerless clay now mouldering away, to sympathise with his sorrows, to construct the circles in which he moved, to

* Such, then, is the empire of death, dragging under his dominion the virtuous and wicked. To it the crowds of mortal men are forever speeding, driven thither by the unsparing hand of time.

† The graves of kings and chiefs and priests and prophets are profaned, and the dust of their bones scattered before the four winds of heaven.

draw a lesson from his heart-breaking striving after trifles, to persuade itself that even while the dust remains the words of the Roman poet are true: "*Homo sum, humani nihil a me alienum puto.*"*

M. J. JORDAN.

PARIS, DEC. '91.

The Prose of Daniel Webster.

"Omne tulit punctum qui miscuit utile dulci."

Herbert Spencer, after gathering in a harvest of opinions on style, and studying the works of the most famous authors of English verse and prose, compiles his labors into a small pamphlet. This has been a text-book for many years in the literature class-rooms of the best schools. But when a student—a graduate, let us say—comes to review the books he has studied, the thought of some of these gives him remembrances entirely different from that of others. Some recall the hard labor that was applied to understand them; others, how simple and easy it was to comprehend what they tell of. Why is this? Simply because the style of one made it so much the harder to be understood than the style of the other. Herbert Spencer's "Philosophy of Style,"—for so it is called—is a book full of the best reasoning, and logic abounds; but what is this when the student cannot make out the meaning without much study of the style! The incongruity between the style he uses and that which he teaches should be used by others is revealed on the first page of his book. Spencer speaks of the clearness of others, but never observes his own. As the graduate picks up this book and reflects upon it, the effect of the hard labor in deciphering it, is written on his brow.

Now what book may be mentioned the remembrance of which can assuage the mind of a hard-working, overburdened post graduate? Do our libraries contain such books? Yes; there are many; but of all these my intention is not to write. I shall take one. It was never used as a text-book, but many were the times it was read and reread till now the pages, worn yellow with age and black with use, are torn out of their places and laid on an upper shelf, while a new volume of the same book lies on the desk below where the student still works. With passages from this masterpiece on their lips, American citizens, joyfully and patriotically marched to death in the late civil war for the cause of "The Constitution and the

* I am a man: whatever concerns mankind is interesting to me.

Union." It is called "The Speeches of Daniel Webster." It speaks not of the style that others should use, but uses the style that others speak of. If such a book were used more for examples of style, instead of certain text-books, the labors of both teacher and pupil would be much alleviated.

The question has been asked: Why is it that Burke and Webster live now, and always will live in history, while other great men of their day have died and left us only the few letters of the alphabet which spell out their short names? Henry Clay was a great man, and truly noble was he when his feelings prompted him to become a benefactor of that college which many a man boasts to have as his *Alma Mater*, and for which honor many more are striving, that is Notre Dame. But this man, great as he was in his day, has not left us much more than the four letters with which he spelled his name. In our time we hear his name pronounced once in a while, but in a century it will seldom be seen, except in the list of statesmen, and heard when read therefrom.

But why does the name of Webster live? His writings hold his name high above the grave; nor will they loosen their hold as long as the English language has one more breath to heave. Henry Clay was, perhaps, a better speaker in Congress than Webster; that is, probably he had more elocutionary powers to bring out his sentiments; but his speeches have faded away, and the force of delivery with which he spoke them is no more. Because he was unable to handle the language which he spoke in such a way as to appeal to the true feelings of the people, he has ceased to live.

It is a saying of Webster, that the extremists of both parts of their country are violent: they mistake loud talk for eloquence and for reason. They think that he who talks loudest reasons best. A speech full of fire and fury signifying nothing is not one which history paints on her pages with ineffaceable ink. The writings of Webster need but one reading; but when once read they will be read again and then again. They are the very essence of the eloquence of truth. Webster was an orator, it is true, but this alone did not make him famous. His very bearing before an audience caused respect. By this the silvered words which he spoke captivated alike the poor, unlearned farmer and the philosopher. The former knew not and the latter knew why he liked the speaker. That was the only difference.

Fox, of the House of Commons in England, was another speaker who, when he lived, drew

crowds to hear his eloquence. His audiences have passed away, and now Fox is dead. The House of Commons where he spoke was called "the cradle and the grave of his fame." The United States was the cradle of Webster, but who can tell where to find his grave? It is not yet, nor will the English tongue live long enough to visit it; for, what supports any language? The writings of great authors. A structure will last while its supports remain. Webster's works are one of the main supports of our language; and does it not logically follow that these works will keep his name among the living for centuries? But why are the speeches of Webster so much superior to the speeches of his contemporary statesmen who aided their country so nobly? *His* keep *him* alive, and *theirs* have faded away to the grave with their authors. In one act Webster accomplished a twofold object, when others realized but one. The one object that the latter had was to make a grand display of elocutionary power, and, by so doing, compel attention. But true oratory is not in fine gestures alone, nor in the volume of voice, any more than the roar of cannons is oratory. There is something else, and this something else Daniel Webster possessed. Through it he accomplished his second, or rather primary and the other was secondary, object. It is his style.

Let the student pick up Spencer, who teaches what style is, and he will not understand what he reads unless by repeating it carefully. Give the same young man "Webster's Great Speeches," and when he has read it thoroughly once, his style has begun to be formed. Webster's great aim was to be Websterian. In preparing a speech or an essay he went to work, determined that it should be a great and solid structure, not made of flowers, throwing fragrance to the winds; not clothed in garments of silk and satin with a false mask of paper, dyed golden. Nor did he elaborate grand metaphors and similes, filled with Greek and Latin words; but simply organized his works into the purest Anglo-Saxon. No needless attributive did he use.

In his speech on the "Constitution and the Union," talking of secession, he majestically declares:

"The dismemberment of this vast country without convulsion! the breaking up of the fountains of the great deep without ruffling the surface! . . . Sir, he who sees these states now revolving in harmony around a common centre and expects to see them quit their places and fly off without convulsion may look the next hour to see the heavenly bodies rush from their spheres and jostle against each other in the realms of space without causing the wreck of the universe. . . . Is this great constitution under which we live, covering this whole coun-

try,—is it to be thawed and melted away by secession, as the snows on the mountain melt under the influence of a vernal sun, disappear almost unobserved and run off?"

What eloquence! Prose elevated to the height of poetry! Yes, for such grand passages as the above quotation, he has been called a poet. Many have wondered why, because they have seen no verse which he composed; but poetry is not necessarily divided off and metred. The transparency of his best writings, and his simplicity have made him famous.

Again, he did not have a different mode of expression for each subject, or try to fit his speeches to the various mannerisms of his hearers. His phraseology on the "stump" and that in the Senate were the same. Farmer and statesman both heard the simple child-words which Webster spoke. Perhaps his greatest attempt was "The Reply to Hayne." His superiority to Hayne was by no means in gestures and an energetic bearing; but in "cool argument and clear statement" he rose to a grand peroration.

When only past the portals of graduation, he was called upon to deliver a speech on a Fourth of July. This speech was not in the usual everyday, school-boy's style, full of empty words, making it like a balloon—the outside very symmetrical, but only stuffed with air, and, when once touched, it collapses,—but it was characterized by substantial words, each helping the other to build a solid structure to remain forever, and not to be cast and thrown about on the great sea of criticism, like a weather-beaten bark. In writing this Fourth of July oration Webster had to fight against all those faults which are usual to a young man of his time of life. But, fortunately, he was gifted with a sense of discretion earlier in life than the average youth. His keenness to distinguish the difference between good and bad words, and to use the good ones carefully, seems to have been cultivated to a great extent; for, in his earliest school-day essays, more bombastic language could scarce be written. Nevertheless, by studying his essays, word for word, he *earned*, perhaps with the aid of great natural talent, the use of every word he employed in those essays. Each paragraph seems to impress the reader with a new idea, and a collection of these ideas, taken from the climax contained in the last phrase of each passage, forces one to admire Webster's style.

Though Webster, like all men, was mortal, and died a mortal's death, he lives and always will live, and his works have crowned him with immortality.

FRED. B. CHUTE, (*Lit.*) '92.

[From the "Catholic Citizen," Milwaukee, Wis.]

Our Exhibit at the Fair.

"The question of the sort of exhibit the Catholic journals of the country shall make at the World's Fair seems to me to be a very delicate and important one. I am sure of one thing: we must support the Fair, regardless of Mr. Butterworth. I presume I may speak very freely to you," Mr. Maurice Francis Egan added, with a quick glance at our reporter, who had met him by appointment in one of the parlors of Gore's Hotel, Chicago. "I presume that you will use simply what may be of use to your readers, and suppress my *obiter dicta*."

Our reporter assured Professor Egan that the intention of *The Citizen* was only to get from him his advice and opinions, which, coming from a man who had been the intimate associate of such eminent leaders of Catholic journalism as McMaster, Hickey, Dr. Shea and others, and who had conducted Catholic papers for so many years, must have a certain value. Mr. Egan smiled affably at this, and begged the reporter to go on in the same strain. "In fact," he said, "I prefer that you should do all the talking, if you can go in that way. I am afraid of 'interviewers' since a certain experience I had with the reporter of *The World*, in New York, in an interview about one of the Pope's encyclicals. I always prefer to write the 'interview' myself; but as we haven't time for that I shall trust myself in your hands. My dear sir, look at the harm you people do. Did you see that absurd article in *The New York Herald* about the Holy Father coming to Notre Dame? And did you observe that it has gone into the 'patent insides' of all the Catholic papers that have patent insides? It entirely misrepresents Professor Edward's unique collection, but who can nail the misrepresentation now?

"You want my opinion about the possible press exhibit of Catholic journals and also my advice? Well, frankly, I do not see the use of such an exhibit unless you are sure that there is something to exhibit. I can very well understand that a Catholic press pavilion or headquarters on the Fair grounds may be a very desirable thing, equipped with files of all the Catholic papers printed in this country and Europe, and with good big photographs of their editors, staffs and headquarters. But beyond that, I do not see what you can do.

"This pavilion ought be made as attractive as possible. Everything that is exhibited at the Fair must *catch the eye*. Exhibits buried in

portfolios are practically dead. For that reason, I recommend photographs, and big photographs. In a pavilion, like the Catholic press pavilion, the journals in the files will have a better chance of being seen, for people will come there to rest and to meet, if possible, their favorite editors. A set of the *Freeman's Journal*, or the *Baltimore Mirror*, or *The Boston Pilot*, or *The Catholic Telegraph* from the beginning within the reach of some veteran subscriber from far away would be worth all the trouble he took to reach Chicago. Again, good pictures of Louis Veuillot, of the editor of *The Germania*, of the late editor of the *Osservatore Romano* would have their value. As to the living editors, the friends (and enemies) of Father Phelan, who have never seen him, would be only too happy to go to your pavilion and see what manner of man he is. And, as a good picture of Manly Tello has never appeared, since the present speaker printed his picture in *McGee's Weekly*, it would add much to the interest of your collection to have a photograph of that valiant editor who has lived through a great deal of history. And there is the Rev. Dr. Cronin and the late Mr. McCormack, of *The San Francisco Monitor*,—the latter a very interesting personality—and the Rev. D. E. Hudson, of *The Ave Maria*. And who would not be anxious to see some of the MSS. of the late John Boyle O'Reilly? Mr. Onahan, I think, has the MS. of one of the last poems he wrote.

"The interest in the Catholic press is more widespread than you perhaps believe. It is not concentrated; it is scattered, and it would help the Catholic editor to appreciate his own power, to meet his readers at some central place. Speaking, by the way, of pictures, there are in the collection made by Prof. Edwards at Notre Dame admirable portraits of Messrs. McMaster, Hickey, Gilmary Shea and John Boyle O'Reilly, done in oil which, I presume, President Walsh would gladly lend to a temporary Catholic press exhibit.

"I am afraid these suggestions have disappointed you,—they are only suggestions. But, as the Catholic press has no mechanical appliances to put on view,—no models of great buildings, no evidences of abnormal enterprise, like *The New York Herald*,—it might, I think, show its *men* who, after all, are more interesting to the Catholic public than new systems of type-setting or electric-lighting. Perhaps I am old-fashioned; but, remember, you are listening to a man who has been 'out of the swim' of Catholic journalism for some time.

"What of the Catholic Educational Exhibit?"

the reporter asked, "you are a member of the committee, are you not?"

"The committee melted, as it were, into the hands of the archbishops at St. Louis, where the Rt. Rev. Bishop Spalding made his report. The Catholic educational exhibit is now in the hands of the bishops, and, I presume, each diocese is getting ready to do itself justice. So I expect great things from the Catholic Congress in '93? No. The last Catholic Congress was a magnificent success, partially because the 'crank'—who is generally a pessimist,—was choked off in advance. It deserves praise for not having done the mischief it might have done; and, besides, it convinced a lot of people, who were hardly worth convincing, that all Catholics are not ward politicians or ignorant and ill-bred creatures. It was grandly organized by Mr. Onahan, and it was consequently harmless; but who can be sure of such an 'organific'—one of McMaster's objections,—man at the head of it again? Happily, there will be such a Babel of congresses at the World's Fair that if ours breaks bounds, its utterances can be decently buried in some volume like the *Congressional Globe*.

"To return to the question of the press exhibit, it seems to me that, if you intend to do anything, you had better make up your mind, and ask General Davis for space at once. A Catholic press pavilion would be a good thing. Why not send each of your subscribers a ticket entitling him and his friends to make use of the pavilion as a resting place? It will give a home-like touch to a strange place if the subscriber, on showing his card, finds his favorite journal ready for him and somebody to welcome him.

Mr. Egan paused, to greet a friend, and then our reporter asked if he were not a trifle pessimistic about the coming Congress.

"Perhaps so," he answered, "but I should not like to see the school question brought up in a Catholic Congress until we Catholics are in a condition to explain what we want. There is union in the matter of believing that sectarian schools do not suit us; but there is no union as to the remedy. People who criticise Archbishop Ireland's talk and write as if some infallible remedy, in which we all must unite, had been prescribed. Again, there is the temporal power of the Pope; we are all united as to the right of the Holy Father to the city of Rome; but I cannot see that a series of resolutions from Chicago will help to stop the breach in the Porta Pia. There are home questions of intense social importance that it might be beneficial to consider in a Catholic Congress; but I fancy they can be just as effectually considered in a Catholic press. In Europe congresses are valuable; you have specialists, and the people who take part in them are not likely to make 'breaks,' because they have been educated thoroughly as Catholics. It is different here."

Mr. Egan bade the reporter good-bye with a warm invitation to visit Notre Dame.

NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.

Published every Saturday during Term Time at N. D. University.

Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office, Notre Dame, Ind

Notre Dame, January 2, 1892.

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.

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—We extend to all our readers our most sincere wishes for

A HAPPY NEW YEAR!

—NOTICE.—The opening of classes for the second session will take place on Monday, January 4.

—Very Rev. Father General Sorin received, on Tuesday last, through the Right Rev. Mgr. Mora, Bishop of Los Angeles, the pectoral cross and ring of the late Bishop Eugene O'Connell, of Grass Valley, Cal. The deceased prelate was greatly beloved by the people of his diocese. Although for some years retired from active service, his good work in his Master's cause is well remembered. The pious Bishop was always a great advocate of Catholic education, and left nothing undone to carry out the wishes of the late Holy Father, Pope Pius IX., to have and support parochial schools throughout his vast diocese. Bishop O'Connell was one of the first Biblical scholars in the American hierarchy, and, though he leaves no product of his fertile brain behind, still his great learning and piety have, during his many years upon the mission of California and Nevada, won for him a place

in the hearts of his people, which time cannot eradicate. His great devotion to the Blessed Virgin and St. Joseph, no doubt, has won for him an unfading crown of everlasting glory in heaven.

The New Year.

The holidays are over, studies are in order again, and it may not be amiss to make a few remarks at the beginning of the new year. To each and all, the importance of beginning it well must be obvious. The present is a fitting time to renew good resolutions and to form rules of life and conduct while at college if we have not already done so. Each can see for himself wherein he has failed during the year just past; he knows where he has been defective, where his weak points lay, and the beginning of the new year is an excellent time in which to turn the experience of the past to advantage and take a new departure.

Time while at college is precious. Every moment of it should be turned to good account. Now it is that hundreds of young men within the college walls prepare the foundation on which they are to build in after-life; a good foundation laid, they may build as solid and heavy afterwards as circumstances will permit. The use of time, therefore, while at college, as well as the selection of the best materials to fill it out, are objects of primary importance.

When a student enters college it is generally with some definite object in view—either to fit himself for commercial life, for a professional career, or for scientific pursuits. Having made known this object to the authorities, and obtained entrance into the classes best adapted to it, he should by every means in his power co-operate with his professors in their endeavor to develop his natural talents to the best advantage. He should make good use of the time and advantages before him, and not squander the former in trifling things or with such as are altogether irrelevant to his purpose. Whether in the study-hall, the class-room, or even on the campus, the main object of his entering college should not be lost sight of. While at study, every moment of time should bear its fruit; and then in the class-room, his duties being well-prepared, the rest is easy; namely, to pay strict attention to the explanations of the professor; on the campus, all care is laid aside for the nonce, and he enters heart and soul into the games and pastimes of his schoolmates, knowing that this relaxation is necessary to the renewal of strength and mental activity.

B.

The Duty of Our Young Men.

It is much to be desired that the Catholic young men of the United States should ponder well the responsibilities that await them when they have left forever their college halls to enter upon the broad field of public life. We know that in this country every one is anxiously waiting for the time when, freed from the study of musty text-books, both classical and scientific, he will begin the career mapped out for him, and in which, filled with the buoyancy of youth, he fondly imagines that, like so many others who have carved for themselves great names, he will in the end be successful. But were young men to think seriously of the responsibilities which they must perforce assume, they would undoubtedly check these impatient desires and wish to prolong the time of probation in college.

There are in all countries, but more especially in our own, ruled as it is by the representatives of the people and as the people demand, certain duties which all men must accept. They must see that those whom they elect to execute important trusts and occupy positions in the government are both capable and honest; they must be able to discern what is justice and right for all classes and all denominations, and know what line of policy it is for the best interests of the country that those ruling should pursue. They must, in duty, insist that justice and truth and honesty prevail in our national, our state, and our municipal councils. Knowing what is right, they must have the moral courage to stand up for it, despite all threats and all temptations, as well as all unpopularity among either the working classes or those of higher social position.

But though this duty is incumbent on all citizens, it is still more so on the Catholic young men who are now about to step into the arena of public life; for, since the Church insists that the legitimate government of a country must be honored and maintained, every Catholic is bound in conscience to give that government his allegiance and that support which will enable the ruling powers to do the most good for those whom they represent. Hence it is that every Catholic citizen in the United States is in duty bound to support, not any one particular party, but the government, no matter by whom administered, and must in conscience endeavor to do his best for the general weal of the people.

But the Catholic has a duty also which he owes to his Church and to his God. The interests

of the Catholic Church never clash with the principles of justice, nor with the genuine interests of a people. No matter under what form of government men may live, their interests are always watched over and defended by the Church. She has never been antagonistic to the best interests of a people. In all the conflicts between the Church and State, the former has ever been on the side of justice and right. The state itself—regarding the whole body of the people as the state—never was in opposition to Rome. All these conflicts were between the Church on one side, and on the other a sovereign who, having absolute control over the state, desired to exercise a similar despotism over the Church. The Catholic, then, must fit himself to promote as well the interests of the state as those of the Church, since the true welfare of a people cannot in any way conflict with the higher duty which they owe to their Creator. C.

Style.

As style is the mirror of the author's mind, it reflects his character and the thoughts that struggle for expression in his soul. We generally know him by his style. If it has too much ornament, he is fond of pleasure; if too little, he is cold and impassive; if it is wanting in thought and has much flourish, he is silly; if it has great sound and little sense, he is hollow; if it is obscure, his mind is not clear, and his conception of the subject vague.

A man of genius has a peculiar method of expression. On everything he says, on everything he writes, is stamped the impression of his soul. You feel his personality, the vigor of his intellect, the consciousness of his convictions and the power of his imagination. His style is something more than the mere words employed to convey his thoughts—it is the expression of his individuality. He has clearness, elegance and strength. These are the bone, flesh and blood of style, and, when regulated by the law of economy, give his thoughts an immortal existence in literature.

Clearness or perspicuity is simply the power of the writer or speaker to make himself known to others. It is the most important principle of style; for want of it nothing can atone. Without it ornament is tinsel, and dignity of language is a sham. It is not a negative virtue; it is a positive beauty. It makes style the limpid stream into which we look to see the ideas that pass through the author's mind. To be clear, one must have purity of diction, propriety and precision, and,

in the structure of a sentence, give every word that place where it will have most effect.

Purity is the use of the words and structures which belong to the idiom of the language. Propriety is the selection of such words as the best authors would use to express the thought. Precision is the expression of this thought and nothing more. In the structure of a sentence there should be such a distribution of materials as to keep the dominant idea before the mind, with minor parts so arranged as to indicate their dependence and connection. This gives to a sentence unity. Since language is not thought, but only a machine used for the conveyance of thought, the writer must keep in view the above rules; for, as Spenser says, speaking of language, "The more simple and better arranged its parts, the greater will be the effect produced. Whatever force is absorbed by the machine is deducted from the result. A reader or listener has at each moment but a limited amount of mental power available. To recognize and interpret the symbols presented to him requires part of his power; to arrange and combine the images suggested requires a further part; and only that which remains can be used for realizing the thought conveyed. Hence the more time and attention it takes to receive and understand each sentence, the less time and attention can be given to the contained idea, and the less vividly will that idea be conceived."

In every sentence, words should be so placed that they will give idiomatic energy. Their sequence ought to be such as to suggest the elements of the thought they aim to express. The same is true of the divisions of a sentence. The usual form is, the subject, the copula and the predicate; but when an emotional thought is to be expressed, the predicate comes first, as it determines the aspect in which the subject is to be viewed. In poetry, in oratory, and in very strong prose this style is common. It keeps the mind in a kind of easy suspense, and prepares it to receive the thought in all its strength and beauty. Spenser calls this the *direct* style, and the usual arrangement of words he calls the *indirect* style.

In the structure of a sentence of two propositions the subordinate one should come first, as it is explanatory of the principal one. This order prevents misconception, and saves the mental energy of the recipient. Words closely connected should come near each other; and the qualifying members of a sentence should stand near the qualified. The less distant they are apart, the less mental power will be required

to carry forward the qualifying member to apply it. If many qualifications are to be carried forward at the same time the mind will be overloaded, and its powers will be exhausted. So the fewer the suspenses, the greater the force. In the direct style the qualifying elements come first; that is, thoughts come from cause to effect. In the indirect style thoughts generally come from effect to cause. The style to be preferred in the structure of a sentence must be determined by the circumstances. As in a charge on the field of battle, it is sometimes better that the subordinates be first in line and the commander hold a position in the rear, so it is in a sentence; at times the least important members may come first, and the commanding one come last. When an army is besieging a city and the line of battle is far extended, and the general finds it difficult to send his orders with enough dispatch, he should take a central position, and send his commands both ways. His influence will be felt in both directions. So it is in a long sentence: if the qualifying members come too far from the qualified, then the commanding thought should be placed in the middle. And again, when a general feels that his men are not fired with the spirit of enthusiasm, and may drop their guns at any moment, *he* ought to lead the charge; so it is with a sentence: if the qualifying members fail to take mind of the recipient step by step, let the commanding thought take the fort, and the others will follow in good order.

What the graces are to men, what refinement is to woman, elegance is to style. It gives to style a delicacy of touch which is always felt, but cannot be described. Elegance depends upon euphony, rhythm, harmony, variety and imagery.

Euphony is the use of words and phrases of a pleasing sound. However, it is not against the canons of euphony to use harsh combinations to portray corresponding ideas. This is the highest kind of euphony. It makes "the sound echo to the sense." This happy choice of words gives to style that quality called beauty—beauty which raises in the imagination emotions calm, gentle and serene. If this imitative quality is heightened by passion, the style becomes sublime. Beauty is the vernal zephyr that breathes the smell of field and grove, and attunes the rustling leaves of the woodland with the music of the spheres; sublimity is the hurricane impetuous in its course, as it howls o'er the land and sweeps o'er the sea. Beauty and sublimity rest on rhythm or the easy flow of numbers. We admire rhythm in style as we admire harmony in the universe. It makes

composition not only pleasing to the ear, but appeals to the musical sensibilities. Music has a wonderful power over the mind. It can raise or quell the greatest of emotions; and hence words and periods should be so arranged as to rise with a musical swell, and end with a pleasant cadence. This gives harmony to style. The gay and the grave, the merry and the solemn, the beautiful and sublime, appear as they ought. The tender melody of the love ditty echoes the yearning of the heart; the quick beat of the war song fills with fire the hero for the fight; Ciceronian swells speak of something great and important; the abrupt, nervous periods of a Demosthenes come with the resistless force of an earthquake's shock, or of the convulsions of a volcano, because on their power depend the rights of a people, or the liberties of a nation.

The mind cannot bear too much of anything, so the style should have variety. The traveller can see little beauty on a straight road in a level country. Put him on a winding way, where he sees the landscapes of mountain, hill and lowland, and you keep his attention aroused. The mind loves variety in style as it loves it in nature. What gives variety to style is imagery. As variety of scenes pleases the traveller, and keeps awake his attention, so imagery in style stimulates and economises his mental faculties. This is natural; for, until the heart is steel, until the soul is a block of ice, and imagination is no more, figures will have a prominent place in literature. Man was created with an imagination; and by this power he assimilates the beauties of nature. As the flowers of the field, the trees in the forest, and the waters of the sea absorb part of the rays of the sun, so the imagination absorbs a part of the beauty of the universe, and lifts the mind from the pains of earth to the endless joys of heaven. Figures give language copiousness and variety; they condense; they elevate; they afford pleasure by giving two thoughts at the same time; express delicate distinctions, and, above all, economise the mental energies. When a figure helps in forming an image it should come first, as it will save attention by carrying all the elements forward together. As in the direct style the adjective comes before the substantive, the predicate and copula before the subject, and their respective complements before them, so the figure should come before the qualified images. If the figure is the mere flight of the fancy it does not illustrate the thought; if it grows not spontaneously out of the subject it is a showy patch; if it is explanatory it is tiresome; if suggestive it is

pleasing. Figures when used in the right place vivify thought, and give strength to the style.

Strength or energy is that vigor or force of expression which influences the minds addressed. To be strong, one must be clear, simple, use specific instead of general terms, and let each sentence rise like the waves of the sea until the whole ends in a climax.

Clearness and simplicity come from the use of Saxon English. Saxon English is the strongest because it is the most direct, and carries the contained idea with more rapidity to the minds of others. The fewer the words used to express the thought the better it is, as there is a saving of the mental powers. The rule is true of symbols; the fewer the better. "As when the rays of the sun are collected into the focus of a burning glass, the smaller the spot is which receives them, the greater is the splendor; so, in exhibiting our sentiments by speech, the narrower the compass of words is wherein the thought is comprised, the more energetic is the expression."

Saxon English, however, is not always to be used. When an idea is emotional, Latin derivatives may have far greater effect, as they admit of stronger enunciation, and are expressive of power and intensity. Besides, the use of Latin words gives variety and pleases the ear.

It is economy of the mental faculties to use specific instead of generic terms, because the more specific the words the less time will be required to change them into thoughts. In words, in sentences, in images, order should be observed. The mind loves order, and likes to rise with the speaker or writer from the little to the great; and feels shocked when a word or an image is introduced out of its proper place. When the sun appears above the horizon in the morning we cannot see the stars, although they are still there. When an insignificant idea comes after an impressive one we cannot see it, although we might if it appeared at another time. As in the structure of a sentence in the direct style the sequence is from the weak to the strong, so in the whole work it should be from the less important to the most interesting. The style should be suited to the theme. In a calm day the tide ebbs and flows, and there is a gentle rippling of the surge on the glassy surface of a sunlit sea; but when the storm rises, the winds howl along the deep, the waves in mountains rise, the lightnings jump o'er the craggy waves and illumine the face of heaven. Such should be the change of style with the change of subject.

HUGH O'NEILL, '92.

Local Items.

- Happy New Year!
- Look out for the police!
- "Whose socks did he get?"
- In a few days they'll be back.
- Bennie is living on Greek roots.
- Nick is putting on airs in Chicago.
- The fig-leaf party was magnificent.
- Whose head is like a bicycle wheel?
- Vacation is rushing out of existence.
- Smiler is still figuring on his average.
- The sheep herder shot a dead pigeon.
- Chuck is the champion of pure water drinkers.
- The Count "says, Joys know nothing about deserts."
- Fitz and Sport are admiring each other in Ohio.
- Joe Delaney has returned from Ills., but was not sick.
- Pierce does not want his name to appear in the SCHOLASTIC.
- Dusey feasts on *fromage de brie*, turnip pie and midge liver stew.
- Southern Indiana is tormented by the ancient jokes of Shorty.
- Hughy said they got up and rose when he entered the study-hall.
- Elmo and the poet are looking for a crowbar to raise their averages.
- Some antiquated punster remarked that Fatty Castirontomado filled the chair of reading-room facultyship well.
- Robinson Crusoe and company explored the enchanted island, and discovered the names of the graduates on the bark of a tulip tree.
- The Rev. J. P. Aylward, Assistant Rector of the Church of the Nativity, Chicago, was a welcome visitor to the College during the week.
- The magnanimous Pierce, the generous Otto, the liberal Elmo, and the hospitable Flannery have given brilliant banquets. Who will be next?
- Owing to the unavoidable absence of Smiler, Jim of Sorin Hall, and Walter of Brownson Hall are leaders of fashion. So far, they have shown off to great advantage. Their tin-type is the ideal representation of concrete beauty.
- At Christmas Mr. Sylvester Hummer, '91, formerly one of Notre Dame's most popular and eloquent students, paid a brief visit to his *Alma Mater*. Mr. Hummer is at present in Judge Prendergast's law office, Chicago. It is needless to say that he has given entire satisfaction.
- One day last week the students of Brownson Hall, under the leadership of Bro. Hilarion, went to our neighboring city, South Bend. They explored the city thoroughly and made a tour of inspection through the Studebaker works. At

five o'clock, they returned to the University, highly pleased with the delightful hours they spent in South Bend.

—Rev. Father Mohun is looking after band-recruits in Jackson, Mich. Rev. Father Kelly has gone to the cultured East. Mr. Burns spent a few days in Michigan City. The able Director of the Manual Labor School took a hasty glance round Mishawaka. Bro. Emmanuel has returned from his vacation journey. Bro. Paul is at present a sojourner in the World's Fair city. Dr. Egan is staying in Philadelphia. Col. Hoynes and Dr. Liscombe had their quarters in Chicago during the holidays.

—Christmas was celebrated at Notre Dame in the deeply religious manner which characterizes all the feasts and entertainments of the University. On the vigil of Christmas, the many bells in the Church of the Sacred Heart rang forth the joyous message which the angel brought to the shepherds. The early High Mass was sung by Very Rev. Father Corby. Rev. Father L'Etourneau sang the 10 o'clock Mass, and Rev. Father French preached an impressive and eloquent sermon. At noon rich dinners were spread in all the refectories.

—On Christmas eve, the "Professor" was presented with three large packages, containing the "Statue of Liberty," the "Spirit of the Age," and the "Power of Eloquence." The packages were richly embellished by our celebrated artist, the poet. Mr. McAuliff had with great patience "prepared an extemporaneous address" for this grand occasion. The noble manner in which he acquitted himself demonstrated his amazing abilities for oratory. The Professor's head has swollen since then two inches. He continues to hold free lectures on phrenology, and examines all those who desire to know the exact mass of their mind.

—On Wednesday morning Father Boland set out with a select number of gentlemen from Sorin Hall to Niles, Mich. Like other distinguished people, they walked during the whole distance, ten miles, on the railroad track. Arriving in Niles, they hired a large carriage and drove around the city, taking a rapid view of the churches, theatres and art galleries. A celebrated dramatic company had been advertised for the same night. It was to give "Peck's Bad Boy." One of the Sorinites, who is perfectly harmless, but has a somewhat wicked appearance, was taken by the street boys for the actor who assumes the character of the "Bad Boy." A multitude of urchins gathered around him and shouted at the top of their voices: "Peck's Bad Boy." The unfortunate Sorinite and his company could not rid themselves of the young mob, and fled, therefore, into a near hotel where they refreshed their weary bodies by a good meal. At five o'clock the party returned to Notre Dame on a train.

—During the holidays several very pleasant entertainments were given by various parties. The one we attended on Monday last was the

most interesting and spirited, and created no small amount of merriment and enthusiasm. "Jerry" began the performance with a solo, which, unfortunately, was wrecked on the high C's. Mr. S— next followed, rendering several humorous selections with "an exuberance of verbosity" and many comical, facial contortions, which threw the audience into convulsions of laughter and called down bursts of applause and several *encores*. When the noise ceased, a few other songs and declamations were given, and received a fair share of praise. But it was evident to all that Mr. S— was the "star"—the one who took the cake, palm and all the honors of the day. The meeting dispersed in time to let the audience partake of the evening repast.

—Mr. Paul Wood is busy preparing studies for a colossal picture representing the Rev. Father de Sëille administering to himself the Holy Viaticum. Father de Seille was stationed at Notre Dame for several years where he attended to the spiritual wants of the Indians of Northern Indiana and Southern Michigan. Finding his last moments approaching, he had himself carried into the little log church which stood near St. Mary's Lake, adjacent to the present white building. There, with trembling hand, he opened the tabernacle and for the last time took forth the ciborium containing the Body and Blood of his Divine Master. After communicating, he sank prostrate at the foot of the altar, and shortly afterwards expired. His body now rests at Notre Dame under the grand church erected by the Very Rev. E. Sorin in honor of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart. To Father de Seille, after Father Sorin, our *Alma Mater* is more indebted than to any other person for its present prosperity. Ever grateful to her benefactors, Notre Dame now orders this painting to perpetuate the memory of the self-sacrificing missionary who, as Bishop Bruté de Ramer said, "gave up his life to minister to the wants of the poor red men of Indiana."

Examination Averages.

(No average under 60 is published.)

SORIN HALL.

Messrs. A. Ahlrichs, 95; B. Bachrach, 84; L. Chute, 100; T. Coady, 67; C. Dechant, 92; C. Dacy, 92; E. DuBrul, 90; J. Fitzgibbon, 93; J. Fitzgerald, 84; M. Joslyn, 92; J. Langan, 90; J. Flannery, 84; H. C. Murphy, 91; L. Monarch, 85; E. Maurus, 96; McAuliff, 86; J. McGrath, 81; J. McKee, 83; M. Quinlan, 80; C. Scherrer, 79; E. Scherrer, 72; N. Sinnott, 91; R. Sinnott, 81; F. Vurpillat, 90.

BROWNSON HALL.

Messrs. E. Ahlrichs, 93; F. Alnsbéry, 88; J. Breen, 78; W. Burns, 87; V. Brennan, 77; J. Brady, 88; L. Baldwin, 85; T. Brady, 87; F. Bolton, 82; C. Brookfield, 70; U. Beaudry, 79; S. Bundy, 70; Brown, 88; E. Chassaing, 73; R. Corcoran, 71; A. Corry, 96; J. Cosgrove, 81; J. Crawley, 72; P. Crawley, 77; M. Cassidy, 89; G. Carter, 81; J. Cummings, 80; W. Correll, 89; J. Chilcote, 90; W. Cummings, 94; F. Caffrey, 76; E. Crilly, 88; W. Castenado, 60; T. Cushing, 80; J. Coll, 77; F. Cummings, 75; L. Conroy, 66; J. Chearhart, 87; E. Cook, 70; H.

Carroll, 68; E. Connors, 71; P. Coady, 81; J. Combe, 71; C. Case, 70; C. Delaney, 71; J. Doheny, 87; N. Dinkel, 83; L. Davis, 88; J. Doyle, 83; R. Delaney, 82; J. Devanny, 73; J. Egan, 68; W. Ellwanger, 84; H. Ferneding, 67; R. Fleming, 76; P. Fleming, 71; A. Funke, 74; T. Flynn, 83; T. Foley, 88; R. Frizzelle, 85; J. Flannigan, 79; P. Gillon, 75; E. Garst, 78; L. Griffin, 76; D. Heneghan, 85; G. Harpole, 83; R. Healy, 76; R. Harris, 96; F. Hesse, 92; J. Holland, 75; R. Hawthorne, 71; E. Harris, 76; J. Henly, 80; P. Houlihan, 90; A. Heer, 62; E. Hagan, 79; P. Jacobs, 87; E. Jewett, 80; F. Kenny, 69; E. Kenny, 65; E. Krost, 83; F. Kleekamp, 83; W. Kearney, 89; F. Keough, 85; W. M. Kennedy, 97; W. A. Kennedy, 75; E. Kelly, 70; M. Kelly, 94; A. Karasynski, 67; E. Krembs, 85; M. Kirby, 75; C. Kintzelle, 93; J. Kearns, 95; C. Kunart, 86; Wm. Lindéke, 81; R. Layton, 82; Mulcahy, 90; S. Mitchell, 82; T. Monarch, 88; C. Murphy, 69; D. Murphy, 97; W. Moxley, 88; D. Maloney, 81; E. Morrison, 80; E. Mitchell, 81; V. Magnus, 76; E. Marckhoff, 77; F. Murphy, 85; H. Mattingly, 82; Jas. Murray, 89; M. McFadden, 91; W. McClure, 86; E. McGonigle, 77; McErlain, 74; W. McDonnell, 84; F. McKee, 85; J. McCarrick, 75; G. McDonnell, 75; M. McCullough, 82; J. McDermott, 74; F. Nockels, 68; F. Nester, 78; H. O'Donnell, 85; H. Olde, 78; F. O'Neill, 81; J. D.O'Shea, 75; R. Palmer, 90; F. Powers, 86; G. Pulskamp, 91; D. Phillips, 90; G. Perkins, 78; T. Quinlan, 76; J. Raney, 83; W. Ryan, 88; J. Ryan, 88; G. Ryan, 77; C. Rudd, 74; P. Ragan, 77; C. Roby, 77; E. Roby, 63; L. Sherman, 79; J. Scallen, 75; F. Schillo, 84; J. Stanton, 78; J. Schopp, 96; W. Thayne, 89; H. Tillenburgh, 75; L. Thome, 95; L. Vinez, 83; E. Welsh, 72; R. Whitehead, 90; B. Weaver, 87; W. Wilkin, 62; C. Zeitler, 92; A. Zeller, 86.

CARROLL HALL.

Messrs. A. Arvidson, 76; O. Bergland, 81; H. Bouer, 71; G. Bixby, 77; S. Barbour, 65; E. Brennan, 78; L. Baldauf, 69; E. Ball, 85; W. Bates, 80; J. Brown, 76; F. Brown, 68; W. Bachrach, 72; A. Burkert, 72; M. Burns, 61; F. Carney, 87; D. Casey, 92; C. Corry, 62; J. Cosgrove, 84; C. Cullen, 77; H. Cheney, 68; R. Connell, 77; J. Corcoran, 70; W. Crawford, 77; P. Carpenter, 65; P. Dion, 81; T. DuBois, 71; M. Dix, 77; A. DeLormier, 76; D. Duncombe, 72; T. Dillon, 62; W. Dillman, 77; J. Delany, 81; E. Dorsey, 75; J. Dempsey, 76; F. Dempsey, 60; O. DuBrul, 62; C. F. Fleming, 71; C. Fleming, 60; C. Falk, 71; A. Funke, 76; C. Finnerty, 80; G. Funke, 60; W. Foster, 78; J. Girsch, 62; F. Grote, 71; L. Gibson, 86; N. Gibson, 78; G. Gilbert, 74; O. Griffin, 71; W. Gerdes, 71; G. Gerner, 89; W. Gerlach, 82; A. Gillam, 71; L. Garfias, 76; H. Glass, 73; F. Hill, 78; G. Hagan, 79; W. Harrington, 72; D. Hilger, 74; T. Hoban, 76; W. Hamilton, 70; J. Hagus, 77; J. Hittson, 61; J. Hack, 89; L. Healy, 66; M. Joseph, 65; G. Johnson, 64; A. Kindler, 67; G. Kauffman, 75; J. Kerker, 67; W. Kreker, 77; L. Kraber, 76; R. Kinneavy, 75; A. Kegler, 65; W. Kegler, 88; G. Lee, 73; G. Lowrey, 66; N. Luther, 73; A. Leonard, 84; R. Mahon, 62; W. Mills, 75; H. Miles, 70; N. Marr, 78; E. Major, 80; H. Mitchell, 90; W. J. Miller, 79; W. Miller, 79; C. Meyers, 71; J. Marre, 69; L. Minor, 70; H. Martin, 61; R. McCarthy, 86; J. McKee, 84; A. McKee, 72; J. McDowell, 84; C. McPhee, 75; H. Nichols, 77; Wm. Nichols, 60; W. Nicholson, 67; B. Oliver, 63; F. O'Brien, 84; E. O'Connor, 67; W. O'Neill, 66; J. H. O'Neill, 65; F. O'Rourke, 83; G. Peake, 79; A. Prichard, 87; C. Pope, 78; A. Regan, 66; A. Rumely, 74; A. Rüpel, 77; F. Rogers, 80; J. Ratterman, 80; A. Renesch, 83; J. Rend, 80; F. Reilly, 63; W. Sullivan, 78; V. Sullivan, 66; E. Strauss, 85; G. Shaffer, 77; E. Sparks, 82; F. Sedwick, 83; Geo. Sweet, 77; A. Shimp, 75; L. Stone, 67; F. Scholer, 78; R. Slevin, 78; P. Stephens, 83; E. Smith, 84; E. Thome, 81; F. Thorn, 82; J. Tong, 73; O. Tong, 76; P. Thomas, 87; D. Thornton, 64; C. Teeters, 66; V. Washburne, 80; P. Wellington, 75; S. Walker, 98; B. Weaver, 63; N. Weitzel, 79; F. Wensinger, 72; B. Weitzel, 85; H. Yingst, 73; J. Yeager, 84; C. Zoehrlaut, 64; G. Zoehrlaut, 78.

ST. EDWARD'S HALL.

Masters W. Allen, 90; J. Ayers, 92; W. Ahern, 93; O. Brown, 99; R. Brown, 90; T. Burns, 85; W. Blumenthal, 99; V. Berthelet, 95; R. Berthelet, 4; R. Ball, 92; F. Cornell, 99; E. Christ, 95; J. Corry, 94; Curtin, 90; J. Curry, 92; W. Crandall, 89; E. Chapoton, 84; F. Coquillard, 95;

A. Coquillard, 90; C. Coulter, 92; F. Crepeau, 89; O. Crepeau, 89; A. Crawford, 99; F. Croke, 94; F. Cross, 95; H. Durand, 92; B. Durand, 90; D. DuBrul, 92; E. Dugas, 89; L. Donnell, 94; S. Donnell, 94; A. Everest, 96; S. Elliot, 90; F. Emerson, 90; W. Emerson, 90; G. Egan, 95; C. Francis, 92; E. Francis, 94; W. Finnerty, 96; W. Fuller, 90; L. Fossick, 94; J. Freeman, 90; B. Freeman, 90; N. Freeman, 89; C. Furthmann, 99; E. Furthmann, 90; C. Girsch, 90; Willie Gregg, 90; Walter Gregg, 97; W. Gavin, 98; E. Gilbert, 95; J. Healy, 90; A. Hilger, 98; F. Higginson, 97; H. Hathaway, 98; G. Howard, 89; W. Hoffman, 95; F. Holbrook, 97; H. Jones, 94; E. Jonquet, 89; E. King, 99; E. Kuehl, 90; G. Kinney, 92; C. Kern, 93; S. Keeler, 90; C. Krollman, 95; W. LaMoure, 95; E. LaMoure, 95; H. Londoner, 98; J. Lounsbery, 89; L. Loughran, 89; A. Lonergan, 93; J. Lawton, 85; C. Langley, 93; T. Lowrey, 99; E. Longevin, 92; M. Lysle, 83; R. McIntyre, 94; R. McPhee, 95; D. McAllister, 94; J. McGinley, 90; R. McCarthy, 96; J. Maternes, 90; B. Morrison, 94; C. Nichols, 93; R. Ninneman, 90; D. Oatman, 90; H. O'Neill, 85; F. Platts, 96; N. Pratt, 93; J. Pieser, 94; W. Patier, 93; E. Patier, 95; R. Pursell, 92; W. Pollitz, 89; H. Pollitz, 90; W. Rose, 96; F. Ransome, 95; F. Repscher, 90; W. Scherrer, 96; G. Scherrer, 95; B. Smith, 80; E. Swan, 83; F. Stuckart, 90; F. Steele, 82; L. Trankle, 95; F. Trankle, 94; P. Trujillo, 95; H. Thomas, 94; L. Tussner, 89; P. White, 94; F. Wolf, 99; W. Weber, 89; L. Wilson, 93; D. Wilcox, 90.

NOTE.

The reports from the classes of Analytical Mechanics and Descriptive Geometry not having been received in time, it has been found necessary to postpone the publication of the examination averages of the following students until next week:

J. BBADY,	P. MURPHY,
D. CARTIER,	F. NEEF,
C. GILLON,	W. O'BRIEN,
M. HANNIN,	O. ROTHERT,
L. SANFORD,	O. SULLIVAN.

[From the South Chicago, Ill., "Calumet."]

Notre Dame.

.....Anything that calls the attention of the parents or the tax-payers to examining into the working of the school system is a good thing. We all know that there are many noble, self-sacrificing educators, both male and female, in our public schools, and the number is much larger than some people would suppose, from the complaints in regard to school management. Many a parent knows to his cost that the inefficiency of a teacher has often driven his child from school. Some one may say right here: "But that cannot be! teachers have to go through an examination." Yes, as to text-books, but not as to temper. Everybody knows that, of all people in the world, one who aspires to the educating of little ones, should be tender, loving, long-suffering and kind. That the pupil may be the reverse is to be expected. This is the reasoning age. That is why we support the public schools and pay large salaries for superior people to educate our children, not alone in books—that could be acquired anywhere,—but in deportment as well. Right here I have a hint for a well-meaning, if not a really patriotic lot of voters, the "little red school house" protectors. If they will turn their attention to the manners,

customs and actions of the teachers in our public schools rather than to their form of belief, they will reach more rapidly what they believe is right. The sustaining of free schools in America is the real bulwark of freedom. Until they take that high ground, thinking people, with a love for their children and a desire for their real education, will have to support the schools that produce an education alike of the head, heart and body. "By their fruits ye shall know them," says Holy Writ.

Take Notre Dame—that would be called a "sectarian school," and yet, since that friend of children, Very Rev. Edward Sorin, planted the three little log school-houses in the wilderness of Indiana, fifty years ago, children of every shade of religious belief have grown to manhood, and in the two female schools into womanhood, loving their God, true to their father's faith, while forced to respect that of the men and women whose whole object in life is the fostering of all that is good in the pupils that parents and guardians place in their charge.

Read the catalogue of Notre Dame for fifty years—a Protestant or a Jewish pupil, in the first generation, sends his or her offspring in the next. Why? Because the parent can go to bed at night at home fully convinced of the watchful care of able, conscientious, God-fearing, patriotic men who love the child for the soul that is within him, which he recognizes as God's, and earnestly tries to fit the body to be a fit receptacle for that divine part. No matter how repulsive the child, the good people there see only the temple where they may place the living God. St. John, when very old, was asked why he repeated so much the exhortation, "Little children, love one another." His reply was: "If they love one another, they will love God; and if they love Him, they will keep the other commandments."

Very Rev. Edward Sorin so loved God that he reared an institution of learning that has sent forth to the battle of life thousands of great and good men in every walk in life. Henry Ward Beecher said: "Teach a child 'Our Father' and our Fatherland." "Need we fear to send our children where that injunction is carried out? Three military companies of well-drilled young students, armed by the State of Indiana, stand ready to defend the Stars and Stripes against all foes. It may be interesting to know that the college colors are yellow and blue; in heraldry, yellow is light and blue is truth. On a recent visit to the college on field day my heart was made glad to hear the captain of one of the companies, whose father fought on the side against the nation in the late war, declare that he was very anxious to "show Italy or Chili that the United States would stand no nonsense," and that he "only wanted a chance to help show it in her behalf."

The secret of all this is that the educators here are all lovers of this nation to a pre-eminent degree. . . .

St. Mary's Academy.

One Mile West of Notre Dame University.

—Welcome visitors during the holidays were: Mrs. E. Tod, Mrs. Davis, Miss N. Kearns, Class '88; Miss M. Condon, and Mr. Lichtenheim, all of Chicago; Mr. M. Finnerty, Mr. J. A. Nichols, Mr. W. N. Dennison, Mr. A. Smith, all of Denver, Colorado.

—Two statues in plaster of Paris representing kneeling angels have recently been placed upon the pedestals adjoining the main altar in the Community chapel. These figures, though not devoid of beauty, are not intended as permanent additions, but will be replaced in time by statues of white marble, and thus be in perfect harmony with their beautiful surroundings.

—To the filial and loving hearts of Very Rev. Father General's spiritual children at St. Mary's his absence during the holy season just past was a source of regret; but they hope and pray that among the blessings the New Year has in store for him may be that of complete restoration to health. This boon, in behalf of a devoted client, is daily sought through the intercession of her whom the Church invokes under the title "Health of the Weak."

—Grateful acknowledgments are tendered to Mrs. E. Tod, of Chicago, for the magnificent lamp and stand presented as a Christmas souvenir to the Academy. The gift consists of a metal globe upheld by a highly ornamented brass support, the whole resting upon a stand of delicate onyx bound in polished brass. The shade is Parisian in make and of soft silk, its graceful loopings and tassels producing a fine effect.

—The new marble altar of the Sacred Heart, lighted up for the first time at midnight Mass, is a fine piece of workmanship, worthy of the zeal and devotion of the generous donor, Mrs. E. P. Hammond, of Rensselaer, Ind., a former pupil of St. Mary's. In design it is simple, the beauty and costliness of the material compensating for lack of elaborate ornamentation, the whole reflecting good taste and skill. A votive lamp, unique in design and workmanship, burns upon the altar symbolic of the immeasurable love of the divine Heart for all mankind.

—Certificates for perfect lessons during the month of December were distributed at the last academic meeting on the 20th ult. A noticeable feature of the occasion was the large number of certificates awarded to not a few of the pupils, several taking home as many as a dozen or more, to be given as a Christmas offering to beloved parents. In keeping with the season was the bright little story read by Miss K. Morse, when the following Minims, M. Egan, N. Finnerty, M. McCormack and J. Dysart, surprised all by the French recitation "Noël," in which

they charmed by their sweet and musical accent, not to mention their grace of pose and gesture.

—Shortly before twelve o'clock on Christmas eve the members of the Community, with the pupils remaining at St. Mary's for the holidays, assembled in the chapel for the midnight Mass of the great feast of the Nativity. The holy Sacrifice was offered by the Very Rev. Father Corby, C. S. C., with Rev. D. E. Hudson as deacon and Rev. Mr. Donahue subdeacon. The altars were a mass of lights and flowers, and on the left was represented the scene in Bethlehem's cave when Christ the Lord was born in the city of David. As the familiar notes of the *Adeste Fideles* pealed forth a host of happy memories was awakened, linking past and present, and moving each heart to fervent gratitude for the great mystery of the Incarnation.

—A visit to the Minim department on Christmas day revealed the fact that Santa Claus did not forget the little ones, and evidences of his nocturnal visit were everywhere visible. A goodly array of dolls, adorned with a profusion of blonde locks and dressed in the latest mode, brought comfort to the hearts of these "little women," while sleds, doll carriages, *bon bons*, napkin rings, etc., filled up the measure of their happiness. Nor was juvenile literature forgotten; for sundry volumes, rich in illustrations of warmest hues, told the moving histories of "Goody Two Shoes" and others equally touching in type and picture. But most charming of all was the miniature crib, representing the newborn Christ-Child in his lowly manger-bed, thus connecting the great fact of the day with their innocent motives of happiness.

The New Year.

Once, when at eve the gray twilight hung pendent,
Poised 'mid the day and the fathomless night,
Came unto Mary an angel resplendent
Radiant with glory and heavenly light:

Soothing her fears, as Our Lord calmed the ocean,
Humbly announcing those tidings sublime
Of the new birth that should banish commotion,
Bringing to mankind redemption from crime.

Gabriel then brought the tidings from Heaven
Long years ago to our Mother's pure heart,
So to us all will a new birth be given
When the glad chimes bid the old year depart.

Hastening earthward in white masses thronging,
Feathery snow-clouds the New Year unfold;
What brings this Babe to appease the hearts' longing?
Peace unto earth as the Christ-Child of old.

If we but list to the words that are ringing—
Words of the angels, the heralds of cheer,
"Peace to all men of good-will": they are singing—
If we but will it, 'twill be a glad year.

KATHERINE M. MORSE.

Lotus Blossoms.

Not long ago I called upon one of my friends whose lines are cast among artists, and, having sent up my card, I settled myself for a nice chat; but before I was fairly ensconced for the gossip, a note on the back of my card returned to me read as follows: "Duty before pleasure. Will be with you soon." There was nothing to do but wait; and, glancing around, my eye fell upon one of the prettiest corners of the room, where on a mantel of beautiful workmanship an object met my eyes that furnished much food for fancy. Between a Japanese figure and a Royal Worcester *Fardinière*, stood a slender Egyptian vase in which some one had placed a single water-lily. In the semi-gloom of the little parlor, the pure white petals looked the more delicate and beautiful, as they hung over the black and dark red coloring of the vase. From the golden heart of the flower rose a faint, vapory odor, and under its influence, the *portière* near the mantel served as a screen upon which fancy threw pictures, varied and beautiful. First there floated by on its shadowy surface, a vision of Egypt in the time of the Pharaohs, Joseph and his brethren, and the ancient seers, gathering in their grasp all the knowledge then extant. A vision of the gray pyramids, the sphinx, and many a tall obelisk floated by on the blossom's perfume; and scarcely had they passed away, when I saw a graceful form bending over the Nile, brushing aside the blue and white lotus blossoms to reach the little basket of rushes in which slept Israel's deliverer. Borne on the wings of the water-lily's breath I saw the vast Alexandrian library; while I gazed, the Moslem conquerors, with ruthless hand, destroyed it.

The present was all forgot as I roamed in the land of fancy. Over the delicate pallor of the lotus stole a tinge of rose as through them, pushed aside by the many rowers, a galley passed, resplendent in all the gorgeous tones and colors that Egypt's queen could e'er desire, wherein rested the form of Cleopatra, "The enchantress of the Nile." I saw her musing amid all her grandeur, a lotus-blossom in her hand. Had Antony overcome the magic influence of its odor that once held him fast enthralled in the coils of the "Serpent of the Nile?" Close upon this came visions of his return to the contest with Cæsar, and the historic waters mirrored naught but the flash of steel. Antony's death and Cleopatra's remorse were depicted close after each other; Egypt's glory waned,

and her grandeur departed. Swiftly on the curtain I watched the march of Mohammedan troops, and soon I beheld Egypt the centre of relentless persecution. Before the next scenes, hundreds of years elapsed, all in darkness and gloom, when across the horizon shot a meteor—Napoleon.

The French troops, under the "Little Corporal" stood arrayed for war, and the noise of strife, the glitter of the uniforms, brought back the memory of Roman legions, marshalled in the days of Cæsar. The great work of the Suez Canal, the labors of English capitalists, the memory of Livingstone and Stanley, all came before me, and as the last picture faded away, I stooped to pick up a book which, by a curious coincidence, bore the title "In Darkest Africa"; and as I opened it my friend entered. The spell was broken; I exclaimed: "What a beautiful lotus-blossom! Where did you get that lovely antique Egyptian vase?" Her answer dispelled in an instant the last shred of fancy. "Oh, yes, those water-lilies from Laporte are very pretty. I got it down at the corner; the man didn't have any English violets, so I took the lily instead. And my vase? why I made that at the pottery school the other day. Isn't it odd?"

HELEN NACY.

Roll of Honor.

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

SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

Misses E. Adelsperger, Alkire, Augustine, Bassett, Bero, E. Burns, M. Burns, Bell, R. Butler, A. Butler, K. Barry, M. Barry, Buell, Black, Byrnes, Call, Carico, K. Charles, Cowan, Crilly, F. Carpenter, Davis, Dempsey, Duffy, Dennison, Dingee, Fitzpatrick, Field, Green, Grace, Griffith, Gibbons, Hellmann, Holmes, Higgins, Hopkins, Hittson, M. Hess, A. Hunt, Kirley, Klingberg, Keating, Kemme, Kieffer, Kaufman, Kiernan, Lynch, S. Ludwig, Londoner, Lennon, Lancaster, Leppel, La Moure, Lantry, Morse, Moynahan, Marrinan, Murison, Morehead, E. McCormack, D. McDonald, S. McGuire, A. Moynahan, M. McDonald, McCune, L. Nickel, Norris, M. Nichols, B. Nichols, Nester, O'Sullivan, Plato, Patier, Pinney, Quinn, A. Ryan, K. Ryan, Robinson, Rizer, A. Smith, Stuart, A. Seely, Sena, Thirds, Tod, Van Mourick, Wile, G. Winstandley, B. Winstandley, Wurzburg, Wolffe, Whitney, Zahn, Zucker.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

Misses Baxter, Curtin, Coady, Cowan, Cooper, Crandall, Culp, M. Davis, B. Davis, M. Dennison, A. E. Dennison, Eberts, Ford, A. Girsch, L. Holmes, Hickey, Kingsley, Londoner, Meskill, O'Mara, Pfaelzer, Schaefer, Tormey, Tilden, Williams, Wolverton, Wheeler, Whittenberger.

MINIM DEPARTMENT.

Misses Ahern, Buckley, Boyle, Curtin, Dysart, Egan, Finnerty, Girsch, Hopper, Lingard, McKenna, McCarthy, McCormack,

A wild flower hiding in the grass,
A shy bird peeping where you pass;
A glance, a smile, or anything
That maketh human hearts to sing.—*Ex.*