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St. Francis of Assisi.

BY M. A. Q.

Beloved is he, revered by all mankind,
A gentle soul, a noble heart and true,
A child of God who in His goodness grew
To love the very lambs, the birds, the wind;
He called them brothers, sisters; and his kind
And saint-like nature ever drew
Sweet words of love sincere from all who knew
How truly great was he in heart and mind.

O sweet simplicity, divine thou art
In all thy actions, be they great or small!
Live on; still add thy incense to life's flame.
To man thou gavest true loftiness of heart,
A kindly feeling for God's creatures all,
To heav'n a saint,—immortal be his name.

St. Francis of Assisi.

BY FRED E. NEEF, '92.

"O fear not in a world like this,
And thou shalt know ere long,
Know how sublime a thing it is
To suffer and grow strong!"



WHEN the scholar for the first time peruses the "Inferno" and hears in the distant realms of the poet's imagination the cries and shrieks of those who are cursed, he is wont to call the Italian a wonderful tongue; and he leaves his study a disciple of Dante, forgetting to reflect and inquire about him who made the great poet possible.

We see Shakspeare foreshadowed in Chaucer;

but the precursor of Petrarca and Dante is hidden from us by the veil of bigotry, and none care to go back to the dark days of mediæval Italy to learn something about him who rescued the language that was despised; for he was a saint—the poorest of the poor—Francis of Assisi.

In a time when the Italian towns and cities were proud and independent, when the nobility was impoverished by the frequency of dissension, and the people began to speak the borrowed dialect of Provence, St. Francis was destined to set a great example of love to his falling race.

The twelfth century had waned. The quaint little town of Assisi in the Umbrian Valley, which seventeen years before had witnessed the rejoicing of the simple-minded peasants at the birth of a son to the wealthiest merchant of the town, now rang with the clear voice of that son, Francis Bernardone, at the head of the *Corti*. These were the golden years of his boyhood, and not a day passed without its harvest of pleasure.

Francis was the leader of his companions. In their merry revels he was the foremost, and at their magnificent banquets he always presided. Yet he was temperate, and in his enjoyment he never forgot the poor. The lays of the troubadours appealed to his gay temperament, and, oftentimes on the starlit summer evenings he and his comrades went down the steep streets of Assisi singing Provençal songs.

Once it happened that a hostile band of Perugians were seen approaching the town, and the chapel-bell had summoned the men of Assisi to defend their mountain borough. Quick as the light-footed stag Francis found his way to the white watch-tower at the gate of the town to help his companions. Unfortunately, however, he was taken captive and brought to Perugia. Here he bore the seclusion of a year's

imprisonment patiently and cheerfully, while his despondent prison-mates envied his light-heartedness and treated him with indifference. But after his liberation the memory of this event was soon lost with the petty joys and sorrows that every day of boyhood brings.

The period of his school-life was very brief. It seems that Francis did not like hard study. Literature was to him, as it is to most of us, rather an accomplishment than a necessity. His mind was never tormented by the grammars of dry languages. The priests of San Giorgio had taught him a little Latin; and although he spoke French imperfectly, still he showed great partiality for that language of "light and airy" songs.

While it is true that Francis liked amusement better than books, we know also with equal certainty that no rash act ever stained his youthful character. His parents, delighted in the dazzling appearance of their son, grudged him nothing; and we are told that often sage looking old women reprimanded his mother, shaking their heads and predicting a "jet-black" future for the young man.

At the age of twenty-five Francis fell sick. The fever that haunted the fairest parts of Italy and stole like a ghost into the homes of the rich and the poor, breathing death into the bright faces at the fireside, had stricken him. In a little room poor Francis tossed restlessly upon his bed till the almost unbroken succession of violent spells had utterly exhausted him. The days passed like long shadows before his eyes. At times when the fever ceased he awoke as if from a painful dream, and when he heard the shouts of his companions in the streets forgetting himself, he tried to rise; but, overpowered and weakened by illness, he fell back again on his pillow like a half-wilted flower. . . .

At last Francis began to recover. The mild sunlight shone into his dreary room, and beckoned him to come out into the green fields and breathe the pure mountain air. He heard the busy swallows twittering on the house-tops; kind friends had brought him a handful of violets whose sweet fragrance recalled to his mind the flower-feasts of the *Corti*, and he longed to be out in the open world again.

One morning during his convalescence he ventured to leave his bed and look out from his window on the summer landscape. He beheld the familiar vineyards overburdened with purple grapes, the shady orchards of clustered pomegranates, figs and olive trees, and the stately oaks and firs on the mountain-side; but he loved them no longer with the same childlike

delight that had once marked the son of the Bernardones. The lingering illness had wrought a great change in him. Confused, gloomy speculations tormented his mind, and he pondered on the incidents of his early life with pain. A mysterious feeling of the unrealness of existence left him no rest until he found relief in the idea of doing something greater and nobler than answering the calls of boyish fancy—he would become a warrior, and fight for a good cause. Nor did the true soldier-like enthusiasm, which had fired him on that lonely afternoon, leave him when he had returned to the enjoyment of health. The Count of Brienne was struggling for the kingdom of his rightful heritage, and Francis prepared to march under his banner.

At the gate of the town stood the young Assisian Cavalier clad in dazzling armor. He had bidden farewell to his parents and to his companions, and now he bade farewell to his home. The tears that stood in his eyes bespoke a noble joy; he saw the bright roads to glory before him and thought only of the land of tropical paradises where Frederic II. dwelt amid endless labyrinthine groves of orange blossoms. But it seemed as if fortune were against the young man: a relapse of the fever compelled him to pause at Spoleto; and when he felt himself partially recovered he returned home again, grieved to think of the glorious designs that were spoiled, low-spirited, and utterly disgusted with his infirmity.

A chain of touching episodes lead us to the prime event of Francesco's history. One day while praying in the ruined chapel of St. Damian he seemed to hear a voice bidding him to repair the crumbling walls of the church. Blinded with enthusiasm, he went home, and taking a bale of his father's finest linen, he rode to the fair at Foligno where he sold both horse and merchandise. Thence he hastened to St. Damian's with the proceeds. The good priest was startled when Francis offered him the money, and he refused to take it when Francis had told him how he had gotten it. Down-hearted and discouraged by the priest's refusal, he flung the purse into a window of the ruins. His father was greatly exasperated when he found out what his son had done, and threw him into prison. But not long afterwards, when Pietro had gone to France to purchase silks, Francesco's kind-hearted mother released him. When Pietro returned, he went enraged to the magistrates, demanding the restoration of his money and his boy's renunciation of all rights to inheritance. Dissatisfied with their decision, he com-

plained to the bishop. At his request, Francis brought back the money which had all the time been lying among the ruins of St. Damian's chapel, and threw it on the floor at his father's feet: tears stood in his eyes as he did it; he could not see why the father who had always been so indulgent to him in his sports and festivities could have changed so suddenly when he wanted to give something to God. Then he gave up his patrimonial rights, and throwing off all his clothes, except a hair shirt which he had been wearing in secret for penance, he exclaimed: "I have but one, a Father in heaven now." Thus the bonds between father and son were broken, and Francis, clad in the tattered apparel of a working-man, went out into the wintry world.

On, on he wandered through the icy woods on the slopes of the Apennines singing sad, melancholy songs to the sighing Tramontana. Lost in the ardor of a vision that showed his childlike eyes the path to a paradise, he did not feel the winter's gnawing at his flesh; and softly as an angel he trod on the sicken snow-flakes that fell on the broken branches and scattered oak-leaves. The golden goal was near. Before the night came on he saw the welcoming glimmer of a light in the window of a monastery, and he found refuge in the peaceful house. How gentle are those prayerful inmates! And what a contrast are they to the scoffing people of Assisi! thought Francis when they kindly asked him to come to their fireside. But the needle of Destiny's compass had turned; Francis saw how hitherto he had been blindly following the Will-o'-the-wisp into the marshes; he wondered why he had so long been lost in catacombs and had not seen the light. A new and more glorious life blossomed from the frivolity of youth; a pure water-lily taking birth in a half stagnant pool. Perhaps he could be a friend to those around him—he could minister to the wants of the poor and the sick:

"The primal duties shine aloft like stars;
The charities that soothe and heal and bless
Lie scattered at the feet of man like flowers."

Soon Francis began his mission. How long the begging pilgrim labored for the lepers and the poor we do not know; but his work did not end until he no longer feared the most horrible of diseases, and he loved the poor as though they were his children. Still, there was a great task unaccomplished. Francesco had not forgotten the chapel of St. Damian. He had only been preparing himself to fulfil what he thought his sacred duty. And now when he felt that the "spirit had conquered the flesh," he repaired

to the place which had in younger years been so familiar to him. The people of Assisi recognized Francis in all his misery—Francis who was once the gay, rose-cheeked leader of their children—now pale and worn, and shrouded like a ghost in his tattered tunic. Many scoffed at him and called him a madman; few were there who pitied the poor wayfarer; aye, some who gave him stones that he might repair the chapel of St. Damian. With his own hands he set the blocks of rock one upon the other until from the ruins a neat little church had risen, rude in architecture, it is true, but every stone it contained had been laid with a prayer and a tear.

How keenly must Francis have felt his wretchedness, when, after each day's task was done, compelled by hunger to beg bread, he wandered barefooted and bleeding through the midwinter snow, as

"Silently, one by one in the infinite meadows of heaven,
Blossomed the lovely stars, the forget-me-nots of the angels."

And O how his heart must have ached when he saw the warm glare of the fireplace reflected in the ice-congealed window-panes of the comfortable home that once was his!

Twelve years swept by. We might have seen St. Francis in his cell near the little sanctuary *St. Maria degli Angeli*, surrounded by his mendicant followers clad in rough, brown gowns, bound with coarse ropes about their waists waiting for their Master's commission: "Go and proclaim peace to men." The passage in the Gospels which had struck Francis so forcibly—"Provide neither gold nor silver nor brass in your purses, nor scrip for your journey, neither two coats, nor yet staves"—was realized; the first Franciscan Order had been founded and sanctioned by Innocent III.

St. Francis ceased not to wander and to labor. Where the poor and helpless stretched out their empty hands, he loved to minister; like a consoling angel he visited the homes of misery, sickness and death, in Illyria, in Spain, and in the land of Mahomet. But ever dearer to him than all was the land of his birth. And when he felt that his work was wellnigh ended, the weary wanderer returned to meditate in its holy solitudes.

The Lent of St. Michael, as St. Francis called it, was spent on Monte Alverno, a wild and lonely spot not far from the castle of Chiusi between the sources of the Arno and the Tiber. Here, in his severe ordeal of fasting and meditation, his biographers, Celano, Bonaventura, and the Three Companions tell us that the vision of

the stigmata took place. After the mysterious event, Francis no longer frequented alike castle and hovel on his heavenly errands; he had made the last step to glory; secluded and silent, he prayed and suffered.

In this season of untold mental agony and breathless devotion, Francis was cradled into poetry. It seems strange that he whose nature was that of a poet, and whose life was so marvellously romantic, did not before this late period chain his breathing and burning thoughts into song; but perhaps it was with Francis as with the great Dante who followed him—this finite language failed to express the infinite fire, passion and love that gushed from his soul.

Only a few poetical fragments are handed down to us, and we cannot entirely overlook them; for did not, over half a century later, Dante sing himself into fame in the language which the humble poet-saint of Assisi had taught him not to despise?

The *Cantico delle Creature* of St. Francis is the imperfect and broken expression of a strong outburst of tenderness and affection. It shows us how Francis loved nature: the sun, the wind and fire he calls his brothers, and the moon, the water and death his sisters. Often the rhymes are poor, and the metre betrays the unartful pen of the saint; but the thoughts are sweet and flaming. During his seclusion on Monte Alverno he would tell us of the miraculous conflict of love between the soul and its Saviour:

"I die of sweetest woe;
Wonder not at my fate:
The lance which gives the blow
Is love immaculate."

So wrote Francis when words failed him to go higher—to reach the inestimable height of his compassion for Christ, the Crucified One.

Francis seems to have found a kind of consolation or relief in these few bits of poetical productions which remain to us for criticism. But the weary traveller scarcely quenched his thirst in the limpid waters of the poetic fountain: he cared not to leave a pompous memory behind him, for he was watching and waiting for his harvest-time after the nightfall of death.

Already darkness began to overshadow him; the body, exhausted by long and severe subjection, was overpowered by infirmities, so that Francis had to be carried about on a litter; incessant weeping was said to have brought about a painful disease that slowly stole the mild light of his eyes. At the urgent request of Cardinal Ugolino, the protector of the Order, the afflicted man was taken to the town of Rieti, and afterwards to a village in the neigh-

borhood of Sienna; but the operations of skilled oculists were useless, and, in calm resignation to God's will, Francis asked to be brought back once more to the scenes of his childhood.

His last wish was fulfilled: on his rude straw bedding the dying saint was taken to the place that had given him birth. His blind eyes could nevermore see the fair town of Assisi on the mountain-side; but in spirit he must have beheld the pictures of bygone years; the gay scenes of his youth must have come back to him, and the sterner realities of his manhood. When the litter-bearers stopped under the shadow of the Portiuncula, Francis bade farewell to his home and all he loved in Assisi; then he was taken into the humble hermitage of his brethren. Here from his cell Francis called his companion Angelo to his bedside, to whom he dictated in his last will the Rules of the Order; and, blessing all his faithful followers, he asked that a passage of the Gospel of St. John be read to him.

The hour-glass had run very low; he saw how the last, lingering grain was falling. His task was done. The long-subjected body was giving up its office. The weeping of the devoted brethren began to fall like faint distant music on his ear. Francis felt that he was sinking, sinking, sinking. For the last time he roused himself; his face grew ghastly pale, and his wrinkled flesh quivered as he uttered a feeble, heart-thrilling cry for God's help—and all his sufferings ceased.

The night of death had fallen on the child-like saint of Assisi; but he saw in the silver mist at the dawn, the greeting cliffs of eternity.

St. Francis, farewell! Thy name is unrecorded in the histories of prejudiced historians, and unremembered by many who dwell in wealth and magnificence; but suffering humanity cannot forget him who called all creatures his brothers and sisters.

You, who are poor and sick and afflicted, remember how much Francis of Assisi loved you; and do not despise the consoling words of the gentle poet-saint: "So great is the good I look for, that every hardship delights me."

Joy in life is like oil in a lamp. When the oil begins to fail, the wick, burning away, emits black smoke, showing but a reddish flame which gives no light. Life, without a little joyfulness, is in like manner wasted unprofitably, spreading depression and melancholy all around. No one is ever so good as when he has a light, joyous heart.

St. Agnes.

A Roman Lily in her bloom and grace,
 With roots solid and firm in holy ground
 Where love and chastity for One abound,
 The odor and perfume from her blest peace
 Rise in graceful accents to His face,
 And ask that love so pure and chaste may bound
 Her soul from views and sights of evil ground,
 And rest in the sweet shade of His embrace.

O Agnes! chaste as thy fair name implies,
 Sweet patroness, teach me to follow you;
 Ever to grow in holy purity
 May be our aim; and He who sanctifies
 With grace, to smooth and calm our living flow,
 To reach the port of the celestial sky.

J. O'ROURKE.

Songs of Death.

"I do but sing, because I must;
 And pipe but as the linnets sing."

—*In Memoriam.*

In these lines Tennyson acknowledges a force over which he had no control; and one to which, not he alone, but even fanciful Spenser and classic Milton succumb. "What force can there be," we ask, "that genius, virtue and the will cannot oppose?" It is sorrow, seemingly of little importance, yet a very monarch holding sway over the feelings of man; and it is a striking coincidence that this power produced the same effect among these three great poets. For the grief of Spenser, of Milton and of Tennyson at the death of the friend by "adoption tried," created "Astrophel," the much-admired and most sublime pastoral elegy of its time; "Lycidas," most musical, most melancholy; and "In Memoriam," the poem of the age, the greatest of its kind ever written.

Who will question the power of grief? It matures the poet's thought; it removes the barriers of bigotry and prejudice from his intellect, and no longer does he view the world as through "a glass, darkly." The result is, chastened reflection and purified genius. But it does not thus affect the poet alone; for man's character is like a diamond in the rough, and only shows its worth by hardest polish and cutting. Grief, acting on the mind, modifies the natural defects, destroys evil influences, and, nourishing the tendencies towards good, reveals the hidden gems of merit.

The elegy is but the expression of affliction's sway; and in studying this form of versification, only those of pre-eminent worth, and luminous with the thoughts of æsthetic genius, should be

considered. Many poets have a heart-consuming grief, a yearning or desire, and numerous are the elegies written; for these reasons a selection from the manifold productions must be made.

About 1587, Spenser, on the death of his friend, Sir Philip Sidney, wrote "Astrophel," a pastoral elegy, one of the oldest known, and the best of its time. Arranging the lyric in four parts, he describes in the first division his friend's character:

"A gentle shepherd born in Arcady
 Of gentlest race that ever shepherd bore,
 About the grassy banks of Harmony,
 Did keep his sheep, his little stock and store;
 Full carefully he kept them, day and night,
 In fairest fields; and Astrophel he hight."

He dies; and Spenser, telling the manner of his death, goes on to relate how he and Stella, to whom he "vowed the services of his daies," are transformed into a flower:

"Into one flower that is both red and blue,
 It first grows red and then to blue doth fade,
 Like Astrophel which thereinto was made.

"And in the midst thereof a star appears,
 As fairly framed as any star in skyes:
 Resembling Stella in her freshest yeares,
 Forth darting beams of beauty from her eyes;
 And all that day it standeth full of dew
 Which is the tears that from her eyes did flow."

In the second part, "The Doleful Lay of Clorinda," Mary, Countess of Pembroke, mourns her brother's death; and some critics, taking the literal meaning of the narrator's line,

"Which at least I marre the sweetness of the vearse
 In sort as she it sung I will rehearse,"

judge her to be the author of the "Lay."

Then, Thestylis, the mourning muse, calling the Nymphs from their secret abodes to lament, sings:

"Come forth, ye Nymphs, come forth! Forsake your
 watery bowers;

Forsake your mossy caves and help me to lament."

And lastly follows a colloquy between the shepherds, Colin and Lycon. Sidney is here called Phillisides.

While the first part of the pastoral is the elegy proper, "The Æglogue" is the most brilliant portion; and although the whole poem is ornamented with all the beauties his fanciful genius could devise, yet the shepherds' lament is the most poetical. Abounding in richest imagery, every thought is expressed clearly; and in this Spenser distinguishes himself from the other poets. It is evident to the critics that the elegy in English literature took its arrangement and form from Spenser's poem. Before his time it was an unsettled question

what feelings should be expressed in the elegiac verse. His poem, treated in so ingenious a manner, won the approval of all the great literary minds constituting the different ages of literature; and we find such geniuses as Milton, Shelley and Tennyson adopting his arrangement.

But, in the Johnsonian Age, a poet genius gave to the world a poem splendid in its poetic style, and in form perfect; for no bard has as yet produced a lay of greater simplicity and more artistic finish than the "Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard." Gray gives a new feeling to the elegy. He does not mourn, but meditates; his feelings are the result of reflection, not of grief; and he sings the strains, not of sorrow, but of melancholy, sweetest melancholy. The feeling expressed is more clearly brought out by the slow and stately movement of the measure, the iambic pentameter.

I do not quote from this masterpiece; for to appreciate its countless beauties the poem must be studied in its entirety. To judge it by its parts would be like reckoning the value and splendor of a jewelled coronet by the lustre of its separated gems. But we may quote from "Lycidas," for there is found the tear-like pearl, the emerald and the turquoise scattered in profusion, and here and there the brilliant diamond swallowing up their weaker rays in its bright glare.

Milton wrote this monody on the death of his college friend, Edward Smith, a young man destined for the Church. He was drowned in a shipwreck, while crossing from Chester to Dublin in 1637. The poet, bewailing his loss, feels the same force urging him on that impelled Tennyson to write "In Memoriam":

"Yet once more, O ye laurels, and once more,
Ye myrtles brown, with ivy never sere,
I come to pluck your berries, harsh and crude,
And with forced fingers rude
Shatter your leaves before the mellowing year."

While the poem lacks originality, it is rich in allegory and poetical imagery. The description of the flowers is nowhere equalled, except, perhaps, by Shakspeare in a passage in "A Winter's Tale":

"Return, Alpheus, the dread voice is past,
That shrunk thy streams; return Sicilian muse,
And call the vales, and bid them hither cast
Their bells and flow'rets of a thousand hues;
Ye valleys low, where the mild whispers use
Of shades, and wanton winds, and gushing brooks,
On whose fresh lap the swart star sparely looks,
Throw hither all your quaint enamelled eyes,
That on the green turf suck the honeyed showers,
And purple all the ground with vernal flowers.

Bring the rathe primrose that forsaken dies,
The tufted crow-toe, and pale jessamine,
The glowing violet,
The musk-rose and the well-attired woodbine,
With cowslips wan that hang the pensive head,
And every flower that sad embroidery wears;
Bid amaranthus all his beauty shed,
And daffodillies fill their cups with tears
To strew the hearse where Lycid lies."

Almost a century passed away before another poet tried this form of versification, and then the result is disappointing; for Pope, while master of didactic poetry, is too artificial to use the elegy. His lines "On the Memory of an Unfortunate Lady" lack tenderness and true emotion—the requisite feelings for the elegy. Missing the unaffected and impassioned strains of Spenser and Milton, we gladly seek relief in poetry more sincere, and turn to Shelley's "Adonais," a pastoral dirge, and find "a shimmer of beautiful regret full of harmonious and delicate fancies." This poet had the wand of the magician at his command; for in expressing a thought, the very words he used, having a natural charm of sound, seemed to be striving to sing the strain alone. In reading "Adonais," we at once observe the musical flow of the verses, which characterizes all his poetry. His song steals on us like the western zephyrs, laden with the fragrant odor of the wild spring flowers; we sniff the air contented, when, just as suddenly as it came, it is gone, and in vain we sigh for its return. To quote his words:

"I weep for Adonais—he is dead!
Oh, weep for Adonais! though our tears
Thaw not the frost which binds so dear a head!
And thou, sad hour, selected from all years
To mourn our loss, rouse thy obscure compeers
And teach them thine own sorrow; say with me
Died Adonais! Till the Future dares
Forget the Past, his fate and fame shall be
An echo and a light into eternity!"

And in the last stanza:

"The breath, whose might I have evoked in song,
Descends on me; my spirit's bark is driven
Far from the shore, far from the trembling throng,
Whose sails were never to the tempest given;
The massy earth and sphered skies are riven;
I am borne darkly, fearfully afar;
Whilst burning through the inmost veil of Heaven
The soul of Adonais, like a star,
Beacons from the abode where the Eternal are!"

A single poem oftentimes determines a poet's worth; and were we to judge Shelley by his dirge alone we would gladly crown him with the laurel wreath, the prize of inspired labor. Glancing back to the Elizabethan period, we find the genius of Shakspeare giving utterance to the simple dirge in "Cymbeline"; and a century

later William Collins made a beautiful version of this same song. I copy the stanza which is, to my thinking, the most exquisite:

"The redbreast oft at evening hours
Shall kindly lend his little aid,
With hoary moss and gather'd flowers,
To deck the ground where thou art laid."

My last selection brings us to the Victorian age, our own time, and is the "In Memoriam," the production of the present poet-laureate, Alfred Tennyson. This work clearly shows the great and lasting genius of the poet. Deprived by death of his intimate friend, Arthur Hallam, the confidant and companion of his boyhood days, Tennyson seeks for consolation—seeks for the balm that will assuage his grief, and finding it not, his sorrow bursts forth into the song of "In Memoriam." Like a weary traveller, lost in the wilderness of his grief, he looks upward for light, and finds the skies covered by dense clouds of doubt. Still he trudges onward until his tired limbs are about to fail him, when he finds the gloom slowly vanishing. Was not that a star he saw in the Eastern sky? Yes; and suddenly there are many stars twinkling forth, and the rifted clouds part and the silvery moon of hope lights up the pathway; and soon the traveller leaves the wilderness, and, cheered by the sound of the midnight bells in the distant village church spire, for it is Christmas time, he seeks a haven of rest, and finds it in his strengthened faith. Tennyson's command over his genius is observed when the poem has once been read. Writing at his leisure, the poet sees three Christmas tides go by. He sets forth in clear and free expression of thought and feeling the wildness of his grief and the gradual calm brought on by time; then, like the waning morning star, it is lost in the sunshine of hope and love. He sings:

"Whatever I have said or sung,
Some bitter notes my harp would give;
Yea, tho' there often seem'd to live
A contradiction on the tongue,
Yet Hope had never lost her youth;
She did but look through dimmer eyes;
Or love but played with gracious lies,
Because he felt so fix'd in truth."

When the length of the elegy is considered, together with its style, it is readily admitted to be the greatest poem of its kind ever written. The following stanzas are, in my opinion, examples of perfect finish and free execution:

"The Danube to the Severn gave
The darken'd heart that beats no more;
They laid him by the pleasant shore,
And in the hearing of the wave.

There twice a day the Severn fills;
The salt sea water passes by,
And hushes half the babbling Wye,
And makes a silence in the hills.

The Wye is hush'd, nor moved along,
And hushed my deepest grief of all,
When, fill'd with tears that cannot fall,
I brim with sorrow drowning song.

The tide flows down; the wave again
Is vocal in its wooded walls;
My deeper anguish also falls,
And I can speak a little then."

Past the milestone where other poets laid aside their pen to take a well-earned rest, Tennyson plods along, his lamp of genius burning brightly. We have yet to see the flicker of the wick; for only a few months ago he gave to the world another volume of poems which was most favorably received by the critics. But worthier pens have better told the merits of this great genius, and "In Memoriam" should be read to be appreciated, and judged by individual taste.

J. J. FITZGERALD, '93.

Language of the Red Indians.

One singular fact is the infinite diversity of language. Not only every tribe, but every band, of which there are sometimes fifty in a single tribe, has its own dialect or jargon, perfectly unintelligible to all who do not belong to the band. In all times the Indians have disdained to learn even a few words of an enemy's language. Stranger yet, the Cheyennes and Arrapahoes for three-quarters of a century have been firm friends, camping and hunting together and making war upon their enemies at the same time. The children constantly romp and play together in the common camp. Yet not one in ten of either tribe can hold the most ordinary conversation in the language of the other.

Unable to speak each other's language, the Indians of the West have constructed a wonderful sign language by which they hold intercourse. Gestures, signs, are more or less natural to everyone. Among the plains Indians alone have they reached their most wonderful development. So complicated and elaborate is the sign language, consisting of countless gestures and movements, the slightest variation in which marks wide difference in meaning, that only a few Indians in a tribe are complete masters of it, and the masses can only use it slightly. The signs do not indicate letters nor words, as with the deaf and dumb, but ideas. There is one sign to indicate hunger, another for "stop talking," another for summer, and so on, infinitely. Yet an expert sign talker will either make or interpret a long speech, which consists of an infinite number of signs, following each other, with lightning-like rapidity. Two strange Indians will meet on horseback, each unable to understand a spoken word of the other, and while holding the reins with the left hand, will converse for hours with their right, telling stories or relating their experience without a single misunderstanding.—*Ex.*

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The Editors of the SCHOLASTIC will always be glad to receive information concerning former students and graduates of the University.

—We acknowledge the receipt of the "Annual Report of the Postmaster-General of the United States for the Fiscal Year Ending June 30, 1891." Also the "Annual Report of the Treasurer of the State of Indiana for the Fiscal Year Ending October 31, 1891."

—Professor Edwards is again indebted to Rt. Rev. Monsignor Seton, D. D., for valuable collections of manuscripts, books, portraits and interesting relics. The erudite and courteous Monsignor is one of the most enthusiastic and generous patrons of the great national and Catholic historical collections preserved in the Bishops' Memorial Hall at Notre Dame, which is fast becoming for American Catholics what the British Museum is to the people of England.

Book Notices.

ENGLISH WORDS. An Elementary Study of Derivations. By Charles F. Johnson. New York: Harper & Brothers.

Few subjects are more important, and none more fascinating, to those whose ambition it is to attain a ready command of our language, than the study of words. The young student who fancies that the hunting up of derivations, the discovery of the etymological meanings of words whose significance he flatters himself he already understands, is a dry and irksome task, very commonly experience an agreeable surprise when once he engages in the work. If any student doubts this statement, he has but to procure Prof. Johnson's excellent manual, and skim ever so hurriedly through its two hundred and fifty pages. The increased knowledge as to the literary value of many of these symbols of thought, which he has been using at random, the wealth of historical association with which numbers of them are freighted, will please as well as astound him, and if this pleasure leads him to make a thorough study of such works as "English Words," in the first instance, and, later on, of fuller etymological treatises, he will be materially enlarging his power of enjoying, and incidentally of producing, English literature.

—True and tried friends are always welcome; consequently, *Vick's Floral Guide* is sure of a warm reception, especially when dressed as daintily as this year. The "Nellie Lewis" Carnation on the front of cover and "Brilliant Poppies" on the back are unusually attractive, and the numerous colored plates of flowers and vegetables are certainly works of art and merit. The first twenty-four pages, printed in violet ink, describe Novelties and Specialties. Send ten cents to James Vick's Sons, Rochester, N.Y., and procure a copy of this attractive and useful catalogue. It costs nothing, as the ten cents can be deducted from the first order.

Idiosyncrasies.

Each member of the human family has that in his nature which distinguishes him from every other member, otherwise two different beings would exist without a difference, which involves a contradiction in terms. Well, then, must it be for him who differs from his fellow-

beings by some superior excellence—some unapproachable perfection—in which alone his peculiarity consisteth—which constituteth his glorious and inimitable idiosyncrasy. But in many cases where idiosyncrasy is very marked, we are reminded of the peculiar significance of the termination of the word—the idiosyn-*crazy* appeareth to consist in that which, logically developed, would terminate in insanity. It is, in short, an oddity of speech—a trick of manner—an obliquity of mental vision—an inability to assimilate ideas—a tension of moral principle in one direction with a corresponding relaxation in the other. Such are the little peculiarities which wise men strive to diminish, or at least to conceal from the notice of their fellow-creatures, whereas foolish men exaggerate them until they end in monomania.

We have heard of persons so persuaded that all diseases to which humanity is subject arise from the teeth, that they have had all their teeth pulled, and false ivories substituted. We could scarcely say that this is "tooth in," and yet no dentist would induce us to follow their example. Others will persist in spelling it "Sybil" instead of "Sibyl," and that for reasons as incomprehen-Sibyl as the Sibylline books themselves. In short, everybody has some little odd streak, and we ourselves are willing to acknowledge our own. We have said, indeed, that it is the part of a wise man to conceal his foibles as much as possible, while endeavoring to reduce them; but we are not impugning this aphorism by exposing our own, because we are writing anonymously, and nobody has the faintest idea who we are, except the Editor, and he won't expose us. We therefore pronounce boldly that our idiosyncrasy consists in never travelling in the Pullman palace cars, and particularly not in the dining cars, for fear of catching the Pullmanary consumption, which prevails there to an alarming degree. Even on ember days, when your breakfast is reduced to zero, and your dinner merely soup-or-fish-all, we prefer snatching up stray bites that chance throws in our way to entering one of those dreaded vehicles.

If, then, our peculiarities be so often our foibles, and our foibles be our principal misfortunes, how can we appeal for sympathy in these misfortunes to those who must be of necessity free from these same peculiarities? How can we address those simple and pathetic words: "You know how it is yourself" to one that *doesn't* and *can't* and never *will* know how it is himself? Alas! such is the aggravation of these unfortunate idiosyncrasies, that sympathy, the

genial balm applied to other and less poignant wounds, from them must ever be withheld.

Reader, if your idiosyncrasy be a singular excellence, such as being able to climb a smooth pole of indefinite altitude—to edit a newspaper with satisfaction to all your readers—or otherwise to distinguish yourself among your fellows, rejoice exceedingly, and cultivate the faculty with assiduity; but if, as is more likely, you are remarkable for nothing in particular, don't let any one know it if you can help it. R.

A Reminiscence of Cardinal Manning.

A thrill of exquisite delight courses through my veins whenever I recall that happy May and June of 1889 which unfolded to me the fascinating pleasures of a first visit to great London Town. One day, while elbowing my way through the surging crowds that thronged historic Fleet Street, it was my good fortune to make the acquaintance of a typical Briton, now one of my most valued friends, Mr. James Fairhurst, then on the staff of the *Catholic Times*. In the course of conversation I mentioned that I had letters of introduction to Cardinals Newman and Manning, Mr. Gladstone and several other distinguished subjects of Her Majesty; but I doubted whether I would have time to present them. Mr. Fairhurst said: "You must not think of leaving London without an interview with the great Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster." He stated that he had an appointment at the archiepiscopal palace for the following Thursday morning, and urged me to accompany him. I availed myself of his cordial invitation.

Having arrived at the Archbishop's mansion, we were met by the Cardinal's gentleman-in-waiting, Mr. Wm. Newman, who had also been from his early youth private attendant to Cardinal Wiseman. After a chat with the kindly old servant, he carried to His Eminence a letter of introduction given me by Rt. Rev. Dr. Chatard, the learned and courtly Bishop of Vincennes. I was at once accorded an interview. Marshalled by the Groom of Chambers through the spacious drawing-rooms and library, with only a few moments to gaze upon the literary treasures all around, a door opened and the great Primate, who guided the career and destinies of the Catholic Church in England to its present proud position, advanced to receive my greetings. Never shall I forget the impression made upon me by that frail figure enfeebled by recent illness, and slightly bent under its weight of years. The pale, ascetic face, benignant, attentive, the

eyes full of intellect and beaming with kindly interest, all denoted a prince of singular refinement and superiority; while the winning simplicity of the prelate made me almost forget that I was in the presence of, to me, the second greatest personage in Europe.

After a cordial salutation on the one hand, and respectful homage on the other, the Cardinal said: "So you know Bishop Chatard? He is one of my dearest and best friends. And how is good Father Sorin? I had the pleasure of dining with him several times at Rome, and I met him often during the Vatican Council."

His Eminence invited me to occupy a large, gilded arm chair, upholstered in well-worn red silk damask. Taking a similar seat himself, he requested me to draw my chair as close as possible to his own, smilingly pleading his eighty odd years as a reason for being a little deaf. Many a man quick at hearing would be proud to have the intuitive grasp of subject which His Eminence possessed, and which more than compensated for any difficulty he had in perceiving the sounds.

First, the Cardinal wished to know all about the University of Notre Dame. He expressed his astonishment to learn that there were some forty professors, clerical and lay, with a student roll of nearly seven hundred, including those in the novitiate and seminary who were studying for the Congregation of the Holy Cross. He inquired minutely about the various courses of study, the system of imparting knowledge, and the number who were preparing for the Order and the number who intended to follow lay professions. He asked if the new university at Washington would interfere with the work at Notre Dame. I replied it would not; that it would take up the work of education at that point where Notre Dame, at present, felt compelled to leave it for lack of endowments. After wishing the new university better success than attended similar efforts in Ireland and England, His Eminence added: "You are doing a great work in America"; and he pointed out in what salient points the Catholic Church was advantageously placed on the American continent as compared with the position of the Church in England. The vast majority of the Catholic population in the latter country are of the working class, a very small minority only being possessed of any degree of wealth. "But this drawback," said the Cardinal, speaking with much feeling and in a spirit of thankfulness, "is compensated for by the consoling fact that these workers and toilers are the most steadfast in the faith, and are real practising members of the Catholic

Church. Herein lies the strength of the body in England, whilst he," the Cardinal, took it that "the Catholic Church in America is a more concrete body, embracing the richer as well as the poorer, but in more equal proportions whilst also there is little of class distinctions." His Eminence, commenting upon "the sin of England," as he declared it, "in forcing on the separation of the New Continent from the Mother Country," gave it as his opinion that "it was a great blessing the union had been dissolved, effectually and forever. Any other condition of attachment or dependence could only have resulted in a parallel case to that of England and Normandy in which the union was most disastrous to both." His Eminence spoke feelingly of Ireland, saying: "Although I love my country with all an Englishman's intense love, still I cannot be blind to her unjust treatment of our sister island. It is a fortunate circumstance for my neck that I was not born in Ireland. Had the Land of Saints given me birth, I should have been hung long ago." His Eminence spoke warmly of Cardinal Gibbons and many other friends he numbered amongst the American Episcopacy and priesthood. In answer to the query as to whether he had ever crossed the Atlantic, he said it was a pleasure he would have highly prized had earlier opportunity presented itself; but added with his bright smile: "Now that I have one foot in the grave and tottering on the brink with the other, I must be content with interchange of sympathy and friendship by correspondence, and through the pleasant experience of the visits paid to me at times by the many Americans who call in passing through London."

Having had explained to him the object of the Bishops' Memorial Hall established at Notre Dame, His Eminence said there were but few documents, he feared, in the Archives of Westminster relating to the American Catholic Church; but in the most kind and cordial manner he offered his assistance and influence in various quarters which he pointed out as likely to afford the best information. Retiring to his study for a moment, he returned with an autograph letter of his predecessor, Cardinal Wiseman, the first Archbishop of Westminster under the restored hierarchy. This he gave me with an apology for the paucity of mementos at his disposal. He added: "Come to see me again, and in the meantime I will search for some articles of interest for your collections, in which I am deeply interested. He further gave me cards of introduction to the learned Father Gasquet of the British Museum and several

other ecclesiastics, whom he named as being conversant with historical studies, and from their position enabled to help the object for which the Bishops' Memorial Hall was projected. This most pleasant interview was closed by His Eminence giving me his blessing. Knowing that the Cardinal was a very busy man, I did not call a second time, although he had most graciously invited me to do so. Before leaving London for the Continent I requested my friend, Mr. Fairhurst, to secure the mementos referred to by His Eminence. Later this gentleman wrote me: "I fulfilled your commission as to the souvenirs from the Cardinal by seeing him on the subject. His Eminence remembered at once and said: 'Bring Mr. Edwards to me on his return and I will redeem my promise.'"

The following November Mr. Fairhurst again kindly accompanied me to the Archbishop's house, and again I was received with the same cordiality and made to feel that I had conferred an honor instead of receiving one. Since my first visit the aged Prince of the Church had, at the risk of health and life, gone through all the fatigues and anxieties of an arbitrator in the great London strikes. He spoke feelingly of the sufferings of the laboring classes, of whose rights he was the acknowledged champion.

"And how did you find Rome and the Holy Father?" he asked, with anxious interest. After my story of the spoliation and vandalism to be seen in all parts of the Eternal City, His Eminence exclaimed, in a voice of sadness: "Poor Rome! What will not those invaders do, inspired by the Evil One? It grieves me to hear of the widespread destruction and ruin of the ancient glories of Pontifical Rome, of Christian Rome, which is and must remain the loadstone of every Catholic heart. I suffer with our Holy Father in this the hour of his agony; but, 'Lord, let not our will, but Thine be done.'" He related many anecdotes of his visits to the City of the Popes, and as the memories of early days came clustering around him, his eyes flashed forth a supernatural light which cast a halo around his attenuated form and made him appear a very spirit, scarcely chained to earth by its fragile, phantom-like body.

Then he spoke of the great good to result from the coming Catholic congress in Baltimore, saying he had already sent a representative to convey his greeting to the Cardinal Archbishop of Baltimore and the Catholics of America. He requested me to be the bearer of an address from the English hierarchy, to be read by Mgr. Gadd at the opening of the new University at Washington. His Eminence informed me that

he had found several souvenirs of the great Wiseman which he would send to my hotel. Mr. Fairhurst remarked he was sure that I would be delighted to secure a memento of my visit to the successor of Cardinal Wiseman, some personal article used by the author of the "Eternal Priesthood." His Eminence smiled good-naturedly, left the room and returned in a few moments bearing the symbol of the power of the priesthood, a beautiful white silk preaching stole, heavily embroidered with gold, which he had used for many years. With childlike simplicity he asked me whether this would "serve as a reminder of the pleasure your visits have given a poor old man." He then invited us to his private chapel, where he showed us a reliquary containing a mitre used by St. Thomas à Becket, the martyred Archbishop of Canterbury. Before saying adieu and giving his last blessing, His Eminence made me the bearer of messages of love and friendship to Bishop Chatard and various friends in America, whom he named. The charm of manner and thorough kindness of heart which was so great a characteristic of the venerated Archbishop produced on me an impression of the most vivid nature. Frank without condescension, retaining all the dignity of his high position without ostentation, the figure of His Eminence is to me a most delightful reminiscence, as with sparkling eye and animated features he listened and interrogated, clearing up doubtful points, and showing by his questions how clearly he had grasped the matter in discussion.

The interview left me impressed with the wisdom of the Holy See which had committed so great a charge to one so fully worthy to be the foremost figure in the Catholic Church in England. The same evening Mr. Newman came to the Victoria to deliver a package containing several valuable souvenirs of Cardinal Wiseman, whose "Fabiola" has made his name a household word wherever the English language is spoken. The kind old gentleman-in-waiting—since called to his eternal reward—gave me as a gift from himself a red silk zucchetto and a fine photograph of his loved master, Cardinal Manning.

With a consensus of good opinions and esteem from all, whether given freely by the Catholic, or extorted by sheer force of ability and nobility of character and life from those outside the Church, Henry Edward Cardinal Manning to-day stands in history as one of the greatest Englishmen and most energetic apostles of this or any other age.

J. F. EDWARDS.

Local Items.

- Let go the grippe.
- The skaters still hold forth.
- The beautiful is still with us.
- Sleighing excursions are common.
- Several days of zero weather this week.
- "Artie" did not know what 'ography it was.
- Sorin Hall has a pair of travelling mail boxes.
- Johnny G. is a martyr—in Johnny G's estimation.
- Many a smarting shin is felt among the Carrolls.
- The St. Cecilians intend to go sleighing in the near future.
- A conflagration is, like a toper, very apt to "raise the wind."
- Polo, shinny, pull-away, etc., reign triumphant at the lakes.
- Did the Mishawaka police get after the Brownson sleighists?
- Do what it will, the grippe cannot get a grip on the lively "princes."
- "Is it an earthquake?" "No, only the Burgomaster practising a polka."
- Gerdes and Casty are the champion polo players at the lake nowadays.
- The genial Captain of Co. B has become a confirmed Kodak fiend. What next?
- Alderman Allright intends to give an exhibition of fancy skating in a short time.
- You may have observed that it is the "sweet tooth" that first seeks the dentist.
- The intimacy between illegal "toughs" and "legal tenders" is what makes the jail a necessity.
- There is a pithy bit of philosophy hung about in our post-offices. It is this: "Money orders."
- Politics, like that other national game, baseball, has its allotted share of base-men among the players.
- There is quite a strain on the surface of the lake since the human mountains of flesh have begun skating.
- The Burgomaster intends to compete with Waltah and Gerdes the honor of being the lightest skater.
- To secure a more prompt mail service just at present we suggest that the mail wagon be put on "bobs."
- The Burgomaster is learning to dance. When he trips the light fantastic the whole building shakes.
- Financially speaking, you may have noticed that to treat and retreat is far better than to treat and re-treat.
- What is the matter with the Corresponding

secretaries of the various societies? Reports should be handed in.

—A town in Nevada flourishes under the significant name of Crankville. Will citizen G. Francis Train please take notice?

—Several students were hoping for more snow that they might perambulate the campus on snow-shoes. Their wishes may yet be gratified.

—The Thespians intend to make Julius *Seize 'er* on Washington's Birthday. Let him get a good *grippe* first, and then see if he is willing to hold on.

—Six new arrivals among the Minims: Masters Ralph and Roy Higgins, Gerald, Emmett and Eugene McCarthy and William O'Brien, all of Chicago.

—Pierce complains of the perambulations of a certain mouse that has contracted the propensity of scampering over his face. Let some one get him a mouse trap!

—When Bennie said that he could a "tail" unfold, somebody remarked that he had no idea that the Darwinian theory was tenable; but Bennie had converted him.

—The organ in the church gets "friz" every once in a while, and the choir are greatly inconvenienced thereby. The steeple clock also takes a rest now and then, to warm up.

—That dull, sickening thud is caused, not by any one falling from the dome, as might be inferred from the loudness of the sound, but by Waltah and Gerdes cutting stars at the same instant.

—In a letter received during the week Rt. Rev. Monsignor Straniero requests the prayers of all his friends for his sister who died lately at Barletta, fortified with all the sacraments of the Church.

—The parties who disturb the peace and quiet of their neighbors by shouting that odious ode, "The Wild Man of Borneo," have little principle and more cheek than—well, say a dozen book-agents. *Nuff sed.*

—The many friends of the Rev. James D. Coleman, C. S. C., of Watertown, Wis., extend to him their sincere condolence on the recent death, at Erwin, Col., of his brother, the Hon. William Coleman.

—It is rumored that "Harry" is engaged upon a novel descriptive of London lower life. Persons who have seen the story in manuscript say it is realistic to the highest degree, some of the passages being intensely thrilling, even blood-curdling. Ugh!

—Mr. R. Delaney, of Brownson Hall, would be obliged for the return of two volumes which he has lost or mislaid. They are: "Fasquelle's Advanced French Grammar" and "Education and the Higher Life." A reward will be given the finder on the return of the same.

—The next public entertainment will be given on the evening of Washington's Birthday. It will be under the auspices of the Thespian Asso-

ciation, assisted by members of the elocution class and the various musical organizations. We are told that the entertainment will be something exceptionally good—in fact, a grand Shakspearean revival.

—J. J. Case, champion runner of Brownson Hall and conqueror of the Oregonian fleet-foot, has taken his old seat in the study-hall. Yesterday he commenced training for the great race between him and Jewett; in the evening he fell from his chair through sheer exhaustion. His backers are slightly frightened, and they have advised him to abstain from too rigid exercise.

—The *Chicago Tribune*, speaking of paintings on exhibition in Chicago, says:

"There are also two creditable works by the lamented young artist, Paul Wood, who lost his life in the burning of the Hotel Waverly two weeks ago. One of these is a portrait of Prof. Gregori, of Notre Dame University, under whom he had studied. The face is a strong one, well modelled, and good in color. The subject is shown in a fur-cap and a coat with a fur collar. The other work is entitled 'The Connoisseur,' and is the portrait of one of the professors of the University looking over some prints. It has the good qualities of the other portrait."

—On Sunday evening, Jan. 17, St. Aloysius' Philodemic Association met for the election of officers for the second session. The following is the result: Director, Rev. W. Kelly; President, N. J. Sinnott; Vice-President, J. Raney; Corresponding Secretary, M. A. Quinlan; Recording Secretary, H. Ferneding; Treasurer, J. McAuliff; Censor, C. C. Rudd. Messrs. J. J. Fitzgerald, J. Doheny, R. Frizzelle, L. Whelan, and R. Sinnott were proposed for membership and unanimously elected. The meetings of the society will be taken up by the Mock-Congress. The different committees necessary to the introduction of house-bills were appointed, and regular work will be commenced at the next meeting.

—The members of the Sorin Literary and Dramatic Association held their meeting in St. Edward's Hall on Wednesday, January 20, the speakers were F. Cornell, F. Holbrook, F. Hilger, H. Durand and H. Londoner. Then came the election of officers for the session which resulted as follows: Rt. Rev. Joseph Dwenger, Bishop of Ft. Wayne, Very Rev. E. Sorin, Sup.-Gen'l C. S. C., and Rev. T. E. Walsh, C. S. C., Hon. Directors; Rev. A. Morrissey, C. S. C., Director; Rev. J. A. O'Connell, C. S. C., Promoter; Prof. A. F. Zahm, President; F. Cornell, 1st Vice-President; H. Durand, 2d Vice-President; J. Krollman, Recording Secretary; T. Lowery, Corresponding Sec. E. Jonquet, Treasurer; F. Wolf, Marshal; W. La-Moure, 1st Monitor; H. Londoner, 2d Monitor; W. Blumenthal, Librarian; L. Trankle, 1st Censor; F. Ransome, 2d Censor; J. Freeman, 3d Censor; C. Furthman, Serg't-at-Arms; A. Hilger, *Chargé d'Affaires*; V. Berthelet, Standard-bearer. With few exceptions, the officers were elected by the unanimous vote of the members.

—The Law Debating Society met on Wednesday evening, the 20th inst., and re-elected officers for the ensuing term, with the following

result: President, Prof. Wm. Hoynes; 1st Vice-President, L. P. Chute; 2d Vice-President, Hugh O'Neill; Secretary, P. Houlihan; Corresponding Secretary, G. Lancaster; Treasurer, P. Coady; Critic, L. Whalen; Sergeant-at-Arms, F. H. Kleekamp. After the elections followed the debate, the subject being, "Resolved, That the best interests of the country would be subserved by the removal of the capital to some more central point in the Mississippi Valley." The participants were L. Whalen and L. Chute for the affirmative, and J. Raney and C. Chidester for the negative. The close of the debate, being the first of the new year, took such a humorous aspect that the President did not consider himself in a mood to justify himself in speaking seriously on the subject, or in deciding with whom the merits of the arguments rested; so he left it to the decision of the society, the result of which was so unsatisfactory that he was finally compelled to call it a "draw." Before adjournment it was decided that the next question for debate should be, "Resolved, That the commercial interests of the United States would be materially promoted by the construction of the Nicaragua Canal." The chief disputants will be E. Brown, J. Cassidy, F. Kleekamp and J. McFadden.

Roll of Honor.

SORIN HALL.

Messrs. Ahlrichs, Bachrach, Brady, Combe, Cartier, F. Chute, L. Chute, Coady, Carney, Carroll, Dechant, Dacey, DuBrul, Fitzgerald, Flannery, Gillon, Hannin, Joslyn, Lancaster, H. Murphy, P. Murphy, Monarch, Maurus, McAuliff, McGrath, McKee, Neef, Quinlan, Sanford, Schaack, Sullivan, C. Scherrer, E. Scherrer, N. Sinnott, R. Sinnott, F. Vurpillat, V. Vurpillat.

BROWNSON HALL.

Messrs. Ahlrichs, Alnsbury, Arts, Breen, Burns, V. Brennan, J. Brady, Brown, T. Brady, Bolton, Brookfield, Baldwin, W. Brennan, Cassidy, Chassang, Corcoran, Corry, Crawley, Carter, J. Cummings, Correll, Chilcote, W. Cummings, Caffrey, Crilly, Castenado, Cole, Cummings, Cherhart, Case, Coady, Doheny, Doyle, Delaney, Devanny, Egan, Ellwanger, Ferneding, Funke, Frizzelle, Flannigan, Flynn, Foley, Griffin, Healy, R. Harris, Hesse, Holland, E. Harris, Houlihan, Heer, Hagan, Henly, Hoepe, Jacobs, Jewett, F. Kenny, Krost, Kleekamp, Keough, W. M. Kennedy, M. Kelly, Karasynski, Krembs, Kintzele, Kearns, E. Kenny, Kunert, Lindeke, Layton, McClure, S. Mitchell, McFadden, Monarch, Maloney, D. Murphy, McVean, McErlain, McKee, F. Murphy, Mattingly, McCarrick, McCullough, McDermott, Murray, Markhoff, Magnus, Moxley, Nockels, Newton, Palmer, Powers, Pulskamp, D. Phillips, T. Phillips, Quinlan, G. Ryan, M. Ryan, J. Ryan, Ragan, E. Roby, Raney, Riordan, Stace, Sherman, Schillo, Stanton, Schopp, Thome, Vinez, Vurpillat, Welsh, Whitehead, Wilkin, Zeitler, Zeller.

CARROLL HALL.

Messrs. Arvidson, Ashford, Bouer, Bixby, Barbour, Baldauf, Ball, Bachrach, Bates, J. Brown, F. Brown, G. Brown, Byrnes, Brennan, Bergland, Briggs, Burkart, Casey, Corry, Curran, Connell, Cullen, Carpenter, Corcoran, Carney, Dion, Dix, DuBois, DeLormier, Duncombe, Dillman, Delaney, J. Dempsey, F. Dempsey, Dixon, DuBrul, Dorsey, Evans, Fitzgerald, Fleming, Falk, Finnerty, A. Funke, G. Funke, Ford, Foster, Grote, L. Gibson, N. Gibson, Glass, Gilbert, Griffin, Gerlach,

Gillam, Garfias, Girardin, Gerner, Gerdes, Hill, Hagan, Hilger, Hoban, Hargrave, Hagus, Hittson, Healy, Hamilton, Hack, Janssen, Joseph, Johnson, Kauffmann, Kreicker, Kindler, Kraber, Kinneavy, A. Kegler, W. Kegler, Kerker, Levi, Lee, Lowrey, Luther, Lawton, Lane, Leonard, Mills, Mitchell, Miller, Meyers, Marre, Marr, Miles, McPhee, Mahon, J. Miller, A. McKee, McDowell, Moss, Martin, H. Nichols, W. Nichols, Nicholson, O'Connor, O'Brien, W. O'Neill, J. O'Neill, O'Rourke, Oliver, Payne, Peake, Prichard, Pope, Phillipson, Rupel, Rogers, Ratterman, Rumely, Regan, H. Reedy, C. Reedy, Rend, Reilly, Sullivan, Stern, Strauss, Sparks, Sedwick, Scholer, Stone, Sweet, Slevin, Sheurman, Stephens, Shirk, Smith, Thornton, Thome, J. Tong, O. Tong, Talon, Thomas, Teeters, Thorn, Trimble, Tobin, Theit, Todd, Vorhang, Washburne, Walker, Weaver, White, N. Weitzel, B. Weitzel, Wellington, Wagner, Wensinger, Warner, Yeager, Yingst, C. Zoehrlaut, G. Zoehrlaut.

ST. EDWARD'S HALL.

Masters Ayers, Ahern, Allen, O. Brown, Burns, Blumenthal, V. Berthelet, R. Berthelet, Ball, Cornell, Corry, Christ, Curtin, J. Curry, W. Crandall, Chapoton, J. Coquillard, A. Coquillard, Croke, Cross, W. Durand, B. Durand, DuBrul, L. Donnell, S. Donnell, W. Emerson, F. Emerson, Everest, Elliott, Egan, C. Francis, E. Francis, Finnerty, Fossick, Fuller, N. Freeman, B. Freeman, C. Furthman, E. Furthman, Girsch, Willie Gregg, Gilbert, Hoffman, Roy Higgins, Ralph Higgins, Holbrook, Howard, Hilger, Healy, Jones, Jonquet, Kuehl, King, Krollman, Kern, Keeler, Kinney, W. LaMoure, E. LaMoure, Lysle, Londoner, Lawton, Langley, Loughran, Longevin, Lowrey, McPhee, McIntyre, R. McCarthy, E. McCarthy, G. McCarthy, E. McCarthy, Maternes, Morrison, McGinley, McAlister, Nichols, Ninneman, O'Neill, O'Brien, W. Pollitz, H. Pollitz, Pieser, Pursell, Platts, Pratt, Ransome, Repscher, Rose, G. Scherrer, W. Scherrer, Smith, Steele, Stuckhart, Swan, F. Trankle, L. Trankle, Thomas, Trujillo, Weber, Wolf, White, Wilson.

[From the Cincinnati "Commercial Gazette."]

A Brilliant Wedding.

NEWARK, O., Jan. 7.—The marriage of Miss Frances Burnham Woods, the only daughter of Mrs. Cecilia I. Woods and the late Major General Charles R. Woods, U. S. Army, and niece of the late Justice William B. Woods, of the U. S. Supreme Court, to Mr. Eugene F. Arnold, of Washington, D. C., was solemnized in an impressive manner this morning at St. Francis de Sales' Church, in the presence of a large number of distinguished friends and relatives, and was the most brilliant social event of the season.

As the sweet strains of the Lohengrin Wedding March floated through the sacred edifice, the bride, preceded by the bridal procession, was escorted to the high altar by her uncle, Dr. A. T. Speer. They were met at the altar railing by the groom and his best man, Mr. Edward H. Sanford, a young banker of Chicago. The ceremony was performed by the Right Rev. Bishop Watterson, of Columbus, assisted by the Rev. Wm. F. Hayes, the pastor, who recently received Miss Woods into the Catholic Church. The young bride is a strikingly beautiful and queenly-looking brunette, and comes of an old and very distinguished family, as well on the side of her mother as that of her father, and numbers among her living relatives Colonel

Geo. W. Manypenny, Commissioner of Indian Affairs under President Pierce; ex-U. S. Senator Willard Warner, General Benjamin Brice, ex-Paymaster General of the Army, and Commanders Robert E. Impey and John J. Brice, of the Navy. She was attired in a stylish gown of light broadcloth, richly trimmed with Alaskan sable, and with "Louis XIV:" coat, the skirt of the gown being demi-train. She carried a bouquet of bride's roses, and her only ornament was a magnificent diamond pin and pendant, in "Sunburst" shape, a gift of the groom. The bridesmaids were Miss Jessie Robbins and Miss Kate Wilson; the maid of honor was little Miss Louise Speer, a daughter of Dr. Speer; and the ushers were Messrs. Joseph Sprague, Robert Davidson, Harry Hoover and Thaddeus Montgomery. After the ceremony an elaborate wedding breakfast and reception followed at the residence of Dr. and Mrs. Speer, at the close of which the young married couple departed for the East. They will reside in Washington, D. C., where Mr. Arnold is engaged in practising law. Mr. Arnold is a graduate of the Universities of Georgetown and Notre Dame, and at one time taught in the latter Institution. Congratulations and remembrances were received from far and near; among others from His Eminence, Cardinal Gibbons, Right Rev. P. S. Chapelle, Coadjutor Bishop, Santa Fé, N. M.; Very Rev. Ferdinand Brossart, V. G., Covington, Ky.; Very Rev. Thomas E. Walsh, C. S. C., President Notre Dame University; President and Mrs. Harrison, Senator and Mrs. Sherman, Secretary and Mrs. Noble and Misses Halstead, Governor and Mrs. Campbell and Miss Owens, General David S. Stanley, U. S. A., Mrs. General John A. Logan, Mrs. Samuel S. Cox, Justice and Mrs. A. C. Bradley, of Washington; Mrs. Justice Woods, General and Mrs. Benjamin Brice, Commander John J. Brice, U. S. N., Admiral and Mrs. Franklin, U. S. N., Mr. and Mrs. Horace Weddle, Cleveland; Hon. and Mrs. J. W. Owens, Major and Mrs. H. C. McDowell, "Ashland," Lexington, Ky.; Mother Augusta, Superior of the Sisters of the Holy Cross; Hon. W. W. Dodge, of Burlington, Iowa; Hon. and Mrs. Charles Tracy, General and Mrs. James Oakes and Miss Oakes, Senator and Mrs. Dolph, Mr. and Mrs. Richard H. Nixon, Hon. and Mrs. Benjamin F. Shively, Mr. and Mrs. Randall Hagner, Mr. and Mrs. Randall Webb, Hon. and Mrs. Horace Taylor and Miss Taylor, Judge and Mrs. Philemon B. Ewing, Lancaster, O.; ex-U. S. Marshal and Mrs. A. A. Wilson, Mr. and Mrs. Willard Warner, Washington; Prof. and Mrs. W. D. Cabell and Miss Cabell, General and Mrs. S. S. Hinkle, Mr. and Mrs. Howard C. Claggett, Prof. John G. Ewing, Notre Dame, Ind.; Hon. and Mrs. Wm. P. Breen, Ft. Wayne, Ind; Mr. and Mrs. Richard Nevins, New York; Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Clarke and the Misses Clarke, New York; Hon. D. J. Hogan, Geneva, Ill.; Rev. L. J. Evers, New York; Mrs. J. W. Torney and Miss Torney, Philadelphia.

St. Mary's Academy.

One Mile West of Notre Dame University.

—The semi-annual examination in music is in progress, and has thus far proved most gratifying to both pupils and teachers.

—The members of the Senior reading-class have devoted much attention lately to a review of first principles in the art of elocution, to test the result of which they held a competition last week, in which all showed great proficiency.

—Among the names registered at St. Mary's as visitors during the past week were Rev. M. J. O'Brien, Stevenspoint, Wis.; J. McDonald, and Mrs. A. Hunt, Chicago; Mrs. J. Schoonmacher, St. Paul, Minn.; Mrs. F. Hopper, Mrs. A. Scott, Pittsburgh, Pa.

—The representation of the cave of Bethlehem with the sweet Babe and His holy Mother, is still a favorite shrine at St. Mary's. Every day, eager, loving petitions are brought there, and among the heart-prayers offered, none are more earnest than those woven round the name of Very Rev. Father General, whose genial presence we so much miss, and whose restoration to health is so ardently desired.

—Education in its true sense was the theme of Very Rev. Father Corby's instructive remarks at the academic meeting of Sunday evening. The influence of surroundings, the force of example, daily contact with various dispositions, and the reliance upon self, which comes when away from home, were cited as factors of education more potent than text-books in the development of the true Christian woman.

—Miss Helen Nacey was the representative of the German classes at "points" on the 17th, and read a poetical selection with much taste. Miss S. Meskill followed with a sketch of Cardinal Manning by Eugene Didier. The close attention accorded was evidence of the interest all feel in England's great Cardinal, whose life-work was so closely identified with all the movements that have brought Great Britain before the public for more than half a century.

—The merry jingle of bells, the sound of happy voices, and that nameless something in the frosty air which lends a charm all its own to a sleigh-ride, combined to render the sleighing parties of the past week events of the year. The graduates headed the list with a delightful ride to St. Joseph's Farm, where kind and substantial hospitality was extended; after which the party, deciding that "the longest way round is the shortest way home," started for St. Mary's by way of Mishawaka and South Bend. The Colorado pupils, thanks to Rev. Father Zahm, enjoyed a trip to Niles; and last, but not least, the young ladies who remained at the Academy during the holidays made up a merry party,

the music of whose voice rang out along the road into Michigan.

—The Novitiate was the scene of unwonted excitement on Saturday last, when Rev. Father Zahm made his appearance, bearing all the requisites for a trip to the Holy Land, to be taken by all in a very comfortable and inexpensive manner. He guaranteed a safe journey with not even a qualm of sea-sickness to disturb the voyagers. By means of a stereopticon the chief points of interest sanctified by the presence of our Lord when on earth were visited, and the pilgrimage was made doubly pleasant by Rev. Father Zahm's descriptions and explanations, all of which bore the charm which accompanies the account of one who has visited these places in person. Bethlehem, Nazareth, Mt. Olivet, the *Via Dolorosa*, Jericho and the Dead Sea were among the scenes presented; but the dissolving views awakened keenest interest, especially one which showed the Magi following the guidance of the miraculous star, which, while they looked at it, changed to an angel, pointing to the midnight cave. The evening was one long to be remembered, and warm thanks are tendered Rev. Father Zahm for the pleasure he conferred.

What Man Has Done, Man Can Do.

The time of waiting for opportunities is over; we must create them. Chances for winning fame will not come to us; exertion is necessary for the completion of any task, be it great or small; but the idea that all great things have been done is an erroneous one.

It is true that when we think of Dante in literature and Raphael in art, we almost despair of reaching even mediocrity in either of the branches in which they excelled, and cannot believe that such results will ever come from the pen and brush of any other men. We cannot tell what is in store for the future; but we have every reason to believe that just as great poets and artists will flourish. The history of the past goes to show that when great needs arose, there also was provided what was necessary to satisfy them. Trying times found great men to tide nations over difficulties, and new wants were supplied from new resources. The event which makes 1892 so memorable an anniversary was as startling to the world in 1492 as would be the discovery of a new world now; and yet the spirit of discovery did not die with Columbus. "History repeats itself," and "what man has done, man can do," are mottoes especially appropriate in this age of progress.

Cambyes, father of Cyrus, had much to be proud of in his son. In his school, he was the

first in studies and obedience, and his numerous talents were universally admired. Among his comrades he was very popular and a general favorite with his teachers. In after-life most of his victories were due to perseverance, courage and resolution. After his battle with the Assyrians, he won the love, confidence and esteem of his subjects, and many pledged their allegiance to him. Have we not all the power of winning respect and love from our fellow-beings? We certainly have, and it lies within each of us to gather friends by the score and win battles of reform and do good in this way—as much as Cyrus did in his way. We may not be able to conquer Assyria or Persia; but every day we can aid in the promotion of some good work. Indeed we have better opportunities, for the centuries of civilization and religious influence since his time have done much to make heroic virtues easier of attainment than under the Median and Persian law.

Beethoven, the Shakspeare of Music, may prove the incentive to some great master yet to come. By his work he has surely been an unconscious medium to thousands since his tired hands were crossed in death upon his breast. His genius was a gift of God, and certainly this generous Giver did not withdraw from others His favors by bestowing this great one on Beethoven.

In mechanical aids this age has no equal. Steam, electricity and other forces carry on the work of life with speed and accuracy, and each day shows that the watchword in this branch, as in all others, is "progress." Many things are yet to be invented: as, flying machines, means for exploring the bottom of the sea, and ways of communicating with the planets. In these developments, still in the future, can be found sufficient material for winning the applause of the world. These seem difficult tasks and almost impossible undertakings; but two hundred years ago the wisdom of to-day was folly to our ancestors. Were some of the early settlers of America to revisit the earth, doubtless they would think us a race of witches, and would think the stake the fit place for inventors of such mysteries as surround us.

The times and conditions of the people furnish ample means for advancement in every branch of learning; nor can one give the excuse that opportunities are wanting. Since we are not fond of war, except, perhaps, where justice is in question, and have no desire to conquer countries and nations, the peaceful pursuits prevail. The battles of everyday life alone employ our martial ardor, and in this conflict

we receive consolation and hope in the beautiful thought of Tennyson: "Better not be at all, than not be noble." This thought should be an incentive to good deeds, charitable actions, and progress in the practice of all the virtues that will prepare for us the way to the kingdom of God. Recognizing the influence of example in our own life, we should remember that "to whom much is given, of him much shall be required"; and it rests upon us to so frame our career, that others, coming after in the great march of humanity, may find in our lives incentives to nobility of purpose and strength of action.

SARA B. WILE.

Roll of Honor.

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

SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

Misses E. Adelsperger, Augustine, Agney, Bassett, E. Burns, M. Burns, Bell, R. Butler, Brady, Buell, Black, Charles, Clifford, Crilly, Carpenter, Dieffenbacher, Daley, E. Dennison, Evoy, Field, Griffith, Green, Galvin, Lucy Griffith, Gibbons, Hellmann, Hutchinson, Hopkins, Hunt, Hittson, Jacobs, Kirley, Keating, Kemme, Kieffer, Kauffmann, Kingsbaker, Kimmell, Kiernan, Kinney, Lynch, Londoner, Lennon, Lancaster, Leppell, La Moure, Lantry, Morse, M. Moynahan, Murison, Morehead, Moore, E. McCormack, Maloney, D. McDonald, McGuire, McCune, Maxon, Nickel, M. Nichols, B. Nichols, Nester, O'Sullivan, Payne, Quinn, A. Ryan, K. Ryan, Robinson, M. Roberts, Rizer, M. Smyth, Stewart, Sena, Shaw, Tietgen, Tod, Van Mourick, G. Winstandley, B. Winstandley, Wurzburg, Whitmore, Welter, Whitney, Wolverton, Zahm.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

Misses Adelsperger, Baxter, Coady, Crandall, B. Davis, Girsch, Hickey, Hopper, Kasper, Londoner, Meskill, M. Mills, A. O'Mara, Pfaelzer, Ryder, Scott, S. Smyth, N. Smyth, Schaefer, Tilden, Wolverton, Wheeler, White, Williams, Whittenberger.

MINIM DEPARTMENT.

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

Class Honors.

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

1ST SENIOR CLASS—Misses Bassett, Moynahan, Thirds.

2D SENIOR CLASS—Misses Tormey, Bero, E. Burns, M. Burns, Butler, Charles, Dempsey, Green, M. Kirley, Klingberg, Ludwig, Murison, Carpenter, Roberts, Robinson, Zahm, Kimmell.

3D SENIOR CLASS—Misses Clifford, Grace, Hellman, Keating, Londoner, N. Nichols, Seely, Van Mourick.

1ST PREPARATORY CLASS—Misses L. Bogart, Buell, Cowan, Evoy, Griffith, Kemme, Kieffer, G. Lancaster, Lichtenhein, E. McCormack, Maloney, McDonald, Moynahan, Nichols, O'Sullivan, Rizer, A. Seeley, Tod, M. Davis, B. Davis, Meskill.

2D PREPARATORY CLASS—Misses Black, Kingsbaker, Jacobs, Hittson, Kauffmann, Leppell, C. Sena, Dingee, Dennison, Adelsperger, Baxter, Hickey, Palmer, Doule.

3D PREP. CLASS—Misses Payne, Van Liew, Tietjen, Culp.

JUNIOR PREP. CLASS—Misses Dennison, Cowan, H. Nacey, Williams, White.

1ST JUNIOR CLASS—Misses Dysart, Ford.

2D JUNIOR CLASS—Misses Ahern, Crandall, Palmer, McCormack, Tilden, Wormer, Lingard.