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A Ballade of a Hero.

TO JOHN GILMARY SHEA.

"Without fear and without reproach."

No dreamer thou, but all afire
With love of Truth; your rugged way
Fearless you trod; 'twas not for hire,
But for God's glory, day by day,
You toiled from morning's dawning gray
Till even' song; you never sought
Applause; but we can truly say,
Immortal is the work you wrought.

For you no minstrel tuned his lyre;
For you no poet sang his lay;
Of work you never thought to tire;
But ever ready to be gay—
To merit you could always pay
A tribute with approval fraught;
To charity you ne'er said "Nay."
Immortal is the work you wrought.

You saw old calumnies expire
Beneath the clear and searching ray
Of truth triumphant, from the mire
By your aid rescued—Error's sway
Quick fled—in vain she sought to stay
The flood. Her efforts came to naught,
And though your body is but clay,
Immortal is the work you wrought.

ENVOY.

Hail to thee, victor in the fray!
Hard was the fight, and nobly fought;
This tribute to your fame I pay;
Immortal is the work you wrought.

D. V. CASEY, '93.

KINDNESS is the music of good will to man,
and on that harp the smallest fingers may play
Heaven's sweetest tunes on earth.

THE most generous souls feel praise the most
and show it the least.

Daniel Webster.

BY N. J. SINNOTT, '92.

"The idols of one age make way for those of the next." This laconic quotation, taken from a writer of our day, emphasizes the fact that many of us are, in a measure, iconoclasts, as it were; that we too readily forget the noted characters of the past, and hasten to pour forth our adulations at the feet of "each new-hatched, unfledged" aspirant for literary honors. But this generous failing in our nature is balanced by the reaction which invariably follows when we become satiated with the novelty, and begin to taste the real insipidity of any work suddenly thrust upon us. Witness the extravagant praise that attended the introduction of Rudyard Kipling into the field of letters; for a time he was heralded as the peer of Dickens. Now this new light has almost gone out. So it was with Rider Haggard.

The annals of Greece and Rome speak in glowing terms of the different orators, statesmen, poets and scholars who were the idols of their age and the objects of emulation on the part of the ambitious. But to how many are these names now familiar? To few indeed; and, except to the careful student of history, they are but names or faint memories of a more or less doubtful period.

We are told that the verdict coming from the cool criticism of time is alone the true criterion of genius. So when the drama of life is ending, the orator or writer, repeating for posterity the words of the ancient actor, "date plausum," will not obtain the desired applause unless there is something in his work that will arrest the attention of his successors and touch a resplendent chord in the heart.

Among the orators there are several who have stood the test of time, and have received a position in the first rank. To which of these the laurel leaf of supremacy is due, essayists can never agree.

The internal strifes that continually threatened us in the formative stages of our government, and which finally culminated in civil war, called forth the genius of a man whose claims to be ranked with Demosthenes, Cicero and Burke are everywhere recognized.

The name of Webster has become almost a synonym for oratory. His eloquent and thrilling passages are quoted on all occasions. They are often the only words of interest in many of the pyrotechnic displays that characterize a number of our yearly so-called Fourth of July orations. His merits, as a master of English, have been treated by Edwin P. Whipple, from whom many valuable suggestions have been taken for this article.

Webster was the contemporary of two very eminent orators—Henry Clay and John C. Calhoun. Archbishop Spalding says that Webster lacked "the electric rapidity of Calhoun, and the versatile graces and manifold excellencies of Clay," yet it is a significant fact that his fame has outlived theirs; and while Clay's speeches are seldom read, everyone who has any pretension to a literary taste is familiar with the orations of Webster. His name, unlike numerous other claimants to oratorical renown who won the applause of their own age, is not gradually becoming dim as years advance, but still remains as bright as it was on the auspicious day when, by his eloquence and power of argument, he left "scarcely a wreck to be seen of Haynes' speech."

Many who are classed as orators by one generation, by the succeeding are consigned to the ranks of the rhetorician or declaimer. Their transitory and short-lived reputation is due more to physical characteristics than to any real talents or mental endowments. A handsome and commanding presence, a magnetic voice together with a pleasing flow of language frequently win the favor of popular assemblies; but it is often the figure of the man that is admired and the voice that is applauded, while the speaker's remarks may soon be forgotten. Webster had the marked traits that are indispensable to an actor: a commanding presence and a voice remarkable for its power of expression; yet his fame does not rest on these features alone—features that led Marshall to remark that "The stage had lost a great actor in Webster." Personal attraction and pleasantness of

tone soon pass out of recollection when their possessor retires from the rostrum.

In deciding an orator's rank physical characteristics are a secondary consideration; a critical posterity regards as a true test the thoughts and sentiments of the orator, his wealth of imagery and form of expression. Thus this test places Burke, who was by no means an agreeable speaker, for he was called the "dinner bell" of the house, at the head of modern orators.

Webster, like Burke, lives in his prose. We are all familiar with the picture of the great "expounder" of the Constitution, the tall, massive frame, the prominent forehead, so often indicative of a master mind, and his wonderfully expressive eyes. But it was not the external appearance of the man that insured him more than a transient renown. For Webster, as well as being a master of eloquence, was also a master of prose, and to this fact is due the avidity with which his speeches, though delivered almost a half century ago, are still read.

Emerson in one of his many terse and sententious remarks says that "there is no true eloquence unless there is a man behind the speaker." The orations of Webster even now, when the magnetism of his presence is absent, give indication of the marked individuality of the man. He wrote a style that is above imitation. Many have endeavored to imitate his matchless diction. "The cheap jewelry of rhetoric" has been resorted to, but barren results attest the fact that his style is inimitable. Much of the strained verbiage and inflated phraseology used to mimic the majestic strains of Webster only acquire for the author the reputation of verbosity.

Throughout his speeches one is impressed with the clearness of his prose; there are no sentences in which each word is not readily understood. We find a delightful lack of long involved periods that confuse the mind in a labyrinth of florid rhetoric; and when a parenthetical clause is added, it is never accompanied with that irritating break which so often destroys the harmony of a sentence. The frequency of short, pointed sentences has often been commented upon, but their variety rescues them from the charge of producing monotony.

The seemingly abstract reasonings which had hitherto distinguished the mass of legal proceedings became, when enriched with a few apposite words from his ready vocabulary, intelligible to every judge or juror.

In his hand the Constitution was no longer a "thesis" for the logician to display his skill

in polemics. The subtle and refined arguments of Calhoun were refuted, and his fallacies were probed with unanswerable logic.

Webster abounds in striking images that appeal most strongly to our emotions; but the fitness of these brilliant passages is never marred by a discordant tone, nor an excessively elaborated description which grates upon our sense of the beautiful. The images that he presents to us suggest to the reflecting mind an inexhaustible wealth of striking ideas. What an unlimited field for poetical imagination does he disclose in his celebrated image of England's power!—and with what simple language does he speak!—"A power which has dotted over the whole globe with her possessions and military posts, whose morning drum beat, following the sun and keeping company with the hours, circles the earth with one continuous and unbroken strain of the martial airs of England."

With such simple language does he depict the power of Great Britain; yet no English orator or writer has ever succeeded, even by the most extravagant use of rhetorical composition, in equalling this brief description. A predominance of Saxon words shows that he had a decided preference for the Saxon element; but when the Saxon was the weaker term it was always made to yield to the Latin, for he never permitted his style to be hampered or to appear cramped for the sake of obeying any arbitrary rule concerning the use of a Saxon term. His use of Latin and Saxon words has been said to be marked with "superb propriety."

Webster's aim was always to force conviction, or to bring home to the people some noble principle or exalted sentiment; he seldom spoke merely for the delectation of his audience. And as a natural consequence, in his speeches the form, though most carefully polished, is said to be subordinate to the thought. Hence it is that when we read one of his grand perorations we never feel that he has recourse to the tricks of the rhetorician, nor do we exclaim, like the Romans, after hearing the polished Cicero: "What charming periods!" "What language!" "Such graceful sentences!" We do not speak of his efforts as being cunning or effeminate artifice, because we are more impressed with the virile qualities in his style, and we admire the high moral tone running through all his orations.

As a summary we say that Webster's influence on the literature of our country can be ascribed both to the noble sentiments enunciated and to the masterly style in which they are embodied.

Our Country.

As lovingly we linger o'er the tales of old Colonial times, we see blazoned upon history's pages, and sparkling with unborrowed light and undimmed lustre, the names of the heroes who procured the priceless birthright of liberty for their posterity by deeds of valor and of patriotism.

Our forefathers bade farewell to home and kindred, severed all the dear old ties that could bind them to the past, and fled from the tyranny and persecution of the Old World only to find the oppressor's hand weigh still more heavily upon them in the New.

Lacking representation in Parliament, laws were framed to their detriment in favor of the English manufacturer and merchant. The trade of America had increased far beyond the expectations of the most sanguine. England looked upon the growing commerce as a new source of revenue. The colonists refused to submit to her unjust demands, and based their resistance on the fundamental maxim of liberty: "No taxation without representation."

England sought by force of arms to coerce the colonists into submission. We all know well the story: How our forefathers stood forth in defence of their rights, and how they in the long struggle fought first under the British flag and then under our own loved banner; first as loyal but protesting subjects; then as the free-men that founded our nation.

To such measures of despotism had England come as to defy the yearnings of the American people for freedom; but the Invisible Hand which has controlled the elements and directed the star of nations from the beginning had not deserted the colonies in their need. When the storm broke and the crisis came it found our "gallant ship of State" directed by men of majestic minds and unconquerable spirit. For them no sacrifice nor suffering was too great to be endured in their country's service.

In that dark hour the colonists had their Jefferson and their Adams, their Franklin and their Lee, their Hancock and their Washington, brave men who felt that they had submitted long enough to a power they really abhorred. Their country's cause overshadowed all selfish considerations; and with manly firmness they risked their all for that handful of oppressed that was struggling against a host of oppressors. Their patriotism never wavered, and the arch that was erected through their efforts stands on a foundation more firm than the adamantine

rock. Its key-stone is that great truth—"all men are created free and equal." That glorious structure will remain a monument of lasting honor to the architects and to our nation long after the empire of its oppressors shall have sunk into "oblivion's murky bed."

At Lexington the first blood of the martyrs of the Revolution was shed, and,

"Fast as the fatal symbol flies,
In arms the Hudson hamlets rise,
From winding glen, from upland brown,
They poured each hardy tenant down,"

all anxious to rear aloft Freedom's standard.

As the Israelites of old, in their flight from the bondage of Egypt into the promised land, were fortified and consoled by the figure of Moses, so also was the colonial army, during her eight years of resistance to oppression, strengthened and encouraged by the brave men who stood in the front rank, and by their courage and example filled with enthusiasm our weary troops in many a well-fought field of death. Where shot and shell were thickest there was to be found Putnam, or Green, Marion, Jones, or some of the brave officers who gave their talents, their blood, their lives, for the salvation of their country. But superior to them all rises in towering grandeur one calm, earnest, steadfast patriot who, by his indomitable will and perseverance, organized the scattered forces of the colonies into an army of formidable unity. "He stood for liberty and truth," and dauntlessly led until shouts of victory gave forth the name of Washington.

The same quiet endurance, heroic gallantry, confidence in God that marked the officers was visible in the ranks of that valiant army. Day and night they toiled, cold, half-famished and weary, but still undaunted. Love of country was their absorbing passion, and, urged on by this grand impulse, these brave volunteers faced without terror the death hurled from the muzzles of the enemies' guns. Under the shadow of that divinely protected banner they, by prodigies of valor, hewed their way through the enemies' ranks, and emerged from the grime and smoke of that fierce conflict—free men.

Europe is adorned with monuments of art which have been erected to commemorate great victories and to perpetuate the memory of noble sons. But our heroes have carved with their own hands an imperishable inscription that will remain untarnished and unstained long after the marble columns reared to their memory by posterity shall have mouldered into dust. The Empires of antiquity are no more. Carthage, Greece and Rome are buried in the mist of

ages, but their classic ruins still remain to tell the story of what they once were, and stand as warning to all nations against party strife, civil dissensions and lust for gain.

As the devoted son affectionately clings to the fond mother who cared for and protected him in his infancy, so also we should bear a strong attachment towards this glorious land that affords us home and happiness. For over a century its course has been upward and onward, and its loyal citizens have dwelt in peace, prosperity and unity. But let us take heed by the fate of the republics of old, and keep burning brightly the fire of true patriotism. And while other nations fall by the way-side and weaken in the struggle, the American republic "shall flourish in immortal youth, unhurt amid the war of elements, the wreck of matter and the crush of worlds."

S.

The Sonnet.

Although in a certain sense a sonnet may be regarded as being unable to afford sufficient space for expressing the sentiments on a conceived subject on account of its peculiar construction, as well as being too concise for portraying the character or delineating nature's form, still it may be considered as having its qualities, and never fails to perform its duty, so to speak, when directed by a sound judgment, an accuracy in describing, a knack at painting in glowing colors that which is conceived or presented by the imagination. A sonnet consists of fourteen decasyllabic lines, generally composed of two quatrains and six tercets, made up of the first eight lines and last six respectively. In the quatrains there are two rhymes, the mean and the extreme; the first with the fourth, the second with the third, and so on. In the tercets the rhymes are arranged with greater liberality, there being generally two rhymes following each other in order. Many other arrangements may be found, especially among the sonnets of Milton, Wordsworth, and others, regarding the six last lines.

The sonnet seems to have derived its origin from the Italians; for in their language are found the oldest specimens extant, such as those written by Ludovico Veruaccia, and Piero delle Vigne in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries. It however received the finishing touch, and was carried to its highest perfection, by Petrarch, an Italian by birth, who flourished in the fourteenth century. It is said, and by good

authority, that his Italian poetry, entitled "Rime de Petrarca," includes no less than 300 sonnets, principally written at Vaucluse, his transalpine Parnassus, disturbed only by the sweet and melodious voice of the singing-bird and the harmonious sounds of Nature's voice in the distance. These sonnets, which have never been surpassed, are particularly distinguished for harmony, delicacy of expression, elegance, and sentiments in conformity with the subject clearly expressed. The other principal Italian sonnet writers were Torquato Tasso and Filicaja.

The sonnet obtained considerable favor in Spain, where it was introduced as early as the fourteenth century, and, according to the authority of Ticknor, the number of sonnets produced during the two following centuries far exceeded that of all the ballads of which the language was possessed. The French, on the other hand, disregarded the sonnet from the very first, and in the seventeenth century it fell into ridicule altogether. The sonneteers that wrote in German are Teick, Uhland, Bürger, Novalis, and a few others. Henry Howard, Earl of Surrey, who lived in the reign of Henry VIII., was the first Englishman that composed sonnets after the Italian model. He made the acquaintance of Petrarch and other Italian poets while travelling in that country, studied their style and adopted it as the basis of his own. His sonnets possess many fine qualities, but in them "we are surprised to find nothing of that metaphysical cast that marks the Italian poets, his supposed models, especially Petrarch." Spenser, Shakspeare, Sidney, Drummond and others wrote numerous sonnets. The sonnets of Spenser are in conformity with the rest of his poetical works. Those of Shakspeare, numbering about a hundred and fifty, can scarcely bear the name, as they deviate too much in their construction from the Petrarchan model.

The sonnets of Sir Philip Sidney, on which so many praises have been bestowed for their admirable and fascinating qualities, are, on the whole, fine specimens of this peculiar form of metrical composition. The reader, however, will find in them many conceits—many of those elaborate and overwhelming expressions puffed up by a kind of fancy that fails to convey in almost every instance the natural sentiments with which he was inspired. Drummond's productions in this department form a considerable part of his poetical works, and far surpass them in beauty and elegance of style; they are of an elevated character, exhibiting feelings of a natural order and sentiments well defined. They are universally admired, and generally consid-

ered worthy of the age in which they were written. Milton's sonnets are for the most part constructed after the genuine Italian form, and may be justly considered among the best in the language. The other sonnet writers of note were Warton, Bowles, Helen Maria Williams, Charlotte Smith and William Wordsworth. It seems that Warton had a peculiar turn of mind for writing sonnets, some of which are deserving of merit for picturesqueness as well as a simple and graceful expression of thought rarely found in so striking a manner; yet they have few admirers at the present day by reason of the stiff and extraneous details that are entered into in all his works. It would seem that nature herself had formed and moulded the mind of William Lister Bowles for possessing all that is real and great in the writing of sonnets. In 1789 he gave to the world his first productions, a small volume of sonnets, which soon passed through as many as nine editions—a fact that goes to show how they were received. "In these sonnets was observed a grace of expression, a musical versification, and especially an air of melancholy tenderness so congenial to the poetical temperament which still, after many years of a more propitious period than that which immediately preceded their publication, procures for their author a highly respectable position among our authors." The sonnet to "Hope," by Helen Maria Williams, was a happy conception in itself; it is very beautiful, and deserving of merit as being the first that she wrote. Those of Charlotte Smith were favorably received, and passed through no less than eleven editions. They are elegant and sentimental in character, and generally of a pathetic nature. The productions of William Wordsworth in this department are all that need be desired. They are too well known to need commentation; suffice it to say that he who reads Wordsworth's works once will read them again, as he finds in them something peculiar to his natural feeling and sentiments—something that touches the heart and excites the imagination; something of an elevated nature; something noble and grand.

In addition to those may be mentioned such names as Edwards, Gray, Drayton, Daniel, Aubrey de Vere, and John Clare. The sonnets of John Clare are singularly rich and beautiful as far as graphic description and word-painting, are concerned. He was evidently a poet of nature, for in his productions may be found that something so pleasing and so well adapted for influencing the nobler part of man, the mind—an imagery and a fancy that were his own.

In reference to the sonnets of Aubrey de Vere it will suffice to say that in themselves they are rich; of an elevated character, and although not possessing the imagination that characterizes the works of our most distinguished authors, they are nevertheless of a cast meditative—of a mould at once natural and strong for expressing the noble thoughts of a high and cultivated mind. They are also of that class or species so useful and so beneficial to youth, who can draw from them sound and wholesome lessons of morality—sound inasmuch as they are the expression of a heart generous and true both to religion and to God: wholesome inasmuch as they convey to mankind nothing that can in the least hurt the feelings or wound the modesty of even the most tender and Christian soul; but on the contrary they concur in promoting sentiments of a religious character and thoughts pertaining to that Supreme Being, the common Father of all, the Ruler and Giver of life. The sonnets of Aubrey de Vere, as also his other works, remind us of the end which all should have in view, no matter how engaged—no matter whether they gain their livelihood by the sweat of their brow or by that laborious and more fatiguing kind of work, the work of the mind. For whatever we have, either physically or mentally, we have it from God. It is, then, our bounden duty to make the best use of the talents or other endowments bestowed on us by God; and we cannot do this—we cannot perform or do what is expected and demanded of us—unless we refer all our actions to God. He should be the end of whatever we do; we should do all for His honor and glory. This should be the ruling desire, the primary object in view. Then will man do his duty as a man, as a Christian; then will he be an honor to his country and himself.

R.

A Ballade of Chivalry.]

"All is lost but Honor."

The poet ever sang his lay
 Sublime, to gain the highest spot,
 To hold an undisputed sway,
 To praise the valiant heroes' lot;
 Heroes of old are not forgot,
 The poets prove 'twas not in vain,
 You all vile meanness tried to blot,
 O that you might achieve again!

Ah, me! your deeds of bygone day
 Are done, and now, alas! are not;
 But still they shine with fairest ray.
 Though in their graves your bodies rot,
 To-day the gambler and the sot

May boast and all your deeds profane,
 They cannot influence tower or cot,
 O that you might achieve again!

Though cities crumble and decay,
 Your stories make our young hearts hot,
 And drive our timid fears away,
 And bear our souls afar; I wot
 Such thrilling tales of wondrous plot!
 Your graves are on the hill and plain
 Cloth'd with the grass and bergamot,
 O that you might achieve again!

ENVOY.

Heroes of old, more you may not
 Your war-song cry: 'twas not in vain
 You cried it once: you're not forgot,
 O that you might achieve again!

F. THORN, '93.

A Pilgrimage to La Chapelle-Montligeon (Orne), France.

La Chapelle-Montligeon (or Mount of the Legions; for it seems probable that there was a Roman encampment here) is only a humble village of Perche, situated not far from the ancient Chartreuse of Val-Dieu, and about ten kilometres from Mortagne. The soil here is rich, and the country fertile and well cultivated. A rivulet (La Villette) runs between the trees and empties itself in the Huisne.

Above the valley the houses rise in tiers upon the slope of the hill, sheltered on the north by a belt of poplars, and on the east by the forest of Reno Val-Dieu, which formerly re-echoed with the mystic chant of the druids, and where, later on, the sacred songs of the pious cenobites were heard. At the foot of this hill, surrounding the church, is the village, properly so called. Some years ago new buildings were added, and now others are in course of erection, so that in a few years the transformation of the village will be complete. It is in this highly favored spot that the Œuvre Expiatoire has taken root, and spreads its branches far and wide. La Chapelle-Montligeon contains about seven hundred inhabitants. Simple and industrious in their habits, they might have remained forever unnoticed by the world had not their good curé been inspired with the idea to found a confraternity in his parish the aim of which would be to obtain, by means of Masses and prayers, relief for the most forsaken souls in purgatory, and their deliverance from its torments. He had heard their piteous cry for help; his compassionate heart responded to the appeal, and he sought how to aid them in their distress. Work-

ing unceasingly, sacrificing nights as well as days, he brought into form the idea that he had conceived of a "work of deliverance on behalf of those suffering captives of God's justice."

Approved and blessed by M. Trégaro, Bishop of Séez, in whose diocese La Chapelle-Montligeon is situated, in 1884 the Œuvre Expiatoire became a stirring reality. Since that time its progress has been marvellous. Springing up as if by magic in a small, unknown village, it has already spread itself over the world, and its associates number two millions of every rank and condition, from the prelates of the Church to the humblest priest; princes, peasants, noble ladies, simple servants, masters and working people, rich and poor—all vie with each other in their zeal to make known this magnificent work, and help it on for the benefit of the beloved dead. Naturally it flourishes best in France; but it has taken deep root in Belgium, Italy, Switzerland, the United States, Canada, Holland, Algeria, Martinique, Guadeloupe, and Venezuela. Already it has become popular in England, Ireland, Australia, Germany, Austria, and Asia Minor, and has made a beginning in South Africa, New Zealand, and Tasmania. When M. l'Abbé Buguet founded his work he wished to celebrate at least seven Masses weekly, as mentioned on the "Statutes of the Association," approved by Mgr. Trégaro, Bishop of Séez, but that number has been surpassed; for the Œuvre celebrates 1,000 Masses every week. In order to assure the future of the Œuvre Expiatoire, subscription lists are opened in the "Bulletin"; these subscriptions are reserved for foundations of Masses in perpetuity. The contribution for a yearly Mass in perpetuity is £4; for a monthly Mass in perpetuity, £44. This capital is invested in first-class land and house property, and the title deeds are deposited with M. Brière, notary, Mauves.

Already several Masses are assured in perpetuity for the forsaken souls, priests, governesses, soldiers, sailors, servants, working people, etc. Besides the Masses, which are the principal means of helping the souls in purgatory, every day the "Office of the Dead" is recited in the sanctuary in the name of the associates. "Matins and Lauds" are said by the priests of the Œuvre in the morning, and the nuns recite the "Vespers" and the Rosary in the afternoon. Then, when the day's work is over, all the employes meet in the church for evening prayers. This is the time that the recommendations received during the day are read out, and six *Paters*, *Aves* and *Glorias* are recited for all the intentions specified. M.

Books and Periodicals.

CHRISTMAS-TIDE. By Eliza Allen Starr. Published by the Author: 299 Huron St., Chicago, Ill.

Though this exquisite volume is particularly adapted to the Christmas season, yet its pages may be perused with profit at any time of the year. The interest and instruction with which each of the papers abounds can never flag nor be diminished. Especially is this true of the articles on "The Early Madonnas" and "Raphael's Madonnas," which are a critical and devotional study of Christian art and the lessons it imparts. The articles in the little volume are: 1, Christmas; 2, Our Lady at the Crib; 3, Epiphany; 4, The Early Madonnas; 5, Raphael's Madonnas; and Miss Starr's name alone suffices to give an idea of the manner of treatment. A beautiful cover in white and gold, with an artistic etching of the Madonna and Child, encloses the treasures of the book.

GUIDE IN CATHOLIC CHURCH MUSIC. J. Singenberger: St. Francis, Wis.

This work has been prepared in conformity to a decree of the First Provincial Council of Milwaukee and St. Paul, and with a view to secure in all churches the selection of such music as is truly devout and ecclesiastical. Those interested will find the "Guide" all that it claims to be—a valuable aid to the pastor or choir-master by means of which he may present a pleasing variety of good and lawful music. A complete list is given of various Masses, hymns, antiphons, etc., etc., together with the prices and the names of the publishers. The best theoretical works on composition and methods of execution, also works on the history of Church music, are mentioned, which will enable any clergyman or musician to act intelligently and conscientiously in matters pertaining to the musical portion of the Sacred Liturgy. Our limited space prevents us from giving the extended notice of the "Guide" which it deserves; but we can say with all truth that it is a work which should be in the hands of every leader of a Catholic Church choir in the country. The Right Rev. Bishop Marty has written an interesting and instructive preface, and it should be read attentively by all who secure the book.

—The publishers of *The Century* magazine have issued a pamphlet entitled "Cheap Money," containing the articles on Cheap Money Experiments which have been appearing in "Topics of the Time" of *The Century* during the past year or more.

—"Reasonableness of the Ceremonies of the Catholic Church" is the title of a very instructive work from the pen of the Rev. J. J. Burke. It is a clear and concise explanation of the meaning and fitness of the ceremonial of the Church, and may be read with interest and profit by non-Catholics as well as Catholics. Published by Benziger Bros.: New York.

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—Our esteemed contemporary, the *Catholic News*, of New York, honors the SCHOLASTIC this week, by reprinting two articles from our pages: one entitled "Idleness," by Miss E. Adelsperger, of St. Mary's Academy, and the other, "Inconstancy," by Mr. L. S. Vinez, of the University.

—The February number of *The North American Review* contains a very interesting article on "Railroad Accidents" by H. G. Prout, and one that should be heeded by railroad men in general. Although, as the writer states, the statistics were all gathered by private enterprise, and are, therefore, somewhat incomplete; they are, nevertheless, well chosen and ably developed. Out of the thirty-six accidents which he mentions, only one-twelfth were malicious, and only a very few due to defects of the track or equipments. Mr. Prout seems to be strongly in favor of the absolute block system of signals. Generally on crowded roads it facilitates the movement of trains; and if the cost of accidents be taken into account, it can easily be proved by statistics that such a system more than repays its cost. "It is humiliating," he says in conclusion, "but should be encouraging that only about half a dozen of these thirty-six accidents were without fault on the part of the railroad officers or employees. This is encouraging, because it shows that many of the fatal accidents of the year would not have happened under conditions of operation which we may expect may be realized before many years have passed."

Band Concert.

On Saturday, the 6th inst., the students assembled in Washington Hall to listen to a concert by the University band. They expected something above the ordinary standard, and, needless to say, they were not disappointed. The band has been practising long and earnestly since the beginning of the year, and under the leadership of Rev. Father Mohun it has become a musical organization of which the University may be proud. When the students entered the hall at 4.30 the band was seated on the stage ready to begin operations. The entrance of the Rev. President, with the Very Rev. Provincial Corby, was the signal for a storm of applause. Every one was glad to see Father Provincial once more among us after his recent extended tour.

The dulcet strains of the Overture, "Rays of Light," burst forth from the brilliantly polished horns in a flood of melody as soon as the reverend guests were seated. After this came a waltz song by the 'Varsity Quartette who, as usual, were *encored*. They responded with "The Man in the Moon." The plaudits of the audience were sufficient to show how well the Quartette sang. After the Quartette had finished, the band played the Anvil Chorus from "Il Trovatore." Mr. B. Bachrach followed with a flute solo and received an enthusiastic *encore* to which he responded with a *mazurka* by Taylor.

In the second part of the programme the band was *encored* for their rendition of the Knight Waltzes. The audience were then favored with "The Darky's Dream." Mr. Hennessy was called upon to repeat his song, but he did not sing again. The programme is given entire in our local columns.

Taken all in all, the concert was a great success, and showed very well the proficiency to which the band have attained. After the concert our old friend, Father Nugent, addressed the students for a few moments, and the assemblage then dispersed, all expressing themselves as highly satisfied with the entertainment.

D.

Philosophers' Day.

The Angelic Doctor, away back in the Middle Ages, discovered in the volumes of Aristotle the foundation upon which he reared the lofty structure of his sublime genius. And to-day the student burns midnight oil in endeavoring

to extract a block or a stone from the monument. By the light of a candle St. Thomas penned thoughts that his disciples now, with incandescent lights, are struggling to master. Metaphysics exert a delightful fascination for students—a fascination which keeps them awake until the gray dawn of morning appears in the East. Philosophy, without St. Thomas, would be a diamond necklace without diamonds, at least our logicians hold that opinion. To them the brightest day of the year is the 7th of March. And if St. Thomas had been born on the 29th of February—but, banish the thought! With the festival of St. Thomas come some of the pleasantest recollections of our College days, the ties which bind the more closely the student to his *Alma Mater*.

* * *

7th of March, St. Thomas' day, 1892, Notre Dame, 12.30 o'clock; Elkhart, 1.30 o'clock; Notre Dame, 7 o'clock. In a confused mass the events of the day crowd upon us, from the time, all light-hearted and gay, we sat down to obey the injunction "do justice" to the substantial spread in the refectory—and even the bandaged-eyed goddess, could she have seen the tables, would have been satisfied—to the time when darkness, "falling from the wing of night," saw us back again.

And now the train is off. "All aboard!" has been heard, and, speeding over the rails, the engine carries the excursionists. Ontology, Cosmology, Private Ownership, and the Rights and Duties of man in society, etc., etc., are all jumbled together with the revolutions of the car wheels which every moment bring nearer the promised land. And Elkhart, fair as the smoke of innumerable engines would permit, was reached. From the crowded car to the long-winding street was but the work of a moment. In twos and threes, with sweeping strides, the gallant forty-two took possession of Main street. The town people gazed in wonder—the mayor, surprised, forgot to present the freedom of the city; but we didn't mind the slight,—we took it anyway. Some, afraid that by walking all the beauties of the city could not be seen, hired rigs. Among that number was the gentleman from Minneapolis. But we will draw, not a veil, 'tis too gauzy—a thick canvas will do—around the student who drove a blind horse all over the town. The "old settler," upon whose shoulders the cares of many years weigh as lightly as does the downy moustache upon the lip of his Chicago friend Sullivan, viewed complacently the attempts of the young men to enjoy themselves and—"well

he was young himself one day," some one said. But who is that who walks with such a majestic mien, such a "*veni, vidi, vici*" air, through the streets? Is it our old friend Alwin, who has had greatness thrust upon him by "ye local ed.?" Yes, it must be; that martial figure could belong to no other. But all the constellations in the heavens would pale to insignificance if compared to him now. All things human have an end. We would like to speak of the Chesterfieldian Count, of McAllister, Coady, of Campanini Murphy, all of whom Elkhart will ever cherish in grateful remembrance, but space forbids. The city having no place of interest which had not been seen, the students returned to Notre Dame refreshed and encouraged.

The day was done, and darkness brought repose to many joyous hearts. The excursion was a complete and unqualified success; the graphic accounts given by each participant are alone sufficient to prove this. The hearty thanks of both classes are due the Rev. President of the University, and the Rev. Professor of Philosophy, Father Fitte, for the most agreeable outing of the year, and one of the pleasantest periods of our school life. F.

Lotteries and Gambling.

In the February number of the *North-American Review* there appeared an article by Anthony Comstock on "Lotteries and Gambling." Certainly Mr. Comstock uses very strong language; but for the greater part it is strictly just. He calls things by their proper names when he says that lottery is gambling, and has been the corruption of most of Louisiana's officials.

Without doubt, betting and gambling are two of the greatest evils of the age, and it is, indeed, difficult to put down these vices when there is a concern flourishing under the very eye of the Government, approved of by the State in which it is. I speak of the Louisiana Lottery Company. The prizes offered by this concern are indeed tempting. The man who spends a dollar for a twentieth part of a ticket builds up his air castles on the hoped-for drawing, little thinking that ninety-nine thousand nine hundred and ninety-nine are doing just the same thing.

Some one does win. He who does is very lucky. That this Louisiana Lottery Company does not find favor in the eyes of the higher classes is evident from the fact that the entrance of tickets has been forbidden into most of the states. No railroad will carry them. That the State of Louisiana permits such wholesale rob-

bery to go on within its limits is a shame to the State. In my opinion it remains only for the Government to put a stop to such an institution.

But this is not the only form of gambling in the country. In most of the large cities where ordinances are passed forbidding gambling, while the police raid the insignificant places, in the larger and more refined establishments gambling is carried on without interruption. In Chicago, on State street, near Congress there is a large place called a saloon; but no drink ever passes that bar except in the day time. At night the doors are thrown wide open and a game called "craps" goes on continually. Not only thieves and loafers take part, but young men, ambitious, seeing what great chances there are for making money quickly, venture their little piles on a throw of the dice. They may have a streak of luck and win quite a sum. If they do win they keep on playing until they lose it all; should they lose their own money first they go away leaving the proprietors that much richer. Police pass the place frequently on their beat, but never think of disturbing the fun. This kind of gambling, also pool selling, should be looked after. B.

An Arithmetical Brain-Twister.

Who among the bright arithmeticians will be the first to solve the following genuine problem?—

Brown's library is 25 ft. long, 18 ft. wide, 12 ft. high. His books are arranged on six shelves of equal length, each shelf containing books of uniform size and price. On the lowest shelf, A, each book is 1 ft. long, 8 in. wide; and the number on that shelf is just two-thirds the number on the highest shelf, F. On second shelf, B, each book is 10 in. long, 7 in. wide; and the number on the shelf is one-half the number on fifth shelf, E, which holds as many as shelves A and F together. On third shelf, C, each is 8 in. long, $4\frac{1}{2}$ in. wide; and there are twice as many on the shelf as on fourth shelf, D, or just as many as on shelves A, B and F. Each volume on shelf D is $7\frac{1}{4}$ in. long, 4 in. wide; each on shelf E is $5\frac{3}{4}$ in. long, $3\frac{1}{4}$ in. wide; and on shelf F each is 5 in. long, 3 in. wide and $2\frac{1}{2}$ in. thick. The price of each book on the lower shelves is one and a half times the price of each on the next higher shelf; and the price of each on the highest shelf, F, is just as many cents as there are books on that shelf. Brown desires to sell his books, and receives the following proposals: Jones tells him he will

give him for the books as much of a city lot, worth \$12.00 a square foot, as the books, being closed, can completely cover. Smith says he will give a cent apiece for the first fifty volumes, two cents apiece for the second fifty, and so on, doubling the price per book in each successive fifty. Black offers to buy the books at 75 cents a pound, allowing $1\frac{1}{4}$ oz. avoirdupois for a solid inch of book. Green offers for the books as much marsh land, worth \$300.00 an acre, as can be enclosed by a rope equal in length to the longest continuous line that can be formed by the books, they being closed; and he will add a dollar bill for every inch in the longest straight line that can be drawn in Brown's library. While calculating the relative advantages of the different offers, Brown dies of "twisted-brain"; and his widow, mindful of the Indian king's reward to the inventor of chess, immediately closes with Smith's offer. The books are sent to the latter, snugly packed in six cases of equal size, each case being just as wide and as high as it is long, and all being made of two-inch plank. Mrs. Brown discovers that, were the dimension of a case 12 inches each way, she could, by removing the shelves from the library, place in that apartment three times as many cases as there are inches in the combined lengths of those shelves; and Smith discovers that it is expedient for him to assign to his creditors. He does so, and Mrs. Brown receives, of the amount due her, only fifteen cents on the dollar. With the proceeds she erects to the memory of Mr. Brown a monument seven times as high as one of the cases in which the books were packed, paying for it a sum equal to one half the cash equivalent of Jones' offer, plus three-fourths the cash equivalent of Black's, plus one-eighth the cash equivalent of Green's.

Required: the height of the monument, the original cost of books, and the amount of surplus funds still left in Mrs. Brown's hands from their sale.

Exchanges.

—The editors of *The University Mirror* are considering the advisability of changing the name of their paper to *Bucknell Mirror*, in our opinion, a much more appropriate name than that which it now bears. *The Mirror* contains some excellent literary articles and an abundance of local news.

—*The College Echo*, with its editorials on the interesting events of the day, its pointed locals, and its racy written exchange department, is

always anticipated with pleasure. The essays, though sometimes dealing with questions which are a trifle heavy, are thoughtful, and reflect great credit on the students of St. Edward's College.

—The *Vanderbilt Observer* is one of the best of the Southern college journals which come to us. The essays in the January number are, for the most part, interestingly written, although here and there one meets with something below the average. "University Education of the Middle Ages," for instance, is written in a style that might be said to be almost catalogue-like. A paper on the deceased poet, Lowell, and a highly appreciative and spicily written essay on that gifted Southern singer, Paul Hamilton Hayne, deserve special mention. The exchange department is admirably handled. The local column is not as local in character as it should be. Taken all in all, however, *The Observer* is among the most readable of our exchanges.

—We acknowledge with pleasure the receipt of the first number of *The Catholic School and Home Magazine*, edited by the Rev. Thomas J. Conaty, D. D., Worcester, Mass. The reputation which Father Conaty has acquired as a polished orator and an uncompromising advocate of temperance, would lead one to fancy that he has, on account of his duties as a preacher and lecturer, but little time to devote to literary work; but, in view of the magazine which we have before us, it would be rash to come to such a conclusion. *The Catholic School and Home Magazine* will, we hope, succeed in accomplishing the good at which it aims—"the cultivation of the hearts and minds in which God has planted, in Holy Baptism, the seeds of every virtue and of all true knowledge."

—*The University Cynic* of March 2 contains a very sensible editorial on "the short story in college papers." While the short story undoubtedly holds a high place in the literature of the day, and is justly popular amongst the great majority of readers of fiction, nothing is more insipid than the work of a novice ignorant of the art of story-telling and possessing no sympathy for the characters which he attempts to portray. It rarely happens that students produce short stories of great merit; but, nevertheless, their efforts in this branch of literature, as in others, should be encouraged by college papers. Very few of our exchanges ever attempt the short story, though most of them—the *Cynic* included—would be rendered brighter and more entertaining by an occasional deviation from the essay form of composition.

—The *Elite Journal* of February 19, in a very well-written essay, attempts to decide "The Destiny of the College Graduate." According to the writer in the *Journal*, college graduates cannot expect to compete successfully in the ordinary affairs of life with men who have had a business training, until a complete reformation is made in the present system of education. Almost every one will admit this; but why should not college graduates be equal to business men in spelling? The writer in the *Journal* implies that they are not, and brings forward proof which, as regards the students of the Wesleyan University, cannot be controverted. He says:

"At an examination in spelling given a few years ago at the Illinois Wesleyan University to the entire literary department, but seven of two hundred and fifty collegians correctly spelled ninety words out of one hundred pronounced at random from a common spelling-book. Some, indeed, misspelled over sixty, and of these a portion now flourish the institution's sheepskin."

While we cannot refuse to accept the testimony contained in the foregoing passage as to what actually occurred on the occasion referred to, will the writer in the *Journal* permit us to suggest that *random* pronunciation is not, as a rule, conducive to correct spelling?

—The February number of *The Wabash* is particularly interesting because of a paper on "The Value of Higher Education" by David Starr Jordan, LL. D. Anything from the pen of President Jordan is sure to commend itself to the friends of education, and "The Value of Higher Education" is no exception to the rule. It is full of practical information that cannot fail to interest both student and professor. From *The Wabash* we clip the following:

"The recent purchase of a photo-micrographic apparatus for the Biological Department is a most valuable and useful addition to that department. It is a very fine instrument imported by Zeiss, of New York, and is the only one of the kind in the State, and one of very few, in the country."

Wabash College certainly deserves great praise for the enterprise which it shows in thoroughly equipping itself for the pursuit of biological studies; but isn't *The Wabash* a little astray in its information about the photo-micrographic apparatus? We are under the impression that Carl Zeiss is the manufacturer, not the importer, of the apparatus, and that he lives in Jena, Germany, not in New York. Mr. Emmerich, of New York, is the only importer in this country who deals in articles manufactured by Zeiss. This is, perhaps, a matter of no great importance; but even in such matters accuracy is desirable.

Obituary.

REV. CHRISTOPHER KELLY.

With the deepest regret we have learned the sad news of the death of the Rev. Christopher Kelly, Rector of St. Rose's Church, Brodhead, Wis., who departed this life at his pastoral residence on the evening of the 7th inst. Father Kelly was for a number of years connected with the University and highly esteemed by all the members of the Faculty and the students at Notre Dame. In 1881, he was affiliated to the archdiocese of Milwaukee, where he labored zealously and efficiently, and was greatly honored by his fellow-members of the clergy, and deeply beloved by those to whose spiritual wants he ministered. He was a man gifted with talents of a high order and endowed with a kindness of disposition that secured the friendship and esteem of those with whom he came in contact, and contributed not a little to the great success which attended him in the work of the Sacred Ministry. Though comparatively young at the time of his death—he was in his 39th year—he had already accomplished much for the good of religion, and enjoyed a high prestige in the archdiocese. May he rest in peace!

—Mr. James Mooney, father of Christopher H. Mooney, of the Senior department, died at Chicago on the 9th inst. On the same day Mr. William Lindeke, father of William Lindeke, also of the Seniors, died at Minneapolis. Both students have the sincere sympathy of their Professors and fellow-students in their sad bereavement.

Local Items.

- St. Patrick's day.
- We are *marching* along.
- Nobody was on the *bier*.
- Oh, the *belles* of Elkhart!
- They were *sore-in* the Hall.
- Vale! Vale! *carissima hiems*.
- What about the one-eyed horse?
- Did you see the "Two Germans?"
- Some were tired about the "Midway."
- The sun got caught when it was *spotted*.
- Could each one mind his own business?
- The spot on the sun was *spotted* allright.
- The robins came, and with them winters.
- The "Darky's Dream" was a *break-down*.
- Bennie was the *Vulcan* of the band concert.
- Are 'ou from the same counthry as meself?
- Socrates saw an *ill cabbage*. Don't tell anybody!
- The sun has the *grippe*—so the astronomers think.
- How was the pump broken? Why, it just got frozen, and—

—Spring poets, beware of that J.! He might J. R. (jar) your ear.

—It would be well if our amateur singers would prepare an *encore*.

—"He stood between the old year and the new." One might think he was *lying*.

—"Two-of-a-kind" speaking nowadays suffices to create a curiosity in the environs.

—After close attention to the French *savant* he has at length learned "to powder his *cue*." (?)

—The music on Saturday evening did not bring down an angel, still it brought down the house.

—The rabble have been ejected from the *Pivot*, much to the amelioration of that famed movement.

—The hopes of the spring poets (?) are blasted—spring has borrowed winter's snow-white livery.

—The manner in which one is watched in the study-hall by his companions would lead him to think he was a maniac.

—Master H. Bearss won the medal for high jumping, clearing five feet two inches, and not Mr. Bauer, as erroneously stated in our last issue.

—St. Patrick's Day

The band will play,

And we'll march away with banners gay—

—Saturday is the festival of St. Joseph, Patron of the Universal Church, and in a particular manner of the Congregation of Holy Cross.

—It seems that some of the learned professors were never students, if we judge by the length of the lessons they give for preparation on "rec" days.

—The Carrolls have been offered two medals for football this month. A gold one to be drawn for by the side obtaining the most goals, and a silver one for the other side.

—The Carrolls seem to be a trifle overmatched as regards the stamp contest between them and Brownson Hall, who are several thousand ahead of them. "Facts are stubborn things," else we could not believe it.

—Next Thursday is St. Patrick's Day. The day will be appropriately celebrated in accordance with long-established custom. The Columbians have charge of the entertainment to be given, and that is a sufficient guarantee of its interest and excellence. *Erin go bragh!*

—The grand concert given by the University Band on the 5th inst. was very successful. The following is the

PROGRAMME:

PART I.

Overture—"Rays of Light"..... *Wiegand*
 Vocal Waltz—Messrs. Chute, Schaack, Murphy, Harris
 Anvil Chorus from "Trovatore,"..... *Verdi*
 Flute Solo—"Tyrolerlied,"..... *B. Bachrach*
 Selection from "Erminie,"..... *Jakobowski*
 Trio—for Flute, Violin and Piano, "Evening on the Lake"

PART II.

Overture—"Gaiety"..... *Boyer*
 Serenade..... *Vocal Quartette*

Knight Waltzes.....*Knight*
 Song—"True to the Last".....*F. Hennessy*
 Overture—"Hippodrome".....*Boyer*
 Galop—"Fizgig".....*Dawson*

—MOCK CONGRESS.—The 12th regular meeting of Mock Congress was held Sunday evening, March 6, the Hon. J. Raney, of Mo., in the chair. After the calling of the roll and the reading of the minutes of the preceding meeting, the house resolved itself into a committee of the whole for the consideration of House Bill No. 10, which advocated that the veto power of the United States President be subject to a majority instead of a two-thirds' vote of both houses in Congress. On rising, the chairman of the committee, Representative E. DuBrul, of Ohio, reported that the bill was rejected. As the action of the committee took up the greater part of the meeting, the remaining time was devoted to the introduction of new bills. They were then referred to the different committees. House Bill No. 11, which is to come up at the next meeting, advocates an amendment to the Constitution of the United States to the effect that, after Jan. 1, 1893, the President shall be elected by direct vote of the people.

—We chanced to stray into the tailor-shop the other day, and were at once seized upon by the genial proprietor, who, with the suavity of a veteran politician, insisted upon showing us his preparations for the "Spring Opening." One of the first things that struck us was a magnificent chart showing the World's Fair grounds and buildings, together with lifelike illustrations of sixteen of the most famous Fair officials, dressed in the latest and nobbiest styles of spring suits—a scheme that would certainly do credit to the ingenuity of any "Yankee" advertiser. Then we were shown samples on samples of spring and summer goods, of all prices, and of every conceivable design and variety. Next we were shown the private parlors and the workshop, where a score of nimble hands are all day long busy building into shape the cutter's designs. The opinion we carried away with us was that B. Augustus has a metropolitan establishment of which he may well be proud, and that any student who intends to follow nature and don a new spring suit, in the near future, can do nothing better than give him a call.

—One of the neatest and prettiest entertainments ever given at Notre Dame occurred Saturday, March 6, at the new Mechanical Institute. The guests, the Thespians, Glee Club, Band and Orchestra, on entering were agreeably surprised at the taste exhibited by Professors Egan and Liscombe and Father Regan in the arrangements made for the event. The decorations were charming, the windows trimmed with bunting and national flags, making a canopy for the excellent harpist, Mr. Peak, Sr. The function opened with a grand march led by Mr. Peak, Jr., and Mr. Henry Murphy and thereafter all the guests simultaneously gave splendid exhibitions of suppleness and grace. Professors

Zahm, Ewing, Ackerman, Egan and Liscombe, not forgetting Father Regan, have the thanks of all for making the occasion pass off as nicely as it did. Refreshments were served shortly before ten o'clock, Jonquet being the caterer. After further calisthenic exercises, the party separated. The occasion will long be remembered by the participants as one of the most enjoyable of their college days.

MILITARY.

HEADQUARTERS H. L. G.,

NOTRE DAME, IND., Feb. 22, 1892.

General Orders No. 2.

On and after Feb. 22, 1892, the following will go into effect:

Captain L. P. Chute, assigned to Co. A.
 Captain F. B. Chute, assigned to Co. B.
 Captain A. Robinson, Co. C. resigned and resignation accepted; 1st Lieutenant T. H. Coady, assigned to Co. A; 1st Lieutenant J. J. McGrath, assigned to Co. B; 1st Lieutenant E. Roby, Co. C, resigned and resignation accepted; 2d Lieutenant D. Cartier, assigned to Co. A; 1st Sergeant E. DuBrul, promoted 2d Lieutenant and assigned to Co. B; 2d Sergeant C. Scherrer, promoted 1st Sergeant and assigned to Co. B; 1st Sergeant P. Coady, assigned to Co. A; 3d Sergeant N. Luther, promoted 2d Sergeant and assigned to Co. B; 2d Sergeant G. Lancaster, Co. A, resigned and resignation accepted; 4th Sergeant E. Scherrer, promoted 3d Sergeant and assigned to Co. B; 3d Sergeant W. Ellwanger, assigned to Co. A; 5th Sergeant G. Gilbert, promoted 4th Sergeant and assigned to Co. B; 4th Sergeant E. McGonigle, assigned to A; 1st Corporal J. Tong, promoted 5th Sergeant and assigned to Co. B; 5th Sergeant J. Scallen, assigned to Co. A; 1st Corporal R. Magnus, assigned to Co. A; 2d Corporal J. Rend, promoted 1st Corporal and assigned to Co. B; 3d Corporal H. Cheeney, promoted 2d Corporal and assigned to Co. B; 2d Corporal F. Schillo, assigned to Co. A; Private F. Thorne, promoted 3d Corporal and assigned to Co. B; Private O. DuBrul, promoted 4th Corporal and assigned to Co. B; 3d Corporal W. Lindeke, assigned to Co. A; Private A. Funke, promoted 5th Corporal and assigned to Co. B; 4th Corporal L. Thome, assigned to Co. A; Private E. Dorsey, promoted 6th Corporal and assigned to Co. B; Privates Lee, Marre, Finnerty, G. Funke, Rupples, Vorhang, Bergland, Stone, Fleming, Dickson, F. Thome, Coffmann, Joseph of Co. C, assigned to Co. B. Total membership Co. A, 40; Co. B, 64; Co. C disbanded.

Approved and assigned

WILLIAM HOYNES, *Colonel Commanding;*

T. H. COADY, *Acting Adjutant.*

Roll of Honor.

SORIN HALL.

Messrs. Ahlrichs, Bachrach, Brady, Combe, Carney, L. Chute, F. Chute, Carroll, Dechant, Dacey, DuBrul, Fitzgibbon, Flannery, Hannin, Langan, Lancaster, P. Murphy, H. Murphy, Monarch, Maurus, McAuliff, McGrath, Neef, O'Brien, M. Quinlan,* Rotherth, Sanford, Schaack, Sullivan, N. Sinnott, R. Sinnott, F. Vurpillat, V. Vurpillat.

BROWNSON HALL.

Messrs. Ahlrichs, Arts, Burns, Brennan, J. Brady, E. W. Brown, T. Brady, Beaudry, Brinnin, E. J. Brown, Corry, Corcoran, Cosgrove, Crawley, Cassidy, Correll, Chilcote, W. Cummings, Castenado, F. Cummings, Conroy, Cherrhart, Case, Colby, Doheny, Dinkel, Delaney, Devanny, Egan, Flynn, Foley, Frizzelle, Flannigan, Heneghan, Healy, Hesse, Holland, Henly, Houlihan, Heer Hagan, Hennessy, Hartman, Jacobs, F. J. Kenny, Krost, Klee-kamp, Kearney, W. M. Kennedy, Kelly, Karasynski,

Krembs, Kintzele, Kearns, E. Kenny, Libert, S. Mitchell, McFadden, Monarch, Moxley, D. Murphy, McVean, E. Mitchell, McErlain, F. Murphy, McCarrick, McCullough, Murray, Maynes, Maisen, O'Shea, O'Connor, Patier, Powers, Pulskamp, D. Phillips, T. Phillips, Quinlan, E. Roby, Ragan, Raney, Riordan, Sherman, Stanton, J. Schopp, Thayne, Thome, Vinez, A. Vurpillat, Welsh, Wilkin, Zeitler, Zeller, Meyers.

CARROLL HALL.

Messrs. Ashford, Bauer, Bixby, Barbour, Baldauf, Ball, J. Brown, G. Brown, Byrnes, Brennan, Bergland, Bates, Bearss, Casey, Corry, Covert, Curran, Cullen, Carpenter, Dion, Dix, DeLormier, Duncombe, Dillon, Dillman, Delaney, F. Dempsey, J. Dempsey, Dixon, Dorsey, Evans, Edwards, Fleming, Finnerty, A. Funke, Foster, Fitzgerald, Feehan, Falk, Grote, L. Gibson, Gilbert, Griffin, Gillam, Garfias, Gerner, Hagan, Hilger, Hoban, Hargrave, Hagus, Hittson, Harrington, Johnson, Joseph, Kauffmann, Kreicker, Kindler, Kinneavy, W. Kegler, A. Kegler, Kerker, Levi, Lowrey, Luther, Lane, Leonard, Mills, Mitchell, J. Miller, Marre, Miles, Mahon, Moss, Major, McPhee, McDowell, McLeod, H. Nichols, Nicholson, O'Rourke, Oliver, J. O'Neill, Peake, Prichard, Rogers, Ratterman, Renesch, Rumely, Regan, H. Reedy, C. Reedy, Reilly, Sullivan, Strauss, Sparks, Sedwick, Shimp, Scholer, Sweet, Slevin, Smith, Thornton, Thome, O. Tong, Tallon, Teeter, Thorn, Trimble, Todd, J. Tong, Vorhang, Washburne, Walker, Weaver, N. Weitzel, B. Weitzel, Wellington, Wells, Wagner, Wensinger, Warner, Yeager, Yingst, C. Zoehrlaut.

ST. EDWARD'S HALL.

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

* Omitted by mistake last week.

Class Honors.

COMMERCIAL COURSE.

Messrs. T. Brady, Ball, Bates, Breen, Brown, W. Cummings, Caffrey, Gerner, Girsch, Hawthorne, McCullough, G. McDonald, Major, F. Murphy, Rogers, C. McCarthy, Smith, Thome, Bergland, Bixby, Brennan, Cherhart, Chassaing, Duncombe, Thayne, Warner, Wilkin, Krost, Kintzele, Keigler, D. Kelly, Marckhoff, Nockels, Onzon, Pope, E. Vurpillat, Zeller.

PREPARATORY COURSE.

Messrs. Covert, Dix, B. Weaver, Hagan, Sullivan, Strauss, Sedwick, Todd, Cullen, Sparks, Grote, Lee, DeLormier, L. Gibson, Falk, H. Nichols, Scholer, McDonnell, Sweet, Peake, Barbour, Johnson, Dillon, Griffin, Rend, P. Stephens, Baldauf, Kindler, Yeager, Miller, Kraber, Slevin, N. Weitzel, B. Weitzel, Hittson, Miles, Kinneavy, Lane, Oliver, McPhee, Rumely, Wellington, Prichard, F. Dempsey, Bearss, Brown, Foster, O'Neill, Voorhang, DuBrul, Arvidson, Burns, Henaghan, Palmer, G. Ryan, Walsh, Perry, P. Ryan, Kilkenney, T. Quinlan, Krembs, Whitehead, Pulskamp, Murray, G. Carter, Damskey, Burns, V. Brennan, Healy, J. Brady, Monarch, Cummings, O'Connor, Egan, Baldwin, Harris, Phillips, Arts, Brown, Stanton, Maloney, Zeitler, Kelly, Moxley, Hesse, A. Funke, McErlain, McGonigle, Mitchell, Mag-

nus, Ludlow, C. Roby, Rudd, Ellwanger, Colby, Harris Riordan, Lindeke, E. Roby, Hoeppe, Marmion, Hennessy, Stace, Conroy, Delaney, Mattingly, Nester, E. Kenny, Sabin, Haggen, Maisin, Corry.

List of Excellence.

COMMERCIAL COURSE.

Book-Keeping—Messrs. Major, McDonald, Bergland, Bixby, Chassaing, Duncombe, Nockels; *Arithmetic*—Messrs. B. Weaver, Zeller, Kintzele, W. Kegler, Meyers, Wellington, Ball, Bates, Girsch, Pulskamp; *Grammar*—Messrs. Gerner, Slevin, Baldauf; *Geography*—Messrs. R. Harris, Hesse; *United States History*—F. Murphy; *Reading*—Messrs. Baldauf, Washburne, Brown, Cameron, Chapeze, R. Harris, Hagan, Sibert, T. Monarch, Bixby, Glass, Major, Dillon, Nicholson, Corry, Rumley, Brennan, DuBois, Hilger, Dion, Stone, Lee, Thome, Levi, O'Connor, Duncombe, C. Flemming, Rupel, Shimp, Hagan; *Orthography*—Messrs. Baldauf, Kilkenney, Ball, Breen, McCreary.

PREPARATORY COURSE.

Greek—Messrs. Walker, Murphy, McNamee, Whitehead, Gallagher; *Algebra*—Messrs. C. McCarthy, Puls, kamp, Hagan, Whitehead, Warner, Strauss, Krembs, Sweet; *Arithmetic*—Messrs. Newton, Scholer, Weaver, Yeager, Burns, Miller; *Grammar*—Messrs. Dix, Dion, Kegler, Weaver, Peake, Barbour, Major, Burns, Nichols, H. Brinnan, Cameron, Brown, Downey, Damiskey, Hoeppe, Labelle, Maiser, G. Ryan, Perry, Neville; *Reading*—Messrs. Burns, Gerdes; *Orthography*—Messrs. Burns, Miller; *Geography*—Messrs. Burns, Tod, Healy, Tinnen; *United States History*—Messrs. Tod, Chapeze; *Christian Doctrine*—Messrs. Barbour, Covert, Healy, E. Thome.

A Last Word to Pa.

I.

Your last, dear sir, was like your first:
 You blew your tin-horn witty;
 But mind, good sir, or else you'll burst—
 For song's sake what a pity!
 You well can fling a cutting dart,
 And more, with poison tip it,
 We'd hate to see you lose the art;
 Don't let this quarrel nip it.
 Your "lisping baby J—" with tears
 Indeed pleads lack of learning,
 And yet he hopes in hoary years
 The young he'll not be spurning,
 Nor with an ill-concealed sneer
 To youth as "kids" referring;
 But hold each childish toiler dear
 On wisdom's pathway stirring.

II.

Perhaps, sir, you recall that day,
 When first you wrote a sonnet—
 Was it about a spring-time day?
 Or of an Easter bonnet?
 I fain had thought it were the last,
 You boast so much of knowing,
 And fondly think yourself far past
 The time of good-sense sowing.
 A harvest, sir, you yet may reap
 Of real, useful knowledge,
 Tho' 'twill destroy, and make you weep,
 Your sage-ship of the college.
 So spare your little stock of scorn,
 You'll need it, sir, hereafter,
 Or rue the day that you were born,
 To be the world's great laughter.
 But since, my pa, you've seen it fit—
 A hating pa, how funny!—
 To make yourself, I love your wit:—
 Your most admiring Sonny.

J. R.

St. Mary's Academy.

One Mile West of Notre Dame University.

Saint Joseph.

Who hath not sorrowed, cannot sorrow feel
 For others' sighs and tears;
 The soul which bears not suffering's blessed seal,
 The heart ne'er raised to heaven in mute appeal,
 Through life's cross-shadowed years,
 May be thy friend in days of light and weal;
 But with the sunset of thy joy's brief day
 The golden tints of friendship fade away.

Ah! one there is whose tender heart hath wept
 All griefs that earth can know;
 Long vigils hath his faithful spirit kept,
 While in his arms the Infant Saviour slept,
 Secure from every foe,
 And sheltered from the storms that round Him
 swept.
 If sorrows, then, all souls in kinship bind,
 A friend in holy Joseph wilt thou find.

St. Joseph, spouse of Mary, Virgin fair,
 And near to Mary now;
 St. Joseph, blessed within thine arms to bear
 Her Infant Son, O hear thy children's prayer!
 And in thy love do thou,
 In pity, give our lonely hearts a share,
 That all the sorrows of our life may tend
 To bring us near to thee, our guide and friend!

—Miss Blanche Hellman, of Omaha, an old pupil and friend of St. Mary's is spending a few days at the Academy.

—The classes in Natural Philosophy are much interested in the experiments which illustrate the laws of reflection of heat.

—"Mixed Marriages" was the subject of a strong and eloquent sermon, delivered on Sunday, March 6, by Rev. J. French, C. S. C.

—Certificates in conduct and studies for the month of February were distributed on Sunday last; after which Miss F. Carpenter recited a patriotic poem with spirit, and Miss A. E. Dennison rendered a French selection with pleasing accent.

—After the manner of the old-time spelling bee was an impromptu competition in theoretical music, held by one of the classes on last Saturday. The palm of excellence was awarded Miss B. Davis, though the honor was closely contested by the Misses Sleeper, B. and M. Nichols, S. Meskill and M. Davis.

—Very Rev. Father Corby's presence at the Sunday evening academic reunions is a source

of pleasure and encouragement to all the pupils, and his words of kindly counsel shall long be remembered. At the meeting of March 6 the chief subject of his remarks was devotion to St. Joseph, the Patron of the Universal Church, under whose protection he advised all to place themselves, their studies and all their undertakings.

—The last meeting of the Art Society was one of special interest, for the chief topics proposed for study was the art of illumination. A history of this branch of artistic labor necessarily includes a record of the days when in the monasteries was pursued the noble work of preserving men's thoughts for future generations, and when art and religion walked hand in hand. The various styles of illumination, illustrated by copies, supplemented the historical account, after which Miss T. Kimmell read an interesting chapter on Art, by Gilbert Hamerton.

Solitude.

Homilies on the importance of employing God's time set forth all the benefits derived therefrom, and the evils resulting from its abuse; but while every moment is precious in itself, those spent in solitude are fraught with greatest results. In silence and retirement thought flows more rapidly; reason acts with greater wisdom, and reflection leads to nobler results.

It is in the solitude of the study that the world's greatest literary works have been produced. When Wordsworth wanted material for his poems he did not enter the busy city streets, or seek the society of the gay, but he looked for solitude, and in the most unfrequented spots and in the quiet of the woods, the song of birds, the rustling leaves and music of the running stream, were whispers under whose inspiration he wrote those beautiful poems which seem to be mirrors of nature and which have won for him the title "Poet of Nature." Solitude is an absolute necessity to the student, for it is only in seclusion that successful work is accomplished. The mind naturally occupies itself with passing events, and leaves no thought for study if one is not in seclusion. This is why many leave the busy world and go far away from home to some place where study may be pursued without interruption. Emerson says: "A scholar should embrace solitude as a bride."

Some people are so constituted that they find happiness only when in perfect seclusion; but to the enjoyment of the majority, society is essential; and when such persons are obliged to spend some time in solitude they are actually miserable;

they become morbid and melancholy. The records of the past give us many instances of the beneficent effects of meditating in solitude. How many are there whose names will live forever on the pages of history, who, during the excitement of war and in the fever of conquest, committed most atrocious deeds; but in after-years, when all was at peace, found time to meditate, and repented sincerely for the evil way in which they used their power. Napoleon's career was indeed brilliant; his talents are admired universally; but the years spent on the lonely Isle of St. Helena in exile taught him many lessons and brought him to repentance.

Yet even in solitude one cannot be said to be entirely alone. In the quiet of the study, warm friends seem to speak through one's favorite books. When the poet is seemingly alone his inspirations are living realities to him. Everyone tires of the busy world at times; constant flattery becomes monotonous; defeat embitters us and causes us to long for a few moments away from the world.

When affliction presents itself in some terrible form, the sympathetic expressions of society seem void of sincerity, and then, "solitude is the nurse of woe." It would be well to acquire a fondness for seclusion, to a certain extent, in order that we may not be dependent on others for happiness, and that we may say with the author of "Night Thoughts": "Who thinks it solitude to be alone?" Are we alone when in solitude? Does not fancy create for us a little paradise where none can find entrance but ourselves? In it we place those whom we love best, the knowledge acquired and thoughts suggested from our favorite books; and though we may be far away from those who occupy our thoughts, still their memory makes them seem near. Just as a general before battle maps out all the details of the attack, so do we in our moments of solitude form our plans for the future. Designs are drawn for each day's battle, and according as our views are wise, in proportion will we greet the setting sun with laurel twined about us. And—best gift of lonely hours!—it is when withdrawn from the cares and distractions of busy life that we hold communion with Heaven, and fit our souls for those graces which teach us to be in the world without being of the world.

KATHERINE RYAN.

A right act strikes a chord that extends through the whole universe, touches all moral intelligence, visits every world, vibrates along its whole extent, and conveys its vibrations to the very bosom of God.—*Ex.*

Roll of Honor.

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

SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

Misses E. Adelsperger, Agney, Bassett, Bero, E. Burns, Bell, R. Butler, Brady, A. Butler, K. Barry, Buell, Black, Bogart, Charles, M. Clifford, Cowan, Crilly, Carpenter, M. Cooper, L. Clifford, Dempsey, Duffy, E. Dennison, Dingee, M. Dennison, Fitzpatrick, Field, Griffith, Green, Galvin, Grace, Lucy Griffith, Gibbons, Gage, Haitz, Hellmann, Higgins, Hopkins, Hittson, Hunt, Johnson, Jacobs, Kirley, Klingberg, Kieffer, M. Kelly, Kauffman, Kingsbaker, Kiernan, Kinney, Lynch, Ludwig, Londoner, Lennon, Lancaster, Leppel, La Moure, Lantry, Morse, M. Moynahan, Marrinan, Murison, Moore, Morehead, E. McCormack, D. McDonald, McGuire, M. McDonald, Maxon, McColm, Nacey, Nickel, M. Nichols, B. Nichols, Nester, O'Sullivan, Plato, Patier, Payne, Pfaelzer, Quinn, Robinson, Roberts, Rizer, Russert, Rothschild, Smyth, E. Seeley, A. Seeley, Sena, Shaw, Sleeper, Singler, Thirds, Tod, Van Mourick, S. Wile, G. Winstandley, M. Wagner, Wolverton, E. Wile, Zahm.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

Misses Boyle, Berg, Cowan, K. Coady, Dreyer, Davis, Ford, Field, A. Girsch, Hopper, Kline, Kasper, Meskill, Mills, Nacey, O'Mara, Ryder, Scott, N. Smyth, S. Smyth, Schaefer, Tilden, Whittenberger, Wolverton, Wheeler.

MINIM DEPARTMENT.

Misses Ahern, Buckley, Dysart, M. Egan, Finnerty, Girsch, Keeler, Lingard, Murray, McCarthy, McKenna, McCormack, Palmer, Wolverton.

SCHOOL OF ART AND DESIGN.

HONORABLY MENTIONED.

ELEMENTARY PERSPECTIVE.

1ST CLASS—Misses Kimmell, M. Clifford.
2D CLASS—Misses K. Ryan, E. Dennison.
3D CLASS—Misses Charles, Tod, Hopper, Kinney, L. Schaefer, Kasper, M. Burns, Palmer, A. Girsch, Penge-
mann, E. McCormack, Doble, Byers, Garrity, Londoner,
Schmidt, Boyle, Gage, Tietjen.

PAINTING IN WATER-COLORS.

2D CLASS—Miss M. Fitzpatrick.
3D CLASS—Miss Dempsey.

OIL-PAINTING.

2D CLASS—Miss Plato.
3D CLASS—Misses Dieffenbacher, Marrinan.

GENERAL DRAWING.

SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

Misses Robinson, E. Seely, A. Seely, Roberts, Wolffe, Murison, Black, Clifford, Kieffer, Lantry, Kemme, Wurzburg, Hunt, Agney, Rizer, R. Butler, Jacobs, Kauffman, McCune, Johnson, Dieffenbacher, Higgins, Russert, Wile, Winstandley, Cowan, Singler, Lancaster, Wagner, McGuire, A. Butler, Zucker, Wolverton, Payne, D. McDonald, M. McDonald, Kingsbaker, Maxon, S. Ludwig, Kelly, Klingberg, Duffy, Lennon, Shaw, Hammond, Whitmore, Moynahan, Van Mourick, Welter, Hopkins, Rothschild, Augustine, La Moure, Dingee, Pfaelzer, Dennison, Crilly, Daley, Hittson, A. Cooper, M. Cooper, Culp, Leppel, McColm.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

Misses B. Davis, M. Davis, M. Hickey, Palmer, A. E. Dennison, Baxter, Coady, A. Cowan, Tilden, S. Smyth, N. Smyth, A. Tormey, Field, Whittenberger, E. Wolverton, O'Mara, J. Smyth, Lucy Adelsperger, Nacey, Wheeler, Crandall, Mills.