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The Primrose.

"The primrose I will pu' the firstling of the year."
—Burns.

Now the pale primrose meekly blooms amain,
The first glad offering of jocund spring
To Mother Earth. E'en while the blustering
Of raging March chants weirdly its refrain,
This lovely flower, belovéd of the swain,
Strong in its frailty, fears not the sting
Of scorpioned winds, nor doth it shivering
Crouch 'neath the biting blast, nor e'er complain.

I love the primrose, for in younger days
Oft did I spend a happy hour to find
Where grew this flower fair, through mead and vale;
And now, when older grown, how sweet to gaze
Aback on boyhood's scenes where still my mind
Seeks rest, and blooms the primrose in the dale!
N. E. C.

The Last Days of Stephen A. Douglas.

The members of Congress, in the early days of the year 1861, might be divided into three classes: the Abolitionists, determined, above all else, to get rid of slavery; the Secessionists, unalterably resolved to effect the disruption of the Union; and the Peace Party, whose efforts were directed towards the saving of the Union by peaceful means. Of this last party, Stephen A. Douglas was the acknowledged leader and the most powerful champion. He had a deep, chivalric love for the Union; and held secession to be a violation of the Constitution, of the principles of our Government, and of justice and good faith. Yet he abhorred the thought of a fratricidal war; and was firmly persuaded that the military reduction of the South was impossible. Profoundly convinced that peace was essential to union, and compromise essential

to peace, he suffered himself, as he afterwards confessed, to be deceived by the Southern leaders into believing a compromise possible. Listen to him, in a speech in the Senate, on the 3d of Jan., as he defines his position:

"While I affirm that the Constitution is, and was intended to be, a bond of perpetual union; while I can do no act and utter no word that will acknowledge or countenance the right of secession; while I affirm the right and duty of the Federal Government to use all legitimate means to enforce the laws, put down rebellion, and suppress insurrection, I will not meditate war, nor tolerate the idea, until effort at peaceful adjustment shall have been exhausted, and the last ray of hope shall have deserted the patriot's heart. War means disunion,—final, irrevocable, eternal separation. I am for peace to save the Union."

The fourth of March came, and with it the accession of his life-long political enemy to the Presidency. Douglas attended the inauguration ceremonies, escorted Mrs. Lincoln to the grand ball in the evening, and, indeed, omitted nothing the finest courtesy could suggest to render the social side of the new administration, in spite of the gloom gathering about the city, as brilliant as possible. In political matters, however, he retained all his bitterness towards the "black Republicans"; and still clung, with the desperation of a drowning man, to the hope of compromise.

It was soon evident that the Federal Government would reassert its authority over the rebellious States, and endeavor to enforce it with a strong hand. When, therefore, about the middle of March, a powerful naval armament was fitting out at New York for the purpose of re-possessing the port of Charleston, Douglas vehemently assailed the Administration. He declared that the revenue laws gave the Executive no authority for coercion. In this, plainly, he was scarcely consistent with his previous assertion of the "right and duty of Congress to

enforce the laws, put down rebellion, and suppress insurrection." In assuming this new position, he may have intended, in the language of one of his critics, "merely to emphasize his attitude of mediation." But his action was everywhere taken as a token that the President, at the outset of the struggle, would find himself confronted by the opposition of the whole Northern Democracy—an opposition rooted within the very bosom of the Government, and which, if persevered in, must quickly have proved fatal to any policy of coercion.

Such was the state of affairs when, on the morning of Sunday, April 14, the news of the taking of Fort Sumpter by the rebels came like a thunder-crash, sudden and startling,—the first angry outburst of the storm that had seemed to be far away. It was an event big with consequences in the life of Douglas. It swept away forever all the achievements of his past career; but it opened up a new era of political activity, with fresh opportunities for illustrating his love of country by the most splendid services. Let us see how well he responded to the noble impulses of his heart.

No sooner was he apprised of the capture of Sumpter than Douglas, through a confidential friend, signified his desire to the President for a private interview. It was cheerfully accorded. At half-past seven o'clock, on the evening of that same Sunday, Douglas went to the White House, and there remained closeted with the Chief Executive for nearly two hours. What passed between them on this historic occasion will never fully be known. It is certain, however, that the President exhibited the draft of his call for 75,000 troops, which was given to the press on the following morning, and that Douglas, according to his own statement, advised that the call should be, rather, for 1,000,000 men. It is no less certain that Douglas assured the President of hearty co-operation in all measures looking to the preservation of the Union. In proof of this, it will be sufficient to quote a few lines from a recent "History of Lincoln," by Hay and Nicolay, in the *Century*. For men who profess to write history, these authors, it seems to me, have a strange habit of looking at things from a single point of view. Douglas was guilty of the unpardonable crime of having been an opponent of Lincoln,—of having been a Democrat,—and so his character is to be consigned to posterity as that of an unprincipled wire-puller. No opportunity is lost for impeaching the rectitude of his political purposes. The purity of his motives, even in coming forward, on the occasion of this interview, and unhesi-

tatingly pledging himself and his party to the maintenance of the Union, is, without a shadow of evidence, fearlessly questioned. But facts are eloquent, and here is how the fact is acknowledged:

"Without a moment's hesitation he came forward and placed himself beside Lincoln in defense of the Government—the first as well as the greatest 'War Democrat.' In the face of unprovoked military assault, Douglas waived all personal rivalry and party issues, and assured Lincoln, without questions or conditions, of his help to maintain the Union."

Washington was threatened, and troops from the North were pouring down for the capital's defense. The one railroad from the North ran through Baltimore; and Baltimore, a hot-bed of Secession, threatened to impede their passage. To avoid a conflict which at that time could not but fan into a flame the secession sentiment in Maryland, Douglas suggested to the President the flanking of Baltimore, by transporting the troops from Havre de Grace to Annapolis by sea, and thence marching them across the country to Washington. His suggestion was unheeded. The Baltimore riot of the 19th of April was the consequence. The North was alarmed; while the South, seizing the event as an index of sentiment in the "Border States," was correspondingly emboldened. Lincoln recognized his mistake, and ordered the rest of the troops to Washington by the route Douglas had suggested. The President informed Douglas of the adoption of his plan, whereupon the latter is said to have replied:

"Mr. President, you have made a mistake. Since you have undertaken to bring United States troops through Baltimore, and been resisted, I would now bring them all through it, if I did not leave a brick standing in the city."

Lincoln was not slow to appreciate the value of such aid, counsel and encouragement. Some time afterward, he thus referred to the services of Douglas at this period:

"It was he who first told me I should have trouble at Baltimore, and, pointing on the map, showed me the route by Perryville, Havre de Grace, and Annapolis, as the one over which our troops should come. He impressed on my mind the necessity of absolutely securing Fortress Monroe and Old Point Comfort, and, in fact, I think he knows all about it."

Douglas left Washington for Chicago soon after the close of the extra session of Congress. Everywhere along the way he was received with the intensest enthusiasm. Thousands thronged around him at every important station. The country was aflame with excitement; and each word of his was so much fresh fuel cast upon the fire. In a speech at Belair, Ohio, where his train was delayed by missing a connection, he took occasion to point out, to the vast concourse

gathered from all the surrounding country, the real significance of the secession movement:

"The proposition now is to separate these United States into little petty confederacies. First, divide them into two. Then, when either party gets beaten at the next election, subdivide again; then, when one gets beaten again, another subdivision; and then, when you beat on Governor's election, the discontented will rebel again, and so it will go on."

On the 25th of April he arrived at Springfield; and the legislature of Illinois assembled to hear one of his most fervent appeals for the Union. On the first of May he reached Chicago. He was somewhat indisposed, and symptoms of inflammatory rheumatism began to appear. Nevertheless, a vast assemblage of citizens, irrespective of party, met him at the depot and escorted him to the famous Wigwam, already packed with ten thousand persons, where his arrival was hailed with deafening acclamations. His speech on this occasion was an eloquent appeal to the people of Illinois, of all parties, to rally to the defense of the Stars and Stripes. Here are a few of the closing sentences:

"We have a solemn duty—to maintain the Government. The greater our unanimity, the speedier the day of peace. We have prejudices to overcome, from the few short months since a fierce party contest. Yet these must be allayed. Let us lay aside all criminations and recriminations as to the origin of these difficulties. When we shall have again a country with the United States' flag floating over it, and respected on every inch of American soil, it will then be time enough to ask who and what brought all this upon us."

It was publicly rumored at this time that the command of the Western army was to be tendered to Douglas. It is not certain that the President seriously entertained such an idea; but the condition of Douglas's health precluded an acceptance, even though the position were tendered. The symptoms that had at first showed themselves on the 1st of May grew more alarming; and ten days later we find him confined to his bed, and unable to make use of his arms. He continued, however, the exercise of his powerful influence over his countrymen. He seemed anxious, particularly, that the Democratic party should be a unit for the war. With this end in view, evidently, on the 10th of May he dictated a long letter addressed to the chairman of the State Democratic Committee. The following is an extract:

"I know of no mode by which a loyal citizen may so well demonstrate his devotion to his country as by sustaining the flag, the Constitution and the Union, *under all circumstances*, and under every administration (regardless of party politics), against all assailants, at home and abroad. If we hope to regain and perpetuate the ascendancy of our party, we should never forget that a man cannot be a true Democrat unless he is a loyal patriot."

Noble words and a noble soul! Truly, the mantle of Jackson had fallen upon worthy shoulders. Happy for the nation had a Douglas, rather than a Vallandigham, guided the Democracy during the succeeding stormy years! Happy for the Democracy had the advice of Douglas, to rally to the defense of the Union "under all circumstances," been heeded by the framers of the National Democratic Platform of '64!

By the middle of May, typhoid symptoms had appeared, and his disease assumed a more dangerous character. Yet spiritual matters seemed to cause him but little concern. All the energies of his life had been expended upon the affairs of State; and even thoughts of a swiftly-approaching dissolution were scarcely able to rouse him from the deep religious lethargy of his storm-beaten life. True, his wife was a devout Catholic; and he had himself, more than once, I am told, evinced favorable dispositions towards the Catholic Church. Nay, more, it was once rumored that he had joined the Church on the occasion of his visit to the Eternal City, in 1853. But no positive act had ever borne evidence to the rumor's truth. And now, even when it became evident, toward the latter part of May, that recovery was impossible, one great purpose alone seems to have occupied his soul. Thoughts of the hereafter, of the involved state of his financial affairs, of those nearest and dearest to him, seem to have concerned him but little. All the passion of his lion-like nature had been stirred by the insult to the flag; and death alone, it would appear, could stem the torrent of patriotic purpose that leaped from his heart.

Let me close this brief sketch by the words with which he closed his life. Reader, listen to his dying words, and see if they be those of the political trickster his enemies represent him. It is in the evening of the 4th of June, and death is seen to be near. His devoted wife sits by his bedside. There comes at length a moment of seemingly returning consciousness; and as she bends over him, and, whispering, asks if he has any message to send to his two sons, he seems to rally for a moment, and then, with flashing eye, replies:

"YES. TELL THEM TO OBEY THE LAWS AND SUPPORT THE CONSTITUTION OF THE UNITED STATES."

B.

"I don't suppose," said the teacher, "that any little boy here has ever seen a whale."

"No, sir," came the answer, "but I've felt one."—*Washington Evening Star*.

Spring-Longing.

I.

Oh, I long for gentle spring!
 Loveliest time of all the year,
 Then the thrushes sweetest sing
 Songs delicious to the ear.

II.

Flowers of fairest tints are seen—
 Daisies, pink-eyed, bright and fair,
 Grow upon the glistening green,
 While the skylark seeks the air.

III.

Sweet it is on spring's soft morn
 Roaming through a verdant vale
 Plucking cowslips that adorn
 Meadows kissed by every gale.

IV.

By a brooklet stand to hear
 Music played by flirting waves
 As they babble shining clear
 Flowing to where ocean laves.

V.

This is spring, and oh, how grand
 Are the scenes we then behold!
 Voices tuned to numbers bland
 Charm the heart however cold.

VI.

Oh, I long for gentle spring!
 That dear time of loveliness,
 When the larks again take wing,
 And all nature dons new dress.

T. J. H.

The Children in Shakspeare.

Shakspeare's work is, in every sense of the term, that of a creative genius; for though he used the moulded clay of other men, yet was it he, and he alone, who breathed into it the mystery of life; who gathered handfuls of dust by the wayside and changed them into merry, laughing, innocent children. A few strokes from the magic pen of the great poet seemed to suffice for the production of the most realistic image; not confined to a mere representation of the physical attributes of his subject, but mirroring the deepest recesses of its mind and heart. Thus, though the child-creations of Shakspeare play but minor parts, yet so potent is the touch of his master-hand that each seems a perfectly developed character; his art, like that of ancient Greece, making the hidden vine-leaf as perfect as the central arch. And so it is that one finds almost as much matter for study and comment in the children of Shakspeare, as he does in his men and women. All that I aspire to, however, is to make a few brief character sketches in black and white, entirely unadorned with the colors of imagination.

Mamillius, in the "Winter's Tale," illustrates

a type of life which we seldom see in our northern climates, but which is very common beneath the sunnier skies of Sicily. There the hot blood rushes through the arteries; there a lad of fourteen is as well developed as a northern youth of eighteen. Shakspeare, with his wonderful and seemingly intuitive insight into the fitness of things, always takes this into consideration. In reading "Romeo and Juliet," one forms his idea of Juliet as at least eighteen years of age, yet Capulet, her father, says:

"My child is yet a stranger to the world,
 She hath not seen the change of fourteen years."

So with Mamillius: though but a child, he already has the proud and daring spirit of a young man of his time. He is full of the valor of youth, which sees a world before it waiting to be conquered, which is blind to all obstacles, or views them only as the steps by which to mount. Straightforward even to bluntness in his speech and manners, brave and haughty before his father and the world, yet gentle and loving toward his mother, few minor characters of the great poet interest us as does that of Mamillius.

In the "Merry Wives of Windsor" one finds a brief description of an Elizabethan schoolboy of, perhaps, nine or ten years of age. This is William Page, evidently an excellent scholar, and yet rather stupid withal; knowing his Latin cases to perfection, but not comprehending in the least the ready wit of Quickly. Altogether he is absolutely true to many good little boys of our day, crammed with facts and figures, but utterly at a loss to derive anything therefrom.

The son of Macduff is a very unpleasant youth. He is too cold and cynical, too worldly wise; such a boy as one would imagine Richard III. to have been, already parasitic-like, regarding mankind as the tree from which he must suck his sustenance. Jestings with his mother over the supposed death of his father, and the probability of his soon having a new one, respecting her but little, and almost utterly devoid of any sort of love for her, we cannot deplore the fate which destroyed an embryo pessimist; one who could not have bettered the world, and who would most probably have made it worse by his existence. It is true that his last words show a fear for the welfare of his mother; but this return of childish love would scarcely have appeared had he been permitted to live. The bravery with which he faced his murderers is the only worthy attribute which may be assigned to him; and even this is little more than the desperate valor of a creature brought to bay. Lack of moral and intellectual training during his earlier years produced in this son of Macduff a corrupted heart and soul. He is not an ordinary child, but rather an exceptional one. Were all children of this type, the world would soon become, as Hamlet saw it through his troubled eyes—"an unweeded garden, that grows to seed."

Gladly do we turn from this picture of perverted childhood to that of the true-hearted

pure-souled little Prince Arthur in "King John." He is a gentle lad, little fitted by nature or art for a prince's estate, but rather for that of a shepherd boy, tending his flocks on the hillside. Pomp and power have no charms for him; he even regrets his royal parentage, and wishes he were the chamberlain's son, so that he might be merry all his life, unoppressed by cares of state and plots of jealous relatives.

Though so young, he feels the net in which his life is enmeshed; he says:

"I would that I were low laid in my grave;
I am not worth this coil that's made for me."

Deprived of parental sympathy and devotion, surrounded by enemies, he casts all the wealth of his long-pent-up love on Hubert, the chamberlain. The latter is ordered by the king to put out Arthur's eyes; and such a powerful sway had the word of a monarch over the minds of his subjects in those days that he dares not refuse. But when he comes into the presence of the gentle little prince, and hears his words of love and sympathy, his soft and tearful pleading, the will of the king is as naught; Hubert cannot do the deed, but, taking Arthur to his heart again, resolves to serve no other master. Such a picture of purity and innocence, amid debauchery and corruption, is a familiar one to students of Shakspeare. The black background only serves to throw into stronger relief the chaste soul and pure heart of Arthur.

Little York, in "Richard the Third," is the brightest, wittiest of lads. His good-natured raillery falls on all alike, except his uncle Gloucester, toward whom he has a special prejudice and dislike. Upon his head he showers all the sharpest darts, the most biting sarcasms. York is not in the least daunted by the cold and harsh nature of Gloucester, but seems rather to enjoy it, as a fit subject for his jests. Every peculiarity of speech or manner is noticed by the little critic, and commented upon in the most satirical tone. He had the intuitive feeling of aversion toward his uncle, which so often enables children to distinguish enemies from friends. When he found that his uncle wished him to go to the Tower, he immediately voiced his distrust of Gloucester's motives in placing his brother and himself in this gloomy place, where his uncle Clarence had been so foully murdered but a short time before. It is no wonder that Richard hated and feared the little scoffer, for he must have been a very sharp thorn; indeed, in his uncle's side.

The character of Prince Edward is very dissimilar to that of his brother of York. The light, boyish side of his nature has been softened down by his sad experience of the evils of his father's court, and the scarcity of true friends around the throne. He sees each man struggling for his own advantage, regardless of the means of its attainment; and through all this chaos of conflicting purposes, he sees Gloucester steadily mounting toward the throne, barrier after barrier falling before his bloody and unscrupulous

hands. With these and similar thoughts to dwell upon, what wonder that Edward became gloomy and silent, that his speech had always a sad undertone?

Unlike his brother, he had much more than a presentiment of coming evil from his uncle's ruthless ambition. He knew that Gloucester's course of crime had become too deep and too rapid to be checked by the feeble and unprotected lives of his brother and himself. He felt that they were doomed; that it was only a matter of time and opportunity when Richard would take means to seize the long-coveted crown. When he came to London and met Gloucester he thought of murdered Clarence, and said he wished there had been more uncles there to welcome him. When Gloucester thereupon replied: "God keep you from them and from such false friends!" he said: "God keep me from false friends! but they were none," a prayer he well knew to be of present need. When his uncle spoke of the Tower as his place of residence all his fears of foul play were strengthened; but he knew how useless it would be to complain, so he merely said he did not like the place. The Tower brought up thoughts of its founder, Julius Cæsar, and soon the young prince was pondering over the deeds of that ancient hero. He forgot all his fears, and in a burst of enthusiasm cried out:

"An I live until I be a man,
I'll win our ancient right in France again,
Or die a soldier, as I lived a king."

But when his brother York said that he dreaded to go to the Tower for fear of Clarence's ghost, the bitterness of his ill-fated life came over him again, and he said:

"I fear no uncles dead."

Then, with his heart burdened with sad forebodings, he went to the Tower never to return.

These two gentle and loving lads, clinging to each other while the tempest of sin and crime sweeps round them, are worthy productions of the immortal "Bard of Avon."

M. JOSLYN, '93.

A Youthful Genius.

Paul Henry Wood was born in Elgin, Ill., on Sept. 11, 1872. Shortly after his birth his parents removed to Chicago, and lived for some time in the parish of St. Columbkille, where, as his father was a convert to Catholicity, Paul received baptism at the hands of Rev. Thomas Burke, rector of the church. From infancy the child gave numerous evidences of being designed for the career of an artist. His boyish efforts with the pencil and brush were noted and commented on by many observing persons who predicted for him a bright future. When leaving home to attend to his business, Paul's father made it a practice to select some little picture for his children to copy, in order to keep them occupied during his absence. When he returned in

the evening he would call for the result of the day's work. To this practice Paul attributed his love for art.

In 1877 or '78 the family removed to the village of Englewood, near Chicago, where they resided five years. Here Paul's schoolboy days began. He attracted the attention of his teachers, not only on account of his facility with the pencil, but also for his personal qualities. He seemed apart from other children, and living in a different intellectual atmosphere. His distinguishing characteristic was a thoughtfulness and dignity far beyond his years. He had no intimate associates; he made no confidants, and hardly ever allowed himself to have even a companion. He seemed self-poised, so to speak, and evidently found his chief pleasure in his own thoughts, and in communing with nature in the fields and woods near his home. The only persons he cared for were his parents, brothers and sisters.

In the earliest stages of his development, the child's most striking efforts were chiefly battle scenes. His ardor was heightened by stories of the war related by his father, a veteran of the army of the Potomac, and intensified by viewing Phillipopoteau's celebrated panorama "The Battle of Gettysburg." The boy's imagination became inflamed with the desire of reproducing the picture, and he made sketches of parts of the painting, which, though crude, were truly wonderful in realistic effects. At this time he was about twelve years of age, and had received no instruction in drawing or any other branch of art.

About 1883 Paul removed with his parents to Chicago, and later attended St. James' Parochial School, conducted by the Sisters of Mercy. Here he became solidly grounded in the fundamental principles of Christian Doctrine and in the common English branches. In St. James' Church he made his First Communion, and there he was confirmed by Archbishop Feehan.

His teacher noticed with what facility he made pencil portraits of his companions, and in 1885 she called the attention of the directress of the Art Department of St. Xavier's Academy to the work of the little fellow. Sister M. Pius, herself an artist of distinction, examined several pictures made by the lad, and later witnessed the extraordinary ease with which he used his pencil. She quickly discovered his genius, and asked the Mother Superior to permit her to give the prodigy instruction in art. Under her gentle guidance, Paul's budding genius received the encouragement and fostering care so necessary at that early stage. She taught him the elementary principles of drawing and portrait painting. The boy's progress was remarkable. In a few weeks he was able to paint faces which, though harsh in line and shadow, still had singularly lifelike expressions.

His tastes and inclinations continued in the direction of military life, and his best pencil drawings were generally battle scenes. The war

panorama or cyclorama craze was at its height in the summer of 1885. One enterprising gentleman went into the business of preparing panoramas for exhibition throughout the country. For this purpose he erected a large building at Englewood. His attention having been attracted by evidences of Paul's genius, he told him he could, if he liked, take his place among the painters and work up a portion of one of the canvases. Paul did so, and worked on three of the panoramas, giving entire satisfaction. The regular painters became jealous of him, and conspired to make things disagreeable, because they believed that his work was injuring their own business prospects, so he discontinued his labors, much to the disappointment of the proprietor. One of the pictures, a battle of Gettysburg, on which he painted is in St. Paul.

Until 1887 our young artist received valuable instruction and advice from Sister Pius, who was not slow to perceive that his gifts were of such an order as to place him far above anything that could be done for him in Chicago; so she took measures to have him brought to the notice of the great Italian Mæstro, Signor Gregori, Director of the Art Department of the University of Notre Dame. Signor Gregori, on his return from Chicago, after having examined some of Paul's drawings and witnessed him sketch from life, said to the writer: "Never have I seen in Europe or America a child with such extraordinary talent." After consulting Father Walsh, President of the University, who kindly consented to receive Paul among the boys of Carroll Hall, Professor Gregori took the youthful artist into his studio. As the great Master did not speak English, it was my privilege to be the medium through which instructions were given to his pupils.

The latter part of May, 1887, Paul arrived at Notre Dame. He was a lad of fourteen, shy-mannered and small for his age, but of well-built frame. He was dressed in jacket and knee breeches. His hair a wavy brown, complexion olive and eyes grayish blue, covered with glasses. Until the end of June he worked almost incessantly with pencil and crayon. College life was a novel experience, and he manfully battled with feelings of homesickness which made him long for Commencement day. His progress under Gregori was truly marvellous.

The following September he returned to Notre Dame, and from that period until the December of '89 he followed several classes of the Academic course in connection with his art studies. Yielding to the boy's impatient desire to work in oil, Professor Gregori reluctantly permitted him to use brush and palette instead of confining him to drawing from casts and life. Paul now learned that his work on the panoramas, instead of being a benefit to him, had been a positive drawback. He had to unlearn the false methods he had acquired. He first copied a portrait of Titian, then several other pictures painted by Gregori. After a few lessons his tints grew

cleaner, his touch more flexible, and he soon learned from his master the secret of that glorious coloring and attention to technique which make Gregori's compositions so remarkable. Commencement '88 a gold medal was awarded him by his Professor for successfully copying a portrait of Gregori made by the original himself. The following vacation, to broaden Paul's ideas, and to secure portraits for the Bishops' Memorial Hall, the writer took him on a trip to some of the Atlantic cities. Wherever the boy went he drank in with intense delight the beauties of art and nature. The thronged thoroughfares and sights of New York, and the expanse of the mighty ocean, filled him with wonder and awe. His visits to the metropolitan art museum, Philadelphia academy of design, and other galleries, were the source of keenest pleasure. With rare good judgment he picked out the notable pictures and made of them a special and critical study. Archbishop Corrigan, Archbishop Ryan, Cardinal Gibbons and the good nuns of the Visitation Convent, Georgetown, kindly gave him permission to copy portraits in their possession.

His life as a student was not quite satisfactory to him. He felt he had no right to appear as an academic student. He longed for an independent position of such a nature that he could pursue his art studies and feel at the same time that he had a perfect right to do so. The consequence of this feeling which grew upon him was that he withdrew from the University December 1889. During the spring and summer of 1890 Paul executed several portraits for the Bishops' Memorial Hall. The paintings were not satisfactory with regard to drawing, so the writer made arrangements to have the artist do future work at Notre Dame, where he could have the benefit of Gregori's instruction, and at the same time feel he was holding an independent position. The new arrangement proved satisfactory. After this all was changed, and he became entirely, I might almost say supremely, happy.

After having seen the famous pictures in the East, he appreciated more than before the genius and execution of his own great master Gregori, for whom, as Paul grew older and more experienced, he entertained the most unbounded admiration. When Gregori left Notre Dame to reside permanently in Florence the writer commenced to make arrangements for Paul to follow. Archbishop Ryan, of Philadelphia, gave an order for a portrait of Bishop Neuman, and he requested the artist to come to Philadelphia to restore a few old paintings in St. Charles' Seminary. For this work the Archbishop, who took a kindly interest in the young man's progress, paid handsomely. Doctor Horstmann, now Bishop of Cleveland, and the faculty of the Seminary, were unusually kind to the boy, and made his stay in the East one of the happiest periods of his life. The Archbishop also gave Paul an order to copy, while in Europe,

Raphael's "Disputa" for the Cathedral of Philadelphia. On his return to Notre Dame he painted several portraits for the Bishops' Memorial Hall.

Paul was a keen observer of men and things. In all original minds the power of observation is great; and, as Bishop Spalding says, "for such minds observation is almost the only thing necessary for their development." Boy as he was, he despised flattery and flatterers. He would often say "flattery is the food of fools." He had an intuitive perception of the sympathies and antipathies of those with whom he came in contact, and he had the gift of discerning character.

A letter from his father, received some time ago, says:

"I cannot tell you how he loved Notre Dame and all connected with it; with what affection and reverence, and how tenderly he always spoke of his superiors, especially Fathers Walsh and Corby, yourself and Professor Gregori. Indeed, it may be said his life at Notre Dame from 1890 to his death approached very near to heaven, more so than is generally granted to young men at his age.

"How can I, without tears, tell you of the last happy Christmas which Paul spent with his parents, brother and sister? How can I compose myself to even attempt to describe them? When he came bounding in, all life, animation and happiness, a few days before Christmas, little did we think that he had come to his death. The days quickly glided by. Soon we began to think with regret of his approaching return to the University, alas! never to take place. The evening of Saturday, Jan. 2, I spent walking with him, and in the course of our rambles we stepped into an antiquarian book-store, and there spent the greater part of the time in examining books and prints, and discussing art and literary matters with some friends.

"Sunday afternoon, Jan. 3, we visited the gallery of the Art Institute, and spent most of the afternoon there. Here our attention was attracted by some large paintings, lately brought from Europe, of scenes drawn from Longfellow's "Hiawatha," illustrations of Indian life and character. Paul seemed to think that these paintings would form an excellent study for him in connection with the historical painting (of Father de Seille) for Memorial Hall which he then had in contemplation. He told me that he should make a study of the pictures for a few days before returning to Notre Dame. The evening of the 3d he spent in conversation with his parents and with books. About two o'clock in the morning there was an alarm of fire, and the hotel was seen to be filling rapidly with smoke. As soon as Paul heard the alarm he arose and dressed himself with great care and deliberation, omitting no article of clothing necessary either for ornament or use. He knew that some one had already alarmed us, and as soon as he was dressed he came to our room to aid us and urge us to make haste. We all entered the elevator, and within two or three minutes Paul's life was crushed out, and his soul, that masterpiece of the Maker, was released from this tenement of clay."

His funeral services took place in St. Mary's Church, Chicago, where a Solemn Requiem High Mass was sung by Very Rev. Provincial Corby, C. S. C., assisted by the priests of the parish. Mt. Olivet Cemetery now holds all that is mortal of him on whom his friends had founded so many hopes. Horribly crushed, by the bad management of a hotel elevator, our artist met a tragic death before he had succeeded in accomplishing that which he was capable of doing, and this was the end of so many dreams of fame. May he rest in peace!

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—Memorial services for the late Dr. John Gilmary Shea will be held at Notre Dame on Thursday next. In the morning Solemn High Mass will be celebrated in the college church, and in the afternoon exercises will be conducted in Washington Hall. An address appropriate to the occasion will be delivered by the Hon. W. J. Onahan of Chicago.

A Few Words about Poetry.

As Newman says, "poetry may be considered a gift to move the affections through the imagination, and its object to be the beautiful." It is sometimes called a force; and a force indeed it is. Long before the elements of the physical sciences were discovered the power of the minstrel's song had an undisputed sway. Despite the tendency of our age towards materialism, the people are still imbued with the spirit of poetry and are influenced by it.

What is poetry? That is what no man yet has answered. Without attempting to define it, I would say it is something more than talent—it is genius that bears upon it the stamp of the Divinity. Education may improve a poet, but never can it make him. What will I say of the man who manufactures rhymes? What can I say, but with all the earnestness of my soul exclaim: "From the reading of his lines Lord, deliver us!"

The artist in the studio, before he lifts the brush to sketch a picture, has an ideal in his mind. After having a full conception of this ideal the painter draws the outlines, makes the master strokes and leaves the finishing artistic touches to be given "when the mood is on." Before the sculptor lifts the chisel to make a human figure out of a block of marble, he has a

certain ideal in his mind. As with the painter and the sculptor, so with the poet. What the pencil and the brush are to the painter, what the chisel and the hammer are to the sculptor, words are to the poet. They are only the means by which he gives expression to his ideal.

As the chisel and the brush are true to the anatomic laws of the human form, so the laws of every art are subservient to poetry, because the spirit of poetry is the spirit of nature, and nature is above all art. True to nature and to nature's laws is poetry: hence its powers.

I hold that poetry is a gift from God, and can never be acquired by exertion. One, by imitation and hard work, may equal a Duran or a Van Dyke, may learn to sing and play almost as well as a Patti or a Paderewski; but the great poet has no model. He writes not by rule but by intuition. His thoughts are elevating, and are dressed in the proper garb of words. His every thought is a gem; and, as a writer lately said, "his every word 'has a jewel in its head.'" One thought leads on to other thoughts; and these lead on to principle; and principle is as boundless as space itself.

The poet is the greatest of artists as he best knows how to wed thought to form, giving them a happy union. He is elevating, for he lifts the mind from the material things of earth to the spiritual things of heaven; he carries the soul across the sea of time, and lands it on the battlements of eternity.

HUGH O'NEILL, '92.

Oratory.

It is a well-known fact, often spoken of in the class-room, and still more frequently illustrated in everyday life, that the man who intends to make his mark in the world shall, at some time or other, be required to make a speech. What it may be about matters little; but what he says, and how he says it, are to him things of the utmost importance. Oratory is, indeed, a great factor in life. The man who knows how to speak well is certain of success. Such an accomplishment is a pleasure for himself; it makes him a peer among his fellows, and makes him welcome in the circle of intelligent men. It is, of course, understood that he who speaks has something to say. Oratory is one of the greatest weapons in the hands of man. It has inscribed upon the walls of fame such names as Demosthenes, Cicero, St. John Chrysostom, a Burke, a Grattan, an O'Connell, and a

Webster. With what reverence do we not speak of them! They were leaders among men, greater, more eloquent, more soul-stirring than even a Shakspeare, a Macaulay or a Tennyson. They moved the minds and feelings of their hearers by the power of the voice.

But oratory is not something to be acquired in a day. It grows with the man, and, too, it needs attention. It might be even said to be an art; eloquence is an art; and all cannot aspire to be great. Yet it is almost a necessity to be able to make a speech; hence the reason why colleges encourage oratory as they do. Webster began his career as an orator when yet a boy. While he was still in college, at the age of eighteen, he delivered a Fourth-of-July oration at the request of the citizens of Hanover, and shortly afterwards pronounced a eulogy on the death of one of his classmates. Thus it is that early efforts often bring out what might otherwise lie hidden, perhaps, forever through fear of men.

Q.

Father Nugent's Lecture.

The following is a substantial report of the lecture delivered on the 23d ult. by Rev. J. Nugent, of Des Moines, Iowa. However imperfect it may be, we hope our report will convey some idea of the instructive treat accorded the students on the occasion. The subject of the lecture was

THE PHILOSOPHY OF CIVILIZATION.

The speaker began by saying that the world enjoys a higher civilization at the present day than it has had at any time in its past history. It is the greatest civilization because it has in it the answers to those questions that have vexed the world since the beginning. He held that material wealth was necessary for the attainment of the highest civilization. There were three things in the world we all wanted: first, all the money in the world; second, all the education; and third, we would take more money. After asserting that wealth and education do not solve the great question of human happiness, he went on to show that pure intellectual development is no cure for the ills of life. This, he said, has led our best thinkers to doubt whether human happiness keeps pace with human progress. In that suggestive style which describes without being descriptive, which explains without being explanatory, he touched on the development of the inventions that contribute so much to our happiness and knowledge. As he said, if we come to examine we find that they were all made within a period of five hundred years; many of them were made less than three hundred years ago, and telescopes,

telephones, etc., are but things of yesterday. Referring to the discoveries in astronomy he showed that one of the finest intellectual studies was to know something of the beauty of the bodies that hang like lamps in the heavens. Man knew not only little of the heavenly bodies, but he knew very little about himself. For fifty-five centuries his God-like intellect took its nourishment from blood that he knew not was in circulation. This shows, said the reverend speaker, that we cannot see around us very far.

After speaking of the origin of the newspaper, about four hundred years ago, and the telegraph, about fifty years ago, he went on to contrast the status of the middle classes of our day and those of ancient times. The contrast showed forth our civilization in its best colors. The condition of what we call the poor classes, he said, in ancient times was that of slaves. The poor man's place was in the field or in the army; but in our times the poor and the middle classes have much, and may have many things that go to make men happy. Through all his lecture there ran a humor that made it very pleasing; and here when he pictured Cicero running after his morning newspaper, which lay at the foot of the statue of Minerva, or which was flying to and fro through the back yard (of course showing how this was impossible, as no newspapers were then known), and how Cæsar, who swayed the sceptre of the Romans, was so poor that he had not a shirt to his back,—when he touched on this hypothetically, he moved the house to fits of laughter.

Coming to the serious again, he said architecture has always been regarded as an index of the age; and scraps of classic literature are no more true of the history of the people than is the architecture of ancient times. The Christian idea is represented in the cathedral, and the military idea in the great forts and castles. He condemned the putting of Grecian and Roman civilization above our own. He did not believe that the world has done its best work in the morning of its history; for to-day we are living in the finest civilization, and passing through the greatest wonders, the world has ever seen. Speaking of Solomon's Temple, one of the wonders of the ancients, he said if it stood in one of our towns it would excite no particular wonder, except for the odd porches that encumbered it. It was just one hundred feet long, sixty feet wide, and it could be put fourteen times in the Chicago Auditorium. However, it is worthy of admiration, for it was designed after the Ark of the Covenant; and the Ark of the Covenant was designed by the Architect who scooped the bed of ocean and hung the morning star in the heavens.

Speaking of the ancients, he quoted St. Augustine, who said that he wished he had seen these things: Rome in its splendor, St. Paul preaching and Christ in the flesh. By comparison, the speaker gave a very clear idea of the size of Rome. It was fifty miles in circumference and

had twenty-nine roads by which it could be entered. It was as big as St. Louis, Philadelphia and Chicago put together. One of its temples was sufficient to contain 40,000 guests, while the Circus Maximus had accommodations for 160,000. We saw, as in a picture, the great city; the lords revelling in wealth, the wines sparkling before them; we saw them, so to speak, reclining upon their couches enjoying all the luxuries of life; we saw their palaces, at the entrances of which were placed the figures of wild animals so accurately chiselled that the spots counterfeited the spots on the tiger and leopard, and in the distance the slaves moved in their respective orders to do the bidding of their masters. Rome was great, and money made her the wonder of the times. At the head of her armies rode captains whose tactics Napoleon and Wellington followed; in her senate spoke men whom Burke and Chatham took as models; she had men for whom Pope and Dryden and Milton won immortal fame because they imitated them. And yet in the midst of all that intellectual grandeur, in the midst of all that vast sea of human life, there was not one single individual who had seen a newspaper, a steam engine, an electric wire; not one had seen a window, a chimney. They knew nothing of the Pacific or Atlantic Ocean, of North or South America; they knew nothing of the telegraph; they did not know that the world was round.

With our knowledge of the utility and grandeur of what we would call the useful and the good, we would find no particular ease or happiness in those great cities of the ancient people. "I would rather," said the speaker, "be snowed over in a railway car in a small town in Dakota than live in the swinging gardens of Babylon."

While the contrast was in favor of our civilization he did not say that the ancients lived in Cimmerian darkness. They got along in their own fashion. They cultivated oratory and letters and poetry to a pitch of perfection that the world has never yet equalled. And away back in shadowy history they began what is known as the art of logic, and logic is the art of correct thinking. The movement of a logical mind, said the speaker, is like the moving of a comet—it moves quicker than the other stars. Here he paid a tribute to the powers of Aristotle, Plato, and other logicians, and ended his eulogy by saying the world produced no one with an intellect superior to the immortal genius of former ages. There were, he said, orators, poets, sculptors, fighters, warriors of the first class; but though they carried all these arts and sciences to the high pitch of perfection that leaves them still our masters, they were unable to discover a true and lasting civilization. Speaking of our civilization, he said it was built on the true relations of one man to another, and those relations that both bear to society, which is founded by both of them. This civilization

contains the answer to the knotty questions of capital and labor. Such society had always two distinctive marks by which it can be known in every age: first, the power of ordering a life it does not get from society, but gives to society; and second, it will give the times to come its name.

This civilization will always be true and lasting because it contains the principles upon which true civilization rests. The first radical defect noticeable in the philosophical and intellectual development of the older civilization is that it was purely intellectual—that means that it was purely human, and that it was radically and essentially selfish. There can be nothing really great or lasting which is merely human. Man is merely an agent, and when he acts through the dictates of reason he is foolish; under the influence of passion he is a destroyer; and this accounts for the shape of human history. Egypt, Greece and Rome were great, but soon they fell. Why did not these old seats of civilization propagate themselves down through the ages? Why did they not make a conquest of intellect rather than a conquest of arms? This is a question that should not be passed until thoroughly mastered. It involves a vast and varied education. When a great principle is born into the world it can never perish. It is upheld by the best thinkers; a thousand preachers are ready to preach it; a thousand printers are ready to publish it, and a thousand martyrs are ready to die for it.

Tracing the progress of civilization down through the ages, the lecturer showed how it worked and works through great centres; and he said he believed that New York, Chicago, Paris and London will grow and improve as he believed that the Rocky and Himalayan mountains will keep their geographical position. Cities keep rising and growing until they become great collections of humanity. They grow rich, sometimes by fraud, but more frequently by war. In the cities of old, which grew in this way, there was no guarantee of a lasting civilization because they contained the principles of mutual murder. When the state stands on force it will always express itself in coercion, and the people will always come to revolution. This was the principle on which ancient civilization rose and fell; and with them fell a thousand years of civilization. This led people to assert that history repeats itself. It does repeat itself. If our race had the principles of true progress we would never go back. The motion of the water in a storm is not horizontal but vertical,—it is the wind throwing the water into ridges; this is the law of gravitation driving it down and the great mass sinks. These, in turn, rise and sink, and so on, without end. This is like the passions. The passions underlay the great seats of ancient civilization; and natural passion overcame reason.

Man has in himself constructive and destructive energies, and these depend on environment.

When nations are young and poor they are generally patriotic and virtuous. Patriotism ensures prosperity at home and victory abroad. These bring wealth and ease, and these again enervate and corrupt the citizen, and the citizen is the material that makes legislators and assemblies; and the assemblies can never be better than the material out of which they are made.

He then traced the relations of man to the state, and showed how the ancients looked on man merely as a unit of force; they simply spoke of him as a part of the state. He then showed that intellect never taught people to look on man in the right way. Before Christ, according to St. Augustine, there were 280 definitions for man, and all these were wrong. Christ was the first to give the right definition of man: "Man is made," said Christ, "to the image and likeness of his Maker, and his stay is only probationary." It was Christ who taught the brotherhood of man and the fatherhood of God. From that moment we saw man stand in the light of revelation. The speaker maintained that the doctrines of Christ radically changed the bases of civilization, and raised man to a higher grade. It was Christianity that lifted us to our present state. The active principle of Christianity is charity; and the active principle of paganism was selfishness. Paganism centralizes, charity flies out and cannot be centralized. Charity is the only commodity in the world that has not fallen into the hands of syndicates. Charity is the counter current that runs in opposition to the spirit of the world. Here he alluded to the great question of capital and labor, and showed that the only way that the rich and corrupt corporations of the world could be broken up was by charity. The great and only remedy for the ills of our time, said the Rev. speaker, is the platform of Christ embodied in the Eight Beatitudes.

This sketch is merely a rough outline of the Rev. Father Nugent's lecture; and the readers of it can only form a very faint idea of the beauty, the depth and the symmetry of that which this sketch purports only to be an imperfect synopsis.

H. O'N.

Exchanges.

—St. Mary's College, Kansas, has an able representative in *The Dial*. In addition to much valuable prose matter, the February number contains four sonnets on "The Birth of Liberty in America," which, though not strictly correct in *technique*, show that their young author has fine poetic instincts.

—The exchange-editor of the *Queen's College Journal* explains, at some length, his views on "stock subjects." In a gentlemanly way he corrects the impressions which the SCHOLASTIC had formed from some of his previous remarks

on the same question. We thank the ex.-ed. of the *Journal*, not only for putting us right, but also for the encouragement which his fair-minded criticism of our literary department cannot fail to give to our contributors.

—The editors of *The Virginia University Magazine* may well feel proud of the position which they occupy in college journalism. The January number is full of good things. "The Spirit of Research and its Application to Virginian History," a paper read before one of the societies of the University, contains many valuable hints to students. Amongst the other contributions "The Parliament of Man" is most worthy of special mention. The editorials are well-written and appropriate; that on "sports" and "hypocrites" being a timely warning to young students to avoid becoming "tough" or sanctimonious under the impression that they will thus become the popular leaders of their companions.

—The *Niagara Index* seems to be able to take care of itself in the battle in which it engages with contemporary college papers. Just at present it is "having it out" with the *Simpsonian*, and evidently takes great pleasure in exposing the sins which the latter sometimes commits against good grammar and sound logic. Whatever anyone may think of the exchange column of the *Index*, it cannot be denied that the other departments of that paper are worthy of the highest praise. It is rather amusing to read in some of the smaller college journals that the *Index* is inferior in every respect, and should be treated with silent contempt. It reminds one forcibly of the scene which Dickens describes as having taken place between Fanny Squeers and Mrs. Browdie. "Tilda," said Miss Squeers, "I throw you off forever. I abandon you. I renounce you." Some few of our exchanges have, in much the same manner, threatened to abandon friendly relations with the *Index*. This action is undoubtedly due to the belligerent attitude of the exchange-editor of the *Index* and to their inability to compete with him in the use of slang and ridicule, to which he occasionally resorts. It is childish of them to make any serious objection to him on this score, and unfair to include in their condemnation of his department every other department of the paper. We confess, for our part, that we do not admire slang; and think it reprehensible in a college paper, not because it necessarily indicates low taste or want of refinement in the students who use it, but because it does not exhibit the literary culture and good training which their college furnishes.

Personal.

—Rev. J. B. Crawley, '59, Laporte, Ind., Rev. J. B. Bleckman, '67, and Rev. J. Wrobel, Michigan City, Ind., were welcome visitors to the College on Tuesday last.

—Rev. P. J. Hurth, C. S. C., President of St. Edward's College, Austin, delivered the panegyric on St. Patrick's Day at the Pontifical High Mass in the Cathedral at Galveston. The press of the city speak of the sermon as a "splendid specimen of modern pulpit eloquence."

—A. W. Arrington, of '71, is practising law in Pueblo, Col., and is doing well. While on business in Chicago the other day he called on his old friend, J. P. Lauth, '68, and in conversation he expressed great affection for his *Alma Mater*, Notre Dame, regretting that time did not permit him to pay her a visit.

—Hon. John Gibbons, '69, one of the ablest and most scholarly lawyers practising at the Chicago bar, made a pleasant visit last week to Notre Dame. In litigation involving questions of constitutional law Dr. Gibbons has few equals, and no superiors in Chicago; while as a jury or trial lawyer he stands in the front rank of the profession.

Local Items.

—Thunder and lightning.

—O Fortunati Mercatores!

—March did go out like a lamb.

—"Monty" is "stuck" on the muse.

—A great number were fooled yesterday.

—Casty has begun his canvass for *coxswainship*.

—Have you a rhyme book? so asketh the spring poet.

—Socrates says that checkers can only be played by *men*.

—If you wish to be in the literary "swim," write a "Ballade."

—The "invincibles" are no more. Too much praise killed them.

—Some of our checker players have very checkered luck indeed.

—Were "Alderman" the seer of '92 his prophecy would be *allright*.

—Socrates has become as powerful a debater as he has become a renowned joker.

—The Chemistry class have learned a great many things about Arithmetic lately.

—"H. G. T." did not write that sonnet on "Cabbage"; it was written, he says, by "T. G. H."

—Roumaney, while apparently sympathizing with Alwin, gave him "the most unkindest cut of all."

—"Allright," "Casty," "Socrates" and "Orpheus" have formed a "Mutual Protection Society."

—"Alderman" received many congratulatory communications yesterday; but he says they were all written by fools.

—Orpheus has the spring fever, a very prevalent disease at present. Alas! "music heard is sweet, but that unheard is sweeter."

—We trust the gentleman who carried off a list of publications from our office—by mistake, no doubt,—will kindly return the same.

—Many a person is now, since spring has arrived, beginning to powder his cue (queue), though he never played billiards during the winter.

—The Columbians met on the evening of March 24, and resolved that the regular programme should be postponed until April 3. Mr. Bolton was elected to fill the office of critic.

—Where, oh where are the Carroll "invincibles?" To suffer defeat at the hands of the team from the Manual Labor School is bad, but to get beaten by only *two* members of the Brownson team is terrible.

—The Rev. President Walsh and Bro. Alexander examined the first Arithmetic class in the Minim department last Saturday. The boys that deserve special mention are O. Brown, F. Wolf, H. Durand, W. Blumenthal, F. Cornell, C. Furthmann, C. Krolman, T. Lowrey, J. Freeman and L. Trankle.

—The Criticism class has given much attention to Lord Bacon this year, and to prose writers generally. Goldsmith now occupies attention. Mr. Joslyn's reading of *Miss Hardcastle* in "She Stoops to Conquer" is particularly clever. In the class of Literature, Sir Thomas More has been the pivotal subject. A raging debate on a phrase of Edmund Burke's, quoted and supported by Mr. Raney, was the feature of last week's session. Mr. Palmer, Mr. Schillo and Mr. Cummings distinguished themselves on a knotty line of English hexameter from "Evangeline."

—The annual drill for officers of the Sorin Cadets was held last Saturday evening, and, after a hard and well-fought battle, resulted as follows: 1st Sergeant, J. Maternes; 2d Sergeant, J. Krollman; 3d Sergeant, H. Gilbert; 4th Sergeant, E. Furthman; 5th Sergeant, W. Scherrer; 1st Corporal, W. Blumenthal; 2d Corporal, R. Berthelet; 3d Corporal, B. White; 4th Corporal, R. Brown. Those deserving of special mention for general excellence, are W. Hoffman, C. Furthman, W. La Moure. The cadets have ever been a source of pride to their department, and, judging from the vim and interest shown in the late contest, the company bids fair to surpass those of all previous years.

—On last Wednesday afternoon Dr. Egan delivered the first of a series of lectures on social matters to the students of St. Joseph's Manual Labor School; and if the talk on that occasion was only an earnest of the talks to come, his listeners have a host of pleasant things

in store for them. The lecturer's manner is, of course, too well known for comment here; but the matter of Wednesday's discourse was so full of valuable suggestions and "stuff to think about" that one can hardly find the word to estimate its worth. It is a rare treat indeed to have the privilege of enjoying such a "chat" as the kind-hearted Professor Egan can give; and to say that his auditors appreciated the distinction is only a very mild way of expressing what is almost inexpressible.

—On Thursday at five o'clock the students were treated to a lecture by Col. Hoynes. It was a distinctively military affair. The battalion formed and entered the hall in ranks, taking front seats. The lecturer needed no introduction, and as he stepped out on the stage he was greeted with a storm of applause. After a few remarks, during which he stated that his speech was almost impromptu he entered upon his subject-matter which was military formations—discipline. He took instances from the nations of antiquity, showing how much superior is our discipline to their lack of it. He then spoke of formation on the field and of the formation in camp. After a short discourse on weapons of offense and defense, the lecture closed with an eloquent eulogy on the bravery of the soldiers during the Civil War and of the young men in particular. The Colonel promises another "talk" sometime in May to which, it is needless to say, all look forward with great expectation.

—HAND BALL.—The Carroll "invincibles" were "exploded" on Sunday morning last. The Brownson boys have been only "fooling" with the festive Carrolls, and proved their superiority in an easy manner in the matched games. It was played in the Carroll "gym," and the Brownson's only sent *two*—Messrs. Flannigan and Davis—from the Hall to contest against the great (?) "invincible" team of the Carrolls—Messrs. Wellington, O'Neill and Girsch. It was to be the best two in three, and the Brownsons beat them with ease. In the first game the Brownsons let their opponents run up the score to 18 and 3, and then beat them, allowing them only one more score in that game. Seeing that they had an easy foe, they let the Carrolls beat them in the second; but the third game was played by the Brownson rules, and the "invincibles" proved easy victims. The Carrolls are afraid to play in the Brownson "gym," as is evidenced by their refusal to play there under any circumstances, much preferring their own alley.

THE BOAT CLUB.

As winter sheds its cold, white mantle and spring puts on its green robes, the weary minds that have plodded through the four hyemal months, with no diversion but the jingle jangle of the hourly bell for class, smoking-room and mess, are relaxed, and the spring-fever is accompanied

by longing desires for the joyous days of May and June when hard labor is mingled with the healthful sports of base-ball, tennis and rowing. With the coming of these fine days the topic of discussion is: "Who will be captain?" "Do you intend to play this year?" or, "What do you think of the prospects of a race in June?" Never is a reporter happier than when he is to interview the prominent personages of the diamond or lake; for he is sure of good treatment from their hands.

The first gentleman that our reporter accosts is well known for his kindness and generosity to anyone with a bat or an oar in his hand. This is B. Paul, athletic director for the University. "I am —, of the SCHOLASTIC" (handing him my card). "May I venture to ask what kind of a race will there be for Commencement day?" "Come in, come in! Have a cigar! These are twofers. Take the twenty-cent one, I'll take the other. Well, as to that, I do not see why there cannot be a fine race in June. We have enough old men to make up a good four-oared race; and just look at all the big, strong fellows we have over here in Brownson Hall. Why, there is no reason at all for not having two of the best races our lake has ever seen. Oh, yes, sure it will be a fine thing to get an outside crew to row against, and it would take a good one to get away with four of our best boys."—"Good day," acquiesced the reporter.—"Good-bye, come again; sorry haven't anything better than a cigar to offer you."

Seated at one end of a table in the smoking room, with J. J. McGrath at the other, was T. Coady, each playing *solitaire* with the other: "Have a chew," "have a cigarette," said the two together.—"No, I never indulge."—"Take a cigar?"—"Here's one B. Paul gave me."—"I intend to row, if I am needed, but would prefer to hold the watch during the race," said Tom, and then, "Set" broke in by saying that if he couldn't train a winning crew from the stern of a boat, he would chew his hat. Being cautioned that military caps are very hard edibles, he decided to use "swear off smoking till June" instead of "chew his hat."—"But," said the last year captain, "I wish that we could get four old boys to go against. That would make a fine race." "What do you think of that, Lou," as Louis Chute approached with the law library in his arms.—"That's just what I have been wanting to do. See, we could put yourself and Nick on the stroke, and Fred and me on the other side, while 'Tactics' here could ride in coxswain's seat, and that would make a dandy crew, I think." Each of these three gentlemen thought the prospects for the six-oared barges very favorable.

Responsive to the call "come in!" from room 36, the reporter stepped in. On a desk were artistically strewn two feet one overlapping the other, and *vice versa*, the other underlapping the one, while placed, side by side, were seen lying on the floor papers, such as *The Milford Semi-Daily*

Sport, The Sullivan-Mitchell Gazette, My First Curve, "Webster's Dictionary," pencils, scissors a "Mechanics," drawing instruments, etc. "Hello! old sport, how are you? We can't smoke in our rooms, so here. 'Scuse me for not offering you a glass, but it is just as good this way when no glass is to be had. Yes, I'll row if I am chosen, but am pretty weak now, and won't be much good. 'Come in!' "as a knock was heard on the bottom of the door. In popped a pleasant-appearing gentleman of the same stature as Mr. Gillon. "Fitz this is — of the SCHOLASTIC. Are you going to row this spring?"—"Well, now, I just guess I am going to row; and you can bet your bottom dollar on it, that I am going to be in the winning crew, as I would have been last year." "Come off, you couldn't have won, for the simple reason that you didn't have a winning crew. You were not built that way." Mr. N. J. Sinnott was not at home when the "staff" man called, so the pleasure of an interview with that famous oarsman must be postponed till a later day, but it was learned that he intends to pull stroke for the crew that will not be third in the race. From the tone of these experienced boatmen, we infer that the races next June will be as interesting and exciting as those of "ye olden times" of the antiquated wooden boat-house. We'll see about it later.

C.

Roll of Honor.

SORIN HALL.

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

BROWNSON HALL.

Messrs. Ahlrichs, Arts, Burns, J. Brady, Baldwin, E. W. Brown, T. Brady, Bolton, Beaudry, Brinin, Chassaing, Corcoran, Corry, Crawley, Cassidy, Carter, Correll, Chilcote, W. Cummings, Caffrey, Crilly, Castenado, Cherhart, P. Coady, C. Case, Colby, O. Carrey, Cullen, Cameron, Doheny, Dinkel, Delaney, Devanny, Egan, Ferneding, Funke, Flynn, Frizzelle, Flannigan, Heneghan, Healy, R. Harris, Hesse, Holland, Henly, Hroulihan, Heer, Hagan, Hennessy, Jacobs, F. Kenly, Kroul, Kleekamp, Kearney, F. Keough, W. M. Kennedy, Kelly, Krembs, Karasynski, Kintzele, W. A. Kennedy, Kearns, Kunert, Lindeke, Libert, S. Mitchell, McFadden, Monarch, D. Murphy, McVean, Magnus, McErlain, F. Murphy, McCarrick, McDonnell, McCullough, Murray, Marmon, Maisen, Newton, O'Donnell, Olde, O'Shea, O'Connor, Powers, Pulskamp, D. Phillips, T. Phillips, Patier, Quinlan, M. Ryan, J. Ryan, Rudd, Ragan, C. Roby, E. Roby, Raney, Riordan, Sherman, Stanton, Schopp, Stace, Vinez, Vurpillat, Welsh, Weaver, Wilkin, Zeitler, Zeller.

CARROLL HALL.

Messrs. Ashford, Bauer, Bixby, Barbour, Baldauf, Ball, J. Brown, Byrnes, Brennan, Bergland, Bearss, Bachrach, Bates, Casey, Corry, Curran, Cullen, Carpenter, Corcoran, Cochran, Dion, Dix, DuBois, DeLormier, Duncombe, Dillman, Delaney, F. Dempsey, J. Dempsey, Dorsey, Evans, Edwards, Fleming, Finnerty, A. Funke, W. Ford, Foster, Fitzgerald, Feehan, Falk, Grote, L. Gibson, Gilbert, Griffin, Gerlach, Gillam, Garfias, Gerner, Gerdes,

Glass, Hill, Hagan, Hilger, Hoban, Hargrave, Hagus, Hittson, Hamilton, Hack, Harrington, Janssen, Johnson, Joseph, Kauffmann, Kreicker, Kindler, Kinneavy, W. Kegler, A. Kegler, Kerker, Keough, Levi, Lee, Lowrey, Lawlor, Lane, Leonard, Mills, Martin, Mitchell, J. Miller, W. Miller, Meyers, Marre, Marr, Miles, Mahon, McPhee, McDowell, McCarthy, McLeod, Medalie, W. Nichols, H. Nichols, Nicholson, O'Connor, O'Brien, O'Rourke, W. O'Neill, Oliver, Payne, Peake, Pope, Rupel, Rogers, Ratterman, Renesch, Rumely, Regan, C. Reedy, Rend, Ryan, Sullivan, Strauss, Sparks, Sedwick, Shimp, Sweet, Scholer, Slevin, Sheuerman, Stephens, Shirk, Smith, Thornton, Thome, O. Tong, Teeter, Trimble, Tobin, Todd, J. Tong, Vorhang, Washburn, Walker, Weaver, N. Weitzel, B. Weitzel, Wellington, Wells, Wagner, Warner, Yeager, Yingst, G. Zoehrlaut.

ST. EDWARD'S HALL.

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

The Cane Brigade.

With fond remembrance, and no dissemblance,
I often think of *that* Cane Brigade,
Whose each menœuvre—a *chef-d'œuvre*—
Surpassed in grandeur the "Guard's" parade.
Their dress so beauteous, their conduct duteous,
The music *fluteous* of Bennie's best,
Made the Cane Brigade men
March well arrayed, when
On Patrick's Day they drilled with zest.

Prince Albert coated, these gallants noted,
(From Sorin Hall were they, every man),
Wore green profusely, and canes obtusely,
When at two o'clock the review began.
Our poetaster, the fair Lancaster,
The "Burgomaster" of monstrous chest,
Made the Cane Brigade men
March well arrayed, when
On Patrick's Day they drilled with zest.

The far-famed "Allright," whose figure tall might
Enchant the heart of a Boston belle,
Stepped proud and stately, well-known so lately
Through fame acquired from "Ye Locals" fell.
With "Pope" so "Sportly," and "Fitz" so portly,
And "Hank the Courtly," 'tis manifest
That the Cane Brigade men
Marched well arrayed, when
On Patrick's Day they drilled with zest.

The "Greaser" ranted, and "Jimmie" canted
In *Earnest* sighs for the verdant land,
Whilst "Settler" shouted, with skill undoubted
His *Codey* orders to the willing band.
When they united, these all delighted,
And I requited may well attest,
That the Cane Brigade men
Marched well arrayed, when
On Patrick's Day they drilled with zest.

"W. EDGE."

St. Mary's Academy.

One Mile West of Notre Dame University.

—Very Rev. Father General's presence at St. Mary's on the Feast of the Annunciation was the source of happiness to all; and now, that the bright days of spring are here, it is earnestly hoped that he will honor us often.

—The Very Rev. Father Corby devoted a few moments at the academic reunion of Sunday last to a very important subject, namely, cheerfulness. He spoke of the false idea entertained by many that sanctity supposes a long face and a lachrymose disposition, and exhorted all to shed the sunshine of happiness on all around them; his own genial manner serving as a strong illustration that the kindest people are always the most cheerful ones.

—On Thursday last Rev. Father Nugent, of Des Moines, Iowa, lectured on "The Philosophy of Civilization," and from the opening sentence to the last striking antithesis, there was no diminution of interest in the subject-matter, manner of delivery, or charm of word-painting, and no waning of attention on the part of even the youngest listener in the Rev. speaker's audience. A keen analysis of pagan civilization, a critical appreciation of ancient art and literature, a comprehensive outline of the world's material progress, and a view of civilization into which perpetuity has been infused by Christianity, were given forth in clear, forcible terms, illustrated by beautiful similes and strong antitheses, drawn from a mind rich in a knowledge of natural laws and original and ingenious in their application to mental and moral actions, whether nations or individuals are in question. In suggestiveness of matter and excellence of style, the lecture was one of the best ever heard at St. Mary's.

The Crown of Thorns.

When earthly kings to thrones are called, and crowned
With jewelled diadems surpassing fair,
As mark of power entrusted to their care,
The courts with scenes of revelry abound,
And strains of music from sweet harps resound;
Rejoicing rings upon the perfumed air
And echoes in the hearts assembled there,
Forgetful that with roses thorns are found.

But ah! Thy coronation, King of kings,
Was fraught to us with purest, tenderest love;
Though hands unholy wreathed Thy sacred brow
With cruel thorns, in our sad hearts there springs
This thought of solace—that in Heaven above
The thorns that drank Thy blood are roses now.

EVA ADELSPERGER.

The Feast of the Annunciation.

Our Blessed Mother's own colors, radiant with the first touch of sunrise, were stretched above St. Mary's on the morning of the 25th of March, as the ranks filed into the chapel for the holy Sacrifice of the Mass at which the Catholic pupils approached the Holy Table. Very Rev. Father Corby was the celebrant of the High Mass at 8 a. m., and Rev. J. French, C. S. C., delivered a beautiful sermon on the words of the Blessed Virgin: "Behold the handmaid of the Lord," bringing before every mind the gentle Maiden of Nazareth and her heavenly visitant, and awakening in all a new sense of gratitude for the Mystery consummated on the first great Annunciation day. Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament crowned the festival, and thoughts of Nazareth and Bethlehem floated as sweet incense in and about the actions of the day, making the Feast memorable in the records of souls as well as in the annals of hearts.

At 3 p. m. the pupils and a few visitors assembled in the Seniors' study-hall, prepared for a real treat, as the promise of a French play at St. Mary's has come to mean a great deal; and the Feast of the Annunciation is an anniversary on which songs with and without words speak the language of affection and esteem. The presence of Very Rev. Father General was an incentive to special effort in rendering the following

PROGRAMME:

"Marche Héroïque".....Misses Field and Marrinan
"Ave Maria".....Zingarelli
Misses S. Wile, Bassett, E. Field, Grace, Dieffenbacher, F. Carpenter, Gibbons, Pengemann, M. Smyth, Hutchinson, Klingberg.
Festal Greetings.....Miss H. Nacey

"JOAN OF ARC."

A DRAMA IN FOUR ACTS.

Prologue.....Miss E. Lewis
Dramatis Personæ.

Joan of Arc.....R. Bero
Isabelle Romée (Joan's Mother).....D. Davis
Catherinette (Sister of Joan).....C. Gibbons
Laxart (Aunt of Joan).....L. Morehead
Charles IV., King of France.....E. Dennison
Yolande, Princess of Aragon.....K. Morse
Lady de Gancourt.....L. Nester
" " Laval.....A. Lynch
" " Mayenne.....K. Ryan
" " Vendôme.....F. Murison
" " Bourges.....E. Tod
" " la Ténnoille.....F. Carpenter
" " Sarthe.....M. Fitzpatrick
" " Berry.....M. Robinson

Two Pages of the King { A. E. Dennison
Mother Thomas (an old woman) { M. Nacey
Mother Drapier (an old woman).....S. Dempsey
Peasants from "Domremy"—M. Dennison, S. Smyth, R. Doble, M. Davis, Hopper, Tormey.
Countess de Ligny.....K. Morse
Her Little Boy (four years old).....A. McCarthy

English Soldiers { A. Thirds
 Pages of the Court..... } M. Byrnes
 Minims

ACT I.

DOMREMY.

Recollections of Scotland—*Mills*..... Miss Gibbons

ACT II.

CHINON AND ORLEANS.

Vocal Duett—"Quis est Homo"..... *Rossini*
 Misses S. Wile and E. Field.

ACT III.

REIMS.

Tarantelle—*Gottschalk*..... Miss Ludwig

ACT IV.

ROUEN.

Sarabande and Courante—*Bach*..... Miss Gibbons
 From the sublime to the Minims

Tribute from the Children of Mary.....

Chorus—"Hear my Prayer"..... *Mendelssohn*

Vocal Class—accompanied by Miss S. Ludwig.

Krönungsmarsch..... *Wilhelm Ramær*
 Misses Nickel and A. Ryan.

The instrumental and vocal selections were of a high order, their rendition meriting the appreciation accorded, and bringing forcibly to mind the truth: "Music is heaven-born." "Festal Greetings," a poem read by Miss H. Nacey, in a clear, well-modulated voice, gave the key-note of the celebration, which was one of loving gratitude. The feature of the occasion was "Joan of Arc," a drama presented by the pupils of the French classes, with a purity of accent and a degree of excellence in acting, which were matter of surprise and pleasure to the audience; the story of that sweet flower of France held the attention of all, from the first scene at Domremy to the last terrible moment when the Maid of Orleans yields her pure soul to God. Miss Ruth Bero, as the heroine, merits special mention for her intelligent interpretation of a very difficult rôle, though each one, from Charles VII. to the court pages, performed her part most creditably, thus adding new laurels to the French department.

The little folk, of course, appeared, and, introduced by Miss S. Meskill, they held forth in most approved style, calling into requisition, for the expression of their feelings, several of the languages, the deaf and dumb alphabet and music. Miss M. Robinson then offered the Children of Mary's tribute, followed by a beautiful *tableau vivant*, which represented the members of the Sodality offering a hymn to the Blessed Virgin, who knelt before the great Archangel of the Annunciation. The sweet words of the "Ave Maria" echoed in every heart; and as Miss J. Zahm, the President of the Society, placed a crown of flowers at our Blessed Mother's feet, many a blossom, born of prayer, sped to Mary's throne.

At the conclusion of the grand chorus, "Hear

my Prayer," Very Rev. Father General arose, and in his old-time kindly manner expressed his pleasure at all he had seen and heard. Words from such a source are cherished; for they bring not only the elements of present delight, but of renewed courage for the work of days yet to come. Rev. Father Walsh followed in a few felicitous remarks, after which Rev. Father Fitte, to whom the French class is indebted for the play they presented, complimented the young ladies on the success of their efforts. Mr. J. Gibbons, of Chicago, then stepped forward, and in eulogistic terms spoke of France, the power of women, and of the afternoon's entertainment, which closed with his timely speech. Among the visitors who lent encouragement by their presence were Very Rev. Father General, Very Rev. Fathers Granger, and Corby, Rev. Fathers Walsh, Fitte, French, J. Lauth, O'Neill, Klein, Kirsch, Connor and Scherer; Mr. L. Nickel, South Bend; Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Kaspar, Mrs. P. Nacey, Mrs. W. Thornton, Chicago; Miss M. Wile, Laporte; Mrs. M. Egan, Notre Dame; Mrs. P. O'Brien, South Bend.

Roll of Honor.

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

SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

Misses E. Adelsperger, Augustine, Agney, R. Bassett, Bero, E. Burns, M. Burns, Bell, R. Butler, Brady, A. Butler, K. Barry, M. Barry, Buell, Black, Byrnes, Bogart, Byers, Bartholomew, Charles, Carico, A. Cooper, M. Clifford, Cowan, Crilly, Carpenter, M. Cooper, Culp, L. Clifford, D. Davis, Dempsey, Duffy, Dieffenbacher, Daley, E. Dennison, M. Dennison, Dingee, Fitzpatrick, Farwell, Field, L. Griffith, Green, Galvin, Grace, Lucy Griffith, Gibbons, Gage, Haitz, Hellmann, Holmes, Hutchinson, Higgins, Hammond, Hopkins, Hittson, Hunt, Johnson, Jacobs, Kirley, Klingberg, Keating, Kieffer, Kelly, Kaufman, Kasper, Kingsbaker, T. Kimmell, Kinney, Lynch, Lewis, Ludwig, Londoner, Lennon, Lancaster, Leppel, Lichtenhein, La Moure, Lantry, Morse, M. Moynahan, Marrinan, Murison, Morehead, Moore, E. McCormack, D. McDonald, S. McGuire, A. Moynahan M. McDonald, McCune, Maxon, McCole, Nacey, Nickel, M. Nichols, B. Nichols, Nester, O'Sullivan, Plato, Patier, Pengemann, Payne, Pfaelzer, Quinn, A. Ryan, K. Ryan, Robinson, M. Roberts, Rizer, Russert, Rothschild, M. Smyth, E. Seeley, A. Smith, Stewart, A. Seeley, Schmidt, C. Sena, Shaw, Sleeper, Singler, Thirds, Tietgen, Tod, Van Mourick, S. Wile, B. Winstandley, G. Winstandley, Wurzburg, M. Wagner, Wolfe, Whitmore, Welter, Wolverton, E. Wile, Zahm, Zucker.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

Misses Adelsperger, Allen, Boyle, Baxter, Berg, Cowan, Coady, Crandall, Dreyer, Doble, Dennison, B. Davis, M. Davis, Ford, Field, Garrity, Girsch, M. Hickey, Hopper, Kaspar, Kline, Londoner, Meskill, Morris, Mills, Nacey, O'Mara, Palmer, Ryder, Scott, Schaefer, S. Smyth, J. Smyth, N. Smyth, Tilden, Tormey, Wolverton, Wheeler, White, Williams, Whittenberger.

MINIM DEPARTMENT.

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