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## The Holy Cross.

BY ELEANOR C. DONNELLY.

### I.

It is a ladder reaching to the skies,  
Its every round with gold and jewels deck'd;  
It is a bark which bears to Paradise  
Unnumbered souls on Life's wild ocean wreck'd.  
It is a medicine for every ill;  
A cordial for the weak; a thorny rose,  
Whence God His sweetest honey doth distil  
Into the bitter cup of human woes;  
Changing the gall of Sorrow's acid wine  
Into a golden nectar all divine;

### II.

O Holy Cross! I hail thee with delight!  
For I am weak and full of misery;  
A pilgrim in a desert, dark as night,  
I wander, weeping. Guide and strengthen me.  
Ah! help me reach thy ladder's shining rungs,  
That I may, mounting, grasp the crown on high!  
Ah! let me board thy bark!—with martyr-throngs,  
Sail forth to Love's fair land beyond the sky:  
The happy home of God's Eternal Son,  
Whose Cross, for men, hath endless glory won.

—*Ave Maria.*

## An Underrated Poet.

It is now nearly three centuries since England heard, with a deep though quiet sadness, that an aged man of venerable mien, who for more than a quarter of a century had borne worthily the name of English poet, had at length disappeared from those tumultuous scenes which surrounded the courts of the Charleses, and passed forward, one star the more, into the still unfathomed future, whither the Shaksperes and Miltons, whom men count dead, had but as yesterday transferred their kindred lustre.

When the report spread it seemed as if England, and the literary world in particular, had suddenly become the poorer by the death of John Dryden.

Glancing back over the dark and shadowy past, does not the eye single out certain epochs of virtue and glory, and others that are epochs of frivolity and shame? Do we not read of the age of Pericles in Greece, of the Augustan age in Rome, of the outburst of chivalry in modern Europe, of the dissolute era of Elizabeth in England, and of the sad results that followed it? Is it not true that all ages are not equally favored with gifts both moral and intellectual? And yet it is equally true that in every moral, spiritual or literary revolution there is always a leader—a man in whom originality has been deeply implanted.

As with individuals so is it with nations. Those who are familiar with the literary history of England will readily acknowledge that Dryden was such a man as this. But before we consider the greatness of the poet of the Restoration, let us first take a rapid glance at the condition of affairs in England at this period.

During the reign of James I. of England the condition of affairs in the kingdom was most deplorable. Catholics, throughout the length and breadth of the land, were persecuted with such inexorable cruelty that it was thought for a while that another Nero or Marcus Aurelius had arisen for the purpose of wiping out the faith implanted by St. Austin.

This weak and most profligate monarch was not satisfied with persecuting his subjects at home, but went so far as to issue a proclamation in Ireland commanding all Catholic priests to quit the land under penalty of death. The result is too well known. Siberian prisoners or Russian Jews never received such brutal treat-

ment from the hands of their persecutors as did the Irish people during the reign of James and his successor.

With the accession of Charles I., 1625, begins the rise of the Commonwealth in England. Charles attempting to rule without a parliament, the people refused to submit to such absolute monarchy as had characterized the reign of Henry VIII., and the result was that Charles was beheaded.

Dryden, who was destined to be a most important factor in English politics as well as in her literary history, was born at the parsonage house of Aldwinckle, August 9, 1631, and died in London on May 1, 1700. Both parents were Puritans. When Ben Jonson died Dryden was in his sixth year, and he was nearly a quarter of a century younger than Milton. He had been destined for the Church, and with that end in view had entered Trinity College, Cambridge, and taken his degree in 1653. But, caught as he had been from the first by the spirit of song, then hanging over England, he had already recognized his proper office and consecrated his life to the Muses.

Pope tells us that he saw Dryden while in London—perhaps at the Well's Coffee-house, the famous resort of the wits of that time, or perhaps in the street as Jeffrey, "a little black creature of a boy," met Burns while going up High Street in Edinburgh.

When Coleridge gave lectures in London on the English poets he divided them into three lists or sections: the first including all the poets from Chaucer to Dryden; the second, all those from Dryden inclusively to the close of the eighteenth century; and the third, all those of his own generation. The first period was one of strength, youth and outburst; the second was a period of cleverness, wit and sarcasm, and the third, a period of revival.

That Dryden is a mile-stone, so to speak, in English literature is evident. That he was a true poet, that he did possess the "inherent glow," "the vision and faculty divine," no one who has ever read a page of his writings can deny.

Dryden borrowed much from Shakspeare and Milton, and wherever he found a good thing he worked it into a poem; but in doing this he simply followed the precept of Horace, who says:

*"Publica materies privati juris erit, si  
Non circa vilem patulumque moraberis orbem,  
Nec verbum verbo curabis reddere fidus  
Interpres, nec desilies imitator in atrum,  
Unde pedem proferre pudor vetet aut operis lex."*

Dryden's first work—an elegy on Lord Hast-

ings—was one of his school performances. It is by no means a good example of the poet's later and better style. It shows, however, a strong poetic spirit. The opening lines of the poem are worthy of their author:

*"Must noble Hastings immaturely die,  
The honour of his ancient family,  
Beauty and learning thus together meet,  
To bring a winding for a wedding sheet?  
Must virtue prove death's harbinger? must she,  
With him expiring, feel mortality?"*

The first poem which won for Dryden such great popularity at the court of Charles II. was his "Annus Mirabilis," an historical poem, giving an account of the events of the year 1666. The first part of the poem is devoted to the Dutch war, the last to the fire of London. In reading this, one can readily see that variety is its chief want, as dignity is its greatest excellence; but in spite of these defects, we doubt whether so continued a strain of poetry could at that time be found in the language. It ranks second among the great war poems in English; Drayton's "Battle of Agincourt" is first.

In speaking of the Duke of York, the poet says:

*"Victorious York did first, with famed success,  
To his known valour make the Dutch give place.  
Thus Heaven our monarchs did confess,  
Beginning conquests from his royal race."*

And again, speaking of the Dutch:

*"The wily Dutch, who, like fall'n angels, feared  
This new Messiah's coming, there did wait  
And round the verge their braving vessels steer'd  
To tempt his courage with so fair a bait."*

Another striking passage is this:

*"O God, said he, the patron of my days,  
Guide of my youth in exile and distress,  
Who me unfriended brought by wondrous ways,  
The kingdom of my fathers to possess."*

*"Thus to the eastern wealth through storms we go;  
But now, the cape once doubled, feared no more;  
A constant trade wind will securely blow,  
And gently lay us on the spicy shore."*

About 1670, on the death of Davenan, Dryden was appointed poet-laureate, and also to the office of royal historiographer, with a salary of two hundred pounds paid quarterly, and of course the usual butt of wine was forthcoming at the end of each year. About this time, too, the country was deeply agitated by a political faction, and so powerful an auxiliary was not permitted by his party to remain in a state of inactivity. The religion of the Duke of York rendered him obnoxious to a large portion of the people, and plans were laid for his removal. The Duke of Monmouth, handsome, young, brave and courteous, had all the external requisites for a popular ruler; and what he wanted in mental qualities was amply supplied

by the Machiavel subtlety of Shaftesbury. The life of Charles was the only isthmus between these contending tides.

It was already plain that the king's death was to be the signal for a civil war. His situation was indeed a critical one, because, in all probability, Monmouth, whose claims were unjust in themselves and opposed to the authority of the crown, was more beloved by Charles than was his bigoted brother. To consent to the bill for excluding the lawful heir from the crown would place him in a most embarrassing condition; it would show that his subjects had nothing to expect from attachment to his person or defence of his interests.

Charles was not slow in acting: he banished Monmouth and his partisans from the kingdom. Monmouth went to Holland whence he boldly returned, and assumed control of a force opposed to the king. Shaftesbury had used every means in his power for the furtherance of Monmouth's cause. The press and the booksellers were nearly all anti-Catholic and the literature of the day teemed with furious and libellous poems from Little and Shadwell.

It was now time that some one should appear on behalf of the crown. Dryden's place, talents and mode of thinking qualified him for the task. He was the poet-laureate and household servant of the king. His vein of satire was keen, terse and powerful, beyond any that has since been displayed. If there were wanting further impulse to induce Dryden, conscious of his strength, to mingle in an affray where it might be displayed to advantage, he had the stimulus of personal attachment and personal enmity to sharpen his political animosity. Ormond, Halifax, and Hyde, Earl of Rochester, among the nobles, were his patrons; Lee and Southerne, among the poets, were his friends.

The lenity with which Dryden treated the character of Monmouth was due to the respect which he had for the Duchess, the Duke's wife, who, rather than Monmouth himself, had patronized Dryden; and she was much displeased with her husband's politics.

Thus stimulated by strong motives, and withheld by none, Dryden composed, and, on the 17th of November, 1681, published the satire of "Absalom and Achitophel."

It appeared a very short time after Shaftesbury had been committed to the Tower. Its sale was rapid beyond precedent; and even those who were most severely criticised were compelled to acknowledge the beauty, if not the justice, of the poem. The poet is as careful of the offending Absalom's fame as the father in

Scripture of the life of his rebel son. The fairer side is cleverly presented, and a veil drawn over all that deserved blame.

But the wily and deceitful Shaftesbury pays for the lenity with which Monmouth is dismissed. The traits of praise and the tribute paid to that statesman's character are so qualified and artfully blended that they seem to render his faults even more conspicuous and hateful. In this skilful mixture of applause and blame lies the nicest art of satire. The jury failed to convict Shaftesbury, and he was liberated. His followers celebrated the acquittal by the most public marks of rejoicing. Amongst others, a medal was struck bearing the head and name of Shaftesbury. This aroused the inexhaustible Dryden again; and about the 16th of March, 1681, "The Medal," a satire against sedition, appeared. In this satire, Shaftesbury's history, his frequent political apostasies, his licentious course of life, and all his political and moral bearings, are exposed to public contempt and reprobation.

Dryden, speaking in "Absalom and Achitophel" against those who were opposed to power and had lost their position at court, says:

"Of these the false Achitophel was first  
A name to all succeeding ages cursed;  
For close designs and crooked counsels fit;  
Sagacious, bold and turbulent of wit;  
Restless, unfix'd in principles and place;  
In power unpleas'd, impatient of disgrace.  
A fiery soul, which, working out its way,  
Fretted the pigmy body to decay,  
And o'er-informed the tenement of clay."

The poet-laureate does not neglect to deal with his one-time friend, George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, and author of the "Rehearsal," a poem ridiculing Dryden's dramas. He gives Villiers the title of Zimri, and says of him:

"Some of their chiefs were princes of the land;  
In the first rank of these did Zimri stand,—  
A man so various that he seemed to be  
Not one, but all mankind's epitome.  
Stiff in opinions, always in the wrong,  
Was everything by starts and nothing long;  
But, in the course of one revolving moon,  
Was chymist, fiddler, statesman and buffoon:  
Then all for women, painting; rhyming, drinking,  
Besides ten thousand freaks that died in thinking."

This is vitriol squirted, as it were, from around a corner; it is far more cutting than anything ever written by Pope.

Dryden's third satire, "MacFlecknoe," was written in ridicule of Shadwell the dramatist. Shadwell is represented as the adopted son of the venerable monarch Flecknoe, who so long

"In prose and verse was own'd without dispute  
Through all the realms of nonsense absolute."

This unmerciful and highly-polished satire is equal to any of those written by Juvenal, and superior to Pope's. One need but glance at the following lines to form an opinion as to the quality of the work:

"The rest to some faint meaning make pretense,  
But Shadwell never deviates into sense;  
Some beams of wit on other souls may fall,  
Strike through and make a lucid interval;  
But Shadwell's genuine night admits no ray;  
His rising fogs prevail upon the day."

Dryden's next great work was the "Religio Laici," or "A Layman's Faith." This poem was written shortly before he entered the Catholic Church. It contains many strong arguments for the faith that was in him. In the Preface to the "Religio Laici," he says to those who may object to his dealing with so serious a subject: "If it be objected to me that, being a layman, I ought not to have concerned myself with speculations, which belong to the profession of divinity, I could answer that perhaps laymen, with equal advantages of parts and knowledge, are not the most incompetent judges of sacred things; but in the due sense of my own weakness and want of learning I plead not this: I pretend not to make myself a judge of faith in others, but only to make a confession of my own."

The sincere belief which the poet had in his faith may be seen from the following lines:

"For *my* salvation must its doom receive,  
Not from what *others* but what *I* believe."

It is true that this poem caused Dryden to lose much favor at court and even his position as poet-laureate; but since he never offered an apology for anything he wrote, he now cared little for those who were ready to censure him.

Led by the light of faith, the poet of the Restoration embraced the Catholic religion in 1683; not, as some would have us believe, for the purpose of gaining the patronage of James II., but because he was a man of deep learning, and, like the great Dr. Brownson of America, was willing to accept a belief against which he could find no contrary proofs.

As a result of his coming into the Church, he produced the famous allegorical poem "The Hind and Panther." This poem is a strong defence of the Catholic Church, and a grand exposition of her doctrines on transubstantiation, infallibility and Church authority. It is written by way of a dialogue between a hind, who represents the Church of Rome, and the panther, who sustains the character of the Church of England.

Here is what the poet says of his early beliefs:

"My thoughtless youth was wingéd with vain desires;  
My manhood, long misled by wandering fires,  
Follow'd false lights, and when their glimpse was gone,  
My pride struck out new sparkles of her own."

"The Hind and Panther" is the most correctly versified of poems, and considered by some to be his greatest. Among the other great poems of Dryden's are:

"Astrua and Redux"; "Satire on the Dutch"; "Threnodia Augustatis," and "Britannia Rediviva." His translations are also equally great. These are principally from the Latin and Italian. From the former he has given us the best translation we have of Virgil and Horace, and those from the latter are principally from Boccaccio. His odes, such as "Alexander's Feast," and "Ode on St. Cecilia's Day," will go booming down the ages as masterpieces in English literature, excelled by none, equalled only by Shelley.

Dryden does indeed maintain a high place among the poets of England. At the same time it must be said that he falls short of the very highest rank, that he does not stand on the very top of the English Parnassus, where Chaucer and Milton keep reverent company with Shakspeare, but rather on the upper slope of the mountain whence these great poets are visible.

J. J. McAULIFF.

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#### Astronomy.

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Astronomy has truly an interesting history, whatever branch of that science we undertake to examine. Whether we consider the constitution of suns or of comets, distances or phenomena, we find that the same branch and the same subjects have been investigated hundreds of years ago. In no instance is this fact better illustrated than in the case of the Planetary System. Beginning as far back as the time of Hipparchus, we notice many curious beliefs held in regard to the universe. Chief among them were, first, that the earth was fixed at the centre, and secondly, that the planets, seven in number, revolved round it in circular orbits. This, indeed, would account for the direct motion of the planets as seen from the earth; but they seemed, at certain positions of their orbits, to retrograde; consequently, to explain this latter action it was necessary to suppose that the planets were not situated upon the larger circles themselves, but upon smaller circles, known as the epicycles, the centres of which were carried around the orbits proper, that is the larger circles, in a direction contrary

to the movements of the planets on their circumferences. To Ptolemy are we indebted for having compiled and published these theories; but Hipparchus is acknowledged as their originator.

Thus having noted the beginning of the Ptolemaic System, and having remarked its principal characteristic, it is interesting to proceed still farther, tracing its development and witnessing its final refutation. Suffice it to say that, after receiving the wellnigh universal approbation of the Greeks, it was adopted by the Arabs, who modified it in some particulars, also by the Byzantines, and thence it was spread throughout the western part of Europe. There it held full sway until the sixteenth century, when it was obliged to give place to the teachings of Copernicus, modifications and consequent additions of epicycles having rendered it cumbersome and unscientific.

We have said that it was superseded by the teaching of Copernicus; but it would be idle to suppose that Copernicus, by one stroke of masterly genius, overthrew the belief of centuries. For not only was his system a revival of the old doctrines of Pythagoras, but the opposition which it met was enough to crush it, had not the truths which it enunciated, however imperfectly, been convincing enough to convert its most bitter enemies. In vain did mankind struggle and contend against this revolution of the beliefs of centuries; in vain did science seek to disprove science; facts overcame prejudice, and error must needs submit. To those who would have us believe that the opposition came from any particular class or creed we would say that the opposition was of an entirely different character, and almost universal; for it was nothing else than a natural and reasonable revolt of men's minds against a seeming attempt to deprive them of a doctrine of ages, by substituting for it a resurrection of the theories of Pythagoras for the most part without proof and apparently merely imaginary.

Even to a cool, unprejudiced mind "*De Revolutionibus Orbium*"—for such was the title of Copernicus' work—contained many absurdities and poor logic. Then must we blame the opponents? Are they not rather deserving of praise? For while in some cases, and doubtless in many, the denials sprang from prejudice and error, is it not reasonable to suppose that scientific objections were not wanting—objections not of a trifling nature, but such as would overthrow the entire system.

And yet, on the other hand, let us not fail to

give to Copernicus the merit which he undoubtedly deserves. For not only is his system, with modifications, the accepted one of the present day, the sun being established at the centre of the celestial universe, and the planets—of which the earth is one—made to move around it, but he also was the first to satisfactorily explain the phenomena of day and night and thus account for the diurnal revolution of the stars, by making known the daily motion of the earth on its axis, besides explaining many other marvels by means of the system itself.

Among those unable to accept the theories of Copernicus we notice a celebrated astronomer who for originality of thought and breadth of conception is decidedly superior to either of his predecessors. Tycho Brahe argued very logically that if the Copernican system were true, the stars must exhibit an annual parallax. This he endeavored to discover; but although his instruments were the most delicately constructed of his time, his observations were without result. Hence but one conclusion was left him, namely, that the earth is fixed, as far as regards orbital motion, and that his immediate precursor's idea was therefore erroneous. He made the other planets revolve around the sun, and the latter body itself to proceed around the earth, thus satisfying for all motions, both real and apparent, by an arrangement in accordance with the old fundamental idea of the fixity of our globe.

Confronted with two such opposite theories, how could the unbiassed scientist or philosopher accept one in preference to the other? The simplicity and regularity of Copernicus' theory were indeed in its favor, and still Tycho's system was more in agreement with the old ideas; moreover, his objection would disprove the former theory were it not satisfied.

In order, then, that a settlement might be reached, it became necessary to determine the stellar parallax if it existed, or if not, to show conclusively that its non-existence was a matter of fact, and not due to lack of means, imperfect instruments, or careless observations. Many attempts were made, but it was not until the nineteenth century, our own enlightened age, that the problem was satisfactorily solved, when Bessel, by heliometer observations, on 61 Cygni found that it had a parallax equal to three hundred and forty-eight thousandths of a second,—less than four-tenths of a second, and that, too, for a star whose parallax should be second to but one, on account of its distance. Yet some of the lights of the present age blame Tycho for not having been able to distinguish

such a small movement, consider him, no doubt, a fanatic, unworthy of the title of astronomer. Indeed, were they more versed in his history they would know that we are indebted to him, not only for being the means, indirectly, it is true, of perfecting, or reducing to its present form the knowledge of our Solar System, but for other investigations equally important and valuable. Because, in the first place, he was the friend and tutor of Kepler whose famous laws—only the first of which here concerns us, namely, the orbit of each planet is an ellipse with the sun in one of its foci—are acknowledged to be due to the tutor's research; and then his table of fixed stars, his table of refractions, his variation and equation of moon, etc., involved no light labors and presupposed somewhat more than ordinary knowledge and intelligence.

But it is not our intention to here eulogize Tycho Brahe; we have merely paused to endeavor to correct a few erroneous notions held in regard to him; nor is it our desire to belittle the illustrious Copernicus. Indeed we must credit him with originality, although, as we have before stated, the idea of the present system was not first conceived by him, still he was certainly the first to attempt to prove the idea; for the dreamy Pythagoras is said to have contented himself with merely announcing his impression, not even essaying a demonstration.

The explanation of the variation of the seasons and of precession gave additional lustre to a well-earned fame, and served to place Copernicus in the very first rank of modern astronomers.

The grandeur, the immensity of the universe are thoughts daily expressed; but, if we are permitted to reason by analogy, how wonderfully simple must be the laws governing the same! For, noting the regularity and fitness which exist in our own infinitesimal portion of that vast boundary, we may surely conclude like qualities for the other similar portions. Truly, our thoughts must turn to the Infinite Creator of them all; for in Him alone can we see that power, and by Him only, explain its workings, which holds in submission countless suns and countless planets, and causes them to move in that incomparable unison and harmony so sublime.

P. A. MURPHY.

BABY: "Mamma! how can the sun and the moon stop up there in the sky?"

MAMMA: "My dear, God holds the sun in one hand and the moon in the other."

BABY: "Is dot so! But how can He blow His nose then?"—*From the French.*

Kent.

Nowhere, perhaps, in the whole range of universal literature—certainly in no other of Shakspeare's personages—is there to be found such a rare combination of blunt honesty, unselfish devotion and constancy of purpose as in that prominent character of "King Lear," the Earl of Kent. We behold in him a man born and reared within the walls of the court, occupying a high position, and subjected to the wiles of the flatterer from the very moment of his birth; but such is his goodness and natural modesty that he is preserved from the dangers attending very great self-esteem, and his shrewdness and common-sense enable him to see their true designs.

It is easy to understand how Kent, with his generosity and his kindness of heart, forms a true and lasting friendship for Cordelia, and how, with his knowledge of human character, he perceives the schemes of Goneril and Regan.

Neither does he allow his own selfish interests to deter him from laying bare their plots; but, well knowing the temper of Lear, he braves his anger, and boldly declares him to be mistaken. When banished in consequence of this act he does not look about for means to wreak vengeance on the old king, but rather tries to preserve him from the effects of his own folly.

Disguised, he becomes the king's body-servant; he follows him through all his wavering fortunes, through the paths of sorrow and sufferings, but never once does he falter; he throws self aside, and always interposes his own body as a protection between Lear and his enemies, and performs for him "services improper for a slave."

At last, through the tireless exertions of Kent, the king again reaches a place of safety. He and Cordelia are again united in each other's love. Then is Kent happy; but, alas! his happiness is of short duration. Lear, still pursued by his inhuman daughters, soon after Cordelia has been so cruelly murdered, passes away. Kent could not bear the burden of all these misfortunes, "the strings of life began to crack," and "left him tranced." Coleridge says: "Kent is perhaps the nearest to perfect goodness in all Shakspeare's characters."

Kent lived but to make others happy. His motives were not those of a servile courtier, whose every action tends towards self-advancement, but that of a man whose only happiness consists in contributing to the enjoyment of

others. He was bold, impetuous, fiery, but still beneath this guise there beat a heart impulsive but sympathetic, which was full to overflowing with tenderness for man.

D. MURPHY.

Books and Periodicals.

—*Donaloe's Magazine* for September contains a great variety of interesting articles. Among them the following: "The Blessings of Persecution"; "Christopher Columbus"; "Musings on the Irish Situation," by an American; "Points About the Irish Crisis"; "A Glance at Ireland's Poets and Poetry"; "Ireland the Centre of the Civilized World"; "Revolutionary Heroes"; An interesting Irish story; "The Angelus"; "Edward Blake's Genealogy"; "Jesuits and Spartans"; "A Day in Bed for Health's Sake"; "Brought the Law into Disrepute"; "The New Carroll Institute"; "Gladstone and Home Rule." The Juvenile Department is interesting.

—The September *Wide Awake* is a bright, descriptive and story-telling number full of strength and excellence. Prominent among its illustrated papers is a charming description by Frances A. Humphrey, of Old Plymouth and Plymouth Rock as they look to young tourists, under the title of "A Red Letter Day," profusely illustrated. A paper by S. G. W. Benjamin on "Our Lighthouses and Lightships," is full of new and interesting material about these guardians of our coasts. Sophie Swett has a capital boys' story of school and cricket, "Tafferton of New York," told in her customary practical vein; "Christyann's Rezavoy Picnic" is by Mary Hartwell Catherwood, and is as bright and homely as are all her character stories; Sophie May, dear to all girl readers, has a real girl story "Patient Kysie," with the real home flavor; and Theron Brown commemorates this bi-centennial year of the Salem Witchcraft by a strong and stirring story of life at that troublous time "John Alden's Peril."

—In *Scribner's* for September Mr. John Biglow, in an article entitled "The Tilden Trust Library: What Shall It Be?" publishes for the first time the facts concerning Mr. Tilden's wishes as to the details of the plan providing for the erection of a great library building in the very centre of New York. The scheme, with its elaborate illustrations, is one of the most interesting ever laid before the public. "The Last of the Buffalo," Mr. Geo. Bird Grinnell's article in this number of the *Magazine*, is full of a true sportsman's feeling, and recalls, with picturesque vividness, the days when the buffalo were found on the great plains in unnumbered thousands. The illustrations, by Ernest E. Thompson and Otto H. Bacher, are particularly fine. Miss Isabella F. Hapgood writes of the Névsy Prospékt in the sixth article on "The Great Streets of the World," and gives a very clear impression of its characteristic aspects,

and the historical and personal associations of Russia's chief city. Mr. W. C. Brownell—whose book, "French Traits," was received with so much favor—contributes the first of three articles on French art, all to be illustrated. Among other articles are: "The Indian who is not Poor"; "The Education of the Blind"; "The Attainment of the Highest North," etc.

—In the September *Popular Science Monthly*, Dr. Charles C. Abbot contributes an illustrated article testifying to the skill of "The Delaware Indian as an Artist," and puts in evidence figures of carved gorgets, masks, and various other objects. Prof. J. S. Kingsley describes the marine Biological Laboratory, at Woods Holl, giving pictures of its building and of the interiors of some of its work-rooms. Under the title "Infectious Diseases: Causation and Immunity," Dr. G. M. Sternberg, U. S. A., tells what has been learned in this field up to date. Prof. Joseph Jastrow presents a "Further Study of Involuntary Movements," supplementing an earlier paper on this subject. The article is accompanied by thirteen tracings of the movements described. The trouble at the Carnegie mills gives timeliness to Conrad Reno's reply to Edward Atkinson, on "The Wage-Contract and Personal Liberty." There is an interesting account of "Mica and the Mica Mines," by C. Hanford Henderson. Some very strange occurrences are described in Mr. William A. Eddy's paper on "Incalculable Accidents." M. Jules Rochard writes on "Tobacco and the Tobacco Habit"; M. Charles Henry on "Odors and the Sense of Smell"; and Frederick A. Fernald describes recent "Changes in Chemical and Geographical Words," that have been made in the interest of simplicity and uniformity.

—Besides the serials, which are now coming close to the grand transformation scene in the fifth act, *St. Nicholas* has a large number of valuable papers to offer in the September number. The number opens with a careful study of "A King Without a Throne," by Tudor Jenks. The life of the son of the great Napoleon is here retold from the point of view of a child's interest, and Ogden's excellent pictures make the account a very vivid and pathetic story. Maurice Thompson has a poetical tribute to the great field naturalist, Alexander Wilson, and there is an interesting story of the sea by D. B. Waggener, a clever, practical article upon how to keep a community of ants for purposes of study, and a record by L. E. Stofiel of the curious custom of allowing a boy to ride upon the walking-beam of the Mississippi steamboats, in order to draw custom for the boats. We may also mention, as particularly worth reading, "A Kitten by Post," "Nan's Collecting," and especially the bright article by Eldridge S. Brooks, "The Last Conquistador," with Ogden's illustrations. No one will overlook Meredith Nugent's "Troublesome Model," Laura E. Richards's verses, "Mr. Somebody," nor John Richards's funny "Mazeppa."

# NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.

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The attention of the Alumni of the University of Notre Dame, and others, is called to the fact that the NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC now enters upon the TWENTY-SIXTH year of its existence, and presents itself anew as a candidate for the favor and support of the many old friends who have heretofore lent it a helping hand.

*THE NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC* contains: choice Poetry, Essays, and the current Art, Musical, Literary and Scientific Gossip of the day;

Editorials on questions of the day, as well as on subjects connected with the University of Notre Dame;

Personal gossip concerning the whereabouts and the success of former students;

All the weekly local news of the University, including the names of those who have distinguished themselves during the week by their excellence in Class, and by their good conduct.

Students should take it; parents should take it; and above all,

OLD STUDENTS SHOULD TAKE IT.

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Address EDITOR NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC,  
Notre Dame, Ind

—The formal opening of the scholastic year will take place to-morrow (Sunday) morning at eight o'clock. Solemn High Mass will be celebrated in the college church by Rev. President Walsh.

—Classes were begun on the 6th inst. with a very good attendance for the first day of the session. Since then the daily arrivals increased the number of students to more than four hundred, so that the close of the week found the various departments of the University in good working order and fairly entered upon what to all appearances will prove one of the most successful years in the history of *Alma Mater*.

—Our neighboring sister institution, St. Mary's Academy, has launched forth into the sea of journalism. *St. Mary's Chimes* is the title which the tasteful representative of academic art and learning bears. The first number appeared with the beginning of the month, and gives evidence of that high degree of excellence with which each issue will be marked, and which will make the *Chimes* a welcome visitor to hosts of admiring friends. Readers of the SCHOLASTIC need not be told this. For years they have known the literary worth of "St. Mary's Depart-

ment," and they will be pleased to greet, in an artistically designed and neatly printed journal, the collection of all that is brightest and best in the contributions of its gifted *alumniæ*. The *Chimes* has our cordial wishes for a long and prosperous career.

—We are glad to state that the health of the venerable Founder of Notre Dame, the Very Rev. Father General Sorin, has greatly improved during the past week. Indeed the amelioration has been so marked that his numerous friends and spiritual children entertain the fondest hopes that his approaching patronal festival, October 13, marking as it does a golden anniversary, will be celebrated with that solemnity and splendor, which may, to some extent, serve to express the joy and gratitude of devoted hearts. 1842, 1892! Fifty years since the foundation of Notre Dame! will be the key-note upon which shall ring the changes of the songs of jubilation which will greet our Father Founder and prove the incentive to more earnest prayers that Heaven may long preserve to Notre Dame a life so devoted and so precious.

—On Monday, the 5th inst., the Hon. Daniel E. Dougherty, the "silver-tongued orator," died at his residence in Philadelphia. The deceased was a prominent figure before the American public, distinguished by those qualities that form the statesman and the leader among men. He was renowned by his eloquence and easily held the foremost place among the orators of the day. His powers of oratory were conspicuously displayed and fixed the attention of the country when he nominated for the presidency two of the great public men of the age. He was endowed with rare talents that made him an admirable lawyer and reasoner, and at the same time was gifted with a nobility of heart that caused unselfish, disinterested motives to actuate all that he did. More than all else, Mr. Dougherty was a man of faith and simple piety. True to his religion, he was ever the zealous defender of the Church he revered and loved. He presented before the world, as Archbishop Ryan said of him, "the example of a man loyal to his family and his friends, loyal to his profession, loyal to his country and, above all, loyal to his God." It was in recognition of his eminent merits that the University of Notre Dame, in 1891, presented Mr. Dougherty with her highest honor—the Lætare Medal.



### Ordinations.

By an oversight we omitted to note in our last issue the impressive ceremonies of Ordination that were witnessed here during the vacation. On July 29, 30 and 31, Rt. Rev. Bishop Richter, of Grand Rapids, conferred the dignity of the Priesthood upon Rev. J. T. Boland and Rev. E. P. Murphy, both of the Congregation of the Holy Cross. At the same time Messrs. J. F. DeGroot, C. S. C., and W. A. Maloney, C. S. C., were elevated to the Order of Subdeaconship, while Messrs. B. Ill, C. S. C., and J. W. Cavanaugh, C. S. C., received Minor Orders. Father Boland, whom many old students will remember with pleasure, is now Prefect of Discipline in St. Edward's College, Austin, Texas. Father Murphy, too, has found a new field of usefulness in Sacred Heart University, Watertown, Wis. We hope the young Priests may be granted many years of successful service in the vineyard of the Lord.

### Professor Stace's Monument.

A tasteful but modest stone, characteristic of the man, has recently been set to mark the beautiful resting-place of Professor Stace. The body of this gentle, quaint man of letters has found repose in a romantic spot, such as he would have chosen, in the grove above St. Mary's Lake, fast by the site once occupied by the "Holy Sepulchre," so dear to his heart, and so often visited by him in the pleasant days of long ago. Beside him rests Professor Lyons, and near by are Father Lemonnier, Father Gillespie, and many others, who with him made Notre Dame seem "a grove of Academe,"—Saint Francis, however, teaching with Plato.

The monument is unique in design and material, being a Celtic cross chiselled out of Irish grey stone. The material, while of adamantine hardness and fineness of texture, has yet admitted of the most delicate and graceful cutting and most perfect polish. In this connection it is interesting to refer to some suggestions found in Prof. Stace's writings looking towards his final place of rest. Among his manuscripts he left a series of sketches of persons and places in and about Notre Dame, accompanied with photographs of individuals, groups and scenes, now of considerable historical value. In the summer of 1872 he concluded the first of these series of sketches with the following:

"Having come to the end of my collection, I close my compilation with the contemplated end of the author, a

scene which the reader may imagine as taking place in Cedar Grove Cemetery, out in the widespread plain that extends in front of my *Alma Mater*; where I would make my last home, an humble petitioner for the prayers of the good Christians who are to dwell here in future years."

And then follows a simple sketch in water-colors of a picturesque grave, with a rude Celtic cross at the head, inscribed on the circle and arms with the words:

"ORATE PRO ANIMA  
ARTHURII J. STACE.  
REQUIESCAT IN PACE."

Green grass grows upon the grave, and some wild birds flit overhead, one lighting upon an arm of the cross. Below are the words: "The end."

His "last home" is not indeed in Cedar Grove Cemetery, as he suggested he would like to have it, but it is near by, and still nearer to Notre Dame which he so much loved. The Celtic cross, too, though not quite such as he pictured, is, nevertheless, undoubtedly of a form and material which he would approve. It is of Irish grey stone, chiselled and lettered on Irish soil. This, too, would have pleased him; for, though English born, he had a sincere affection for the warm-hearted Celtic race, caused in part, no doubt, by their purity of heart and their sincerity—so like his own—and in part by the fidelity of the Irish people to the ancient faith to which he was himself so devoted. The Greek *XP.* standing for the name of Christ, at the junction of the arms of the cross, is emblematic at once of his learning and his religion—a Greek in genius, a Christian in belief. The remainder of the inscription, also in raised polished letters, on the face of the monument below the cross, is in part translated from the Latin words on his own manuscript cross; and, with the words and the prayer to which they give expression, we close our brief tribute of affection for one of the most lovable, learned and unobtrusive characters that ever dwelt at Notre Dame:

"PRAY FOR THE SOUL OF  
ARTHUR JOSEPH STACE.  
BORN AT BERWICK, ENGLAND, JAN. 28, 1838.  
DIED AT NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, SEPT. 25, 1890.  
POET, SCHOLAR, CHRISTIAN.  
MAY HE REST IN PEACE.

### Socialistic Principles.

As the painter's endeavor is to bring out the bright points and high lights of his picture, so is man ever striving to reach the solution of the questions: in what manner, in what place and by what means will true social reform be determined? It is not my intention here to map out the many paths that have been pur-

sued in the expectation to astonish the world by solving social questions. They have made a screen, so to speak, surrounding the poor laboring man, through which he may look on the riches of the world, but outside of which he cannot himself tread. He is caged in the network of almost numberless theories which always promise happiness, ease and even luxury, but only grind out his few pennies to fill the velvet pockets of those whose minds are turned with their doctrinal principles.

Take, for instance, the theory of J. J. Rousseau. Evidently he proposes something that is absurd. In his eagerness to help the poor he confuses them and vexes the rich. He wishes to bring all men to the same social standing. He wants the tramp to put his cent, the rich man his ninety-nine cents into a common box, and each to take out fifty cents. When this great socialistic teacher finds unwillingness—which no one can justly blame—on the part of the wealthy to follow him he has recourse to methods, which arouse envy and hatred in the hearts of the poor and needy. He holds out his panacea for all the grievous ills to the suffering masses only. He will tell the poor and lowly that they should be the equal of the rich and mighty; but they do not know what this equality means. Incensed by supposed wrongs and the thought of wealth and contentment, they mean to possess themselves of these treasures; but as they have been told of no instrument with which they may reach them, they adopt means most foul. Naught results but anarchy which leads to riot, rebellion and ruin. "Equality of all men," is the cry of the socialist. Then, for love of mankind, if not of God, let them propose means to obtain it, before they tempt an ignorant, unthinking rabble with bait of gold. The reformation of society must begin by the reformation of men who make society what it is. But we do not find this in the teachings of Rousseau and his followers.

Socialism, not in the sense that it ought to imply, but in a sense which came from a misuse of the word, teaches the worst kind of individualism; individualism produces the vilest selfish principles, and egotism is the parent of pride, covetousness, luxury, anger, gluttony, envy and sloth.

Experience, as well as reason, teaches us, that "in union there is strength." History repeats the same truth. The individualist, however, comes in with the cry: "Each man for himself. Let everyone scrape and kick with all other men in the one big human mesh of the world, and when he has disentangled himself from the howling crowd, let him take

what is in his hands, and then, if he is not satisfied, let him plunge again into the surging mass and kick like the others till he has extricated himself once more with what fate gives him." On the other hand, the communist, the friend of the individualist and his brother in the same doctrine, steps in and asks that all peacefully join hands and have no property at all, but deposit their capital in the hands of the government. These are two great allies, but teach doctrines entirely distinct from each other—a contradiction in terms, in fact. The individualist recognizes divine authority in nothing, least of all in the state. He would create his own little god and bestow on it authority derived from the individual, and limit this power according to the impulse of the moment.

Mankind in this state would be as an immense stellar universe without an omnipotent hand to guide each star; for then no one star would recognize another, but would most likely collide with its nearest neighbor and be the destruction of both. As gravitation is the means by which God enables the planets and other heavenly bodies to poise and to move in harmony with their co-planets, etc., so is the divine solidarity of mankind the medium which establishes fraternal relationship between man and man, and arouses in his breast love, sympathy and respect for his fellowmen. Without these virtues society would soon crumble into hords of jealous and revengeful savages, continually at war with everyone, not excepting themselves. Is there any man so base as to wish this? What sane being will step upon the platform and proclaim "I am an advocate of ruin and unhappiness to every individual?" And such are those who preach this terrible *reform*, as they blindly call it.

It is a common accusation, made only by bigots, egotists or ignoramuses, that the Catholic Church has done everything to foster strange, disgraceful and fanatic ideas on all subjects pertaining to the advancement of the world. She is accused of being a hater of progress; a lover of idleness, a despoiler of the poor and an ardent seeker after whatever will contribute to her own aggrandizement. Such is not the case. The great endeavor of the Church is not to hold back those who strive hard; to make the industrious wait, that the loiterer may catch up; but her untiring effort is to bring the backward to the same degree of proficiency as the forward, by instilling into the former a love of labor. Her effort is not that one man by his industry should support many others, because

they will not work, but she believes the saying: "*Virtus rerum in medio restitit.*" Her motto is not to depress and crush the high and more worthy, but to elevate the lowly and humble.

F. B. C.

Augustin Daly.

One of the most interesting personalities in New York is Augustin Daly. Even the gamin in the street knows his name, and will tell you, with awe in his voice, that there is always "standin' room at Daly's show." There are few better known men among New York celebrities than this most autocratic, most artistic, most celebrated of American theatrical managers. But although Mr. Daly is well known to the public, his personality remains an enigma; he is little understood, and he gives the impression of not caring to be understood. A Southerner by birth, of Irish descent, he combines the intense pride and the intense sensitiveness of both regions. He is loyal, generous and the truest of friends; and yet to the outer world Augustin Daly is cold, impassive, the director of public taste, and yet at all points ready to obey the higher taste he forms.

A gentleman and a scholar by birth and education, he has few intimate friends in his own social circle. His brother, Judge Joseph Daly, one of the most brilliant men on the bench, is seldom absent from those Sunday night dinners at which Mrs. Augustin Daly always presides. These dinners, given at his home, not far from the New York Cathedral, are the most delightful of reunions. But they are confined to the most intimate of Mr. Daly's friends. In a dining-room remarkable for its exquisite wood carving and its wealth of roses, these dinners are served in the winter and spring with a perfection which is never chronicled in the society columns. Mrs. Daly lives for her husband and for her friends, and very little for society. Among the most valued of these friends are Miss Rehan and Mrs. Gilbert. The stately and graceful Ada is the most constant visitor at the Daly home, and its splendors are never so splendid as when they help to frame the distinction of this charming actress.

The *Saturday Review* famous for its cynicism, the *Athenæum*, a high literary authority, Clement Scott, as unapproachable and cool a critic as Francesque Sarcey himself, all the London critics and the best of London society acclaimed Miss Rehan's art and Mr. Daly's stage management. The social triumphs of Mary Anderson were revived; and Lord Tennyson determined to place "The Foresters" in the hands of a company of comedians who were pronounced by the most scrupulous judges to be the only rivals of the *Comédie Française*. But beyond a visit to Lord Tennyson's place, accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Daly, Miss Rehan did not go

into the drawing-rooms whose doors were flung wide open to her.

Much of Miss Rehan's success is due to the steel-like inflexible training of Augustin Daly, who is a man of ideas, gifted with the power of carrying them out, in spite of all obstacles. He began life as an author—and a clever one he was, too, as some of his stories, still preserved in bound volumes of the *Mercury*, side by side with the serials of Pearce Egan and other literary lights of the early '70s, will testify; he was dramatic critic on the *Times*, but at last found his line—theatrical management. His failures were as brilliant as his successes. No sensational effect daunted him; he dared anything and everything. He was capable of chartering a whole fire company to run up an alley and across a stage in "The Streets of New York." He imported the most elaborate embellishments for the famous "Roi Carotte," and what he could not import he invented with more splendor than the Parisians dreamed of. He failed brilliantly at times and succeeded more brilliantly. He brought out a score of women and men of genius. Fanny Davenport and Clara Morris and Sara Jewett were leading ladies in his company. The parts he wrote for them fitted their qualifications, and there is not one of them who does not admit her debt to Mr. Daly's consummate knowledge of stage effect and dramatic art.

At home Augustin Daly is the happiest of men. The basement of his brown-stone house is a veritable treasure-house. Besides his unique interleaved Bible, there are MSS. of Dickens, the whole of Thackeray's letters to Mr. and Mrs. Brookfield—curios, manuscripts, each the rarest of its kind. Here, after one of those Sunday night dinners which his wife makes so perfect by her grace and tact and sympathy, he likes to see a few friends. These are seldom theatrical people; but sometimes a critic, like John Russel Young, or a conversationalist, like Archbishop Corrigan, or Judge Daly, or, in older days, General Sherman brightened this ideal lounging place for a scholar. It is impossible that a man of Augustin Daly's decided opinions and character should not make enemies with bitter and unscrupulous tongues. But the higher one goes in the acting profession the more praise one hears of him. "His discipline is hard," said a rising young actor the other day, "but let a man be conscientious and have anything in him, and Daly will make him. There is no sham about his art, and he abhors the 'dude' actor, the masher and the fraud who relies on notoriety rather than talent."

One of Daly's remarkable departures from a beaten track was his giving Maurice Francis Egan's adaptation of François Coppée's "Le Pater." It was a curtain-raiser—religious, sombre, strong. The audience, used to the light and sparkling, was amazed at the change, and puzzled. And yet in this play, condemned by the censors in Paris as too inflammatory of

communist passions, Miss Rehan showed that she had tragic power not suspected. It gave a filip to public discussion; it was the "surprise" that comes in the middle of a dinner to help appetite for the rest.

Augustin Daly has made American dramatic art respected in England. When his new theatre is opened in London one may expect even greater triumphs for the interpreter of Shakspeare and Tennyson and a governor of the town of Stratford. The drama owes as much to him as it owes to Henry Irving.—*Chicago Post.*

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Local Items.

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- Welcome.
- 1842-1892!
- Columbian year.
- Over 400 strong.
- Mugby Junction!
- Shoot the whistler!
- Great skelter man!
- Columbian Session.
- New arrivals every day.
- Say nothing but saw wood.
- Denver boys came Thursday.
- The old man has disappeared.
- The "new boys" are in the majority.
- Don't forget to take the SCHOLASTIC, boys.
- Alas, Bennie will not be with us, but Sammy will.
- Subscribe to the SCHOLASTIC. Now is the time.
- All's well that ends well, provided it be an oil-well.
- Eighty-nine "princes" have been royally entered.
- The "Invincibles'" battery are back again. Beware!
- Those new back stops are said to be "on the road."
- A reporter oftentimes assumes grave responsibilities.
- Bro. Raphael has brought out a brand new N. D. U. lock.
- The "Grads" table still remains an object of speculation.
- Old boys back again, all that is left of them, left of six hundred.
- Sorin Hall has been decorated like the palace of Balthasar.
- The Carrolls are to have a base-ball banquet in the near future.
- The classes in Science Hall promise to be unusually large this year.
- The Republicans in Sorin Hall are talking of forming a political club.
- The "Old Sports' Corner" is somehow lonesome-looking this year.

—Never, the old boys say, did St. Edward's Park appear more charming.

—The Carroll campus looks as though the "Nights of Labor" had visited it lately.

—Bro. Philip's field was well planted with shrubbery and shade trees during vacation.

—Have the usual wet day rec's begun? What's the matter with the weather prophet?

—Will no one ever devise some contrivance calculated to keep talkative Tom's oral orifice shut?

—Bro. Philip recently paid a flying visit to Lincoln Park, Chicago, in the interest of our *parterre*.

—Our scientists are eagerly awaiting the appearance of Father Zahm's new book on "Sound."

—The "Rev. Rector" beams forth intellectually since his return from his summer sojourn at the "Hub."

—People who meddle with posters are liable to come in conflict with personages who officiate in legal capacities. Mac, beware!

—The Carrolls have four handball courts, or alleys, marked, respectively, A, B, C, D. The last, of course, is considered *de alley*!

—There are some remarkable wheels and distinguished wheelmen among the new arrivals. Look out for the dark horses on the 13th.

—Improvement is the watchword all along the line. Everybody wonders at the enhanced beauty of the College grounds and surroundings.

—The new church tower is an object of interest to all. We state, for the pleasure of the old boys, that the "bell" has not been removed yet.

—The gentleman of the well-known roseate facial appendage waxes enthusiastic when he descants upon the refinement of the cultured East.

—The old Sorin Hall boys were agreeably surprised to find that Bro. Frederick had been at work during the summer beautifying their rooms.

—The many friends of the enterprising head of the tailoring establishment are pleased to note his complete recovery from his recent illness.

—During a recent trip to the Catskill Mountains Jim partook of a generous portion of old Rip's preventive from adiposy, but no centenarian slumber ensued.

—Mr. Whitehead of the Brownsons will answer all questions in regard to the beautiful lines and curves noticed on the floor of their recreation room.

—Every room in Sorin Hall is either occupied or engaged. There are still some vacancies in Brownson Hall. For these early application should be made.

—That base-ball league which is contemplated among the Carrolls calls forth many a

prognostication as to its usefulness, endurance, etc.

—OLD SORIN HALL: "Say, John, what course have you got?"

JOHN (*lately of the yard and a sophomore*): "Hundred dollar course!"

—The white knight, one evening last July, was peacefully engaged in a survey of the stellar world when the advent of a certain individual caused a precipitate retreat. 'Scat!

—The Minims' gym is nearing completion. The last remnant of the old play-hall has disappeared and an excellently equipped gymnasium has been erected in its place.

—The genial B. Paul has prepared a pleasant surprise for the Athletics in procuring new base-ball uniforms, football outfits and a complete line of balls, bats, gloves and foot balls.

—Among the many excellent improvements noted by the old students, none will be better appreciated than the new cement walks. The Juniors will hereafter disdain to walk in the mud.

—"Bruin" is with us again. Dame Rumor spread the cheerful tidings some time ago that he spent his vacation as pleasantly as can possibly be done in accordance with ursine usages.

—We had occasion the other day to peruse an advertisement relative to the Niles' races which held out to the competitors the unique prospects of \$2.50 in purses. And are you from Niles, "Bruin?"

—One of the cars which conveys the *menu* to the Brownson dining-room is said to have pneumatic tyres. Strange to say, it takes eight men of power to move it from Mugby Junction. Meals will be on time just the same.

—The SCHOLASTIC STAFF will shortly be organized. Meantime we trust that our local *littérateurs* will give us an opportunity to appreciate their worth! Meritorious contributions to the college paper is the sole criterion.

—Late arrival who has failed to be chosen in the first of the eight nines of Carroll League to ex-manager of the "Invincibles": "Say, I suppose that we boys who cannot play at all will do for the 'Invincibles,' ain't it?" Shades of old "Invincibles," be calm!

—Those who are accustomed to call at the butcher shop for the purpose of ascertaining their avoirdupois will do well to bear in mind that recently there has been a slight addition in the shape of a terrier which tips the scales at four lbs. A word to the wise is sufficient. So, "beware of the dorg!"

—It has been found necessary to effect a division in Carroll Hall study. The great increase in attendance has caused the old Commercial Room to be transformed into a study-hall to accommodate the overflow. This, no doubt, will soon result in the realization of the long-contemplated design of organizing an intermediate department.

—Prof. J. H. Kivlin, of New Haven, Conn., will assist Prof. Zahm during the coming year in the direction of the Mechanical department of the University. The Professor, who is a classical scholar as well as a practical mechanic, has already made many friends at Notre Dame, and we wish him all success in the department over which he will preside.

—The Law Debating Society held their first meeting Wednesday evening, and elected the following officers: President, Col. Wm. Hoynes; 1st Vice-President, P. H. Coady; 2d Vice-President, F. B. Chute; Recording Secretary, J. G. Henly; Corresponding Secretary, M. P. McFadden; Treasurer, E. W. Brown; Critic, P. M. Ragan; Sergeant-at-arms, F. Hennessy. There were two subjects given out for debate, the first being: "Resolved, That the maintenance of reciprocity as the corner-stone of our commercial policy would tend to promote the material development and prosperity of the nation." This debate will occur next Wednesday evening, the contestants being Messrs. McFadden and Hennessy for the affirmative, and Messrs. Henly and Cullen for the negative, while Mr. Gibson will read a short statement of what reciprocity is. The second subject is: "Resolved, That the Government of the United States should actively aid in the construction of the Nicaragua Canal." Messrs. Brown and Linehan are on the affirmative, and Messrs. Kirby and Kelly on the negative. This debate will occur one week from Wednesday, when Mr. Cook will introduce the debate with a short sketch of the canal.

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#### The Base-Ball Situation.

Base-ball as played last year on the Brownson Hall campus was universally pronounced soporific. The fall championship was tame enough, but fall championships are generally so. Better playing was naturally expected at the spring games. These had ever been characterized by a snap and a dash that never failed to evoke a large crowd of enthusiastic spectators. But last year, somehow, the spring games seemed even more paralytic than those of the preceding autumn. Nothing like a vigorous course of training was attempted by either nine; and, as a result, the playing of many would have debarred them in palmier days from even the second nines; while the fielding errors of some, even among the "stars," were inexcusably numerous and huge. In fact, the playing was so poor that most of the base-ball enthusiasts hereabouts found the games in Carroll and St. Edward's halls vastly more interesting.

The writer ventures to suggest that the attempt to organize base-ball teams in Sorin and Brownson halls on the lines on which they were organized last year must be abandoned.

There is between the two halls a natural boundary line which ought to be respected. Rivalry is the soul of base-ball. The lack of a healthy, natural rivalry between the two teams last year was painfully perceptible. It must ever be so when the teams are selected indiscriminately from the two halls.

The fall meeting of the Athletic Association will, it is presumed, be held soon. Let an amendment to the constitution be made, to the effect that one of the teams competing for the championship be from Sorin and the other from Brownson Hall. Let there be a semi-annual contest, and no medals need be offered to stimulate rivalry. The 'Varsity team, of course, can be picked as usual from the two halls. This arrangement, moreover, will not prevent Brownson Hall from having two teams and a championship series of its own besides, if it be so desired. There seems to be some excellent material in both halls this year, and a contest between the two could hardly fail to be of great interest. Those who remember the struggle between the two halls several years ago long for a repetition of those famous games. It is believed that the plan suggested would do much towards giving base-ball in these two departments a much-needed boom, and it is hoped that it will be carefully considered at the Association's meeting. J.

#### Roll of Honor.

##### SORIN HALL.

Messrs. Ahlrichs, Bolton, Brown, Carney, Correll, Cummings, Combe, Coady, Crawley, Dechant, Ferdin, Flannery, Flannagan, C. Fitzgerald, J. Fitzgerald, Hannin, Jewett, Kearney Keough, Maurus, Monarch, J. McKee, F. McKee, Mitchell, McCarrick, McAuliff, O'Donnell, Neef, Powers, Quinlan, C. Scherrer, E. Scherrer, Schillo, Schopp.

##### BROWNSON HALL.

Messrs. Barrett, Barton, Beck, Baur, Brennen, C. Corry, A. Corry, Cameron, Curran, Chassaing, Colby, Cutler, Coady, Cullen, Cook, Cumisky, Corcoran, Crilly, Devanny, Davis, Donahoe, Dinkel, Dempsey, Eyanson, Foley, Fardy, Ford, A. W. Funke, A. M. Funke, Graff, Garst, Griffin, F. Hoffman, J. Hoffman, Herman, Hennesy, Hoepe, Hartnett, Hartman, Healy, R. Harris, Hesse, E. Harris, Hagan, Isbell, Karter, Kelly, Kirby, Keiker, Kennedy, Kenny, Kunert, Lancaster, Linehan, Luther, Murray, McCuddy, McFadden, Murphy, Meibers, Monarch, Maynes, McCullough, McDermott, Moxley, McVean, Newton, O'Connor, O'Shea, O'Neill, Priest, Pulskamp, Prichard, Peak, Perkins, Quinlan, Riordan, Rice, Roby, Ryan, Randolph, Rogers, Stanton, Schueler, Sherman, Tinnin, Vignos, Vurpillat, Whitehead, Walker, Wilkin, Weaver.

##### CARROLL HALL.

Messrs. Allen, Bergland, Barrett, R. Brown, O. Brown, R. Brown, J. Brown, G. Brown, Bachrach, Blumenthal, Berles, Bixby, Baldauf, Burns, Breen, Covert, Cornell, Creedon, Cox, Carter, Chauvet, Conrad, Clendenin, Connell, A. Coolidge, E. Coolidge, Cavanaugh, Dorsey, Dion, Durand, Druecker, Ducey, DeLormier, Dannemiller, Dillman, Dempsey, Dixon, Evans, Freeman, Fleming, Franke, Fischer, E. Furthman, N. Furthman, Fossick, Funke, Finnerty, Ford, Gerdes, G. Gilbert, E. Gilbert, L. Gibson, N. Gibson, Gerding, Griggs, Garfias, Gifford, Gonzales, Hill, Hack, Hittson, Healy, Hurley, Hathaway, Hargrave, Hoban, Hickey, Jones, Janssen, Jonquet,

Johnson, Krollman, A. Kegler, W. Kegler, Kutina, Kuehl, Kelliher, Kindler, Krieger, Lanigan, Lee, J. LaMoire, W. LaMoire, Lambke, Lanry, Lohner, Loser, Louie, Lawler, Langevin, G. Lowry, T. Lowry, Loser, Louie, Ludwig, Lynch, Lane, Blake, Maurer, Mitchell, Mattox, Maguire, Murphy, Mills, Medalie, J. Miller, L. Miller, May, Marr, Moss, Miles, Moore, Monaghan, Meyers, Maternas, McDermott, McDonald, McCarthy, L. McPhillips, J. McPhillips, C. McPhillips, Nolan, O'Meara, F. O'Brien, W. O'Brien, O'Connor, O'Neill, Oliver, Payne, Priestly, Powell, Pim, Reis, Rumely, Rend, Ruppe, Repscher, Renesch, Sievers, Sweet, Stearns, Stern, Straus, W. Spalding, S. Spalding, Spiegel, Slevin, J. Sullivan, V. Sullivan, Segenfelter, Todd, Tong, Towle, Taylor, Trankle, Thome, Tempel, Treber, Wolf, Wensinger, Welty, Waterman, Walker, Walde, R. Wilson, H. Wilson, Whitehead, Washburne, N. Wietzel, B. Wietzel, Wagner, Yeager, C. Zoehrlaut, G. Zoehrlaut, Sparks McCarrick.

##### ST. EDWARD'S HALL.

Masters Gavin, Londoner, Girsch, Holbrook, Wilcox, B. Berthelet, Wilson, Langley, E. McCarthy, Keeler, McAllister, Ayers, Healy, Jones, Higginson, McGinley, Roesing, Trankle, G. Scherrer, Peck, Getschell, Flynn, W. Emerson, Engelhardt, Ball, Thompson, Bopp, Feltenstein, Bumps, Crandall, Jonquet, D. Campau, Healy, Barrett, B. Roesing, W. Scherrer, McPhee, York, Hudson, Stuckart, A. Monaghan, C. Monaghan, R. Morris, F. Morris, Bourgeois, B. Freeman, R. McCarthy, Corry, McCorry, Corcoran, J. Higgins, McDonnell, Ninneman, F. Campau, Howard, Curry, LaMoire, Otero, Lowrey, Croke, Christ, Cross, R. Higgins, Finnerty, R. Higgins, Segenfelter, W. Durand, Swan, Roach, McGushin, N. Freeman, Shippe, O'Neill, W. Higgins, Drew, F. Emerson, G. McCarthy, Ahern, Lawton, Burnham, Louis Abrahams, G. Abrahams, Cressey, G. McCarthy, W. Pollitz, H. Pollitz, Dugas, V. Berthelet.

#### LOW RATE HARVEST EXCURSIONS.

The announcement that the Northwestern line, comprising over 8,000 miles of thoroughly equipped railway, has arranged to run two low rate Harvest Excursions during the months of August and September, will be gladly received by those who are interested in the development of the great West and Northwest, as well as by those who desire to visit this wonderfully productive region at a season of the year when exact demonstration can be made of the merits and advantages it offers to home-seekers and those in search of safe and profitable investments. These excursions will leave Chicago on August 30 and Sept. 27, and tickets can be purchased at the very low rate of one fare for the round trip to points in Iowa, Minnesota, North and South Dakota, Nebraska, Wyoming, Colorado, Utah, Idaho and Montana. They will be strictly first-class in every particular and will be good for return passage at any time within twenty days from date of purchase. Full information concerning rates and arrangements for these excursions can be obtained upon application to any coupon ticket agent, or to W. A. Thrall, G. P. T. A., Chicago & Northwestern R'y, Chicago.

FRIEND, dost thou bleed beneath the lances  
Of Godly tongues unkind?  
When swift the two-edged weapon glances  
The blameless breast to find,—

The crucial test of hearts heroic  
God, from thy faith, may ask:  
To suffer wrong, like Christian stoic,  
May prove thy bitter task.

Yet, patience! Bear with resignation  
The stroke of good men's blame;  
Love's accolade—sign of salvation,  
Our Lord hath made the same!

—Eleanor C. Donnelly.

## St. Mary's Academy.

*One Mile West of Notre Dame University.*

—The number already attending the classes promises a large school this year; and judging from the interest and application early displayed, it will be a year fruitful in knowledge.

—The Academy library, the graduates' classroom and St. Edward's reading-room have been enriched by the addition of useful and elegant volumes, religious, literary, scientific and historical in bearing.

—The Colorado pupils report a very pleasant trip from Denver to South Bend, and are most grateful to Rev. Father Morrissey, C. S. C., and Professor C. Neil, who had charge of the party, for kindnesses received.

—On September 14, the Feast of the Exaltation of the Holy Cross, a portion of the true Cross was exposed to public veneration on the Sacred Heart altar; and in the evening, after a few words of instruction relative to the ceremony, the Rev. chaplain gave Benediction with the precious relic.

—The first general assembly of the pupils was held Sunday, Sept. 11, and was presided over by Very Rev. Father Corby. Miss Alma Thirds read a few words of greeting to old friends and new ones, after which Father Corby made a few remarks replete with kind advice. Rev. Father Scherer also was present at the reunion.

—Several of St. Mary's old pupils were among the welcome visitors of the past week. Miss Agnes Dillon, Chenoa, Ill; and the Misses M. Clifford, Wright and Garrity, Chicago, came to enter their younger sisters as pupils. Those who did not combine business with pleasure were Miss S. Wile, '92, Laporte, and Mrs. S. Cameron, Elliott, Ill.

—The generous donor of the beautiful marble altar of the Sacred Heart in the Chapel of Our Lady of Loreto has lately made another offering to that shrine, namely, some candlesticks and vases of exquisite design and workmanship. Warm thanks are tendered her for this new mark of remembrance and generosity towards her *Alma Mater*, which claims her daughter also, as one of St. Mary's graduates.

—Regular classes opened on Monday, and on Thursday, the Feast of the Nativity of the Blessed Virgin, High Mass was celebrated by the Rev. chaplain for the spiritual and temporal welfare of the pupils. The words spoken by Rev. Father Scherer on that occasion will long be remembered, for they were words of holy wisdom, and inculcated a confidence in God who has promised to grant aid to those who ask it in the name of His Divine Son.

—Hereafter the St. Mary's columns of the SCHOLASTIC will be devoted to the weekly

reports from the various departments, and will give the general standing of the pupils in the Academic course, and their notes of improvement in art, music, the languages and in the studies of the Commercial course, namely, Book-Keeping, Type-Writing and Phonography. The essays and items of general interest will appear in *St. Mary's Chimes*, the first number of which was issued September 1st, and which will be published monthly during the scholastic year.

—In an article lately published in one of the Chicago dailies, a charming writer says: "Are there any little girls now? Some mysterious 'Pied Piper' of modern date has bewitched them all away with the merry music of his fife, I think, so that we see them no more, like spring daffodils cheering the earth with their cheering presence." Happily all the little girls in the world did not follow this piper of Hamelin town; for the Juniors and Minims at St. Mary's are merry and childlike, in dress and manners, and are happy in the enjoyment of little girls' sports and games.

### Laurel-Crowned Women.

Hidden within the recesses of the human heart dwells a spirit quick to perceive that which is praiseworthy in the actions of men—a spirit ever ready to prompt willing hands to weave garlands of laurels for the hero's brow.

Time has beheld countless men thus honored with the world's recognition; but how many such triumph's were due to the silent influence of women, the encouragement of devoted wives and mothers, whose names are lost to fame! Not to them were the rewards of victory, but with happy hearts they stood at the scene of coronation, and glad tears welled up, as those near and dear to them received the circlet of honor.

And did they stand uncrowned? Ah, no! love and gratitude wreathed garlands of sweet memories, and God's angels wove heaven's asphodels amid the sprays of earth's affection. Yet not a few women are numbered among fame's elect; and when they have proven worthy in any walk of active life, generous has been the praise accorded them, and beautiful the crown woven for their brow.

Every department finds representation in their bead-roll, and from earliest eras to this age of progress do we trace their benign influence. Far back in the records of time do we behold an Esther and a Judith, bearing the laurels of a nation's love and a nation's gratitude. Farther down in the triumphal procession we see a majestic form, and as her name rings out

in clarion notes, the Mother of the Machabees, we mark, not one crown, but eight. In the ranks of ancient Rome, we note the regal aspect of a Cornelia, and the mother of a Coriolanus, crowned at Clio's hands. But it was not until Christianity shed its light over the world that immortelles were twined amid life's laurels. Woman's place in the work of religion it was that inspired Mrs. Browning's beautiful lines:

"Not she with traitorous lip her Master stung,  
Not she denied Him with ungrateful tongue;  
She, when Apostles fled, could longer brave,  
Last at His Cross and earliest at His grave."

The first centuries as they pass us in review, bring before us an Agnes, a Cecilia, an Anastasia and a Monica, whose crowns are glorious as memorials of their lives, and as noble incentives to us. In the work of literature, too, do women stand forth in the light of renown; for the purity and beauty of their souls have served as inspiration to the world's greatest poets. Dante beheld Beatrice and found in her a guide to realms never before portrayed by pen of man, and side by side are their names written on fame's scroll. Petrarch's muse was stirred into song by the noble character, the elevated spirit of Laura, and pure and lovely does her face look out upon the ages, crowned with the laurels of his praise.

The annals of history tell us of heroes who led "forlorn hopes" with almost superhuman strength; but they record not the names of the brave women whose noble words were as guiding stars to those in the battle front, and but for whose influence heroism would, in many cases, have remained dormant. The encouragement and aid of an Isabella of Castile gave knowledge of a new continent to the world. The gentle arm of a maiden, Joan of Arc, gave to France a victory impossible of achievement to tried warriors. A St. Genevieve, a maid of Saragossa, rode to battle, strong and intrepid, when men's hearts beat high with fear beneath their coats of mail. Crowned with a world's esteem, they stand, a pride to women, and a glory to humanity. But what of the women of our own time, our own land? An answer is found in the records of little more than a century; for in that period has war twice swept over the country with its devastations, and two noble armies of women have wept and prayed over the fate of near and dear ones,—wept and prayed, but have at the same time incited husbands and sons to heroic efforts, and, Spartan-like, have inspired the hearts of their children with true love of country, a patriotism

which makes death noble in the cause of right and justice.

The work of women at their own fireside circle is in a measure unknown, and yet we see the effects of such labor in every walk of life; and though no crown of fame is woven for them, the highest coronet a true woman can wear is that fashioned by the loving, faithful hands of those who owe all to her devotedness, her self-sacrifice. In all lines of action, in the records of those deeds which are radiant in the light of the past, we find names which seem to be as inspirations to those who come after them. A Homer, an Archimedes, a Socrates, a St. Augustine, and a St. Thomas Aquinas, serve as illustrations. But, in the ages gone, is there a woman's memory so sacredly enshrined as to lead her sisters to nobler heights? Ah! yes, a name which embodies all beauty, all truth, all purity, all dignity,—the name of one whose coming has raised woman to her present state, "a maiden of the house of David, and the Virgin's name was Mary." All phases of life have in her an example, whether the joys of Thabor or the sorrows of Gethsemane fill our day. For Nazareth and Calvary taught her the depth of human calm and more than human sorrow. Crowned with stars, she leads us on to all that is truly noble and good, and with her as a model and a helper, we may hope to stand one day, crowned, not with time's perishable laurels, but with the laurels of eternity.

Laura Griffith, '92.

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#### Roll of Honor.

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

##### SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

Misses Augustine, E. Barry, Bogart, A. Butler, Bartholomew, Brady, Boyle, Charles, Call, Carico, Cowan, Coffin, Crilly, Culkins, Coady, Cunningham, Cahn, Caldwell, Cahill, Carter, Culp, D. Davis, Dillon, Doble, Dingee, Ellet, H. Furlong, Foulks, Gallagher, Griggs, Good, Griffith, Gardner, Goldsoll, Graff, Gibbons, Haitz, Hudson, Healy, Hellmann, Holmes, Hittson, Hazlitt, C. Herman, T. Herman, Kimmell, N. Keating, E. Keating, Klemm, Lynch, Lancaster, Lodewyck, LaMoure, M. Moynahan, McLoughlin, Morehead, Meskill, Miner, B. Moore, N. Moore, E. McCarthy, M. McDonald, Marshall, Mitchell, McDermott, M. Nichols, B. Nichols, O'Mara, O'Sullivan, Pumpelly, Payne, Ruppe, G. Reed, B. Reed, Robbins, Russert, Stuart, A. Seeley, Spears, Schoolcraft, Sachs, Schultz, Schaefer, Thirds, Terry, Tong, Thompson, M. Wagner, G. Winsteadley, B. Winsteadley, E. Wagner, Werst, E. Welker.

##### JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

Misses Allen, Baxter, Binz, Beck, Casanave, Cowan, Campau, Crandall, Coddington, Dent, Dreyer, Flynn, Feltenstein, Garrity, Grub, Girsch, Kasper, Kelly, L. McHugh, M. McHugh, Murray, Morgan, McPhillips, Otero, Riordan, S. Smyth, J. Smyth, Seeger, Tilden, Tormey, Trask.

##### MINIM DEPARTMENT.

Misses E. Brown, J. Brown, Buckley, Bourgeois, Finnerty, Fisher, Girsch, McCarthy, McDonald, Myers, L. Smyth, V. Smyth, Titsworth.