

THE NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.

DISCE · QUASI · SEMPER · VICTURUS ·

VIVE · QUASI · CRAS · MORITURUS ·

VOL. XXVI.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, FEBRUARY 18, 1893.

No. 22.

The Thirteenth Leo.

Belief to the soul is so wholly germane—
The evidence none can deny—
That those who the true revelation disdain
Must even believe in a lie.
And most childish of lies from that region of hell
Where black superstition is queen,
Is the popular error that some fatal spell
Lurks under the number thirteen.
And what refutation can better be found
This delusion so rank to oppose,
Than the glorious names of this number renowned
Which pontifical annals disclose?
Under John the Thirteenth the fair kingdom so vast
Of Poland confesses her Lord;
Fierce Attila's tribe seek the Gospel at last;
And Ravenna to Rome is restored.

Upon Gregory, too, the Thirteenth of the name
A splendor undying shall rest,
All civilized nations his praises proclaim,
And Science his worth has confessed:
As long as the seasons in order return,
And annual cycles be rolled,
His calendar's merits our children shall learn,
And his name write in letters of gold.

Two number thirteens in succession to show,
After Innocent, Benedict reigns:
The bulwarks against the Mahometan foe,
Pope Innocent nobly sustains;
Pope Benedict seeks to quell discord at home,
And peace-making kindness employ;
He ends the contentious assaults upon Rome
By the turbulent House of Savoy.

The Thirteenth Pope Clement, how firm is his hand!
While Bourbons in plotting engage;
The Order of Jesus they seek to disband,
He shields it in spite of their rage.
When subtle Febronius' gall-dripping pen
The Chair Apostolic assails,
Pope Clement asserts before angels and men
His right; and his firmness prevails.

Once more this illustrious number thirteen
In the Vatican halls we behold;
And the tale, in his smile who now sits there serene,
Of his great predecessors is told.
Like Gregory learned, like Benedict kind,
Like Innocent prompt to defend,
Like Clement, in him will the true teacher find,
When slandered and banished, a friend.

And like unto John's, may his reign be renowned
For nations brought home to the fold;
May the missionary's labors with triumph be crowned
And multitudes vast be enrolled;
May tribe after tribe still receive the Good Word—
The truth ever old—ever young;
And wherever the name of our Saviour is heard,
May POPE LEO'S be next on the tongue!

A. J. S.

The Word-Painting of Tennyson.

When for the first time we peruse our Tennyson, and see in the distant realms of the poet's imagination the pictures that are painted in words, we at once become infatuated by his artistic powers. The presence of the artist is evident everywhere, because even in the perfecting of a little song, or in the painting of a single flower, we find the great soul of the poet reflected. His whole thought is simply and prettily imbedded in what he says, and this is one of the most prominent characteristics of his art; for true simplicity is the highest form of art.

There is a fascination about his works which we find in those of no other. Well may he be styled a maker of music, a painter of words; for he is the strongest, sweetest and clearest voice of the age,—the most exquisite of artists, infusing into his poetry the color and harmony of the outward world, depicting nature in all

her grandeur. In his youth we see him living where the sturdy palms floated in the air of song, where the brooks purred over rocky crests, studying nature in her many phases; and, no doubt, these environments exercised great influence upon the word-painting that characterizes many of his poems.

The use of high-sounding epithets and the mere jingling of words, has long ceased to be poetry; so that he who wishes to become a great poet must open a new field of thought; and it is to this that we owe the popularity of Tennyson. He has depicted the sights of nature, the songs of the birds, the sunset and the rustic scenes with such splendor and vividness that he may be truly styled a poet of nature. Well does he deserve the title of the representative poet of the age, because he is the greatest of the word-painters; and his descriptions are at all times artistic and exquisite; so that the reader at once imbibes the beautiful spirit of the author. He is at his best in the description of the true and good, always respecting womanhood, and putting femininity in the highest place. He has done more than any other poet, except Cardinal Newman, to purify our language, and to instil respect for womanhood. He paints her in the most ideal colors, and it is then that Tennyson reaches the zenith of his greatness.

What poet has ever succeeded that degraded womanhood? Look at Swinburne: his style is charming, but his intellectual passions are overpowered by the animal, and his poetry, instead of being elevating, is degrading, and his books unfit for the reading public.

The lyrics of Tennyson are filled with deep feeling and that tender emotion that characterizes them.

"Break, break, break!
At the foot of thy crags, O sea!
But the tender grace of a day that is done
Will never come back to me."

These few lines show that he was a maker of music, a word-painter, so familiar with the lyre of song that a gentle touch from his poetical hands brings the soft, clear notes together in a simple effort:

"The dim red morn had died, her journey done,
And with dead lips smiled at twilight plain."

And again, from the "Ode of Memory":

"What time the amber morn
Forth gushes from beneath a low hung cloud."

This is true art which casts such a grandeur over the universe at the break of day. How beautifully does it picture to us the magnificent hue that sheds such a lustre over dawning day:

How exquisite and unique his words! It seems to be a magnificent picture tinted with all the shades of nature, each one reflected and shaded by the presence of the other, and so connected that the presence of all are necessary for the completion of the picture.

Tennyson's word-painting is not confined to the rustic scenes of nature, but penetrates into the kingdom of feeling. For example, his description of Marianna in the "Moated Grange":

"All day long within the dreary house
The doors upon their hinges creak'd;
The blue fly sung on the pane; the mouse
Behind the mouldering wainscot shrieked,
Or from the crevice peered about."

What could be more pathetic and sympathizing than this? He has given us such a true and vivid description of her that we almost hear her inaudible sighs, enter into her thoughts, and actually feel for her with true sympathy; and to add to the loneliness and desolation of the scene the mouse peers forth, and the buzzing of the fly on the wall seems to add to the loneliness, and still she weeps for the one that never came.

How well does he describe the "Dying Swan," floating down the stream, singing the song of death:

"With an inner voice the river ran,
Adown it floated a dying swan,
And loudly did lament."

In these few lines a very pathetic scene presents itself, and the description cannot be surpassed by Wordsworth or Shelley. He has a style that appeals to every one, because he observes simplicity, clothing his thoughts in unpretentious garments.

By his mighty pen Tennyson has wrapped nature in a vesture of incomparable beauty, clothing in beautiful garments the floral fields and making the landscape the most entrancing of pictures conjured up by the imagination.

F. MCKEE, '94.

Henry VIII.

The war between the houses of York and Lancaster, or, as it is more commonly called, "The War of the Roses," on account of the white rose being the emblem of the House of York and the red rose that of the House of Lancaster, was terminated by the marriage of Henry VII. of the House of Lancaster and Elizabeth of the House of York. A son was born to them, in the year 1491, who, after having received a very liberal education, ascended the throne

of England, at the age of eighteen, under the title of Henry VIII. "At this time," says Kerney, "he possessed every quality that might endear him to his people: he was of a handsome person, polite in his deportment, frank and open in his disposition, and possessed an accomplished education." By a dispensation of Pope Leo X. he was permitted to marry Catharine of Aragon, widow of his deceased brother Arthur, daughter of Ferdinand, King of Spain, when he was nineteen years old.

With the assistance of his wise and excellent prime minister, Cardinal Wolsey, he governed the country with great prudence for the space of twenty years. During this time he wrote two works against the doctrines of Luther in defence of the Catholic Church, which were presented to Pope Leo X. who bestowed on the English monarch, by a special Bull, the title of "Defender of the Faith." This title, notwithstanding that it was afterwards withdrawn on account of his change of life, is still retained by the sovereigns of England, and the letters D. F. (*Defensor Fidei*) are stamped on the English coins.

After having lived happily with his wife Catharine for twenty years, a sad change took place in the life of Henry. Being enamored with the beauty of the lady Ann Boleyn, one of the queen's maids-of-honor, he determined to make her his wife. In order to do this, he endeavored to obtain a divorce from his wife Catharine of Aragon on the plea that the marriage with her was invalid. Cardinal Wolsey opposed both the divorce and the marriage with the Lady Ann, in consequence of which he began to lose favor at court, was arrested, and died while he was travelling to London to attend his trial, in 1534. His dying words were worthy of one of England's greatest Chancellors. "Had I but served God as diligently as I have served the king, He would not have given me over in my old age." Henry, had already applied to Pope Clement VII. for a divorce; but before the result of the council of twenty-two cardinals, whom the Pope had convoked to deliberate on the affair, had reached England, Henry had, at the evil suggestion of Thomas Cromwell, divorced Catharine, married Ann, and declared himself independent of the Holy See. By a decree of Parliament he commanded all his subjects to take an oath to the effect that he was both the temporal and spiritual head of the English Church.

Among those who refused to comply with this decree were the venerable and virtuous Fisher, Bishop of Rochester; and the amiable and learned Sir Thomas More, for which reason

they were both executed; the former on the 22d of June, 1535, the latter on the 6th of July of the same year. Henry did not, however, fail to have numerous co-operators and satellites in his criminal deeds. He had appointed to the vacant See of Canterbury Thomas Cranmer, who made himself a willing tool in the hands of Henry for accomplishing his designs. Thus in his readiness to oblige the king he granted a divorce between Henry and Catharine, in spite of the Pope's bull confirming the validity of the marriage. Henry was married to Ann Boleyn in 1533, by one of his chaplains, Dr. Rowland Lee, whom the king had deceived by saying that the Pope had decided in his favor.

To other passions he added that of avarice together with cruelty. He robbed the monasteries, either banished or executed the monks, and swept all the revenues into the royal treasury. Nor was his avarice confined to the living alone, but extended to the dead; he had the shrines of the saints and the tombs of England's greatest men despoiled of the jewels, gold and silver, which he placed in the treasury. He did not stop here; he even had the sacred relics of St. Thomas of Canterbury (who had been martyred under the reign of Henry II.) and the bones of Alfred the Great, and many others taken from their resting-places and cast to the mercy of the four winds. In 1536, a charge of infidelity, whether true or not, was brought against Ann Boleyn, the queen, and being found guilty she was beheaded, three years after her marriage, at Tower Hill, London.

The very next day after the execution of Ann Boleyn, Henry married Jane Seymour who died the following year, after having given birth to Prince Edward VI. in 1537. Henry was determined to be mated; no sooner did he find himself a widower than he very quickly contracted a marriage with Ann of Cleves through the agency of Thomas Cromwell, who was himself the son of a blacksmith in Putney. Henry, having been deceived by Cromwell, as to the personal beauty of Ann was extremely incensed when he found that her appearance did not satisfy his expectations. He obtained a divorce, and had Cromwell executed in 1540. A short time afterwards he married Catherine Howard who, like Ann Boleyn, was beheaded in 1542. In the following year he again married. The object of his choice was Catherine Parr, who escaped the gallows by being "cute enough to outlive him."

Henry died in the year 1547, after a reign of 38 years during which time he had ordered the execution of two queens, a cardinal, two arch-

bishops, eighteen bishops, thirteen abbots, five hundred priors and monks, thirty-eight doctors of divinity, twelve dukes and counts, one hundred and sixty-four noblemen of various ranks, one hundred and twenty-four private citizens, and one hundred and ten females.

Thus did Henry VIII., who had gained the glorious title of Defender of the Faith, and in after-life had forfeited it, finish his tyrannical reign. He left a son, who succeeded him under the title of Edward IV.; Mary, the daughter of Catharine of Aragon; and Elizabeth, the offspring of his marriage with Ann Boleyn, who inherited much of her father's personal beauty and ability, as well as his great vices.

J. P. D. '96.

Thomas De Quincey.

Probably no writer of the nineteenth century possessed a more polished or inviting style than did Thomas De Quincey. Upon no one work does his reputation as a writer rest, but rather upon all his works taken collectively. He left no single monument of his genius, but it is in the scattered tablets that his great name rests.

The personal history of De Quincey is very interesting, and forms the great part of his work. He was brought up in the nursery, and had only a slight acquaintance with his parents. And it is probably to this that the cynicisms, which are to be seen in his writings, may be traced. He was remarkable for his mental powers even in his youth, for at the age of twelve he was proficient in the art of Greek and Latin composition. After the death of his parents, his education was entrusted to the care of his guardian, who placed him in one of those private schools which were attacked by Dickens in his novels, and were held up to the ridicule of Great Britain. De Quincey, in his "Sketches," describes his sufferings and the punishments which were inflicted upon him in this school, and which finally compelled him to run away.

But now began his sufferings indeed; future development showed that it would have been better for him "to bear the ills he had than to fly to others he knew not of." After wandering through England for months as a beggar, he began to take opium, and for sixteen years following he was its victim and slave. The experiences of this period of his life constitute the material of his "Confessions of an English Opium Eater," which is a most exquisite piece of English.

De Quincey demonstrated by actual experience that many of the theories of doctors on the opium habit were false. In his writings he does not follow his subject directly from the beginning to the end, but he digresses in such a manner as always to bring in some interesting narrative or detail which lends an additional interest to the point at issue, thereby making the digression always inviting and pleasant. Had not his moral instincts been blighted by his habits, his genius might have left behind works as immortal as those of Shakspeare or Milton. But as it is, he did wonderful work,—work which will ever be admired and praised.

R. E. HEALY, '95.

Father Zahm's Book and the Critics.

If the very flattering reception accorded by the critics is to be taken as an evidence of the value of "Sound and Music," Father Zahm has every reason to feel that his latest production is one of special merit. The spontaneous commendations which the work has evoked from all quarters should be most gratifying to the author, and convince him that he has effectually supplied a book that was not only timely, but also one that was sadly needed. Not an adverse criticism has yet appeared,—nothing but words of praise and hearty approval of both the plan and scope of the work, and the method of treatment of the subjects discussed. Scientists, musicians, prominent educators, in all parts of the country,—Cardinal Gibbons, Bishop Keane and other distinguished members of the hierarchy,—have written the author to congratulate him on his performance, and to express their high appreciation of his work. And along with these complimentary letters have been received others of a different class: requests to write for various literary, scientific and musical periodicals, invitations to lecture, and to accept membership—honorary or active—in divers musical and scientific societies, etc.

It would be impossible in the limited space at our disposal to give even a *résumé* of the scores of notices—many of them filling four or five pages of our best magazines—that have appeared regarding "Sound and Music." For this reason we shall content ourselves with giving a few excerpts from some of the criticisms that have come under our notice, together with a few quotations from letters addressed to Father Zahm himself.

Professor Alfred M. Mayer, the distinguished scientist and author,—one of the greatest living authorities on acoustics and the science of music,—writes as follows:

"I was much pleased, as you know, with the work when I read it in MS.; but its worth has impressed me more in its present garb. To my mind it is by far the most accurate and complete of books on modern acoustics and on the physical basis of harmony. I feel sure that a work so full of information, given in such pleasing style, must have a success commensurate with its merits and the conscientious work expended on it. . . ."

Mr. John C. Fillmore, the well-known author and musical critic, director of the Milwaukee School of Music, writes:

"Permit me to express to you the great pleasure I have lately enjoyed in reading a copy of your lectures on 'Sound and Music,' sent me by the publishers. For some time I have desired to find a text-book embodying the most recent studies in acoustics, especially those of Dr. König, in order that I might recommend it to my pupils. Your book, I am happy to say, meets this need; and the clearness of its style and of its illustrations leaves nothing to be desired."

"STATE OF VT., EXECUTIVE DEPT.,
BRATTLEBORO, Jan. 11, 1893.

"REV. J. A. ZAHM, PROF. PHYSICS,
UNIVERSITY OF NOTRE DAME.

"DEAR SIR:—I have recently procured your volume on 'Sound and Music,' and have been greatly interested in it. I am pleased that you have been willing to subject yourself to the labor incident to the preparation of such a work.

"I served as secretary of the Piano Manufacturers' Association of New York Committee on Uniform Pitch, making their investigations and drawing the resolution that was finally adopted establishing 'A-435' as the standard pitch of this country. . . ."

"Congratulating you upon the excellence of your work, and thanking you for your devotion to the cause of science, I remain,

"Yours most sincerely

"LEVI K. FULLER."

Prof. Le Conte Stevens, Professor of Physics in the Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute, writes:

"..... Immediately on receipt of your book—'Sound and Music'—I began reading, and finished the first 80 pages which interested me exceedingly. I was then obliged to put it down on account of pressure of other duties. . . ."

"Congratulating you upon the admirable exposition of the subject which you have made, I am, etc."

* * *

From the press notices we give the following brief extracts:

"There has just been issued from the press of A. C. McClurg & Co. a very handsome volume that will, in all probability, enlist the interest of many practical musicians. . . . The style of the writer is clear, concise and direct. His statements are plain, and his explanations so graphic that they are easily comprehended."
—*Chicago Herald*.

"The book is one that will fully interest and instruct all students of music."
—*Inter-Ocean (Chicago)*.

"This superbly illustrated contribution to the literature of physics, 'Sound and Music,' is

exceedingly readable, and gives its information in a clear and simple manner, including in its topics even those but recently advanced in the periodical literature."
—*Boston Times*.

"It is a work that is likely to take a position very rapidly among the leading text-books on the science on which it treats."
—*Chicago Times*.

"The work is one that combines special interest to musicians, and hardly less to scientific investigators and to the general reader. It is copiously illustrated, and is a volume that should be in every library. It is a question if so comprehensive, so accurate and important a work on musical art has ever heretofore appeared."
—*Budget (Boston)*.

"... But while musicians will, of course, differ as to the probable results of some of the Professor's theories if carried into practice, all will concede the value of a book like his, giving all the wonderful discoveries recently made in the realm of sound, and it will hardly fail to soon find a place in every well-selected library."
—*Denver Republican*.

"It is a thoughtful and valuable work, embodying all that recent science has developed on the theme, and will be found by students to be one of the most lucid and complete of recent settings forth of the subject. To those who desire to study the science of music thoroughly, this volume is of the greatest utility."
—*Boston Gazette*.

"In this bulky volume Father Zahm summarizes all past discoveries, and adds the results of many illustrative experiments made by himself and others on the nature of sound, its various modes of creation, its transmission, its motion, velocity and variety. . . . To the aspiring student the book will afford unfailing attraction and delight."
—*Philadelphia Bulletin*.

"Prof. Zahm's scientific analysis of sounds and music, growing out of a course of lectures given last year in the Catholic University in Washington, constitutes one of the most valuable volumes of the year."
—*Cleveland Ledger*.

"One of the most thoroughly scientific works ever written is 'Sound and Music.'"
—*Grand Rapids Democrat*.

"The Rev. J. A. Zahm has done a real service to students of musical science in his 'Sound and Music.' He has condensed in a single volume of convenient size all the knowledge contained in the large work of Helmholtz, together with the additions to acoustical science of Dr. Rudolph König. The volume is, therefore, an excellent compendium. It is written in a fluent, comprehensive style, and is amply illustrated. It is worthy of perusal, not only by the musical scientist, but by the artist and the critic."
—*The Critic (New York)*.

"A distinct advance upon all other text-books on the subject in English is made in the elaborate treatise on 'Sound and Music' by the Rev. J. A. Zahm, C.S.C. . . . It will undoubtedly have an important influence in helping to put

our musical study in America upon that sound scientific basis which is now so lamentably lacking."—*Beacon (Boston)*.

"To the scientific student, as well as to the general reader who finds a pleasure in lucid explanation of scientific phenomena, the volume will prove intensely interesting. So full and attractive is the author's treatment of his theme that even the musician and the music-lover will welcome the work. . . . No one will question that 'Sound and Music' is the most elaborate and exhaustive work of its kind American musical scholarship has yet produced."—*Chicago Tribune*.

"This book will meet the wants of many who desire a readable text-book on theoretical music."—*Boston Traveller*.

"A book which seems to possess especial value for the music teacher or the musician who thinks that he or she ought to be well informed concerning the principles of acoustics or the basis of musical harmony, is 'Sound and Music.' . . . Prof. Zahm has been a close student of Helmholtz and König. He has apparently grasped all the essentials of a difficult but interesting subject, and has presented them to the public in language that cannot be misinterpreted."—*Rochester Herald (N. Y.)*

"Rev. J. A. Zahm's 'Sound and Music' is receiving widespread appreciation for its instructive value and its strong power of commanding interest."—*Ideas (Boston)*.

"The volume will certainly rank with standard works on the subject."—*Bulletin (Pittsburg, Pa.)*

"The book has been searched carefully and diligently for errors, and its freedom from mistakes is indeed a worthy feature."—*Iowa School Journal*.

"No work of its very wide scope, with which we are acquainted, succeeds in presenting so much of the phenomena which it is difficult to write about at once so vividly and entertainingly. . . . Taken as a whole, it is safe to say that this is the most concise, readable and interesting work for students of music and the general reader yet published."—*Music Review (Chicago)*.

"Prof. Zahm is evidently at home in the field of acoustics. . . . The work is peculiarly interesting as an example of the tendency of modern musical study to rest itself upon a basis of physical science."—*The Herald (Los Angeles, Cal.)*

"A theoretical knowledge of acoustics and the physical basis of music, such as can be obtained from this careful, conscientious work—undoubtedly the best of its kind yet published in this country—will be found of the greatest value to practical musicians."—*Buffalo Express*.

"This is a learned, clear, exact and comprehensive treatise covering the whole field of musical acoustics. . . . Otherwise than musically Prof. Zahm's book is stimulating. It is full of matter suggestive of literary illustration, and offers many insights of philosophical importance."—*The Churchman (New York)*.

"The Rev. J. A. Zahm, Professor of Physics in the University of Notre Dame, renders in 'Sound and Music' a brilliant review of the latest results in acoustical research."—*Philadelphia Ledger*.

"The average busy man of our day has a very faint conception of the immense labor given to scientific investigation and experiment; and probably seven in ten of musicians, as musicians go, even in our day, will be amazed on looking through this book at the elaborate investigations, the ingenious, intricate, delicate and highly-finished apparatus, and the acute and painstaking labor bestowed on the study of the principles that lie at the bottom of their art. . . .

"For the benefit of some who think, or appear to think, that brains and culture depend on degrees of longitude, it may be as well to note again that the author of this singularly exhaustive scientific treatise is a professor in a Western university, and that the book is published in a style, as respects paper, typography, illustrations and binding, fully equal to the best standard examples of the bookmaker's art anywhere, by a Western publishing house."—*New York Commercial Advertiser*.

"The musician and the student in physics will accept the work at its real value as the best treatise on the subject which has yet appeared in the United States. Indeed, there is no American and no English work with which it can justly be compared, for the professors of our American conservatories are little more than music teachers, and our universities have but lately paid any attention to music. This work should be in the library of every musician and also of every teacher of physics. With its many illustrations and its lucid text it may be read with delight by the young student and with appreciative pleasure by the oldest professor."—*Boston Pilot*.

"It is the most successful attempt that has yet been made to give a scientific analysis and explanation of music and harmony, . . . and bears out the reputation Father Zahm has as a scientist and a thinker."—*Colorado Catholic*.

"We could write of this book for a week, but time and space forbid us. In conclusion, let us say that it is the best book on its subject that has ever come under our attention,—and we believe it is the best now in the English language. . . . In letter-press, illustrations and binding it is in every way worthy of the subject and of the learned author—and that is saying much. Father Zahm has done credit to the great educational institution in which he is a professor, and the McClurgs have done credit to their great publishing house."—*New World (Chicago)*.

"Father Zahm's 'Sound and Music' is, in appearance, an *édition de luxe*. It is one of the best pieces of book-making ever done in this country. And the contents are more than worthy of the dress General McClurg has given the book. It is the one book of its kind in any

language. It is the sum of all that can be said at the present time on the theory of music. The lectures—of which this volume is made up—excited unusual interest at the Catholic University, where they were delivered. In the book every experiment is fully illustrated, so that one gains as much as if he had attended the lectures. The style is clear and luminous, and Father Zahm has managed at times to make it poetical; and so a book which, in other hands, would have been as dry and uninteresting as most theoretical books, becomes of intense interest to every student. It has raised a hornet's nest in certain musical circles; but all scientific musicians are grateful to Father Zahm for having given them a remarkable and unique volume."—*San Francisco Monitor*.

"Whilst we must compliment the reverend author on his valuable contribution to the literature of science, we cannot refrain from tendering to the publishers our sincerest congratulations on the elegant dress in which they have presented the author's work. The typography is large and clear; the illustrations, spread in endless profusion throughout the work, are the best we have seen in any work on Physics; the paper is excellent, the binding strong and handsome. We cannot recollect having seen any work of its general character exhibiting such faultless elegance in style and finish."—*American Ecclesiastical Review*.

"This extremely clear and comprehensive treatise. . . . covers the whole field of musical acoustics. . . . Meanwhile it is of great value to learn something about the theory of the present status of music, and to do what one can to justify it in comparison with the great element of uncertainty which still underlies all our musical practices. And for such purposes there is no other so good work in English known to the reviewer as this of Dr. Zahm."—*Music (Chicago)*.

"This is an excellent book, presenting a subject which is always full of interest in such a way as to make it doubly attractive. While accurate and scientific in its statement of the laws and phenomena of Sound, it is eminently popular, in the better sense of the word, in style and method, and the reader is thus carried through from one chapter to the next with unflagging interest. Developed from a series of lectures delivered in Washington, in 1891, the author has retained the lecture room form, which brings him at once into close contact with his larger audience and makes them feel and share his interest and enthusiasm. The book is fresh in matter throughout, and while not aiming at originality, it gives with fulness the results particularly of recent investigations in this department; as, for example, the well-known work of König on beats and beat-tones produced by the simple notes of tuning forks; also the proof of the influence of difference of phase upon the quality of a compound musical note. It is a book which every practical musician can

read and study with much profit, and which may be used advantageously by students who are approaching the subject of acoustics from a more theoretical side."—*American Journal of Science*.

"The general scholarship of Father Zahm, even if it were not known to the public in the writings he has already published, would be evident from the perusal of this latest work. His scientific acquirements need no comment. Father Zahm's literary style combines agreeableness, raciness, and strong idiomatic English. With regard to the typography we have only to say that its faultless elegance even exceeds the high standard of the volumes issued by Messrs. McClurg & Co., which have come under our notice, while the numerous illustrations are the best we have seen in any similar work."—*American Catholic Quarterly Review*.

"We not only heartily indorse the views of the author, but believe it is the most complete book of its sort in English—Helmholtz up to date, in fact. All that concerns the physical basis of sound of music is treated in the most luminous and thorough manner, and the illustrations—models of their sort—are almost as satisfying and as convincing as if the experiments they pictorially record were actually being performed. Father Zahm's mastery of his subject is undoubted; and if the musician, the student, the amateur and the music critic—we lay stress on the latter—wish to know all about sound and its relations to music—in a word, to know as deep as the mind of man has so far delved into the science of tone—let them get Father Zahm's book and read and learn from it."—*Musical Courier (New York)*.

"This is the title of an extraordinary book by one of our foremost workers in science. The writer, in the outset, makes acknowledgment to two eminent workers in the same line: Professor A. M. Mayer, and Dr. König. The volume is one which on a cursory glance appears like a popular work on the subject; but a more intimate acquaintance with its contents reveals the fact that it is a thoroughly scientific treatise—one which will give to the student a practical and theoretical knowledge of the subject. It is a book which will be of great value to the physicist, as it embraces all the modern ideas of sound and music, and includes descriptions of modern apparatus for demonstrating the principles involved. It is beautifully printed in clear type, on fine paper of good weight, and is profusely illustrated. The book is tastefully bound, and is, withal, one of the most attractive scientific books that has come to our notice. Now, that students of music are beginning to find it to their advantage to familiarize themselves with the principles upon which their art is based, it is not too much to say that in no single volume can they find the same amount of valuable information as is to be found in Professor Zahm's new book."—*Scientific American*.

NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.

Notre Dame, February 18 1893.

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

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

Staff.

FRED. B. CHUTE, '92;	ERNEST DU BRUL, '92;
ROGER B. SINNOTT, '92;	
FRED. E. NEEF, '92;	LAMAR MONARCH, '93;
R. C. LANGAN, '93;	
M. A. QUINLAN, '93;	ALBERT E. DACY, '93;
J. FITZGERALD, '93;	
FROST J. THORNE, '94;	WM. V. MCNAMEE, '94.
JAMES G. HENLEY, '94.	
H. L. Ferneding,	} <i>Special Contributors.</i>
P. M. Ragan,	
J. M. Flannigan.	

A Favorite Devotion.

The Forty Hours' Devotion, always a favorite time at Notre Dame, was celebrated this week with unwonted splendor and magnificence. On Sunday morning, while the brazen tongues of the church bells flung out their moulten notes upon the frosted air, Very Rev. Father Corby, Provincial of the Congregation of the Holy Cross, assisted by Rev. Fathers French and Maloney, all attired in vestments of richest purple, ascended the altar of the College Church and began the Solemn High Mass. The choir had prepared a special composition for the occasion, and interpreted it with great truth and beauty; it was impossible to disguise Prof. Liscombe's masterly training.

At the close of the Mass a procession was formed so grand and so imposing as to transport one in fancy to those gorgeous functions of mediæval times when the faith and the religious spirit of a whole nation seemed to blossom forth in one magnificent act of formal worship. First came a long double file of cadets in full uniform, their shining armor glittering in the tinted sunshine, and the wavy movement of their ranks, as they swayed in regular martial tread, was a poem in motion. Immediately after the soldiery, the crucifix led some scores of acolytes, with flaming tapers, and a large body of the clergy. Last came the Most Blessed Sacrament, borne reverently by the celebrant. Above it was a canopy of richest texture strung with threads of gold and gemmed with precious stones, while censer-bearers walked before, flinging out clouds of purple incense until the blue-vaulted roof seemed lost to sight behind a mist of rarest perfume. Through the long aisles the great

procession swayed in tortuous motion until the beautiful *Pange Lingua* swelled into the triumphant *Tantum Ergo*, and the Eucharistic God was tenderly lifted up to the magnificent repository upon which He sat enthroned during forty hours. The grand altar, decorated in unimpeachable good taste, was ablaze with lighted candles, and innumerable geraniums, hyacinths, calla lilies, chrysanthemums, camellias, begonias and heliotrope breathed forth their sweeter incense on the air. It is customary to permit the students to contribute towards the purchase of the floral decorations; but their interest this year was exceptionally generous and all the more meritorious. Then began a period of humble adoration. From early dawn until the Blessed Sacrament was replaced in the tabernacle at nightfall there was a constant stream of devout worshippers who found time to steal away from the prosaic duties of life to refresh themselves at the Fount of consolation.

On Tuesday evening the Forty Hours closed with another magnificent demonstration of Catholic fervor. The great ceremony of Sunday was repeated, but the awful glory of the night was around it, and the scene was doubly impressive. Whole multitudes of tapers twinkled, peering into the darkness, and the arched roof once more resounded to the swelling peals of the great organ. And when at last Our Lord was again replaced in the tabernacle, amidst the solemn chanting of the litanies, not one of all the faithful but thought within himself: "Here was a triumph worthy of a king."

*

The Episcopal Golden Jubilee of the Sovereign Pontiff, Leo XIII.

To-morrow, February 19, will be a day of universal rejoicing throughout the Christian world. It commemorates the fiftieth anniversary of the Episcopal consecration of our Holy Father now happily reigning. Five years ago the faithful children of the Church celebrated, with joy and enthusiasm, the golden anniversary of their Father's ordination to the priesthood, and now again, with joy intensified by trials endured and labors accomplished, they unite to testify their gladness on the fiftieth anniversary of that happy day when the fulness of the priesthood was conferred upon him in his consecration as Bishop. With universal acclaim all hearts are filled with joy and gratitude as they witness this new diadem placed in the crown of the Sovereign Pontiff.

When we reflect on the lives of great men, the question naturally arises as to how they acquired their renown. Hence we propose the same query regarding the great beacon light, Leo XIII., especially when we consider the remarkable achievements of his long life in the sacred ministry. The reply to this query leads us half a century back to the happy days of his youth.

We may, then, cast a glance at the youthful period of the future Pontiff's life when, leaving the limited sphere of an industrious student's college days, he steps forth into the broad world, conscious of being now his own master in pursuing his destined career. Hitherto he had studied and obeyed; now he was to teach and command. This really forms the most important step, the actual turning-point, in the life of man.

The great advantages which Leo XIII. enjoyed during his collegiate course were well calculated to prepare head and heart for the sublime office to which his destiny led. The best years of his youth were spent at Rome, the foster-mother of all science. This historical city—the city of art, science and faith—has certainly a tendency to make strong impressions upon the susceptible mind of youth and form vivid recollections, to beget a deep insight into the history of the past and a keen penetration into the future. The ancient historian, Livy, asserts that there never was a greater nor a more sacred city. What noble thoughts must not fill the mind of a Catholic youth who aspires to the sublime office of the priesthood and whose highest ambition is to cast his lot in the Eternal City, the home of martyrs, the capital of the Catholic world.

It is interesting to note that Leo XIII., in the early days of his collegiate life, delivered a Latin oration in which he compared pagan with Christian Rome. We may obtain an idea of the contents of this address if we go back some sixty years and accompany the young student on his walks through the city of the Cæsars. There we see him as he saunters along, critically viewing the ruins of ancient Rome. We are astonished to find such excellence in classical knowledge in one who has scarcely passed from boyhood, but who is proud, withal, to call old Latium his native land. He stops in sight of the old capitol. He beholds the triumphal procession formed to honor the conquerors of the most distant nations. He mingles with the masses in the forum and listens to the eloquence of a Cicero. Directing his steps onward, he visits the palaces of the emperors and gazes at the golden residence of a Nero. At this sight,

however, he shudders; for here the beautiful and the grand cease before the brutal horror of paganism. With a holy awe he enters the Colosseum, the terrible memorial of Rome's ancient power, but, at the same time, the most ancient and the most triumphant monument of Christianity.

There he stands, as if on a battlefield, among the monuments of the hostile elements awaiting the decisive issue of the final struggle. On one side, a powerful nation governing the then known world amid all the splendor that wealth and power could command, compelling its weaker rival to seek refuge in the Catacombs; on the other, in the bowels of the earth, the weak, despised and oppressed, who during three centuries prayed and labored most assiduously in the undermining of paganism. At length the mine is exploded, and the entire idolatrous magnificence, with all the power and pomp of its emperors, perishes forever! From beneath the earth Christianity triumphantly rises, and with it new laws and a new civilization. On the ruins of the ancient temples of worship were erected the grand domes of the Christians, and the palaces of their august rulers, the popes. For here you now behold the imposing basilica of Constantine; farther on, the Lateran, the mother of all the churches in Christendom. From this centre no less than one hundred and sixty-two popes governed the Christian world during a thousand years.

Deeply affected and moved by holy sentiments the youth directs his steps towards the capitol. His glance rests on the Mamertine prison—this horrible tomb within which, 1800 years ago, St. Peter was lying in chains.

These reflections on the past were now happily changed into the more encouraging prospects for the future. In the distant horizon the mighty cupola of St. Peter's looms up in splendor. Thither he directs his attention and hastens his steps. He walks along the same avenue over which so many mighty ones of the earth and such multitudes of pious pilgrims had passed. Now he stands on St. Peter's mighty square, in the centre of which is located the towering obelisk—the only one in Rome on which time has not inflicted some injury—proclaiming the triumphant conquest of mankind's Redeemer. He gazes with reverential awe upon the Vatican, that incomparable treasury of art and science, and the residence of the spiritual father of over two hundred millions of Catholics. A few more steps bring him to the grand mausoleum of the first Pope, to St. Peter's Cathedral, the largest and most magnificent temple of worship.

on earth. With a holy awe he treads the thresholds of the Apostles, passes by the tombs of so many kings and emperors, and the resting-places of innumerable saints of God. Overwhelmed with holy emotions, he kneels at St. Peter's tomb, the truly royal mausoleum of the poor, despised fisherman of Galilee, to whom Christ spoke the memorable words which, written in immense letters of gold, reflect their splendor from the cupola of the dome: *Thou art Peter, and upon this rock I will build My Church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it.*

On this hallowed spot, amid the trophies of Christian and the ruins of ancient Rome, lies open before us the history of the world. On its pages are recorded, by the hand of divine Providence, the wonderful events, the lofty ideas and teachings as also earnest remonstrances to succeeding generations. From it you learn and admire the supernatural power and glory of Christianity; the indefectibility of the Church; the marvelous activity of the popes in securing the welfare of human society. And the more earnestly this book is studied, the more vivid become the sentiments of the truly Catholic heart, the stronger the fidelity to, and the more ardent the love for, Mother Church.

Therefore, it may well be said that it was the guiding hand of Providence that enabled the future Pope to receive under those favorable circumstances such an extensive education. The fermenting state of society, and of Rome in particular, at that period offered the best school in which to prepare for his future vocation. Here, under the guidance of the ablest instructors, he acquired that universal knowledge for which he deservedly became famous. Here he drank in, not, indeed, from troubled waters, but from the purest streams, large draughts of theological knowledge and wisdom. Here he read the history of the Church, its teachings, its traditions, its vicissitudes, the lives and deaths of its heroes and the wise and beneficent ruling of its popes. Here, too, he beheld the living model in the person of the excellent Pius IX. who had become especially dear to his heart. A better school than this Leo XIII. could not have had to prepare him for the sublime office of the representative of Christ upon earth.

To these few reflections on the occasion of his glorious Jubilee celebration, we add a special remembrance of his elevation to the episcopate on February 19, 1843. That was a day of purest joy. Fifty years have rolled by; the bishop has become the supreme visible Head of the

Christian world. And now his faithful children throughout the world gather around their beloved father and tender him their most cordial greetings, offering the most fervent prayers to the Father, of all that He may mercifully grant to our Sovereign Pontiff, Leo XIII., an increased number of years for the welfare of the Church and that of the whole human family. *Ad multos annos!* L.

Side Lights on College Life.

II.

COLLEGE MUSIC.

If there are only a few who realize the trouble required to produce a college play, how much smaller is the number of those who have any idea of the labor involved in producing the accompanying music! The music, which is always of a high class and well rendered—would that as much could always be said of the rest of the various programmes—is a most valuable, nay, an indispensable adjunct to the performance. Abolish the singing and playing, and in many cases the entertainment would be a failure; in all cases it would lose its charm. And yet how much credit is given the musicians for an enjoyable evening? All of it goes to the actors, even though they really had less, perhaps, to do with the enjoyment than their so-called assistants. At any rate, the actors have less to do in preparing for the event; for whereas the "tragedians" work on their plays for probably three weeks, their co-laborers must practise for months perhaps. These three weeks, that the followers of Thespis have filled in by a rehearsal now and then, are the only weeks that they are so engaged for the school year. Seldom, if ever, does any one take part in more than one play during the term.

How different is the case for the followers of Orpheus! Their services are in demand from the beginning of the year till its close. "St. Edward's Day," "St. Thomas' Day," "Washington's Birthday," "St. Patrick's Day," "St. Stanislaus' Day," "Decoration Day," "Commencement Day"—one follows the other in quick succession, and, of course, new music must be furnished for each of these with concerts, receptions, and what not, thrown in promiscuously. How do the musical organizations meet the demand? By keeping everlastingly at it. Four hours' rehearsal each week is the inflexible rule, and practice whenever possible.

The band does even more. An hour's practice each day, besides the rehearsals, is the programme. It is just this hard work, made all the harder because in a great measure unappreciated, that gives us the good music to which we are accustomed from band, orchestra, or chorus.

Why this constant practice? Could not they practise just a few weeks before the entertainment? Not at all; for good reasons. In the first place, their services are required too often for that. In the second place, music cannot be prepared in a hurry. It takes time and trouble, frequent and long practice to get the perfect accord, perfect time and expression necessary for good music. It is somewhat different as regards a play. The aspirant to dramatic laurels needs but to throw himself into his part and bring all his feelings to bear. This, with a few suggestions here and there, is enough for him. Acting is natural in such a case and is done without effort. The player needs but to learn his lines and repeat them as though he meant them; when he stops, another commences, and the play goes on. Look at the musicians now. With them, a little slip, even such as would not be noticed in a play, means embarrassment. It is to guard against the remotest possibility of such a slip that the never-ending practice and rehearsal must be undergone. Even with a thorough drill it is a very much worse thing for a singer to face an audience than for an actor. If the actor should forget his lines he may be able to smooth the break over; not so the singer. A single word slipping the memory, or a note sung wrong, throws him completely out, and he must retire in confusion.

To come now to another phase of the subject. "Is the music worth hearing?" Yes, emphatically, yes. The music played and sung upon a college stage is of the highest order of merit. Choruses from great operas; solos, duetts, trios, quartettes, and other forms of songs; overtures, operas, and masterpieces of great musicians, all have their place in the college musician's *repertoire*. Not a college band, orchestra or glee club but prides itself upon its ability to play or sing such music. And yet this does not bar out other music calculated to amuse as well as to please. Every glee club sings college songs, pathetic or humorous; every band and orchestra, besides playing the overture to "Semiramide," or "William Tell," can favor its auditors with "Ta-ra-ra-boom-de-ay" with equally good execution and the appropriate expression given to each. Where is the actor that can give us tragedy or farce equally as well upon demand?

Such, then, is college music; in a few cases appreciated and receiving just recognition, in many cases the subject of much unreasonable criticism. As to how it is looked upon here at Notre Dame let us hope that everyone takes, or will take, the former and also the proper view.

ERNEST F. DUBRUL.

The Man in the Tower.

Somewhere in the *Tomii* of Aristotle the old sage defines man to be a "sociable animal that loves company"; but this definition evidently does not apply to the man in the moon and a few other rarities who can be sociable only with their own *genus*. It becomes exceedingly monotonous for us to be continually 'scoping from our aerial position those same old clicks of mutual emulators. We profess to have at least a tangible knowledge of some of the laws concerning heavenly affinities; but, dear us! we are totally at sea when attempting to investigate these sublunary phenomena. We've heard of that secret something that cements the affection which the atoms of an icicle have for each other; but who will give us a few pointers that will lead to a solution of this social frigidity we have often noticed in certain quarters?

The Man in the Tower, though at an elevated point, and having much chance for observation, lacks some of the spice our lamented and worthy predecessor displayed, who now and then jumped the pit-falls and dodged the venomous arrows of the common herd. Resultant from natural physical laws, nevertheless, we ever and anon catch the hot words occasionally exchanged beneath us.

The "Observer's" good quality of charity is rightly conjectured to be our inheritance, and we cannot take advantage of the remarks we heard of late. Not coolly said, they cannot be taken at their cost. Some aphorisms have been abused; but whether one lives in a stone or glass house, let him not scorn the essay because *he* thinks it wants originality. We must know "everything was said in the days of Solomon." The new statue must always have some of the old bronze in it. The thoughts of bronze that have come down to us are cumulative. When the modern artist molds his statue he can have only originality in design. "The modern 'Irish Bulls' are every one Greek," says Wendell Phillips. The jokes of our "Eddy-Foy-man" are rehashed from the

tales and sallies of Athens, and she got it—who knows where? We do not hold that one cannot talk his own thoughts or mingle his personality in an essay; but it is difficult to take a new stand on old subjects. If the Tower-Man's talk seems serious to-day, we apologize; we do not propose to afflict you with a dissertation on originality, or plagiarism. It is sufficient to say look to one's self. Actually analyze your own papers. See how many things you say that no one ever said before. *Verbum sapientibus.*

* * *

“Do you affect a fad? Ah, my dear fellow, you must! Quite the thing; and not to be in the swim, could it be thought of! My glasses are just the go now. Not the old style, with the ear catches, but the spring nose attachment, and then a little silk cord hanging over the right ear is fastened to the vest. It looks stunning. How do you like me?” As “Chawley” asked the question he struck an imported attitude and awaited my opinion.

But this is not the only one; oh, dear, no! There is Robin who wears his locks parted in the middle, and, not to be outdone, Richard appeared after the holidays with his raven bristles curled into fluffy ringlets. The Man in the Tower is a muscular fellow; but he feels quite weak in the presence of some of these Indian club swingers and dumb bell twisters. And they are perfect in the art too; for a club occasionally dropped only breaks the monotony of peace and study. More numerous, however, are the would-be vocalists. They fill all space with air-y screeches and yelps. The latest songs, the stalest songs, are screamed into our ear with all the notes from C to B. Then there is the elocutionist in his varied art. He locks himself up in his room—safe precaution—but he forgets that the very walls have ears. He imagines himself to be King Lear, or Shylock, and he rants and roars until his very voice gives out. Then he lays it “on Macduff,” but soon changes to the madness of Hamlet. Would that he were mad! Now I think I have made a strong climax when I end with a word on the would-be tough. Have you not seen him frequently? His clothes hang carelessly about him. His face wears a natural jeer heightened by a contemptible smile. A cigarette always decorates his mouth, and he walks with a genuine Bowery swagger. A “dice box,” some ages old, is tipped forward over his forehead, and if he meets you he will put up his dukes and glibly remark: “I’m a sport, full-blooded, see?”

Boys, do away with your fads, fancies and notions. Man in himself is the Creator's most beautiful work of art. It is His masterpiece, and the genuine, original, natural boy or man is respectable and interesting enough without the affectations of fashion or imitations of the Bowery.

* * *

Why is it that so many of our debaters always preface their arguments with an apology? Can they expect to gain the favor of their hearers by telling them they have made no preparation for speaking? This is the height of folly. It may be overlooked in cases of surprise; but when a speaker has a week or a month's time to prepare an oration, and then greets his audience with a lot of old stereotyped excuses it doesn't go. Let me tell you, as a man of experience, Mr. Apologist, that nothing takes these days like good, manly courage. Don't, for anything, let your opponent in debate know but that you are in for a fierce fight. Never make an attack by beating a retreat. It is not American.

Exchanges.

The *Coutenlx Leader*, though not in the strict sense a college paper, is yet so admirably edited that we cannot forego some mention of the fact. There is a timeliness of topic and a congruity of comment throughout its well-stored columns that proves refreshing in this age of sensational and bombastic journalism.

* * *

The *College World* commiserates a certain school journal to whom we were unkind in a recent issue. It seems to think that the SCHOLASTIC holds itself above criticism. The truth is, we have a very decided weakness for compliments, provided only they be offered in the orthodox fashion. Our diminutive Eastern friend stumbled completely across our finer feelings while attempting to administer soothing syrup. We don't object either to frank criticism or to agreeable inanities, but we draw the line at an odious mixture of the two.

* * *

College Clips announces that it is to be published henceforth alternately in English and Norwegian. *Clips'* staff and contributors write charming Norwegian—delightful Norwegian; but we confess that we shall look forward with greatest interest to the issues published in our

mother tongue. One can't account for literary prejudices, you know.

* * *

Many of our exchanges have said cruel things about the *Index's* method of conducting an argument. We are not of the blood-thirsty temperament ourselves, but we have noticed that the *Index* has pummelled understanding into some of our sister-journals upon whom the courtesies of life would have been wasted.

* * *

Res Academica comes to us with its classic toga slightly ruffled over our recent little pun upon its name. We must all have our little pleasantries, dear *Res*; even the best of us will occasionally sin in this matter. We ourselves are especially sensitive about these darling children of our fancy, and we have long sworn eternal hatred for anybody who refuses to laugh at our jokes.

* * *

We seldom chance upon a bit of literature at once so healthful and invigorating as the following, from the *Manitou Messenger*:

"Stille stille var din Faerd her i Tiden
Stille var ogsoa din Indgang til Hvilen
Stille mit Hjerte, lad Taarerne rinde
I navenfoes Sorg for den, jeg har mistet."

After this charming bit let no man say that we are in the twilight of song.

* * *

In the *Topeka Chapter*, there is an article on "James Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd," and a few pages later another on "Francis Lord Bacon." It is presumed that the author smoked so vigorously during the writing as to change the first subject into the second.

Personals.

—Mrs. and Miss Joslyn visited their Denver friends at Notre Dame during the week.

—Mr M. Wilson, of Thornton, Indiana, was the guest of his brother Horace, of Carroll Hall, on Thursday.

—Rev. A. B. Oechtering, the genial pastor of a very flourishing parish in Mishawaka, was a welcome visitor on Monday.

—Last Sunday Messrs. Thomas Lynch, Sullivan and Hilger, of Chicago, dropped in to see their brothers of Carroll Hall.

—Rev. Father Charles Guendling, of the Cathedral of Fort Wayne, Ind., spent Tuesday and Wednesday at the University visiting his friends among the Faculty.

—Mrs. Patrick Cavanagh, of Chicago, accompanied by her niece, Miss Mamie Dillon, of Chenoa, Ill., paid a very pleasant visit to the University during the week.

—Among those who spent a short time with us this week were Mrs. Caroline Gilkerson, Salisbury, Pa.; Mrs. C. Snider, Chicago, Ill.; Mrs. J. Singler, Mishawaka, Ind., and Mr. Anderson, Red Wing, Minn.

—One of the picturesque figures of the West is the aged Father Sorin, who was 80 years old last Sunday. As is generally known, he is the patriarch of all the priests of Notre Dame University, and is its founder. The Indianapolis *News* speaks no small praise of him in calling him "a kind of educational Marquette."

—*Chicago Inter-Ocean*:

—John F. Nester (*Com'l*), '86, of Detroit, was a welcome visitor last Sunday. All his old friends were delighted to see him. Mr. Nester is now one of the most prominent lumbermen of Upper Michigan, and is making arrangements with the Columbian Fair Commission to present an interesting exhibit of the resources of the Northwestern lumber region.

—Through an oversight we failed to notice, in our issue of last week, the presence of several distinguished friends of Notre Dame on the occasion of Col. Watterson's lecture. In particular we should have emphasized the cordial greetings extended, and which are always awaiting, Rev. T. O'Sullivan, '56, of South Chicago, and Hugh L. Mason, Esq., of Chicago. We take pleasure—and may it be an amends for our past neglect—in reproducing the following interesting communication which appeared in the *South Chicago Calumet* of the 10th inst.:

"WATTERSON AT NOTRE DAME.—Many of the friends of Notre Dame University left the city, day before yesterday, for that seat of learning, to attend a lecture given to the students by the editor of the *Louisville Courier Journal*, Col. Henry Watterson, orator of the World's Fair dedication. Among them were Col. Hugh L. Mason, Maj. McClure, J. F. Birmingham, C. G. Dowling, Rev. Fathers Rathz and O'Sullivan, with Rev. James F. Clancey, of Woodstock, Ill. Col. Watterson was accompanied to the University by his cousin, Rt. Rev. J. A. Watterson, Bishop of Columbus, Ohio. The subject of the lecture was "Money and Morals." The learned and eloquent lecturer has inherited the mantle of Wendell Phillips. He kept his audience spellbound for two hours by the flashes of his wit, his brilliant imagery, genial sympathy, original anecdotes, profound philosophy and vast and accurate knowledge of history, both social and political. He said that our Government which had outlived a civil war, the ordeal of reconstruction, a presidential impeachment, a disputed count of the electoral vote, a congressional dead-lock, and an extra-constitutional tribunal, had nothing to fear from sectional differences or questions of finance, or immigration. Our only real danger consisted in the worship of Mammon. This, too, would be overcome by the higher ideal of life—pure morals, true patriotism, chivalrous manhood—which school and pulpit, press and platform, hearth and home held up before the rising generations born into the noblest heritage on earth—American civilization and development. . . . There are now at Notre Dame about half a score of students from South Chicago, Colehour and Irondale—and the young gentlemen we met seemed to highly appreciate the opportunities afforded them of acquiring a finished education."

Local Items.

- Lent.
- Are you 21?
- I am vindicate!
- He cannot cut butter.
- The land of Evangeline!
- Gerald duplicated the dream.
- Why didn't Joe stop the dog?
- His face generated electricity.
- The triumph of the tailor shop.
- The room with the "yaller cat."
- "Can I practise in the parlor?"
- Grover, Frances and Ruth march forth.
- Is "spike" a member of a dime museum?
- It was felony, but 'twas done all the same.
- Wonder who received the fifteen-page letter?
- The Juniors have good skating in their front yard.
- Check-books are unusually plentiful among the book-keepers.
- We would advise the self-called "Red-bud" to be more accurate.
- Brownson Hall boasts of an "autocrat of the breakfast table."
- Andrew resisted the temptation and declined the office. Bravo!
- Dick wants to know if blackberries are not red when they are green.
- Hand-ball is the rage among the Carrollites, Mr. Kutina heads the list.
- "Come out here, I want to see you!" "Pray, sit down, young man."
- Several new improvements are to be made in the gymnasium next week.
- He calls it "two-legged"; perhaps he's right, but it's certain that its kick is mortal.
- Poverty Flat, with all its fortifications, seems to attract the eye of the overseer.
- "It seems strange," says Richard, "that a printer fails to find the types of all men."
- Timi wants to know why D. wore his coat buttoned during the lecture hour this week.
- Carroll Hall has a stayer—his record is: *three* sessions in third and out on a scratch (!).
- Was the stamp on the envelope in which you received a "comic," spurious or otherwise?
- The Orpheus Club is now open to engagements. For particulars, inquire of the Manager.
- "If the Shoes could Speak as They Fly," is now a companion to "Skipped by the Light of the Moon."
- The Carrolls are indebted to Messrs. W. Kegler and E. Murphy for their recent contribution of over 12,000 stamps.
- Sir John says: "Oh, for a pill-ow!" when the man with the bump on his cranium presented an opportunity for an assault.
- Duff says that it is in such good condition

that he cannot be held liable, and, as usual, obtained his advice from the "referee."

—Is it a case of don't know where he is at? for the boy who writes in his book, and has his mail addressed to N. D. U., South Bend, Ind.

—C. H. B. A. has now a membership of forty-two. We hope the management will give us some good match games before out-door sports begin.

—The many friends of Eddie Gilbert will be pleased to hear that he has returned to resume his studies which were interrupted by a long and rather serious illness.

—The members of the football team should begin active preparation for the return game with Hillsdale at once, if the game is to be played the coming spring.

—"Spike" says that if the Government will take charge of the railroad and telegraph lines they will soon want to have charge of the bake shops and cheese factories.

—Did you buy pools on the "pony" race? Odds were offered that Nancy Hank's time would be beaten, but the "ponies" lagged at the quarter pole and the first heat was trotted very slowly.

—We hope the Carrolls will not become too highly elated on their recent triumph in the stamp line over the Brownsons. The Brownsons may be always regarded as a close and dangerous competitor.

—The members on one of the tables in the Brownson refectory are actively engaged in agitating the question whether they will have a monarchy or a republic; and the chances so far favor the monarchists.

—Washington's Birthday will be duly celebrated next Wednesday. The Thespians, assisted by the musical societies, will give a grand entertainment in the evening. Albert E. Dacy, '93, will be the orator of the day.

—Several members of "poverty flat" have taken advantage of the hustle and bustle of the boys coming into the study-hall, and endeavor to strengthen their lung power; but a word to the wise is sufficient, and it is hoped that a normal state will once more be observed in that corner.

—At a meeting of the St. Boniface German Literary Society, held on Wednesday evening last, the following officers for the present session were elected: Director and President, Rev. P. P. Klein, C. S. C.; Vice-President, G. Pulskamp; Recording Secretary, J. Schopp; Corresponding Secretary, W. Cummings; Critic, F. Neef; Treasurer, C. Kunert; Censor, P. Jacobs.

—Rev. President Walsh's return was the cause of joy to all at Notre Dame. The reception he received on his first appearance in the refectory amply manifests the deep feeling of love and esteem that the students have for their Rev. President. Father Walsh has improved considerably in health, we are glad to

say, and our earnest wish is that ill health will not cause another separation.

—Between twelve and fifteen new members have joined Co. A this session. This company, under the guidance of Captain Coady, has acquired proficiency in the manual of arms, and the members have taken an unusual interest in military matters this year, which can be easily noticed in the precision with which all commands are executed. A few more members will be taken if application is made at once.

—A very interesting series of games of handball was played on the 19th inst. between the Carroll Hall team and the M. L. S. team. The Carrolls carried off the first two games without any trouble; but in the third game the M. L. S. boys woke up from their stupor and played with such vim and dash that they captured the next three games and the series. The teams will meet again, and the Carrolls will have a chance to redeem themselves.

—Capt. Coady appointed the following non-commissioned officers of the Sorin Cadets, Sunday afternoon: 1st Sergeant, W. Scherrer; 2d Sergeant, R. Berthelet; 3d Sergeant, A. Loomis; 4th Sergeant, W. Gavin; 5th Sergeant, W. Crandall; 1st Corporal, G. Scherrer; 2d Corporal, J. McGinley; 3d Corporal, D. McAllister; 4th Corporal, M. Otero; Drummer, F. Holbrook. Competitive drills were held for the 2d, 3d and 4th corporals, and resulted in a victory for the appointees.

—A recent letter from a distinguished divine of New York to Professor Edwards informs him of the pleasing fact that a number of priests of the archdiocese, over which Archbishop Corrigan so ably presides, have sent to Rome for a life-size portrait of their loved metropolitan to be presented to the Bishops' Memorial Hall, Notre Dame, Ind. The portrait is to be painted in oil by one of the best artists of the Eternal City who has promised to have it completed early in June.

—There will be special services in the college church to-morrow (Sunday) in commemoration of the Golden Episcopal Jubilee of the Holy Father. Solemn High Mass, with an appropriate sermon, will be celebrated at ten o'clock. In the evening, as also on the evenings of the two following days, the exercises of a *triduum*, consisting of the recitation of the Rosary with Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, will be held in thanksgiving and prayer for the preservation of the Sovereign Pontiff, Leo XIII.

—On Thursday morning a large body of the reverend clergy assembled in the room of Very Rev. Provincial Corby to assist at the semi-annual examination of the theologians. For two hours and a half, the young gentlemen were pressed with "anxious questionings," and with the erudition and experience of the elder clergy. After a careful examination in Dogmatic and Moral Theology and Church History, the Board, through its President, Very Rev. Father

Corby, announced its complete satisfaction with the results. The other branches will receive similar attention later on.

—Enquirer would like to know:

The name of the student who attended the law lecture in such a hurry one day this week?

Who continually keeps his eyes fixed on the infirmary?

Who B. and his "Irish setters" will tackle next?

Where M. P. gets all his pie?

When we will have another "round up"?

Who will take the leading part in the proposed comedy?

Why K. and R. joined the Billiard Club?

Who Fatty sent the Valentines to, and where those that M. J. and Tim received came from?

—The third regular meeting of the Law Debating Society was held Saturday evening, Feb. 11, Colonel Hoynes presiding. The subject for debate was: "Resolved, That the Federal Government should take charge of, and operate the railroad and telegraph lines of the country." The disputants were Messrs. McCuddy and Cooke for the affirmative, and Messrs. Hennessy and Linehan for the negative. Messrs. Kennedy, Ferneding, McGarry, Raney, and Roby delivered some impromptu remarks, *pro et con*, anent the question. The chair accorded the merits of the debate to the negative.

—The St. Aloysius' Philodemic Association met in regular session on February 5, and it certainly promised some good work for future meetings. During the last session the society was more decidedly a literary movement, but it has now resolved itself into a mock congress, and seems to be progressing even better than before. Mr. DuBrul, especially, is doing excellent work, and has now entered a number of bills worthy of a great deal of consideration. Messrs. McAuliff and Quinlan also take a very active interest in the work of the society; and to them, perhaps, more than to any of the other members, is due the credit of the high standard of work for which the society has such a good reputation.

—THE ORPHEUS CLUB.—The want of a musical society here at Notre Dame has been the subject of much unfavorable criticism for many years, but will be so no more. This want was particularly shown in the case of the singers. Their rehearsals were at irregular periods, and great difficulty was experienced in securing and retaining the best talent. To obviate this difficulty the Orpheus Club was called into being on Sunday last. It consists of a mandolin orchestra and a double vocal quartette. The object of the club is to secure regularity and good attendance at rehearsals, and to furnish better music and more of it than has been given on the stage hitherto. To keep the best talent, the club is social as well as musical, and with the good start it has, it is bound to succeed. The officers chosen are as follows: Honorary President, Rev. T. E. Walsh, G.S.C.; President, F. J. Liscombe, Mus. Doc.; Vice-President, E. Chassaing; Secretary, O. Schmidt; Treasurer, F. Chute; Manager, E. DuBrul.

In Memoriam.

RESOLUTIONS OF CONDOLENCE.

WHEREAS, It has pleased Divine Providence, in His infinite wisdom, to remove from this earth the loving mother of Joseph E. Cumiskey, one of our fellow-students; and,

WHEREAS, We deeply feel for him in his sad bereavement; be it, therefore,

RESOLVED, That we, the students of Brownson Hall, tender him our most heartfelt sympathy; and be it, moreover,

RESOLVED, That these resolutions be printed in the NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC, and that a copy of the same be forwarded to him.

J. G. HENLEY,
F. D. HENNESSY,
W. J. RICE,
J. T. CULLEN.—*Committee.*

HON. JOHN SCHOLFIELD.

WHEREAS, It has pleased God in His wisdom to summon the soul of Chief Justice Scholfield of Illinois; and,

WHEREAS, He was a man whose transcendent talents placed him in the front rank of his profession; and,

WHEREAS, He was the kind and generous father of William, Samuel and Robert Scholfield late students of Notre Dame; and

WHEREAS, We deeply feel for them in having lost a loving father, and for the nation in having lost a great man; be it, therefore,

RESOLVED, That we, the students of Notre Dame, tender them and their family our heartfelt sympathy; and be it, moreover,

RESOLVED, That these resolutions be printed in the NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC, and that a copy of the same be forwarded to the grief-stricken family.

H. L. MONARCH, M. P. HANNIN,
R. C. LANGAN, C. DECHANT,
F. E. NEEF, W. CORRELL.—*Committee.*

Roll of Honor.

SORIN HALL.

Messrs. Ahlrichs, Bolton, Brown, Carney, Cummings, Correll, Combe, Coady, Crawley, Chute, Dacy, Dechant, DuBrul, Ferneling, Flannery, Flannigan, C. Fitzgerald, Hannin, Heer, Joslyn, Kearney, Keough, Kunert, Langan, Maurus, Monarch, F. McKee, Mitchell, McCarrick, McAuliffe, Neef, O'Donnell, Powers, Quinlan, Ragan, Raney, C. Scherrer, E. Scherrer, Schillo, Schaack, R. Sinnott, Schopp, Thorn.

BROWNSON HALL.

Messrs. Ansberry, Barton, Burns, Brady, Baldwin, Berggren, Bennett, A. Corry, Chassaing, Cooke, Cullen, R. Corcoran, Casey, Carter, J. Corcoran, Chidester, Conger, Delaney, Devanney, Donahoe, Dinkel, Dempsey, Dillon, Duffield, Eyanson, Eyke, Foley, A. W. Funke, Feeney, J. Flynn, E. Flynn, Farrell, Freytag, Groff, L. Griffin, J. Hoffman, Hermann, Hennessy, Hartman, Healy, Hagan, Henley, Hudson, Hunt, Heneberry, Isbell, Jacobs, Jordan, Karter, Kearns, Kintzele, F. Kenny, Karasynski, J. Kennedy, Libert, Laux, Murray, D. Murphy, Meibers, T. Monarch, Maynes, D. Monarch, F. Murphy, A. Marckhoff, R. Marckhoff, Magnus, McCuddy, McFadden, McCullough, McCarthy, McGarry, Ney, O'Connor, O Shea, H. O'Neill, Pulskamp, Prichard, Pomeroy, Perkins, Patier, Quinlan, Rice, E. Roby, C. Roby, M. Ryan, Schmidt, Stanton, Schueler, Shermann,

Smith, Spalding, Stace, Walker, Wilkin, Weaver, E. Welsh, Gerlach.

CARROLL HALL.

Messrs. Bergland, Barrett, R. E. Brown, O. Brown, R. Brown, J. Brown, Bennett, Berles, Bixby, Baldauf, Brennan, Burns, Covert, Cornell, Carter, Chauvet, Clendenin, Connell, A. Coolidge, E. Coolidge, Cullen, Crane, Carney, Dorsey, Druecker, Ducey, Dannemiller, Dempsey, Dillman, Dixon, DeLormier, Dutt, Fleming, Franke, Funke, Fossick, Finnerty, Ford, G. Gilbert, L. Gibson, N. Gibson, Gerding, Gonzales, F. Hill, Hack, Hittson, Hurley, H. Hill, Hoban, Hickey, D. Hilger, A. Hilger, Howell, Jones, Janssen, Krollman, A. Kegler, W. Kegler, Kutina, Kuehl, Kelliher, Kindler, Klees, G. Lee, J. LaMoure, M. Lee, W. LaMoure, Lambka, Lantry, Lohner, Lawler, T. Lowrey, G. Lowrey, Loser, Louie, Ludwig, Lynch, Lane, Lippman, Levy, Maurer, Mitchell, Maternes, Maguire, E. Murphy, L. Murphy, J. Miller, L. Miller, May, Mengis, Mills, Marr, Moss, Miles, Monaghan, C. Meyers, R. Miers, Martin, McDermott, S. McDonald, McPhee, McCarrick, McCarthy, J. McPhillips, J. McPhillips, C. McPhillips, E. McDonald, W. Nichols, Nolan, O'Mara, F. O'Brien, O'Connor, Oliver, Rumely, Renesch, Reis, Rend, Ruppe, Repscher, Roesing, Romero, Reber, Sievers, Sweet, W. Spalding, S. Spalding, Slevin, A. Spiegel, Sullivan, Schaack, Sparks, Segenfelder, Strauss, Sharp, Schroth, Tong, Taylor, Thome, Tempel, Treber, Thornton, Wagner, Walde, Wensinger, Welty, Walker, H. Wilson, R. Wilson, Whitehead, Washburne, N. Weitzel, B. Weitzel, D. Wright, Ward, Yeager, York, Yingst, L. Yglesia, A. Yglesia, C. Zoehrlaut.

ST. EDWARD'S HALL.

Masters Ayers, Ahern, L. Abrahams, G. Abrahams, Ball, Bopp, Bump, Barrett, R. Berthelet, V. Berthelet, Bourgeois, Crandall, Curry, Corry, Christ, Cross, Croke, D. Campau, F. Campau, J. Coquillard, A. Coquillard, Cressey, Corcoran, Durand, Dugas, Devine, Elliott, Eagle, Engelhardt, W. Emerson, F. Emerson, Finnerty, Feltenstein, Freeman, Flynn, Girsch, Gavin, Green, Howard, Higginson, Holbrook, J. Higgins, Roy Higgins, Ralph Higgins, W. Healy, J. Healy, Ives, Jones, Johntry, Jonquet, Kilgallen, Kinney, LaMoure, Lawton, Loomis, Lohner, Lysle, Lowrey, Maritzen, Minnigerode Morris, McPhee, McGinley, McGushin, McCorry, McDonald, G. McCarthy, E. McCarthy, R. McCarthy, Emmit McCarthy, Ninneman, Otero, O'Neill, Oatman, W. Pollitz, H. Pollitz, Peck, Pyle, Pieser, Roesing, L. Rasche, H. Rasche, Robb, Rohrbach, A. Romero, V. Romero, Roache, W. Scherrer, G. Scherrer, Swan, Shillington, Stuckart, Segenfelder, Shipp, Trankle, L. Thompson, U. Thompson, Wilcox, Wagner, Wells, Langley.

A Puzzle.

In the following lines the names of twenty birds are concealed:

"She will do very well now," said Dr. Reed to a crowd of people collected around the form of a woman who had been taken from the railroad track. Placing her on a stretcher that had cost rich men nothing, they conveyed her to Clark's drug store, when with awkwardness, they forced her to swallow some blackberry brandy. She slowly unclosed her eyes, and when asked how she felt replied, with great bitterness: "Very well; I crave nothing but death," she added. "And it is want that is making me long for it." She was too honest to steal; she quailed at the thought that she would rob in earnest a fellow-being. It was worse than death. Rush where she would she found no relief. Inch by inch she was starving to death, so why not end the misery at once.