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Sunday Chimes at Notre Dame.

*(Dedicated to One whose Privilege it is to Hear
those Bells.)*

O'er the quiet village,
Through the early mist,
O'er the hundred chimneys,
Where the smoke is curling,
Comes the clashing music!
And the bells all jangling
Swing within their towers:
Tenor, bass and treble,
Timbrel-like their voices,
All together swelling
In one grand confusion
Pleasant to the ear!

Now one note comes throbbing
Like a single pulse;
Silence all around it,
Save the air-waves tremble
When the great throb falls!
Now they clash together,
Pealing high and louder,
In an emulation
Like to human voices.
All the bells uproarious
Swinging in their towers,
In one grand confusion
Pleasant to the ear.

Sinking into silence!
Naught but slow vibrations
Trembling into moans,
While our hearts are murmuring,
Filling with the echoes
Of the holy tones;
Like the note of sea-shell
Pressing to the ear,
When our eyelids closing
And our limbs reposing
Soothingly we hear,
While we almost fancy
Ocean waves are near.

So the bells' last pealing
Dying in the sky
Makes us almost fancy
Heaven's gates are nigh.

MERCEDES.

The Picturesqueness of Longfellow.

If there is one quality more than another by which a poet is to be judged, it is his power to depict, to awaken beautiful and noble images in the mind of the reader. The painter sitting by his canvas sees in his imagination his ideal endowed with form and color; and with his trusted brush he attempts to imitate all the grace and perfection of that model. He copies it directly, and on his palette he finds all the tints which its realization requires. Not so, however, is it with the poet. He too perceives, it is true, with his mind's eye his figures exalted before him; but their lines he cannot trace with pencil, nor follow their shades with brush. His pen alone must be his agent. Words must be his moulds; words must be his paints. Long labor and steady patience are requisites of every poet. With most delicate touch rough and uncut expressions must be carved and smoothed, and sentences shapeless and unpolished must be hewn and fashioned till they fit their respective places; and when the picture is done it is indeed a work of art.

Longfellow stands pre-eminent among American poets, and the charm of the numberless pictures which he has produced is known to every student of English. "Evangeline," his masterpiece, is a gallery hung with rustic portraits and with rural scenes. With the true artist he believes in contrast. Side by side with Evangeline, the youthful, the gentle, the beau-

tiful, stands the stately form of her father with cheeks browned by the storms of many winters and locks white as the drifted snow. How well the old man's simple trust in Providence is opposed to the more fundamental experience of Basil the blacksmith!

One can scarcely read that mournful tale without feeling as though he saw enacted before him all the scenes of Evangeline's life—her happy home among the Acadian farmers, her grief at the sudden death of her father, her separation from her beloved Gabriel, her long and patient wanderings in pursuit of the figure which seemed ever to disappear as she approached the peaceful and contented path in which she walked as a Sister of Mercy. All her feeling and emotion seem to be transferred to the soul of the reader, and his mind fluctuates between joy and sorrow at the last meeting of the lovers in the ward of the Philadelphia hospital. In my opinion the sweetest and at the same time the saddest lines in the whole poem are these:

"Each succeeding year stole something away from her beauty,
Leaving behind it, broader and deeper, the gloom and the shadow.
Then there appeared and spread faint streaks of gray o'er her forehead,
Dawn of another life that broke o'er her earthly horizon,
As in the eastern sky the first faint streaks in the morning."

A little-appreciated poem is "The Spanish Student." Here also Longfellow has left the imprint of his genius. Preciosa is a character who binds herself to the reader's affection. Most beautifully is she described by her lover Victorian:

"She lies asleep,
And from her parted lips her gentle breath
Comes like the fragrance from the lips of flowers.
Her tender limbs are still, and on her breast;
The cross she prayed to, ere she fell asleep,
Rises and falls with the soft tide of dreams,
Like a light barge safe amored;"

and with an equal amount of humor his companion answers:

"Which means in prose,
She's sleeping with her mouth a little open!"

In the same work the author gives us a very charming picture of a peasant sitting by the wall and sketching rough figures with charcoal. Somewhat further on occur these exquisite lines referring to the lovers, Victorian and Preciosa:

"Like a lily on a river floating,
She floats upon the river of his thoughts!"

Many other similar passages abound in "The Spanish Student," but space will not permit me to point them out.

Just as the artist requires color to enliven his

effects and give a greater beauty to his drawings, so the poet needs figures to vivify and strengthen the thought which he wishes to convey. Metaphors and similes form a storehouse out of which he draws all his richness. With them he paints his rainbows; gives a babble to his brooks and a roar to his tempests; places a bloom on the cheeks of youth; in a word, crystallizes a shapeless mass of thoughtless words into gems of the rarest purity.

Too much coloring will detract from the worth of a picture. In the same manner a poem, though full of thoughts deep and beautiful, is often injured, or even entirely disfigured, by an excess of rhetorical figures.

Longfellow's works abound with similes; so much so, in fact, that he has been called the master of the simile; still he has never overstepped the safe limit. His figures are gathered from the broad field of knowledge, and their freshness does not fade nor their fragrance disappear with analysis. Their odor is ever of the meadows and banks from which they were plucked. How well he describes the American iris, "armed with golden rod and winged with the celestial azure!" One seems to stand by the river and see the flower nodding its purple head, queen of its surroundings.

A most touching strain of sadness runs through "The Rainy Day."

"The day is cold, and dark, and dreary."

It recalls to the mind the many weary days which instilled pessimistic feeling into the hearts of youth, and awakened resentment against the wise actions of nature. How different a sentiment has been breathed into the following lines taken from one of his earlier poems:

"With what a glory comes and goes the year!
The buds of spring, those beautiful harbingers
Of sunny skies and cloudless times enjoy,
Life's newness, and earth's garniture spread out;
And when the silver habit of the clouds
Comes down upon the autumn sun, and with
A sober gladness the old year takes up
His bright inheritance of golden fruits,
A pomp and pageant fill the splendid scene."

There are two kinds of paintings, scenic and portrait; so also a poet may depict the beauties of nature which surround him, or he may turn himself to man and find in him a model surpassing all others. That Longfellow was a master in the first branch, the foregoing quotation should suffice to prove. But he also tried his hand at the other; and how well he succeeded, a perusal of "The Village Blacksmith" will show. Most naturally does he represent the patient toil of the honest man. One would almost be tempted to say that this poem

represents a full-length portrait of the smith.

In that storehouse of fable gems, "The Tales of a Wayside Inn," occurs also a most charming description:

"Just then the meditations of the Earl
Were interrupted by a little girl,
Barefooted, ragged, with neglected hair,
Eyes full of laughter, neck and shoulders bare;
A thin slip of a girl, like a new moon,
Sure to be rounded in beauty soon;
A creature men would worship and adore,
Though now in mean habiliments she bore
A pail of water, dripping, through the street,
And bathing as she went her naked feet."

How much does not this remind us of Whit-
tier's simple lay about Maud Muller raking the
hay in the sunshine! Both pictures are alike
remarkable for vividness; but it seems to me
that Longfellow's lines appeal much more to
the human heart than does the tale of the
rustic maid.

I know of no better way of closing than to
repeat a few lines from "The Hanging of the
Crane." In my opinion there is no more charm-
ing passage in the whole field of English liter-
ature. It refers to two children guests at a
family reunion:

"Above their bowls with rim of blue
Four azure eyes of deeper hue
Are looking, dreamy with delight;
Limpid as planets that emerge
Above the ocean's rounded verge,
Soft shining through the summer night.
Steadfast they gaze; yet nothing see
Beyond the horizon of their bowls."

C. W. S.

A Study of the Blood.

"What a wonderful work is man!" exclaims
the immortal Shakspeare, speaking through the
mouth of Hamlet. But if man is wonderful,
how much more so is life, of which he is but
one of the divisions! And what is life? An
answer to this question is yet to be found; but
the following definition seems to be as clear
and correct as any thus far given; and, more-
over, it furnishes us with thoughts which will
aid us in our present study: "Life is an active
principle by which an organized substance
moves itself." One question gives rise to
another, and we find ourselves asking, what
is meant by an organized substance? It is
a body which is composed of organs in con-
tradistinction to minerals which are inorganic
substances. Everyone has a clear idea of an
organized being; the smallest child would give
as examples a horse or cow. But how many are

aware that in the smallest drop of water there
are innumerable animalcules which are com-
paratively as well organized as the largest
animals?

The *amœba* may be adduced as an example;
though not the smallest, they are the simplest.
Composed of one cell of protoplasm, they
are, nevertheless, able to propagate, assimilate
and perform all those functions which are
necessary to sustain life.

We will endeavor to describe the *amœba* as
concisely as space will permit. It is almost
impossible to explain their movement known
as *amœboid*. By an inherent force they are
capable of protruding the body, and then, by
drawing themselves in the direction of their
pseudopodia, they effect their peculiar kind of
locomotion.

Their manner of assimilating food is equally
as curious as their movement. The pseudopodia
just mentioned plays an important part; by
means of these any small plant, or still smaller
animal, is encompassed, and then the false feet,
returning to their original position, draw within
them their prey. Once within the cell wall, the
process of absorption commences, which, after
being accomplished, the farcol matter is effected
by the gradual unfolding of the protoplasmic
mass. The animal being transparent, we are
thus enabled to observe the circulation of the
digested food. When in this condition it is
diffused throughout the substance of the cell
by means of currents of protoplasm.

We might in this way go on describing indef-
initely the different animals, and also enter into
details concerning their organs. But let it
suffice to say that in all these animals we find
a gradual development of a fluid which reaches
its highest degree of perfection in man—
blood. It is the most abundant and most
highly-organized fluid of the body; its chief
function being to renew materials for all parts
without exception; even extra vascular tissue,
though appearing to be destitute of blood, is
dependent on it, but not so largely as the other
tissues. The characteristics of this fluid at
first sight seem very simple; but on microscop-
ical examination will be found exceedingly
complex.

Some people, I may deem it safe to say, think
blood to be nothing but a red liquid; indeed,
when observed with the naked eye it appears so;
but when investigated with the high powers of
the microscope the red color gives way to a
yellow haziness in which are situated corpuscles
and blood plaques, the essential constituents.

The red corpuscles give the opacity and color to the blood, and contain organic as well as inorganic matter. With these elements closely united are also found some fatty substances which are not so essential as the other two constituents.

The form of these corpuscles present a biconcave appearance; hence when observed with the microscope they appear clear in the centre and dark at the periphery, or conversely. This, due to their shape, has erroneously led some histologists to say that red corpuscles possess a nucleus, which as yet has not been demonstrated. One in this manner can be very easily misled while studying these corpuscles, thinking he has discovered a nucleus, which, in fact, is nothing but an optical delusion; it seems to appear when one has an exact focus on the edge of the biconcave body; but now if the focus were directed to the centre the observer would soon be convinced that the supposed nucleus is attributable to the concavity of the corpuscles.

It is a noticeable fact that these corpuscles have a tendency to arrange themselves in rows, like so many coins placed one on the other. This peculiarity is due to an adhesive substance which exudes from the corpuscles, the flat surface affording a favorable means for their being united in the above-named manner. They are indeed very small; their diameter being usually estimated at the one-three thousand of an inch; but Robin gives the exact measurement to be the one-three thousand four hundred and thirty-seventh. There are but few, if any, which vary from this estimate.

The distinction between different blood corpuscles of animals is very important, as the question often arises as to whether a specimen of blood be from a human subject or from an inferior animal. For this reason it is useful, not only to anatomists but also in medical jurisprudence, to understand the different peculiarities of the blood corpuscles of the lower as well as the higher animals. With the exception of the elephant and sloth, man possesses the largest red blood corpuscles. In all the other mammalia they are smaller or of the same size; while in some animals they are much smaller than in man, and by accurate measurements their blood can be readily distinguished from that of the human subject; but it must also be remembered that there may be a slight variation of size in the same subject. The corpuscles of mammalia differ from those of birds and fishes, not only in shape but also from the fact that

in the former no nucleus is observed, while in the two latter one is distinctly visible.

Deer and other animals noted for speed possess corpuscles which are very small, while those of inactive animals, as the dog, are very large. Milne Edwards claims that corpuscles bear an inverse ratio to the activity of the animal. This holds good in some instances; but there certainly can exist no relation between the size of the corpuscle and the size of the animal. For example, the mammalia, which are the most perfect of animal life, have the smallest corpuscles; while birds and reptiles, which are lower in the scale, contain the largest.

For the enumeration of blood corpuscles various apparatuses have been devised; one of the most practical is that of Mallassez. His instrument consists of a thick nickel slide in the centre of which is a circular groove enclosing a glass cylinder, one centimetre in diameter. On the outside of the groove, equally distant from each other, are three pointed screws, which project one-fifth of a millimetre above the surface of the slide. In the centre of the slide, limited by the groove, are drawn the squares in which the blood cells are counted. These have a side of one-twentieth of a millimetre, and are arranged in groups of twenty, each group having a length of one-fourth of a millimetre, and width of one-fifth of a millimetre; the area is, therefore, equal to one-twentieth of a millimetre. Each group is separated from the adjoining groups by double lines. The cover glass is now attached—by moistening the edges slightly with saliva—to a frame fixed to the sides of the slide. This is lowered until it comes in contact with the screw points, thus spreading the blood previously placed on the surface of the glass cylinder in a layer one-fifth of a millimetre in thickness; a drop of water should be introduced under the cover glass to prevent evaporation. This done, they are ready for observation; and by means of a magnifying power of 200, the cells in the twenty squares are easily counted as follows: Each square has an area of one-twentieth of a millimetre, and the thickness of the blood layer one-fifth of a millimetre; the quantity covering the twenty squares will equal one-hundredth of a millimetre. The number of cells multiplied by 100, and then by the number representing the dilution, and the product will then be the number of cells in a cubic millimetre of undiluted blood. For example, the mixture has a dilutant of from one to two hundred, and the number of cells found in the one-hundredth

of a cubic millimetre equals 250; therefore, $250 \times 100 \times 200 = 5,000,000$.

For counting the white corpuscles, the blood is diluted in the proportion of 1 to 10; there is used also a $\frac{3}{4}$ per cent. solution of hydric acetate, instead of the sodium chloride solution. Acetate destroys the red cells, leaving the white ones unaltered, and thus facilitates the process.

In structure the red corpuscles of man appear homogeneous; no nucleus, granules, or cell membrane have as yet been sufficiently demonstrated to assure one of their presence. However, a granular nucleus has been established beyond a doubt in birds, reptiles and fishes. Microscopical examination has shown that the post mortem changes in blood are of a peculiar nature. If a drop of blood be placed on a slide and examined, there first appear small protuberances resembling those of a raspberry; then again when they are about to desiccate they present a shrunken appearance and the edges become very strongly serrated. Reagents also have very marked effects on these corpuscles, and are used very extensively in the study of their structure. A certain fluid has been lately discovered by means of which corpuscles may be stained and preserved for permanent study. Perhaps in this advanced age of science some method will be introduced to demonstrate a nucleus in the red blood corpuscles, as has already been done with the *leucocytes*. In their movement through the body these cell bodies may be compared to a river constantly flowing with nothing to impede its progress. If a passage is too small to allow access, their elasticity, which is very great, permits them to enter with but little difficulty and again resume their former shape. Circulation is carried on until they are deprived of oxygen, and death ensues.

It is not definitely known when these red corpuscles make their appearance; but it is certain that at an early stage of embryonic life their presence is noticeable in the blood vessels. At this period the primitive corpuscles possess a nucleus which, as development advances, they gradually lose, and they then resemble the adult corpuscle in all respects. During their embryonic changes they attain their greatest size, and are also much larger than in adult life. In shape some are ovoid, some globular, while others assume a globular form. As to their origin, there seems to be no positive evidence that any organ enters into their formation; but it is very probable that

the red marrow of the bones and perhaps, to a certain extent, the spleen, have important uses in effecting their growth, though the exact manner in which they are formed is a question which has not been satisfactorily answered, and concerning which there is a great difference of opinion among histologists. Their principal function is to absorb the oxygen from the lungs and convey it, by means of the innumerable arteries, to all parts of the body as nourishment.

It has been clearly shown that if fresh blood be introduced into the body of an animal whose vitality has been partly exhausted by hemorrhage life may be restored. Although the fibrin factors may be excluded from the blood introduced, yet the experiments of Provost and Dumas have made known that the introduction of serum alone will have no restorative effect without the presence of corpuscles.

Another important constituent of the blood is found in the white blood corpuscles, or, as they have been more properly designated by William Newson, *leucocytes*. Though not so conspicuous and abundant in the microscopical field as the red ones, they are very readily found on the sides of a preparation. Their adhesive character is noted from the fact that the red corpuscles usually circulate in the centre, while the white ones remain motionless in the above-named position. They are not so numerous in man as the red ones, the relative number being 1 to every 750 or 1000. It seems during digestion they are very much increased, as the following table will show: Before breakfast, 1 to 1800; an hour afterwards there is a decrease in the proportion of 1 to 700; from 11 o'clock to 1 o'clock, 1 to 1500; thus showing an increase of 800 during digestion of breakfast. Immediately after dinner they are as 1 to 400; two hours after, 1 to 1475; increase of 1075; after supper, 1 to 550; four hours after, 1 to 1200; increase, 650. By this table we learn that the proper time to obtain these *leucocytes* for observation is when the process of digestion is at its height; though they may be found at any convenient time, but by no means in such large numbers as the red corpuscles. The latter are smaller than the white ones, measuring in man about the one-two thousand five hundredth of an inch in diameter, though they many times vary. They not only inhabit the blood, but are also found in lymph and chyle.

The specific gravity of the red ones is about 1105, and that of the *leucocytes* somewhat less—about 1070. Like the other corpuscles, they

appear at an early stage of foetal life; but when, has not been determined. It has been supposed by some histologists that they, as well as the red cells, are produced by the spleen; but since they have been demonstrated in the vessels before the appearance of that organ, this opinion has been abandoned.

The function of these white cells has not been determined, though it is possible that they contribute largely to the formation of the red corpuscles; but this is only a hypothesis, as no means has presented itself to solve this question.

The *amœboid* movement is very well illustrated in these cells; so much so, in fact, that were it not for their size one would be tempted to believe that the object at which he was looking is one of those minute individualities. They have the very same way of throwing out their pseudopodia and grasping any foreign substance. These changes, known as *amœboid*, are very characteristic in these corpuscles; at one time they are globular, at another stellate; again, in a very short period, they assume all the forms conceivable. By means of these processes, or pseudopodia, they move to different parts of the blood vessels; they have even been known to penetrate the coats of these vessels and migrate. This operation is known as *diapedesis*, and is best illustrated in the blood of the frog. Previous to migrating, the white cells are elongated, and it has been noticed that they send projections into the walls and penetrate the membrane, the point appearing on the opposite side which gradually increases until the whole corpuscle has effected a passage.

It is not an absolute fact that diapedesis takes place in the human subject; but it has been proven beyond a doubt that it occurs in the lower class of animals. This movement is very characteristic of these corpuscles, the spontaneous changes being produced by a constant flow of *hyaloplasm* into the pseudopodia, and in this manner producing locomotion. In order to study the metamorphosis of these cells accurately it is of course absolutely necessary to have the blood of the same temperature as that of the body. For this purpose a very simple device has been constructed, known in histology as the worm stage. It consists essentially of a copper plate, the size of an ordinary microscopical slide, the centre of which is perforated to admit light; from the outer end projects the part known as the tongue; here the heat is applied by means of a small spirit-lamp. The preparation, which is made as is customary, is

placed on the body of the worm stage and is now ready for observation, and with the high powers the changes may be noticed without difficulty. The tongue acts as a conductor, and conveys the necessary amount of heat to the slide, to which have been previously added two pieces of paraffin to obtain the correct temperature, and are placed on either side of the preparation. For convenience say the one on the right side is of 95° Fahrenheit, and the one on the left of 100°. They must be so arranged that the former will melt while the latter remains solid. In this manner the movements of the cells are plainly visible; but no sooner does the temperature rise higher than that desired than they cease to move and are deprived of vitality.

A specimen showing white corpuscles in *amœboid* condition is made by mixing some blood in a saline solution and allowing it to remain for a short period; this tends to make them more active. They may thus keep their respective positions by allowing a slight amount of steam to play on the outer surface of the cover glass. This instantaneously kills them, and they are then fixed in the form presented when the steam was applied; now they are stained and the preparation cemented and may be kept for an indefinite time. Other constituents are the blood plaques; but by no means are they so necessary as the blood corpuscles, neither are they so numerous; still they may be seen floating about in the plasma between these bodies. In form they resemble, to a certain extent, the red cells, though they are smaller, about $\frac{3}{4}$ the size of an ordinary corpuscle.

The best way to prepare them, that they may retain their natural form, is to place a drop of osmic acid on the finger, prick it through the fluid, and the acid thus diffused will harden and preserve the elements of the blood so that the drop may more easily be transferred to a cover slip, where it is then treated with sodium chloride. All the elements will in this manner be removed, except the plaques, which will adhere to the slip, so when examined the field will be found covered with plaques.

No definite function has been attached to them; but perhaps some relation exists between these bodies and corpuscles. Who knows but they are instrumental in the formation of the latter? They, like the corpuscles, are found in the plasma and have also the same peculiarities of undergoing changes; but these only take place out of the body.

The plasma, or *liquor sanguinis*, is the fluid which is ordinarily known as blood; in other words, it contains all the elements of which blood is composed. If blood be allowed to coagulate it will be noticed that its constituents may be effectively separated; for soon it will be observed that two parts present themselves to view—the clot, which is composed of the corpuscles and fibrin, technically known as crassamentum, and the serum which is the plasma.

The microscopical elements of blood may be observed with satisfaction in the circulation of blood; but as that of man does not offer the necessary facilities, the blood of the frog has been substituted. For observation the animal is temporarily paralyzed to keep it motionless. As to the manner followed, little need be said; suffice it to say that a fluid is introduced into the brain which so deprives the muscles of their action that the observations in the web may be made with but little difficulty.

The web of the frog has recently been abandoned on account of its thickness, and in its place has been substituted the mesentery, or lung. These structures, being so delicate, they afford excellent opportunities for observing the blood and its individual constituents in its circulation through the tissues.

JOSEPH K. COMBE.

Shelley.

Poeta nascitur, non fit.

Horace has said that "poets are born, not made"; and this saying may be applied to Shelley; for, of all the bards that adorn the history of English literature, he stands out with Keats and Wordsworth as the poet of the poets, possessing that fire, that genius, that divine afflatus which is the heritage of poets. Mrs. Shelley said of him that "no poet was ever warmed by a more genuine and unforced inspiration. His extreme sensibility gave the intensity of passion to his intellectual pursuits, and rendered his mind keenly alive to every perception of outward objects as well as to his internal sensibility." But such a gift is among the sad vicissitudes of human life; and to escape from such, and free himself of all, he gave himself up to poetry, and felt happy when he shielded himself from human sympathies in the wildest regions of fancy. He loved nature; he delighted in viewing her various moods, to

look upon her face wreathed in sunny smiles, to sing, not of those Islands of Greece where burning Sappho lived and sang, but of subjects found all around about him: above, below and on every side,

"Admiring nature in her wildest grace."

He loved to sing of leafy woodlands, of clear meandering streams, of beautiful silver lakes, of fallen castles, of foam-crested billows that beat upon his native shores, of lonely flowers that blossomed and floated in the gentle spring breeze by the wayside; and all things that are beautiful he made them exquisite, and added lustre to others that apparently had none before. In his poems we find human nature depicted in garments of the most gorgeous colors, pointing out to us the beauties hidden but from the poet that drinks deep of the spring of life, and there sees the reflection of all her secrets.

It is needless to speak of his private life, as all know his sad fate; for he was generous to imprudence, devoted to heresy, and these characters breathed through many of his poems.

In his early poems we find that agnostic spirit most prevalent, giving the reins to his fancy, painting every idea that rose in his mind; always containing that peculiar mood, clinging to the inner spirit rather than to the buzz and bustle of the outer world. He drank in with every breath the pure air of England, contemplating the beauties of nature, tinting every page of his poetry with lovely scenes. He loved the sea, delighted in floating upon her in his boat at night, when the unclouded moon shone over the water, floating along in his shallop, resting beneath the lonely rocks that sheltered him from the moon; here he wrote some of his poems.

In the second division of his poems he confines himself more to the emotions common to us all rather than to his own imagination. We find his muse singing with such matchless grace and skill that we are overcome by the hidden power of attraction that excites the human heart to sing the melodious strains with the poet himself, and think of the sirens who by their strains of irresistible music captivated the hearts of all their hearers. He wrote as his mind prompted, lending his musical ear to the voice of the birds, soaring high in the azure sky of Italy, or painting the clouds in verse, as he floated down the Thames in his little boat, admiring and communing with nature, giving voice to his sentiments in verse that came from a heart of song and tenderness; ever heated by

an unforced inspiration, a warm affection that always shone out even in ordinary conversation.

The "Ode to a Skylark" is one of the most beautiful and picturesque of his poems, containing all the qualities of a poem together with that individuality of Shelley, showing that he wrote not for mere pastime, but prompted by his soul; for that poetical feeling was in him, and he longed to place it in a form called verse. In this poem he describes the lark that soars high in the air,

"Like a cloud of fire,"

winging the blue deep, singing and cheering herself as she ascends higher and higher, warbling forth such ditties as no art or instrument can conceive. As she ascends, he describes her in these words:

"Like a poet hidden
In the light of thought,
Singing hymns unbidden
Till the world is wrought

To sympathy with hope, and fear, it heeded not."

This is one of the grandest odes of the English language, and will always adorn the tablets of literature as one of the sweetest and most sublime poems that ever enriched our language, because he saw, perceived and felt what he said. It possesses that warmth and tenderness of heart; and, in short, may be summed up in a few words: "the love of nature." He is not, like many of his contemporaries, cold and barren, but always entering his poetry with his whole soul, ever animated and inspired by that inner voice that causes the cords of the human heart to vibrate in melodious strains to the touch of that divine feeling.

"The Cloud" is one of the most picturesque of all his poems:

"That orbéd maiden, with white fire laden,
Whom mortals call the moon,
Glides glimmering o'er my fleece-like floor
By the midnight breezes strewn;
And wherever the beat of her unseen feet,
Which only the angels hear,
May have broken the woof of my tent's thin roof,
The stars peep behind her and peer."

His idea of poetry was a noble one, never tainting the lustre of his verse with that alloy of impurity that destroys the splendid gold of his rich nature. That true and divine fire of genius was not lacking in this bard; for that music that rouses the soul from its slumbers, that causes the heart to leap with joy, sometimes joyful, sometimes sad, but always sincere and true, always manifested itself in his poems.

F. MCKEE.

An Allegory.

The young man sat alone in his spacious library. He was a bachelor, and all his surroundings were as luxurious as money could make them; but he was dissatisfied as, indeed, he had been since the day he first saw the light. Almost his first action after finding himself an inhabitant of this vale of tears was to set up a most emphatic protest against the injustice of life, and this plaint had been his daily constitutional for the past thirty years.

Now one would commonly suppose that a man of this disposition would be a very disagreeable person to meet; but, strange to say, it was quite the contrary. He was favored by being born with a thoroughly artistic nature; and even when discoursing his infantile serenades there seemed to be an æsthetic undercurrent which upset all parental traditions, and caused his relatives to gaze on him with an affection not unmixed with wonder. This gift had in after-life become strengthened and matured with age as the rare old Burgundy with which his cellars were filled and which he designated as the rankest decoction before his friends, partaking of it, nevertheless, with evident relish.

When he railed as he did at everything and everybody, it was in the most æsthetic manner, which rendered it more pleasing than praise from another. As a child he was intensely loved by the servants from the third chambermaid to the dignified butler; all of whom were insensibly drawn toward him when he ordered them to gratify his every whim and called them fools and idiots in the softest and most musical of tones.

He possessed a stoical nature which would have caused a disciple of Zeno to turn green with envy. He loved excitement and danger, if it could be said he loved anything; and he had done many an act which would have made a more voluble man a hero. In all such scenes his demeanor never changed, save, perhaps, a quick glitter which shone from his dark eyes.

While always ridiculing books, he was liberally educated, and had dabbled in science and art. When, at the age of twenty-five, he found himself several times a millionaire and the owner of a residence filled with treasures from all parts of the world of art; he accepted his position with the remark that it was decidedly inconsiderate on his father's part to die and burden him with his wealth.

It was not surprising that a young man having every advantage of youth, beauty and wealth should be a star among stars. He was eternally besieged by scheming mothers and impecunious clubmen; and though he repulsed the former, declining to fall in love with the beautiful daughter, they never seemed offended.

He was by nature a Bohemian, and a man of more unconventional ideas never lived. But no matter what was the hour of the day or night he was always the same impassive, faultlessly-attired gentleman, never out of temper, but scorching men and things with his scathing wit which possessed a mystic charm, sounding almost more welcome than praise in the ears of those toward whom it was directed.

His house was a club for a number of actors, artists and literary men and women, of whom some would often have dined sparingly but for the liberality of this man who tried to make them feel they were giving rather than receiving a favor. He had the entrée to the most exclusive circles of society, but was oftener found dining in the midst of a number of friends, male and female, who were more remarkable for talent and wit than for a large bank account. In the midst of these informal gatherings, where each one came and went at will with the most charming disregard of conventionality, women were treated as the equals of men; and consequently that false and hypocritical assumption of delicacy men accord to women, was dispensed with, and all were as companions and friends irrespective of sex. Sometimes this young man nearly lost his equanimity at finding himself growing almost contented with life amid such surroundings, and for a day or two following he grumbled with renewed energy.

Now, this man, so unlike his fellow-beings, was tortured by one great passion, a burning desire to feel and experience the emotions of the life after death. He knew now as all the world did, that after death mortals were transported to the halls of Olympus, and there before the mighty Zeus, with all the immortal gods gathered as witnesses, they were judged. Those whose lives on earth had been good were given a place at the banquet tables of the gods, while those who had committed evil deeds must serve as the slaves and bondmen of the sons of Zeus.

While sitting alone in his chamber on this night he was seized with an intense longing to depart from earth—to behold the bright glory of Zeus and the beauty of the Lady Hero the Queen of the Heavens. He sprang to his feet with glowing features and breathed a mighty prayer to Apollo that his desire might be gratified. Then there appeared near him a figure which bore no likeness to mortal, and Hermes, the swift-footed messenger of the gods, stood before him beckoning him to follow. As in a dream he did, and suddenly found himself with his guide in a land where all was hushed but the low murmur of crystal streams; where the

fields and verdure under foot were as soft and inviting as the finest down; and where all was illumined by an unseen light, gentler than the sun, and more soothing to the senses than the moon's magic beams. As they went on it seemed as if no life had ever existed there, such was the death-like silence which prevailed, while the unseen but lovely light added to the weird scene. Now they came to a place where the gloom deepened, and they were confronted by a single dark-browed god bearing the head of the Gorgon Medusa, which no mortal might gaze upon and remain alive, who guarded the approach to the river Styx, beyond which, enwrapped in a mist, lay the land of the gods. They passed the solitary guard and entered the strange craft which was to convey them to the opposite shore. As they passed swiftly over the dark river, there was reflected from its depths ghastly images of death and terror, which would send a chill to the strongest heart. Then the boat touched the shores of the Promised Land, and on stepping ashore they were greeted by a perfume like the honeyed essence of a thousand roses, and their ears were filled with soft and lovely strains of music, sweeter than the songs of the Sirens who sought to lure Odysseus to destruction. Then they passed into the gardens of the gods, beautiful beyond the power of man to tell, in the midst of which rose the palace of Olympus towering bright and beautiful, magnificent to look upon. Past the guards, bearing gold and silver arms encrusted with precious stones, into the palace and finally into the great chamber where sat Zeus with the lady Hero surrounded by all the undying gods.

Then Hermes, leading the stranger to the foot of the throne, cried out: O Zeus, behold before you him who wished to stand in the presence of the bright and immortal gods! Then spoke Zeus in tones of joy. Welcome, stranger, to the halls of Olympus! While on earth your deeds were good; you treated all men as brothers, not with hypocritical words and idle prayers, but as you yourself would be done by. You attempted not to delude yourself and others with false and unnatural rules of life; nor did you cry out in horror, closing your door against your brother when he fell. Thrice welcome, then, O stranger, as one of the bright gods who reign in the beautiful gardens of Olympus; and let thy name henceforth be Liberality, and thy place at the banquet table shall be high up near my right hand, where the smiles of the lovely Hero may make thee glad! So saying, the ruler of the gods placed upon him the robe of immortality, and led him into the presence of Bacchus and Venus, where love and beauty reigned supreme. But behold! he saw in the slave grovelling at the feet of Bacchus him who on earth had made himself as better than his fellows, and had spurned with hypocritical virtue the fallen sinner who cried out for mercy.

J. A. MARMON.

NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.

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—It was, indeed, gratifying to the observer to see so many Catholic young men in attendance at the Catholic Congress held in Chicago the first week of September. Educational houses did well in keeping their doors closed during its session, for our Christian students will be the ideal citizens of the future. A surprisingly large number of familiar faces of Notre Dame boys, past and present, greeted the visitor at the Congress.

—The scholastic year '93-'94 has opened under the brightest auspices. The attendance is large and constantly increasing, and includes a body of students who seem to realize the purpose for which they have entered college, and are determined to fit themselves for the duties which they shall have to fulfil in after-life. Such a spirit is the source of the greatest encouragement to the authorities of the University and is the harbinger of a most successful year. Loved Notre Dame has been sorely tried in the loss of the lamented Fathers Walsh and Granger; but their spirit hovers around her still,

and their work carried on by the present management will make her, as ever, most dear, most glorious, most devoted to the culture of hosts of generous students. As is fitting, on to-morrow (Sunday), one of Our Lady's beautiful festivals, the new collegiate year will be formally opened with Solemn High Mass and a sermon by Rev. President Morrissey. The work of the year will be thus placed under the protection of her who is the Seat of Wisdom, and with her blessing its happy progress and successful completion will be perfectly assured.

—The work of the present scholastic year is now fully commenced at Notre Dame. Study is the chief thing in view. All the students have entered on this arduous duty with no little amount of courage and perseverance—something which is of primary importance to them from the moment they enter the college to the time in which they go forth from the serene and quiet home of their *Alma Mater*—in order to be enabled to overcome every obstacle that may present itself before them.

Knowledge can only be obtained by patient toil and industrious labor. Our natural knowledge is very limited; indeed it is a question how much we would know were we left to ourselves to develop the faculties of the mind. We depend on others in a certain sense for whatever we may acquire in the wide domain of knowledge, which seems to be continually enlarging. It necessarily follows, then, that all who wish to employ their time well must be attentive to what is told them in class, listen with all due attention to the explanations given by their professors, and follow out their directions in every detail. There is no more appreciative feature, in fact, in a young man than to be attentive, industrious, and courageous, from which qualities arises the formation of a noble character, of a disciplined heart and mind.

We should first be guided, if we wish to guide; we must be willing to be led, if we wish ever to be able to lead others. Industry and order should be the two main characteristics in a student, and constitute the fountain from which success is sure to flow.

Without order, no matter how industrious a student may be, he can never accomplish much. There is a time for everything, and everything should have its proper time. In all institutions of learning there is a time marked out for study and another for play. One cannot interfere with the other without danger. Two

things cannot be very well done at the same time; one or the other must necessarily suffer. It is but right and conformable to reason that students should be serious both in the classroom and study-hall. No one ever received his learning without working for it; in fact, as Euclid says, there is no royal road to knowledge. No student can enjoy an hour of recreation so well as he who spent the previous hour, or part of the day, in serious study.

Visit of the Apostolic Delegate.

The great event at the University last week was the arrival on Wednesday evening of the Apostolic Delegate, the Most Rev. Mgr. Satolli, D. D. It was the second visit of His Excellency who, profiting by his attendance in the World's Fair city, as he was within a few hours' ride of Notre Dame, allowed himself a brief respite from his labors to testify, in the kindness of his heart, his esteem for the venerable Founder and his admiration of a great life-work, as embodied in this home of religion and education. The eminent prelate was escorted from Chicago by the Rev. S. Fitte, C. S. C., and Prof. J. F. Edwards, of the University. Accompanying the Delegate were the Most Rev. Archbishop Redwood, of Wellington, New Zealand; the Rt. Rev. Monsignor Nugent, of the Liverpool (England) *Catholic Times*; the Rt. Rev. Monsignor Seton, Jersey City, N. J.; the Very Rev. B. Baldi, O. S., and the Rev. Thomas Moreschini, O. S., Chicago; the Rev. Dr. Hyvernat, and the Rev. Dr. O'Gorman, of the Catholic University of America; the Rev. L. A. Lambert, LL. D., of the *Catholic Times*, Philadelphia; the Rev. P. Cronin, D. D., of the *Catholic Union*, Buffalo; the Rev. Father Kennedy, of Liverpool, England; the Rev. Dr. De Paradis, Coal City, Ill.; the Rev. George Doherty, of St. Augustine's Church, Washington; the Rev. Hugh O'Gara McShane, '66, of Chicago; the Rev. T. H. Malone, of the *Colorado Catholic*, Denver; the Hon. W. J. Onahan, LL. D., of Chicago; Count Henry Cassel, of Rome; and Mr. P. L. Connellan, Roman Correspondent of the *Pilot*. Through the courtesy of General Passenger Agent C. K. Wilbur, of the L. S. & M. S. RR., a special car was placed at the disposal of the party and attached to the 4.15 p. m. train from Chicago.

As the train was speeding on its way to South Bend arrangements had been perfected among the different Catholic congregations of the city

to welcome the Apostolic Delegate on his arrival. All the various societies of the Polish, German and English churches, with bands of music and an immense throng of citizens, were massed at the station as the train drew in at half-past seven. Very Rev. Provincial Corby and Rev. President Morrissey met the Delegate and party as they stepped from the cars and led them to the carriages in waiting. The societies then fell into line, and amid the joyful strains of music and the loud acclamations of the multitude a triumphal procession was formed passing through the principal streets on its way to Notre Dame. At the outskirts of the city the grand escort halted, and the societies forming into open line, the carriages continued on their way, the representative of the Holy Father administering his blessing as he passed.

In the meantime the boom-boom of the mammoth bell at Notre Dame had been heard above all other sounds; and as the cortege drew near the University grounds there came forth the silvery sounds of the chime of thirty bells harmoniously blending with the deep tones of the great *Bourdon*—all expressive of hearty welcome to the distinguished visitor and those accompanying him. The darkness of night had succeeded to the twilight of a beautiful September day; but the crown and crescent of electric lights on Our Lady's statue on the dome threw a soft radiance over the surrounding landscape, illuminating the scene in a manner to touch all hearts as the party entered within the portals of the University *parterre* and drew up at the entrance of the main building.

After a short time the party sat down to supper which was served in the dining-room of the presbytery. On behalf of the hosts, Rt. Rev. Mgr. Seton made a very felicitous speech of welcome to His Excellency. Among other things he said: "In mediæval art the Papal cross was always represented with three transverse pieces; it was a triple cross and signified its pre-eminence over all other crosses employed in pontifical ceremonial. The Most Reverend Apostolic Delegate upholds the Papal cross in this country." In conclusion, the speaker would use the words of the beautiful hymn for the morrow's festival—the Exaltation of the Holy Cross—"the feast," he said, "which we shall celebrate in the midst of the good and hospitable Fathers of the Holy Cross:"—

"O Crux, ave! spes unica
In hac triumphi gloria
Piis adauge gratiam,
Reisque dele crimina."

After the repast the party adjourned to the parlors of the University where an hour or more of social intercourse swiftly sped, and all retired to rest.

On Thursday morning the Apostolic Delegate celebrated Mass in the college church at which the Community and students assisted. After Mass His Excellency called upon Very Rev. Father General in his rooms and was most cordially greeted. The rest of the morning was spent by the distinguished visitors in inspecting the college buildings, and all expressed their admiration at what they saw. At one o'clock dinner was served in Father General's residence, and after some time passed in pleasant conversation the visitors took their departure for Chicago, leaving the memory of a visit which we hope will linger in the minds of all with recollections as pleasant as it was most agreeable to those whom they honored by their presence at Notre Dame.

Silver Jubilee.

A very pleasant event marked the close of the vacation time in the celebration of the twenty-fifth anniversary of the ordination, or Silver Jubilee, of the Rev. D. J. SPILLARD, C. S. C., Local Superior and Prefect of Religion at Notre Dame. The event occurred on Monday, August 28; and though no formal invitations had been issued, as the worthy jubilarian did not desire any special celebration, yet he was made the recipient of numerous congratulations from the members of the Community and the priests of the diocese. Among the members of the secular clergy who came to do honor to the occasion were the Very Rev. Dean Oechtering, of Mishawaka; the Rev. John R. Dinnen, of Crawfordsville; the Rev. John Bleckman, of Michigan City; the Rev. J. Roscewiz, of Otis; the Rev. H. Boeckelman, of Elkhart, and others. A grand banquet was served in the Junior dining-room of the University, after which an address of congratulation was made by the Very Rev. Dean Oechtering, who closed his felicitous speech with the formal presentation of a magnificent gold chalice on the part of the priests of the diocese.

Father Spillard was taken by surprise; but, in an eloquent speech, expressed his appreciation of the token of esteem with which he had been honored, and spoke of the impressive nature of the anniversary which he was permitted to

commemorate. Father Spillard was also made the recipient of an elegant toilet-set, the gift of his old-time friend and fellow-student, the Rev. John R. Dinnen, '66. Altogether, the day was a happy one and enjoyed by all present.

The Rev. D. J. Spillard, C. S. C., was graduated with the Class of '64 in the University, and in the fall of the same year entered the Novitiate of the Congregation of Holy Cross at Notre Dame. On the completion of his theological studies he was ordained priest on August 28, 1868, by the Rt. Rev. Bishop Luers. Since then his career in the sacred ministry has been marked by a zeal and devotedness singularly effective of good. He has occupied successively the responsible positions of Prefect of Discipline in the University, Pastor of St. Patrick's Church, South Bend, Ind.; Pastor of St. Mary's Church, Austin, Texas; Director of Missions. At present he is the worthy successor to the lamented Father Granger, fulfilling with his characteristic devotedness and efficiency the duties of Local Superior, Prefect of Religion in the University, and Pastor of the Church of the Sacred Heart, Notre Dame. As an old student, he brings to his office in the University the care and interest for the good of all which long years of association with *Alma Mater* always impart. The students join with the Community and friends in cordially wishing him *ad multos annos!*

Catholic Education.*

No great moral force in this world remains inactive or unfelt; it may not operate on all equally, but it sways some class or some portion; it motives them to evil or to good.

Man is by nature a social being and mixes with his fellow; mind mixes with mind, and there is born of this friction that interchange of thought which leads to better things—in the material world to improvement, to advancement, to progress; in the moral world to better aims, to nobler purposes, to higher life.

The great moral principle which addresses itself to intelligent adherents, who have faith, staunch and abiding in its efficaciousness, is a potential motor in the intellectual and moral world, and must inevitably leave its impress

* Synopsis of the address delivered before the Catholic Columbian Congress in Chicago, Friday, Sept. 8, by WILLIAM P. BREEN, '76, Fort Wayne, Ind.

upon the social institutions of its followers and those about them.

Society is elevated as its members increase their store of intellectual and moral acquirements; social life is higher and nobler in tone as its constituent elements advance in intellectuality and morality. That force which molds and fashions and perfects alike moral character and intellectual equipment, is the base upon which social life must rest—where alone it can safely rest—if its excellence and beauty shall evoke the admiration of man in our country.

History abounds with examples of the instability of the social fabric when propped up by power, wealth, elegance and even mental excellence and cultivation, but wanting morality.

The great power, the great mentality, which hews the ideal foundation upon which the social superstructure can rest firmly and enduringly in this land, is the Catholic Church. Here Catholicity is felt in every higher social line; it respects and upholds marriage; it reprobates divorce; it demands imperiously and ceaselessly the higher education of youth; it prescribes loyal citizenship as a prerequisite to membership. Upon these fundamental principles must society rest; and thus bottomed will it reach its highest perfection.

Every Catholic layman, humble though his station be, if he but follow his Church, is a good member of society, makes his fellowman better, and elevates the social sphere in which he moves; the priest, with broader education and culture, committed irrevocably to a calling the most ennobling, revered by, and refining, those about him, diffuses a social influence immeasurable; the bishop, above them both, sublimates and extends this magnificent influence until Catholicity, working through layman, priest and prelate, becomes a sublime power heightening, refining and elevating social life.

What a power for social betterment have been the lives of the great and glorious Catholics, both clerical and lay, which gem the pages of America's history! Were not England, Carroll, Newman, Hughes and Spaulding among the prelacy social powers whose influence died not with them, but abides to-day?

Was not the Catholic Congress of 1889 an historically great gathering, an illustration impressive and grand of the influence of our Church upon the social institutions of our country?

Who could ignore Catholic influence in the highest social plane as he gazed upon the classic features, or listened to the chosen phrases, or contemplated the character of that

type—that perfect type of American Churchmen, his Eminence Cardinal Gibbons?

Who could not descry a factor in our social life as he lent an ear to the rhythmic eloquence enveloping the exquisite diction of the distinguished and brilliant Archbishop Ryan?

Who would diminish Catholic influence in our social polity in the face of that forceful logician, that advanced thinker, that profound scholar, that vigorous orator, the gifted and admired Archbishop Ireland?

Who would deny the influence of Catholicity upon our social institutions after viewing that other type of intellectual advancement, whose varied learning, graceful rhetoric and exquisite oratory always denote the peerless champion of higher education, Bishop Spalding?

Who reads or observes, but stops at the dignified figure of that educational leader, that ripe scholar, that practical, logical, entrancing orator, the versatile and accomplished rector of the Catholic University, Bishop Keane?

After all, Catholic education is the great lever from which flow our best and strongest efforts for social improvement; whence Catholic influence upon our social institutions derives, in the main, its strength.

Catholic educators are ever heroes; and the historian who would trace the influence of the Catholic Church upon our institutions must embalm their memory.

To-night indubitably hovers here a genial spirit from the sphere beyond, who passed from earth but two months since in the full heroism of a Catholic educator; a man of modest and urbane manner; a priest of the perfect mold; a scholar of full and rounded form; a profound, earnest, lovable man, whose every aspiration was that he might lift up the plane of Catholic education, and who, to this purpose, gave his life. The great President of the great University of Notre Dame, Father Thomas E. Walsh, now deceased, typified in his beautiful career the influence upon social life, with which the Catholic Church is instinct, more perfectly and more attractively than that of any life in the roll of Catholicity's greatness in these United States. Examples like these tell in unmistakable tones of the influence of our Church upon our social institutions. Let us hope that those who shall come after the present great leaders of Catholic thought in this land may emulate these devotees of higher education, these lovers of higher and purer social life, so that the Church may lead the van of civilization, refinement and culture in bold and unapproachable glory.

Personals.

—Mr. Albert Wehming, of Covington, Ky., visited his friends at Notre Dame Thursday.

—Mr. James McDonald, of Minersville, Pa., paid a short visit to the University during the week.

—M. Lorin, Professor of Romance Languages in L'Ecole Normale, Paris, was a welcome visitor to Notre Dame on Thursday.

—Edward M. Schaack, '93, of Chicago, spent a few pleasant days at the College during the week. He entered his brother as a student in Carroll Hall.

—Mr. John Gillespie, '78, of Burlington, Iowa, accompanied by his accomplished wife, paid a very delightful visit to old friends at Notre Dame last week.

—Mr. P. Cavanagh, of Chicago, passed Sunday at the University in company with his sons, Charles, '90, and Thomas, the latter of whom was entered as a student.

—Mrs. Sophie Shea, widow of the late Doctor John Gilmary Shea, and her accomplished daughter, Miss Shea, were welcome visitors at the University yesterday.

—The Rev. T.H. Malone, editor of the *Colorado Catholic*, visited Notre Dame last week in company with the Apostolic Delegate and made many friends during his stay.

—Dr. Richard H. Clarke, of New York, was a very welcome visitor to the University during the week. He was particularly interested in the treasures of Bishops' Memorial Hall.

—Mrs. M. Leavy, of Albany, N. Y., accompanied by her accomplished daughter, Miss Mary Leavy, spent a few pleasant days at Notre Dame, visiting relatives and friends.

—Bro. Justin, General Visitor of the Christian Brothers in the United States, and Bro. Leontine, of the Catholic Protectory, New York, paid a very pleasant visit to Notre Dame during the past week.

—The Rt. Rev. Mgr. Farley, V. G., the Rev. M. Lavelle, Rector of the Cathedral, and the Rev. J. McNichol, of the Mission of the Immaculate Virgin, New York City, were very welcome visitors to the University last week.

—The Rev. P. J. Cronin, the gifted editor of the *Catholic Union and Times* of Buffalo, was one of the bright spirits of the party accompanying Mgr. Satolli to Notre Dame. He was, we are glad to say, very much pleased with his visit as were all here who met him.

—The Rev. William O'Ryan, of Denver, and the Rev. Philip O'Ryan, of Cashel, Ireland, who was recently ordained for the diocese of San Francisco, were welcome visitors to Notre Dame during the week, the guests of their uncle, the Rev. Timothy Maher, C. S. C.

—Mr. Anthony B. Dunlap, of Cincinnati, O., was a welcome visitor to Notre Dame during

the week. His many old friends were pleased to see him here. Mr. Dunlap is a promising young lawyer of the Queen City bar. He was on his return home from the World's Fair.

—Among the welcome visitors during the week was Mrs. C. Spalding, of Lexington, Ky., who entered her son Samuel in Brownson Hall. Mrs. Spalding is a sister of the distinguished Bishop of Peoria, a lady of culture and refinement, and made a most enjoyable visit to the University.

—Prominent among the visitors to Notre Dame with the Apostolic Delegate last week was the Rev. L. A. Lambert, LL. D., the talented editor of the *Catholic Times* of Philadelphia, and the redoubtable adversary of Bob Ingersoll. By his many gifts of mind and heart he won many friends.

—The Rev. J. A. Zahm, C. S. C., returned last week from a vacation trip to Europe. As is well known, he had previously delivered a course of lectures on "Science and Religion" before the Catholic Summer School, which were eminently successful, and attracted the attention of thinking minds not only at Plattsburg but throughout the country.

—Among the welcome visitors of the past week was Mr. Joseph Kernan, of New York City, who called upon relatives and friends on his return from the World's Fair City. Mr. Kernan was a prominent delegate from the Metropolis to the Catholic Congress, and read an important paper on "Christian Charity," before that august assemblage.

—The Most Rev. Archbishop Redwood, of New Zealand, was a very welcome visitor last week. It was the second time the distinguished prelate honored Notre Dame by his presence, and he was heartily greeted. His genial manners and many acquirements revealed the noble heart and the gifted mind, and made his visit one of more than ordinary pleasure.

—Mr. Richard Elliott, of Detroit, Mich., was a very welcome visitor to the College on Sunday last. Mr. Elliott is a brother to the distinguished Paulist Missionary, and was a student at Notre Dame away back in the 50's. He has retained many pleasant memories of the old college days, and was particularly pleased to greet the venerable Father Founder, his old-time President. Mr. Elliott is one of the leading citizens of the City of the Straits, and among the foremost Catholic laymen of the country.

—Notre Dame was well represented at the World's Fair Catholic Congress. Addresses were delivered and papers read by the Rev. Walter Elliott, C. S. P., '56; John P. Lauth, '68; John Gibbons, '69, and William P. Breen, '76. Rev. N. J. Mooney, '74, read the paper on "Catholic Colleges" prepared by Prof. M. F. Egan. The sessions were attended also by the Very Rev. Provincial Corby, Rev. President Morrissey, Rev. D. J. Spillard, Rev. P. P. Cooney,

Rev. M. J. Regan, Rev. J. J. French, and Rev. S. Fitte. Prof. J. F. Edwards, one of the secretaries of the Congress, did active and genial service in introducing prelates, clergy and laity.

Local Items.

—Welcome!
 —All aboard!
 —'Rah for '94!
 —Glad to see you.
 —Where is poor Judy?
 —And still they come.
 —Now for steady work.
 —Don't "kid" the actor.
 —Let me have some merit!
 —Do you study Bug-ology?
 —Field-Day on the 13th prox.
 —Subscribe for the SCHOLASTIC.
 —What af-fair are they making?
 —Are you training for field-day?
 —Were you to the World's Fair?
 —Classes are all in working order.
 —Percy appears homesick already.
 —The societies will soon be organized.
 —Hope you spent a pleasant vacation.
 —All the "grads" are back, except two.
 —Don't fail to patronize our advertisers.
 —Ed. is with us again, the same as of yore.
 —Cheer up, Percy, do not be hypochondriacal.
 —Mascot Tim is a candidate for re-election.
 —Where is the famous "Man in the Tower"?
 —The old man is right at home with the boys.
 —Our "box" will be found in the students' office.
 —QUERY: Are Dannie and Johnnie brothers twain?
 —Our room is slowly approaching completion.
 —*Alma Mater* bids her matriculates a hearty welcome.
 —We wonder how Jim's jokes will be relished in Texas?
 —"Oscar" is rather belated in returning to his devoirs.
 —Three cheers for the first session, boys! and success to all!
 —Many of the Sorins have their rooms very tastily fitted up.
 —The classic features of "Lord Chesterfield" do not greet us this year.
 —To be or not to be, that's the question—a first class 'varsity eleven.
 —October 13 is the Patronal Festival of the venerable Father Founder.
 —The genial "Swede" has ere now become engrossed in his operose *études*.

—FOUND—A gold ring on Carroll campus. The owner can have it by applying at students' office.

—The burgomaster was with us, but not to stay. His visit was a pleasure to all his friends of the Hall.

—Felicitous congratulations to "Spike" are now opportune over his auspicious assumption to an important trust.

—Johnnie maintains that he intends to continue his old-time habit of wearing a new necktie every day.

—Classes in both Preparatory and Collegiate Courses have been recommenced and are now in good working order.

—The premises of Holy Cross Seminary have been greatly beautified by Mr. Houlihan and his zealous co-laborers.

—The graduating class is unusually large this year, which results in a rush for rooms on the part of the junior year boys.

—Albert, the Texan, has so many onerous tasks to attend to that he can find no time to answer the letters of his friend from the North.

—That minstrel show at the Minims the other night was a great success, to judge by the thundering bursts of applause after each scene.

—T. Hennessy, who so often graced our columns with his poetical effusions in former years, has accepted a position as professor in Watertown, Wis.

—Anyone who has not as yet visited Maloney's grove should not fail to do so before the vandalism of autumn deprives that delightful spot of its beauty.

—Rev. J. A. Burns is occupying the difficult position of Master of Novices in place of Father Connor, whom a serious illness prevents from attending to his duties.

—Mr. Thomas Flynn, of Tolona, Ill., is once more with us. He is ensconced in Sorin Hall. During the last scholastic year he attended classes at the Illinois State University at Champaign, Ill.

—Dr. Maurice F. Egan has opened his English classes at the University. The Professor had a more serious attack than usual of hay-fever this summer, but is now, we are glad to state, rapidly convalescing.

—UNIVERSITY OF NOTRE DAME.—This monumental home of learning at Notre Dame, Ind., began its ninety-ninth term on Sept. 12, 1893. With this University the name of the venerable Very Rev. Father Sorin, C. S. C., has been associated for over a couple of generations. Attached to the College is the well-known Minim Department for boys under thirteen years which has proved a success beyond calculation. The *Ave Maria* and NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC are published at this institution, or rather series of institutions, of learning.—*Catholic Review*.

—To-morrow (Sunday) morning the formal opening of the collegiate year will take place with solemn High Mass in the College Church. The sermon will be preached by the Rev. President Morrissey.

—During vacation Rev. Father Alexander Kirsch secured for the Lemonnier Library from his friend, Rev. Henry Wilmes, the popular rector of St. Mary's Church, Milwaukee, a most valuable work in sixteen volumes relating to the ecclesiastical history of the first six centuries. It was published by M. Lenain de Tallemont, and published in Paris in 1712.

—Before you blow
Pay what you owe.
One fifty buys a ticket,
Which is good the whole year round
In Carroll Hall athletic

Our reporter heard an old-time Carrollite remark, after reading the above, "I had only twenty cents left when we reached South Bend, and S—m was bursted."

—The committee on entertainments for the year '93-'94 promises us an excellent course of lectures. Lecture courses are one of the quickest and best means of giving the earnest student a liberal education on the university style; and if the course this year be on the same high scale as the one of last year, we certainly have every reason to expect a rare treat.

—LAW DEBATING SOCIETY.—Last Wednesday evening the Law Class met for the purpose of organizing a debating society. Prof. Hoynes opened the meeting with a few well-timed remarks on the necessity of being able to express oneself readily and to the point. In aiding one to do this, he said, there could be no greater help than the advantages which a debating society afforded. He then named the offices to be filled and stated that the nominations would be in order for the position of President. Mr. Cullen proposed the name of Col. William Hoynes, and the motion being duly seconded, he was elected by acclamation. The other officers chosen were: 1st Vice-President, J. T. Cullen; 2d Vice-Pres. M. McFadden; Clerk, J. G. Henley; Treasurer, J. F. Kennedy; Censor, D. Murphy; Sergeant-at-Arms, F. D. Hennessy; Assistant Serg't-at-Arms, J. McKee; Recording Secretary, J. Cook. Mr. Hennessy stated that, owing to ill health, he thought that it would be impossible to accept the arduous duties of Sergeant-at-Arms; but he was not allowed to withdraw his name, and Mr. McKee was elected to assist him. The chair then gave out the next subject for debate as follows: "Resolved, That the interests of the American public would be best promoted by the expulsion of the Chinese under the provisions of the Geary Act." Messrs. Mott and McGarry were appointed to defend the affirmative side of the question, and Messrs. McKee and Kennedy the negative. There being no further business, the meeting was adjourned.

Roll of Honor.

SORIN HALL.

Messrs. Ahlrichs, Bolton, Carney, Cullen, Casey, Crawley, Devanney, Dempsey, Davis, Eyanson, C. Fitzgerald, Funke, Flannery, Flannagan, Flynn, Hudson, Hervey, Jewett, Kearney, Keough, Maurus, F. McKee, McCarrick, McFadden, Marr, Murphy, McGarry, Mott, O'Donnell, Powers, Ryan, Scherrer, Schillo, Schopp, Walker.

BROWNSON HALL.

Messrs. Brinker, Baur, Barrett, Beyer, W. E. Bates, Byrne, Blanchard, Brennan, Brady, Burns, Bennett, Barton, Baldwin, B. Bates, E. Cullinan, Campbell, Clark, Corry, Crane Callaghan, Cavanagh, Covert, Colby, Cook, F. Dillon, A. Dillon, Dorsey, F. J. Donohoe, F. C. Donohoe, Esgen, Fagan, T. Falvey, P. Foley, F. Falvey, Galen, Grady, Gordon, Gilmartin, L. Gibson, W. Gibson, Groff, Hilligan, Howard, Hinde, Hermann, Hoepe, Hennessy, Harris, Hartnett, Henneberry, Hagan, Ilgenfritz, Johnson, Kramer, Kinsella, Kerndt, Kennedy, Karasynski, Kirby, Krembs, Karter, Ludwig, Lawlor, Loser, Lane, Maynes, Moore, Maguire, Maloney, Mott, Murray, McHugh, Marmon, Ney, O'Neill, O'Rourke, O'Connell, O'Brien, Oliver, Prichard, G. Pulskamp, E. Pulskamp, Palmer, Phillips, Quinlan, Roper, Rice, Ruppe, Rumely, J. Ryan, J. J. Ryan, Schwartz, Stadler, Smith, Spalding, Slevin, Sweek, Sullivan, Steinhaus, Tinnen, Tong, Turner, Vignos, Welty, Walker, Weaver, Yinx.

CARROLL HALL.

Messrs. Benson, Benz, Bloomfield, Black, Bopp, Clarke, Connor, Cook, Chase, Cornell, Chauvet, Carney, J. Ducey, A. Ducey, Druecker, Doherty, Dutt, Dixon, Dannemiller, Foley, Fennessey, Flemming, Fox, Farley, Fitzgibbon, Franke, Gausepohl, Gavin, Hurley, Harding, Howell, Healy, Howard, Hoban, Jack, Jones, Keeler, Krollman, Krug, Kegler, Kasper, Klees, Lanagan, Lansdown, Ludwig, Lowrey, Lantry, LaMoure, Lohner, Lippman, Maurer, Munzesheimer, J. Murphy, E. Murphy, Massey, Maternes, Monahan, Miles, Mill, J. Miller, L. Miller, Miers, Masters, McShane, McDermett, J. J. McPhillips, J. McPhillips, McCarrick, O'Neill, O'Mara, Ortiz, O'Brien, Pendleton, Phillips, Romero, Rockey, Reinhard, Roesing, Shillington, Swift, Strassheim, Sullivan, Sparks, Schaack, Swigart, Stearns, Tinnen, Tuohy, Tempel, Thome, L. Trankle, F. Frankle, W. Treber, J. Treber, Walde, Wilcox, H. Wilson, Wensing, Wigg, Wagner, Weitzel, Waters, O. Wright, D. Wright, Wymatel, Ward, A. Yglesia, L. Yglesia, Zoehrlaut.

ST. EDWARD'S HALL.

Masters Allyn, G. Abrahams, L. Abrahams, Byrn, Bullene, Brinckerhoff, Bump, Christ, Cross, Croke, D. Campau, F. Campau, L. Clark, A. Clark, B. Clark, R. Clark, Corry, Corcoran, A. Coquillard, J. Coquillard, Cressy, Dugas, Devine, J. Dawson, C. Dawson, Davidson, Dallan, Durand, Everest, Elliott, Fortune, Feltenstein, Flynn, Freeman, L. Garrity, Leo Garrity, Girsch, Gimble, Healy, Ralph Higgins, Roy Higgins, J. Higgins, Hersebey, Ives, Jonquet, A. King, K. King, Kelly, Lohner, Langley, Lawton, Lysee, Morris, G. Moxley, Moxley, A. Monaghan, C. Monaghan, Minnigerode, E. McCarthy, J. McCarthy, Emil McCarthy, G. McCarthy, McGinley, McElroy, W. Maritzen, H. Maritzen, Morehouse, Noonan, Ortez, O'Neill, Peck, H. Pollitz, W. Pollitz, Roesing, Robb, Romero, H. Rasch, L. Rasch, G. Scherrer, W. Scherrer, Schnider, Swan, Shipp, Shillington, Steele, Simm, Terhne, L. Thompson, U. Thompson, Wells, Wagner.

It is the church-bell and the school-bell that prolong the sound of Independence bell.

—Archbishop Ryan.