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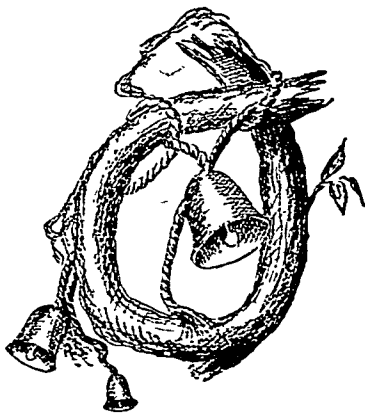
No. 16

The Mysticism of Number.

I.

NUMBERS EVOLVED FROM UNITY.

I.—THE NUMBER THREE.



NE is not a number: albeit all numbers are produced by its repetition. And the first number naturally evolved from *one* is *three*.

It may seem that duality should stand before triplicity. But duality cannot stand.

Observe first in *matter*, how it requires three dimensions to constitute its distinctive attribute of extension. Represent to your mind a cube, the form by which all solidity is measured. Its length is equal to its breadth, and its breadth to its height. Each of the three dimensions possesses whole and entire all the attributes of the other two. There is no distinction of greater or less among them. Yet, let one dimension alone be taken away and the cube disappears. What remains is, if you will, a mathematical quantity—an area—capable of measurement, indeed, but not capable of containing matter. In the material world, then, *two* cannot stand alone.

Observe again in *mind*, how three powers, the will, memory and understanding, are necessary to constitute it. How, when the memory begins to fail, the whole mind, begins to be confused. Reflect that if the memory were entirely annihilated, the mind could not survive. So in

regard to the will, if it were destroyed, what power could command the exercise of the other two? And to the mind, eternal inaction would be annihilation, for it exists only in its activity. Again, deprive the mind of its understanding, and. . . . But it is evident that in mind, *two* cannot stand alone.

Again, in the *Grace of God*, observe triplicity in faith, hope and charity; in the evangelical counsels of poverty, chastity and obedience; in the good works of prayer, fasting and alms; in the Church of Christ, as militant, triumphant and suffering.

Observe also a triplicity in *rational speech*: the voice, the word, and the breath (*spiritus*). These three are coeval; for although the word is generated by the voice, yet the voice is not heard before the word which it utters, and by the word is the voice made known. The breath, proceeding at the same time from both, carries the word to the ears of all that will receive it.

See it again, in *human existence*; for to live as a man is *to be, to do, to suffer*. The cry of the new-born infant expresses all this. For in uttering this sound, as the child *does*, it proves that it *is*, and, since the sound is a cry, that it *suffers*. The same may be said of the last groan of the dying.

But study well the *powers of nature* and you will find everywhere a latent triplicity. You will see her disposing matter in three states—the solid, the liquid, and the gaseous. In music you will find three tones which form a single chord. In light, three colored rays, which, blended, form clear white.

Finally, in the *human act* there is a triplicity of the thought, the word and the deed. The *thought*, whose origin is, perhaps, unknown to

the mind to which it suggests itself; the *word*—not necessarily a spoken word, but the interior word by which the thought makes itself understood; and the *deed*—that interior act by which the mind accepts the thought and makes it its own. Now, albeit this last alone is the human act, yet its existence presupposes that of the other two.

To show geometrically the symmetry of the number three, take three circles of the terrestrial globe, as (1) the equator, (2) the circle formed by the meridians 0 and 180°, and (3) the circles formed by the meridians 90° E. and 90° W., which circles divide the globe into equal and symmetrical parts, and form the skeleton of a sphere.

2.—THE NUMBER FOUR.

This number prevails in all works of architecture and the useful arts. Our cities are built, as much as possible, square, the streets crossing each other at right angles, and dividing the city up into smaller squares. The separate houses, with their principal parts—rooms, windows, doors, chimneys, are rectangular, or four-sided in shape. Articles of furniture—tables, beds, chairs, approach the same form. The earth herself hath her four cardinal points from which we estimate her distances; and the year its four seasons.

The fabric of human society is built upon four cardinal virtues, and the Church of Christ, the preservative of society, is known by her four marks. Her Gospel is written by four Evangelists. For the Heavenly Jerusalem, even, no method of building has been found more perfect. *Ἡ πόλις τετραγώνος κτίται*—"The city lieth in the form of a square." The spiritual edifice in the human soul also is built up by four principal acts of religion, viz.: adoration, thanksgiving, satisfaction and impetration. It is confirmed against temptation by meditation on the four last things: death, judgment, heaven and hell.

The square measures all areas, as the cube all solids; the right angle is itself an intimation of the number four, since it suggests the rectangle, which has four sides. So what is called a carpenter's square is often but a mere right angle.

There was a sacred name revealed to the Jews of old, which they, through reverence, some time afterwards, ceased altogether from pronouncing, and their written language at that time consisting only of consonants, the true pronunciation of it is now lost. The word

ADONAI was commonly substituted for it in reading the sacred Scriptures: but from its four consonants, J-H-V-H, some moderns have forged the name "Jehovah." But the four consonants are really all that remain to us of this most proper name of the Deity, and from their number it is called the *tetragrammaton*, or word of four letters.

These letters are all "*spirits*," or breathings, for the J is pronounced like *Y* consonant. They exercise all the vocal organs, the first being formed in the palate, the second in the throat, the third on the lips. The fourth is but the second repeated, and in this repetition lies the meaning of the number four.

For the three letters denote the three Persons in the Godhead, and the fourth the Incarnation of the second of these divine Persons, and all the external creation which was made to be His kingdom. Thus four, the number appropriate to all building or establishing, was called into existence at the time of the establishment of the heavens themselves.

From the construction of this sacred name, we should likewise observe that four is made by repeating one of three, and is therefore properly considered as evolved from unity, without any admixture of duality. But in speaking of duality we shall show that even in the forms 2+2 and 2x2 *four* is still independent of the number *two*.

3.—THE NUMBERS SEVEN AND TWELVE.

If what has been said concerning the numbers three and four is correct, it is evident that the Church of Christ should be marked by each—by three as the depositary of divine mysteries; and by four as the special kingdom of Christ. Or it may be marked by both combined.

Now three and four can be combined in two different ways: By addition, forming seven; and more copiously and bountifully, by multiplication, forming twelve.

Opening now the Apocalypse of St. John, observe how the numbers seven and twelve predominate over all others therein: seven belonging to the Church militant, and to the scourges inflicted on her enemies, and twelve to the glories of the Church triumphant.

There are seven spirits standing before the throne: the seven lamps, the seven stars that are the seven angels of the seven Churches of Asia: the book of the seven seals, opened by the lamb with seven horns and seven eyes: the seven trumpets and seven vials of the wrath of God.

Besides what we find in this book, the Church applies God's grace to us by seven Sacraments; in one of which—Holy Orders, the fountain-head of the rest—there are seven degrees, where seven is evidently four *plus* three. She receives from the Holy Ghost seven gifts; teaches us to perform seven works of mercy corporal, and seven spiritual; to contemplate the seven words of Christ upon the Cross, the seven sorrows and seven joys of His Blessed Mother; to impetrate the Throne of Grace by seven petitions of the *Pater Noster*, and to express contrition by seven penitential psalms.

It may be said that seven is found also among the enemies of the Church; for the Beast of the Apocalypse hath seven heads. But these heads are explained of the seven deadly sins. Now, these deadly sins are no more than human passions indulged to an inordinate degree, and these seven passions may be restrained by seven practical virtues, which form the chief characteristics of the worthy Christian. Now as we should rather deem vices to be permitted for the exercise of virtues, than virtues to be instituted for the overthrow of vices, it is evident that the number seven is shown in the heads of this Beast, merely because the Church is provided with seven weapons which need exercise.

We see the number seven also in nature, in the seven prismatic colors, and seven notes of the musical scale. Mankind, likewise, wonderfully concur in keeping the week of seven days.

As for twelve, we see it in the twelve thousand signed of each of the twelve tribes: in the twelve foundations and twelve gates (which are twelve pearls) of the heavenly city: in the twelve Apostles, sitting on twelve thrones, judging the twelve tribes: in the twelve stars that crown the "Woman clothed with the sun." Twelve fruits there are of the tree of life, and twelve of the Holy Ghost.

Mankind, sensible of the perfection of this number, reckon their hours from one to twelve, and divide the year into twelve months, corresponding to the twelve signs of the Zodiac.

Its perfection is also acknowledged by mathematicians, who have sought to numerate by twelves instead of by tens. This would simplify all tables in which there are circulating fractions, since four of the aliquot parts of twelve are whole numbers (2, 3, 4 and 6), whereas ten has only two (2 and 5). But the voluminous tables already calculated to the scale of ten preclude the convenience of this. Still, articles

sold by counting are generally sold by the dozen, and the number appears in most tables of weight and measure.

To observe the geometrical symmetry of these numbers, first, for seven, describe a circle, and around this circle six other equal circles on the same plane, tangent to it, and each to two of the others besides. These seven circles will show the symmetry of the number seven.

For twelve take the twelve edges of a cube, which form the skeleton of a cube, as the three circles form that of a sphere.

Or take the same skeleton of a sphere and draw it taut from all the points of intersection, keeping the angles equal. The twelve quadrants thus becoming twelve straight lines, it will be the skeleton of an octahedron.

Tennyson's and Longfellow's Lyrics.

I.



CRITICS have pronounced "The Princess" of Tennyson a failure—a failure, because of the disconnection of its parts. Still, had not Tennyson written "The Princess," where could we find such excellent lyrics? We may even venture to say that the lyrics of Tennyson express a *mood* which it is difficult to determine, and that they are distinct, on that account, from all other lyrics in the language. The sweetness and beauty of those lyrical songs of Tennyson would be utterly destroyed if one were to translate them into another language. A peculiarity of his lyrical songs lies in the fact that they are rich in the Saxon element.

Everyone, no doubt, however educated or uneducated he may be, will admire the sweetness, the harmony, the music of those exquisite short lyrics found in "The Princess." Let us take the following:

"Sweet and low, sweet and low,
Wind of the western sea,
Low, low, breathe and blow,
Wind of the western sea!
Over the rolling waters go,
Come from the dying moon, and blow,
Blow him again to me;
While my little one, while my pretty one, sleeps."

"Sleep and rest, sleep and rest,
Father will come to thee soon;
Rest, rest, on mother's breast,
Father will come to thee soon;

Father will come to his babe in the nest,
Silver sails all out of the west
Under the silver moon:
Sleep, my little one, sleep, my pretty one, sleep."

We can readily see that a poem of this kind requires art and, above all, fine taste. Tennyson has never lacked either of these qualities.

There is a very sweet lyric from the German of Goethe which is equal to any of Tennyson's. It has found many translators, none of whom succeeded in reproducing the same feeling or effect as that of the original. The lyric begins with the famous line:

"Knowest thou the land where the citrons bloom?"

Goethe was, notwithstanding his multifarious errors, from the religious, the moral, the social point of view, a poet of high genius.

Great minds alone understand one another. If, therefore, a translator of any great work is unable to raise his style to the original, if he shamefully clings to the literal translation, and if he foolishly muses over his own petty phrases—such a one will inevitably fall into gross vices and errors, and will not know how to extricate himself from them. A free translation, however, should have the literal one for its foundation. Who can write with ease and elegance on any subject, unless he is rightly trained, unless he carefully examines the matter he is about to treat, and unless he asks himself the question whether he can treat it properly?

Of all that Byron had written his "Childe Harold" is best known, if not best loved, although he himself is long dead and gone. The Poles hold Byron in continual remembrance, because one of their poets had immortalized the name of Byron by doing "Childe Harold" into Polish. We say that the translation—if it may be called such—is superior to the original, although the poet who rendered "Childe Harold" into Polish was superior to Byron. But some one may exclaim: Is it possible that "Childe Harold," that great lyrical song of Byron, could be improved or surpassed?

The reason why it should be so is obvious. Poland, as we know, was divided into three parts by the wolves who constantly assailed her. She suffered excruciating torments, and her burden is by no means alleviated. The traitorous, murderous, villainous wretches, who took possession of that once glorious republic, did all in their power to extirpate all love of God and of religion from the hearts of a loyal people—of that people which from its conversion to Christianity had never separated itself

from the Chair of St. Peter; of that genuine nation which had always shielded the banner of the Pope; of that noble race which, when it fell, left unprotected the temporal kingdom of the Vicar of Christ for the inroads of a fiercer and a more barbarous race than the Goths, the Huns or even the Turks. The usurpers, unmindful of the law of nations, besides stealing, perpetrated one of the foulest crimes ever known in the history of civilized nations. Of what horrors, what outrages, what injustice are they not guilty! They desecrated, robbed and pillaged the churches, sent thousands into exile, separated children from their parents, wives from their husbands, friends from their loved ones.

No one could feel the wretched and pitiable condition of *Sarmatia* as much as Adam Mickiewicz. He being engaged in the struggle for liberty had to flee from his country before the savage Russians. Deprived of his country, his friends and his relatives, he went to France and settled in Paris, where he assumed a professorship of the Slavonic languages. Considering therefore all the attending circumstances connected with the fall of Poland, his narrow escape from the hands of the infuriated Russians, who is there but thinks that only a poet like Mickiewicz could render "Childe Harold" more ennobling or stimulating? And if any one should ask: what is pathos? we should point out to him the translation of "Childe Harold" done by Adam Mickiewicz.

II.

Conspicuous for lyrical songs among the American poets stands the ever sweet and gentle Longfellow. While Tennyson's poems are fine and artistic, those of Longfellow are, above all, touching and beautiful; for his

"—tones by turns were glad,
Sweetly solemn and wildly sad."

It is rather difficult to decide which of the two poets will live longer in the memory of men; whether Longfellow, who speaks to the heart and the conscience, or Tennyson, who appeals to the intellect. The former bids one read to him "some simple and heartfelt lay," but

"Not from the grand old masters,
Not from the bards sublime,
Whose distant footsteps echo
Through the corridors of time."

How well does Tennyson's "Blow, Bugle, Blow," which runs thus:

"The splendor falls on castle walls
And snowy summits old in story,
The long light shakes across the lakes,
And wild cataract leaps in glory,"

compare with Longfellow's "Afternoon in February!"

"The day is ending,
The night is descending;
The marsh is frozen,
The river dead.

"Through the clouds like ashes
The red sun flashes
In village windows
That glimmer red.

"The snow recommences;
The buried fences
Mark no longer;
The road o'er the plain;

"While through the meadows,
Like fearful shadows,
Slowly passes
A funeral train.

"The bell is pealing,
And every feeling
Within me responds
To the dismal knell.

"Shadows are trailing,
My heart is bewailing
And tolling within
Like a funeral bell."

To praise Longfellow is not enough; we must learn to esteem and love him. What has he not done for our literature? How much did he not contribute to the language of

"Dan Chaucer, the first warbler whose sweet breath,
Preluded those melodious bursts that fill
The spacious time of great Elizabeth
With sounds that echo still!"

And although critics may place Longfellow below Tennyson, yet we have every reason to believe that the former's works will endure as long as those of the latter, if not longer.

Of the two poets who from afar depicted the beauty of the Catholic Church, Longfellow was undoubtedly the nearer to the teaching of the Church; for while Tennyson

"Can but trust that good shall fall
At last, far off, at last, to all,
And every winter change to spring,"

Longfellow believes that

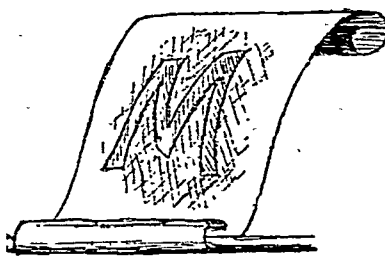
"Faith wings the soul beyond the sky,
Up to that better world on high,
For which we wait."

The "Rainy Day" of Longfellow is characteristic of the mood of Tennyson. Longfellow's other lyrical poems may, with greater or less facility, be compared with those of Tennyson's. It does not suffice to show by way of comparison the similarity between the lyrical songs of Tennyson or Longfellow, one must betake

himself to hard study in order to arrive at the right knowledge of their merit. The difference of style, therefore, lies in the difference of temperament. Some of Longfellow's poems have a tinge of sadness in them that brings "a memory of joys that are past, pleasant and mournful to the soul."

C. SMOGER.

The Crocodile or the Tiger.



ANY years ago, as the stories will have it, there lived a king—not that he was the only one; for there was a vast number of them distributed over the earth. But it is this one in particular of whom you shall hear in this short account. He was a jolly old soul, and he treated the rich and the poor of his realm as peers. He held that there was no distinction in blood between them, as all could, without much research on their part, trace their ancestry back to the same man; and as for riches, it was only a question of chance, said he. The rich of to-day might be the poor of to-morrow, and *vice versa*. He judged each one on his own merits, and was as ready and willing to greet the humblest peasant as his proudest nobles. Now, there was one thing that the king was passionately fond of, and that was a game somewhat resembling our modern game of poker. I have forgotten the name of it; but as it is not necessary to the recital of this story, we will not bother about it.

He was very skilful and an adept in the game, and would gather the most clever and successful players of it from all parts of the kingdom, whether they were peasants or nobles, it mattered not to him. Quite frequently a game would last for several days, and in the meantime the king would forget all about his cares and responsibilities, and for the time being would give himself up, heart and soul, to the enjoyment of the game. Oh! he was a merry old man! Such a king the country had never before seen. I mention these things, which are not pertinent to the story, to show in the sequel what a loss the country sustained in his death. But to proceed with my story.

Not many miles from the castle of the king there stretched a forest for miles and miles around as far as the eye could reach. In

this forest game of all kinds, and animals of every description abounded, while through the middle there flowed a stream, called Oolah River, which was infested with crocodiles and other reptiles. The king found great pleasure in hunting, and would very frequently spend an entire day in the forest bagging game. He was very democratic in his ways, and when he went on one of these trips he never took a long retinue of servants with him, as some other kings are wont to do. He preferred to go alone, and have the servants follow and bring in the big game he downed, such as deer, etc. So one fine day he gave orders to have his hunting outfit prepared, as he intended to go into the forest early the next morning. The day was very young when he started. He set out with a light heart, his outfit of course included, intending to lay all previous records at one hundred degrees in the shade. The gentle zephyrs of the morning coolly fanned his benignant face, and played hide-and-seek in his long, flowing beard, as he proudly strode along, but he did not mind it at all.

Oh! it was an audacious wind that could thus make sport with the person of such a king. It did not take him long to reach the forest, and when he did, he rested for a few moments; for mind you, he was no longer young and the long walk had slightly fatigued him. Above him the birds twittered merrily calling to their mates from tree to tree, and pouring out their souls in floods of sweetest melody. He was alone in that large forest, which, save for the brute creation, was wholly uninhabited.

The king spied several deer, and went in the direction in which they were. On hearing him approach, they scampered away at a lightning speed. He followed them leisurely, and the direction they took led him to the river. He heard a deep growling as he approached, but he did not seem to mind it in the least, as he had been there so many times before without harm to himself, that he had grown accustomed to the perils which beset him on every side. The growling grew louder and more angry, and as the king stepped out from the dense part of the woods and into a clearing that faced the river, a huge tiger sprang out from the underbrush and made for him. In front of him there loomed up the wreck of a once large tree; but now there was nothing left of it but the trunk, and one long branch which extended outward from it. He could not turn back, for the tiger blocked his way; he could not swim the river,

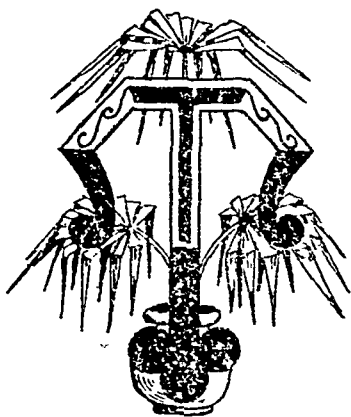
and even if he could his life was in danger from the strange monsters that infested it; his only hope lay in climbing the tree. He made a spring for this, and catching it drew himself up thereon, just as the striped creature made a jump for him. But he missed him. The royal personage was safe for the time being at least. Just imagine the situation! A real live king upon the tree, with the prospect that he would make quite a protracted stay. The tiger did not intend to be cheated of his prey thus easily, and so he waited patiently below for something to turn up, or, to be more literal, for somebody to come down. In getting up the tree, the king had dropped his gun and so he was entirely at the mercy of the savage beast. The tiger was not to be the sole occupant of the field; for a crocodile, scenting something to his liking, hove into view, and also stationed himself below the tree, and gazed upward with an anxious and entreating look in his eyes. This, of course, did not tend to mitigate the fears of our friend above.

The situation now began to look serious to him, and to add to his peril he felt the limb upon which he sat slowly giving way. And yet the savage beasts still lingered below, and would not have business elsewhere. The limb was slowly going now, and as the king saw that his fate was inevitable he began to figure out as to whose property he would become when he fell. If he should drop into the capacious cavern of the crocodile's jaw, he would be left whole and intact, and swallowed down in a mouthful, whereas if the tiger disposed of him he would do it in shorter order. If the crocodile caught him the tiger would have to go hungry; and if the tiger was successful, why, of course, the crocodile would be left. At last, with a loud crack, the limb broke and down dropped the king. The crocodile opened his mouth beneath him and the tiger made a spring. There was a groan, and all was over.

Now it was the custom in that country to have inscribed upon a marble tablet, which was placed upon the walls of the castle, all the principal events of each king's life, and especially they were very particular to record the manner and circumstances of his death to the minutest details. Now in preparing a tablet for this king, the question arose: "Who got the king when he fell, the crocodile or the tiger?" It is a question that has as yet not been solved.

JOSEPH J. COOKE.

A Gruff Scotchman.



HE close of the XVIIIth century was marked by a succession of scholars and writers who infused fresh vigor into the thought and literary life of the world. Not the least among them was the subject of this short sketch.

Thomas Carlyle was taught to read by his mother and initiated in the rudiments of the Latin tongue by the minister of his sect. After some training in the higher branches of learning he went to the University of Edinburgh, where science and mathematics became his principal study, and he prosecuted them for a long time with the greatest ardor. When he entered the university he had not yet completed his fifteenth year. He was a hard student, applying himself very diligently to the classics, in which he took great delight. He was a great lover of reading, and in this lay his principal and most profitable work. He was at the head of a small band of youths, poor like himself and trying to gain literary distinction, who read frequently in the university library, and discussed with much care what they read. All his companions seemed to vie with one another in prophesying for him a future of great literary renown. This he much desired himself, as may be inferred from his own words to one of his companions, when he said to him:

"Think not because I talk thus, I am careless of literary fame. No, Heaven knows that ever since I have been able to form a wish, the wish of being known has been the formost. Oh, Fortune! thou that givest unto each his portion on this dirty planet, bestow (if it shall please thee) coronets and crowns and principalities, and purses and puddings and powers upon the great, the noble and fat ones of the earth. Grant me, that with a heart of independence, unyielding to thy favors, and unbending to thy frowns, I may attain to literary fame; and though starvation be my lot, I will smile that I have not been born a king."

A quarter of a century was spent in constant effort before the dreams of his ambition were fully realized. But he labored with such untiring energy and perseverance that he obtained fame without any sacrifice of his independence.

He first attempted to make a livelihood by teaching school; but, scholar as he was, the dreary, plodding monotonous life of the class-

room did not present a congenial field of labor. He was a successful teacher, but his vocation lay in another direction, and at the age of twenty-three he resigned the position and turned his mind towards literature.

In 1818, he left Kirkcaldy and went to Edinburgh with a vague notion of trying to live by literature. There he spent the three gloomiest years of his whole life, his only consolation being found in resuming his reading in the university library. During this time he extended his knowledge of Italian, Spanish, and especially of German. Six years later his publications became numerous, and it was about this time he completed his remarkable book, "The Life of Schiller." He spent much time in translating from German to English, and this may be the reason he is so heavy at times.

In 1834 he removed from Craigenputtock, with its savage rocks and moorlands, its isolation, its solitudes, and its remoteness from all the advantages of civil and intellectual life, to London and the living solitude of its innumerable inhabitants, its commerce, learning, science, literature and art. But he possessed a mind and soul capable of overcoming all these disadvantages, and he bore them with patience and resignation, and soon made himself at home with all the clamor and bustle of the great metropolis. A long time elapsed before his writings were recognized in England; for the English are too often slow in giving honor to whom honor is due. This was not the case in America. His merit was more readily recognized and appreciated in this country, where the shrewd and energetic people always prize the good from whatever source it may come. His career in London opened successfully in the rôle of a lecturer, entertaining numerous audiences on various subjects, such as "The Importance of German Literature," "The History of Literature," "The Revolution of Modern Europe," "Heroes, Hero Worship, and the Heroic in History." These lectures caused a great sensation in the literary circles. People flocked from all parts to hear his lectures, and were very much impressed with his native accent.

About this time his master works began to appear. He applied himself diligently to his work on "The French Revolution," by which he won undying fame, and upon which he labored during more than a quarter of a century. This is by far the greatest of his many works. It is more than a mere history: it is a vivid painting

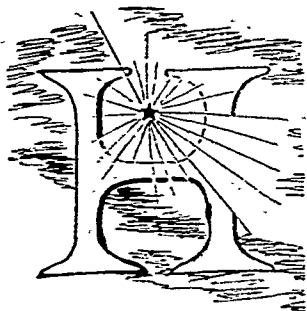
of characters and events as they moved along in tumultuous procession.

Carlyle was a man of labor and perseverance, and it was by these two great factors he achieved his greatness. He believed that labor is a blessing and that we should never be altogether idle, but either studying, or writing, or accomplishing something good for ourselves or for the human race in general. His central and commanding desire was power; excitement and energy shone in his writings; he possessed a great command of words, and often coined words and sentences to suit his own meaning—words which cannot be found in any of the other authors. With all his cynicism and extravagance, he had a sincere and earnest love of his fellow-man. This was a prominent trait in his character. He was never so happy as when he had been among men, to whom he loved to deliver monologues.

It is needless to review Carlyle's style at length under the kinds of composition he wrote. All things are new to us in his works, his ideas, style, tone, the form of the phrases, and even the very vocabulary. He takes everything in its contrary meaning; he sets down paradoxes for principles, common sense for absurdity. He cannot content himself with simple expressions; he employs figures at every step; he is a great painter. Carlyle is full of genius, and this can be seen not only from his fine sense of language, but in the depths of his insight, his wondrous historical pictures and the living characters of persons, events and epochs, which he paints with a brilliant lustre.

P. J. CRAWLEY.

The Hermit's Aim.



He lived the life of a hermit, save when he strolled into the woodlands or open meadows to ponder the secrets of nature, or to pass his time upon the banks of a little brook that ran gently over the rocks, echoing the warbling sounds of the waters. All these things seemed to speak to him.

Now he sat upon the same stone as when he was a boy, peering into the stream as if unconscious of the trials of this life, thinking of days gone by; how often he had waded in those waters

with his old schoolmates; how often they had thrown stones into the little brook to see the ripples, one by one, grow larger and then disappear; how often they played hide-and-seek in the old barn that stood upon the hillside, and these words came before his mind: "The boy's will is the wind's will; and the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

As I watched him I heard a faint sigh, and then he said, "Poor companions!" and his eyes filled with tears. He thought of the many pleasant hours they had spent together; but death had removed most of them from the troubles of this life and left him, an elderly man, to battle with the treachery of the world. Overcome by grief, he wandered back to the little log cabin, on the hill where he had spent the greater part of his life, apart from the distractions of the world, save to walk the unfrequented streets of the village near by, or to roam the fields and commune with nature.

Returning home, worn out with grief and fatigue, he threw himself into the old rocking chair that had sat by the window for so many years, staring blankly, watching the rain drops another down, each one hurrying and pushing, all trying to reach their destination. This reminded him of the struggles of life, all rushing to gain supremacy; each one battling with his companion, all trying to reach the goal of wealth, many led astray; some pushed out of their course by others; many left behind unnoticed. All these things brought sad remembrances to the old man; for he was once rich; but, overpowered by misfortune, he had become a hermit with one aim in life—to regain his wealth. But time had sped by, bestowing fortune on some, neglecting others, imparting blessings to many, but to him few rewards for what she had taken from him.

Armed with new vigor and summoning up his courage to throw off the lonely spirit that had oppressed him, he walked out, to rid himself of his lonely thoughts. He had no friends save his dog that had shared in his pleasures and his sorrows; that loved his master as far as instinct permits, and the old miser returned the love of the animal; for at no time did he leave his little cottage unless he was accompanied by his companion; still his friendship for him was never so great as to permit him in the house.

As they passed along on their rambles I saw the old man stoop and bend over a bunch of flowers by the roadside that swung to and fro in the gentle breeze, unnoticed save by the old

hermit who loved flowers and admired the beauty of nature. He plucked a handful of them and started for his home, for the autumn wind had commenced to blow, and day was about to surrender her crown to darkness, and twilight was fast fading, and all pointed to the loneliness of the coming night.

Quickening his pace, he soon found himself in his little room seated in the old chair that had been but one of the few comforts of his life. The wind blew, and the dog from the outside gave testimony of the coolness of the night. The old man listened now and then, and as he sat there in his gloomy room, with no light but a glimmering candle that scarcely cast his shadow upon the wall, he looked like some old gray-haired philosopher, trying to solve some worn problem of a by-gone civilization, considerate of nothing but the motto he carried in front of his conscience, with these words engraven upon it: To regain my wealth. It was this caused him to labor from morn until night, going through life with this one aim.

Lonely and weary, he soon fell asleep. The candle flickered and was continually wasting itself away; but the old man knew it not, for the hour was late and the cloak of sorrow shielded him from all disturbance. In his dreams he lived the life of a rich man. His efforts had been crowned with success, fortune had smiled upon him, and handed out to him the treasure that he had been hunting for so many years. He was overjoyed, and his heart leaped when this vision of fantasy presented itself. He was in ecstasy, because his one sole aim in life had been reached; but what a delusion!

The candle gave forth a faint light, for the wick was floating in a pool of melted wax, and in a short time left the old man enveloped in darkness, gratified beyond measure, because his great work had been completed. He was now a rich man, living in the most magnificent array, knowing no sorrow or trouble; surrounded by all that is beautiful, still holding a cold spot in his heart for all; for some one had wrecked him of his fortune, and to spite humanity he had become a wealthy man.

His dreams were numerous, some striking terror into his heart, while others caused him to smile and utter something known to no one but himself. But—this vain delusion was disturbed by a noise in his room. He awoke and found himself surrounded by darkness, and conscious that some one was in his room. Many ideas ran through his mind, but none remained long enough for him to come to any definite conclusion. He thought of his money. Was some one trying to rob him of his little wealth, or was this a continuation of his dream?

He felt the cold hand of death stretch over him, but he sat there motionless, conscious of his danger, but afraid even to make an attempt to save himself.

He tried to think, but his brain would not work; he tried to devise some means to escape, but his imagination was dead. Could the burglar be approaching, or was he standing behind ready to deal him a mortal blow if he moved. Cold beads of perspiration stood out on his forehead, his mind wandered incessantly, his imagination was so worked up that he saw his assassin standing near by with outstretched arms, but he dared not move lest he be discovered. He thought of his pistol and the old hunting knife in the table-drawer. How could he reach the table and thereby arm himself for his protection? He removed his slippers and turned his head around to see if there was any possibility of seeing his enemy, but not even a murmur or any sign to tell him where the man may be.

Rising nervously from his seat, he summoned courage enough to make an attempt to reach his revolver in the table drawer only a few yards distant. As he advanced, his thoughts increased, the perspiration on his forehead grew cold and thicker, his hand quivered with fear as he stretched it out to feel for the table, expecting every minute to meet his assassin; but at last he took the revolver from the half open drawer and groped his way back to the old chair there to remain until something should happen to disclose the peculiar circumstances. There he sat for nearly an hour, counting the seconds that seemed like minutes; but, at length the silence was broken. A faint murmur, then a little rustle as of some one moving in the opposite corner. The old man clutched tighter the handle of his revolver, restlessly looking towards the corner whence came the noise.

His heart leaped, his nerves quivered; was it the eyes of a human being that he saw shining in the corner? Was the man looking at him or was it only a dream?

He pointed the pistol at the object, but it moved not. What was he to do—shoot? The noise of the pistol echoed and re-echoed, apparently shaking the walls of the little cottage. He heard a groan, then a noise and, then his victim seemed to breathe his last; for in a few seconds not a sound was heard.

Lighting a match, he approached the bleeding object; but, to his horror, what was it? The one thing he had loved and admired more than anything human; that which had been his comfort in sorrow and toil. Gazing upon his dead companion, his eyes were filled with tears. He thought of the times he had accompanied him on his lonely rambles; how often he had shared with him half of his comforts; and now to think that he had died by his own hands! Overcome by his feebleness, he fell back in his chair, broken-hearted, and died of grief, trying to satisfy himself how the dog gained entrance to his room.

FRANK MCKEE.

NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.

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Staff.

ERNEST F. DU BRUL, '92;	H. LAMAR MONARCH, '93;
JAMES J. FITZGERALD, '93;	
HUGH A. O'DONNELL, '94;	FROST THORNE, '94;
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J. JOSEPH COOKE, '95;	
FRANK MCKEE, '94;	M. J. MCGARRY, '94.

—The second session or the "long term," as it is familiarly called, opened on the 5th inst. Classes were speedily reorganized, and are all in good working order. The beginning of the term has been marked by many new arrivals, and everything indicates a happy and successful completion of the scholastic year.

—We take pleasure in complying with urgent requests and reprint portions of the lecture delivered by the late Prof. A. J. Stace on the "Mysticism of Number." Many years have passed since the delivery of the lecture and its first appearance in the SCHOLASTIC, but the impression made by the words of the gifted Professor has been enduring, and intimate friends of those bygone days have suggested that the reproduction of the salient features of the discourse would prove of more than passing interest to our readers.

—The interest that Catholics of the Middle Ages took in the drama is having its reflection in our own time. A letter from Rome announces that Leo XIII. is writing a religious drama in verse, and His Holiness has recently invested Clement Scott, the Catholic theatrical critic of London, with a high honor. The late Professor Lyons was a firm believer in the power of the drama for good; and Mr. Augustine Daly has several times said publicly that he believes that in the future will arise a great school of Christian drama. It is a pity that only a few theatrical managers see the necessity of bringing the theatre to a higher plane. Among these are Mr. Daly and Mr. Henry Irving. It is a

pleasure to know that Mr. Daly, whose benefactions to the cathedrals of New York and Denver have been so generous, is a devout Catholic.

—We congratulate our esteemed contemporary, the *Catholic Citizen* of Milwaukee, on the great and good and timely work in which it is engaged of exposing and denouncing the infamous A. P. A. or *American* (!) Protective Association. Like its progenitor, the *Know-nothing* organization of ante-bellum times, the A. P. A. will, if left to itself, die an ignominious death. However, in these days of enlightenment the sooner such a consummation is brought about the better. The condemnatory expressions of leaders in political and social life—such as those which the *Citizen* has already secured from the Governors of Wisconsin and Illinois, Senator Vilas and others—will speedily attain the desired end, and create a public opinion that will prove effective against any illusion of bigotry, and prevent the introduction into our country of anything subversive of our glorious Constitution.

Visit of the Rt. Rev. E. J. Dunne, D. D.



NOTRE DAME ever delights in welcoming to her halls the great men of the Church in America; but when he whom she honors is himself one of her children her joy knows no bounds. Though not an alumnus of Notre Dame, the Rt. Rev. Edward J. Dunne, Bishop of Dallas, was for years a student in her sister institution, the old St. Mary's of the Lake, Chicago. In America Notre Dame and the Congregation of the Holy Cross are terms almost synonymous; for wherever there is a priest of the Order there is the influence of Notre Dame known and felt. So that it was not as a stranger that the Rt. Rev. Bishop came among us, and it was not as a stranger that he was received.

He was accompanied from Chicago by his brother, the Rev. R. Dunne, of All Saints', Chicago, by the Very Rev. M. J. Fitzsimmons, Rector of the Cathedral, and by Fathers O'Sullivan, McShane, Dorney, Whalen, Murray, Campbell, Kelly, Byrne, Tinan, Foley, O'Brier, Egan, Murphy, Gillan, Cartan, Clancy, O'Gara, Van de Laar and others. The Bishop and his party were met at the station by the Very Rev.

Provincial Corby, the Rev. President Morrissey and Father Regan, and by them conducted to the University. Arrived there, an informal reception was held in the college parlor, after which the party sat down to dinner in the Presbytery.

At four o'clock all assembled in Washington Hall, where a very interesting, though impromptu programme was presented in honor of the Right Rev. guest. After the "Overture Dramatique" by the University Orchestra, Mr. Frank McKee, '94, stepped before the curtain and on behalf of the students of the University welcomed His Lordship to Notre Dame. The young gentleman was at his best: his voice was clear and sweet, his words well-chosen, and his delivery all that could be desired. He spoke substantially as follows:

"We are assembled to offer you our sincere tribute of respect and esteem, and bid you a cordial welcome to the halls of our *Alma Mater*.

"We may be permitted to say that Notre Dame always looks with pride upon those that have been associated with her past as well as her present history. It was St. Mary's of the Lake, a daughter of Notre Dame, that engraved in your heart these immortal words, that have ever held their place in your life: 'Do good and avoid evil.' She held up before your eyes the example of the highest Christian perfection. And now our own *Alma Mater*, with whose children in days long past you were so familiarly associated, may point to you as one of her glories. She is indeed 'crowned with stars,' and these stars are the many men eminent in all walks of life, and especially in the holy priesthood, which she has illumined with the heavenly beams of the Holy Cross.

"The highest honor of our University lies in the fact that she has always inspired her devoted children, like yourself, with an enthusiastic love of Christian education.

"Guided by her faith and spirit, we recognize in you the three qualities of possessing good, of doing good, and above all of showing others how to be good. . . . We congratulate ourselves that you are one of those determined, noble band of American priests that have devoted the best years of their lives to Christian education.

"The Catholic Church, through such men as you, founded Oxford, Cambridge, and numbers of other great colleges. And hampered as we are in America they have laid the foundation of colleges that have not reached the zenith of their greatness, but through the efforts and sacrifices of you, noble band, they will one day shine out as of old, for they possess the true spirit of loyalty and devotedness to the welfare of their country; and religion goes hand in hand with the patriotism of a nation. Immortality awaits him that labors to promote education.

"Though some in our age are drifting down

the stream of lower education, still the current is from the sea of higher thought. And all must soon realize that whatever of truth and sublimity one finds in literature, whatever love of pursuit one finds in science, whatever harmony and pathos and grandeur one finds in music, whatever delicacy and elevation one finds in painting and sculpture, all are the result of higher education.

"Notre Dame to-day greets you, for your life is worthy of admiration as well as imitation, as the Philosophers of old says: 'If precept teaches, example persuades.' In you we see all the qualities that a Catholic American should possess accentuated and crystallized in your person we behold the lesson that we have learned within the walls of our *Alma Mater*. Notre Dame in the opening of the new year, which brings promise of happiness with it, welcomes and salutes you."

Of the recitations "Clarence's Dream," by Mr. Cuneo, and "The Rose of Zanora," by Mr. Jones, were very well delivered; but the honors of the evening were carried off by Mr. Hugh O'Donnell, '94, who held his audience spell-bound with his old, yet ever new "Chariot Race." The "Chariot Race" has been recited before at Notre Dame; but as given by Mr. O'Donnell it well deserves repetition.

Of the musical numbers of the programme, which will be found entire in another column, the solo of Mr. Bates, "The King and Me," and Professor Preston's autoharp solo, were applauded to the echo. But the hit of the evening was made by the Glee Club when, in response to an *encore*, they gave a localized song, which was enthusiastically received by Sorin Hall, Brownson Hall, Carroll Hall.

After the curtain had fallen, His Lordship ascended the stage and in a few well-chosen words thanked the Faculty and students for the kind welcome they had accorded him. For a month or more he had been enjoying the hospitality of his friends; but he would carry away no dearer memory than that of his visit to Notre Dame. It had always been, and always would be, a pleasure to him to have his friends, the Fathers of the Holy Cross, as hosts, and he looked forward with delight to the time when he could again return to Notre Dame.

The remarks of the Rt. Rev. Bishop called forth frequent and hearty applause. The kindly sentiments which he entertains for our *Alma Mater* are appreciated by the Faculty and students, and his visits will ever be welcome. He has the prayers and best wishes of all that the success that has been his in the past will continue in his new and exalted sphere of life.

Thoughts on Character.



CHARACTER is the man. It is the stamp which distinguishes one human being from another. It is something peculiar to each person. As no two beings are alike, so no two characters are alike. It is as broad as the humanity of each individual. There are men of strong characters, there are men of weak characters; there are men whose characters are changeable, and there are men whose characters are as constant as the north star.

Those who listen to great, enthusiastic and forcible speakers cannot fail to be impressed with the thought that there is more in the men than anything which they say. One is aware that there is something in the man; but just what that something is, one cannot say. The historian and the biographer may tell all the noble deeds and acts of a great man, yet a true estimate of his genius, his ability, his talents will baffle description. As the brilliancy and lustre of the diamond cannot be photographed, so those noble and lofty qualities of a great character become dim by narration. How little of the personal worth, or the magnanimity of the soul of Washington, do we find in the account of his deeds and exploits! Tradition has encircled him with such a halo of glory that even the mention of his name is a symbol of everything that is pure and noble and good.

There is something in the man far greater than anything, which he has performed. The greater part of his power, his ability, his genius lies hid. This secret power is what we call character. It is like a force which, though not wholly irresistible, yet guides and shapes the actions of men. Open resistance to it is not impossible; but oftentimes, like the waters of an immense river, it carries everything with it in its mad career. One obeys without asking why he does so, or questioning the impulse which forces him to act. It is a magnetic influence which one man exerts upon another. By its controlling power the intellectual tone of society is elevated, the public mind purified, the morality of the nation ameliorated, and popular enthusiasm and popular aspirations have certain fixed aims beyond which it is not expedient to aspire.

Character, like most other qualities which we possess, is influenced by its environments. It

may be strengthened and improved according to the weight brought to bear upon it; hence it is that home is the best place for forming character. There is an old axiom which says, "as the twig is bent so the tree is inclined;" for the young mind, like a piece of wax, is very susceptible to any person brought into intimate contact with it. It is said that all great men have had great mothers.

If the mother possesses noble principles and lofty aspirations, the child is very likely to hold the same views. It should not be inferred that the father has very little influence upon forming the character of the child, for such is not the case; but as children are more intimately associated with their mothers than their fathers, the influence which the former bring to bear upon them is proportionately greater. If the parents are wafted to and fro by the wind of circumstances, like a buoy upon the water, giving way to every force coming in contact with it, will the condition of the child be improved by this doubt and hesitancy? I think not. It is natural for every child to look upon its parents as models in everything; but if the model be at fault, what are we to expect from the copy? I believe that a child who has had high, noble and lofty aims and aspirations inculcated during infancy and the time of youth will retain them forever. There are periods, no doubt, when the young man or woman will wander from the path of righteousness; but a time will come when the better part of their natures will gain the ascendancy, and overcome those false principles temporarily established.

Some parents send their children to school, and because they turn out badly they attribute it to the fault of the institution. They require more of the college than they ask of themselves. They expect the college in four years of forty weeks each to do for their children what they themselves have not done in seventeen or eighteen years of fifty weeks each. They forget for what they are sending them to college; they are absolutely ignorant of the fact that they are there to be instructed in things which home does not offer to them. Character should be formed at home, knowledge should be acquired at college. The college primarily is to teach them to be thinkers and scholars, to give them a clear, conscious view of their own opinions and judgments, as well as the means of expressing them logically and forcibly. The college is also aware of the fact that while developing the intellectual part the other faculties of the body

should not suffer from neglect. It is also the duty of the college to direct the appetite, to destroy wicked passions, to curb ambition, to check all unlawful desires, and to instil into its students a proper appreciation of the good and a just detestation of the bad. It should teach them not only how to decline *officium*, but it should teach them how to practise it. A student should know not only the difference between the natural and positive law, but also the obligations imposed upon him by each, and the means of carrying them into effect. Is his intellectual and physical nature to be cultivated at the expense of his moral and spiritual nature?

JAMES A. MCKEE.

Exchanges.

It has been said that the local columns of college journals are an index to the spirit of the institutions they represent. If this be so, then some colleges have an energy that cannot be equalled. Their representatives fairly bristle with *dash*. This mark, while occasionally available to others, seems an absolute need in their hands. The contributors use it principally to cover a bitter dose administered to one against whom they entertain a petty spite. Well-minded brethren have preached against this practice, time and again. They have inveighed against the meanness of those contemptible personals which cause unsightly gaps in the local columns, but without any good result. The offenders seem to be hardened in their crime. If the managing editors were to take a firm stand against this misdemeanor the practice would meet an early death. How would this do for a New Year's resolution?

What a pleasure the students of Boston College must feel in being represented again by the *Stylus*. If the future numbers be indented with the same strong steel that formed the character of the December issue, the editors need have no fear of "carping critics."

The many kind expressions of sympathy offered us by other journals on the death of our Founder throw into strong contrast the vulgar criticism of the *Annex*. Its violent attempts at humor serve only to accentuate its own coarseness. Destitute of those finer feelings which mark true-bred collegians, it sneers

at respect for the departed, and with indecent levity mocks at a doctrine it cannot understand. But, 'nuff sed; like the small boy kicked by the mule, we know the source whence it comes.

The *Bulletin* is edited entirely by the young ladies of St. James' School. Their brothers of the same institution have made a mistake in leaving them a free field of operation. Girls, the world over, desire the companionship of boys, even in literary matters; we are sure they of St. James form no exception to the rule.

The *New Mexico Collegian*, in a weighty editorial, challenges any other college to produce a senior class that will tip the scales to better advantage than the graduates of its *Alma Mater*. It is just a wee bit doubtful, however, as to the "mental stature" of the men of '94. It is unfortunate for the purposes of the *Collegian* that the same scales cannot be used to determine the amount of intelligence distributed among its "class." It is so convenient, you know, to drop a few weights into one's pockets to make a respectable showing on paper.

If the engravings in *Res Academicæ* have been intended as illustrations, their meaning has in some mysterious way escaped our comprehension. Initial letters showing sweet, girlish faces have, from time to time, introduced football reports. But the climax has been reached in the Christmas number. "The Winter Girl" on the cover is a maid of uncertain years with a vinegar aspect, who has come to look upon Christmas pleasures as unseemly frivolities. But then she is decidedly aristocratic, and probably adds tone to *Res*—real tone, not half-tone.

Books and Periodicals.

—*For School and Fireside* is the title of a new musical monthly for young people. It is published by J. Singenberger, St. Francis, Wis., on the first day of every month, and each issue contains four pages of pleasing and easy music (songs with English and German words, music for piano, cabinet organ, violin).

—*Scribner's Magazine* for January marks the beginning of the fifteenth volume. The first great fiction feature for the year is the serial, "John March, Southerner," by George W. Cable, the author of "Old Creole Days." This is the first long novel that Mr. Cable has published in many years, and is a most dramatic story of the new South. The opening chapters reveal

Mr. Cable's sympathetic style and clear character-drawing at their very best. Serial stories by J. M. Barrie and George Meredith are announced to begin later. Another feature of this year will be a series of special frontispieces selected by the eminent art critic, Philip Gilbert Hamerton, to represent the tendencies of contemporary art. Each picture will be accompanied with a brief article by Mr. Hamerton and a portrait of the artist whose painting is reproduced. In this number Manet's "Fifer" is the striking picture chosen. The Honorable Robert C. Winthrop (who studied law in Daniel Webster's office, and afterwards when Speaker of the House of Representatives nearly fifty years ago was associated closely with Webster in his public career,) has contributed to this number his reminiscences of "Webster's Reply to Hayne, and his General Methods of Preparation." The personal quality of this paper and the eminence of its author make it one of the most valuable contributions to our knowledge of Webster as an orator. F. Marion Crawford concludes his pen-picture of Constantinople with some of his most brilliant writing, which is picturesquely reinforced by the beautiful illustrations which Edwin Lord Weeks has furnished from his sketches made on the spot during the past summer. "Stories in Stone from Notre Dame," by Theodore Andrea Cook, is a description of these grotesque figures adorning the pinnacles and niches of the great cathedral which Victor Hugo has put into fiction as the familiars of Quasimodo. The illustrations are among the most novel and interesting recently seen in this magazine.

Personals.

—William O'Donnell (Com'l), '81, is now manager of his father's firm in East Saginaw, Michigan.

—John Oscar Stanton, a student of Notre Dame in 1879, died at Portsmouth, O., on the 29th ult. May he rest in peace!

—William Patterson, a former student of Notre Dame, is now agent for the National Tobacco Co., Louisville, Ky., having for his territory the entire state of Michigan.

—Mr. H. M. Jewett, '90, is now a shipper of hard and soft coal and coke. He has established his office at No. 27 Whitney Opera House Block, Detroit. We wish our "Hal" all success in his new venture.

—Mr. J. F. Nester (Com'l), '88, is the leading business man of Northern Michigan. He controls one of the largest lumber interests in the world. In recognition of his abilities as a business man he was recently elected School Trustee of Baraga.

—Edward O'Connor (Prep.), '93, is study-

ing medicine in the State University of Iowa. He is one of the youngest in the class, the average age of which is twenty-seven. He is considered a bright student there, and the students here all wish him success in his studies.

—The New Orleans *Picayune* speaks in highly complimentary terms of the progress which St. Isidore's College in that city has already made under the able direction of the Rev. J. B. Scheier, C. S. C. Father Scheier was for many years a Professor in the University, and will be pleasantly remembered by many old students who will be glad to hear of the credit with which he discharges the burdensome duties of his new position.

—With deep regret we chronicle the death of Mrs. A. T. Hughes, of Denver, Colo. The deceased lady, as well as all the family, had been a warm friend of Notre Dame. A monument of her generosity is annually seen in the Ellsworth C. Hughes' Medal of the Scientific Course, founded in memory of her son, Ellsworth, a student here some years ago. We extend to Mr. Hughes and children our sincere sympathy in their sad affliction.

—We congratulate the Hon. William J. Onahan, LL. D., '76, upon the signal recognition of his eminent services in the interests of religion and society which he has just received from the ruler of the Christian world. May he live long to enjoy the distinguished and well-merited honors which are now his as Private Chamberlain of the Cape and Sword to His Holiness Pope Leo XIII.—a distinction exceptional in this country, but in perfect accord with the position of the foremost Catholic layman of America.

Local Items.

—Welcome, '94!

—Now for June!

—Calendars for 1894!

—"When we are far away!"

—Let everyone get a calendar.

—'Rah for the Mandolin Club!

—Who are the winners of Carroll Hall this year?

—Carroll Hall has several promising young artists.

—We would like to hear from the Philodemics; where are they?

—Classes are now reorganized, and a large attendance is reported.

—What is the matter with Captain Klees and his Carroll specials?

—Elmer attributes the scarcity of locals to the recent financial stringency.

—That rattle in the second dormitory puts one to sleep instead of awakening him.

—The fiend who cracks the stale joke about learning astronomy on the ice is abroad. Look out for him!

—Company "B" has reorganized, under the captaincy of Mr. E. A. Scherrer. This popular company has a very large membership, and promises to equal, if not surpass, the one of last year.

—The University Temperance Society will meet at the usual hour, on Sunday evening (7.30). An interesting program will be rendered, and now, all the students have returned, it is to be hoped that a large attendance will be present.

—Bro. Valerian acknowledges, with thanks, the kind donation of 20,000 cancelled stamps from the Catholic school of Mishawaka; also from St. Stanislaus' Parochial School, and from Mr. Walter Freitag, of the firm of A. Furrier, of Chicago.

—Our friend C. is glad to give, as a local for the SCHOLASTIC, the fact that when he reached South Bend on his return from his well-spent vacation, he was fast asleep; and not being awakened, rode till he reached some distant station. "Journey in such undisturbed comfort," he says, "is rather slow travelling."

—On Thursday last the smaller Carrollites and the Minims proved that they did not forget how to play football during the holidays. The game throughout was very exciting, and many brilliant hits were made. The Minims had twelve men; but the captain of the Carrollites did not find this out until the game was lost by a score of 10 to 0. B. Hugh umpired to the satisfaction of all, except his gallant little Carrollites.

—The University Calendar for 1894 is one of the most elegant things of the kind ever issued from any printing office. A beautiful birds-eye view of Notre Dame, showing all the University buildings and part of the surrounding landscape, forms the principal feature of the card. It is provided with ribbons in the College colors, blue and gold, and the whole is an appropriate ornament to the desk or office, whilst supplying all the information peculiar to calendars.

—It is needless to state that the terrible affliction with which Notre Dame was visited in the death of her revered founder, necessitated the cancelling, or postponement of engagements made for our lecture course during the first session. We may, however, announce that the remainder of winter and the opening of spring will be marked by literary and musical attractions which will make the "course" of the year '93-'94 surpass any of its predecessors. In the near future we shall be privileged to hear the Rt. Rev. Bishop Watterson, of Columbus; the Rt. Rev. Bishop Cotter, of Winona; the Rev. D. J. Stafford, of Washington, D. C.; the Mendelssohn Quartett Club, of

Boston, and others whose names will appear in due time.

—The Notre Dame football team, while being entertained at the residence of Mrs. Edward Roby, was tendered a dinner and reception by the hostess which was a very brilliant affair, a number of South Chicago guests being present. The table was spread in the large hall and was beautifully decorated with the college colors, blue and gold. The favors were exquisite, and the table groaned beneath the weight of many substantial viands, as well as the delicacies of the season. The evening's festivities were interspersed with music both vocal and instrumental, also recitations from the college boys, assisted by the Misses Beck. The gem of the evening was a recitation from the ever-willing hostess, entitled "Mary, the Household Minstrel," which was enjoyed by all. At a late hour the guests departed, feeling that they had spent a most delightful evening.—*S. Chicago Calumet.*

—At the entertainment given in honor of the visit of the Rt. Rev. E. J. Dunne, the following was the

PROGRAMME:

- Overture Dramatique.....*D. L. Ferrazzi*
University Orchestra.
Greeting from the Students.....Mr. Frank McKee, '94
Tenor Solo—"Rose from Mother's Grave," *J. McMurray*
Mr. A. Cuneo.
Recitation—"The Rose of Zanora,".....*E. Jones*
Columbian Gallopade.....*R. Lamberti*
Mandoline Orchestra.
Recitation....."Clarence's Dream"
Mr. A. Cuneo.
Bass Solo—"The King and Me,".....*E. W. Foster*
Mr. B. Franklin Bates.
Recitation....."The Chariot Race"
Mr. Hugh O'Donnell.
Autoharp Solo....."Swanee River, with Variations"
Mr. Newton A. Preston.
"The Three Crows".....*E. Parker*
University Glee Club.
Finale—Lyceum Waltz.....*W. Beebe*
University Orchestra.

Roll of Honor.

SORIN HALL.

Messrs. Ahlrichs, Bolton, Cullen, Casey, Crawley, Corry, Devaney, Dempsey, Dinkel, Eyanson, J. Fitzgerald, C. Fitzgerald, Funke, Flannery, Flannagan, Hudson, Hervey, Jewett, Kuhnert, J. McKee, F. McKee, C. Mitchell, McCarrick, McFadden, Marr, H. Mitchell, Murphy, McGarry, Mott, Powers, Pritchard, Ryan, Scherrer, Schopp, Sinnott, Walker.

BROWNSON HALL.

Messrs. Arce, Amberg, Baur, J. B. Barrett, Beyer, W. Bates, Byrne, Burns, Bennett, Baldwin, B. Bates, Cullinan, Campbell, A. Clarke, Corry, Callaghan, Coolidge, Cuneo, Chirhart, Conway, C. Clark, F. Dillon, A. Dillon, Dorsey, Dougan, Delaney, Fagan, T. Falvey, Foley, Grady, Gordon, Gilmartin, L. Gibson, N. Gibson, Henneberry, Halligan, Hinde, Herman, Kramer, Kinsella, Kennedy, Karasynski, Krembs, Ludwig, Lawler, Loser, Lane, Major, Manchester, Moore, Montague, Maguire, Mott, Murray, Marmon, Mithen, Markum, F. Murphy, Moxley, Ney, F. O'Brien, Oliver, O'Malley, H. O'Neill, G. Pulskamp, F. Pulskamp, Palmer, Piquette, Perkins, Roper, Rumely, J. Ryan, J. J. Ryan, J. Reilly, Stack, Smith, Spalding, Slevin, Sullivan, Smoger, White, Welty, Walker, Weaver, Wilkin, Zeitler.

ST. EDWARD'S HALL.

Masters G. Abrahams, L. Abrahams, Allyn, Bump, Brinkerhoff, Byrne, Bullene, L. Clarke, B. Clarke, R. Clarke, Croke, Cross, Christ, Catchpole, Corry, Clune, Cressy, Coolidge, D. Campau, F. Campau, Corcoran, A. Coquillard, J. Coquillard, Dugas, J. Dawson, C. Dawson, Davidson, Dalton, Durand, Devine, Englehardt, Elliott, Everest, Finnerty, Feltenstein, Flynn, Freeman, M. Garrity, L. Garrity, Girsch, Groff, Green, Gimble, Graff, Ral Higgins, Roy Higgins, J. Higgins, B. Hesse, F. Hess, R. Hess, Herschey, Healy, Ives, Jonquet, E. McCarthy, Emmett McCarthy, G. McCarthy, Moxley, J. McCarthy, R. McCarthy, McGinley, McPhee, Morehouse, McIntyre, Minnigerode, A. King, R. King, Kelly, Lawton, Langley, Lohner, Kilgallen, Noonan, B. Nye, C. Nye, Ortez, Otero, O'Neill, Perea, Peck, H. Pollitz, W. Pollitz, Roesing, H. Rasche, L. Rasche, Robb, Romero, Ryan, Rohrback, G. Scherrer, W. Scherrer, Swan, Shipp, Shillington, Steele, Simm, Schneider, Terhune, L. Thompson, U. Thompson, Taylor, Wagner, Wells, York.

Examination Averages.

(No average under 60 is published.)

SORIN HALL.

E. Ahlrichs, 92; F. Bolton, 87; F. Carney, 93; W. Correll, 93; J. Cullen, 97; D. Casey, 93; P. Crawley, 76; J. Devanne, 69; J. Dempsey, 83; N. Dinkel, 87; F. Davis, 88; F. Eyanson, 87; C. Fitzgerald, 93; J. Flannery, 86; J. Flannigan, 89; A. Hudson, 93; J. Hervey, 89; E. Jewett, 92; C. Kunert, 89; J. Kearney, 96; F. Keough, 81; C. Mitchell, 86; F. McKee, 89; J. McCarrick, 95; W. Marr, 88; H. Mitchell, 94; D. Murphy, 99; M. McGarry, 93; T. Mott, 92; H. O'Donnell, 88; F. Powers, 84; M. Ryan, 83; E. Scherrer, 86; F. Schillo, 68; J. Schopp, 98; F. Thorne, 92; S. Walker, 95; A. Funke, 79; J. Brennan, 79; P. Carroll, 76; M. Costello, 94; P. Dalton, 83; E. Duffy, 88; F. Drejer, 75; A. DeLormier, 92; H. Gallagher, 91; J. Gallagher, 82; J. Haydon, 93; B. Iwaszewski, 89; J. Kulmer, 94; N. Kiesgen, 92; M. Leonard, 79; W. Montavon, 82; U. Meyer, 85; F. Munich, 71; A. Niewland, 89; E. O'Connor, 82; M. Oswald, 90; M. Schumacher, 73; H. Schier, 95; C. Smoger, 92; J. Trahey, 88; P. Wozniak, 79.

BROWNSON HALL.

L. Brinker, 89; J. Baur, 82; J. Barrett, 81; H. Beyer, 73; W. Bates, 82; W. Byrne, 90; L. Byrne, 88; E. Brennan, 88; W. Burns, 86; H. Bennett, 87; F. Barton, 80; L. Baldwin, 87; B. Bates, 86; P. Black, 72; J. Browne, 88; E. Cullinan, 95; P. Campbell, 72; A. Clarke, 68; L. Corry, 73; H. Crane, 86; E. Callahan, 76; T. Cavanagh, 73; J. Cooke, 94; E. Chassaing, 85; A. Cooledge, 78; A. Cuneo, 91; F. Dillon, 88; E. Dorsey, 80; F. Donahoe, 78; F. Duffield, 90; R. Dougan, 74; Esge, 84; W. Fagan, 89; T. Falvey, 67; P. Foley, 95; F. Freytag, 68; F. Falvey, 73; A. Flynn, 78; J. Feeney, 86; A. Galen, 82; W. Grady, 86; W. Garasche, 77; E. Gilmartin, 84; L. Gibson, 88; N. Gibson, 88; N. Groff, 77; R. Halligan, 93; J. Hinde, 87; J. Hermann, 83; F. Hennessy, 89; F. Harris, 77; M. Henneberry, 95; F. Hesse, 82; W. Hodge, 74; G. Johnson, 72; O. Kramer, 71; J. Kinsella, 83; M. Kerndt, 87; J. Kennedy, 94; M. Kirby, 85; E. Krembs, 83; F. Karter, 66; J. Kelly, 87; J. Ludwig, 82; W. Lawlor, 81; C. Loser, 82; F. Murphy, 89; F. Markum, 78; P. Maynes, 82; W. Moore, 73; J. Maguire, 90; J. Maloney, 89; J. Mott, 92; J. Murray, 84; O. McHugh, 90; J. Marmon, 82; L. Mithen, 87; W. Moxley, 85; M. Ney, 83; W. O'Neill, 87; E. O'Rourke, 80; A. Dillon, 72; J. Gordon, 98; F. O'Brien, 84; B. Oliver, 80; R. O'Malley, 89; A. Prichard, 75; E. Pulskamp, 87; G. Pulskamp, 80; R. Palmer, 83; C. Piquette, 75; G. Perkins, 75; T. Quinlan, 80; H. Roper, 70; P. Ruppe, 87; A. Rumely, 87; J. Ryan, 91; J. J. Ryan, 88; F. Reilly, 70; G. Ryan, 80; E. Roby, 88; C. Roby, 77; C. Schwartz, 98; T. Smith, 69; S. Spalding, 73; R. Slevin, 85; G. Sweet, 70; F. Sullivan, 91; A. Stace,

85; G. Steinhaus, 66; F. Schmidt, 83; C. Smoger, 76; C. Turner, 62; G. Tinnin, 74; W. Wilkin, 80; A. Vignos, 80; G. Welty, 87; C. Walker, 88; J. Wiss, 73; B. Weaver, 66; H. Yingst, 79; S. O'Brien, 78.

CARROLL HALL.

H. Alber, 71; C. Austin, 65; J. Benz, 73; J. Bloomfield, 77; G. Black, 72; W. Bopp, 88; T. Burns, 76; A. Banholzer, 85; D. Bacon, 80; R. Ball, 72; C. Clarke, 78; W. Connor, 87; A. Cook, 78; A. Chase, 75; F. Cornell, 85; F. Chauvet, 80; A. Carney, 85; E. Cooledge, 71; C. Cullen, 82; T. Cullen, 60; W. Clendenin, 82; J. Coyne, 76; J. Ducey, 82; A. Druecker, 99; E. Doherty, 76; F. Dutt, 76; S. Dixon, 84; A. Dannemiller, 89; J. Dalton, 98; G. Dav-ezac, 75; J. Foley, 65; J. Fennessy, 87; C. Fleming, 86; R. Fox, 86; A. Farley, 87; D. Fitzgibbon, 60; E. Franke, 96; C. Gausepohl, 75; W. Gavin, 85; M. Gonzales, 84; T. Hurley, 82; A. Harding, 70; J. Howell, 81; L. Healy, 86; T. Hoban, 78; D. Hutchinson, 70; E. Jones, 88; E. Jack, 61; C. Krollman, 79; W. Kegler, 94; A. Kasper, 75; T. Klees, 79; J. Lanagan, 94; G. Lansdowne, 95; H. Ludwig, 67; T. Lowrey, 91; J. Lantry, 89; J. LaMoure, 83; C. Lohner, 91; O. Lippman, 89; W. Munzesheimer, 64; J. Murphy, 78; E. Murphy, 89; W. Massey, 74; J. Maternes, 63; W. Monahan, 85; H. Milles, 90; W. Miles, 70; L. Miller, 78; R. Miers, 77; T. Masters, 82; J. McShane, 85; W. McDermott, 74; G. McCarrick, 83; J. A. McPhillips, 82; J. J. McPhillips, 86; J. O'Neill, 80; J. O'Mara, 76; W. O'Brien, 78; H. Ortiz, 65; A. Pendleton, 70; A. Phillips, 72; F. Pim, 76; A. Romero, 87; C. Rockey, 83; J. Reinhard, 79; F. Roesing, 80; C. Reber, 90; H. Shillington, 88; E. Swift, 89; H. Strassheim, 88; J. Sullivan, 84; E. Sparks, 72; C. Schaack, 65; C. Swigart, 85; H. Stearns, 76; C. Strong, 65; B. Tinnen, 79; J. Tuohy, 79; J. Tempel, 76; E. Thome, 88; L. Trankle, 78; F. Trankle, 76; J. Treber, 77; W. Treber, 79; H. Taylor, 72; N. de Teresa, 66; J. Walde, 79; I. Wilcox, 85; H. Wilson, 89; R. Wilson, 69; F. Wensinger, 71; M. Wigg, 78; F. Wagner, 76; B. Weitzel, 84; F. Waters, 87; O. Wright, 83; D. Wright, 76; N. Wymetal, 76; J. Whitehead, 90; W. Ward, 78; L. Wachtler, 76; A. Yglesia, 70; L. Yglesia, 76; M. York, 77; G. Zoehrlaut, 80.

ST. EDWARD'S HALL.

A. Allyn, 85; G. Abrahams, 79; L. Abrahams, 80; H. Byrne, 88; J. Bullene, 89; W. Brinkerhoff, 90; A. Bump, 94; E. Barrett, 85; E. Christ, 92; F. Cross, 94; F. Croke, 92; D. Campau, 80; F. Campau, 89; L. Clarke, 80; B. Clarke, 78; R. Catchpole, 80; C. Cressy, 80; A. Coquillard, 89; J. Coquillard, 85; J. Corry, 80; J. Corcoran, 85; W. Crandall, 84; T. Clune, 76; W. Coolidge, 78; E. Dugas, 82; M. Devine, 84; J. Dawson, 82; C. Dawson, 80; A. Davidson, 79; W. Dalton, 80; B. Durand, 90; A. Everest, 85; G. Egan, 90; C. Englehardt, 88; E. Elliott, 85; J. Fortuue, 82; R. Feltenstein, 82; Willie Finnerty, 89; John Flynn, 95; N. Freeman, 92; G. Graff, 84; Leo Garrity, 75; M. Garrity, 75; D. Goff, 70; C. Green, 89; C. Girsch, 96; E. Gimbel, 85; W. Healy, 86; Ral Higgins, 80; R. Higgins, 82; J. Higgins, 85; J. Herschey, 80; B. Hess, 84; R. Hess, 75; F. Hess, 75; J. Jonquet, 80; H. Ives, 88; A. King, 89; K. King, 75; C. Kelly, 75; T. Kilgallen, 79; F. Lohner, 90; C. Langley, 90; J. Lawton, 80; M. Lysle, 80; F. Morris, 85; C. Monahan, 90; A. Monahan, 92; G. Moxley, 75; C. Minnigerode, 85; E. McCarthy, 90; J. McCarthy, 86; E. McCarthy, 80; G. McCarthy, 88; J. McGinley, 95; E. McElroy, 75; W. Maritzen, 94; H. Maritzen, 92; J. Morehouse, 75; R. McPhee, 95; J. McIntyre, 80; T. Noonan, 85; M. Otero, 82; J. Ortez, 75; H. O'Neill, 80; G. Peck, 90; H. Pollitz, 75; W. Pollitz, 78; S. Perea, 78; B. Roesing, 85; W. Robb, 76; E. Ryan, 70; A. Romero, 93; H. Rasche, 88; L. Rasche, 80; G. Scherrer, 98; W. Scherrer, 92; W. Schneider, 75; E. Swan, 85; E. Shipp, 78; C. Shillington, 89; V. Steele, 80; A. Simm, 78; L. Terhune, 80; L. Thompson, 85; E. Thompson, 80; F. Taylor, 78; C. Wells, 85; L. Wagner, 80; C. York, 72.

