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To my Mother.

THIS said that in a far-off, distant land
A nomad wandering in the desert wild—
Of Allah surely then a favored child!—
At noontide idly with his swarthy hand
His mind's vagaries traced upon the sand:
When, lo! beneath his fingers' touch so mild
A sparkling gem in ample sunshine smiled,
Which he, enraptured, made a deodand.

Thus may your life, too, prove a treasure-trove
Of rarest virtue to the angel bands,
That, like the Arab o'er the glowing sands
Of this our world, unceasingly do rove;
And may its Author from angelic hands
Receive it, when you quit these exile lands.

T. K. B.

Pathos in Literature.

JOHN S. SCHOPP, '94.

True art is the deepest and sincerest expression of human thought and feeling. A soul of perfect truth animates it and is the source of all that is good, beautiful and pleasing in it. The work, like Nature herself, does not strike excitingly, but "melts into the heart." The fundamental principle in art is that its immediate end should be pure and refined pleasure. Hence the æsthetic emotions are the class of pleasurable feelings sought to be gratified by the compositions of fine art.

It may seem strange at first to say that the emotions made use of in art are composed of two elementary feelings, pleasure and pain. Yet such is really the case; for there lies at the bottom of the fact a fitness, and under this

fitness a contradiction. Thus it appears to be inconsistent in nature that man who is not born to suffer is nevertheless subject to sufferings. This want of propriety pains us. Nay, more; man finds that sorrow is but an initiation into the mysteries of life. Through its draped portals he enters the temple of sadness, there to learn the elder truths and the secrets that cannot be spoken. He must be bathed in the fountain of tears and be wounded by the blade of adversity before he becomes a novice of the order of Our Mother of Sorrows. Once admitted to her chosen band, he looks back without regret at his past joys and pleasures.

Art, too, draws its deepest inspirations from the sufferings and sorrows of human life, since its highest, the tender and sad emotions, attract most powerfully, because they spring from the very depths of the soul. They confirm the words of the poet, that "Man's grief is but his grandeur in disguise." And, as Shelley says:

"We are cradled into poetry by wrong,
And learn in suffering what we teach in song."

There is always a strange fascination about scenes of suffering; the appetite is at all times keen "to sup full of horrors." Our feelings are more deeply stirred by the sight or realization of pain and sorrow than by that of any merely imaginary pleasure.

Suffering will of itself excite pity. Yet there are various causes, no doubt, which may contribute to increase the pleasure of this emotion without actually producing it. I admit that the suffering of a weak soul and the torment of a wicked character do not procure us this delight. It is because they do not arouse our pity to the same degree as the hero who suffers, or the virtuous man struggling bravely. In the first case there is a contradiction, not only to the

common lot of man, which is happiness, but also to the principle that virtue renders men happy; whilst in the second case there is contradiction only with regard to the end of man in general. The question, then, suggests itself: why does the degree of suffering determine the height of the pleasure we take in the emotion of pity? It is because the impression made on our sensibility is precisely the condition for the activity of that moral power of the soul, namely, reason, to produce the pleasure derived from the sympathetic emotions.

Sympathy, however, is not to be confounded with tenderness; for in sympathy we enter into the pleasant or painful feelings of another and endeavor to act them out as if they were our own. It always presupposes the remembered experience of suffering and sorrow in ourselves; for memory is, like moonlight, the reflection of brighter rays. Closely connected with this emotion is compassion or pity, which usually implies the idea of help, and may or may not be accompanied by tender and touching affections; whereas pathos, which blends with the feeling of pity, is purely emotional. Pathos, then, as I understand it to be, is a delicate emotion, evoked in us by virtue of our sensitive nature at the realization of undemonstrative suffering. This applies more particularly to the meaning pathos has in its relation to literature where it plays so important a part. The reason is that we do not actually see the suffering described by the poet, tragedian, or novelist; we only realize it.

It follows, then, that pathos has no objective existence, and therefore does not come from the masterpiece to our hearts. It does not, indeed, touch our sensitive nature, but is created within us by virtue of it when we realize the undemonstrative and silent suffering of the subject. This point is very important, as it explains the cause why many a writer has utterly failed in evoking effective pathos. It is, therefore, purely subjective of itself, but may manifest its result under the proper conditions. Thus, one novelist may, by the harmonious grouping of qualities, characters and incidents, produce pathos; while another, who fails in only one of these particulars, does not succeed at all. Again, if the writer's individuality be too strongly felt, the pathos which he tries to call forth will be hopelessly lost. This is one reason why we find so little of this quality in George Eliot's novels; for they show the marked influence of a peculiar personality.

There are certain conditions necessary for every kind of pathos. In the first place it is necessary that the suffering which is described by the writer must touch our sensuous nature; for if the expression of physical suffering be wanting, there is no æsthetic action, and our hearts remain cold. At the same time there must be full moral liberty in the subject to interest our spiritual nature. If the moral expression be not present, the representation will never become pathetic. "A noble heart struggling with adversity," says Seneca, "is an attractive sight even to the gods." It is also important that the suffering should in no way be demonstrative. As soon as artificiality becomes apparent there is stiffness and affectation in the style. It puts on a dress of modest reserve, communicating itself not by a volume of words, but by a sort of blessed infection too subtle and powerful for words to convey. It reveals itself as unconsciously as nature herself. A wordy grief is merely one from the mouth outwards; but "the grief that does not speak," this it is that "whispers the o'erfraught heart, and bids it break." There is a deep undercurrent in this silent suffering, scarcely ever rising to the surface so as to be directly visible, but is kept down by its own weight. If I see the lip quiver with inner grief and the cheek dimple into a smile to relieve the eye of a burden the heart is reeling under yet ashamed to let fall, I have pathos. Byron expresses it with great felicity when he says:

"Give me the soft sigh whilst the soul-telling eye
Is dimmed for a time with a tear."

We have said that the subject of suffering should be both virtuous and heroic. But besides these necessary conditions, pathos also requires that there be some obvious beauty and innocence of character. Grace is the expression of a noble soul. In it is found the true harmony between reason and sense, between duty and inclination. Beauty is the splendor of the true, and art, above all, aims to make us contemplate the true and the beautiful in forms that appeal through our sensuous nature to the spiritual. It is in some measure the contrast of loveliness, beauty and innocence that renders the inexpressible suffering of a woman so pathetic. Woman is naturally of a more tender and sensitive nature than man; she is like a reed that bends under the gentlest breath of passionate sorrow. The soul glides, as it were, in soft and irresistible ripples on her face which soon recovers the smooth and

quiet surface of a mirror. Who would not be touched by those swan-like dirges of a beautiful and devotionate Antigone in Sophocles, wherein she pours forth her soul in plaintive words, mourning the beauty, the grace and life of the world she must leave so soon. It awakens our fullest sympathy, and attunes at once our soul to hers. The pathetic sweetness of an Ophelia, "divided from herself and her fair judgment," touches the soul with exquisite delicacy. Her youth, innocence and purity make her "incapable of her own distress." Its pathos were too much to be borne but for the incense that rises from her crushed spirit as she turns thought, affliction and passion to favor and prettiness. The "snatches of old tunes" which she sings are like smiles gushing from the heart of woe.

Pathos arises sometimes when we realize the privation of some good that does not seem to be wholly undeserved, especially when it is coupled with a faint and uncertain hope. As Tennyson beautifully expresses it in the "In Memoriam"—

"What hope of answer or redress
Behind the veil, behind the veil."

Another source of sharp pathos is when a little good comes upon us in the midst of misfortune and evil. It is like a glimpse of sunshine stealing timidly through the clouds that hover in an April sky to make the drops bright like so many tears of joy; for sweet is "pleasure after pain."

The culmination of human suffering and sorrow is death. The genius of man in all ages has done its utmost in reconciling us to the inevitable doom. Literature, by its judicious use of the emotional quality of pathos, has succeeded in tempering the bitter with the sweet by awakening man's deepest sympathies and emotions in the contemplation of death. I need but revert to the well-known descriptions of the death scenes of Colonel Newcome and of Little Nell. The first is deeply pathetic, the second is not.

Although the treatment of the pathetic element in literature falls within the scope of emotional criticism, yet we may briefly touch on the general requisites of form and narration. The subjects chosen by the poet are often necessarily painful. There arises then an apparent conflict between the proper end of the art and the means used to attain it. The result is the greatest triumph of poetry—the submergence of suffering. It is not necessary that

the poet who evokes pathos should be ignorant of what he does, though he often is so. In standing outside of the feelings he expresses, he need not sound the pathetic note unconsciously more than any other. The indispensable condition is that the reader should look at the suffering, as it were, from afar. Pathos, then—if we rightly described it—is not the pre-eminent characteristic of any great genius. To find a poet whose works it distinguishes, we must turn to some shy and reserved nature with whom it is not merely a dramatic effect, but the actual outpouring of the heart. As soon as he grows eloquent he ceases to be pathetic.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

An American Aristocracy.

M. J. M'GARRY.

I.

The change from a militant to an industrial civilization, whenever it occurs, eliminates the probabilities of that greatest disorganizer of society, that parent of the worst and most dreadful immoralities—war.

It is not without reason that Bacon asserted that time is the greatest of all innovators. The maxim is not so trite but that its truth and importance are continually brought back to the attention of the most superficial observer of public events. The vast increase of our manufacturing towns, where wealth and population have more than doubled in the last forty years; the natural progress of opulence, which has increased the desire for political power among the middle classes; the spread of education, which has exposed a multitude to the influence of political passion—all these have contributed to produce a rivalry between man and man, employer and employed, between obsequious aristocrats and individuals in the more humble walks of life.

It is this rivalry, this insensate jealousy, which exists between opulence and poverty, that calls for honest consideration. There is no way of judging of the future but by the past, and with all the lessons of the past in his mind, the unbiassed American, the patriotic American, is determined that this republic shall not be one of those nations of whom it can be said, they once were but they are not.

In a retrospective view of the past we behold the wrecks of nations in which aristoc-

racy was rampant. "Great as were the abuses and evils crying against France, it was not they that brought about the revolution." Insult is more keenly felt than injury; it was neither the Taille, nor the Vingtemes, nor the Corvies that occasioned the convulsion; but it was aristocracy and the prestige of nobility alone that had this effect. The same impatience of superiority, which forms so important a feature in the social convulsion in which we are now placed, will continue to be a smouldering volcano ready at any moment to break forth.

II.

The people regard aristocracy not as their friend, but as their enemy; not as their protector, but as their oppressor. They accept a portion of the aristocracy as their leaders, only so long as they stand against the interests of their order, and lend the sanction of their name and the weight of their talents to principles tending to sweep away all the distinctions of society, and endeavor at the same time to establish a fraternal manhood.

"The aristocratic man stands alone like Adam in his fall."

No one expects men of station and rank to select their intimate companions from those who, though perhaps their equals in manners and their superiors in acquirements, are their inferiors in fortune or descent. But it is one thing to choose your intimate circle out of persons in the same rank as yourself; it is another, and a very different thing, to bar your gates against all but a few chosen exclusives, and live in the land which gave you birth as though it contained no one worthy of your esteem. Aristocracy will know, sooner or later, that this practice will not do. Support must be won by condescension; affection can be secured only by good deeds. If the higher orders expect the middle classes to hazard anything for them, they must begin with some sacrifice on their own side.

Let them commence by laying on the altar of their country the exclusive system—the offspring of overweening prosperity,—and they will be more powerful citizens, more estimable and happy men. It is only by union between them, or rather, it is only by a fusion of the two, that we can erect an invincible barrier against the menaces of civil war and the murmurs of discontented citizens. It is the mania of fashion and a foolish etiquette which alone prevent a cordial co-operation between

the aristocracy and the people of lesser rank.

III.

It has been very well said that he has the best digestion who never is reminded that he has no digestion at all. The same principle holds good of the body politic; it is a sign that something is wrong in the social system whenever it is so restless as to be continually feeling its pulse. Our good old America is often somewhat in a difficulty of this kind, and frequently has painful misgivings lest it may have taken into its capacious mouth some foreign substance which cannot possibly be assimilated.

Sometimes our ambition has been to expatriate ourselves as much as possible in our habits and manners, at least, if not in our residence. In the parlor or ball-room we have been found to be French; at the concert or opera, Italian; over the cigar and chocolate, Spanish; after dinner not a few have been inclined to be English, and in philosophy we are German.

IV.

Every true American is loyal to the land of his birth, to its principles, and to those of its saviors. Aristocracy should have no charms for the American. It bears in its train concomitant ills, which should make us rather bear those we have than "fly to others we know not."

It is sometimes said that it is a sorry kind of feeling that attaches itself to localities; that the human heart goes with friends, and finds its home wherever they are. This very fact should make us true to our country; for we look upon it not so much as a vast tract of land, but as the abode of our friends, the sphere of our labors, and the inheritance of our children.

Looking upon the land as the physical framework of our nation, we behold the lineaments of a gigantic physical constitution. Bounded by twin oceans and their mighty tributary gulfs and lakes, America has a unity from God's own hand; and what God has joined let no man put asunder.

The greatest thing that England ever did, said Carlyle, was to beget Oliver Cromwell. The greatest thing America ever did was to bring forth the hosts of energetic, faithful men who believed in God and their country; men who educated their families in the school and in the church as citizens of an earthly and heavenly kingdom. This simple and earnest humanity we ought to guard against the silken follies that would enslave it to a home of

luxury and pretension that Europe hardly equals; against the courtly arrogance that meets it abroad, and insists upon concealing our republican manhood under the tinsel pageantry of superannuated courts.

The American in being true to the land of his birth will be true to its utilities, and to the moral and social duties that should exist between man and man. With him the useful and the beautiful should be but different aspects of the same bountiful inheritance; and in the march of his comprehensive and far-seeing policy, refinement walks hand in hand with industry. Faithful to his soil and his blood he will be true to the institutions founded on that soil by men of his own blood. Whenever those institutions are in danger, whether on the part of communists or aristocrats, he will rally under the old banner of liberty and order.

Let the American stand up stoutly for the doctrine that in this country the individual man and the local community are not to be sacrificed to the power of aristocratic usurpation, and we honor America in her noblest sphere. Such is the proper genius of our institutions, and the devoted American will honor the spirit alike in its freedom and order. Washington, Franklin, Adams and their fellows—not Rousseau, Robespierre and that ilk—laid the foundation of our institutions.

V.

The American will be the best propagandist of liberty and humanity abroad, when he dares to be himself. The great blow will be struck for the New World against the despotism of the Old, when Americans dare to preserve their democracy in the face of foreign blandishments. Humanity in Europe does not so much ask of us soldiers for Kossuth and Mazzini, as for citizens trained in the school of Washington and Franklin.

Birthright—that to which a man is born—gives him his position before he does anything for himself. It is this that makes him not only human but rational, and enables him to start with his capital of constitution and power. The great patrimony of our common humanity is the essential right to *dignity*. Mere blood of itself avails little unless endorsed by virtues, and when we speak of our lineage we mean to connect it with the whole course of our history.

Estimated thus America may claim noble antecedents. For more than two centuries she has been animated by a spirit of reverence,

liberty, industry and order. New elements indeed have come in to modify the old tendencies; but putting them all together—our lineage, our institutions—surely we have something of which to be proud!

Before we point to anything we have done for ourselves, we have something to show as our birthright. We have a history that enriches every good citizen's pedigree, and enables him to hold up his head wherever he goes.

No nation is well born that is not of God, and no man has any true sense of dignity who is not in a manner under a providential commission. The union of personal faith with personal energy is exemplified in our leaders and the communities of the old colonial times. When the stout individualisms of those times were brought together under the pressure of common danger, during the war of the Rebellion, the result was that combination of personal courage and public spirit which has so indelibly stamped itself on our history.

Thus I maintain that the *true* American is reverential, brave and patriotic. I maintain that the type of character which he inherits with his blood is so eminently dignified that he need only be faithful to his antecedents to stand upon the real ground of aristocracy.

Our gentility has a great deal of the air *noble* in its tone and bearing, and every one who holds up his head as one of God's children, and puts forth his hand in honest work, proves himself to be of the genuine aristocracy. What usually passes for gentility is a poor pretence that claims for a few branches of the family all that belongs to the family as such. Even they who claim to be lineal descendants of our noted men can no more assume to inherit the virtue of the whole stock than the buds of a single twig can pretend to exhaust the sap of the entire trunk.

VI.

It is the corporate, continuous life of the American people that gives us our lineage, our aristocracy, among nations. The best specimens of its qualities are to be found elsewhere than in the exclusive cliques that base their superiority on inheriting an ancient name, while they are strangers to the virtues which give that name honor.

We measure health not by the bulk of what we eat, but by the perfection in which we assimilate it and renew the exhausted forces of our body. Every novice knows that bloated corpulence is not vigor but disease. The health

of a nation depends on the amount of territory and people assimilated by its vital ideas and powers. Evidently, then, America's consequence is to be measured by the same principle.

At home we should be strong by submitting individual arrogance to the order of free institutions, thus guaranteeing liberty, which is a nation's greatness. Abroad we should be strong in our solid citizenship and personal independence.

Each man confirms his personal dignity by uniting in himself the best principles of the nation, cherishing free affinities with all men, while he speaks his own mind and does his own work with all energy and self-reliance.

The more thoroughly the citizen identifies himself with the great forces of law, liberty, education, industry and faith that are working out our mighty future, the more thoroughly he incorporates himself into the body of humanity; and its growth is his growth, and its coronation is his honor. The moment he asserts his own self-sufficiency he destroys his vitality; for the branch that is cut from the root dies in the very attempt to grow of itself.

The true man proves his consequence by following his antecedents in all present faith and fidelity. He rules by right divine; and the royalty that he wins and wears will hold good under all empires, and will last when earthly thrones shall have crumbled to the dust.

How a Story is Constructed.

In a letter to the *Philadelphia Catholic Standard*, Maurice Francis Egan describes the process of constructing a story with a truthful historical basis. The story alluded to is "The Heart of Clotilde," recently published in *The Rosary Magazine*:

"A reader of the *Catholic Standard* writes to me expressing interest in 'The Heart of Clotilde,' which the *Standard* has complimented so highly, and asking me very frankly whether the historical color is correct or not. 'Was there a Count O'Connell, a Pauline Bache, a Walter Kieran, or a Madame Laborde?' he asks. 'I am anxious to know, for I find historical tales fascinating and at the same time unsatisfactory, since I am not sufficiently well read in history to discriminate for myself. What is a Vidame?'

"An honest question like this deserves a frank answer. And, as there may be other

readers who want to know whether the Philadelphia local color is true or not, I shall endeavor to satisfy all probable questioners.

"There was a Count O'Connell of the character described in my sketch. I studied him from a book by my friend, Mrs. Morgan John O'Connell, 'The Last Colonel of the Irish Brigade,' and from some private letters in my possession. I recommend Mrs. O'Connell's book to all who want to get a glimpse of the Irish in the service of France in the last century. He was at Paris a great deal; he knew Gouverneur Morris, Madame Laborde and Madame de Flahault.

"Madame Laborde was not a Countess de la Seiglerie, and by no means the 'villain' I have—*mea culpa!*—represented her to be. She was a very respectable woman and gave tea-parties after the English manner. I find this attested in an old letter; I intended to make Madame de Flahault the 'guilty one'; she intrigued constantly with Talleyrand, and he sometimes (see the 'Memoirs of Gouverneur Morris') made tea for her and her circle. Madame Laborde, however, grew wicked on my hands, so I avoided uncharitableness by disguising her under a title which does not belong to her.

"The title of Vidame—as you will find noted in the first chapter of the Duc de Saint Simon's diary—was the privilege of a nobleman sworn to defend the temporal demesne of a bishop. There were four in France—St. Simon, I think was Vidame de Chartres. There was no Vidame de Bretagne.

"Pauline and Walter were really in France in '92. They were Philadelphians. Pauline had a sharp tongue and a sharp pen; she became a Catholic, but her name was not Bache, though he had a good Celtic name, not unlike Kieran. Clotilde is an invention. She was suggested by some stray memoirs, and I think the end was brought about through a suggestion of the climax of 'A Tale of Two Cities' and Sardou's 'Therndud.' I wanted to show that vocation was—well—*vocation*.

"I admit that Walter Kieran speaks bad French when he talks of 'la carosse.' I think I should have been untrue to life if I had made a plain Philadelphian, new to the requirements of Paris, say 'le carrosse.'

"The story of M. de Florent's putting the lighted paper into the pockets of the guests in the tribune of Madame the Duchess of Orleans will be found in the memoirs of Gouverneur Morris—only it was not Gaston de Florent—

though I believe he was guillotined on the evidence of his servant.

"In the 'Annals' of dear old Watson (let us hope, as the worst, that he is in that circle with Virgil and the other chroniclers for which Dante had such tenderness!) may be read a description of the old house, the resort of French refugees at Front and Race streets. As to the Revolutionary fever in Philadelphia, Watson tells us (page 170) that the 'Marseillaise' was the favorite song. On page 169 the signs of disrespect to the house of M. Hammond, the British Minister, are noted.

"A charming picture of the Princess de Poix is given in M. d'Houssonville's 'Salon de Madame Necker.' Madame de Staël's nobility of character came out strong in her efforts to save this princess and other friends during the horrors of the Revolution. I intended to make more of this lady, but the exigencies of *The Rosary* cut me short. The incident of the vile comedies; mentioned in the first part of the story, is true. Gouverneur Morris is amazed that in any Christian country such travesties of religion should be permitted.

"I have made the date (1792), a little flexible perhaps. The episode of Talleyrand and the rosary was invented, and I fancy it bears the mark of invention. I assure my friendly reader that I have tried to be true in the smallest detail to history. I shall forestall further criticism by saying that I think the 'mouche' on Madame de Laborde's cheek, 'in the form of a *fleur-de-lis*' is an anachronism. A 'citizeness' would hardly wear the Bourbon symbol; women were guillotined for less. One must remember, however, that this was early in the Revolution—or that she found the 'mouche' in the shape of the *fleur-de-lis* unusually becoming and risked the guillotine—which is not wholly unnatural!

"I am much obliged to the *Standard* for its compliment to 'The Heart of Clotilde'; I hope other American Catholics will take to the writing of sketches. They are needed."

Be slow to make friendships. A companion means a copy, consciously or unconsciously, for you would not go with one whom you did not admire for something. Let acquaintance be one thing; intimacy another; the one for a circle; the other for single bosoms. Be pleasant without being confidential, and do not follow evil because you wish to believe it harmless.—*From Varied Readings.*

A Sketch of the Opium Eater.

BY J. A. MARMON.

Thomas de Quincy is a writer whose genius deserves more general recognition than it has been accorded, either during his life or since his death. A possible solution of this may lie in the fact that the themes upon which he wrote were not such as appeal to the masses. But even among well-read and cultivated people his name is not so familiar as those of many others whose claims are far inferior to his.

Through all of De Quincy's works is found an artist's mind. He groups and shades and contrasts objects in an artistic manner which sometimes seems to have been sought for, but more often appears to be the result of his natural genius. In this light De Quincy may be compared to Edgar Allen Poe, whose success was greatly due to the artistic and often horrible manner in which he treats his subjects.

Although art is an important factor in De Quincy's writings, exactness is his essential characteristic; it is to him what color and fancy are to Hawthorne; what force and poetic expression are to Burke, and what the portrayal of human emotions is to Shakspeare. Every word which the author uses seems to have been chosen for the peculiar fitness with which it conveys his meaning.

Thomas De Quincy is primarily a caterer to the tastes of cultivated people. Most of his subjects are intellectual; and such as have not in themselves such a character he treats in a manner calculated to raise them above their natural status. Another fact which may be noted with astonishment and admiration is the wide range and complexity of his themes; And yet he appears to be perfectly familiar and at ease whatever may be the matter in hand.

To read the works of De Quincy intelligently and thoroughly a wide range of general information is necessary, and the works of no author since Shakspeare have afforded such an opportunity for study as those of De Quincy.

De Quincy's sympathies are clearly with the aristocracy both of mind and matter; this was the natural consequence of his surroundings and his mode of life. Although having no claims to noble birth, his family was a rich and cultivated one, and his most intimate boyhood friends were of titled families. Further

than this his introspective character and the passion for books and learning, which early showed themselves, led him to be exclusive in his dealings with men.

Thomas de Quincy was born in 1785 at his father's residence called the Farm, then a suburb, but now included in the city of Manchester, England. His father was a wealthy foreign trader whose tastes were strongly literary; his mother, also, was an intellectual woman.

In 1792 the father died of consumption, and the family moved to a town called Greenbay, where the education of young Thomas began in earnest under the tutorship of the Rev. Samuel Hall, a near-by curate. We are told that at this tender age of seven years, De Quincy showed signs of proficiency in Greek and Latin, and that he read with avidity Johnson and Cowper. He was a small boy of shy demeanor, and in his autobiography he tells of a reign of tyranny which his brother William—whose character was in complete contrast to his own—exercised over him. De Quincy now pursued his studies at different schools until the year 1800, when the more eventful part of his checkered career began.

During the preceding year, and while on a visit to a boy companion named Lord Westfort, he met a sister of the Countess of Erral, whose beauty and gifts seem to have made a profound impression upon him. This event, and his association, shortly after, with Lady Carbery, who was a friend of his mother's, and who seems to have taken a great interest in the boy, was, as he himself says, the turning-point, when the fancies of childhood were banished, and manhood dawned.

Later in the same year, while a pupil at the Manchester Grammar School, he became dissatisfied with his surroundings, and, having borrowed money from his friend Lady Carbery, ran away and returned to his mother at Chester. He was then given an allowance of a guinea a week, and for several months he wandered from place to place according to his desires. Here is found the extraordinary blending of aristocracy and Bohemianism in De Quincy's nature. One day he would live like a lord, dining sumptuously, while for a week afterward he would sleep wherever a shelter presented itself, and eat whatever he could most easily obtain.

Becoming weary of this vagrant life, he resolved to enter the strife and turmoil of the

great city, and forthwith made his way to London. His life is described at length in the "Confessions of an Opium Eater." This move was made entirely without the knowledge of his family, and for the time he was a veritable outcast and often his sufferings, caused by poverty, were extreme.

In 1803, De Quincy was in some manner reunited to his family, and was sent to Oxford, where he remained until about 1807. It was here that he began the use of opium which exerted such an influence on his future life.

De Quincy became intimately acquainted with Coleridge, Wordsworth, Southey and other literary celebrities, and being possessed of a comfortable income, he settled down to a life devoted to study and opium. De Quincy's closest friend at this time was John Wilson, better known as Christopher North and author of the "Noctes Ambrosia." In 1816 De Quincy married Margaret Simpson, the daughter of a landed farmer. Mrs. De Quincy was a lovely girl only eighteen years of age at the time of her marriage to De Quincy, and she was a sympathetic and appreciative companion to her talented husband. An immediate effect of this union was to cause De Quincy to battle against the opium habit which had now obtained a strong hold upon him. But this did not last long, and he was soon a worse slave to the drug than before. At this period, according to his own statement, he took as high as ten thousand drops of laudanum at one time. Three years later he made a more successful effort to free himself from the habit, but found himself almost an invalid, and again poverty stared him in the face.

Up to this time he had done but little writing; but now he devoted himself assiduously to literature, and his productions followed one another in quick succession. A large part of his writings first appeared in the magazines of the day both in London and Edinburgh. In 1830 he moved with his family to the latter place, where again his life gave evidence of the Bohemianism which had early developed. He lived mostly apart from his family, and sometimes he had as many as three or four lodgings, each of which was so encumbered with books, papers and manuscripts as to be almost uninhabitable. He wrote continually until 1849 when he commenced the task of collecting and editing his own works, which occupied his time until his death in 1859.

De Quincy's was a many-sided character. He was a Bohemian and he was an aristocrat. He was shy in manner, but bold in thought, and he was one of the gentlest of men. In literature De Quincy seems to be primarily an essayist.

The "Confessions of an Opium Eater," being mainly autobiographic, is probably the best-known work of De Quincy's. In this paper the casual reader is apt to find it difficult to follow the strain of the narrative on account of the numerous digressions; but this is De Quincy's dominant characteristic—exactness and a desire to make everything absolutely plain. In the paper on "Murder as a Fine Art" and its sequel, "Three Memorable Murders," his sense of humor and of the grotesque is given full play. He often drops into a somewhat cynical and grotesque style when treating of a serious subject too artistic to be called burlesque. On this account his works bear a close resemblance to those of Edgar Allen Poe. After reading the papers mentioned one is impressed with the thought of the flexibility of a man's mind, who can be sublime and grotesque, pathetic and humorous, tender and cynical, all in one breath.

Book Reviews.

—The *Cecilia* for August contains the Antiphon "Confirma hoc Deus," etc., mentioned in another part of our issue, and that for September, a complete Vespers of the Blessed Virgin, by J. Singinberger. Both issues contain a great deal of both useful and beneficial information.

—The *Musical Record* is again before us, and the September number is replete with that class of literature, beneficial and instructive to all, but especially to musicians. The article, "A Comparison of the Italian and German Methods of Singing," taken from Werner's Voice Magazine, is profitable reading for all vocalists. The republication of the old, but still ever beautiful ballad, "Only to See Her Face Again," words and music by Jas. E. Stewart, is among the musical numbers.

—The *Rosary* for September comes to us this month with a portrait of Rev. Mother Francis Raphael Drane, O. P.; a poem by Katharine Tynan, and a fourth article on "Catholic Education," by John H. O'Neil. Rev. J. A. Zahm, C. S. C., contributes an appreciative

account of the life and labors of Pierre Joseph Van Bendenen, whom he declares to have been the forerunner and rival of Pasteur. A history of the Catholic Summer School and a poem by Helen Grace Smith conclude the number.

—The *American Catholic Quarterly Review* for July is as well filled as ever with learned articles. "Dom Gasquet, as a Historian," by A. M. Grange, begins the volume. Among the twelve headings on the table of contents we may mention "Ancient Keltic Literature," by Rev. T. J. Shahan, D. D.; "The Growth and Spirit of Modern Psychology," by Rev. E. A. Pace, D. D.; "Indiana Bibliographies," by Richard R. Elliott, and "The Maid of Orleans and the New Womanhood," by Isabel M. O'Rielly. Father Freeman, S. J., speaks of "Money and How to Make It."

—Prof. John Singinberger, of St. Francis, Wis., has just published an "Ave Maria" by Fr. Liszt for soprano, alto, tenor and bass, also an "Ave Maria," by J. G. E. Stehle, for alto and baritone, solo and chorus, and an "O Quam Amabilis;" "Liturgical chants for Holy Confirmation;" and "Organ Accompaniment to the Celebrated Dakota Hymns," the three last publications being his own compositions.

Of Fr. Liszt's "Ave Maria" we are glad to see it published again as it is a beautifully harmonized as well as a very pleasing quartette. Stehle's "Ave Maria" is rather long and has entirely too many repetitions of the same words. Music of this character is strongly forbidden by the Church to be sung in our churches. While we admire the music we cannot but regret the repetition of the words. Of Prof. Singinberger's "O Quam Amabilis," we have to say the same in reference to the words, but his "Liturgical Chants for Holy Confirmation" and the arrangement of the Antiphon, "Confirma hoc Deus" (Gregorian), for two voices, are very useful compositions for organists on days of Confirmation. His "Organ Accompaniments to the Dakota Hymns" should be very acceptable to those engaged in teaching singing to the Indians who can pronounce the words and understand them. When we look, for instance, at the third hymn, "Salve Regina," and read "Tanyan ciyuonihan kte O'Maria," which being interpreted means "Hail, holy Queen, Mother of Mercy," we are apt to put the score down, and say, without the least feeling of irreverence: "God help the students of such a language!"

NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.

Notre Dame, September 15, 1894.

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

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

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

THE NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC contains:

choice Poetry, Essays, and the current Art, Musical, Literary and Scientific Gossip of the day;

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

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

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

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EDITOR NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC,

Notre Dame, Ind.

—In looking over the Librarian's report for the week just ending, it is surprising to find how comparatively small is the number of those who have thus far taken out books. This may be due to the fact that many of the new boys are unaware that the library is open from eight o'clock in the morning until nine in the evening.

It would be presumption for anyone at a university to speak of the necessity there exists for each student to become thoroughly familiar with the works treating on the various branches of knowledge in which his interest is centred. Indeed, as the library is the complement of the class-room, no student can expect to do thorough work without frequent consultation of the volumes of reference contained therein.

—There will be a meeting of the new Staff in the SCHOLASTIC "sanctum" at seven-thirty, this evening, and every member is requested to be present. It will be a business meeting and we intend to make '94-'95, a business year. There will be no shirking, and every man must do the work assigned to him, and do it well, or some other one will be asked to take his place. This is Jubilee year and, we must make a SCHOLASTIC worthy of it. That the matter put forth by the Staff of the past year in the

columns of the SCHOLASTIC had great literary merit is evinced by the many laudatory notices chanced upon from time to time in our exchanges. We ourselves know that the praise was not undeserved, for the work was done carefully and *con amore*. The success of our predecessors will, we are sure, prove a potent incentive to us in our efforts to maintain the high standard of literary excellence set for us.

—Our forecast in the midsummer number has been verified. The attendance on the day of opening was unusually large, and since then has been increasing hourly. But while rejoicing, indeed, at the bright outlook, it is well to bear in mind that the success of the scholastic year does not depend upon numbers alone. Every educational institution has an ideal, after which it endeavors to mold its students. The means employed are the disciplinary measures enforced; the habits of neatness and regularity insisted upon and that large development of the faculties of the soul obtained by a thorough course of studies. A moment's reflection will be enough to convince anyone that these very means used by the authorities of the University to realize their ideal are just such as will foster in every way the growth of character. Nevertheless, there remains much of the interior development of each student which must be left to individual effort. Now is the time when such effort—if it be strong, earnest and constant—will have most effect in bringing to the surface whatever there is of the good, the noble, the true in mind and heart.

Throw a pebble into a brooklet at its source and the ripples chafe and fret the narrow banks; throw a pebble into the ever-broadening reaches of a river and the ripples widen until they are overcome by the resistless onward rush of the waters. So, too, it is with the efforts made in forming the character.

Nothing, it seems to me, will bestead a student more at the outset than a habit of telling the truth to himself. For this will beget in him a helpful self-knowledge and assure him against that over-weening conceit put on with youth and the panoply of learning.

No less in importance is a love of labor. Talent without industry is barren and unprofitable. Of old the scribe wrote, "there is no genius like the genius of hard work," and his words have not lost their significance even in our day. It is the silent, stubborn worker that pushes forward and achieves success.

The President of St. Edward's College Honored
by Rome.

The Rt. Rev. P. J. Hurth, D. D., C. S. C., who
has recently been appointed Bishop of Dacca,
British India, was born at Nittel, in the diocese

have been educated within their shadow. The
great talents of the young student, together with
his remarkable industry and docility, marked
him at an early age as one destined to hold a
prominent and honorable place in the profession
which he might choose to adopt. After finish-
ing his preparatory studies in the parochial



THE RT. REV. P. J. HURTH, D. D., C. S. C., BISHOP-ELECT
OF DACCA.

of Treves, Germany, thirty-eight years ago.
He received his early education in the
parochial schools of that place, which are
famed for the many eminent churchmen who

schools he spent some time at the Normal
School of his native place, where he began
his humanities. After this he taught in the
schools of the city of Luxemburg. Here he

formed the acquaintance of the learned and holy Father Hoffman, secretary to the bishop of the grand duchy. Father Hoffman was struck with the zeal and efficiency of the youth, and advised him to accompany one of the Fathers of the Holy Cross, from Notre Dame, who was visiting Luxemburg with the purpose of securing recruits for his community. Arriving at Notre Dame in 1874, Father Hurth at once began to prosecute his ecclesiastical studies with characteristic vigor and success. He soon took the habit of his Order, and made his religious vows two years later. Thereupon he was immediately appointed assistant Master of Novices to the late Rt. Rev. A. Louage, C. S. C., who was also Father Hurth's predecessor in the episcopal see of Dacca.

The next care with which Father Hurth was entrusted was the direction of the Manual Labor School at Notre Dame, and his success in the administration of this charge is still fresh in the memory of his friends at Notre Dame. In 1879 he was sent as professor and Prefect of Discipline to St. Joseph's College, Cincinnati, Ohio, and in the following year was promoted to the Vice-Presidency of that institution. His labors were attended with the same success which had marked his career at Notre Dame, and in 1882 all were pleased to see him rewarded by his elevation to the Presidency of the college, which position he ably filled for two years. Father Hurth had worked so hard and faithfully that it was thought best to accede to his repeated request for a some-time leave of absence. This being granted he visited his native country, remained abroad for six months, and on his return was appointed pastor of the church at Sturgis, Dakota, which was then in charge of the Fathers of the Holy Cross. The severity of the climate, however, overtaxed his strength, and he was ordered to assist the then President of St. Edward's College, Austin, Texas. In 1884 he was appointed President of St. Edward's College, where he has since distinguished himself no less for his zeal, energy and piety than for the usual success which has attended his administrations. When Father Hurth assumed the direction of St. Edward's College, he found many of the buildings in need of attention. His first care was to erect a structure which would combine the qualities of architectural beauty with the accommodations required in a large and constantly growing college. Many additions have since been made, and the new

St. Edward's is now one of the most imposing educational structures in the southern states. The number of students has been ever on the increase until it now counts a roll-call larger than many of the older institutions in the United States.

If the early successes of a priest offer any assurance of the success of his labors in the episcopal character, then it is not too much to predict that the appointment of the bishop-elect was the happiest that could befall the diocese of Dacca. Few persons who were not immediately associated with him during his labors in Texas know anything of the tireless energy of Father Hurth in the administration not only of college affairs, but also of the sacraments of holy mother Church, and of his zeal for the preaching of God's word. From the remotest corners of the great state, he was called upon to defend the Church against misrepresentation; to make known her claim upon the allegiance of all men, and to instruct them as to her doctrines and dogmas. His reputation as a great pulpit orator, however, has long ago left the boundaries of Texas. He was known far and wide as the most impressive orator of the southern states. And then he is a linguist, speaking English, German, Spanish and French with equal facility. The title of a great pulpit orator will be readily conceded by anyone who heard his eloquent paper at the Eucharistic Congress at Notre Dame.

It is difficult to decide which was the greater, the affection and reverence which the Catholics of Texas felt for the bishop-elect, or the esteem and admiration which marked the attitude of our non-Catholic brethren towards him. Both never lost an opportunity to manifest their sentiments in his behalf. A few years ago he was invited to open the legislature, of Texas with prayer—a unique distinction—and it was only the arduous duties of his position which prevented him from accepting the proffered chaplaincy of the legislature, a proposition which we believe to be unique in the history of the Church in America.

The mere fact that the Holy See has seen fit to choose Father Hurth for the onerous and exacting duties of the Indian mission is sufficient evidence of his eminent qualifications for his new work. If the clergy and faithful of the diocese of Dacca expect great things of their new bishop, they may rest easy, for they will not be disappointed. They will find in their new bishop a man of superior intelligence,

zeal, prudence, energy, administrative ability and piety.

The SCHOLASTIC joins his legion of friends in wishing him success and God-speed in his holy work. *Ad multos annos!*

A Card of Thanks.

Commendation for work well done is always gratifying; but when it comes from one whose name has always been associated with what is good, noble and true, it is doubly so. The appended letter speaks for itself:

"COVINGTON, KY., August 21, 1894.

"EDITOR NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC,

"MY DEAR SIR:

"I wish to thank you, *ex corde*, in my own name and in the name of the Priests' Eucharistic League, for the beautiful and able report of our first American Eucharistic Convention held at Notre Dame University, August 7 and 8, 1894. May this glorious ceremony in honor of Jesus Christ in the holy Eucharist bring untold blessings upon the great University of the West, upon the members of the Congregation of the Holy Cross, upon its scholars and upon every literary work centred there.

"Devotedly yours in Xt. Euch.,

"✠ CAMILLUS P. MAES,

"*Bp. of Covington, Permanent Chairman P. E. L.*"

Personals.

—Rev. John Quinn, '82, has recently erected a church at Peoria, Ill.

—J. E. Walsh, '84, is practising medicine with great success in Brooklyn.

—Rev. Father Mackin, '63, is now the Rector of the largest Catholic church in Rock Island.

—Rev. J. Kurz, a student in '79-'80-'81, spent a few days with some of his former professors at the University.

—Ned Jewett, Scientific, '94, has entered into partnership with his brother Hal Jewett, '91, in the coal business at Detroit, Mich.

—Rev. Father Elliot, C. S. P., '58, is to give a series of missions this year to the non-Catholics of the diocese of Cleveland.

—Mr. Henry Grambling (Com'l), '78, Indianapolis, has succeeded his late father as the proprietor of a large clothing establishment.

—Rev. J. Quinn, '79, paid a short visit to the College last week. He intends to return soon again and make a more extended stay with his many friends here.

—Mr. Ed. Kehoe, '88, is engaged in business in New York city. He still resides with his estimable mother, widow of the late Lawrence Kehoe, at 1611 Tomkin Ave., Brooklyn.

—Rev. Luke J. Evers, A. M., '86, the zealous assistant Rector of St. Catherine of Genoa's Church, New York city, will, if his duties permit, be present at the consecration of Rt. Rev. Bishop Hurth.

—All at Notre Dame condole with Mr. John F. Nester, '88, Detroit, Mich., on account of the loss of his affianced bride, Miss Katharine Ducey, also of Detroit, who recently died after a few day's illness. Miss Ducey was a most accomplished young lady. Her death was edifying, and she leaves a large circle of friends to mourn her untimely departure.

—The many friends of the Rev. E. P. Murphy, C. S. C., will be glad to learn of his appointment to the Presidency of St. Edward's College, Austin, Texas, where he succeeds the Rt. Rev. P. J. Hurth, the lately-appointed Bishop of Dacca. Father Murphy goes to his new field of labor fully equipped for his important charge, bearing the best wishes of all at Notre Dame and Watertown. We congratulate the Faculty and students of St. Edward's upon having secured such an energetic and efficient president as Father Murphy.

—On Sunday evening the Very Rev. Provincial Corby, C. S. C.—a former President of the University—starts with the Rt. Rev. Bishop Hurth, C. S. C., for Europe. Father Corby will visit the new Superior-General of the Congregation of the Holy Cross in Paris; and as he is now serving his third term of Provincialship—each term being six years—he will be in position to give to the Superior-General much information on the growth of the Community in the United States. From Paris he will accompany the new Bishop and the Superior-General to Rome. We hope that this trip, coming as it does after many years of arduous labors, will be an enjoyable recreation to Father Corby. A pleasant voyage and a safe return is the wish of the SCHOLASTIC to its Founder!

Obituary.

—The SCHOLASTIC tenders its sincerest condolence to the Reverend Prefect of Religion, Father Spillard, on the loss of his beloved mother, who died at Elgin, Ill., Father Morrissey and Maloney assisted the Reverend Father at the obsequies. Very Rev. J. Mackin, the pastor, paid a glowing tribute of praise to the Christian woman, faithful wife and noble mother. *Requiescat in pace.*

—It is our sad duty to chronicle the death of Mr. J. THOMPSON CLEARY, which occurred at Buffalo, Lithia Springs, on the 28th of August. Mr. Cleary, who was the son of Judge and Mrs. W. W. Cleary, of Covington, Ky., was a student at Notre Dame from 1883 to 1886, and those who were so fortunate as to know him

will be greatly shocked at the distressing intelligence. Tom, as he was known at Notre Dame, entered upon the study of the law after leaving the University, and at the time of his death had just entered into partnership with his distinguished father. He was twenty-six years old, a great social favorite, with brightest prospects before him, and justly considered one of the most brilliant and promising young men in the State. He had gone to the springs for his health; but as everything pointed toward complete and speedy recovery, the shock to his loving parents was an entirely unexpected blow. No one will mourn his loss more than his friends at Notre Dame, who retain nothing but loving remembrances of his stay. He was buried with all the ceremonies of the Church, Rt. Rev. Bishop Maes officiating. The deceased was a brother of Edwin Cleary, the well-known London and New York theatrical manager. The bereaved family have the deepest sympathy of all at Notre Dame.

Local Items.

- Where is the "phenom?"
- Christian Doctrine next week.
- The old students are returning slowly.
- SAY—when does St. Edward's day come?
- Some of the "missing links" came in yesterday.
- Will there be any "Lambs" or "Rosebuds" this year?
- Who is that fellow that always comes late for his meals?
- The water in the lake rose two feet when "Fatty" dived.
- The "Judge" thought "Smacks" a queer name for cigars.
- There is great baseball enthusiasm among the new recruits.
- Some of the boys will miss the "schooners that pass in the night."
- What's in a name when they call summer drinks "chicken tales"?
- There are some promising colts in Brownson Hall football team this season.
- "W-e-ll I am back again," said the kid, as he bent his back going in the door.
- Most of the classes have been started, and the students are preparing for a year's hard work.
- For a long-winded watermelon eater take Chauncey; but for a ten-second man take the Count.
- Hubert D. Miles, of Denver, was the first student to receive a bill of studies for the coming year.

—The first regular meeting of the St. Cecilians and Philopatians will be held next Wednesday evening.

—The regular evening chats of the Canon Law Circle commence next Sunday. Full attendance is expected.

—You would never take Jack's carpet for a drum head, if you ever had the chance of tripping over the tuck in it.

—The athletic tickets in the Junior department are for sale now. They may be had from Bro. Albius or D. Miles.

—Very few tears have fallen on the campus; but if the pillows were examined several unaccounted-for stains might be found.

—Jimmie says he came awfully near going to a summer resort where there was no ball-room. Wouldn't it have been terrible?

—No horse-racing, no cigarettes, no throwing water and caps and gowns and boots. Such is the order issued by the Great Reformer.

—When the editor of the *Prairie Breezes* returns he will find in "talking Johnny" and his Bungstarter Herald a combination hard to beat for news.

—Who was the unfortunate individual who was so hungry in his sleep as to say: "Brother, here, Brother, a nickel's worth of grapes and five cents' worth of bananas."

—The ceremonies of the consecration of Rt. Rev. Bishop Hurth will take place Sunday morning at eight o'clock. Rt. Rev. Bishop Rademacher will be the consecrator.

—The League of the Sacred Heart will be organized soon. The calenders and tickets of admission are on the way, and as soon as they arrive they will be distributed to the members.

—St. Edward's Park and the College lawn never looked lovelier. The graceful hyacinth hangs its head from a score of vases and the pretty columbine runs riot in luxurious profusion.

—The new Board of Water Commissioners will occupy the same rooms as the old board. They and "Daily News" will have the Grand Opening of their establishment shortly after the latter returns.

—During a late visit to Michigan City our esteemed President delivered a masterly discourse, "The Divinity of Christ's Church," to one of the largest congregations ever assembled in St. Mary's Church.

—Persons having Catholic newspapers, magazines or books can help in doing a good work by sending them to B. Vallerian, C. S. C., who distributes all the material of this kind which he receives to the various hospitals and asylums in this vicinity.

—Bro. Valerian gratefully acknowledges, in behalf of the work of Mary Immaculate, the receipt of 35,000 cancelled stamps from Master

Charles Schaack and his sister Margaret and cousin Emma; 25,000 from the students of St. Mary's School, Austin, Texas.

—Two beautiful imported statues, St. Joseph bearing the Holy Child, and the Guardian Angel and child, have been placed over the two front entrances of St. Edward's Hall. The statues are seven feet high, of exquisite design and finish—masterpieces of art.

—There is a certain fellow in Sorin Hall who explodes so many puns that, if one may judge from the "atmospheric perturbation" aroused by the explosives, he will be overwhelmed by such a copious draught of water from the commissioners that a Kansas rain-maker would explode his whole outfit for envy.

—Students possessing trained voices, or who would like to join the choir in order to cultivate their talents in this particular line, should call on the Director of the college choir. This is an opportunity which every student, having the desired requisites, should take advantage.

—Judging from present indications, the band bids fair to be the finest that has discoursed music on our lawn for many a day. Students who play brass instruments, or who have attained some proficiency in music, are to hand in their names for membership to Prof. Preston.

—The Catholic International Scientific Congress will open on September 3d at Brussels, under the presidency of His Eminence Cardinal Goossens, Archbishop of Malines, and will continue in session until the 7th, when the Rev. Dr. Zahm, professor at the University of Notre Dame, Indiana, will treat of the important question of the development of scientific studies in ecclesiastical seminaries.—*Liverpool (Eng.) Catholic Times*.

—The usefulness of last year's athletic editor is at an end. Had he kept his identity concealed he might have astonished generations yet to come by his erudition; but in an evil moment his breast swelled high with pride, and he confessed to the soft impeachment that he knew base-sliding from *basesliding*. If he rashly venture to tune his music to the old familiar airs, both organ and crank will meet a richly deserved fate. Let him beware!

—The athletic season of '94-'95 promises to eclipse its predecessors. Under Capt. Dinkel's careful training competitors for positions on the Varsity Eleven are showing marked signs of improvement. The earnestness and interest seen in their work are sure indications that we shall not suffer defeat on the gridiron field. Rumor has it that three coaches have been secured for the team. Altogether, the football season at Notre Dame has never opened with brighter prospects.

—The Director of the Library wishes to return thanks to Miss Mary O'Meara, of Waterbury, Conn., for the following articles

presented through Brother Angelus, C. S. C.: two gold-plated military buttons, worn by General Lafayette on his first visit to America; forty-eight of the same nation representing the different states and military organizations of the Union, also several silver, bronze and aluminum medals and a cigar-holder also made of aluminum; to Miss Julia Hogan, of Waterbury, Conn., through Brother Angelus, C. S. C., a thermometer made in the shape of a large writing pen.

—The absence of Schmidt is causing anxiety among the lovers of baseball. He should be here to make choice of material for his team, and give them light practice before winter sets in. On his return he will find his battery one of the strongest in the Northwest. McGinnis has the reputation of being classed among the best amateur catchers in the West. He caught Stack during the summer, and helped greatly to swell the number of victories in which our favorite twirler figured. The latter has developed greater speed, and is now more effective at critical points. It is to be hoped that the battery will be in constant practice before the opening of the spring.

—To Mr. Corbett's enterprise and executive ability, the students in Sorin Hall are indebted for a scheme which, if carried out, will make the reading-room in that building one of the most attractive spots at the University. With the co-operation of the students he intends to purchase a billiard table and to have the place thoroughly renovated and decorated. As soon as practicable, the principal monthly and weekly periodicals will be subscribed for, and, with the addition of a daily paper or two, the name reading-room will no longer be a misnomer. The plan, although in its infancy, is being well supported by the boys, and will, no doubt, prove a success.

—The two new members of the Faculty are Mr. Lawrence McGriskin, A. M., and Mr. J. D. McGee, B. L. Mr. McGriskin, made his preparatory studies at St. Patrick's College, Cavan, Ireland, and after his graduation at the Catholic University, Dublin, took a special course in mathematics and languages on the Continent. Readers of the SCHOLASTIC will remember him as the translator of the Latin poem read by Mr. Just at the Commencement in '93. He will devote himself especially to mathematics and the classics, and the University is to be congratulated upon securing his services. Mr. McGee is a nephew of the distinguished Irish patriot and author, Thomas Darcy McGee, and it is little wonder that his tastes are decidedly literary. He is a literary graduate of Laval University and a young man of great promise.

—In the issue of August 18 of the NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC, a weekly paper published at the University of Notre Dame, there appears a very able and scholarly article from the

pen of Ernest F. DuBrul, a Cincinnati boy, who has just attained his majority in years, under the caption of "Journalism and the University." It is quite lengthy, and at once demonstrates the fact that its young author is gifted with more than usual journalistic ability and aptitude; and after a careful reading of this—one of his early attempts of his pen—one is led to predict that if he chooses this as his line of profession he is destined to succeed and to establish a reputation. Each point touched is concisely and yet thoroughly handled, and its article in its entirety is one that would do credit were it the creation of an older and more mature brain.—*Cincinnati Commercial Gazette*.

—On Friday, August 31, a game of ball was played on the Brownsons' Campus between the Lawyers and Doctors of South Bend. Every player on the field was an active member of his respective profession; and it was an unusual sight, to say the least, to see the dignified dispensers of pills and their rivals of the law squabbling over some point in the game and yelling like a lot of two-year old colts. But Dudley—everyone knows who Dudley is—was the bright particular star of the day. Dudley is great! He can do anything, from studying the decorations on the ceiling to smoking a cigarette. He sometimes rises to the height of the sublime. When he stood at the bat with his great gaze-on-me-and-be-happy look, it was a grand sight. But somehow, Dudley was in hard luck. He struck at the ball in a knock-the-cover-off style, but lo! the bat had a hole in it. Then when he ambled down to second with the grace and speed of an elephant the ball was inconsiderate enough to have arrived before him. But Dudley is great, and such trifles never discourage genius! At any rate, the Lawyers were the victors, and Dudley was triumphant. A large number of people from South Bend and the surrounding country assembled to see the game, the proceeds of which were given to the hospitals in South Bend. The score was: Lawyers, 38; Doctors, 28.

—Notre Dame has lately received a valuable addition to her art treasures in the famous portrait of Cardinal Vaughan, painted by the illustrious American artist the late G. P. A. Healy, who willed it to the Bishops' Memorial Hall. The portrait is three-quarter length and life-size. It represents the Cardinal seated in a large arm-chair. His face is one of unusual kindness and strength with the full, rich blood of an English gentleman plainly seen beneath the ruddy complexion. The eyes beam with good nature and sympathetic intelligence. Resting on the arms of the chair the delicately lined hands are marvellously life-like. In this as in several other portraits Mr. Healy has been happy in the relief given to the gracefully posed figure by that mysterious green background he affected so successfully. The picture is surrounded by an antique, massive

carved frame of subdued gold enhancing in value the superb colors of the painting. Mrs. Healy has sent, as a personal gift, several souvenirs of her lamented husband, among them his palette with the last colors and brushes used by him, his palette knife, magnifying glasses, etc. These have been placed in the Catholic Historical Collections of America at Notre Dame where they fill a cabinet devoted to the memory of a great artist and an illustrious and devoted son of the Catholic Church.

Roll of Honor.

SORIN HALL.

Messrs. Barrett, Burns, Barton, Casey, Cullinan, Davis Dinkel, Dempsey, Devanney, Eyanson, Hudson, Hervey, Kennedy, D. Murphy, J. Murphy, Marmon, Marr, Mott, McKee, Powers, Pulskamp, Pritchard, Quinlan, Ryan, Slevin, Stace, Walker.

BROWNSON HALL.

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